

# The GIRL and the BILL

## SYNOPSIS.

At the expense of a soiled hat Robert Orme saves from arrest a girl in a black touring car who has caused a traffic jam on State street. He buys a new hat and is given in change a five-dollar bill with "Remember the person you pay this to," written on it. A second time he helps the lady in the black car, and learns that in Tom and Bessie Washington they have mutual friends, but gains no further hint of her identity. He discovers another inscription on the soiled bill which, in a futile attempt to decipher it, he copies and places the copy in a drawer in his apartment. Senator Forrester, South American, calls, and claims the marked bill. Orme refuses, and a fight ensues in which Forrester is overpowered. Orme calls on Senator Alcarrante, minister from his country, to vouch for him. Orme still refuses to give up the bill. Orme goes for a walk and sees two Japs attack Alcarrante. He rescues him. Returning to his apartment, Orme is attacked by two Japs who effect a forcible exchange of the marked bill for another. Orme finds the girl of the black car waiting for him. She also wants the bill. Orme tells his story. She recognizes one of the Japs as her father's butler, Maku. The second inscription on the bill is the key to the hiding place of important papers stolen from her father. Both Japs and South Americans want the papers. Orme and the girl start out in the black car in quest of the papers. In the university grounds in Evanston the hiding place is located. Maku and another Jap are there. Orme tells Maku and the other Jap escapes. Orme finds in Maku's pocket a folded slip of paper. He takes the girl, whose name is still unknown to him, to the home of a friend in Evanston. Returning to the university grounds Orme gets in conversation with a guard at the life-saving station. They hear a motor boat in trouble in the darkness on the lake. They find the crippled boat. In it are the Jap with the papers and "Gill." She jumps into Orme's boat, but the Jap eludes pursuit. Orme finds the papers in a box under Maku the address, "211 N. Parker street." He goes there and finds that Alcarrante, teacher of Japanese in the third floor, he calls on Alcarrante, clairvoyant on the fourth floor, descends by the fire-escape and finds the papers under a table in Alcarrante's room. Alcarrante, Forrester and the Jap minister enter. Orme finds the papers in a drawer under the table and substitutes turning prospectuses for them. He sends the papers to the university grounds for safekeeping with a time limit for signatures of that night midnight. The substitution is discovered. The girl appears.

## CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Do you mind telling me how you happened to come to this place?" he asked.

She answered indifferently: "Supposing the Japanese had stolen the papers, I searched Maku's room at our house. There was a torn envelope there with the name 'Arima' printed in the corner."

Alcarrante bowed. "You are cleverer than most Americans, my dear young lady," he said. His lips curved into a smile that disclosed his fangs.

"That," she replied, "is as it may be. But I have not your admiration for trickery, Mr. Alcarrante."

Again he smiled. "Ah," he exclaimed, "trickery is the detail work of diplomacy." Then with a shade of seriousness in his voice he asked: "Why did you use that word 'unless'?"

"Why, indeed?" she made this non-committal answer, and if Alcarrante had hoped to soothe her into friendliness and draw from her a clue to her suspicions, he was disappointed.

There was another period of silence, broken at last by the Japanese. "The fact that we have failed, my dear young lady," he said, "makes concealment unnecessary. I know, of course, that this matter will never become public. You understand that the representatives of great nations often have to take steps which, as private citizens, they would never think of."



For Fully 15 Minutes He Sat Thus.



## BANNISTER MERWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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# WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

## Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

## Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will give you relief in a few days. They do their duty. Cautions: Do not take if you have indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine—Small Bottle. Signature.

*Wm. Wood*

SWAMP.—Is not recommended for everything; but if you have a swollen bladder, it will be found just the remedy you need. At drug stores in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

## TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

## WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Chaffeur Had Had Enough Accidents With People Wearing False Teeth.

Pretty Thais X, who delighted the audiences of New York's vaudeville houses, was called suddenly to Vermont to visit her sick mother. At a town a few miles from her parent's home she hired an automobile and asked the chauffeur to drive her with as much speed as possible to her destination.

