## Bannister Merwin ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

The Girl and the

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Trail of Maku. When for the second time that night he bade the girl adieu and saw her enter the house of her friends, Orme went briskly to the electric car line.

He had not long to wait. A car came racing down the tracks and stopped at his corner. Swinging aboard at the rear platform, he glanced within. There were four passengers-a man and woman who, apparently, were returning from an evening party of some sort, since he was in evening dress and she wore an opera cloak; a spectacled man, with a black portfolio in his lap; a seedy fellow asleep in one corner, his head sagging down on his breast, his hands in his trousers pockets; and-was it possible? Orme began to think that Fate had indeed changed her face toward him, for the man who sat huddled midway of the car, staring straight before him with beady, expressionless eyes, was Maku.

Under the brim of his dingy straw hat a white bandage was drawn tight around his head-so tight that from its under edge the coarse black hair bristled out in a distinct fringe. The blow of the wrench, then, must have cut through the skin.

Well-that would mean one more scar on the face of the Japanese.

The other scar, how had Maku come by that? Perhaps in some battle with the Russians in Manchuria. He seemed to be little more than a boy, but then, one never could guess the age of a Japanese, and for that matter, Orme had more than once been told that the Japanese had begun to impress very young soldiers long before the battle of Mukden.

a girl who, under the spell of friendly While making these observations, Orme had drawn his hat lower over good will, would permit a faise situahis eyes. He hoped to escape recogtion to exist. Her sincerity was too deep for such a glossing of fact. He nition, for this opportunity to track Maku to his destination was not to be dared assume, then, that her symmissed. He also placed himself in such a position on the platform that to accept his attitude when it was a his own face was partly concealed by shade more than friendly.

"That's so," commented Orme. "His head is bandaged."

"Judging from the bandage, it must have been a nasty crack," continued the conductor. "But you wouldn't know he'd been hurt from his face. Say, you can't tell anything about those Johns from their looks, can you, now?"

"You certainly can't," replied Orme. The conductor glanced out. "There's the elevated," he said. "I'll have to go in and wake that drunk. He gets off here."

Orme watched the conductor go to the man who was sleeping in the corner and shake him. The man nodded his head vaguely, and settled back into slumber. Through the open door came the conductor's voice: "Wake up!"-Shake-"You get off here!"-Shake-"Wake up, there!" But the man would not awaken.

P. MEAD & CONTAIN

worthy; she would understand the sit

uation clearly enough to know wheth

er the course which offered itself te

In events such as she had that

night faced with him, any other gir

Orme had ever met would have shown

moments of weakness, impatience, or

fear. But to her belonged a caln

which came from a clear perception of

the comparative unimportance of pet

ty incident. She was strong, not as 1

man is strong, but in the way a wom

The blood went to his cheeks as he

remembered how tenderly he had

spoken to her in the boat, and how

plain he had made his desire for her

What should he call his feeling? Did

love come to men as suddenly as

this? She had not rebuked him-

there was that much to be thankfu

for; and she must have known that

his words were as involuntary as hit

action in touching her shoulder with

But how could she have rebuked

him? She was, in a way, indebted to

him. The thought troubled him. Had

he unintentionally taken advantage

of her gratitude by showing affectior

when she wished no more than com

radeship? And had she gently said

nothing, because he had done some

thing for her? If her patience with

him were thus to be explained, it

must have been based upon her recog-

nition of his unconsciousness.

her was worthy or not.

an should be strong.

his hand.

Maku was sitting but a few feet from the sleeping man. He had not appeared to notice what was going on, ternational complications. In the but now, just as the conductor seemed present instance, both South Ameri about to appeal to the motorman for cans and Japanese were interested help, the little Japanese slid along the But Orme knew in his soul that there seat and said to the conductor: "I could be nothing unworthy in any wake him." action in which the girl took part She would not only do nothing un

The conductor stared, and scratched his head. "If you can," he remarked, "it's more'n I can do."

back, found some sensitive vertebra. With a yell, the man awoke and leaped to his feet. The conductor seized him by the arm and led him to the platform.

The car was already slowing down, but without waiting for it to stop, the fellow launched himself into the night, being preserved from falling by the god of alcohol, and stumbled away toward the sidewalk.

"Did you see the Jap?" exclaimed the conductor. "Stuck a pin into him, that's what he did."

