

THE AIRLINE An Aeroplane Romance Of Chinatown and Canada By EDWIN BLISS

CHAPTER II. (Continued) The Man of Wu. UNDER the roaring elevator he caught up with the others and took a tight hold on Abt's sleeve as they followed the skinny musician's figure down the narrow, tortuous street, lined on either side by restaurants, groceries and curiosity shops.

Dutch Fred, accustomed to it all, hurried past with a casual nod to the guide, and, with Abt and Washburn beside him, halted before the door of a shabby tenement, at one side of which yawned a dark, ill-smelling alley.

Not so the guide. He had recognized the inventor. "Ladies and gents," he belovied, pointing at the door, "that there is the headquarters of Hip Sing Tong, the great and powerful highlander organization, at present at war with Four Brothers an Ong Leong Tong. Before that door stands Dutch Fred, the mysterious hop fiend pianist. With him is the world's greatest inventor, master of the air, creator of the aeroplane, an conqueror of the elements—Eglington Abt, the human bird-man."

Abt muttered a startled exclamation of rage and, brushing aside the musician, hammered lustily on the door. "Confound it, man!" he growled indignantly. "Can't you rap?"

A loud shout from directly behind made them turn, and the detective, whom they had left guarding the Chinaman, rushed up from across the street. "Bad joint, this, Mr. Abt, especially right now," apologized Washburn, stepping forward. "This place is all right, isn't it?"

"I don't know," he said dubiously. "I got good information something's doing in this neighborhood every minute. Well is on the job. He had learned forward was whispered in the same meaning, then stepped back to watch its effect. The third man turned his back completely upon the little party.

As the name meant absolutely nothing to Sandy he merely shrugged his shoulders, saying that the Chinaman might be allowed to go if, after a hour, nothing was heard from himself or the Abt to the contrary.

CHAPTER III. Doctor Wu. HE impatient click of the latch, entered the three men went far to dispel whifflings at finding no one waiting to receive them. A dim opening for a light showed at the head of the small stair flight; creaking boards punctured their footsteps; tortuous stairways crept past their groping lefts—one two—three landings they left behind them before the dusty moonlight vainly strove to penetrate the top floor skylight. The sticky-sweet bite of poppy smoke trickled into the nostrils, and Abt complained bitterly under his breath.

The Ammunition Train By J. H. Cassel



Copyright, 1915, by The Fox Publishing Co., New York, N. Y. You have power, Prof. Abt, so why not? Eglington Abt stared quizzically into the other's eye slits and laughed. "I've often asked myself that question." Doctor Wu rose abruptly, glided to the door through which they had entered, and, throwing it open by a sharp turn of the hand, strained his great head into the hallway, starting in every direction. With a smile of satisfaction he resumed his seat. "Fardon me," he smiled. "Eavesdroppers annoy me, and I would not care to be overheard. You understand?"

CHAPTER IV. Underground War.

OR a moment Abt met the inquisitive, boring glance of the Chinaman, then rising to his feet, with hands buried in his pockets, he paced the length of the room and back, resumed his seat as abruptly as he had left it, and beamed affably on the doctor.

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD GARRYOWEN By H. DEVERE STACPOOLE

lated dirt. Here and there a shaft of light percolated through the gloom, revealing sordid interiors; Lean Chinamen slithered across the windows, white women, slattern and bedraggled, moved about, busy with the details of the crowded house-keeping. Down from the living quarters to the colorful restaurants and the crowded curio shops and dingy groceries was a far cry. Languid before the houses, scores of miscellaneous, strolling, idling, loafing men and dapper Japs mocked a crowd of noisy sight-seekers, scurrying up a restaurant's marble stairs. From down the street, came the sparks of the roaring elevated at Chatham Square—a touch of incongruity in the wilderness of depraved, dingy streets.

CHAPTER V. An Aerial Contract.

ABT MADE an impatient gesture—vice in others was one thing; vice in himself was another. He looked at Washburn, but the clubber, frankly interested in the problem of the giant Chinaman, whatever it was, refused to meet his eye. "Well," the aviator muttered, sinking back in his seat, "the impudent beggar evidently thought the hat was yours!"

GOING AWAY FOR THE SUMMER? Remember The Evening World prints each week a complete up-to-date novel—a week's reading! Have The Evening World sent to your summer address.