The Times-Dispatch

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1907.

Going Out of Town?

Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should have The Times-Dispatch mailed them. Addresses will be changed as often as requested.

You can keep fully informed about Richmond affairs only through The Times-Dispatch.

Before leaving mail or 'phone your address to this office. Phone 4041, City Circulation Department.

We can make majors and officers every year, but not scholars.—Burton.

THE HENRICO REVOLUTION.

Yesterday's primary in Henrico was a revolution whose full effect can only be appreciated by professional politicians and citizens of that county. First and most impressive was the defeat of Simon Solomon, the head and forefront of the political organization in Henrico. As a sheriff Mr. Solomon's record, with the exception of his utter breakdown in the street car strike, had been very good; but his powerful influence in politics had grown irksome, and the popular cry for new men submerged him beyond hope of resuscitation.

In the fight for Commonwealth's attorney, the incumbent, Mr. Wendenburg, an exceptionally capable lawyer, was badly beaten by Mr. Julien Gunn, who was making his first run. Mr. Wendenburg shared the public resentment against all the officials who had helped to force the new and expensive jail on Henrico county. This and the unsettled shortages in the treasurer's office were burdens too heavy for Mr. Wendenburg to carry, and he, too, went down in utter defeat.

But it was for treasurer that the bitterest contest was waged. Mr. Frayser, the incumbent, the chairman of the Board of Supervisors who built the jail, was badly beaten by Mr. Hechler, who secured the vindication by election which he so earnestly desired. It remains to be seen whether the voters of Henrico have acted with wise kindness or only with weak sentimentality in Mr. Hechler's case. This paper has never undervalued Mr. Hechler as a man, though it could not conscientiously regard him as a proper person for treasurer. The Times-Dispatch therefore took the step of laying before the voters the public record of an office-seeker, and we cannot doubt that this was a wise and salutary course to pursue, whether Mr. Hechler was elected or not.

It is too often the case that the public is left in ignorance which courageous and intelligent newspapers could dispel. In this case the voters acted with all the facts before them, and Mr. Hechler is as clearly their choice as Messrs. Solomon and Wendenburg were not.

THE STANDARD FOR OFFICE-HOLDERS.

The defects in our public service are due in the main to an undervaluation of the obligations of office, not only on the part of many officeholders, but on the part of the body politic. There is nothing truer than the saying that "a public office is a public trust," and yet that saying has become somewhat a public jest. It has been paraphrased into "a public office is a private snap," and the paraphrase more nearly represents the popular estimate.

But we have noted with pleasure during the past few years a growing improvement in public sentiment in this direction, and as that sentiment continues to grow the public service will correspondingly improve. Public sentiment is the ruling force in all things. Few men are better than the moral standard of the community in which they live. The public must set the standard for the officeholders and require them to live up to it. The man who holds a responsible position in the public service is very much in the same situation as a minister of the gospel. He has not the same liberty of action that men in ordinary occupations have. Conduct that is innocent in itself may be wrong, and sometimes criminal, in an officeholder. The law regulates his conduct, and when he disobeys or evades the law, he brings condemnation upon himself, even though the action may be harmless in itself. An officeholder is a factor in government, a part of the organization, a representative of the State, and he should be a public exemplar. He has no moral right to commit any act or to involve himself in any outside entanglement which will compromise him, hurt his standing, or impair his usefulness.

That is a high view, but not higher than the public standard should be in order to insure an ideal government.

PROPERTY VALUES.

It is estimated that the shrinkage in the present value of stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange amounts to $3,000,000,000—a sum so vast that it is hard for a layman to comprehend it.

Yet we are seriously told by some of the doctors of finance that there is no actual loss; that the property which these securities represent has not been destroyed and that its intrinsic value is as great as ever. According to this philosophy, if a man buys a store on Broad Street for $50,000 and by reason of changed conditions, the value declines to $25,000, he loses nothing, because the property is still there and the "intrinsic" value is the same.

