

SILVESTER PLANS NUMEROUS CHANGES

Information, Traffic, and Pharmacy Bureaus Wanted.

MORE MEN NEEDED TO CARRY ON WORK

Until Congress Makes Appropriations Police Chief Will Shift Men Around.

Three new bureaus in connection with the Police Department will be established in the near future by Major Sylvester.

The other new departments will be a traffic bureau and a bureau of pharmacy and dental inspection.

It is Major Sylvester's plan to put each bureau in charge of an officer of the department and to have a sufficient number of clerks to keep the work up to date.

While the major has repeatedly urged an increase in the numerical strength of the force and the Commissioners have approved the recommendation, Congress has not seen fit to make the necessary appropriation.

Bureau Badly Needed.

The need of a bureau of information in connection with the department has long been felt.

The traffic bureau will look after cabs, hacks, and taxicabs. It will work so directly concerns the public.

Major Sylvester says that a hack inspector cannot give the proper attention or keep tabs on all the various public vehicles.

This bureau will have a chief, who will keep the records of all licenses, drivers, vehicles, stands, and conditions of vehicles.

Major Sylvester regrets that the law which he recommended to license all drivers and chauffeurs is not yet passed by Congress.

Major Sylvester is also endeavoring to obtain an appropriation at the next session of Congress to have the Government purchase the horses for the mounted squad.

The question of changing the materials used in the uniforms of the patrolmen is also being considered.

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THE SIGNAL OF DEATH

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Tom Moore, a young Georgia student at the Columbia School of Mines, is made a prisoner by a powerful Chinese tong in New York.

Millicent, Florence's parents, and Reginald Spargur, partner of Bates, conduct a vigorous search for the missing girl under the supposition that Moore has been the murderer.

Tom arranges means of communication with Millicent through his friend, the doctor. Back in his underground retreat he discovers another luxuriously furnished room.

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CHAPTER XXX.

A NARROW ESCAPE. TOM sprang to his feet, and, darting noiselessly into the corner, and then turned himself against the wall.

A single glance around showed him there was no other place to hide, and he was practically certain to be discovered here.

There was no explanation he could offer for his presence in this room, or, indeed, on this side of the death chamber.

He would simply stand convicted of "spying" where he had no right, one of the gravest offenses in the eyes of the tong, and this, with the suspicions already aroused concerning him, would probably result in his exposure.

He raised bitterly at himself for his folly in entering this room where he might have seen he was bound to be caught, for his folly in listening after he had come for the packages which had prompted him to visit the forbidden ground of the other section.

Of course, a dozen plans flashed through his mind, such as leaping on the returning occupant of the room and overpowering him, or bowling him over in a desperate rush, and then escaping in the confusion.

The man was well inside the room now, a portly figure comfortably filling out the long habit of the order, and his eyes were fixed on the door.

Despite the mask and gown, one could picture beneath a certain indistinctly white-whiskered, gouty, old rascal of shabby gentility, but with a heart like a hammer, and a stomach and pocket-book his only gods.

Probably this Frederick Bailey, down here treasurer of the tong and associate of Millicent and Moore, was in the upper world a citizen of repute.

These things may have flashed through Tom's mind at the time, but it is more likely that reflections came later.

At the instant he was fully occupied in watching the slow advance of the fellow into the room, and trying to decide upon what course to pursue.

When he had had the door ajar upon that strident, elusive memory.

That strident, contemptuous voice raised in objection against the push-cart man was the voice he had heard execrating the members of the tong for bringing the wrong girl white bound to the door of the death chamber.

Yet he told himself that could not be! He must have been mistaken in his recognition of the man.

The voice which had scolded those blundering subordinates was that of the leader of the tong, the light-haired assassin of the past.

And then, with a sudden recollection of that closet full of disguises down in the underground apartment, he began bearing himself for an idiot and numbskull.

The leader had been the light-haired murderer; he also doubtless had been the Chinaman who had dropped the dagger and the whistle.