"Oh, I guess not," laughed Orme. 'He touched his spine, that was all." The car stopped. The spectacled passenger with the portfolio arose and got off by way of the front platform. Would Maku also take the elevated? If he did, unless he also got off the front platform, Orme would have to act quickly to keep out of sight.

But Maku made no move. He had returned to his former position, and only the trace of an elusive smile on his lips showed that he had not forgotten the incident in which he had just taken part. Meantime Orme had maintained his partial concealment, and though Maku had turned his head when he went to the conductor's help, he had not appeared to glance toward the back platform.

Still, the more he pondered, the The conductor rang the bell, and more clearly he saw that she was not the car started forward again with its two passengers-Maku within, Orme without-the pursuer and the pursued. "I thought the motorman and I was going to have to chuck that chap off," commented the conductor.. "If the pathy with him went even so far as Jap hadn't stuck a pin into his-" "I don't think it was a pin. The

Japanese know where to touch you so that it will hurt."

was looking at the well-remembered legend: "Remember Person You Pay This To." Presently he turned it over and held it closer to his eyes. He was, of course, looking at the abbreviated

tirections. "You'd think that Jap had never seen money before," remarked the conductor.

"Perhaps he hasn't-that kind," replied Orme.

"Maybe he guesses it's counterfeit."

"Maybe."

"Looks as though he was trying to read the fine print on it." Something you and I never have

done, I imagine," said Orme. "That's a fact," the conductor chuckled. "I never noticed anything about a bill except the color of it and

the size of the figure." "Which is quite enough for most

men." "Sure! But I bet I pass on a lot of counterfeits without knowing it."

"Very likely. The Jap has evidently finished his English lesson. See how carefully he folds the bill before he puts it away."

"We're comin' to the barns," said the conductor. "Far as we go."

As he spoke, the car slowed down and stopped, and Maku arose from his seat. Orme was at the top of the Maku did not answer, but putting steps, ready to swing quickly to the his hand behind the sleeping man's ground, if Maku left the car by the rear door. But the Japanese turned to the forward entrance. Orme waited until Maku had got to the ground,

then he, too, descended. Maku did not turn at once toward the Clark street car that was waiting to start downtown. He stood hesitant in the street. After a moment, his attention seemed to be attracted by the lights of an a'l-night restaurant, not far away, and he crossed the street and walked rapidly to the

gleaming sign. Orme followed slowly, keeping on the other side of the street. If Maku was hungry, why, Maku would eat, while he himself would wait outside like a starving child before a baker's window. But Maku, it seemed, was not hungry, Through the window Orme saw him walk to the cashier's desk and apparently ask a question. In answer, the woman behind the desk pointed to a huge book which lay on the counter near by. Orme recognized it as the city directory.

For some time Maku studied the rages. Then he seemed to appeal to the cashier for help, for she pulled in the university campus. the book to her, looked at him as though she were asking a question, and then, rapidly running through the leaves, placed her finger at a certain part of a certain page and turned the book around so that the Japanese could see. He nodded and after bowing in a curious fashion, came back to the street.

Orme had, meantime, walked on for little way. He would have gone to the restaurant in an endeavor to find out what address Maku had wished, but for two reasons: The cashier might refuse to teil him, or she might ave forgotten the name. In either event his opportunity to follow Maku would thus be lost-and to follow Maku was still his best course. Accordingly he watched the Japanese go back to a Clark street car and climb aboard. It was an open car, with transverse seats, and Maku had chosen a position about two-thirds of the way back. There was, as yet, only one other passenger. How to get aboard without being seen by Maku was a hard problem for Orme, but he solved it by taking a chance. Walking rapidly toward the next corner, away from the car, he got out of the direct rave of the street lamp and waited. Presently the car started. It almost reached Orme's corner when he signaled it and, hurrying into the street, swung on to the back platform. There had been barely time for the car to slow down a little. Maku could not well have seen him without turn-

ued straight until Orme began to wonder whether they were not getting near to the river, one branch of which he knew ran north through the city. At last Maku turned into an alley

which cut through the middle of a block. This was something which Orme had not expected. He ran forward and peered down the dark, unpleasant passage. There was his man, barely visible, picking a careful way through the ash heaps and avoiding the pestilential garbage cans.

Orme followed, and when Maku turned west again at the next street, swung rapidly after him and around the corner with the full expectation of seeing him hurrying along half a block away. But no one was in sight. Had he slipped into one of the nearby buildings?

While Orme was puzzling, a voice at his elbow said, "Hello!"

