

# THE SIGNAL OF DEATH

A Thrilling Story of The Chinatown Tongs!  
By DOUGLAS PIERCE

## CHAPTER I. A MARKED MAN.

WATCHED! That is the chief sensation as one turns westward from the noise and hurly-burly of Chatham square, or perchance coming eastward, enters by way of Worth street and the "Five Points" of unsavory memory.

A moment before one has been unnoticed in the hurrying, jostling throngs of the lower East Side—the Bowery is just around the corner—City Hall Park scarcely a stone's throw away—but a step across the line into the old little foreign pocket of the metropolis, and instantly one feels the surveillance resting upon him like a weight.

A thousand eyes are watching and studying every movement of the stranger from the outer world, and this is the same whether it is the first or the one-thousandth time that he has come to Chinatown.

He sees perhaps only the faint, furtive glances of the blue-flocked groups about the fronts of the joss houses or theaters, or the seemingly careless inspection of the occasional passerby, but he knows instinctively that from the houses and shops on either side of the narrow, crooked streets, from behind those closed shutters of the upper stories, eyes are up on the very gratings underneath the wrinkled, yellow faces are peering at him, suspicious minds speculating on his probable mission.

Mystery is the atmosphere here. Ask the most harmless question, and your only answer is a bland, vacuous smile and a shake of the head, or, at the most, a brief "Me no understand." They understand all right, these secretive, expressionless Orientals; it is the white man who does not understand them.

Within that contracted right angle formed by the junction of Mott and Pell streets with the short curve of Doyers bisecting it, is hidden away a life utterly alien and unintelligible to our Western comprehension.

The sightseers who come in on the "rubberneck" coaches to eat at the gaudy restaurants, or venture timidously in the wake of a guide into those counterfeit "opium dens," do not even scratch the surface of it. The forty policemen who guard the district day and night are scarcely less ignorant.

Forty policemen—uniformed and plain-clothes men—assigned to a territory which, if stretched out into a straight line, would not equal the length of the ordinary city block between Fifth and Sixth avenues. An average of one officer to every fifteen feet of the distance. One would think that the denizens of the quarter could hardly draw a long breath without their knowing it. Yet the "top," who has been there longest will tell you frankly that he does not understand the Chinaman, and never expects to.

eyes like a man half-dead with fever and ague. Trembling all over, too, and afraid of their own shadows. I'd hate to think I was afraid to go any place on account of them."

"What did he want, and why did he come there so often? They asked themselves; and daily the guarded glances which followed him became darker and more suspicious.

Was he an agent for one of the vice-suppression societies seeking evidence of fan games or opium joints, or was he nosing about on some more serious mission?

There are many things going on behind those dingy house fronts and down in the deep cellars which do not crave the light of investigation.

Fear is contagious, and others beside the Chinese began to grow interested in the student's visits. Vicious, rat-like faces would appear at corners and in doorways as he passed heedlessly along, and muttered curses would follow his progress.

If there is anything Chinatown fears, it is a spy!

CHAPTER II.  
GOOD INTENTIONS.

ENTER the girl! When one is twenty-five and a student, and moreover a big, hearty fellow from Georgia, with a mass of close-cropped blonde curls, and a smile like sunshine, and a voice made for love-making, there must always be a girl. It is as natural as roses in June.

avoided. There must be no more josses or promenades, no more delicious lettuce-tosses or jostling hands in obscure corners. Henceforth, stern duty claimed him for its own. Economy and unflinching industry must be his watchwords.

The first reticence which suggested itself to the ordinary, well-fed human being is that of food. Why, we ask ourselves on top of a good breakfast or dinner, should we waste so much money in pondering to our greedy appetites—and we remind ourselves of philosophers of whom we have heard who claim to subsist comfortably on one simple meal a day.

Tom was no exception to the general rule. He quit the dining hall which he had been patronizing, and provided himself with a 5-cent box of crackers and a little tin coffee pot, which could be heated over the gas jet in his room.

Then, fired with his good resolutions, he flung himself into the waste basket a half dozen enticing-looking notes, which had arrived in the morning mail, hung on high on his door, "and in five minutes" and sat down to pore over his neglected books.

Three days of this plain living and high thinking followed. Tom dug unrelentingly away, munched his dry crackers, sipped his muddy coffee and tried not to heed the growing revolt of his outraged stomach.