How easy it would have been in that moment of darkness to slip out of a loose Chinese robe, and clap on a blonde wig, instead of the cap with its long queue coiled atop.

There is one feature, however, that defies disguise, and he distinctly recalled those dark, mocking eyes which had regarded him from behind the slits of the death's head mask.

Color for color, expression for expression they were undoubtedly the same as Spargur's.

There was still another assurance that he could gain, moreover, one suggested to him by his recollection just now of the Chinaman with whom he had grappled for the possession of dagger and wand.

Glancing up, he saw Millicent and Spargur returning down the block in the direction of the hotel.

He eyed around behind them, until he had secured an auspicious position; then diving into the area-way of a private house, he drew from his pocket the same little silver whistle, and blew a shrill, resonant blast.

Spargur started almost a foot from the ground, and with his face turned a ghastly, sick pale green, glanced after him.

Moore might only have suspected before; now he knew.

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A Thrilling Story of The Chinatown Tongs!

By DOUGLAS PIERCE

The signals and various protecting devices of the "hookie" machine.

In short, he had so thoroughly performed his task that a police raid of this underground stronghold—something never before accomplished either in New York or San Francisco—was now a perfectly feasible undertaking.

But of what avail would be a police raid, when the very first alarm the abducted girl would be either killed or spirited away to some new prison where there would be no chance of effecting her rescue?

No; before he arranged for a visit from the minions of the law, he must find out where the girl was kept and be able to lead the attacking forces directly to her.

And from his experience so far that seemed a point apt to continue to baffle him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CERTAIN PROOF. FOR her safety as well as for his own Moore manfully refrained from seeking any further interviews with Millicent, or communicating with her in any way except through the medium of Denver; yet he felt that there was no harm in glancing his eyes with the sight of the fresh young beauty, and so it happened that on his daily visits to the doctor he generally managed to loiter for a time in the neighborhood of the Keewaydin, on the chance of seeing her pass in or out.

Truth to tell, though, these occasions usually served only to send him home in a bad temper; for Moore invariably when he caught a glimpse of her was accompanied by a "tall young man" who might have been mistaken for a Spaniard, but whose attitude of jealousy unerringly picked out as the engaging and irreproachable Spargur.

Moore had been constrained to dislike him in advance; but he found the antipathy aroused in him by an actual sight of the fellow, and by the favor with which Millicent looked upon her, even more violent than he had anticipated.

There was to him, moreover, something hauntingly familiar about his rival. He was sure he had never met Spargur at any time, nor could he recollect ever having seen that doctor, yet there was something in connection with the man which every time he looked at him brought back a vague intangible memory—a memory of some one who he could never grasp it, yet he knew it to be distinctly distasteful and fraught with painful suggestion.

At last, though, came an afternoon when, as he was indulging himself in the joyous amusement of watching Millicent come forth with her escort, the two strolled together, directly past where he stood.

Spargur was so engrossed in the girl at his side that the approach was past approaching push-cart propelled from behind by an Italian vendor, until the laden vehicle ran into him, deluging his immaculate attire with a shower of over-ripe dates and cheap, sticky candy.

It was more his own fault than that of the push-cart man, but heedless of the damage done to his dress, he turned to see what he was with a lady he lifted his stick and railed at the poor fellow as he might as well have been a dog.

Almost immediately, however, he recollected himself and desisted; and, since there was in reality very little to be gained by his attack, he soon passed on, the incident forgotten.

Tom, though, stood staring after them, his mouth agape, his eyes almost popping out of his head, for the trifling episode had brought to him a wonderful enlightenment.

At last he had laid his own upon that tantalizing, elusive memory.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

KEEP IN.

YES, he knew! But to know a fact even though morally certain of it, is one thing; to prove it by legal evidence, quite another.

How, Tom asked himself hopelessly, was he ever to secure the testimony which should give this scoundrel his deserts?

The mere statements that he had heard, and that he jumped at the sound of a whistle, and that he had cursed a push-cart man were hardly sufficient in themselves to obtain a conviction from even the most willing jury.