The roads were very bad, and the car, making good speed up hill and down dale, over rocks and ruts, seemed bound to shake overboard its occupants.

After a little of this jolting the chauffeur turned to his fare and demanded: "I say, ma'am. Do you wear false teeth?"

"What impudence!" exclaimed Thais X.

"Oh, ma'am, it is not from impudence," returned the chauffeur, "that I asked you the question. It is because the road is bad, the rocks are hard, and if you wear false teeth, you would do well to remove them until we strike the pike. I've had enough accidents of that description."

A Good Samaritan.

"Once, when I was ill, he gave me a punch in the stomach."

"I don't see why you should be grateful for that."

"It was a milk punch. They strengthen, you know."

Save Breakfast Worry—A package of Post Toasties on the pantry shelf. Served in a minute. With cream or stewed fruit. DELICIOUS! SATISFYING!

## Post Toasties

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"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Orme had a revolver, he would now have drawn it. Yet he knew that this was not a case for firearms. Obviously, if he used a dangerous weapon in these men's rooms and was afterward caught, it would fare hard with him, for the real facts would be suppressed and he would be sentenced as an ordinary housebreaker, perhaps with some clemency due to his personal standing.

A quick intuition told him that he would not escape lightly if they fairly got their hands on him. The two Japanese had hitherto shown much patience with him. Their desire seemed to have been to avoid hurting him any more than was necessary. But there is a limit to Japanese patience. The scathing words of the Japanese minister must still be burning in Arima's brain. And Maku, who had controlled himself while Orme was following him through the streets of the North side, no longer had a diplomatic reason for restraining his rage against the man who had struck him down. In any event, the eyes of Arima and Maku glittered angrily, and Orme realized that he could expect no mercy.

He caught up a chair and raised it over his head, prepared to bring it down on Arima, who was only a few feet from him and coming fast.

The Japanese raised his arms to fend the expected blow. With sudden inspiration, Orme hurled the chair at his opponent's feet. There was a crash. Arima sprawled headlong. Maku, who was close behind, tried to leap over Arima, but his feet went through the rungs of the chair, and he, too, crashed to the floor.

As he threw the chair, Orme leaped back. Before the Japanese could get out of their tangle, he had jumped over the window sill and was running up the fire escape. Madam Alla was at her window, a look of startled inquiry on her face. She stepped back as he crowded into the room.

"Quick!" he said. "They'll be after me. Hide me somewhere."

"Come!" She took his sleeve and pulled him to a corner. There she pushed aside the dingy hanging and Orme saw that the wall was covered with a wainscoting that ran from floor to ceiling.

The medium looked at him with bright eyes. "You're the real sort," she whispered, and a wave of color ran in her cheeks brought back the suggestion of girlish beauty. "I saw that scrap there through a hole in the floor. You're the goods." She pressed his arm almost affectionately, then, with her free hand, she pushed against the paneling. Noisily a section of it turned inward, disclosing a dark cavity. "Get in!"

Orme quickly slipped into the darkness, the panel closed, and he heard the swish of the hanging as it dropped against the board.

It was not too soon. Two soft thuds told him that the Japanese had dropped over the sill into the room.

He heard the woman give a well-feigned scream of surprise.

"Scuse us, miss"—it was Arima's voice—"we looking for sneak thief. He come in here."

"Be off with you. I've just come from the front room there, and there wasn't a soul came in."

"He saw him."

"He must have gone out to the hall, then." The woman's voice had a note of mollification—as though she had suddenly recognized the right of the two Japanese to enter the apartment. "I didn't hear him."

A few words of Japanese colloquy; then Arima: "I look around. My friend go to hall." A door closed; evidently Maku had gone out; and then Orme heard steps. After this there was a long wait, while the Japanese examined the other rooms, the woman evidently offering him her aid. At last they returned.

"Well, I go back," said Arima. "I saw him come in the window. My friend will know. See you later."

