

The GIRL and the BILL

By **BANNISTER MERWIN**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**
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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. He learns that in Tom and Bessie Wallingham they have mutual friends. He discovers another inscription on the marked bill, which, in a futile attempt to decipher it, he copies and places the copy in a drawer in his apartment. Senator Poritolo, South American minister, Alcatraz, and a light case in which Poritolo is taken from his country. Senator Alcatraz, minister from his country, to vouch for him. Orme still refuses to give up the bill. He saves his father's butler, Maku. The second inscription on the bill is the key to the hiding place of important papers. Orme starts on his father's black car in quest of the papers. In the university grounds in Evanston the hiding place is located. Maku and another Jap escape. Orme finds Maku in Maku's pocket. He is still in the car. 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 student at the life-saving station. He hears a motor boat in trouble in the darkness on the lake. They find the crippled boat. In it are the Japs, the papers and the girl. She jumps into Orme's boat, but the Japs elude them and hide in a closet in the cabin.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

The silence that followed these preparations grew oppressive. The clients were waiting for the night "current," and Madam Alla, Orme had no doubt, was using the interval to free herself from her bonds.

In a little while some one started the hymn, "Over the River and Through the Wood," and the others took it up—women's voices, chiefly, struggling through the melody in their troubles, with the mumbled undertones of one or two men.

A draught of cooler air struck Orme's cheek; a hand found his shoulder; a voice whispered. Under cover of the singing Madam Alla had opened the panel. Her lips were close to his ear. In the creepy tension of the waiting Orme had almost forgotten that Madam Alla's ghosts were a cheat, and the touch of her hand made him start, but her first words brought him to himself.

"Hush!" she whispered. "You'll get your chance in a minute. Put on a pair of black felt slippers. Here—she groped along the floor, and gave him the slippers. They were large, and went easily over his shoes.

"Now the black robe, just behind you."

He took it from its peg, and slipped into it.

"Cover your head and face with the hood."

He did as directed, finding the eye-lets with his fingers.

"Hide your hands in the sleeves. Now, listen. I'm going to keep them busy looking at the curtains. When you hear a gong ring three times, come through the panel, and go between the curtain and the wall-hanging, on the side toward the window. The gas is slow to a pin-point. Those folks think they can see a lot more than they do. But they won't see you, unless you show some white. Anyhow they'll be watching the cabinet. Keep outside the circle of chairs, and work your way to the door of the next room. There are hangings there; go through them. You'll find light enough in the next room to get to the door in the hall. First stuff the robe under the sofa. You'll find your hat under there. You left it here when you came, and I tucked it away. You'd better wear the slippers down to the street. Never mind about returning them—unless you care to come. Now, be careful."

"The Japanese—where are they?"

"At the other side of the circle. Don't worry about them. They're only kids when it comes to my game. Now, wait till I get the things I need. She heard faint rustlings as she gathered her paraphernalia. Soon she was back at the panel. The last stanza of the hymn was drawing to a close. "Be sure you follow directions," she whispered.

"I will." He pressed her hand gratefully.

drawn strains of the song following him and dying away as he neared the street entrance. In the lower hall he removed the felt slippers and tossed them into a corner.

He was amazed at the loudness of the street noises, and the glare of the sunlight as he stepped to the sidewalk. He stood there blinking for a moment, until his eyes became accustomed to the light. The foot-procession of the city streamed by him.

Suddenly a man turned in toward the doorway, and with a startled exclamation, stopped short. Orme found himself looking into the gleaming eyes of Alcatraz.

CHAPTER XIII.

An Old Man of the Sea.

"Oh, Mr. Orme, you are the man I most wished to see." The minister's voice carried a note of unrestrained eagerness. He extended his hand.

Orme accepted the salutation, mustering the appearance of a casual meeting; he must keep Alcatraz out of the building.

"I was sorry that I could not be at your apartment this morning," continued Alcatraz, "and I hope you did not wait too long."

"Oh, no," replied Orme. "I waited for a little while, but concluded that something had called you away. Has Senator Poritolo recovered from his anxiety?"

"I was sorry that I could not be at your apartment this morning," continued Alcatraz, "and I hope you did not wait too long."

"Oh, no," replied Orme. "I waited for a little while, but concluded that something had called you away. Has Senator Poritolo recovered from his anxiety?"

"I was sorry that I could not be at your apartment this morning," continued Alcatraz, "and I hope you did not wait too long."



"They May Have Stolen the Clue From You."

"I trust that you did not think me absurd for sending that detective to the minister. That I did so was a result of poor Poritolo's frantic insistence."

"Indeed?"

"My young friend was so afraid that you would be robbed."

