

# The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — OUTDOOR SKATING IS A VERY BRACING EXERCISE, EH, PETEY?

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 XIII. (Continued.)

How desperate the necessity for it. Almer could guess when he took into reckoning the dangers that beset any attempt at communication on the writer's part. So narrow the margin of safety for this "friend" that he must look at each setting sun as being reasonably the last for him.

Almer did not attempt to go behind the note and guess who was the informer that had lodged information with the governor general. He had forgotten, in fact, the incident of the night before, when the blustering Copper called the newly arrived Woodhouse by name. The flash of suspicion that attached responsibility to the American girl named Gerson was dissipated as quickly as it came; she had arrived by motor from Paris, not on the boat from Alexandria. His was now the imperative duty to carry warning to the two suspected, not to waste time in idle speculation as to the identity of the betrayer. There was but one ray of hope in this sudden pall of gloom, and that Almer grasped eagerly. He knew the character of General Crandall—the phlegmatic conservatism of the man, which would not easily be jarred out of an accustomed line of thought and action. The general would be slow to leap at an accusation brought against one wearing the stripes of service; and, though he might reasonably attempt to test Captain Woodhouse, one such as Woodhouse, chosen by the Wilhelmstrasse to accomplish so great a mission, would surely have the wit to parry suspicion.

Yes, he must be put on his guard. As for Louisa—well, it would be too bad if the girl should have to put her back against a wall; but she could be spared; she was not essential. After he had succeeded in getting word of his danger to Woodhouse, Almer would consider saving Louisa from a firing squad. The nimble mind of Herr Almer shook itself free from the incubus of dread and leaped to the exigency of the moment. Calling his head waiter to keep warm the chair behind the desk, Almer retired to his room, and there was exceedingly busy for half an hour.

The hour of parade during war time on Gibraltar was 1 o'clock. At that time, six days a week, the half of the garrison not actually in fighting position behind the great guns of the defense marched to the parade grounds down by the race track and there went through the grilling regimen that meant perfection and the maintenance of a hair-trigger state of readiness. Down from the rocky eminences where the barracks stood, marched this day block after block of olive-drab fighting units—artillerymen for the most part, equipped with the rifle and pack of infantrymen. No blare of brass music gave the measure to their step; bandmen in this time of reality paced two by two, stretchers carried between them. All the curl and snap of silken banners that made the parade a moving spectacle in ordinary times was absent; flags do not figure in the grim modern business of warfare. Just those solid blocks of men trained to kill, sweeping down on to the level grounds and massing, rank on rank, for inspection and the trip-hammer pound-pound-pound of evolutions to follow. Silent integers of power, flexing their muscles for the supreme test that any morning's sun might bring.

Mr. Henry J. Sherman stood with his wife, Kitty and Willy Kimball—Kimball had developed a surprising interest in one of these home folks, at least—under the shade of the row of plane trees fringing the parade grounds. They tried to persuade themselves that they were seeing something worth while. This pleasing fiction wore thin with Mr. Sherman before fifteen minutes had passed.

"Shucks, mother! The boys at the national guard encampment down to Galesburg fair last year made a better showing than this." He pursed up his lips and regarded a passing bat-

like the cutting arm of a giant mower. The party of Americans joined the sparse crowd of spectators at the edge of the field, the better to see. Jane Gerson found herself chatting with Willy Kimball and Kitty Sherman a little apart from the others. A light touch fell on her elbow. She turned to find Almer, the hotel keeper, smiling deferentially.

"Pardon—a thousand pardons for the intrusion, lady. I am Almer, of the Hotel Splendide."

"You haven't remembered something more I owe you," Jane challenged brusquely.

"Oh, no, lady!" Almer spread out his hands. "I happened to see you here watching the parade, and I remembered a trivial duty I have which, if I may be so bold as to ask, you may discharge much more quickly than I—if you will."

"I discharge a duty—for you?" The girl did not conceal her puzzlement. Almer's hand fumbled in a pocket of his flapping alpaca coat and produced a plain silver cigarette case, unannounced. She looked at it wonderingly.

"Captain Woodhouse—you met him at my hotel last night, lady. He left this lying on his dresser when he quit his room to go to barracks today. For me it is difficult to send a messenger with it to the barracks—war time, lady—many restrictions inside the lines. I came here hoping perhaps to see the captain after the parade. But you—"

"You wish me to give this to Captain Woodhouse?" Jane finished, a flicker of annoyance crossing her face. "Why me?"

"You are at Government House, lady. Captain Woodhouse comes to tea—all newcomers to the garrison do that. If you would be so good—"

Jane took the cigarette case from Almer's outstretched hand. Lady Crandall had told her the captain would be for tea that afternoon. It was a small matter, this accommodation—as he had not done—any important. Imply any over-earnestness on her part to perform so minor a service for the officer. Almer bowed his thanks and lost himself in the crowd. Jane turned again to where Kitty and Kimball were chatting.

"A dun for extra service the landlord forgot last night, I'll wager," the youth greeted her.