Presently the woman raised the hanging and whispered through the boards: "He went back down the fire escape. His friend's in the hall. He'll find out you haven't went down, and then he'll come back."

"I'll try the roof," whispered Orme. "Perhaps I can get on to another house that way."

"Wait till I see." She walked away, but soon returned.

"No use," he heard her say. "That Jap's sitting on the fire escape watching. He grinned when I looked down."

Orme pondered. "Help me out of this," he whispered, "and there'll be something in it for you."

She moved impatiently. "Cut it out! I don't want nothing. You're a good sport, that's all." She paused. "Not that I'd mind having a present. But I don't want no money."

Orme caught the distinction. "I'll remember," he said. "And what shall I do now?"

"You'll have to stay in there a while, I guess."

"I simply must get away—and within an hour or two."

"I'll manage that," she answered confidently.

"But how—?"

"You'll see. Just leave it to me."

Orme smiled to himself, there in the darkness. Of course, he would leave it

to her; but he did not see how she was to rid him of the watchful Japanese.

"There's just one thing," he whispered. "Whatever is done, will have to be done without help from outside. This is not a matter for the police."

"I understand. Why can't you just leave it to me? I don't believe you trust me a little bit!"

"But I do," he protested. "I am absolutely in your hands."

He heard her sigh faintly. "I'm going to put down the window now," she said. "It ain't safe for me to stand here talking to you unless I do. That Arima fellow might pop up the fire escape any time."

She was back in a few moments. He had heard the window creak down, and slipped past him in the closet, and he had wondered whether the action would add to Arima's suspicion.

"If he comes up now," she explained in an undertone, "the glare on the outside of the window will keep him from seeing in very plain."

After that she did not speak for some time, but the occasional movements of her body, as she leaned against the panel, were audible to Orme. He found himself wondering about her—how she had happened to take up the career of fortune-telling. She must have been a handsome woman; even now she was not unattractive.

The delay grew more and more irksome. It seemed to Orme as though he had been behind the panel for hours. After a while he asked: "What time is it?"

"About two o'clock. Ain't you hungry?"

Orme laughed softly. "I hadn't thought about it."

"Wait a minute." She moved away. When she returned she pulled up the hanging and opened the panel. In her hand was a thick sandwich.

"I was just going to eat my own lunch when you came back through the window," she explained.

He took the sandwich. She looked at him boldly. He was standing close to her in the opening. There was an expression that was almost defiant in her eyes. "I want my present."

"You shall have it, Madam Alla," he said.

"You ain't my kind—and it won't make no difference to you." Her voice faltered and her eyes dropped. "I want you to kiss me."

Orme looked at her, and understood. He put his arms around her and kissed her gently on the lips. There was no disloyalty in it. He was simply satisfying the craving of this poor woman's soul—a craving for a tribute to which she could always revert as the symbol of a high friendliness. She felt that he was of a different world; he knew that the world was all one, though partitioned off by artificial barriers, but he could not correct her view.

She clung to him for a moment after his lips left hers, then released herself from his clasp and moved back into the room, her face averted. Was it to hide a blush? Orme did not ask himself, but respecting her reticence of spirit, silently closed the panel and was again in darkness.

For a time he stood there quietly. His back was against the wall—his hands easily touched the paneling that hid a blush? Orme did not ask himself, but respecting her reticence of spirit, silently closed the panel and was again in darkness.

He struck another match and looked again at the ghostly paraphernalia about him. Near him hung a black robe with a large hood. He crushed one of the folds in his hands and was surprised to discover how thin it was and into how small space it could be compressed. Not far away stood several pairs of large slippers of soft black felt. The white robes were also of thinnest gossamer—flimsy stuff that swayed like smoke when he breathed toward it.

By the light of a third match he looked more carefully at the other apparatus. There was a large pair of angel-wings, of the conventional shape. The assortment of masks was sufficiently varied for the representation of many types of men and women of different ages.

The match burned down to his fingers, and again he sat in darkness, wondering at the elaborateness of the

medium's outfit. She was a fraud, but he liked her—yes, pitied her—and he felt inclined to excuse her in so far as he could. For the kiss which he had given her he felt no regret; it was hers, in all innocence, for what of good she might have found in it.