At last, though, came an evening—a cool, rainy evening—when nature exacted her rights. Before his page of formulae and calculations before him, but it was in vain. His head swam round and round. The "a's" and "b's" and "x's" and "y's" upon which he was attempting to concentrate his faculties might have been so many Egyptian hieroglyphs. He forgot the sense he could make out of them. The only thing which he could be conscious was the aching void in his stomach.

Remembering he had fasted nothing since morning, he got down the cracker box and filled the little tin coffee pot. But the very thought of crackers and coffee sickened him, and he had to put the things away.

His whole soul yearned for the roaring boom of the city, the bright lights, the vision of a bowl of chop-suey, warm and savory, and comforting.

Here Chinese taste expends itself in a perfect flout of color—staring reds and yellows and greens.

The chandeliers are bedecked and be-tasseled. The windows are curtained with strings of gaudy beads. Around the walls are glass cases filled with curios and gaily bedizened miniature figures of mandarins and warriors.

There is also always in one corner a self-playing piano fitted out with rolls of rags.

All this, however, was familiar enough to Moore, and since, on account of the storminess of the night, there were no visitors in the place to engage his interest except a little party of Chinese over in one corner, he soon returned to his rice and chop-suey.

But at that moment the piano player started up the rollicking strains of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." The drowsy, loose-jacketed waiters began to show signs of animation, and a sudden air of bustle betokened the arrival of some new patrons.

In they came, an old gentleman with two young girls modestly attired, and took a table immediately adjoining that occupied by the student.

Carelessly he raised his eyes to glance at them, and immediately his good resolve to be honest, simple and unpretentious was forgotten. He was gazing at the loveliest face in the world.

Here he was, the ordinary New York aesthete, never content to stay five minutes in one place, and with his attention fixed on the girl, he was gazing at Millicent, paid little heed to the old fellow's actions.

But, now, to "Uncle's" manifest relief, they were at least preparing to go, and Tom himself reached for his coat and cap, determined to follow them and find out where the two girls were stopping. With the lady's own name and that of her hotel in his possession, he told himself that he would be a pretty poor sort of a New Yorker if he couldn't manage in some way to make Millicent's acquaintance.

Already, under the spell of her charm and beauty, those stern resolutions to get down to study had been thrown to the winds.

The old gentleman arose briskly, the girls gathered up their wraps, and Tom, as already said, reached for his coat and cap, but at that moment, Miss Carson glanced to notice upon the bill of fare an item of assorted cakes which attracted her fancy, and she refused to leave until she had had an opportunity to sample them.

In vain, Uncle Ferdinand expostulated and strove to drag her away. She indignantly declared that she intended to "try" before she would "buy," and in the end, the old gentleman with a patient snort, was forced to submit and allow her to order.

She sat down once more, "Uncle" sulkily lighted a fresh cigar, and Moore replaced his cap and coat upon the table before him, and poured himself another glass of wine.

But in the movement to leave the party of three changed their positions. Before Mr. Bates had sat facing the door, he now was fixed with his back toward it.

Still, however, with the same nervous manner he turned his head frequently to cast wary glances in the effort to appease his ruffled feelings addressed to the observation of the girl.

He leaned across the table to speak to her, and Tom, finding his view of her face obscured, bent over quickly from his seat to catch what she might say in return.

able face, and listening to the music of her frequent laughter.

But, now, to "Uncle's" manifest relief, they were at least preparing to go, and Tom himself reached for his coat and cap, determined to follow them and find out where the two girls were stopping.

With the instinctive idea of summoning aid, Moore quickly pressed to his lips the little whistle which he still held in his hand, and blew a single sharp, shrill blast.

Like a remembered flashlight, every detail of the ensuing scene remains forever stamped upon his memory.

He saw the Chinaman stop and stand poised in the very midst of his rush. He saw the girls and the old gentleman rising from their places in alarm over the altercation.

Then, as he sounded the whistle, he saw "Uncle Ferdinand" stagger back and clutch at the table with a gasping cry.

"The signal of death!" screamed the old man, his face a ghastly green. "No, no! That! I will reply. I will make good!"

Flinging his hands out in front of him, he started to make a frenzied rush toward the doorway. But at that second the lights in the restaurant went out.

## CHAPTER III. THE SILVER WHISTLE.

MILICENT, that was her name. It did not take Tom long to discover the fact; for being so proximate to the table occupied by the new arrivals he could not well avoid overhearing their conversation.

