



3,527 Salaries Raised

April, 1906	288
May, "	424
June, "	231
July, "	193
August, "	230
September, "	173
October, "	300
November, "	337
December, "	320
January, 1907	284
February, "	314
March, "	403
	3,527

This is a twelve month's record showing the number of I. C. S. students who have voluntarily reported an increase in salary and position, as a direct result of the help received by them from the International Correspondence Schools.

Their names, addresses and letters are open for public inspection and investigation.

This marvelous record tells better than words how well the I. C. S. enables men to make more money by fitting them for more important positions. These 3,527 were, most of them, poorly paid and had no chance of advancement until they called to their assistance the I. C. S.

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If so, why not do as they did?—mark the coupon and have the I. C. S. show you, as it has shown many thousands of others, how you can qualify yourself to earn a high salary in the occupation of your choice.

There is nothing peculiar about your case. There is no obstacle either of time, money or location to hinder you. It's merely a matter of your own ambition.

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Merchant Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Eng'ner
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Build'g Contractor
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Bridge Engineer
	Mining Engineer

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

it to my room next morning before hearing mass at the cathedral. It was Pilar's idea that I should go there with him, getting off before the inn was fully astir, and find a sanctuary in dusky corners of remote chapels until my friends arrived.

"We'll find out when the Duke and his mother take Lady Monica to look at the cathedral," said the girl, delighting in her own ingenuity; "and then we'll start too. Though we can't bear the Duke, we have always been civil to him and his mother whenever we have met in Madrid; so they can't be rude to us now. If we go up and speak, they will have to introduce us to Lady Vale Avon and Lady Monica. I shall take a great fancy at first sight to Lady Monica, of course; and I shouldn't wonder if I can make her like me. The rest will be easy for the whole trip. Oh, we will have fun!"

I began to think we should, and that, thanks to a girl's counterplotting, I should have pretty plain sailing in spite of Carmona. But because I began to see land ahead, I was the more anxious to give Monica peace of mind; and when we said good night to the O'Donnells about half-past ten, I set out to carry through the plan I had thought of before dinner.

On the wall of the landlord's office, off the main hall, I had seen a guitar hanging. It belonged to his son, a romantic looking young fellow, whose sympathetic soul delighted in lending the national aid to courtship, without asking a single question.

I should be no true Spaniard if I could not play the guitar; and in fact my mother had given me some dexterity with the instrument, before I was ten years old. I had neglected it for years; nevertheless, my fingers had only to touch the strings to be on friendly terms with them at once.

At eleven the windows of the principal hotel were dark; and without being stared at curiously by any passerby, I stationed myself under the first floor balconies,

with my guitar. I did not know which room was Monica's, but I did know that it could not be far away; and I counted on the chance that anxious thoughts might keep her from sleeping soundly. Softly, and then more boldly, I began to thrum the air of the Hungarian waltz which they had played that night at the Duchess of Carmona's, while I told Monica I loved her. Often its passionate refrain had echoed in my ears since, and brought the scene before me. I hoped that Monica also might remember.

Five minutes passed, and still I played on, yet not a thing happened. Then, when I had begun to fear failure, I heard a faint sound overhead. A window was being opened. There was not a gleam of light, no whisper; but something soft and small fell close to my feet. I stooped and picked it up. It was a tiny rose, weighted by a gray suede glove, tied round the stem; and the glove was scented with orris, the same delicate fragrance which had come to me when I kissed Monica's hand and her letters.

She had my message, and had answered it.

CHAPTER XIII. In the Cathedral

BEFORE six next morning, Cristóval O'Donnell was tapping at my door, with the promised uniform and accoutrements concealed under the military overcoat, which was also to be put at my disposal. Hearing our voices, Waring appeared, yawning, at the door of the adjoining room, and there was a good deal of stifled laughter among the three of us, as I got into my borrowed red and blue. The things fitted well enough, as I have only an inch or two the advantage of the other Cristóval, and even the cap accommodated itself to my head almost as if it had been made for me. When I was ready for the part assigned by Pilar, Dick said that I had never looked so well before, and probably never would again. My suit cases were packed, and the program

which Dick had to carry out when O'Donnell and I had gone, was to settle our account at the hotel, get the luggage bestowed on the roof of the car, and finally to drive round to the cathedral door, in order to start from there in the end, without going back. We were grumbling at the absence of poor Ropes, when there was a discreet knock at the door, and Ropes himself appeared as we opened it, like a jack in the box.

His happy smile was changed to a stare of surprise at sight of me in the uniform of a Spanish officer; but true to his training he obliterated all expression from his features, and allowed himself to look only decorously pleased when Dick and I welcomed him with enthusiasm. We clamored for his story.

"It was a rum go altogether, sir," said he. "They took me off to the head police office at Irun, and the chief asked me all manner of questions; but I kept on repeating 'No comprendo,' and showing the cards of Mr. George Smith. I couldn't understand all their jabber; but they mentioned your name, and from the way they looked when I put on my stupid airs, I thought they began to have their doubts. The chief policeman motioned me to stop where I was, and ordered two of the men to go somewhere. From my place I could see the bridge, and the two policemen who seemed to be looking for something.

