

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.

Senior Porfido of South America and Senior Alacranite, minister from the same country, and some Japs try to get possession of the bill. Tom of the latter party, Orme and effect a forcible exchange of the marked bill for another.

Orme finds the girl in the black car waiting for him. She recognizes one of the Japs as her brother, Maku. A second inscription on the bill is the key to the hiding place of important papers stolen from her father Orme and the "girl" start out in the black car in quest of the papers. In the interim, Maku and another Jap are there to capture Orme. Maku's pocket is 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 engine dead. In the boat the Jap with the papers and "Girl." She jumps into Orme's boat. The papers, which Orme finds on the paper, are taken from Maku the address, "231 N. Parker street." He goes there and finds Arima, leader of the Japs, on the third floor. He calls on Arima, who is on the fourth floor, conceals himself under a table in Arima's room. Alacranite, Porfido and the Jap minister enter the room and Arima substitutes mining prospectuses for them. He learns that the papers are of international importance with a time limit for signatures of that night midnight.

The substitution is made. The Japs appear and leaves again after being told that the American has the papers. Orme attempts to get away. He is discovered and set upon by Arima and Maku. He escapes and is hidden in a closet by the chauffeur. Orme escapes during a game given by Arima. On the sidewalk he encounters Alacranite. Orme goes to the fine Tom Wallingham. Alacranite lances on and tries to get the papers. During the moment Orme escapes. He and the girl and the papers under the table and returns to Wallingham's office. He and the girl looked in a giant specimen refrigerator by Alacranite.

They confess their love and when they had almost abandoned hope of escape Orme breaks the thermometer and attracts the attention of a late-going clerk. They are liberated.

Alacranite is on his feet. They get away in a hired motor car to Evanston. The chauffeur turns out to be Maku. He runs them to a safe spot where they meet another motor. Orme pretends to conceal the papers under the seat, but drops them in the road. Orme helps Arima, Maku and two other Japs.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

The Japanese who had brought the prospectuses from the tonneau now stepped to Maku's assistance, for Orme had made a motion of the body which showed that he was rapidly losing his patience.

"Queek!"

"Ha!" The exclamation and a ring of triumph. "Mees have um!" He nodded toward the car where the girl still sat.

"No," exclaimed Orme vehemently. "She has not."

"Mees have um," repeated Arima. "I tell you she has not," said Orme. "No believe you," Arima chuckled. "Come, mees."

As Orme twisted himself around, he was enraged to see the Japanese in the car seize the girl by the arm and drag her to the ground. Once on her feet, she did not resist, but permitted herself to be led toward the little grove.

Arima advanced a step to meet her. "Give me papers," he said.

"I have no papers," she protested despairingly.

"We search you," said Arima, taking another step toward her and extending his hands.

It may be that Arima did not intend actually to lay hands on her. His thought may have been that the threat would induce Orme to tell where the papers really were. But the effect on Orme was to set him ablaze with anger.

His swift, indignant purpose seemed to multiply his strength until the little men who held him were like children in his hands.

A sudden jerk, and he had pulled both his arms free. Maku and the man at his other side were taken completely by surprise, and before they had time to recover themselves, Orme had thrown his arms around them and crushed their heads together with such force that they dropped limp and unconscious to the ground. They were out of the fight.

At the first sounds of struggle, Arima turned. Now, as Orme charged toward him, he bent slightly forward, every muscle tense, ready to strike or trip or twist.

His framework was overlaid by muscles that were like supple steel. Light and quick, he had a strength that could hardly have been inferred from his build. And though Orme's out-break had been sudden, the Japanese was apparently not in the least disconcerted.

He knew how to turn the rush of the American into a disaster. For he knew how to prod with his bony knuckle the angry man's solar plexus—how to step swiftly aside and bring the horny edge of his hand against sensitive vertebrae. He could seize Orme by the arm and, dropping backward to the ground, land Orme where he wished him. Yes, Arima had every reason to feel confident. Many a

time had he got the better of American fist fighters.