Therefore, comfort ye one another with these words. It is much like the consolation of the scientific man who assured his friend when his house burned down that it was not destroyed, but had merely changed its form—from solid into gaseous matter.

But what is one man's loss is another man's gain. The poor man with a little money saved up has seen no such attractive investments in stocks and bonds since the war as the market now offers. Stocks in some of the standard railroads of Virginia are now selling on a basis that will yield a clean seven per cent. income on the investment. Those stocks are free from taxation in Virginia, making the yield to a Richmond purchaser nearly nine per cent. And many men and women in moderate circumstances are taking advantage of the bargain counter in Wall Street. This "rich man's panic" is the poor man's opportunity, and many are turning it to good account.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE TARIFF.

News comes from Washington that the administration will send abroad a commission of tariff experts to gather information concerning German, French and British tariff systems and consular methods of handling import and export business.

It is further stated that the commission will make an exhaustive investigation through which it will be expected to "fortify" the administration against the storm of protest and criticism which it will receive during the coming session of Congress from the high protectionists as a result of its recent trade treaty with the German empire.

It is not a bad idea to send a tariff commission abroad, but its inquiries should not be confined to the above specification. Let it inquire and report:

What is the sentiment in foreign trade circles towards the American tariff.

How far does the tariff prejudice foreigners against American products.

How prices in free trade England compare with prices in protected America.

What would be the reduction in the cost of living in America if the tariff were reduced to a revenue basis.

Whether or not American-made articles are sold cheaper in Europe than they are sold to home consumers.

Whether or not there are trusts in England such as we have in America.

If the commission will gather accurate information on these points and make it public, it will have performed a valuable service. And why not? If the tariff system is good and honest, it should court the fullest investigation.

CLEAN SPORT.

The time has come to cry halt at the behavior of certain persons who attend the baseball games in Richmond. Because a man or boy pays a quarter to witness a game is no reason why he should be allowed all manner of license in abusing players, insulting the umpire and indulging in vulgar personalities.

There is no disputing the unpleasant fact that in some instances baseball players are rowdy and brutal, but the umpire should use his authority to discipline such cases just as the police authorities should hold the crowd in proper check. Vulgar language and coarse allusions would not for a moment be tolerated in a Richmond theatre, and why should a distinction be made at the baseball park?

The Times-Dispatch has no desire to restrain healthy rooting or hearty applause. It is human nature of a very honest sort, to desire the home team to win, and encouragement is the way to make one strive for better things; but to carry the war into Africa and heap abuse on the visitors is neither fair nor decent, and shows a lack of the spirit of fair play for which Americans are noted.

Some one has said that if the Devil were treated like a gentleman, he would not be such a bad fellow.

Let's test the assertion and give the Devil his due, not so much on his account as for our own self-respect and in the interest of clean sport.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

Misses Nellie Williams and Adele Corling have done a public service in organizing and conducting the Neighborhood Library. The library, which has been in operation in the old Goddin Tavern but two months, has greatly endeared itself to the children, and during that time 257 boys and girls have attended and taken out 270 books. The parents of the children have also become interested. But just as the library is getting well under way the ladies are notified that they must move it to other quarters, as the building has been sold. They have no money to pay for the rent of a room, and unless the public will contribute it, the good work will have to be suspended.

The Times-Dispatch hopes that the necessary money will be forthcoming, and will gladly receive contributions from any who may desire to give. It is purely a work of love, and deserves public support.

OUR AMERICAN QUEEN.

A young woman residing at Hot Springs, Va., inserted an advertisement in The Times-Dispatch informing the public that she desired a position as cook. Following is the score:

First day, 116 replies.
Second day, 93 replies.
Third day, 33 replies.
Fourth day, 47 replies.
Fifth day, a bagful, which she did not take time to count.

She accepted a position with a prominent Richmond family, and is well pleased with her home.