"I was robbed," laughed Orme, trying to make light of the situation.

"Why, how was that?" Alcatraz's surprise was well assumed.

"Oh, after I said good-night to you, the two Japanese caught me while I was going through the tunnel to the courtyard."

"My dear Mr. Orme!"

"They are clever, those Japanese."

"And afterward you went out again?"

"What makes you think that?"

Alcatraz bit his lip. "Why," he stammered, "the detective reported that you were absent when he arrived."

"And therefore," remarked Orme coolly, "he got access to my apartment and, after rummaging through my things, went sound asleep in my bedroom, where I found him snoring when I returned."

The minister swung his cane viciously at a bit of paper that lay on the sidewalk.

"He was not a clever detective," continued Orme. "And as for Poritolo, don't you think he had better offer his reward to the Japanese?"

"No," replied Alcatraz. "They may have stolen the clue from you, but I have reason to think that the papers

were already gone when they went to look for them. Poritolo is really very anxious."

"Doubtless," added Orme.

"Perhaps," added Alcatraz, after a short wait, "he might even go as high as two thousand."

"Indeed? Then there will surely be many answers to his advertisement."

"Oh, he will not advertise," Alcatraz laughed. "Already he knows where the papers are. While waiting for the clue of the bill, he discovered what others had already availed themselves of."

"That is curious," Orme smiled. "How did he discover that?"

"In a roundabout way. I won't take time for the story."

They walked along in silence for a little distance. Orme was figuring on an escape, for the minister's clutch on his arm was like that of a drowning man's. Finally he sought the simplest means of getting away. "I have an engagement," he said. "I shall have to leave you, here. Thank you for walking with me thus far." He disengaged his arm.

"My dear Mr. Orme," said Alcatraz, "why should we beat around the bush?"

"Why, indeed?" said Orme.

"Poritolo knows that his papers are in your possession. Speaking for him, I offer you five thousand."

"Why do you drag Poritolo into this?" said Orme. "You know that he has merely been your agent from the start. You think he has bungled, but I tell you, you are the one who bungled, for you picked him to do the work. He had had luck hiring a burglar for you with another person's motor car and had to hand the marked bill to a courtier justice. He showed bad judgment when he tried to fool me with a fancy lie. But you are the real bungler, Senator Alcatraz. Any capable diplomat could tell you that."

Alcatraz's yellow face grew white about the lips. His eyes flashed balefully.

"Curse you!" he exclaimed. "You know more than is good for you. Take care!"

Orme laughed in disgust. "Oh, drop this melodrama. I am not afraid of cheap Machiavellism. In this country there are some crimes that are not excused by high office."

The minister's teeth showed. "You shall see, my young friend."

"Doubtless. But let me tell you one

thing; if anything happens to me, my friends will know where to look for the criminal."

Alcatraz snarled. "Don't be too sure."

"If necessary," continued Orme, "a word to certain persons as to the commission for building warships—five hundred thousand. Is it not by the new arrangement—in gold?"

Alcatraz, in ungovernable rage, raised his light cane and struck Orme, fended the blow with his arm, then wrenched the cane away and threw it into the street. A swarm of passers-by gathered about them so quickly that in a moment they were the center of a circle.

"You dunce," said Orme. "Do you want the police?"

"No," muttered Alcatraz, controlling himself with a great effort. "You are right." He darted into the crowd at one side, and Orme, quick to take the hint, disappeared in the opposite direction, crossing the street and jumping into an empty cab, which had drawn up in anticipation of a fight.

"To the Rookery," he ordered, naming the first office building that came into his head.

"Sure," said the driver, and away they rattled.

A glance back showed Orme that the crowd was dispersing.

At a distance was Alcatraz. He had seen Orme's escape, and was looking vainly for another cab. But cabs are not numerous on North

Parker street, and Orme, so far as he could tell, was not followed.

When his cab drew up at the busy entrance on La Salle street, he found his way to the nearest public telephone. The hour was close to five, and he must discover quickly where he could find the girl. He called up the Pere Marquette. "This is Mr. Orme," he explained to the clerk. "Have there been any calls or messages for me?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. and Mrs. Wallingham called up at 12:30 to know if you were going to Arradale with them."

The glistening engagement! Orme had not even thought of it since the evening before.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. A Japanese came about one o'clock. He left no name."

"The same man who came last evening?"

"No, sir, an older man."

The Japanese minister had doubtless gone straight from Arima's apartment to the Pere Marquette. "Anything else?" asked Orme.

"There was a phone call for you about 11 o'clock. The party left no name."

"A woman's voice?"

"Yes, sir. She said: 'Tell Mr. Orme that I shall not be able to call him up at noon, but will try to do so as near two o'clock as possible.'"