But a system of offense and defense which is based upon the turning of an opponent's strength against himself absolutely depends for its success upon an accurate estimate of the opponent's intentions. A sudden shift of physical purpose may put your jitsu adept at a loss.

Arima, from his knowledge of American fighting methods, had reason to think that Orme would continue his charge and strike out with his fists, however, is something that Orme did not do. For, in his two previous encounters with the Japanese, he had learned much. He had learned, among other things, the value of the unexpected. And though his anger was almost blinding, he cooled, during those few short strides, to his usual caution.

Within two paces of Arima, he stopped short.

For an tense moment Orme opened his senses to all impressions. He could hear, with almost painful distinctness, the moans of the two men he had stunned and the rustling sounds made by their writhings.

He caught a glimpse of the girl. The searchlight of one of the cars struck full on the side of her face, and drew there a distinct shadow of the network of her disarranged hair. He saw the strained, excited look in her eyes.

Her captor still held her arm. He was watching Orme and Arima indifferently, as though quite confident of Japanese skill.

All this Orme observed in an instant. Then his eyes were again on Arima.

He knew that he would have to attack. To await the trick holds of the Japanese would be to invite defeat. But if he attacked, he must use an unexpected method.

Suddenly he raised his left arm above his head and clenched his fist. His right arm remained by his side.

A step forward. The upraised arm descended. Swiftly Arima reached up to seize it. But even as the one arm descended, Orme swung his other, with terrific force, up from the waist, and caught Arima on the mouth.

"Where?" repeated Arima.

"I haven't them," said Orme. "You ought to know that by this time."

The answer was a torturing pressure on Orme's spine. "You tell," hissed Arima.

As the pressure increased Orme's suffering was so keen that his senses began to slip away. He was gliding into a state in which all consciousness centered hazily around the one sharp point of pain.

Then, suddenly, he was released. For a moment he staggered limply, but his strength surged back, and he was able to see how the situation had changed.

The girl had swung her car in closer to the edge of the grove and nearer to the struggling figures. Doubtless she had some idea of helping. But the effect of the change in the position of her car was to permit the searchlight of the other car to throw its bright beam without interruption down the road. And there, perhaps 50 feet to the southward, gleamed something white.

The girl could not see it, for her car was headed north. But Arima saw it, and in a flash he realized what



"No," Exclaimed Orme, Vehemently.

Then Arima's voice said, close to his ear:

"Where the papers?"

The papers!

Japanese character thus brought his fresh surprise to Orme. Even after this hard fight, when three of his friends lay groaning on the ground—when he had in his power the man who had injured them, who had temporarily bested himself—Arima's chief thought was still of the papers!

He seemed to have none of the semi-barbarian vengefulness that might have been expected. He merely wished the papers—wished them the more desperately with every passing moment. The lives of his companions counted for nothing besides the papers!

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it was. The papers lay there at the side of the road, where Orme had tossed them a moment before the two cars met.

There had been no other way to dispose of them. If the car from the north had stopped at a different angle, or if the other car had not moved, the light would not have shone upon them, and the Japanese might not have suspected where they were. Or, if Orme had tossed them a few feet farther to one side, they would have been out of the range of the light. But there they lay.

Arima leaped toward them. Even as he started, a figure appeared at the other side of the road and walked toward the cars. It was a man with brass buttons and policeman's helmet. He walked with authority, and he held a stout club in his hand.

"What's goin' on here?" he demanded.

Arima stopped in his tracks.

To Orme, at this moment, came the memory of the girl's desire to avoid publicity. "Nothing wrong," he said.

The policeman stared. "I've been watchin' you from over there," he said. "It looks like nothin' wrong, with men fightin' all over the ground."

"Just a little trial of strength," explained Orme.

"Trial of strength, hey?"

"Well," admitted Orme, "this man—pointing to Arima—"wanted something that I had. It's not a matter for the police."

"Oh, it ain't? Somebody's been hurt." He gestured with his club toward the shadows where the three injured men were slowly coming back to their senses.

