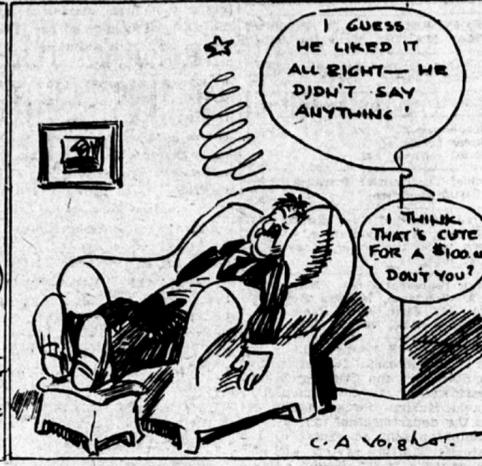


The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — HOW TO NICK YOUR ROLL IS ALL THEY THINK OF, EH PE TEY?

BY C. A. VOIGHT



A CHARMING LOVE STORY BASED ON THE BEST PLAY SINCE SECRET SERVICE INSIDE THE LINES By EARL DERR BIGGERS and SEVEN KEYS TO BALDHEAD and ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

Slowly the figure seated before the dressing mirror turned to face him. Tumbling hair framed the girl's face, partly veiling the yellow brown eyes, which seemed two spots of metal coming to incandescence under heat. Her hands, one still holding a comb, lay supinely in her lap.

"I admit this is a surprise, Capper," Louisa said, letting each word fall sharply, but without emphasis. "However, it is like you to be—unconventional. May I ask what you want this time—besides money, of course?"

Capper wiggled his lips and smiled wryly. He had jumped so swiftly to impulse that he had not prepared himself beforehand against the moment when he should be face to face with the girl from the Wilhelmstrasse. Moreover, he had expected to be closer to her—very close indeed—before the time for words should come.

"I—I saw you tonight and followed you here," he began lamely.

"Flattering!" She laughed shortly. "Oh, you needn't try to come to me with words!" Capper's teeth showed in a nasty grin as his rage flared back from the first suppression of surprise. "I've come here to have a settlement for a little affair between you and me."

"Blackmail? Why, Billy Capper, how true to form you run!" The yellow-brown eyes were alight and burning now. "Have you determined the sum you want or are you in the open market?"

Capper grinned again and shifted his weight, inadvertently advancing one foot a little nearer the seated girl as he did so.

"Pretty quick with the tongue—as always," he sneered. "But this time it doesn't go, Louisa. You pay differently this time—pay for selling me out. Understand?" Again one foot shifted forward a few inches by the accident of some slight body movement on the man's part. Louisa still sat before her dressing mirror, hands carelessly crossed on her lap.

"Selling you out?" she repeated evenly.

"Oh! So you finally did discover that you were elected to the goat? Brilliant Capper! How long before you made up your mind you had a grievance?"

The girl's cool admission goaded the little man's fury to frenzy. His mind craved for action—for the leap and the tightening of fingers about that taunting throat; but somehow his body, strangely detached from the rest of volition as if it were another's body, lagged to the command. Violence had never been its mission; muscles were slow to accept this new conception of the mind. But the man's feet followed their chafy intelligence, by fractions of inches they moved forward stealthily.

"You wouldn't be here now," Louisa coldly went on "if you weren't fortune's bright-eyed boy. You were slated to be taken off the boat at Malta and shot; the boat didn't stop at Malta through no fault of ours, and so you arrived at Alexandria—and became a nuisance." One of the girl's hands lifted from her lap and lazily played along the edge of the rose-wood standard which supported the mirror on the dressing table. It stopped at a curiously carved rosette in the rococo work. Capper's suspicious eye noted the movement. He started for time—the time needed by those stealthy feet to shorten the distance between themselves and the girl.

"Why," he hissed, "why did you give me a number with the Wilhelmstrasse and send me to Alexandria if I was to be caught and shot at Malta? That's what I'm here to find out."

"Excellent Capper!" Her fingers were playing with the convolutions of the carved rosette. "Intelligent Capper! He comes to a lady's room at night to find the answer to a simple question. He shall have it. He evidently does not know the method of the Wilhelmstrasse, which is to choose two men for every task to be accomplished. One—the 'target,' we

call him—goes first; our friends whose secrets we seek are allowed to become suspicious of him—we even give them a hint to help them in their suspicion. They seize the 'target,' and in time of war he becomes a real target for a firing squad, as you should have been, Capper, at Malta. Then when our friends believe they have nipped our move in the bud follow the second man—who turns the trick."