"Did she call up again at two?"

"No, sir. There's no record of it."

Orme understood. In the interval after her attempt to reach him she had earned at Arima's of his seeming treachery. "Very well," he said to the clerk, and hung up the receiver.

What shall he do now? The girl had given him up. He did not know her name or where to find her, and yet find her he must and that within the next few hours. The unquestionably great importance of the papers in his pocket had begun to weigh on him heavily. He was tempted to take them out, there in the telephone booth, and examine them for a clue. The circumstances justified him.

But—he had promised the girl! Stronger than his curiosity, stronger almost than his desire to deliver the papers, was his desire to keep that promise. It may have been foolish, quixotic; but he resolved to continue as he had begun. "At ten o'clock," he said to himself, "if I have not found her, I will look at the papers or go to the police—do whatever is necessary." He did not like to break promises or miss engagements.

There was his engagement with the Wallinghams. It had absolutely gone from his mind. Bessie would forgive him, of course. She was a sensible little woman, and she would know that his failure to appear was due to something unavoidable and important, but Orme's conscience bothered him a little because he had not, before setting out that morning, telephoned to her that he might be detained.

Bessie Wallingham! She knew the girl! Why had he not thought of that before?

He got the Wallinghams' number. Were they at home? No, they had gone to Arradale and would probably remain until the last evening train. He rang off.

It remained to try Arradale. After some delay, he got the club house. Mrs. Wallingham? Yes, she had just come in. Would Mr. Orme hold the line?

Mr. Orme certainly would, and presently he was rewarded for the delay by hearing Bessie's brisk little voice.

"Hello?"

"Who?"

"Bob?"

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; we waited over and took the next train."

"Oh, yes, I know all about these very busy people."

"Nonsense! I was fooling, of course. But we were sorry you didn't come."

"What?"

"That girl? Why, what's the matter with you, Robert Orme?"

"Business importance? That won't do. Bob, you'll have to 'ess up.'"

"Do I know such a girl? Are you serious?"

"Why, Bob, I can think of several. Shall I name them?"

"Not give their names! What on earth is the matter with you?"

"Oh, part of the business, is it? Well, let me see. Tall and beautiful, you say. Dark eyes and hair. A black touring car. Hum! I know three girls to whom the description applies. It might be—but you don't wish me to mention the name. Well, you'll have to think of something more distinctive."

Orme thought in vain. The image of the girl was ever in his mind, but describe her he could not. At last he said: "The girl I mean lives in one of the suburbs. She has a father who has lately undergone a slight operation. He is, I think, a man who is involved in negotiations with other countries."

"Oh! Where did you meet her? Why, Bob, how interesting! I never thought of her, but she's one of my dearest friends."

"Now, listen, Bessie. It is absolutely necessary that I should reach her father's house before midnight. You must help me."

He heard her laugh. "Help you? Of course I will."

"Where does she live?"

"Not far from Arradale. Bob, you come right out here. I will see to the rest. It certainly is the funniest coincidence."

"I'll catch the first train."

"There's one at six—for men who come out to dine."

"All right. Expect me. Goodby."

Orme looked at his watch. He had an hour and a half—which meant that time must be killed. It would be unwise to return to the Pere Marquette, for the South Americans and the Jap-

MEDAL FOR HEROINE

Girl Rescued Baby Niece From Onrushing Train.

Two Rolled Down Embankment to Safety—Story Reached the Interstate Railroad Commission—Recognition Followed.

Fairmount, Ind.—Leaping in front of a passenger engine rushing towards her at the rate of 50 miles an hour, Miss Nettie Caskey grabbed her baby niece from the railroad track and the two rolled down an embankment to safety. And President Taft, in recognition of her heroism, has awarded a life-saving medal to her and sent it to her with a personal letter of commendation.

It was late in the afternoon when Martelle, 3 years old, was missed from the Caskey home, where she was visiting. Nettie, who is 18 years old, looked around the house for the child and then down the road. There was little Martelle toddling toward the railroad crossing, and to Nettie's horror, when she reached the point where the wagon road crosses the tracks Martelle started down the railroad. Two miles away Nettie could hear the Pennsylvania passenger train thundering along.

Down the wagon road she ran and turned down the tracks. "Martelle! Martelle!" she screamed as she ran, but the little one was full of the joy of running away, and trotted on. The engine was now closing upon Nettie and Martelle.

Nettie glanced back to see how much margin she had, then put all her strength into a final effort, caught Martelle and, turning off the tracks, rolled down into the ditch, with the baby in her arms.