The replies came from Richmond, Charlottesville, Gordonsville, Charleston, W. Va., Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and various other points, and several from Hot Springs—one from the girl's next door neighbor. This story teaches:

1. That interesting advertisements, well circulated, are extensively read.

2. That The Times-Dispatch is supreme in Virginia as a circulating medium.

3. That the cook is queen.

In reply to a question a correspondent is informed that Admiral Robley Dunglison Evans—"Fighting Bob"—who is to take the United States fleet to the Pacific, is a native of Floyd county, Va., and was born on August 18, 1846. He received his primary education in the public schools of Washington and was appointed to the navy from Utah. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1863, and participated in both attacks on Fort Fisher, being wounded four times in the land engagement. During the war with Spain, he commanded the Iowa, and took an active part with Sampson's fleet in destroying Cervera's fleet.

In 1891, he commanded the Yorktown at Valparaiso, Chile, during the period of "strained relations" between that country and the United States. It was his action in connection with various incidents in that crisis that gained for him his sobriquet.

An American girl threatens war between two foreign nations. **"The Powers and Maxine"** tells how the whim of one woman nearly brought France and Russia to the crisis of an international war. This story has never appeared in book form, and is now running in The Times-Dispatch. It is of compelling interest. Begin it today.

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The acquisition of the Jamestown Exposition site by Uncle Sam for a great naval station would not be regarded in Virginia as a Federal encroachment on State rights.

A contemporary wants to know what's the matter with matrimony. The question will hardly be answered. None but the married man knows, and he's afraid to tell.

President Roosevelt proposes to have a peace congress of his own. Wonder if Harriman and Rockefeller will be invited?

"The Powers and Maxine," the most compelling serial yet published in the great series by The Times-Dispatch, begins to-day.

Now that Mr. Rockefeller has collected his witness fee, he will be able to buy a mess of oysters.

When the administration goes after the lumber trust, it will not be looking for presidential timber.

Harry Thaw's temper threatens to break out of jail.

Oysters are still wearing straw hats.

Good Times in King William.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Should a stranger chance to visit King William county at this time, he would be deeply impressed with the prosperity and general air of content which seem to pervade the country. At fish-fries, picnics and all-day meetings one can see the tables loaded with good things and handsome home-bred teams pulling comfortable vehicles, and last, but not least, a bevy of pretty girls. In imagination, let us drive through the scented pine woods, inhaling health with every passing zephyr; we look with longing eyes at the young wild turkey flying at so close a range, we can feel our hands on the trigger, but we dare not, for the game law is in force. And here is a mudhole with apparently no bottom, but we close our eyes and have faith, for this is the Garden of Eden. We are approaching a farmhouse, with its orchards, its newly-painted barns filled with winter supplies. The well with the moss-covered bucket dripping with coolness, and the geese, ducks and chickens cackle a welcome, while, beyond in the shade of the trees is the hospitable country home. Verily, verily, this is a land overflowing with milk and honey.

P. H. EUBANK.

Etna Mills, Va.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 1285.

Song

By JAMES THOMSON.

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail;
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read;
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
Though the room be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, O my love! love thee;
And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate,
At home, on land, on sea.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1903. One is published each day.

Borrowed Jingles.

THE HERO WORSHIPER.

Mehitabel Ann was a maid who adored
All heroes and heroic deeds;
She said that no man but a hero could fit
With her matrimonial needs.
She turned up her nose at the commonplace men,
For she vowed of her life 'twas the pride
To be wooed by a lover of courage renowned,
And be famed as a hero's fair bride.

The first one she loved went to the North Pole,
And never came back any more.
The second, he started an honest campaign,
But found it too much of a bore.
The third one to Africa traveled, all bent
To shoot hungry lions in their lair,
But the lions saw him first, and before they let go,
They had picked all his valiant bones bare.

And so back luck followed Mehitabel's loves,
Till young men fought shy of the lass,
For being a hero was risky, they found,
On account of what things came to pass.
The maid got discouraged and sighed, "Deary me!
The commonplace lot I must bear!"
So she went in the chorus, looked for a safe thing,
And married an old millionaire.