"Not seriously," said Orme.

"We'll see about that later," replied the policeman decidedly.

Orme tried to carry the affair off boldly. Every moment of delay now threatened defeat for him. "There is

nothing serious," he said. "They have done me no real harm. But the young lady and I shall be obliged to you, if you will keep these Japanese here until we can get away. They attacked us, but I don't wish to make a complaint against them."

The policeman showed no interest. He glanced at Arima. "Japanese!" he exclaimed. "There was one slugged on the campus last night. I guess you'll have to come along with me."

"Nonsense!" protested Orme. "Just because somebody hit a Japanese over the head last night—"

"Ah, you know about that, do you? No"—as Orme made a movement—"stand where you are." He drew his revolver.

During this colloquy, Arima had edged nearer and nearer to the papers. Orme's sudden stop was involuntary; it was due to the fact that he had seen Arima stoop swiftly and pick up the papers and thrust them into his pocket.

"Keep quiet," continued the policeman. "And you, there"—he nodded toward Arima—"come here."

Arima hesitated, but the muzzle of the revolver turned toward him, and he came and stood a few feet away.

"There's something mighty funny about this," continued the policeman. "We'll just get into one of these cars and go to the station."

"This man and me?" asked Orme. He had visions of no great difficulty in satisfying the questions of the local justice, but he knew that an arrest would mean delay, perhaps of hours. And Arima had the papers.

"I mean that man, and you, and the woman. I'll send some one for the others. If you're the fellow that did the slugging on the campus last night, you won't get away from me again."

"What's the use of dragging the young lady into this?" demanded Orme.

"None of your business."

"Can I speak to her a minute, first?"

"No, you can't. There's been too many Chicago hold-up men around here lately, and I won't take chances with you." The policeman made this explanation apparently in deference to Orme's appearance, which, in spite of the evidence of struggle, was that of a gentleman. "Looks don't always tell," he continued.

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Doubtless she could quickly set in motion forces that would liberate her, but the disgrace of detention was something she must be saved from at any cost.

She was known in Evanston. Her identity once established, the story of her arrest would be sure to spread. Her position would then be the more painful, because the circumstances of the case were such that she was unwilling to explain them.

Moreover, Orme realized that, if he and Arima were held, the care of the girl would be his first thought, and the recovery of the papers would be forced into second place. That would not be according to her wish. As surely, if he was to get the papers, he could do better alone.

She sat in the car, not more than six feet from him, her face the picture of mingled emotions. Orme saw that he must reassure her as to himself before he carried out the plan which had suddenly come to his mind.

"You will make a mistake, officer, if you detain me," he said, speaking distinctly, so that the girl would be sure to hear.

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"That's my affair," said the policeman. "But here, we've done enough talkin'." He waved his revolver in a gesture which indicated that they were to enter the car.

Now, Orme knew that the girl had not seen him throw the papers to the road. Neither had she seen Arima pick them up. Whatever guess she had made as to his disposal of them, there was no reason for her to doubt that he had again got them into his possession, during some stage of the struggle.

He looked at her earnestly and significantly, then smiled slightly in the thought of reassuring her.

When he was certain that she was watching his every move, he glanced at the car, then up the road to the north. Then, with such quickness that the policeman had no time to prevent, he snatched from the inner pocket of his coat the envelope containing the blank contract which had first disappointed Arima, and tossed it into the tonneau.

"Go!" he shouted.

Like a shot, she sent the car forward. It disappeared swiftly into the night.

Thus far, Orme was satisfied. He had got the girl safely away. She thought that he had thrown the papers into the car, and when she came to examine them she would be disappointed, but Orme felt that she would then un-

derstand—that she would continue to trust him.

As the car darted away the policeman swung his club at Orme.

Before the blow could strike, the upraised arm was caught by a little hand and with a quick jerk, the policeman was pulled to the ground. His revolver, which he held in his left hand, went off as he fell, and a leaf, cut from a tree above by the bullet, sailed into Orme's face.

