

The Blue Motor-Car

Vitagraph Company

From the Popular Novel of the same name by C. N. and A. M. Williamson

Stars of This Episode
MR. EARLE WILLIAMS as CHRISTOPHER RACE
MISS BETTY HOWE as MRS. HORTENSE
Next Week Another Story and New Picture
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VI.—THE MYSTERIOUS MOTOR-CAR.

The tide was coming in, and the five-mile stretch of beach was hard and glistening. Christopher could hardly have chosen a better place for a speed trial to test the success of a new invention, nor a better time than the earliest hint of dawn. There had been a storm yesterday and the green rollers boomed upon the sand as they curled over and flung their white foam towards the wheels of Scarlet Runner; but with the birth of day the wind had died. The car purred rhythmically, and Christopher hummed happily as he drove.

He was excited, for an experiment which had absorbed two weeks of his time and many coins of his hard-earned money was proving a success. He had felt certain that not only need he not fear police traps if he exceeded the legal limit in driving (and had he not made the journey expressly to exceed the legal limit?), but that there would not be a single soul to see and report Scarlet Runner's law-breaking feats. Yet here, at half past 4 in the morning, on this desolate beach, he was on the point of coming plump upon half a dozen men, who almost had been waiting to catch him.

For once his imagination failed. For a moment he saw nothing suggestive in the grouping of half a dozen eager men around some object, half engulfed in water, which they were striving to drag out. But, in fact, Christopher had some excuse for his temporary self-absorption.

His latest client had finished a wedding trip in an automobile, whereupon Race had returned to London and had been thrown into the society of a fellow enthusiast for motors—a young engineer who had designed a new invention. It was a very clever invention, for at a stroke it revolutionized all existing systems of transmission and did away with gear, belt, plians and clutch. The engine worked a pump, whose business was to compress oil and force it under high pressure to two turbines on the back axle. These turbines turned the wheels, and there you are," as the inventor explained, exulting over his model. The system was capable of infinite gradations of speed by guiding this stream of oil toward the center or toward the periphery of the turbine. "Owing to the beneficent nature of the transmitting force the mechanism was smooth and silent as the motor of a dream, and a great proportion of the engine power was able to act directly on the wheels."

Scarlet Runner, thus regenerated, had come out of a London workshop only two days ago, her owner proud that she should be the first car in England to take the road. The inventor, an automobliomaniac, such tests as could be had been made in London streets and had been made triumphant, and now here was Christopher with his scarlet darling, heart and engine both beating in the hope of a long and successful trial with the sea and the rising sun as sole witnesses.

Within thirty yards of the group in the water Race blackened speed and would have turned, sacrificing the last mile of the five, had not one of the men seen him and begun to shout and beckon. At the same moment several others broke away from the group to hurry across the sand toward the approaching motor, and Christopher saw, to his extreme surprise, that the thing they had surrounded was a half-submerged automobile.

In a second all desire to depart was burnt up by a fire of curiosity. Instead of retreating he drove nearer, in the hope of seeing the make and color of the drowning car.

Here was a mystery which made a special appeal to the heart of a motorist.

"Halloo! What's happened here?" exclaimed Christopher to the man who met Scarlet Runner. "This looks a queer business."

"That it does, sir," answered a brown old fisherman, "and as to what's happened we don't know no more than you, or the babe unborn for the matter of that. But something's happened, and, as you say, something queer."

"Perhaps the gentleman himself can give us information," remarked a young fellow; also a fisherman.

"We have sent for the police from Tilton-on-Sea, sir," said the elder man. "My boy and I were the first to catch sight of this car, and we got together some mates to help drag her out of the water before the tide gets up. But she's stood where she is so long her wheels have sunk into the sand and we can't move her."

"I'll help hitch that work if some of you will hitch a rope around her front axle," Christopher volunteered. "My car can tow her. But here comes a policeman now."