The name was one, too, to which he gave unqualified approval. Somehow it seemed to fit her exactly, with her soft, wavy ripples of brown hair parted Madonna-wise in the center of her forehead, her honest, steady gray eyes, her tender, whimsical smile, and the adorable little freckles upon her nose.

When the suggestion, he could not have told, but he was reminded irresistibly of an old-fashioned Southern garden, all aglow with pinks and larkspur and marigold in the breezy freshness of a spring morning.

He could picture her easily in such a place, sauntering in simple white muslin and blue ribbons along the bordered gravel paths, the sunlight glinting from her hair and the soft wind caressing her cheek.

Millicent repeated the name occasionally under his breath. Its liquid syllables were like the song of a bird to his ears.

One can learn a good deal about three people if he listens carefully to their conversation at a restaurant table, and his interest aroused, Moore, it will have to be confessed, eavesdropped shamelessly.

He gathered in this way that his divinity's full name was Miss Millicent Ward, and that she was from Wheeling, W. Va., also that her companion was a Miss Florence Carson, of Chicago, and that the elderly gentleman who accompanied them was the latter's uncle, for she addressed him by the intimate

silver whistle of curious design, which had evidently been dropped at the same time as the weapon.

"Give me that!" cried the Chinaman hoarsely. "Give me that, or I kill you!"

At the same moment he grappled with the dagger.

The student, exerting all his strength, thrust him off, hurling him back a yard or so against another table; but instantly the fellow was up again like a cat and the coming on for another attack.

With the instinctive idea of summoning aid, Moore quickly pressed to his lips the little whistle which he still held in his hand, and blew a single sharp, shrill blast.

Like a remembered flashlight, every detail of the ensuing scene remains forever stamped upon his memory.

He saw the Chinaman stop and stand poised in the very midst of his rush. He saw the girls and the old gentleman rising from their places in alarm over the altercation.

Then, as he sounded the whistle, he saw "Uncle Ferdinand" stagger back and clutch at the table with a gasping cry.

The Continuation of This Story Will be Found in Tomorrow's Edition of The Times.

AMUSEMENTS.

**NEW NATIONAL** Theater Cooled by Ice. MAT. SAT. 25c-50c. **25c 50c 75c** **ABORN OPERA CO. IN** Belle of New York. Final Week—Bohemian Glee. 3116-17.

**COLUMBIA** THE COLUMBIA PLAYERS 25c 50c 75c. "WHEN WE WERE 21" 75c. Next Week—"Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

**LUNA PARK** FREE GATE WEEK DAYS. FREE VAUDEVILLE. Big Feature Acts and Motion Pictures. 100-Other Attractions—100 MAGNIFICENT DANCE FLOOR. PRIZE DANCES Tues. & Fri. nights. 3116-17.

**CHEVY LAKE** By Large Marine Band. Section Ever Evening, including Sunday. Illuminated Pony Track. Dancing Every Evening Except Sunday. 3116-17.

**GREAT FALLS** FREE! Attraction Extraordinary—Week Commencing MONDAY, JULY 19, 9 P. M. STARR, J. H. CREW, in His Death-defying. **SLIDE FOR LIFE** Into the Whirlpool at Falls. Don't fail to see this daring performance, exciting death every night over the rapids amid a blaze of fire and display of fireworks. Trains leave 10th and M sts. every few minutes. **Fare, 35c Round Trip** 3117-18.

**IT IS COOL AT GLEN ECHO PARK** MANY FREE AMUSEMENTS DELIGHTFUL TROLLEY RIDE 3116-17.

EXCURSIONS. EXCURSIONS.

### Round-Trip Tickets BETWEEN Washington and Baltimore \$1.00

GOOD TO RETURN IN 5 DAYS VIA Chesapeake Beach Railway and Steamer "Dreamland"

Chesapeake Beach Railway and Steamer "Dreamland"

Steamer Dreamland leaves Chesapeake Beach every day at 7 p. m., arrives Baltimore 10 p. m. Leaves Baltimore (Commercial Wharf, foot of Broadway), Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, 10:30 a. m., arrives Chesapeake Beach 1:30 p. m., Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, leaves Baltimore 1:30 p. m., arrives Chesapeake Beach 4:30 p. m.

Two Hours' Sail on the Bay 25c

Sundays and Wednesday, Steamer Dreamland leaves Chesapeake Beach at 4:00 p. m. for 40-mile sail on Chesapeake Bay. Tickets secured on boat, 25c.

STEAMER "DREAMLAND" Fastest Excursion Boat in the South

Spacious Decks; Excellent Galle; Unexcelled Cuisine; Regular Dinner, 50c; Music, Dancing, Numerous Other Amusements.