The minutes dragged by. He thought of the precious documents, safe in the inside pocket of his coat. What they were, he did not try to determine, but it was plain that they must be of international importance. The talk of ships and Alcarrante's references to commissions had puzzled him. But suddenly came to his mind the newspaper rumors that Japan was secretly adding vessels to her navy through the agency of a South American republic which was having cruisers and battleships built in Europe, to turn them over at their completion, to the Japanese. There was, as yet, no international proof of this policy, for none of the ships had been completed, but the South American country was certainly adopting a policy of naval construction quite out of proportion to her position among the powers.

How came the girl to be involved in this mix-up of nations? Through her father, of course—but who was he? A concessionaire? Her courage and determination, employed against shrewd men, was as notable as the beauty of her face and mind, for she was like a queen in her assured comprehension.

How it quickened his heart to think of her! The poor, faded medium, with the smolder of old flames in her eyes, with the records of hard experience written on her face, was a child in stature beside the girl—a child with yearnings that could never be satisfied.

Well, the girl had doubted him. He could not wonder at that, for the facts were all against him, and she had known him only a few hours. Yet he had hoped—he had believed—that she would know the truth and the devotion in him without further evidence. Perhaps he had expected too much from her part of the loveliness of her—she was a very human girl.

The panel swung open, and Madam Alla stood looking down at him. She spoke in an undertone.

"The Japs are still watching. Arima is sitting on the fire escape by his window, and I can hear the other fellow moving around in the hall outside my door. I think they're on to your being here."

Orme thought for a minute. "I've got to get away soon," he said. "I don't mind telling you that there are papers that must be delivered before twelve o'clock tonight."

"Can I take them for you?"

"I don't know where to tell you to take them."

She sighed. "I guess you don't trust me."

"Trust you? Of course, I do. But the truth is, Madam Alla, that it is going to need hard work on my part to find the person to whom the papers belong. I don't even know his name." Secretly he condemned himself now, because he had not overcome his scruples and looked at the address on the envelope while he had the chance.

Again she sighed. "Well," she said, "of course, it's beyond me. Do you—do you mind my knowing your name?"

"Pardon me," he said. "I didn't realize that you didn't know it already. My name is Robert Orme."

The inclosure seemed to extend all the way across the side of the room. Farther along, lying on the floor and standing against the wall, were contrivances of which at first he could make nothing—poles, pieces of tin, and—were these masks, heaped in the corner? From a row of pegs hung long robes—white and black.

The truth flashed into Orme's mind. He was in Madam Alla's ghost closet!

CHAPTER XII.

### Power of Darkness.

To Orme the next half hour was very long. He seated himself upon the floor of the closet and ate the sandwich which the clairvoyant had brought him. Occasionally he could hear her moving about the apartment.

"Poor charlatan!" he thought. "She is herself a 'good sort.' I suppose she excuses the sham of her profession on the ground that it deceives many persons into happiness."

He struck another match and looked again at the ghostly paraphernalia about him. Near him hung a black robe with a large hood. He crushed one of the folds in his hands and was surprised to discover how thin it was and into how small space it could be compressed. Not far away stood several pairs of large slippers of soft black felt. The white robes were also of thinnest gossamer—flimsy stuff that swayed like smoke when he breathed toward it.

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She looked at him with a smile. "Well, Mr. Orme, I'll get you out of this. I think I know a way. But you'll have to do just what I tell you."

"I depend on you," he said.

She laid her hand on his shoulder with a friendly pressure. "You'll have to wait here a while longer—and you'll have to keep mighty quiet. I've got a circle at three o'clock—a séance. They come once a week, and I can't well put them off. You see, I work alone. It's a small circle, and I never liked the idea of helpers—they're likely to give you away sooner or later. I stretch a curtain across this corner for a cabinet, and they tie me to a chair—and then things happen." She smiled faintly. "I know you won't hurt my game."