A blue clad man, hastily dressed at a summons, was approaching, guided by a boy. He stared gravely at the automobile, murmured that it looked like murder or suicide, and began scribbling notes in a book produced from his pocket, while the derelict was being rescued. A young fisherman volunteered to get a rope around the car, and soon succeeded, though it was a battle with the waves. The rope was fixed to Scarlet Runner, the fisherman hauled on it, and Race, driving his motor up the beach, the drowned automobile crawled, dripping out of the sea.

Christopher made a careful examination of the derelict and announced with certainty that it was a Hansard, of a date about 4 years old, but elaborately altered and modernized. He peered into the gear box, saw that the pinions were clean and new, and said that the motor had apparently not run many miles since being repaired. Another point to which he drew attention of the constable was that the number of the motor had been carefully chiseled off, and that the number plate of the car itself was missing. This showed that its abandonment had been an act of deliberation, and the plate must have been lately removed, as an automobile lacking such a mark could hardly have passed through the streets of

the smallest village without attracting attention. Christopher had made a night run, as Scarlet Runner was now fitted with a fine searchlight which could turn darkness into day, therefore, he had no abiding place in the neighborhood. Nevertheless, he had the curiosity to remain for an hour or two at Tilton-on-Sea after towing the Hansard there, in the hope of some elucidation of the mystery. But no unknown motorist had stayed at the hotel, there or any other nearby to which inquiries were sent. No such car as the rescued Hansard had been noticed by anyone, and at last, little wiser than when he had first seen the squat shape rising from a wicker of surf, Race drove off to London.

Having Scarlet Runner in her garage, he went to his club and picked up the last edition of his favorite paper.

His eyes ran down columns after columns of the paper, which which which news might be displayed, and finally caught at a paragraph headed, "Mystery of a Motor Car."

"Here we are!" Christopher muttered, beginning to read with interest. But his disappointment was the paragraph had nothing to do with the affair at Tilton-on-Sea.

"Yesterday morning," he read, "an empty motor car was discovered on the Oxford road. A party of laborers going to work saw it, and the car was found to be of moderate size standing by the roadside, with no one in it. They lingered for some time, expecting the owner to arrive, but when no one came they ransacked the woods in the neighborhood, suspecting foul play. The search proving vain, however, the laborers gave information to the police of Needleham, the nearest town, and a horse was sent out to tow the automobile to the police station. There it was recognized during the morning as the property of a gentleman who had arrived at an hotel the evening before, unaccompanied by a chauffeur. This gentleman had already left town, but as he had gone by rail he was traced to Oxford, about ten miles distant. Interviewed there on the subject of the lost car he changed color, and appeared at first somewhat agitated at learning where it had been found. But he expressed himself delighted at the recovery, offered a reward to the men who had given the information and returned by the next train to Needleham, where he once more took charge of his property. The gentleman's name as it appeared in the visitor's book of the Bell and Bush hotel of Needleham was John Smith, London. He refused to lodge a complaint against any person for the theft of his motor, though he did not deny in so many words that he knew who had taken it."

It was while Christopher was reading the column under a somewhat sensational heading, which the Daily Recorder gave to the mystery of Tilton-on-Sea—that the maid who brought his breakfast brought with it a visiting card. The name was an unfamiliar one, but the magic words, "Daily Recorder," were printed beneath, as a kind of "Open sesame" to disclose.

"Tell the gentleman to come up," said he to the little servant who had brought him so many queer messages and visitors of late.

In a moment a spruce looking young man appeared—not an ordinary reporter, it seemed, but a representative deputed to ask Mr. Race's help in solving the mystery of the blue motor car. The matter was to be taken up by the journal and a reward was offered to the victor.

Mr. Race's name had been popular with the public since he was instrumental in placing the young King and Queen of Dalvania on their disputed throne. Besides, he was a well-known name in the world, and altogether, if he would lend himself to the scheme, it would be considered an advantage to the paper.

Christopher reflected and soon reached a practical conclusion. He had no objection to helping Scarlet Runner, having been obliged to sacrifice one or two on the altar of the new improvements.