Capper was still wrestling with that baffling stubbornness of the body. Each word the girl uttered was like vitriol on his writhing soul. His mind willed murder—willed it with all the strength of hate; but still the springs of his body were cramped—by what? Not cowardice, for he was beyond reckoning results. Certainly not compassion or any saving virtue of civility. Why did his eyes constantly stray to that white hand lifted to allow the fingers to play with the filigree of wood on the mirror support?

Then you engineered the stealing of my number—from the hollow under the handle of my cane—some time between Paris and Alexandria?" he challenged in a whisper, his face thrust forward between hunched shoulders.

"No, indeed. It was necessary for you to have—the evidence of your profession when the English searched you at Malta. But the loss of your number is not news; Koch, in Alexandria, has reported, of course."

The girl saw Capper's foot steel forward again. He was not six feet from her now. His wiry body settled itself ever so slightly for a spring. Louisa rose from her chair, one hand still resting on the wooden rosette of the mirror standard. She began to speak in a voice drained of all emotion:

"You followed me here tonight, Billy Capper, imagining in your poor little soul that you were going to do something desperate—something really human and brutal. You came in window all primed for murder. But your poor little soul all went to water the instant we faced each other. You couldn't nerve yourself to leap upon a woman even. You can't now."

She smiled on him—a woman's flaying smile of pity. Capper writhed, and his features twisted themselves in a paroxysm of hate.

"I have my finger on a bell button here, Capper. If I press it men will come in here and kill you without asking a question. Now you'd better go."

Capper's eyes jumped to focus on a round white nib under one of the girl's fingers there on the mirror's standard. The little ivory button was just a centimeter from his hand. He stared at it a moment, then followed, chose a position outside Government House from which he could see the main entrance and waited.

A tall thin East Indian with a narrow ascetic face under his closely wound white turban, and wearing a native livery of the same spotless white, answered the captain's summons on the heavy knocker. He accepted the visitor's card, showed him into a dim hallway hung with faded arras and coats of chain mail. The Indian, Jaimhr Khan, gave Captain Woodhouse a start when he returned to say the governor would receive him in his office. The man had a tread like a cat's, absolutely noiseless; he moved through the half light of the hall like a white wraith. His English was spoken precisely and with a curious mechanical intonation. Jaimhr Khan threw back heavy double doors and announced, "Captain Woodhouse." He had the doors shut noiselessly almost before the visitor was through them.

A tall heavy-set man with graying hair and mustache rose from a broad desk at the right of a large room and advanced with hand outstretched in cordial welcome.

"Captain Woodhouse, of the signal service. Welcome to the Rock, Captain. Need you here. Glad you've

come."

Woodhouse studied the face of his superior in a swift glance as he shook hands. A broad full face it was, kindly, intelligent, perhaps not so alert as to the set of eyes and mouth as it had been in younger days when the stripes of service were still to be won. General Sir George Crandall gave the impression of a man content to rest on his honors, though scrupulously attentive to the routine of his position. He motioned the younger man to draw up to the desk.

"In yesterday on the Princess Mary, I presume, Captain?"

"Yes, General. Didn't report to you on arrival because I thought it would be quite tea time and I didn't want to disturb—"

"Right!" General Crandall tipped back in his swivel chair and appraised his new officer with satisfaction. "Everything quiet on the upper Nile? Germans not tinkering with the Mul-lah yet to start insurrection or anything like that?"

"Right as a trivet, sir," Woodhouse answered promptly. "Of course we're anticipating some such move by the enemy—agents working in from Ery-thra—holy war of a sort, perhaps, but I think our people have things well in hand."

"And at Wady Halfa, your former commander—?" The general hesitated.

"Major Bronson-Webb, sir," Woodhouse was quick to supply, but without a sharp glance at the older man.

"Yes—yes; Bronson-Webb—knew him in Rangoon in the late nineties—mighty decent chap and a good executive. He's standing the sun, I warrant."

Captain Woodhouse accepted the cigarette from the general's extended case.

"No complaint from him at least, General Crandall. We all get pretty well baked at Wady, I take it."

The governor laughed, and tapped a bell on his desk. Jaimhr Khan was instantly materialized between the double doors.

"My orderly, Jaimhr," General Crandall ordered, and the doors were shut once more. The general stretched a hand across the desk.

"Your papers, please, Captain. I'll receipt your order of transfer and you'll be a member of our garrison forthwith."

Captain Woodhouse brought a thin sheaf of folded papers from his breast pocket and passed it to his superior. He kept his eyes steadily on the general's face as he scanned them.

"C. G. Woodhouse—Chief Signal Officer—Ninth Grenadiers—Wady Halfa—?" General Crandall conned the transfer aloud, running his eyes rapidly down the lines of the form.

"Right. Now, Captain, when my orderly comes—"

A subaltern entered and saluted.