The west-bound train was running into a bright sun which hung close to the horizon, and the view of the engine was obstructed by the glare in his eyes. He saw Martelle with Net-



tle in pursuit when it was too late to stop, but he did all he could. The sand valve was opened, the emergency air applied and the engine reversed.

The engineer turned his head at the moment he thought the engine had struck the girl and the baby.

"They're both killed," he groaned. Then he turned to the fireman, saying:

"Old man, you take a look. I can't bear to see that dead girl and child."

The fireman looked back just as Nettie had helped Martelle to her feet and was starting toward home.

"Look there, have a look," he shouted, as he grabbed the engineer's head and pulled it around.

"I never felt so thankful in my life," said the engineer afterward, "as when I saw that little tot with her dress all dirty from rolling in the ditch being led away, safe and sound. It took an awful load off my mind."

The train didn't stop, as no one was injured, but the crew carried the news of the farmer's girl's heroism to the end of the line.

The incident was reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission and the medal was awarded on the recommendation of the commissioners.

UNCOOKED FOOD FOR FAMILY

Tea and Coffee as Foreign as a Frying Pan to Vegetarian Group in Massachusetts.

Pittsfield, Mass.—A remarkable family of vegetarians has been discovered living in the North Woods, three miles of here. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tyler and their three children live entirely on uncooked vegetables. Raw potatoes, turnips, parsnips, cabbage and onions are a large part of their diet. Corns are eaten uncooked. Their son, O. R. Joyful Tyler, a pupil in the Russell school, has never eaten meat or drank tea or coffee in his life. They have a daughter, Lucy Drinkwater Tyler, who eats six raw potatoes for luncheon. State officers have been getting information regarding the family, as there was a report that the children were not properly fed.

World's Greatest Ocean.

San Francisco, Cal.—The Pacific ocean covers 68,000,000 miles. The Atlantic 30,000,000 and the Indian, Arctic and Antarctic, 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide and one mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures the Pacific holds in weight 248,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its waters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 439 miles long. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000,000 years to flow over Niagara.

Hewed His Own Coffin.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—In a casket made from wood of a cherry tree that he cut down 50 years ago and put aside for the purpose, the body of William Whitley, who died in Springfield, was conveyed to a cemetery and incinerated. The shroud covering the body was given to Mr. Whitley 20 years ago by his daughter for this particular purpose.

MARTHA WASHINGTON NOTE

Written to Mrs. Francis Washington and is Sympathetic Throughout.

A fine specimen of rare autograph, a two-page quarto letter of Martha Washington, dated Philadelphia, February 10, 1793, written while George Washington was president, will be sold at auction by Stan. E. Henkle in that city. It is addressed to Mrs. Francis Washington and is a letter

full of sympathy. It is accompanied by a letter of John Burkhardt, giving a history (Henkle calls it "a very peculiar one") of how he came into possession of it. He says that it was found near the Washington mansion at Mount Vernon by a member of his company, (Company F, One Hundred and Forty-Sixth Indiana regiment), who presented it to him. Mrs. Washington's letter is as follows:

"Since my last, your letter of the 25th January is come to hand. I am sincerely sorry to hear that the poor major's complaints continue. The All-

wise disposer of events only can relieve him and I trust he will in his good time deliver him from his great distresses and difficulties. I am sorry dear little Charles is not well, but the season of the year is bad for all complaints, the weather being so warm; it is happy for you that Marie and Fanny keep well, indeed my dear Fanny I am very glad to hear from you and am pleased that kind providence has enabled you to support yourself under your great affliction. I can with the greatest truth assure you that the president and myself feel very sincere-

ly for you in your heavy affliction and will take pleasure in doing everything we can to make your troubles as light to you as we can. Thank God we are all well—If Patty Dandridge can be useful to you I hope she will stay with you.

"I will, my dear Fanny, have you a bonnet and cloak made and sent by the first opportunity. At this time there is no vessel here for Richmond, but I expect there will soon be, as the river is free from ice, which is a very uncommon thing at this season of the year. My love (to the major and a

hiss to the children, in which the president joins me. My love to your brothers and sisters, and to Patty Dandridge; tell her that her brother is very well. Nelly and Washington send their love to you and children, and that you may be enabled to keep your health is the prayer of your most Affectionate."

Nell Gwynne's Secret Door.

During alterations on the first floor of the Nell Gwynne tea rooms, High Street, Epsom, there has been discov-

ered a secret door in the bedroom that was used by Nell Gwynne, who was one of Epsom's fashionable visitors when the town was noted for the health giving properties of its waters.

The house is the one to which Pepys refers in his diary: "To Epsom by 8 o'clock to the well, wheremuch company. And to the town to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house."—London Daily Mail.