He turned with a start. Flattened in a shadowed niche of the wall beside him was Maku!

"Hello!" the Japanese said again. "Well?" exclaimed Orme sharply. trying to make the best of the situation.

"You mus' not follow me." The Japanese spoke impressively.

"Follow you?" "I saw you in a mirror at the other

end of car."

So that was it! Orme remembered no mirror, but the Japanese might apply the word to the reflecting surface of one of the forward windows.

"You lit a match," continued Maku. "I saw. Then I come here, to find if you follow."

Orme considered. Now that he was discovered, it would be futile to continue the chase, since Maku, naturally, would not go to his destination with Orme at his heels. But he said: "You can't order me off the streets,

Maku.' "I know. If you follow, then we

walk an' walk an' walk-mebbe till nex' week." Orme swore under his breath. It was quite clear that the little Japanese would never rejoin the man who had the papers until he was sure that he had shaken off his pursuer. So Orme simply said: "Goodnight."

Disappointed, baffled, he turned eastward and walked with long strides back toward the car line. He did not look to see whether Maku was behind him. That did not matter now. He had missed his second opportunity since the other Japanese escaped him

Crossing Clark street a block north of the point at which he and Maku had left the car, he continued lakeward, coming out on the drive only a short distance from the Pere Marquette, and a few minutes later, after giving the elevator boy orders to call

him at eight in the morning, he was in his apartment, with the prospect of four hours of sleep.

But there was a final question: Should he return to the all-night restaurant near the car barns and try to learn from the cashier the address which Maku had sought? Surely she would have forgotten the name by this time. Perhaps it was a Japanese name, and, therefore, the harder to remember it; if it were a peculiar combination of letters, the very peculiarity might have fixed it in her mind. And if he hesitated to go back there now, the slim chance that the name remained with her would grow slimmer with every added moment of delay. He felt that he ought to go. He was dog-tired, but-he remembered the girl's anxiety. Yes, he would go; with the bare possibility that the cashier would remember and would be willing to tell him what she remembered, he would go. He took up his hat and stepped toward the door. At that moment he heard a sound from his bedroom. It was an unmistakable snore. He tiptoed to the bedroom door and peered within. Seated in an arm chair was a man. He was distinctly visible in the light which came in from the siting room, and it was quite plain that he was sound asleep and breathing heavily. And now for the second time his palate vibrated with the raucous voice of sleep.

"With all regard for your continue good health, believe me, dear Mr Orme, Yours, etc., etc.,

"PEDRO ALCATRANTE." In view of everything that had hap pened since the note was penned Orme smiled a grim smile. Alcatrante must have been very anxious indeed; and yet, considering that the ministe knew nothing of Orme's encounts with the Japanese and his meeting with the girl, the sending of the de tective might naturally have been or pected to pass as an impressive, but friendly, precaution.

The detective was rapidly losing his self-assurance. "I had only been asleep for a moment," he said.

"Yes?" Orme spoke indifferently. "Well, you may go now. There is no longer any need of you here."

"But my instructions-'

"Were given under a misapprehension. My return makes your presence



He Read it Over Several Times.

unnecessary. Goodnight -- or goodmorning rather." He nodded toward the door.

The detective hesitated. "Look a here!" he suddenly burst out. never saw you before.'

"Nor I you," replied Orme.

"Then how do I know that you are Mr. Orme? You may be the very chap I was to keep out, far as I know."

"Sure enough, 1 may be," said Orme dryly, adding: "But I am not. Now go

The detective narrowed his erebrows "Not without identification."

"Ask the night clerk," exclaimed Orme impatiently. "Can't you see I don't wish to be bothered any longer?" He went over to the door and threw it open.

"Come," he continued. "Well, here then"-as the detective did not move -"here's my card. That ought to do you.

He took a card from his pocket case and offered it to the detective. who, after scrutinizing it for a moment, let it fall to the floor,