CHESAPEAKE BEACH Washington's Most Popular Resort.

Salt Water Bathing. Long Boardwalk and Extended Pier. Scenic Railway—Merry-go-Round. Human Roulette Wheel—Bowling, Sailing, Fishing—Crabbing—50 other Amusements. Excellent Hotels and Cafes. Music, Dancing, Beautiful Electrical Illumination.

Tickets via Chesapeake Beach Railway

ROUND TRIP 25c Week Days 50c Sundays and Holidays

Train Schedule in Railroad Column 3116-17

EXCURSIONS.

**Norfolk & Washington Steamboat Company**

**BY SEA**

ONE WAY R. TRIP.

New York - \$8.75 \$15.00

Boston - \$15.00 \$25.00

Providence \$14.00 \$23.00

Including berth and meals at sea. Popular Route to New York and New England Resorts.

Tickets and Information, Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Co., City Ticket Office, 729 Fourth-street, Bond Building, Phone M. 1520. 3117-18

**COLONIAL BEACH.** WASHINGTON'S ATLANTIC CITY. STEAMER ST. JOHNS. DAILY EXCEPT MONDAY. SATURDAYS, 6 P. M. OTHER DAYS, 9 A. M. Returning leave Beach Saturday midnight. Other days 6 p. m. Home about 10:20 p. m. Music and dancing, week days. Fare, Saturday trip ticket good to return until Labor Day, 31. Other days, 50c. Season tickets, \$1. Children half fare. Slope made at Alexandria. Uptown ticket office, 1237 F st. n.w. 3112-17.

EXCURSIONS.

**TOLCHESTER BEACH** ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF CHESAPEAKE BAY. Big Excursion Sunday, July 18

On Sunday, July 18, another big excursion to Tolchester Beach via Annapolis will be run by the Electric Line, and the low rate of 75 cents for the round trip to Washington, including station car fare both ways.

**THE CHESAPEAKE BAY AND WEST RIVER TRIPS.** Don't forget the popular trips on the steamer "Emma Gray" five times a week at \$1.50 for the round trip, including street car fare. Commencing trains leave 10th and M sts. N. E. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 9:30 a. m., Saturdays at 2:30 p. m. and Sundays at 10:30 a. m. Tickets at station or at city ticket office, Evans Building, 1424 N. Y. ave. N. W. Get our list of "Places to Go."

**Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Electric Railway Company.** 3114-15

**MOUNT VERNON** Str. Charles Macalister (Cap., 1,700.)

Leaving wharf, 7th and M sts. sw., daily except Sunday, 10:30 a. m. Fare—75c ROUND TRIP. Including admission to grounds and mansion. 3117-17

**SPECIAL CONCERTS (HALEY'S ORCHESTRA)** Sunday Evening Trips STEAMER **JAMESTOWN** Moonlight Trips Daily, 7 P. M. Returning 11 P. M. Fare, 50c.

**PALM GARDEN CAFE** NORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT CO. 3118-17

**THE POCAHONTAS** Dancing platform superior to any on the Potomac. Hurricane deck an unbroken sweep of over 200 feet; no heat or vibration, cool, clean, comfortable. Riley's wharf, foot of 8th st., daily 1:30 and 7:30 p. m., Sundays, fine trip, 4:30 to 10:30 p. m. 3114-15

Where to Go This Summer?

This is the season of the year to be planning your summer trip—to be studying the attractions of various sections, so that when the time comes you will know what place will suit you best.

Perhaps you are thinking of the Adirondacks—or Atlantic City—or the Eastern Shore of Maryland—or the Central Pennsylvania District, or some other of a hundred tempting sections.

Whatever your fancy is, let The Times' Travel Bureau provide you with all the information you need in order to decide where to go, ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Fill out this coupon, and mail it to the TRAVEL BUREAU, WASHINGTON TIMES, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

TRAVEL BUREAU, Washington Times, City.

Please send me, free of all charge, information as follows:

State or section.....to.....per week.

Hotels with rates from.....to.....per week. (Mark with a cross the things below about which you also want information.)

Special price to families or large parties.....	Boating.....
Special attractions.....	Automobiling.....
Railroad fare.....	Accommodations and rates for servants.....
Water routes.....	Bathing.....
Golf links.....	Driving.....
Tennis.....	Average temperature.....
Fishing.....	Churches.....

Remarks.....

3116-17