"All your secrets are safe with me," He glanced at the dark interior of the closet.

"I didn't know any other place to put you," she said simply. "They'd have got you, if you had went to the hall—Sh-h!" The panel closed and she was away. A moment later he heard her talking with Arima, who apparently had again climbed up to her window.

"Thief must be here," said Arima. "He not been here. My friend know we see him come in here."

"I told you he wasn't here. If you don't believe me, why don't you call the cops?"

"We not want cops. I come in and watch."

"But I'm going to hold a circle here in a few minutes."

"What?" Arima's voice had a puzzled note.

"A séance. The spirit come. You know. All sit around, with the light turned down, and spirits come."

"Oh!" The Japanese either understood or pretended to. "I come, then."

After a period of hesitation the woman said: "Why, yes, I guess you can—if you keep still. Your friend can come, too. You're a neighbor, and I won't charge you anything."

"All right. I call my friend." Footsteps crossed the room and the door to the hall was opened. Presently it closed again, and Orme heard fragments of a conversation in Japanese.

From other sounds Orme gathered that the woman was arranging chairs. "Sit here, you two," he heard her say. "You'll have to keep quiet when the rest come. Do just what they do? Be sure, now."

The bell now began to ring at frequent intervals, each time announcing the arrival of newcomers. Madam Alla's clients were quickly assembling; Orme could hear them whispering among themselves.

A clinking noise he did not at first understand. Then he realized that it was the sound of silver dropping into a hat. Some one was taking up the collection. He knew, too, when they hung the curtain across his corner of the room, shutting off the space in which the medium was to sit, and when they lighted the gas and drew down the shades at the window. Then he heard them lead her into the cabinet and tie her to the chair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Taming Bad Luck.

"Abusin' yoh bad luck," said Uncle Eben. "Is 'lible to git it so tame dat it'll follow you aroun' like a yaller dog."—Washington Star.

Do You—Do You Mind My Knowing Your Name?

Painted.

Mrs. Styles—I see that hand-painted hats are a millinery novelty for women who are opposed to the destruction of birds for their adornment.

Mr. Styles—Well, they ought to go with some faces, all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Gift for a Baby.

A charming gift for a new baby is a set of washed gold safety pins. These are not the small sets connected by a chain used to fasten the little frocks, but are ordinary safeties specially gold washed for the purpose.

Only Once a Week.

Secret service reports say people should be educated to recognize counterfeit money. What of the man who sees a five-spot but once a week?—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Tecumseh a Great Chief

Sham Battle and Strategy Were Favorite Diversions of Famous Indian Warrior.

Tecumseh seems to have had a passion for war. His pastimes, like those of Napoleon, were generally in the sham battle field. He was the leader of his companions in all of their sports, and was accustomed to divide them in parties, one of which he always headed, for the purpose of fighting

It is stated that the first battle in which he was engaged occurred on Mad River, near where Dayton stands, between a party of Kentuckians, commanded by Col. Benjamin Logan, and some Shawnees. At this time Tecumseh was very young and joined the expedition under the care of his brother, who was wounded at the first fire. It is related by some Indian chiefs that Tecumseh, at the commencement of the action, became frightened and ran. This may be true, but it is the only instance in which he is known to

have shrunk from danger, or to lose that presence of mind for which he was afterward remarkably distinguished.

It is recorded that when Tecumseh was notified to move his band of Indians outside the government land, specified in the treaty of Greenville, he replied:

"These lands are ours; none has a right to move us because we were the first owners; the Great Spirit above has appointed this place for us, on which to light our fires, and here

we will remain. As to boundaries, the Great Spirit above knows no boundaries, nor will his red people acknowledge any."—Drake's "Life of Tecumseh."

ing mimic battles, in which he usually distinguished himself by his activity, strength and skill. His dexterity in the use of the bow and arrow excelled that of all the other Indian boys of his tribe, by whom he was loved and respected, and over whom he exercised unbounded influence. He was generally surrounded by a set of companions who were ready to stand or fall by his side.