"This is Captain Woodhouse," General Crandall indicated Woodhouse, who had risen. "Kindly conduct him to Major Bishop, who will assign him to quarters. Captain Woodhouse, you—Lady Crandall and I—will expect you at Government House soon to make your bow over the teacup. One of Lady Crandall's inflexible rules for new recruits, you know. Good day, sir."

Woodhouse, out in the free air again, drew in a long breath and braced back his shoulders. He accompanied the subaltern over the trails on the Rock to the quarters of Major Bishop, chief signal officer, under whom he was to be junior in command. But one regret marked his first visit to Government House—he had not caught even a glimpse of the little person calling herself Jane Gerson, buyer.

But he had missed by a narrow margin. Piloted by Lady Crandall, Jane had left the vaulted breakfast room for the larger and lighter library which Sir George had converted to the purpose of an office. This room was a sort of holy of holies with Lady Crandall, to be invaded if the presiding genius could be caught napping or lulled to complaisance.

(To be continued.)

Evening Story

A DELINQUENT HUSBAND.
By Erne Olmstead.

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Beatrice straightened up from her darning and glanced across the living room table at her husband engrossed in the evening paper. Her appraisal was silent, but comprehensive. Except for a little thinning of the hair above the temples and the addition of a little time since she had given herself much thought, but now she looked searchingly at each individual feature, her hair, her eyes, the curve of her mouth and her smooth, velvety cheeks. She gazed long and carefully, but finally turned away satisfied.

She had once been the most sought after girl in town on account of her beauty, and she felt that there was enough left to carry out a plan she was making. For Beatrice had been thinking as she darned and had just about concluded to do something.

Fred's magnetism—the thing that had caught and held her when she struggled against marriage and the loss of her freedom—unfortunately had the same effect upon other women that it had upon herself. Fred was the lion of the hour. And just because he had a way with him—making every body feel that he, or especially she, was the only being on the globe who amounted to anything—he was flirted with and petted by every pretty woman he met.

The effect had been slow, but sure. Fred had been spoiled and had gotten away from her. He was to all purposes his old devoted self, but it was a casual, accustomed sort of love he had for her now, she felt, and his devotion was a habit rather than a passion. He called her his "dear old Bee" and all that, but if anything kept her home from a party it didn't affect either his own attending or his own good time. And if she did go it did not affect them either, for that matter, for he was scarcely with her at all.

Beatrice had never cared much or resented all this. She was busy with her own duties and her children and she argued that Fred would come back to her when the children were older and she had more time. But now the children were older and she had plenty of time to do too much, but Fred had not come back.

"I think I'll run over to the club, Bee." Her husband came out of the living room and went for his hat. "If I am not home by eleven go to bed, Goodbye." He kissed her lightly on the cheek and went out. Beatrice knew he would not be home by eleven, and she knew too, that he could have taken her with him if he had wished it, for there was an informal dance every Friday. And the maid could have stayed with the children well enough.

She sighed and went back to the mirror. "I'm all right," she assured herself again, "and I'm going to do it. It's worth trying anyway, and if it doesn't work I'll be no worse off than I am now. I'm sure Fred still cares for me, only he doesn't know it. So I'll have to show him."

She went to her desk and took out two letters. The first was a business letter inclosing a check for \$500, her own dividend that she received from some family stock. The second was from Evelyn Warren in New York, urging her to make them a visit. "We are in the midst of a merry whirl, dearie," she wrote, "so you'll have no chance to be bored. Besides, Cecil (Frankton is here and not married yet. (He never got over losing you, Bee). Two weeks away from that poky old place will make a new woman of you. Do come. Lovingly, Eva."

With the check she had decided to do so many things—to surprise Fred on his birthday by fixing over the old nursery into a billiard room, for one thing, and to get the children a pony, for another. But if she did either, she couldn't accept Evelyn's invitation, as she needed clothes, and that was part of her plan. She re-read Evelyn's letter and thought of Fred's indifferent parting. "I'll do it," she said to herself for the third time, and this time

BEAUTY CHATS

A New Coiffure

THE FASHION of going south in mid-winter has brought about a change of styles at this time, and while not radical, it is not without its effect on women everywhere, even if they



a revision in the style of dressing the hair follows. All of which we welcome as a refreshing change.

The illustration shows one of the new coiffures, which may be used for all day occasions, and is also quite appropriate for dress, as it is so universally becoming to certain types. The part is merely suggested, by combing the hair from a given point over the forehead—preferably to one side. If one has a Madonna-like face, the middle part will be interesting, but all others should seek the irregularly which comes from combing the hair from a side point.

In copying this style, be sure that the hair is soft and loose over the forehead and down along the line of the profile. If the front hair cannot be kept loose while doing it with the balance of the head, separate it from the back, and do the knot first, then arrange the front, making a soft framing around the face, and bring the ends of the front hair around and under the back knot.