He agreed to the proposal, and agreed to be investigated at once in the Daily Recorder, giving him carte blanche as to his proceedings, and asking only for a telegraphic report of progress each evening in time to go to press with his news—or lack of news.

The first thing that Christopher did was to proceed in Scarlet Runner to Needleham, a pretty little town which had just outgrown villagehood. At the best hotel he obtained a description of Mr. John Smith, of London, and was favored by a glimpse of a signature in the visitor's book. Mr. Smith was apparently a gentleman, well dressed, so far as the landlady and the servants of the inn had noticed. He was tall, rather fair, but sunburned, and wore a beard cut like that of a naval officer; indeed, now one came to recall him, he had somewhat the air of a sailor. He might have been anywhere between the ages of 30 and 35. No further information concerning Mr. Smith could be obtained.

So far Christopher had not accomplished much, and his pride was at stake. He determined to travel from Needleham to Tilton-on-Sea by short stages, making researches here and there. Starting at the time he calculated Mr. Smith must have started, he paused to put questions at towns where a motorist might have stopped for repairs and to buy oil and petrol. He could learn nothing of the blue motor or its driver, however, until at about 6 o'clock in the evening he reached Helmsford.

Between Helmsford and Tilton-on-Sea Christopher could learn nothing. The journey had been made by short stages, making researches here and there. Starting at the time he calculated Mr. Smith must have started, he paused to put questions at towns where a motorist might have stopped for repairs and to buy oil and petrol. He could learn nothing of the blue motor or its driver, however, until at about 6 o'clock in the evening he reached Helmsford.

the car a visit, and in looking over it carefully lest some detail might have escaped his attention, an idea suddenly occurred to him.

As he had stated at first, carefully, the automobile had been newly painted. Now he asked himself if the change of paint were not in itself an attempt at a disguise calculated to entangle the meshes of mystery in a way still more complicated. He scraped off a bit of the brightly varnished paint on the back of the seat and brought to light a patch of color red as blood.

No other tint could have been more conspicuous than this crimson which had been lately covered with blue. It was of a shade even more noticeable than that of Scarlet Runner, and his discovery gave Christopher food for thought. A man might have his car repainted for reasons other than because it had become shabby.

Christopher remained all day at Tilton-on-Sea, having gathered no exciting new material for his evening telegram to the paper; but as the soft opal twilight of September fell he went out once more on the sands for a spin with Scarlet Runner. He had little hope of making any discovery, but his work during the day had been nervous work, and at worst a run over the old ground to the scene of the mystery could do no harm.

This way must the blue motor car have come, since a great arch of rock closed in the beach at the end of the splendid five-mile stretch. Other rocks there were, too, strangely formed, grotesque, striding out across

opened; but he would not have remarked the newcomer with particularity if the newcomer had not appeared disconcerted at sight of him.

He was a tall, good-looking man, 32 or thereabouts, clean-shaven, brown-faced, and evidently fresh from abluitions, for his short-cut, light brown hair was wet and crinkly. Christopher had never to his knowledge seen this person before, but as the eyes of the two men met across the room the newcomer stopped with his hand on the door, his face freezing into an expression of blank dismay. For a second he stood still; then, instead of advancing into the room, he turned abruptly round and went out, closing the door behind him.

Instantly Christopher sprang up. "It's the man himself!" were the words that flashed into his head.

He thought of the photographs of himself taken with Scarlet Runner which had so often appeared in the Daily Recorder. A man trained by habit, or necessity to quick observation might readily recognize him from these reproductions; and what man, save one, thus recognizing him need wish to get out of his way unseen?

Christopher darted to the door and, flinging it open, dashed into the corridor. The front door of the inn was closed, but Christopher could hear the sound of a motor being started, and at the same instant he saw the man who had made so hasty an exit from the dining room. His back was turned to Christopher, but having started the motor he was looking up the street, as if expecting some one. Christopher would have flung the door open, but

an obsequious waiter stepped forward to perform that service, and between the two the business was bungled. "Mr. John Smith," Christopher yelled through the glass, his hand and the waiter's both on the old-fashioned latch.