"Oh, no, just a little present," Jane laughed back at him, holding up the silver case. "With Almer's compliments to Captain Woodhouse, who forgot it when he gave up his room today. I've promised to turn it over to the captain and save the hotel man a lot of trouble and red tape getting a messenger through to the captain's quarters."

"By Jove!" Kimball's tired eyes lighted up with a quick flash of smugness. "A life saver! Came away from my room without my pet Egyptians—Mr. Sherman yelling at me to hurry or we'd miss this slow show and all that. I'm going to play the panhandler and beg one of your captain friend's smokes. He must be a good sort or you wouldn't be doing little favors for him. Miss Gerson. Come, now, in your capacity as temporary executrix will you invest one of the captain's cigarettes in a demand of real charity?"

Keen desire was scarcely veiled under Kimball's fiction of light patter. Smilingly the girl extended the case to him.

"Just to make it businesslike, the executrix demands your note for—um—sixty days, say. For one cigarette received, I promise to pay—"

"Given!" He pulled a gold pencil from his pocket and made a pretense of writing the form on his cuff. Then he lit his borrowed cigarette and inhaled it gratefully.

"Your captain friend's straight from Egypt; I don't have to be told that," Willy Kimball murmured, in polite ecstasy. "At Shepard's, in Cairo, you'll get such a cigarette as this, and nowhere else in a barren world. The breath of the acanthus blossom—if it really has a breath—never heard."

"Back in Kewancee the Ladies' Aid society will have you arrested," Kitty put in mischievously. "They're terribly wrought up over cigarettes—for minors."

Kimball cast her a glance of deep reproach. As he lifted the cigarette to his lips for a second puff, Jane's eyes mechanically followed the movement. Something caught and held them, wonder filled.

On the side of the white paper cylinder nearest her a curious brown streak appeared—by the merest freak of chance her glance fell on it. As

### LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

Mothir, you woodent call me a sooperstishish man, wood you, pop sed to ma afir suppir, last nite.

Wy, no, not especially, sed ma.

Im not sooperstishish dont at all, sed pop, not the sliest, but this afternoon I was with Ed Wheeler, and he is the most sooperstishish man that ever throo salt over his shoulder, and he insisted on going into a fortune tellers to ask her some fool questhish, and wile I was in there I had my fortune told, jest for fun, not that Im enyway sooperstishish and among uther things, the woman told me I wood soon be held up and robbed, and that wen the time came, it woodent do me eny good to resist.

Well I hope you dont put eny faith in such nomenas, sed ma.

Serently not, didnt I jest get throo saying I not sooperstishish, sed pop, but confound it all, there was something about that woman's eyes that haunts me, and if I was eny way sooperstishish at all, I mite half believe there was something to it.

Well then its a good thing your not

she looked, the thin stain grew darker nearest the fresh ash. The farther end of the faint tracing moved—yes, moved, like a threadworm groping its way along a stick.

"Now what are they all doing out there?" Kitty Sherman was asking.

"All those men running up and down with their guns carried up so high."

"Bayonet charge," Kimball answered.

"Nothing like the real thing, of course."

Jane Gerson was watching the twisting and writhing of that filament of brown against the white. An invisible hand was writing in brown ink on the side of the cigarette—writing backward and away from the burning tip. It lengthened by seconds—and Louisa to Crandall.

The letters of silver nitrate formed themselves under her eyes. Kimball took the cigarette from his lips and held it by his side for a minute. He and Kitty were busy with each other's company for the time, ignoring Jane. She burned with curiosity and with excitement mounting like the fire of wine to her brain. Would he never put that cigarette to his lips again, so she could follow the invisible pen! So fleeting, so evanescent that worm track on the paper, wrought by fire and by fire to be consumed. A mystery vanishing even as it was aborning! After ages, the unconscious Kimball set the cigarette again in his lips.

"Former has denounced you and Louisa—play your game and he will be slow to—"

Again the cigarette came away in Kimball's hand. Acting on impulse she did not stop to question, Jane struck it from the young man's outstretched hand and set her foot on it as it fell in the dust.

"Oh, I'm clumsy!" She fell lightly against Kimball's shoulder and caught herself in well simulated confusion. "Standing tiptoe to see what that man on a horse is going to do—lost my balance. And—your precious cigarette—gone!"

The anguish in Jane Gerson's voice was not play. It was real—terribly real.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### The Captain Comes to Tea.

The incident of the cigarette on the parade ground a few hours back, set before a narrow window in her room at Government House, fighting a great bewilderment. The window opened on a varied prospect of blooming gardens and salt flecked bay beyond. But for her eyes the riot of color and clash of contrast between bald cliff and massed green had no appeal. Her hands locked and unlocked themselves on her lap. The girl's mind was struggling to coordinate scattered circumstances into a comprehensible whole, to grapple with the ethical problem of her own conduct.

What she knew, or thought she knew—and what she should do—those were the two saber points of the dilemma upon which she found herself impaled.

(To be continued.)

### KILLED BY TREE FALL.

Waukon, Feb. 5.—Louis Buntrock of French Creek township was killed when a huge tree he was chopping fell upon him. He leaves a wife and several children.