—Baltimore American.

MERELY JOKING.

The Place.

He: "I cannot, simply cannot, get close enough to you."

She: "Then let's go out for a ride in a Broadway car."—Life.

Unskilful.

Mrs. Knicker: "Did your husband beat the carpet?"

Mrs. Bocker: "No; he just ran the lawn mower over it."—Harper's Bazar.

Pays Dues.

"Jones is the most prominent member of our golf club."

"Why, he can't play golf?"

"No, but he always pays his dues."—Cleveland Leader.

No Toadyism.

"We have no toadyism in America."

"No?"

"No; we call it respect for the office."—Pittsburg Post.

Nature Fakers.

Kind Lady: "What occupation do you two poor men follow?"

Gritty George: "Why, mum, we are "nature fakers."

Kind Lady: "Nature fakers?"

Gritty George: "Yes, we play de elephant in de show. Sandy is de head and I am de legs."—Chicago Daily News.

Conceited.

"That Miss Winkler is the most conceited girl I ever met."

"How so?"

"Somebody said in her presence that the planet Mars was trying to signal to us, and she immediately looked self-conscious."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tobacco.

"I notice that you writers use a great deal of tobacco. Does it stimulate your brains?"

"I don't know, but it makes you forget that you're hungry."—Cleveland Leader.

Rather Ancient.

Orderly Officer: "Any complaints?"

Raw Recruit: "Yes, sir; I can't stand this 'ere Irish stew."

Orderly Officer: "Not stand Irish stew! Ridiculous! Lord Wolseley made many a hearty meal of it in the Cremea."

Raw Recruit: "I dessay, sir; but the meat would be fresh and good then. It's a long time since the Crimean job. You can't expect the meat to keep all them years."—Tit-Bits.

Mere Rumor:

"Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked the minister.

"No, sir," responded the absent-minded millionaire. "I want to state emphatically that there is no truth in the rumor whatever."—Washington Herald.

POINTS FROM THE PARAGRAPHERS.

FOR one thing Georgians may thank their lucky stars. The mountaineer moonshiner is no nature faker!—Washington Herald.

* * *

We may next expect to find the coal and other trusts urging the incorporation and capitalization of political parties. How otherwise can they hope to execute contracts with the winning party in an election, which will have any standing in the courts?—Springfield Republican.

* * *

The Chinese sailors who kowtowed to the Statue of Liberty as America's "Number one topside joss" evidently took it for a heroic figure of Standard Oil with its lamp trimmed.—New York American.

* * *

A German writer has placed President Roosevelt in the same class with Washington, Jackson and Lincoln. This does not mean, however, that the President is by any means a dead one.—Baltimore American.

* * *

This spell of hot weather is enough to make the early oyster gasp for breath.—Baltimore Sun.

* * *

There must have been some red streaks in the "Old Home" celebration of Boston, for the Herald of that town says it was "a gaudy and somewhat vulgar excrescence." Evidently the old homers swallowed more than baked beans.—Pittsburg Press.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Few people have such a peculiar name as Miss Nella L. Allen, of Saco, Me. Whether spelled forward or backward the name spells just the same.

The Queen of the Netherlands has caused a special silver medal to the struck as a memorial of the Peace Conference. A gold medal will be sent to the Czar.

The new Temple Israel, which is to be dedicated at Boston next Sunday, is the sole representative in this country of a type of art which flourished in the most prosperous period of the Hebrew national history.

William Straight, American consul at Mukden, is engaged to be married to a daughter of E. H. Harriman. The romance is another one of those growing out of Mrs. Longworth's trip to the Far East. Mr. Straight was in Peking then, and it was there that Miss Alice Roosevelt introduced the couple. Mr. Straight is only thirty years old.

Darwin P. Kingsley, a country boy of Vermont, needed a few hundred dollars back in the seventies to carry him through the University of Vermont, and he got it by putting up as security a life insurance policy of $1,000. This was the first introduction to life insurance of the new President Kingsley, of the New York Life Insurance Company.