He hoped to make the stranger turn, and if he did so, at the sound of the name it would be practically certain that his sudden departure was no coincidence. But, instead of turning, the man sprang into the driver's seat of the fine, large car, which he had already started, and flashed away from the hotel.

Dinner was but half over and Christopher was still hungry, yet there was only one thought in his mind—to follow the yellow motor car. He turned to hand money to a starting waiter and said, "Don't mind the change," as Mr. John Smith had done before on previous emergency, when a leather-clad chauffeur came running up, a dazed look on his face.

"Well, I never!" this youth exclaimed indignantly, as the automobile disappeared round the corner. "Is he out of his wits?"

"Is that your car?" asked Christopher.

"Yes," answered the chauffeur; "it's none of your business. But I suppose it will be coming back. I was told to get my supper, and, as I'm paying my own bill this trip, I went down the street to a cheap place."

"Perhaps I'm going his way," said Christopher. "You like, in my car, I'm starting at once. What's your employer's name?"

"Fortescue," replied the chauffeur. "I don't know much about him. I only got the job yesterday. He's shipping his car—a forty-horsepower Reay car from Dover to Calais by cargo boat tonight. Car's new—only delivered a day or two ago, I believe, after delay. Much obliged for your offer, sir. Are you going that way?"

Five minutes later Scarlet Runner was off, and flying faster than the law allows; but accidents can happen where the best regulated motor cars. Things so seldom happened to Scarlet Runner that Race had got out of the habit of expecting them; but if anything unpleasant did occur, it was usually when least convenient. Of all nights, Christopher Race would have prayed for a good run tonight; yet it was now that the other driving-wheel of the best automobiles, chose to puncture a tire. Even with the strange chauffeur's help there was nearly half an hour's delay; and hard-ly was the car on the road again when the tire on the other driving-wheel went down. Another half hour was wasted; nevertheless, when Scarlet Runner rushed through Dover towards the quay, it passed a yellow car standing in the open doorway of a garage.

"That's it! I'd swear it!" cried the chauffeur, and Christopher stopped in triumph. "We've done the trick!" he said to himself.

But, though they had tracked the car, they had lost the man. The Reasler, it appeared, had also had an accident. It had broken its change-speed lever not far from the garage where Christopher had found it standing, and its owner had paid some men to help him push it into its present position. He wished to catch the night boat, he explained, for Calais, and would leave

money for the car's keep and repairs. Later he would write an address and instructions.

On hearing this news from the employer of the garage the chauffeur's face fell. His master had, indeed, intended to take the night boat, and he was to have followed with the car on the cargo boat; but Mr. Fortescue had seemed to value the new automobile highly, and it was extraordinary that he should rush off like this leaving his property in the hands of strangers.

"What time does the boat start?" asked Christopher.

"She's started, sir," replied the caretaker of the garage.

"Then I must send a wire before it reaches Calais," exclaimed Race. "She'll be at Calais before a wire could reach there," returned the man of Dover. "She'll be landing its passengers ten minutes from now?"

Without another word Christopher started the throbbing Scarlet Runner off towards the station, where, after hurried explanations to the station-master, he got into telephonic communication with the Daily Recorder, and received instructions to follow the escaping criminal across the channel at the newspaper's expense, instantly, and at any cost.

There was a small tug which could be hired, and Christopher chartered it with little trouble or delay. He was an hour and a half on the water, reached Calais before daylight, and went straight to the railway station to learn if he could, whether the passenger he sought had been among the pas-

sengers in the boat-train for Paris. But there had been a crowd of Englishmen and Americans, several of whom answered well enough to the description of the man, as French porters and ticket-takers could remember.

