# The Black Menace

Nor did I relish it, as they waited until Mrs. James and I had chosen a table, then moved o nand around an angle in the little alcove where I could not see them, and even could scarcely hear them.

You seem worried," observed my companion, with a forced

gaiety.

"Perhaps," I hazarded. "It has been a hard day and I cannot put the Exchange out of my head. Let us forget it." I laughed

laughed.

"The Exchange?" she inquired shooting at me glance which I could not interpret.

Did she really know who I was and that I was posing? or was she interested, lest for some reason, I might recognize her?

I passed the query off as easily as I could, finding that she was not disposed toward confidences. Nor did it take me long to note that she, too, was quite interested in the couple around the angle. Gradually it dawned on me that she knew Kennedy, at least knew who he was. I tried to lead the conversation, but she refused to be led. Could it have been that she was planning some confidence to Kennedy!

I could see that my companion was getting more and more nervous and finally she leaned over to me and whispered over the glasses, "Why not cut out the bluff! I know you and I know Professor Kennedy. Some time I want to see him—but I shall have to be careful. If I were you, I would get hi maway from here as soon as you can."

She seemed startled at her own temerity. Before I could pursue the inquiry as to who she really was, she had excused hereoff, and almost ran from the room to rejoin a party at a game of bridge which she had left.

I sauntered over to Kennedy. He was leaning forward over the table, puring some story into the ear of Breshkaya. He did not see me, but I watched him, wondering whether he thoughtf he was getting away with anything with this world-wide young per-

It seemed to me that we had gone far enough for one night and, besides, there were ringing in my ears the last words of "Mrs. James"—"Set him away as soon as you can."

"Sorry," I interrupted, affecting the accept which I heard all about me, as I broke in on them, "But really, Harper, I must get back to the city tonight, or rather this morning."

I could see that secretly Breshkaya was furious at me, but Kenmedy rather welcomed the inter-

ruption.

"I don't know how we're going to manage it," he considered.
"Can we get a taxicab out here at this late hour?"

"We can get anything," retured GBreshkaya, finding that it was useless to urge us to stay. "I'll have Henry telephone for something that will get you back to the city—if you must go.

She smiled archly at Lennedy and laid her hand coaxingly on his, "Really I'm afraid I must, he decided, pressing the little hand which she allowed to linger with an invitation. "Some other time we'll have to come out again when we can make a night

She smiled again through a pretty plut, but Kennedy now insisted, and a moment later the stiff butler was telephoning to some local garage, which I had no doubt was like the one we had visited, for a car.

It seemed to be an uncommonly long time before there was any response, and it was fully an hour before we heard the sound of a motor outside.

As we left the piace we were accompanied to the door by Breshkaya and Mme. Rene who

bowed us out politely.

Our cab had stopped not in front of the door, but farther up, near the end of the house where the coach light was and the waiting cars. We started over toward it in the shadows.

Suddenly we were confronted by a man in a heavy coat, who recled at us, as though drunk. It was apparently one of the chauffeurs. The fellow was so extremely insolent that Kennedy could do nothing else than push' him roughly aside. Instantly the man turned on him, and from the chadows whence he had emerged,

there rushed out two mare—before I knew it we were the center of a brawl.

But the method of attack had been quite sufficient to put us on guard in time. Both Kennedy and I had our automatics ready.

At the same time a man who had just pulled in in a car dashed over toward us, though by this time we had had cowed the high-binders who had evidently pulled off their attack prematurely.

A Little Late.
"Kennedy!" exclaimed

I peered through the dimness. It was Ravenal who had come to the rescue, though a bit late.

"I missed you all day," he explained, "Then though of the Crystal Palace. There they told me you had gone with Breshkaya, so I came out. What's the matter? Didn't they want you to go away?"

Kennedy glanced at the house. Even in spite of the altercation in the yard no one inside seemed to have heard it, at least no one paid any attention.

"I'll take you back," offered Ravenal. "I came out only to be sure that there wasn't any trouble."

Kennedy strode over to the car that had been waiting, but it was driverless. Evidently the chauffeur had bee none of the attackers. The attack had been premature, or else they had been surprised to find us armed.

Kennedy was for tracing out the chauffeur, who had started the attack, but I learned over and whispered the parting words of Mrs. James." He considered a moment, then turned to Ravenal.

"I think I will take your offer," he decided.

The young detective seemed quite flattered. "Got here just in the nick of time," he murmured as he started his engine, and we swung out of the shadowy grounds, without any further trouble. "It looks as though someone knew you were here, but didn't want anything to happen in the house."

Kennedy said nothing.

An Uneventful Ride.

Our ride back to the city with Ravenal was uneventful and at that hour of teh night we were able to make great time over the deserted roads. When we had crossed the bridge, instead of making Ravenal drive us all the way uptown. Kennedy thanked him and we climbed down into the subway, which whisked us up quicker than we could have been driven.