### WAR FUND INCREASED.

Amsterdam, Feb. 5.—A Bucharest dispatch says that at yesterday's sitting of the Rumanian chamber the minister of finance introduced a bill authorizing a supplementary military credit of 5,000,000 pounds sterling. Total war credits thus far amount to 24,000,000 pounds.

### SPY SUSPECT FREED.

Windsor, Ont., Feb. 5.—Charles Strony, the opera singer arrested here last night on suspicion of having been connected with the fire in the parliament house at Ottawa on Thursday night, was released today on orders from the dominion government. Strony expects to leave for Chicago this afternoon.

### DUTCH INDIGNANT AT GERMANS FOR TORPEDOING SHIP

#### REPARATION DEMANDED IN THE LEADING PAPERS; WANT COMMANDER PUNISHED.

The Hague, Feb. 5.—Dutch newspapers, both pro-German and anti-German, are unanimous in demanding from Germany a prompt explanation of and reparation for the torpedoing of the Dutch tank steamer Artemis by a German torpedo boat in the North sea.

The newspapers call for punishment of the German commander who was responsible for what is described as a violation of law and an unjustifiable act of war against The Netherlands.

The Vaderland asks what the British fleet was doing while a conspicuous colored German torpedo boat flotilla was calmly cruising the busiest steamer track between the Hook of Holland and the Noordhinder lightship.

The Nieuwe Courant treats the case as a breakdown of the "vaunted German organization and discipline," which it says, seems urgently to need improvement, especially from the viewpoint of the safety of lives and property of neutrals. It demands complete pecuniary and political satisfaction from Germany.

### PLENTY OF FOOD AT TURK CAPITAL

Berlin, Feb. 5.—The American ambassador at Constantinople, Henry Morgenthau, who has arrived at Berlin on his way to the United States, said in an interview today as given out by the Overseas News agency that the situation in Constantinople was almost normal and there was no scarcity of food.

The ambassador said the new express service between Berlin and Constantinople was excellent and that the train compared favorably with the best in America.

### HAIR SWELLS WAR FUND

Denver, Colo., Feb. 5.—Girls in Germany who have beautiful hair are contributing to the war fund by selling their locks, according to Mrs. Frances Bode, who today is canvassing here to sell the braids of two sisters in Germany.

The tresses of her niece, she said, had brought \$25, and in that section of Germany, cutting of girls' hair as a means of contributing to the war fund had become a fad.

## ODDS AND ENDS AFTER THE MODE

### A WORD ON HATS AND HAT TRIMMINGS FOR SPRING

#### OSTRICH BANDING ON FROCKS

New York, February 5.—The "dress up" notion seems to have taken a strong hold on us, one and all. Our shop windows present wonderful changes each day, and our avenue has become a veritable kaleidoscope of attractively gowned and hatted women. Perhaps it is the opening of the new season with its suggestion of coming spring, although the frost and snap of old winter still lingers, which causes us to look with more appreciative eyes than usual on the new offerings in

ette, and fashioned of faille, or the new soft luster satins. One of the most attractive of these is developed in the new Callot color, a soft shade of pink lavender. The hat is very simple, a medium sailor turned up sharply on the left side, having no contrasting trimming; the bag is of the same soft luster satin as the hat, and the collar, also of silk, is corded about an inch apart, and fasts at with long ribbon ends for tying. These are being made up in many colors and are unusually effective as a finishing touch on an afternoon frock of silk or one of the sheer cottons.

Fashions in Handbags

Now that some of the old hat styles are all right again, a new crop of appearances that were before the war is being shown once more. Once upon a time it was considered for its useful qualities alone. Now it lends an added touch of color or richness to tailored suit and of an encoo frock, and its appropriateness for both



Illustrating the Cape Collar, must be considered. The voluminous bag of soft morocco and like soft leathers in dark colorings, the black patent leather bag, lined with bright red or cream colored moire silk and the envelope purses, also lined with bright silks, are good form with tailored suits. There are some attractive novelty striped leathers also being used with dark tailored suits very effectively. Antique brocades, Japanese embroideries, and dyed laces are fashioned into effective and artistic bags for the afternoon gown.

Several of the newest fashion features are illustrated in the afternoon frocks illustrating this letter; the cape collar is one, the drop shoulder and attractive sleeve is another. The band trimmed skirt is new and effective and the full pointed tunic is smart and becoming.

Whether ostrich as trimming for hats will be favored to any great degree, is still a question; that it will be used considerably, as in the past season or two, for fancies, odd little stick-ups, balls, rosettes and similar effects, on the chic small hats which are being introduced as first models for spring, has already been confirmed. Many handsome hats are being shown this season. The new braids are most shiny; glaze effects will predominate, although one sees some effective dull finished hems and tagals. A new glaze braid from Paris resembles nothing so much as the scales of a fish, and it is appropriately named "fish-scale" straw. Some flowers will be used on the new hats, and quantities of ribbon. The new colors in millinery are, generally speaking, black, which is quite as strong as ever, geranium-pink, abstiné, polished gold, mint green and baby chick; the last a charmingly suggestive title.

Among the attractive millinery notions being displayed in the shops, and worn at the southern resorts, are sets consisting of hat, handbag and collar-