Christopher had brought the chauffeur across with him, thinking he might be useful, and now he decided to leave the man in Calais, to look about for him, while he went to wire to him (Christopher) at the Hotel Continental, Paris, if Fortescue were seen. The chauffeur, peeved at the treatment he had received, agreed to accept the payment offered for this service; and Christopher, bereft of Scarlet Runner, and unwilling to wait some hours for the next train, routed out the sleeping proprietor of a garage, hired a powerful sixty-horsepower motor car, and dashed off in the early dawn for Paris.

The next move in the game was to seek the aid of a private detective, since the French police would only interest themselves in such a quest when applied to by their brothers on the other side. That application would be made, but meanwhile Christopher intended to leave no stone unturned; and it was not until he had done all that could be done by way of interviews and telegrams that he went to bed at the Continental, where he had taken a small suite of rooms.

He had left directions that he was to be waked if a caller or even a telegram should come; but the clock on his mantelpiece pointed to noon and he still slept on. Not many minutes later, however, his telephone bell rang violently. A clerk in the bureau of the hotel wished to advise monsieur of the fact that there was an inquiry for him, from the Ritz. A lady stopping there was telephoning to know if Monsieur Christopher Race were in, and, if so, whether he would receive her if she called on urgent business. Madame did not care to announce her name, but she had a communication to make concerning the affair which had brought Monsieur Race to Paris.

Seldom did a man bathe and dress in a shorter space of time; but when his visitor was announced Christopher was ready to receive her.

He expected a Frenchwoman, but the lady who was ushered into his little salon had the air of an Englishwoman or an American. She could not be more than 28 at most, and might be younger. Her hair, under its neat toque, was the color of a ripe nut, and her eyes, which were deep and bright, were piquant and dainty; her complexion of the wild-rose order. But her eyes were her most remarkable feature. They were large and soft, deeply violet, and their first half-frightened, half-appealing look at Christopher disconcerted and disarmed him. This lovely creature could be no female detective. Yet, if not, what could she be? How had she found him out, and what could she want of him?

"Mr. Race?" she faltered.

"An American," thought Christopher. "No, a Canadian," as aloud he claimed ownership of the name she mentioned.

"You'll hardly believe it," she went on, "but I've travelled all the way from Montreal to talk to you, Mr. Race. I arrived at Cherbourg yesterday afternoon, came on to Paris, where I slept, as I was very tired after

a rough voyage, and meant to leave for London today; but I saw in the foreign edition of the Daily Recorder that you'd arrived in Paris, and would be at this hotel, so I waited, and now I've come to see you here.

"It was the articles in the Daily Recorder which brought me across the ocean," his beautiful visitor went on, "before he had time to speak, and I made up my mind from what I read that you would be the man for me to appeal to. But, of course, you can't understand what I'm talking about. I wouldn't send my name by telephone, but ask Mrs. Fortescue, who is 17 and my husband was 23. I married an Englishman who came to Canada, in the diplomatic service. We fell in love at first sight, and married against my people's wish, when we'd known each other only a month. He had to promise that we'd live in my mother's house, otherwise she wouldn't have consented at all, and—things didn't go well with us. I was a child. He was scarcely more than a boy. We both had plenty of money. I had been spoiled, and he had a strong will. I suppose, too, we had hot tempers, and I see now, ten years after, that as my people never liked him, because they wanted me to marry a Canadian, they weren't exactly tactful. We quarrelled; he was encouraged to leave him. When he wanted me to throw home and go with him to England I refused. Then we quarrelled a good deal more—and, to make a long story short, we separated.