It was late, and though we had not accomplished much by our trip out to the House of Mystery, still we were tired.

To our surprise, however, as we approached our apartment, we could see a light burned there. At first we were inclined to approach it with caution, but on inquiry from the hallboy we learne-dthat Jack Speed was up there and seemingly very worried.

We hurried up and, sure enough there was the young man frantically excited.

"Clare ha sdisappeared while you were away," he announced as we entered. "I've exhausted every means I know of to trace here—and not a clue."

It was startling news and it left us quite up in the air as to what to do.

As nearly as we could make out from Speed a stranger had come to Clare's apartment very late in the night with a message that Jack himself was out at the House of Mystery at Heaton Hills, with Breshkaya. The massage itself was signed with the name "Minna Oakleigh."

Kennedy listened puzjzled.

"As a matter of fact we were out there with her," he considered.

"Who is Minna Oakleigh?"

Chapter 12

It is now a question of returning to Rockcliff to make a final search. If Clare were up there, she must be in desperate need of help.

Speed and I made hasty plans while Craig did his errand that took him up to the laboratory. First of all Speed wanted to have the car thoroughly looked over at his garage so that it would be in perfect condition and we might not have a breakdown at a critical time when we could not afford to have any-

thing wrong.
At the garage I noticed a new

spot light on the side o the windshield of Speed's big car, and at my suggestion he had it taken off and transferred to the roadster. My idea had been that it might be useful if we had to do any night work.

Finally Speed was satisfied that his car was alright and we jumped into it and started uptown to pick up Craig.

He was waiting for us impatiently at the laboratory and into the tool box on the rear of the car he jammed several things which he thought might be useful in whatever emergencies might arise. Among them I noticed one peculiarly shaped case and a smaller package on which he seemed to set great store. He placed them on top very carefully. Both Speed and I were too eager to be off to ask questions, and in a few moments we were away.

OVER THE FERRY

Across the ferry we started along the road taken by Breshkaya earlier in the day, and we made good time, for we wanted to get up there early, so that we might have daylight in order to prosecute our search.

Every car that we saw looming in the distance returning to the city we scrutinized carefully in the hope that it might be Breshkaya, but none of them proved to be her racer; perhaps it was just as well, for she might have sounded an alarm, I reflected.

However, if we flattered ourselves that we were going to have a safe and uneventful journey, we were reckoning without due regard to the Black Menace.

We were bowling along at a great rate, and about to enter the part of the road that leads into the State reservation of the park of the Highlands, one of the most marvelous spots along the course of the lordly Hudson, when suddenly, from about a bend in the road, there loomed a hugs black limousine. The driver was hidden behind an extraordinarily large pair of goggles so that his face was unrecognizable and besides, his linen duster of gray was pulled up concealing the lower part of his face. There did not seem to be

anyone in the body of the car. Speed himself was driving as this heavy car came tearing along the road at a great pace. holding the center of the road with an utter of disregard of the rights of anyone else. Whether that was true of other cars which this concealed driver passed, I cannot say. But at least it hardly gave Speed a chance. He pulled away sharply as the fellow forced him over to the right hand side of the road, and as he did so, the wheels ran off the road, skidded and threw the car plumb into a sand bank at the side of the road. A BLACK LIMOUSINE

Before we knew what had happened, the black limousine was passed us, and as we looked back at it we could see a license plate on it, but its numbers were so battered that we were absolutely unable to read them.

Though we did not know it, it was part of a plot of the Black Menace to delay, possibly to wreck us. Only Speed's cleverness and lightning like facility in handling a car avoided a worse accident. As it was, our roadster was damaged badly by the collision with the sand bank. The whole thing testified to the desperation with which the Black Menace was fighting back at us.

It was a couple of hours before we could get anyone to tow us back to the nearest garage, where we managed to make repairs and proceeded on our way, the better part of the afternoon used up by the delay.

Dusk was approaching as we finally arrived in the region of the Highlands where we had last seen the car of Breshkaya several hours before. We passed the dirt crossroad, then came to the fork in the road, and turned down toward Rockeliff, following the branch of the road that

skirted the river.

Kennedy had taken the wheel now, for he had determined upon a careful examination of the country. There was not a crossroad that we did not turn down in the gathering darkness to ex-

"Confound that limousine," he growled as the daylight faded and cut off our view of the surrounding territory. "It was a long chance to take just for this, but it means putting us a day back in our search.

Still Kennedy's motto had always been "it's dogged as does it," and he kept right on, following out every bit of cross

road, especially those that led away toward the river, for he had a fancy that it was in that direction that the racer of Breshkaya had gone when she had pulled away from us.