Ladies, Attention!

M. BANNETT, the Ladies' Tailor, of 940 West Grace Street, wishes to announce to his patrons and all ladies in general that he has returned from a trip abroad with a large selection of Imported Models and Trimmings. You are cordially invited to inspect same. An early call will be highly appreciated.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

THE social event of the season in Bedford county will take place on Tuesday evening, when the wedding of Mrs. Clara Louise Ewart, daughter of Colonel A. B. Nichols, of Bedford City, to Mr. John Bathurst Cole Morris, the proprietor of the famous Mons Hotel property, at the Peaks of Otter, will be celebrated.

The ceremony is to be performed at the "Three Otters," the beautiful country home of the bride. Afterward an elegant reception will be held, following a good old-fashioned Virginia custom.

The bride and groom will make an extended tour through the Northern States, spending some time in the picturesque Adirondack region.

Mrs. Ewart belongs to one of the oldest and most prominent families in Piedmont Virginia, and is a young woman of many graces and attractions. "The Otters," her country estate, is one of the finest in Bedford, and she owns other valuable property in Bedford City.

Mr. Morris is the son of the late Benjamin S. and Mary A. Claiborne Morris, of Franklin county, being descended from Colonel William Claiborne, the famous Secretary of the Colony of Virginia and the founder of the family in America. He is a brother of Mrs. Nannie Claiborne Henry, wife of Captain Richard P. Henry, of No. 1700 Hanover Avenue, this city, who will attend the wedding. In addition to the Mons Hotel, Mr. Morris is the owner of the beautiful Sunnyside estate, near Bedford City.

To Visit the Mansion.

Governor Floyd, of New Hampshire, and his official party will be in Richmond to-morrow afternoon, and will stop long enough, en route to the Jamestown tercentennial, to visit the Executive Mansion and pay their respects to Governor and Mrs. Swanson.

The hour of the visit has not yet been decided on, as it depends largely upon the arrival and departure of trains. A small company has been asked to meet the Governor of New Hampshire and his party, which numbers about thirty people.

Certainly one of the most agreeable features of the Jamestown Exposition has been the social intercourse which it has brought about between the representatives of the different sections of the United States, and Richmond people, will unite heartily in the welcome to be extended by the Governor of Virginia and his wife to the distinguished visitors of to-morrow.

Souvenir Program.

The souvenir official program for Rhode Island Day exercises at the Jamestown Exposition is very artistic and appropriate.

On the first page is a reproduction of Stuart's portrai tof Washington; and following the program is a photographic reproduction of a letter written by Washington from Mount Vernon, in 1797, to the General Assembly of Rhode Island. The exercises will be held in the Auditorium at 11:30 o'clock A. M. and the reception at the Rhode Island Building, from 4 to 6 P. M.

Ohio Day, on September 11th comes next, and cards sent out by the Ohio committee display the State seal embossed in gold. A program of the day and invitations for the reception to be held by the Governor of Ohio, from 8 to 10 P. M., accompany the cards.

Miss Selden Returns.

Miss Nancy Selden, who has been the much admired and feted guest of Mrs. George Ambrose Allen, of Erie, Pa., started from Erie for Washington, D. C., yesterday, and is expected home to-day.

Every day and hour of Miss Selden's visit has been filled with gaiety, Mr. and Mrs. Allen and their Erie friends exerting themselves to render her stay delightful, as it proved to be, from start to finish.

Miss Brickhouse Arrives.

Miss Carrie S. Brickhouse arrived in Richmond Wednesday evening from Norfolk and entered at once upon the discharge of her duties as superintendent of Sheltering Arms Hospital.

The ladies composing the hospital board feel that they have been unusually fortunate in securing Miss Brickhouse. She is a graduate of the training school in J. Pierpont Morgan's Hospital, New York, has passed the State examination and been assistant superintendent of the Protestant Hospital in Norfolk.