"Oh, it's all right, I guess," he said. "But what shall I say to the chief?" Simply say that I didn't need y any longer." The detective picked up his hat and went. "Thank heaven!" exclaimed Orme as he closed the door. "But I wonder why I didn't notice his hat. It was lying here in plain sight." He went to the telephone and spoke to the clerk. "Did you let that detective into my apartment?" he asked. "Why, yes, Mr. Orme. He was one of the regular force, and he said that you wanted him here. I called up the chief's office, and the order was corroborated. I meant to tell you when you came in, but you passed the desk just while I was down eating my supper. The elevator boy let you in. didn't he?" "Yes. Never mind, it's all right. Good night." But when Orme examined his traveling bag he found that some one had evidently made a search through IL Nothing had been taken, but the orderly arrangement of his effects had been disturbed. His conclusion was that Alcatrante had bribed the fellow to go much farther than official seal demanded. Doubtless the minister had paid the detective to hunt for . marked five-dollar bill and make copy of whatever was written on itwhich would have been quite a safe proceeding for the detective, if he were not caught at the task. A subtle man, Alcatrante; but no subtler than the Japanese. Dismissing the incident from his mind, Orme again made ready to return to the all-night restaurant. He paused at the door, however, to give the situation a final analysis. Maku had lost something. After hunting for it vainly he had gone to the city directory for information which appeared to satisfy him. Then what he lost must have been an address. How would he have been likely to lose it? Orme's fatigue was so great that he repeated the question to himself several times without seeing any meaning in it. He forced his tired brain back to the first statement. Maku had lost something. Yes, he had lost something. What was it he had lost? Oh, yes, a paper.

windows at the end of the car.

In his favor was the fact that Maku would not expect to see him. Doubtless the Japanese was more concerned with his aching head than with any



suspicion of pursuit, though his somewhat indeterminate profile, as visible to Orme, gave no indication of any feeling at all. So Orme stood where he could watch without seem ing to watch, and puzzled over the problem of following Maku from the car without attracting attention.

The refusal of the other Japanese te accept the girl's offer of money for the papers had given Orme a new idea of the importance of the quest. Makt and his friend must be Japanese gov ernment agents-just as Poritol and Alcatrante were unquestionably acting for their government. This, at least was the most probable explanation that entered Orme's mind. The syndi cate, then-or concession, or what ever it was-must be of genuine inter national significance.

Though Orme continued to smother a crowd. Tonight there's hardly any his curious questionings as to the one. Nobody else is likely to get on meaning of the secret, he could no now.' ignore his general surmises. To put his confidence in the girl-to act for her and for her alone-that was to the connection with the elevated enough for him; but it added to hit road. People who want to go the happiness to think that she might be rest of the way by the elevated, would leading him into an affair which was walk. And after we pass the elevated there's other car lines they're greater than any mere tangle of pri vate interests. He knew, too, that more likely to take, where the cars upon the mesh of private interests run frequenter." public interests are usually woven The activity of a Russian syndi city ?" cate in Korea had been the more have you noticed that Jap in there?" or less direct cause of the Russo Japanese war; the activity o rival American syndicates in Vene zuela had been, but a few yean as though somebody had slugged before, productive of serious in

More than friendly! Like a white light, the truth flashed upon him as he

mind, and looked again at Maku.

class, as nearly as he could judge in

the uncertain rays of the arc lamps.

He turned to the conductor, who met

his glance with the look of one who

"People used to go to parties in car-

riages and automobiles," said the con-

ductor, "but now they take the car

when they've any distance to go. It's

"I should think that would be so,

"Oh, this ain't the suburbs. We

"You don't carry many passengers

"That depends. Sometimes we have

"Well, it's only a short way now

"Do you go to the heart of the

"No, we stop at the barns. Say,

The conductor nodded toward Maku

"He was put aboard by a cop. Looks

"What about him?"

crossed the city limits 20 minutes

here in the suburbs," said Orme.

thirsts to talk.

ago."

quicker and handler."

this time of night."

"Why is that?"

cles.

"An' I didn't even like to rub the stood there on the rocking platform of fellow's ear for fear of hurtin' him. the car. He and she would have to be 1 heard of a man that was made deaf more than friendly! He had never that way. Smashed his ear drums." seen her until that day. He did not "I wonder where the Jap will get

even know her name. But all his life off?" said Orme. belonged to her, and would belong to "Oh, he'll go right through to the her forever. The miracle which had barns and take a Clark street car. been worked upon him, might it not There's a lot of them Japs lives over also have been worked upon her? He that way. He's one of 'em, I guess." felt unworthy, and yet she might care "Unless he's somebody's cook or -might already have begun to carevalet."

but he put the daring hope out of his "I don't believe he is. But, of course, you never know."