"After that I spent all my time in trying to think I'd been wise, until I saw the articles in the Daily Recorder (which I'd begun to take in, for London news) about the mystery of the motor car. Mr. Race, that Hansard car, was my husband's car, I'm sure. This is why I've flown over to finish it. I'm afraid—oh, horribly afraid—something dreadful has happened to him. We'd just bought a red Hansard car, exactly answering the description of the blue one you found in the sea, at the time he was being driven to the beach, and he came in to see me and wanted me to go out with him, as he was very keen on motoring. A friend had sold the car to him—a man I met at the same dinner I told you of. I didn't like the procedure, I—I think he rather deceived me and would have been glad to flirt, although my husband had told him our story. I believe that my husband may have— as he threatened to do—lost all interest in life and committed suicide. Or else some other awful thing has happened. I can't help feeling as if, in either case, I may be to blame, so I had to come. I couldn't rest. Oh, if only he could be found, how I would try to make up to him for the past! I hoped you might be able to solve the mystery by this time, or, if not, that I could help you. So now you understand why I'm here, and why, in a way, I have a right to beg that you'll tell me everything you've been doing, everything you know. Do you believe my husband has killed himself, or been murdered?"

Christopher hesitated. He did believe that the man had been murdered; but how could he strike this lovely, impulsive woman a terrible blow, and tell her what was in his mind while still he might be mistaken?

She saw his hesitation and guessed its meaning, however. "With a cry she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. 'Oh, how I have suffered through so much!' she sobbed. 'How can I bear this—how can I bear it?'"

"Don't, I beg of you. He may be safe; he—" Christopher had begun to stammer, when there came an impulsive knock at the door.

Mrs. Fortescue, trembling, checked her sobs. "I mustn't be seen like this," she faltered. "Who can it be?"

"Probably a detective I have employed," said Christopher.

"Oh, then," she implored, "let me stop here, and wait until he has finished that tall screen in front of the fireplace."

Without waiting for permission, she ran across the room and hid herself. At the same moment the knock was repeated, and Mrs. Fortescue seemed to delay, with the lady in the room, Christopher called, "Come in."

Again he was surprised. Instead of the little French detective, he saw the man he had pursued to Paris.

The man, rather pale but composed, walked briskly into the room and closed the door.

"I saw in the Daily Recorder that you would be here, so instead of waiting for you to run me down, I thought it would be better to beard you in your den, Mr. Christopher Race," said the newcomer.

For an instant Christopher did not answer. The chauffeur had given him the name of Fortescue. But was this man really Fortescue, or the murderer of Fortescue, who had stolen his victim's identity for some purpose of his own? The doubt was gruesome, and it was not until the door opened, Christopher glanced involuntarily towards the screen, and thought that it quivered.

"Well?" he questioned.

"This chase has lasted long enough," went on the other. "I've been a double-dyed idiot not to end it in this way long ago; but I hoped, one day, that I should be able to slip out of the silly mess without notoriety. Now, rather than have the French police on my back I've sought you out, to be frank with you, as one gentleman can be frank with another."

"You mean you've come to explain the mystery?" said Christopher diplomatically.

"There is no mystery; there never was any mystery, except what the Daily Recorder made. I was an ass—that's all."

"I'm glad to hear that's all," retorted Christopher.

"I suppose you take me for a murderer. Certainly I've given you a good deal of trouble, though I've made myself more. It was amusing at first; indeed I'm not sure it wasn't more amusing than otherwise till I met you face to face last night, and—put my foot on some inconceivable to get out of your way, and prevent the world in general and one woman in particular from knowing me as an ass. I'm quite aware that, unless you're moved to compassion by my story, and let me go, some means of getting me out of the scrape, I shall probably be called for the rest of my days 'The Blue Motor-Car Idiot,' or something of the sort. If I have a remnant of hope left with a woman I love desperately, that would kill it, for already she's put thousands of miles between us for fear of making herself ridiculous."

"Again the screen shook.

"A woman you love desperately," echoed Christopher.

"She happens to be my wife—or she was once. I want her to be

again; but if you don't get me out of this she never will.

"I am at a loss—" began Christopher, but his visitor cut him short.