The Sheltering Arms Hospital will be open for the reception of patients to-morrow.

Personal Mention.

Rev. Landon R. Mason and Mrs. Mason and Mrs. James M. Ambler, of Baltimore, Md., who have been the guests of Miss Virginia Mason at the University of Virginia, are now the guests of relatives f in Fauquier before returning to Richmond.

Mrs. James Lee Shelton, of No. 1118 West Avenue, has as her guest Mrs. Roland Mallory, of New York.

Mrs. James A. Moncure is spending some time with friends in Cumberland, Va. Little Master James and Miss Julia Moncure are at Cold Sulphur Springs under the supervision of Miss Sarah Moncure.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Slater, of Redlands, California, are visiting their mother, Mrs. George L. Bidgood, at No. 820 West Grace Street. Mr. Slater is a delegate from Southern California to the General Episcopal Convention meeting in Richmond in October.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Rupp are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Page at No. 303 West Main Street.

Mrs. M. L. Wortham has returned from a visit of several weeks at Warm Sulphur Springs, Va.

Miss Emily Parrish, who has been summering in Charlottesville, Va., is now visiting relatives at Arrington, Va.

Miss Mary Pickett, of Montgomery, Ala., is the guest in Richmond of her uncle, Mr. Thomas Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hancock have returned from a pleasant visit to the Jamestown Tercentennial.

Mrs. J. R. Taylor, of No. 1617 Grove avenue, was a guest at luncheon last Wednesday at the Jefferson Hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Towne, editors of the Nautilus, Holyoke, Mass.

Mr. John P. McGuire, of McGuire's School, has returned to the city.

Mrs. Lillie Dansey, after a pleasant visit to Boscobel, Va., has returned home.

Captain and Mrs. J. R. Eggleston and Mrs. Eggleston, sister, Mrs. J. S. Armstrong, of Raymond, Miss., are visiting their nephew, Professor R. Heath Dabney, of Preston Heights, University of Virginia. Captain Eggleston is the oldest surviving officer who fought on board the Virginia—commonly called the Merrimac—when that ironclad destroyed the Cumberland and Congress and engaged the Monitor in Hampton Roads.

Miss Alice Griffith, of Danville, who has been visiting friends here and in Norfolk, has returned home.

Mrs. Mary E. Williams and her granddaughter, Miss Mary S. Williams, have returned from Fork Union Hotel, where they spent the month of August.

The Powers and Maxine

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson
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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lisa Drummond, an unlovely American, practically declares her love to Ivor Dundas, only to learn that he is in love with her half-sister, Diana Forrest. This knowledge gives Lisa a cad attack of her heart, and she is placed on a sofa in a private room. While lying there in the dark Ivor Dundas enters with the English Foreign Secretary, and without being seen Lisa rolls behind the sofa and overhears the conversation. The Foreign Secretary offers Dundas a mission to Paris to carry an important package to Mademoiselle Maxine de Renzie, a noted French actress, who is a British political spy. As Dundas once had a flirtation with Maxine it was supposed that the true object of his visit would not be guessed. Dundas accepts the offer and Lisa rejoices, for she knows that her half-sister's uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Mountstuart are going on the same train as Dundas to the same hotel in Paris. After receiving the package for Maxine and learning that her fiance is the Vicounte du Laurier, Dundas bids the Foreign Secretary adieu. Lisa escapes unseen, but manages before going to sleep to extract from Diana the admission that Dundas had proposed that night. Lisa then sows the first seeds of distrust by assuring Diana that Dundas will not keep his appointment for the morrow.