Questions and Answers

Kindly give me a remedy for white bruises on the finger nails. I do not know them a great deal, but I have always had these spots.—E. E. F.

Reply—White spots on the nails are deposits of lime. Sometimes they occur from bad circulation in the hands, and again, from a surplus of lime in the system, usually from drinking hard water. Strychn and equal parts, will make a pomade which can be rubbed into the nails to bleach the spots, but their cure is to restore the same.

I have a receding chin? Can you tell me how to improve it by massage, etc.? I have dressed my hair low, as you previously suggested, and it helps some.—Anonymous.

Reply—Learn to carry your head high, with a forward tilt to the chin. Don't wear extremely high collars. Massage the muscles of the chin, in the angles at the base of the ear, and point, so as to lengthen the line from the throat.

Its simplicity suggests the classic

Do not go farther than their own home town. New and simpler styles in gowns and millinery appear as the result of this southern trade, and

she wrote a letter of acceptance to New York leaving the place for the date vacant to be filled in later. Then she hauled out some fashion magazines and read until eleven.

"Fred," she asked at breakfast, "when do you think you will make your business trip to New York? You always go about this time, don't you?"

"Yes, I've been thinking about it. About the twenty-fifth, I suppose."

"When you are away I think I'll take the children and—and go to Aunt Martha's. She's been writing for us, you know, I'm getting some new clothes."

"That's right. You won't get so lonely." Time was when he would have said: "Can't you get Aunt Martha to come and stay here with the children so you can go with me? The trip would do you good." In fact, in their early married life she had gone with him twice and she knew what a round of pleasure it was. She strongly suspected, however, that nowadays the round of pleasure had no place for her, and she was right.

That day she filled in the date of the letter and mailed it; then betook herself to the tailors and dressmakers in a nearby city. Time was short for what she had to do.

Fred, too, made due preparations for his trip east, and when he finally arrived in the great metropolis he was received by a certain pleasure loving set with wide open arms. A few hours with business men through the day and long evenings of dining, dancing, theaters and cabarets with jolly people.

"Freddie," declared pretty Mrs. Huntleigh, "you have saved my life. Tom's niece is visiting us and we need an odd man for her. We have a thousand things to do in the next two weeks and I am going to expect you to see us through." So "Freddie" was helping them out to the best of his ability.

One night, at the theater, a party came in late and occupied a box quite near them. At the close of the act Fred leaned over to Isabelle. "What do you think of it, Miss Murtland? Good music, eh?" For answer she merely nodded her head toward the newcomers. "I was wondering," she said, "who that stunning looking woman is talking to Cecil Frampton. They are with the Warrens."

He followed her glance and started with dismay. For it was Beatrice whom Isabelle Murtland had noticed. Beatrice, so bewilderingly beautiful and looking so wonderfully happy and animated that he had to look again to be sure it was she. Beatrice did not see him and he drew back into the shadow of the box. "She is pretty, by Jove," he managed to get out. "And he was right. His wife was by far the loveliest woman in the house."

In the next week he saw her four times with Frampton and the Warrens, at different places of amusement, but he always managed some way to remain unnoticed. Beatrice was always beautifully gowned and men, he could see, were anxious to meet her and talk to her. The iron of jealousy was entering his soul, and he swore to kill Frampton, whom he knew of old and all about his suit for Beatrice.

"My wife's the best looking woman in New York," he cried, savagely one evening. "I don't know how she happens to be here, but I know she isn't going to fill up that fool any longer. And he called with that Warren on the 'phone."

"Beatrice went home this morning," said Evelyn Warren in answer to his inquiry. "She tried to find you everywhere when she was here. She was so sorry and disappointed."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed when he had run off. "If that man ever finds out how we worked and contrived to follow him about and how the Huntleighs helped us out, he'll shoot every one of us. The silly man did need a lesson, though, and I hope he's got it. I hope Beatrice will keep him jealous way to hold some men. She is a darling! And Cecil has been a brick, poor dear! I only hope Bee won't tell Fred a word of the plot, or she'll spoil it all."

And Beatrice didn't and a more devoted husband than Freddie doesn't exist.

BOSTON PORT BUSY.

Boston, Jan. 27.—A gain of almost \$7,000,000 was made in the total foreign trade of the port of Boston in 1915 over that of the previous year, according to figures made public today. Imports from Europe amounted to \$46,000,000 and exports to \$11,000,000.

ROBBERS PREVENT CASH SHIPMENTS

Houston, Tex., Jan. 27.—Train robbers in Oklahoma have caused the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad to discontinue money shipment at night through that state, it was said here today by J. F. Garvin, general freight agent. Other railroads also have discontinued carrying money on night trains in the southwest.