"By and by came the thrum of an automobile, and a minute later the chaps outside were talking to the Duke of Carmona, who stopped his car where they were. They talked a bit; then he gave his wheel to his chauffeur and came into the police office. The chief treated him very deferential. They laid their heads together; but I could see them reading a telegram, and once and again they had a squint at me.

"I knew too much to let on I suspected the Duke of a hand in the business; but having heard him answer Mr. Waring about the tire in English as good as my own, I jumped up and asked if he'd interpret for me with the police. I explained what had happened, showed my card, and said there had been a silly mis-

take which was causing me no end of annoyance. Then I said I'd write to 'The Times' about the sort of thing that happened to Englishmen traveling in Spain, and talked of the Embassy at Madrid.

"All the time I was speaking the Duke pulled his mustache, and stared so hard that if I'd had on a false mustache or wig, or any of that kind of business, he'd have been sure to find it out. He looked cross and puzzled too; but finally he said that as I was English, and he believed they were wanting a Spaniard, there must be a mistake, and he would do the best he could to help me. I suppose he must have told them they were on the wrong job after all; for after he had gone, and they had made out a lot of papers, they said that as a very important person certified to my being Mr. George Smith, I could go.

"By this time it was afternoon, and I wanted to get on as soon as possible; so I took the next train for San Sebastian, and hunted up a place to hire a motor bike. I didn't know where you had gone after that, so I couldn't book by train; but I counted on picking up your trail if I kept on the road. I'd know it from the non-skids. There are three of the steel studs worn close down on the off driving wheel, which makes a queer little mark in dust or mud. I could even see, once I got on to the tracks, that you had followed the Duke's car; for your tracks came sometimes on his, almost obliterating his trail for a bit. The bike took me along pretty well, and I found you here by inquiring.

"You're a regular Sherlock Holmes, as well as a thorough brick. Ropes," said I. "Now have something to eat; get the motor bicycle back to San Sebastian by rail, and be ready for another start."

With this I was off, leaving him to Dick. I turned the collar of Cristóval's big coat up to my eyes, pulled the cap down for enough almost to meet it, and went out praying to meet none of Cristóval's fellow officers.

The few men who passed, wrapped in black capes turned over with blue or crimson, had the fine cut, melancholy features of those who live in northern cold, and their glances were as chill as the weather. But that was better than if they had taken too much interest in a strange face in a familiar uniform; and it would have needed more than a freezing stare to blight the spring in my heart, for I was going to Monica.

I had a cup of coffee on my way to the cathedral; and after reaching there wandered from chapel to chapel, and had just dedicated a candle to propitiate San Cristóval, when my heart gave a leap at sight of four persons who appeared from behind the grand koro which fills the nave.

The old Duchess of Carmona, brown, stout, yet somehow stately, and the tall figure of Lady Vale Avon advanced toward me, side by side. Behind came Monica, fresh and sweet in her white winged gray hat and traveling dress, and the Duke of Carmona, dark as a moor in contrast with her young fairness.

I dared not break upon her unexpectedly, after my experience of yesterday; so I turned away, and entering a chapel intended myself in a tomb which is the cherished level of the cathedral. How long I could have kept my patience under provocation I can't tell; but my strength of mind had not been tested for five minutes when I heard the voice of my adopted sister Pilarita. She and the excellent Cherub were claiming acquaintance with the Duke.

They were close to the chapel in which I stood. Half turning I saw the group, which consisted of six persons. Dick was not among them, and I wondered whether he was absent by accident or design.

Now the Duchess and the Cherub were talking together. Now the O'Donnells were being introduced to Lady Avon and Monica. The two girls began chatting together. Dear Pilar, what a jewel of a sister she was!

"Do you remember Cristóval?" I heard her suddenly ask Carmona, in a voice raised to such clear distinctness that I guessed she had seen a uniform behind the ironwork of the half open chapel door. "You saw my brother, I think, when he was a little boy. He is stationed here now; we have been visiting him."

I took this as my cue, and walked out of the chapel to join my adopted family.

"Why, here is Cristóval now!" exclaimed Pilar.

Then in a flash she had introduced me to all, leaving Monica to the last, so that the girl might have time to get her breath after the first shock of surprise.

Whether it was that yesterday had given her a lesson in self control, or whether Pilar had contrived to whisper some word concerning her brother, I could not tell; but if Monica changed color I could not see it, perhaps because a darkening of the sky outside had begun to deepen the rich dusk of the cathedral. For her own sake I scarcely dared look at her; and my silence must have passed with the others for the shyness of a young soldier among strangers. But I did look at Carmona, feeling his eyes upon me, and met a stare as searching as Röntgen rays.



She Was a Most Valuable Confederate to Us.

His face is not one easy to read; but for once the windows of his mind were wide open. If he had recognized me, and guessed the trick which had been played upon him, he would have worn a very different expression; but he was bewildered, uneasy. He realized the likeness between Cristóval O'Donnell y Alvarez and his own dangerous, though ineligible, rival Casa Triana. I could see the thought dart into his mind and rattle. I knew how he was telling