And then the solution suddenly flashed upon him.

Spargur must furnish the proof—Millicent, who all unsuspecting had been in daily contact with the fellow for two years, never dreaming that he was the ruffian who had stabbed old man Bates in the back.

But she should know. She should see the villain again as she had seen him in the very act of assassination.

All that was required was to slip a blonde wig on her head, and bid her gaze; for by a curious paradox it was necessary in this case to mask her eyes in order that he might be unmasked.

He would make the exposure a complete surprise to her, Moore decided; and accordingly wrote a note informing her that he had changed his mind in regard to admitting Spargur into their confidence, and asking her if she would not appoint an interview for the three of them at the Keewaydin on the following afternoon.

He likewise promised himself that when he appeared upon the scene he would have concealed under his coat a wig in readiness to produce at the first favorable opportunity.

But when he started to fare forth, all thrilling with excitement over his mission, he was held by an expostulatory and scandalized:

"Chief!"

"Well, what's the row now?" scowled Moore.

"Chief him not go out when big tong meeting come four days now?"

"What the dickens has a big tong meeting four days ahead got to do with my going out?"

"Rule say no tong brother go out four days, come meeting like this?"

"I don't know, go see my doctor, I tell you. The fool rule don't mean me."

"Sure. Rule mean all tong brothers. No can go, when girlie prisoner gettee chose for the moment."

"Eh? What's that? You say they are going to cast the lots for the girl prisoner at this meeting?"

"My Sling nodded."

"But you gave any such orders as that?" with an angry frown. "I told you all distinctly that I would not hold the lot until I got good and ready."

"Tong hold meeting without chief and decide different."

"So it appears I am only a figurehead, eh?" he muttered. "Well, I've had a pretty strong suspicion to that effect all the time. This news makes it more important than ever, though, that I should go out today."

"No can go," the other shook his head in delicious glee. "Guards no let chief pass."

And upon investigation Moore found that it was only too true. The sentinels on duty were to be on the watch for the next four days neither he nor any one else could have the headquarters.

In his recognition of the man, Tom finally humbled himself to ask My Sling. "My doctor will want to know how I am."

"And have I read a dozen times on the road, and in the end not delivered," commented the other sourly. "However, since it is the best I can do, I'll have to risk it, and trust to luck."

The is what he wrote:

Yes, Moore, Am compelled to break engagement today. Slip a blonde wig on your dark friend's head and see how he looks. Also, if you don't hear from me before the fourth day from this you will know what to do.

"N. B.—Directions in this note are not jokes, but deadly earnest."

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

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WOULD ANTI-NATIONS BY A GREAT TUNNEL

Engineer Proposes Subway Between Cities in Denmark and Sweden.

BERLIN, July 21.—The joining of Copenhagen, Denmark, and Malmö, in Sweden, by means of a ten-mile tunnel under the sound is an engineering problem that the Swedish and Danish newspapers are today urging strongly.

The project is proposed by an engineer named Quistgaard, who declares that electric trains can then be run between the two cities in forty-one minutes.

Quistgaard has chosen this route, which is no longer than from Helsingborg in the north of the island of Seeland to Helsingborg in Sweden, because the sea bottom between the points is such more secure to work under.

The sound connects the Baltic sea and the Cattegat.

AFTER NOBEL PRIZE.

ROME, July 21.—Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet, novelist, and dramatist, has announced his candidacy for the Nobel prize for literature in 1910.

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, 720 Fourth Street, Bond Building, Phone M. 1620.

Leaving wharf, 7th and M st. sw., daily except Sunday, at 8 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. FARE—75c ROUND TRIP.

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA. Tonight at 8:15. The Columbia Players 125c 60c 75c

LUNA PARK. FREE GATE WEEK DAYS. FREE MOTION PICTURES AND ILLUSTRATED SONGS.

ACADEMY MATS. TUES. THURS. SAT. OPEN MONDAY, AUGUST 2.

THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE. Seat and Subscription Sale Thursday, July 27, at 9 o'clock.