A USELESS SEARCH
It seemed like a useless search
and more than once I counselled
giving it up, taking up our
headquarters for the night at
some quiet inn or read house and
starting out again at the first
streak of dawn. Kennedy would
not listen to it — yet.

There was just one more road that he had not explored, which ran down from the main road by a steep and winding descent to the very shore of the river, going down through a ravine or huge gully between the hills which rose on either side. He seemed determined to explore the road even in the darkness. Down it we crept, for it was narrow, winding, and had a steep grade. I wondered how we were ever going to get back, but Kennedy, paid no more attention to my objections than to say "well, we can back up any hill, can't we?"

At last he came to the end of the road, down by the river bank in the rift of hills. Once, perhaps there may have been a private ferry there but there was certainly nothing there now. Nor did it seem that there was even a house in the neighborhod. We had passed no one, either in vehicle or on foot. To all intents and purposes the place was as wild as it had been in the days of the Half Moon, except for the rough road itself.

Certain it was we could go no further, unless the car would float. Fortunately there was a little open space near the river bank not wide enough to turn in with comfort, but at least wide enough to get the car about after innumerable backings and shifting of gears.

"There's just enough level stretch to give us a nice little start to climb". Craig puffed as he tried to turn the car.

Speed had switched on the spotlight so that he could throw it about to disclose the character of the spot in which ennedy had brought up. Sometimes he shone it on canyon-like walls of rocks about us, sometimes he directed its beam upward on the thick foliage that surmounted the walls

A SHARP LIGHT

Kennedy had almost succeedin turning the car and Speed was flashing the light up on the primeval forest and gray rock above, disclosing the dark and forbidden cliffs, when its rays scarcely cut the Cimmerian blackness above us.

Suddenly, far up the cliff, we saw a sharp spit of light which cleaved the darkness.

(To be continued next week.)

BROKEN CHINA.

It is hoped that the attitude of the powers toward China in her present straits will be one merely of watchful waiting. Though conditions in the whilom kingdom of the Manchus seem, now more chaotic than ever, as a matter of fact they are little worse than they have been for many a long year. China has not known "normalcy" nor anything near it since the revolution of 1911. For more than a decade the country has been almost constantly erupting with revolutions of one kind or another. That Li Yuan Hung, the president, has been chased out of his official seat means little, for even when he was safely ensconsed there he had no power to speak of. The wielders of power in China today are the military chieftains in the provinces.

tains in the provinces.

It will take the Chinese people, so immured are they by the past, a long time to acquire a national consciousness in the modern sense. It is to be expected that the birth of that consciousness will be accompanied with pain and travail. It is through such a stage that the nation is now passing. Its most urgent need is probably to be let alone until an unquestionable opportunity for aiding presents itself.

sents itself.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Japan will not interfere, as latest, dispatches represent her as about to do. Japanese intervention now might well seriously retard whatever pregress China has been making toward real nationhood.

Some may argue, however, that if Japan can clean up the Chinese mess and bring order and stability to that troubled land she should be encouraged to do so without delay. But a Japan dominating the millions of Chinese and able to draw (n Chinese man power for military purposes is something not to be regarded lightly.

NOT CORRESPONDING
From the Boston Transcript
"Have you a letter from your

'No, mum; we parted good friends, but we ain't been carryin' on no correspondence."

## PLEDGE DEMPSEY THIRD \$100.000

Financing Assures Battle At Shelby, Mont., July 4— May Shift Date 10 Days Later, However

By Universal Service.
Great Falls, Mont., June 29.—The money to meet the third \$100,000 payment for Jack Dempsey has been pledged.

The battle between the world's champion and Tom Gibbons will be staged in Shelby, Mont.

The committee which Friday perfected the loan arrangements was to decide later whether the melee will be put on July 4 or July 14. At this writing opinion concerning the date is divided.

Kearns Shifts Stand
Jack Kearns earlier in the day said
he would agree to a postponement of
10 days or two weeks. Later he
changed his mind and said the battle had to be fought July 4.
Eddie Kane, manager of Tom Gib-

Eddie Kane, manager of Tom Gibbons, was summoned to Great Falls from Shelby Friday night for a conference Saturday with George Stanton, the banker, who aided in the raising of funds sufficient to insure the holding of the bout. Just before his departure, Kane was asked the nature of the impending meeting and replied:

"Mr. Stanton did not tell me, but I know pretty well what is on his

Manager Kane Evasive
"Would you agree to a postponement of the bout if he requested it?"

Kane was asked.

"Not unless they can make it worth
my while in a financial way," he re-

Mr. Stanton gave out the following statement at 5 o'clock:

"I wish to say that the money necessary to meet the third payment to Dempsey had been pledged. Some of it already is in the hands of the committee, perhaps \$30,000 or \$35,000.

