

The Seattle Star. Published Daily By The Star Publishing Co. Phone Main 4422. Entered at Seattle, Wash., Postoffice as second-class matter. By mail, out of city, one year, \$1.00; 6 months, \$1.50; 3 months, \$2.00; 1 month, \$2.50. Single copies, 5 cents.

A Novel a Week

A standard, high-class, book-size novel, complete this week in this paper. Being a long story, it will continue to come to you every day.

"THE LITTLE FORTUNE"

By Arnold Fredericks—Copyright by F. A. Munsey Co.

A Great Feature

Nothing all the other good things this paper will give each week. A thrilling, novel. Nothing better for evening reading.

NEXT WEEK—"SUNSHINE JANE" BY ANNE WARNER

It Will Be Blasted Enough

THE losses in dead and permanently incapacitated in proportion to population are estimated at 0.7 per cent for the entente countries and 1.4 per cent for their enemies, which leads Collier's to the conclusion "that talk about a blasted Europe is not warranted by the facts" and that the belligerents will have strength enough left after the war for rapid economic revival.

Humanity's remarkable ability to recover from greater disaster is well established, but the killing and maiming do not, by any means, represent the economic loss in war.

There is also a tremendous loss in the efficiency of men who return from war unshut.

This will be found to be particularly true of the present war, with its new methods of impairing the minds and spirits of men.

And there must be some loss even among those who don't directly participate in the war.

Cheapening of human life does not tend toward general efficiency because it is deterioration of human aspirations and ideals.

Preserving Daylight

THE allies have declared, from time to time, that the Germans were running short of most everything under the skies, but to date they have never claimed a shortage of daylight.

Now, however, the German federal council has passed a measure providing that on May 1st all clocks shall be set ahead one hour, the stated purpose of the measure being to "lengthen the hours of daylight and to decrease the necessity for artificial light."

"And he bade the sun stand still." Mighty man, that kaiser!

The Bad Boy

WHEN Johnny slaps Mary you tell him he is a "bad boy." But you don't really think he is a bad boy. You don't believe that your child could be a bad boy. Something in your heart says it is impossible. But you tell Johnny he is "bad" and soon he begins to believe it, and to act according to his belief.

Wouldn't it be better to tell Johnny the truth: That he is a good boy who sometimes does bad things?

THAT 11-YEAR-OLD Des Moines boy who refused to salute the flag in school got a suspended sentence of nine years at the state reform school. Children have simply got to be patriotic, the wags have to beat it into them.

WALL STREET got its name from a pallade of stakes to keep out Indians. The stakes are gone, but the Indians are still there.

Speak Up, Mr. Lee

GEORGE E. LEE, candidate for governor, is begging the question on nonpartisanship. He criticizes Gov. Lister's declaration for nonpartisanship and attempts to cite that Lister's acts have not been nonpartisan under a partisan system of government.

Lister wants to make the state nonpartisan. What does Lee want to do? Does he want it to remain partisan?

That's the question, Mr. Lee. THERE IS A GREAT PRINCIPLE INVOLVED IN NONPARTISANSHIP. IF YOU SHOULD BE ELECTED GOVERNOR, WOULD YOU RECOMMEND ITS ADOPTION, MR. LEE?

The Old Familiar Roar

CERTAIN of our grave and reverend United States senators have waked up long enough to roar "Socialism" at the proposition to build a government plant to take nitrogen from the air for the making of powder and fertilizer.

Of course, it's socialism, or paternalism, or any other oldism that means the doing of things by the people for the people.

So was the building of the Panama canal, the subsidizing of the transcontinental railroads and all the big works of irrigation and in his present Alaska doings Uncle Sam is about the rankest sort of a socialist ever heard of.

But what matters what you call it, if it is a good thing? Had the first rose been called "onion," we would today have just as many roses.

New Business Opening

MR. BRYAN, in the last Commoner, under the hypocritical heading, "The Duty of a Friend," shoots President Wilson and his policies as full of holes as is the nozzle of a sprinkling pot.

What a liberal patronage would be the lot of an insurance company game enough to insure a man against his friends in these United States of ours!

Where the Dead Lie Thick

WE WOULD respectfully suggest to some of our wealthy philanthropists that the time is about ripe to start a movement to erect a monument over the ruins of Verdun to be inscribed: "The tomb of France and Germany. Here rest their bravest in peace and pieces."

IN AN absent-minded moment, those border censors have let thru the information that Gen. Pershing doesn't know exactly where Villa is. Once in a while, we get a mighty reliable report from Mexico, anyhow.

Duval returned to the deck

keeping a sharp lookout for Vernon; but the latter was nowhere to be seen. He determined upon a bold move. He ascertained from the acting purser, who had replaced Vernon at New York, that the latter was for the time being sharing the stateroom of the first officer. He went to the room at once and knocked.

The man within was busy changing his things. He came to the door, clad only in his underclothes, opened it cautiously and looked out. When he saw the detective he frowned. "I regret that I cannot ask you to enter at present," he said. "as you see, I am dressing."