"And you know how serious it is," "That's true," said Orme. "One The Japanese had not moved. His never knows."

face still wore its racial look of pa-As the car plunged onward, Maku tient indifference; his hands were still suddenly put his hand in his pocket. crossed in his lap. He sat on the edge He drew it out empty. On his face of the seat, in order that his feet was an expression which may mean might rest on the floor, for his legs "surprise" among the Japanese. He then fumbled in his other pockets, but were short; and with every lurch of the car, he swayed easily, adapting apparently he did not find what he himself to the motion with an unconwas looking for. Orme wondered scious ease that betrayed supple muswhat it might be.

The search continued. A plece of twine, a pocket knife, a handkerchief, The car stopped at a corner and the man and woman got out, but were produced in turn and inspected. Maku did not even seem to glance at At last he brought out a greenback, them. Orme stepped back to make glancing at it twice before returning way for them on the platform, and as they descended and the conductor must be the marked bill. But Maku rang the bell, he looked out at the was looking for something else. His suburban landscape, with its wellcheek glistened with perspiration; evlighted, macadamized streets, its vaidently he had lost something of cant lots, and its occasional houses, value. After a time, however, he which seemed to be of the better



Maku Seemed to Have Had No Sus picion That He Was Being Followed.

stopped hunting his pockets, and seemed to resign himself to his lossa fact from which Orme gathered that the object of his search was nothing so valuable that it could not be re-

When he had been quiet for a time, as again produced the greenback, and examined it attentively. From the way be held it. Orme fudged that he A DISTANCE N LIGH ADDA

ing his head, and Orme had watched the little Japanese closely enough to know that he had continued to stare straight before him.

Safe on the black platform, a desire to smoke came to Orme. He found a it to his pocket. Orme knew that it cigar in his case and lighted it. While he was shielding the match, he looked over his hollowed hand and saw Maku produce a cigarette and light it. The Japanese had apparently wished the consolation of tobacco just as Orme had.

"An odd coincidence," muttered Orme. "I hope it wasn't mind-reading." And he smiled as he drew a mouthful of smoke.

Lincoln park slid by them on the left. The car was getting well down into the city. Suddenly Maku worked along to the end of his seat and got keep an eye on your quarters tonight down on the running-board. The conductor pulled the bell. The car stopped a bit-but I'm a light sleeper. I wake and the Oriental jumped off. The action had been so quick that

Orme, taken off his guard, had not had time to get off first. He, therefore, remained on the car, which began to move forward again. Looking after Maku, he saw that the Japanese, glancing neither to right nor to left, was making off down the side street, going west; so he in turn stepped to you." the street, just as Maku disappeared beyond the corner. He hurried quickly to the side street and saw Maku, it open. The sheet within bore the half a block ahead, walking with short, rapid steps. How had Maku got so far? He must have run while Orme was retracing the way to the corner. And yet Maku seemed to have no suspicion that he was being

followed. The chase led quickly to a district of poor houses and shops-an ill-looking, ill-smelling district, where every shadow seemed ominous. Whenever they approached a corner, Orme hurried forward, running on his toes, to Maku turned, but the course contin-

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Orme switched on the bedroom lights. The man opened his eyes and started from the chair.

"Who are you?" demanded Orme. "Why-the detective, of course." "Detective?"

"Sure-regular force."

"Regular force?"

The stranger pulled back his coat and displayed his nickeled star.

"But what are you doing here?" gasped Orme, amazed.

"Why, a foreign fellow came to the chief and said you wanted a man to -and the chief sent me. I was dozing at the least noise.

Orme smiled reminiscently, thinking of the snore. "Tell me," he said, "was it Senor Alcatrante who had you sent?"

"I believe that was his name." He was slowly regaining his sleep-benumbed wits. "That reminds me," he continued. "He gave me a note for

An envelope was produced from an inside pocket. Orme took it and tore caption, "Office of the Chief of Police," and the few lines, written beneath in fine script, were as follows:

"Dear Mr. Orme: You will, I am sure, pardon my seeming overanxiety for your safety, and the safety of Poritol's treasure, but I cannot resist using my influence to see that you are well protected tonight by what you in America call 'a plain-clothes man.' I trust that he will frighten away the yellow peril and permit you to slumber undisturbed. If you do shorten the distance in the event that not wish him inside your spartment, he will sit in the hall outside your

It was futile. His brain refused to work

Maku had lost a paper. A paper? "Ah!" Orme was awake now. "How stupid!" he exclaimed.

For he had entirely forgotten the paper which he had taken from the pocket of the unconscious Maku, there on the campus! He had thrust it into his pocket without looking at it, and in the excitement of his later adventures it had passed utterly from his memory.

To be continued.

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