Acting under the advice of Lisa, Diana goes to the depot and meets Dundas as he is about to take the train. Dundas feels that he cannot explain why he is going to Paris, but admits that he will see Maxine. Diana, cut to the quick, tells him flatly that if he sees Maxine he need never return to her. The departure of the train prevents any further conversation, and Dundas forces his way into a reserved apartment with three strangers. He paid little attention to these men, for his thoughts were with Diana, and he wondered if he would ever be able to explain why he had so suddenly deserted her. Finally the little dried-up man with the red eyes spoke to Dundas timidly, and he sat down beside him. He then took note of the two other travelers, one a Jewish sporting gentleman, and the other a fleshy person, whose face was pitted with smallpox marks. The secret papers were in Dundas's pockets, and he did not feel alarmed until he saw the two sporting men keep glancing at the small man, who grew nervous. As the train pulled up at the pier Dundas waited behind to keep away from the crowd and to watch his fellow travelers. In the hurry to get aboard the small man throws his arms around Dundas. But the case seems still safe in his breast pocket. Proceeding at once to Paris Dundas hands the packet to Maxine.

"Wait!" she exclaimed, still in the half whisper from which she had never departed. "Wait! It will be better to lock the door." But even as she spoke there came a knock, loud and insistent. With a spring, she flung herself on me, her hand fumbling for the pocket I had tapped suggestively a moment ago. I let her draw out the long case which I had been guarding—the case I had not once touched since leaving London, except to feel anxiously for its outline through my buttoned coat. At least, whatever might be about to happen, she had it in her own hands now.

Neither of us spoke or made a sound during the instant that she clung to me, the faint, well-remembered perfume of her hair, her dress, in my nostrils. But as she started away, and I knew that she had the letter-case, the knock came again. Then, before I could be sure whether she wished for time to hide, or whether she would have me cry "Come in," without seeming to hesitate, the door opened. For a second or two Maxine and I, and a group of figures at the door were mere shadows in the ever deepening pink dusk; but I could scarcely have counted ten before the long expected light sprang up. I had turned it on in more than one place; and a sudden, brilliant illumination showed me a tall Commissary of Police, with two little gendarmes looking over his shoulder.

I threw a glance at Maxine, who was still veiled, and was relieved to see that she had found some means of putting the letter-case out of sight. Having ascertained this, I sharply inquired in French what in the devil's name the Commissary of Police meant by walking into an Englishman's rooms without being invited; and not only that, but what under heaven he wanted anyway.

He was far more polite than I was. "Ten thousand pardons, Monsieur," he apologized. "I knocked twice, but hearing no answer, entered, thinking that perhaps, after all, the salon was unoccupied. Important business must be my excuse. I have to request that Monsieur Dundas will first place in my hands the gift he has brought from London to Mademoiselle de Renzie.

"I have brought no gift for Mademoiselle de Renzie," I prevaricated boldly; but the man's knowledge of my name was ominous. If the Paris police had contrived to learn it already, as well as to find out that I was the bearer of something for Maxine, it looked as if they knew enough to play the game in their own way—whatever that might be.

"Perhaps I should say, the thing which Mademoissele lent—to a friend in England, and Monsieur has now kindly returned," amended the Commissary of Police as politely, as patiently as ever.

"Really, I don't know what you are talking about," I said, shrugging my shoulders and looking bewildered—or hoping that I looked bewildered. All the while I was wondering, desperately, if this meant ruin for Maxine, or if she would still find some way of saving herself. But all I could do for her at the moment was to keep calm, and tell as many lies as necessary. I hadn't been able to lie to Diana; but I had no compunctions about doing it now, if it were to help Maxine. The worst was, that I was far from sure it would help her.

"I trust, Monsieur, that you do not wish to prevent the French police from doing their duty," said the officer, his tone becoming peremptory for the first time. "Should you attempt it, I should unfortunately be compelled to order that Monsieur be searched."

"You seem to forget that you're dealing with a British subject," said I.

"Who is offending against the laws of a friendly country," he capped my words. "You can complain afterwards, Monsieur. But now——"

"Why don't you empty your pockets, Mr. Dundas," suggested Maxine, lightly, yet contemptuously, "and show them that you've nothing in which the police can have any interest? I suppose the next thing they propose, will be to search me."

"I deeply regret to say that will be the next thing, Mademoiselle, unless satisfaction is given to me," returned the Commissary of Police.