Duval's eyes were fixed upon the jagged scar which disfigured the other man's left arm near the elbow. "I beg your pardon, monsieur," he said. "I merely wished to ask you a few questions about this man Hausman. I will call at his home as soon as possible."

"Very well," Duval said, and bowed and hastily withdrew. He immediately sought an interview with Captain Bonnet, whom he found to be on the bridge.

He explained his discovery to the captain, but the latter only laughed at him and refused to make the arrest.

CHAPTER X. Bonnet Gets a Surprise. The Richelieu swung majestically toward the mouth of the Seine and the port of Havre.

Duval stood watching the health officers splash seaward in their fussy launch. Upon the launch, it proved, was Vernet, M. Lefevre's assistant, come to meet Duval.

The vessel was just being made fast at her pier and the passengers were crowding to the gangplank. Vernet glanced toward the crowd on the dock, and presently caught the eye of a man who stood a little to one side smoking a cigarette. He looked like a well-to-do clerk.

The man approached. Vernet scribbled a few words on a card and threw it down to him. The man picked it up, read it, then put it into his pocket. After that he disappeared among the crowd.

The first purser of the vessel was George Vernon. The man to whom Vernet had thrown the note was now standing near the foot of the gangplank. He looked up expectantly. Vernet threw away his cigar. As Vernon started up the pier the man who had been waiting started after him.

In a short time the woman who had been Vernon's companion also went ashore. Grace was but a few steps behind her.

Presently Duval and Vernet also descended to the pier. A few moments later the little motor launch, which had been waiting in the bank, enough for his passage. The doctor arranged everything. When they went aboard I wanted to go to the dock to see Henri off, but he told me the doctor did not wish it. So he said good-bye to me here and went away. Today this woman came and told me that he was dead.

"She said that he died after he arrived in New York, and was buried there. That was all."

"Why, Henri—Henri, Musset?" "Tell me all about it," said Grace quickly. "You see, I know so little. I do not even know your name. This locket came into my hands purely by accident. I shall be very glad if you will tell me its history."

The girl began to speak in an eager, excited voice. "I am Georgette Valmy," she said. "Henri was my betrothed. We were to have been married this year. I have my initials, G. V., on the locket."

"In June he became very ill. It began with a cold. The doctor said it was the terrible consumption—that he might never again get well. It seemed to me impossible for him to get so badly, and he looked always big and strong and well."

"One day, just three weeks ago this coming Sunday, Henri came and told me that he had just been introduced to a new doctor—a specialist in lung disease. His name was Rastal. He was going, he said, to sail for America the next day. He had taken a great fancy to Henri, and said if he would come to America with him he would cure him."

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"Certainly." The girl stood with one hand upon the knob of the door.

Grace looked after the woman she had been following, but the latter had already passed from view. It did not matter, Grace argued. She would surely be able to find her again at the train.

The girl had already invited her to enter, and Grace passed in. "Won't you sit down, madame?" said the girl in French, as she drew a wicker chair. She was still weeping in a pitiful way, that went straight to Grace's heart.

"The latter went up to her. 'My dear child,' she said, 'you have had bad news.'"

"Yes," the girl nodded, but said no more.

Grace opened her purse and took out the little gold locket. 'I have brought you this,' she said, and placed the locket in the girl's hand.

The latter gazed at it for a moment. "Oh, Henri, Henri," she sobbed.

It was some little time before she recovered control of herself. Grace turned and looked out into the hot, sunny street. The word "Henri" had somewhat startled her. Vernon's first name was George.

Presently she turned. The girl had dried her eyes and sat looking tenderly at the locket. "He—he gave you this to bring to me?" she asked.

"Who?" asked Grace, determined in spite of the brutal nature of her questions to get at the truth.

"Tell me all about it," said Grace quickly. "You see, I know so little. I do not even know your name. This locket came into my hands purely by accident. I shall be very glad if you will tell me its history."

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CHAPTER XI. M. Dumas Reappears

When Grace Duval recovered her senses she found herself in a small but rather comfortably furnished room, which appeared to be a sort of living room or library.

She was not bound or confined in any way, and, so far as she could see, she was quite alone.

But at that moment the door at the rear of the room opened and two persons came in. They were the man who had represented himself as George Vernon, and the woman who had been with her in the cab.

"Only one thing to do," the man growled. "The game is up. We've got to get this woman out of here, secure the money as early as possible tomorrow, and leave Paris at once. Take that scarf from the shelf there and tie her wrists."

"What do you mean to do with her?" asked the woman, as she bound the scarf about the girl's arms.

"Fix her so that she can never bother us again, even after we leave Paris."

Grace's heart almost stopped beating as she heard the man's words.

None of the party had observed a shadowy form which had been standing partly hidden by one of the heavy curtains which hung before the windows. Now the figure advanced. It was a man. His face was ghastly pale—so pale, in fact, as to seem unreal. It was M. Dumas.

Suddenly Vernon, glancing up, saw his face. With a scream of terror, he fell back against the table.

The woman, turning at his cry, also saw the strange apparition, and with a groan, fainted and pitched headlong to the floor.