"Just wait till I tell you the story, and you won't be at a loss. It isn't exciting; it's only silly; too silly to be true. I bought a Hansard car, second-hand, of an altered friend, and I was too much of an amateur to dream he was palming off a regular 'back number' on me. Once I got to know something of motors, as I soon did, I wasn't satisfied to go about the world with a thing like that. I'd just sold my last car, a motor yacht, which I'd worked hard at amusing myself for several years, and I wanted a car that was worth having. So I ordered a forty-horsepower Reasler and tried to sell the Hansard. But it was so old-fashioned I couldn't get buyers at any price, though I had her painted up with new gearing put in and gave her new tires. I got tired of paying garage for a car I never used and never meant to use, so the next thing I tried was to give the car away. Not a soul would have her! Who wants to be satisfied with an antediluvian? I grew desperate, and determined to abandon the beastly nuisance somewhere. Needleham was the place I selected. Well, you know what happened. I had to pretend that I was delighted to get the car back. I began to see that, if I wasn't foxy, she would always be returning on my hands in the same way, so—being an impulsive, impatient sort of chap—I said to myself, 'I'll shave off my beard, destroy the number on my car, with all other means of tracing the owner, and send the Hansard to Davy Jones' locker.' This seemed to me a good joke, and I quite looked forward to seeing in the papers that a lonely automobile had been found putting out to sea. After I had driven on couldn't make any more, and near the water as I could get at that state of the tide, it occurred to me that it would be awkward walking a long distance and then traveling by train in a motor coat and cap. I hid mine, and I thought they would be discovered and make any bother, and went off as fast as I could in the night, wearing another sort of cap which I found in the overcoat pocket.

"Naturally I never thought there'd be such a fuss. My idea was that a few people in the neighborhood would wonder a little, and there might be a paragraph in a local paper. But I forgot the Daily Recorder. When the row did begin I determined to let it burn itself out, for I didn't want to be conspicuous, and if only my Reasler had been really worn, as was promised, I should have been safely out of England taking a tour I'd planned in France. As it was, I wrote to some chaps I'd tried to sell and give away the car to, and asked them to keep me up. They were good fellows, so they did.

"I thought everything was coming out right till last night, when I stumbled across you at that inn and recognized you as the bloodhound on my track. That's why I whirled away to Dover; why the editor of the paper that I saw this morning when I learned in the paper that I hadn't shaken you off, I saw the game was up. Now, as a fellow motorist, haven't you some sympathy for me, and won't you help me to disappear?"

"I might call my dogs off for a bit, and give you time to sail for Canada," said Christopher.

Fortescue started. "Why do you suggest Canada?"

"Because—" But the screen did not give Christopher time to finish. It fell with a crash, and a beautiful young woman ran out from behind it.

"Oh, you darling boy!" she exclaimed, "if you are going to Canada, take me with you!"

That is the reason why the blue motor car has been a mystery until now; why the editor of the paper of the Daily Recorder do not know what as highly of the detective ability of Christopher Race as they did at first, and why a large and magnificent yellow Reasler was sold at Dover at a marvellous bargain.

Looked Suspicious.
As Widow Watts bent industriously over her washing, she was treated to polite conversation by a male friend, who presently turned the conversation on matrimony, winding up with a proposal of marriage.

"Are you sure you love me?" sighed the busy widow, pausing in her wringing.

"And for a few minutes there was a silence as the widow continued her labor. Then she abruptly raised her head and asked him, suspiciously:

"You ain't lost yer job, 'ave yer?"—Chicago News.

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Policeman, street car men, mail carriers and all others who are on their feet constantly, will find relief in a successful experiment of a Chicago policeman who has solved the question of having comfortable feet. This policeman stands at the intersection of two busy streets, directing traffic all day. By night his feet used to torment him. He could sleep for the pains and aches they gave him. Then he heard of Wa-No-Ta, and he tried it. He used two or three of these tablets in a box of 10, and he was happy. You can use Wa-No-Ta with delightful effect in your body, bath, leave skin soft and antiseptically clean. You can't get Wa-No-Ta from your druggist. It only costs 25 cents. If your druggist hasn't it, we will gladly send you a sample package if you will send us 10 cents to cover cost of packing and postage. Address: L. C. London Co., South Bend, Ind.