GRAND CONCERT AT CHEVY LAKE CHASE LAKE. Every Evening, including Sunday.

BASEBALL TODAY. 2 Games 2 p. m.—FIRST 2 p. m. Nationals vs. Chicago.

SUMMER RESORTS. Atlantic City.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. Bulletin.

WHEN CONGRESS ADJOURNS. When the first session of the Sixty-first Congress adjourns the Western Senators and Congressmen, and their families, will find the comprehensive train service of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Chicago and St. Louis convenient for their homeward trip.

The Pennsylvania Limited, leaving Washington at 11:55 A. M. and arriving at Chicago at 8:45 the next morning, and the "Chicago Limited," leaving Washington at 5:45 P. M. and arriving in Chicago at 4:00 the next afternoon, carry through drawing room sleeping cars from Washington to Chicago.

There is no extra fare on these trains from Washington. Train leaving Washington at 7:00 P. M. and arriving Chicago at 8:45 P. M. the next day also carries a through sleeping car.

Through sleeping car to St. Louis leaves Washington at 3:40 P. M. daily.

Convenient service is also provided to Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Louisville.

Pullman reservations, tickets, time tables, and full information concerning the service to points East, North, and West will be furnished by B. M. Newbold, D. P. A., 15th and G Streets N. W., Washington.

Idelwille Hotel. Best location and service. Booklet. Carriage grounds to rent. A. H. SUPPES.

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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 25c Week Days TRIP 50c Sundays and Holidays. Train Schedule in Railroad Column. STEAMER "DREAMLAND" Fastest Excursion Boat in the South. Spacious Decks; Excellent Cafe; Unexcelled Cuisine; Regular Dinner, 50c; Music, Dancing, Numerous Other Amusements. 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. Fare District Line to Baltimore and Return, Good Five Days, \$1.00.

TOLCHESTER BEACH. Another Big Excursion Sunday, August 1st. CHANGE OF TIME. More Time at Tolchester! At the request of many who have enjoyed the W. B. & A. excursions to Tolchester beach for a time schedule that would permit more time at the beach, and yet make it possible to reach home earlier in the evening, the company has arranged to run the special train next Sunday at 11 A. M. from White House Station, 15th and H st. N. E. This will connect with the steamer at Annapolis, and Washingtonians will reach Tolchester BEFORE THE BALTIMORE PEOPLE ARRIVE. It will also give 3 1/2 HOURS at the popular resort. On the return Washington will be reached about 3:45, an hour earlier than usual. The low rate of 75 CENTS for the round trip, including street car fare, will obtain. These Tolchester excursions have proved to be extremely popular with the Washington people who are desirous of getting to a resort on salt water at a minimum expense of time and money. The bathing beach at Tolchester and the famous dinners have also proved notable attractions. Tolchester Beach is one of the best bathing beaches on the Bay. Under the new arrangements ample time is allowed for bathing, dining, fishing, and crabbing. Returning, leave Beach Saturday midnight. Other days 6 p. m. Home about 10:30 p. m. The fine bathing, crabbing, and fishing. Music and dancing week days. Fare, Saturday trip, \$1. Other days, 50c. Season Ticket, \$1. Children, half fare. Stop made at Alexandria. Uptown ticket office, 1333 F st. n.w. Jy20-21

The Chesapeake Bay and West River Trips. Don't forget the popular trips on the Steamer "Emma Giles" five times a week at \$1.00 for the round trip, including street car fare. Connecting trains leave 15th and H st. 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, New Evans Building, 1424 New York ave. n. w. Get our list of "Places to Go." WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE & ANAPOLIS ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY. Jy20,21

GLEN ECHO OFFERS FREE Motion Pictures, Dancing, and Splendid Amusements. Jy20-21

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..... 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..... Automobileing..... Railroad fare..... Accommodations and rates for servants..... Water routes..... Bathing..... Golf links..... Driving..... Tennis..... Average temperature..... Fishing..... Churches..... Remarks.....