Maxine threw back her thick veil; and if this were the first time these men had ever seen the celebrated actress off the stage, it seemed to me that her beauty must almost have dazzled them, thus suddenly displayed. For Maxine is a gloriously handsome woman, and never had she been most striking, more wonderful, than at that moment, when her dark eyes laughed out of her white face, and her red lips smiled as if neither they, nor the great eyes, had any secret to hide.

"Look at me," she said, throwing back her arms in such a way as to bring forward her slender body, in the tight black sheath of the dress which was of the fashion which, I think, women call "Princess." It fitted her as smoothly as the gloves that covered her arms to the elbows.

"Do you think there is much chance for concealment in this dress?" she asked. "I haven't a pocket, you see. No self-respecting woman could have, in a gown like this. I don't know in the least what sort of 'gift' my old friend is supposed to have brought me. Is it large or small? I'll take off my gloves and let you see my rings, if you like, Monsieur le Commisaire, for I've been taught, as a servant of the public, to be civil to my fellow-servants, even if they should be unreasonable. No? You don't want to see my rings? Let me oblige you by taking off my hat, then. I might have put the thing—whatever it is—in my hair."

As she spoke she drew out her hatpins, still laughing in a half scornful, half good-natured way. She was bewitching as she stood smiling, with her black hat and veil in her hand, the ruffled weaves of her dark red hair shadowing her forehead.

Meanwhile, fired by her example, I turned out the contents of my pockets; a letter or two; a flat gold cigarette case; a match-box; my watch, and a handkerchief; also in an outer pocket of my coat, a small bit of crumpled paper of which I had no recollection; but as one of the gendarmes picked it up from the floor, where it had fallen, and handed it to me without examining, mechanically I slipped it back into the pocket, and thought no more of it at the time. There were too many other things to think of, and I was wondering what on earth Maxine could have done with the letter-case. She had had no more than two seconds in which to dispose of it, hardly enough, it seemed to me, to pass it from one hand to another, yet apparently it was well hidden.

"Now, are you satisfied?" she asked. "Now that we have both shown you we have nothing to conceal; or would you like to take me to the police station, and have some dreadful female search me more thoroughly still? I'll go with you, if you like. I won't even be indiscreet enough to ask questions, since you seem inclined to do what we've no need to do—keep your own secrets. All I stipulate is, that if you wish to take such measures you'll take them at once, for as you may possibly be aware, this is the first night of my new play, and I should be sorry to be late."

The Commissary of Police looked fixedly at Maxine for a moment, as if he would read her soul. "No, Mademoiselle," he said, "I am convinced that neither you nor Monsieur are concealing anything about your persons. I will not trouble you further until we have searched the room.

Maxine could not blanch, for already she was as white as she will be when she lies in her coffin. But though her expression did not change, I saw that the pupils of her eyes dilated. Actress that she is, she could control her muscles; but she could not control the beating of the blood in her brain. I felt that she was conscious of this betrayal, under the gaze of the policeman, and she laughed to district his attention. My heart ached for her. I thought of a meadow-lark manoeuvring to hide the place where her nest lies. Poor, beautiful Maxine! In spite of her pride, her high courage, the veneer of hardness which her experience of the world had given, she was infinitely pathetic in my eyes; and though I had never loved her, though I did love another woman, I would have given my gladly at this minute if I could have saved her from the catastrophe she dreaded.

CHAPTER V.

Ivor Does What He Can for Maxine.

"How long a time do you think I had been in this room, Monsieur," she asked, "before you—rather rudely, I must say—broke in upon my conversation with my friend?"

"You had been here exactly three minutes," replied the Commissary of Police."

"As much as that? I should have thought less. We had to greet each other, after having been parted for many months; and still, in the three minutes, you believe that we had time to concoct a plot of some sort, and to find some safe corner—all the while in semi-darkness—for the hiding of a thing important to the police—a bomb, perhaps?

To be Continued To-Morrow.

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