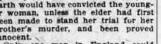
carlet Runner <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

steps in the corridor outside the open door. There was half a second to decide what to do, and then the lean figure had dashed through the window into Christopher's arms. In the shock of surprise the escaing thief recoiled, snatching out a revolver; and Chris-topher, seizing him with a buil-jos grip by coat collar and leather beit, caught him off his feet and cast him away like a parcel. The revolver ex-ploded in the air as the man fell; and as he touched earth there followed a terrific detonation. Instinct impelled Christopher to throw himself flat on his face, but he had no time to carry out his intention. The force of the explosion; even at a distance of twelve or fourteen feet, whirled him like a leaf against the house, throwing him backward into the open French win-dow. duarters in a touring car bearing two officers in charge of a motor truck earavan transporting supplies to Pershing's men. In general he was interested in the problem of driving twenty-nine huge trucks 120 miles a through the desert, but in particular he was intrested in the methods of safeguarding the health of the men on whom the success of the trip de-pended. The military road, which has been built since the American troops went in, is in many places almost im-passable. In order to get over the bad places two of the twenty-nime trucks were filled with Mexican laborers hired by the United States government to help/stalled trucks out of trouble. They, of course, came in contact with the Americans, who op-erated the trucks, and it was neces-sary for the army surgeons to make

backward into the open French win-dow. Broken glass tained about him: there were orles and waving lights, and faces bent above him as he lay dated and only half conscious. One of the faces was Nora Collingwood's —or he dreamed it—and dimly he heard himself murmuring. "It's all right—you're safe—Nuremburg watch —explosive—I followed—to warn— send word—Sir Gordon." Christopher suffered no serious in-furies, but the effects of the explosion and the heavy fall on the back of his head took a form resembling conceus-ston of the brain. For twenty-four hours he was unable to speak coher-ently, and the family at Atherton Manor might have suspected him to be an accompilee of the dead burgiar, had it not been for the somewhat, confused evidence of his chauffeur, and the knowledge of the Colling-woods that he was a cousin of Sir Gor-don Race. Christopher's part in the drama was cores naturally resented, but no time were won over by short but effective

and in gasoline. In sorder the inbo don Race. Christopher's part in the drama was scarcely understood, and therefore the newspaper correspondent who wrote up the sensation in time for the morn-ing papers thought best to refer to him but sketchily. The name of Christopher Race became, by a mis-print. "Christopher Dace"; but even had he relained the "R." which made the difference between importance and insignificance, it would have mark-tered little to London that day. There was only one Race whose name was worth speaking, and it rang through But the end of the morned trial had

vities. In close "HILLING CONTRACTOR OF CONTRAC



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ASTOR

TIMES SQUARE

At Broadway, 44th to 45th Streets-the center of New York's social and Only one man in England could have accompliabed this change, the world was saying, and perhaps a cer-tain American millionaire decided that such a son-in-law might be al-rest as acceptable as a duke. At all events, the engagement of Sir. Gordon Race to Miss Nora Collingwood of New York was announced before the

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