The balance of it is now in the mail and will reach here by Saturday.

"The money which makes up the \$100,000 has been raised by men of Montana, and we are prepared to put the amount up immediately."

#### CARBON DIOXIDE FOUND CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS

International News Service.

Denver, June 27—The "great white plague" may be conquered soon and tuberculosis control placed within the reach of medical science, according to physicians in the research department of the National Jewish Consumptive Hospital in this city, who declare that they have discovered that carbonic gas is deadly poison to the tubercular germ.

The discovery is expected to bring about results that will serve to standardize methods of curing the nation's most deadly disease, according to announcement made here.

ing to announcement made here.

Laboratory experiments with the carbon dioxide remedy are continuing daily on animals it was said, the new-found process not yet being sufficiently practical to warrant experiments on human beings.

## HILLES RIDICULES FORD FOR PRESIDENT

New York, June 30.—Election to the presidency of Henry Ford, "a mere bag of gold," would be bowing down to mammon," Charles D. Hilles, national committeeman from New York, declared in a statement printed by the New York World today.

"Ford," he said, "would make a pitiable spectacle as president because he has revealed a political knowledge and sense that a schoolboy would be ashamed of. And it is Mr. Ford who asserted that all history is 'bunk'".

### TROOPS ORDERED TO HENRIETTA, OKLA.

Okmulgee, Okla, June 20.—Company E, 179th Infantry, was ordered early this morning to proceed at once to Henrietta. Motor trucks will convey the troops to Henrietta.

Adjutant General B. H. Markham refused early today to explain the reason for sending an Okmulge national guard company to Henrietta "I have nothing to say," was his answer to all inquiries.

#### TIME BOMB EXPLODES KILLING 9 BELGIANS

Duesseldorf, une 3.—Nine Belgian soldiers were killed today by the explosion of a time bomb in a passenger car of a train carrying Belgian soldiers on leave back to Belgium from the Ruhr.

STEEL SALE APPROVED

Wilmington, Del., June 29.—Chancellor Wolcott entered an order Friday, dissolving the preliminary injunction restraining the American Steel and Tube company from selling its assets to the youngstown Sheel and Tube company, at Youngstown, Ohio.

A laboratory weighing machine has been invented so small that it weighs only three grains itself, and sensitive to a ten-millionth of a milligram.

#### N. Y. SUPREME COURT DECIDES FOR CANINE

New York, June 29.—The supreme court Friday decided that a bomb may be tied to a dog's tail, that the dog may be thrown from an airplane, that he may land comfortably in a flivver and remove an important portion from a gentleman's trousers; and that he may do all this without inciting to crime or becoming a public nuisance—in the movies.

The decision was rendered in the case of a picture banned by the state motion picture commission.



An Eight Year Old Pecan Grove Standard varieties for \$250.00 per acre is quite unusual, but I can deliver if sold now. W. L. CRAWFORD, ALBANY, GA.

W. L. CRAWFORD, ALBANY, GA.

FARM LANDS—\$25 to \$75 per acre buys fertile farm lands in western Carolina; 700 feet altitude, no malaria, no windstorms, mild climate, crops all year. Investigate, YON & EPTING, Leesville, South Carolina.

#### PREACHES TO YOUNG PEOPLE

Clergyman Delivers Special Sermon Which the Youthful Members of His Flock Can Understand.

Even the bitterest medicine can be put into a palatable pellet and swallowed.

I know a Presbyterian clergyman who is sugar-coating little sermons for the boys and girls of his flock, "Girard" writes in the Philadelphia Inquirer. He preaches them a ten-minute sermon,

largely a story they can understand.
Then out of the church they go—not to be distressed by the longer and more reasoned sermon which he preaches to the elders of the church.

"What result?" you ask.

In the short time he has been doing this he has more than doubled the attendance of young people and added a few older ones who came out of curi-

osity.

Trained at Princeton, this clergyman says the right theory in church, as well as athletics, is to "catch 'em young."

Popular.

"Of course the motorcar is popular in your little city, the same as elsewhere?"

"You betcha!" answered the gent from Jimpson Junction. "About 40 per cent of our men folks own fliv-vers. Twenty per cent more are trying to swap for 'em, or get 'em on credit. One per cent is an idiot who doesn't know what they are for, and the rest are suspected of plotting to steal 'em."—Kansas City Star.

Defined.

A Scottish farmer, being elected a school manager, visited the village school and tested the intelligence of the class by the question: "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat rose and replied: "It's what ye gied me the other day for holding yer horse."—Judge.

Contentment First Requisite.

Alas, if the principles of contentme

Alas, if the principles of contentment are not within us. The height of station and wordly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.—Sterne,

Some men use their minds as storehouse and some others use theirs as junksheps.