Grace, confused as she was in the chair, did not at first realize the cause of their terror. By turning her head she, too, caught a glimpse of the stranger, and the sight filled her with a wonderful sense of relief and joy.

"Well, M. Hartmann," said Dumas agreeably, "we meet again, and again you are about to commit a murder."

The man's teeth continued to chatter. He had supposed Dumas dead, and he had been wrong.

"I have come," Dumas went on, "to get the franc piece you have stolen from Mlle. Mercier."

His words apparently convinced the other man that he was dealing with a human being and not an apparition.

His hand swept toward his hip pocket. Before it got there, however, Dumas had drawn his own revolver and leveled it at the man's head.

"Put the franc on the table, my friend," he commanded imperiously, "and make up your mind that your little game is quite played out."

He moved as he spoke toward the door and still keeping Hartmann covered with the revolver, turned the key. Then he took from his pocket a tiny package and blew upon it a long, shrill blast.

Almost immediately the door was pushed open and Vernet appeared, followed by two gentlemen. "Search him," said Dumas. "He must have the franc concealed somewhere about his person."

The search, under Vernet's skilled hands, soon revealed that this was the case.

Duval took the franc piece and slipped it into his pocket. "This time, my friend," he said grimly, "you will not get it back."

"He turned to Vernet. 'I will explain the whole affair to you tomorrow, Vernet. Such parts of it as I am not familiar with, the prisoner will, no doubt, supply for me.'"

"Yes," he was he who introduced Henri to the doctor for Paris. He sent this woman to me just now to tell me of his death."

Grace rose. "I am glad to have heard about him," she said. "I am obliged to go to Paris, now; but I will come and see you again on my way back to America."

Two hours later, she made her way to the railroad station to wait until the woman she had been following should appear.

Following a waiting room she had sent a message to Richard at Paris. It was just a few minutes before train time when the woman walked in a leisurely and unconcerned fashion toward the train, looking for an unoccupied compartment.

It was not until Grace descended from the railroad carriage at Paris that she began to suspect that her companion was watching her.

Grace realized that to deliberate until the other had called a taxi would increase whatever suspicions the woman might already have concerning her, so she stepped at once into the taxi which had drawn up alongside the curb.

Not sooner had Grace entered the taxicab than the woman leaned over to the driver, spoke a few words to him in French, and stepped into the vehicle herself.

Grace drew back, alarmed. The woman smiled, but said nothing. Thus for a few moments they sped along at a rapidly increasing rate.

"Having followed me so far," remarked Grace's companion presently in a smooth voice, "it would be a pity for us not to travel the rest of the way together."

They drove for what seemed to Grace an interminable time, and familiar as she was with Paris, she was unable to determine after a while just where she was. It had already begun to grow dark.

"You go a long distance, madam," she said at last, with an assumption of far greater assurance than she felt.

"Do not distress yourself. We are nearly there." As she spoke, the vehicle entered a narrow and ill-lighted street.

The woman beside her drew from her pocket a bottle and poured a part of its contents upon her handkerchief. "We are at the end of our journey," she said, and before Grace realized what she was about, the woman had thrown one arm about her neck and with the other was pressing the wet handkerchief to her face.

She tried to scream, but the woman's arm effectually throttled her, and she was conscious of a stinging odor and then everything about her suddenly became a blank.

collection of coins, he bustled himself by cleaning them, preparatory to turning them over to Mr. Morris.

"While doing so he made a startling and unexpected discovery which I will explain later."

"This news he communicated in part to his physician, Reinhardt, who happened to be with him at the time. He did not tell Reinhardt the real secret of the coin, but did tell him it was of great value."

Reinhardt knew that Mr. Morris planned to sail for America on the Richelieu the following day and he left at once for the home of George Vernon, the purser. He between them concocted a plan to obtain possession of the coin which, in his mind, unequaled in its diabolical cleverness.

"The method was to have it appear that Vernon had himself removed the package from the safe, and for him then to disappear."

"They therefore decided to provide an extra passenger, whom they might conveniently dispose of at the proper time."

Vernon was slightly acquainted with a young man of about his own age, in Havre, by the name of Henri Musset, a foreman in the shipyards.

This young man was at the time desperately ill with tuberculosis. Vernon introduced Reinhardt to him as a lung specialist. The latter offered to treat Musset to America with him, take him free of charge, and later send him to the dry climate of the West, where, he assured him, he would speedily recover.

Reinhardt attended to the purchase of the tickets, and thru the connivance of Vernon, the two were entered on the passenger list as a Mr. Hausman, from Brussels, and Gunther, his attendant. Hausman was supposed to be an invalid.

"The two went aboard the vessel at night."

The following night the safe was opened and the package removed. Vernon did this himself, left his office, and threw the key thru the grating of his window onto the deck within.

He then went quietly into Reinhardt's room and, removing all his clothing, assumed that of Musset. In the operation, Vernon's scarf pin, dropped on the floor, where it was recovered some days later.

"They had decided to replace the package in Musset's pocket, substituting for the franc piece another of the same period, and which would be, for all any