The policeman lay helpless in the cunning hold of Maku—Maku, who, fully restored to his senses, had crept up to save Arima from the law.

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The papers were still first in his thoughts. And why not? Orme remembered the scathing rebuke by the Japanese minister. In the flash of thought that preceded his own action he realized that the recovering of the papers was Arima's one means of righting himself.

As Arima grasped the steering wheel of the car and threw on the clutch, Orme ran behind the tonneau. His action was swiftly calculated to give the impression that he was dodging around the car in the hope of escaping on foot.

That is what Arima might have thought, had he glanced around—what Maku might have thought, had he done more than throw one swift glance at Arima, then devote himself again to the prostrate officer.

But Orme, reaching upward, got his hands over the high back of the tonneau. He hung on tightly, raising his feet from the ground. The car plunged forward.

For a time Orme merely kept his position. The dust whirled up in his face, and he had to close his eyes, but he was conscious that the car was gaining speed rapidly.

The situation was as difficult as it was dangerous. He planned nothing less than to climb into the car and deal with Arima even while they were flying along the road. But he must wait until they had gone a safe distance from the battleground. On the other hand, he must act before they got into the thickly settled streets of the town.

He figured that they had gone about a quarter of a mile, when he began his effort. Pulling himself up by his hands, he peered over the back of the tonneau. He could see Arima, huddled forward over the steering-wheel, doubtless watching the road ahead with a careful eye for obstacles and for the police.

For Arima was driving the car at a law-breaking speed. Clearly, he was an adept at motoring. But Orme did not stop to ask himself how a humble teacher of jiu-jitsu—a professional athlete—had acquired so much skill in the handling of a car.

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If Arima now turned and saw him, almost anything might happen. But before he could become conscious that anyone was near him, Orme was crouching in the tonneau.

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BANNISTER MERWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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IMPORTANT THAT PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY

The testimonial I am to give you comes unsolicited. I have been suffering from lumbago for ten years and at times was unable to stand erect. A Mr. Dean of this city, saw me in my condition (bent over) and inquired the cause. I told him that I had the lumbago. He replied, "If you get what I tell you to, you need not have it." I said I would take anything for ease. He said, "You get two bottles of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root and take it, and if it does not fix you O. K. I will pay for the medicine myself." I did so and am a well man. For five months I have been as well as could be. Before I took your Swamp-Root was in constant pain day and night. This may look like advertising, but it seems to me most important that the public should be made familiar with this treatment as it is the only one I know which is an absolute cure. I owe a great deal to Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, and am anxious that others stricken as I was should know and take advantage of it. Hoping that this testimonial may be of benefit to some one, I am

J. A. HOWLAND,
1734 Humboldt St.,
Denver, Col.

State of Colorado }
City and County of Denver }
Personally appeared before me, a Notary Public in and for the city and county of the State of Colorado, J. A. Howland, known to me as the person whose name is subscribed to the above statement and upon his oath declares that it is a true and correct statement of facts, and I am

DANIEL H. DRAPER,
Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send To Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.

OF COURSE.



The Magistrate—You say you didn't know the pistol was loaded, yet the dealer who sold it to you says you did not pay for it.

Prisoner—What's that got to do with it?

The Magistrate—Well, if you didn't pay for it, then the dealer must have charged it for you.

Irish Landmark Gone.

The Ulster Temple of Liberty, one of America's best-known landmarks, was burned to the ground the other morning. Erected at T. McBridge, on the County Londonderry side of the River Bann, by the late Rev. John Carey, some 60 years ago, it had a romantic history. Its founder was a remarkable man, possessed of considerable wealth. He was a descendant of a Cromwellian family, and had been arrested and tried for murder, but was unanimously acquitted by the jury, whereupon he erected the building in question.—London Mail.

Willing to Make an Effort.

On a large estate in the Scottish highlands it was the custom for a piper to play in front of the house every weekday morning to awaken the residents. After an overconvivial Saturday night, however, the piper forgot the day and