## TeDark Star Robert W.

Copyright, 1917, by Robert W. Chambera and copyright, 1916, 1917, by the Interna-

had done much to efface any un-pleasant impression he had made pleasant impression he had made on Ruhannah Carew.

The girl had never before had to do with any mature man. She was there-

fore at a disadvantage in every way, Saratoga: and her total lack of experience emphasized the odds.

Nobody had ever before pointedly preferred her, paid her individual at- on the teleptention; no man had ever sought her, in Gayfield: tention; no man had ever sought her, conversed with her, defarred to her, interested himself in her. It was entirely new to her, this attention which Brandes paid her. His white-faced, odd little friend had gone; he himself had taken quarters at the Gayfield house, the distribution of the count on him. And he's to wear black and a white tis." where a car like the wrecked one was tis. stabled for his use.

He had already taken her father and mother and herself everywhers within motoring distance; he had accompanied them to church; he had escorted her to the movies; he walked with her in the August evenings after supper, rowed her about on the pond, fished from the bridge, told her strange stories in the moonlight on the verandah, her father and mother interested and attentive.

For the career of Mr. Eddie Brandes was capable of furnishing material for interesting stories if carefully edited.

and related with discretion and circumspection. He had been many things to
many men—and to several women—he
had been a tinhorn gambler in the
southwest, a miner in Alaska, a saloon
keeper in Wyoming, a fight promoter
in Arisona. He had traveled profitably on popular ocean liners until requested to desist; Autsuil, Neuilly, Vincennes and Longchamps knew him as
touf, bookie. quested to desist; Auteuil, Neuilly, Vincennes and Longchamps knew him as tout, bookie and, when fitfully prosperous, as a plunger. Epsom knew him once as a welcher; and knew him no for your.

He had taken a comic opera company through the wheat belt—one way; he had led a burleague troupe into Arisona and had traded it there for a hotel.

Two of his friends motored over from Saratoga to see him, were brought

There ain't any trouble, wat Duty and Duty a

Two of his friends motored over from Saratoga to see him, were brought to supper at the Carews', and they gave him a clean bill of moral health. They were, respectively "Doc" Curfoot—suave haunter of Peacock Alley and gentleman "capper"—whom Brandes introduced as the celebrated specialist. Doctor Elbert Curfoot—and Captain hurry."

"What's the trouble?"

"There ain't any trouble—yet. But a certain party has showed up here—a very smooth young man whose business is hunting trouble. Get me?"

After a silence Stull repeated:

"No."

"Isten. A certain slippery party—"

"Who, damn it? Talk out. I'm in a hurry." Doctor Eibert Curfoot—and Captain Harman Quint, partner in "Quint's" "Very well, then. Maxy Venem is celebrated temple of chance—intro-here!" duced as the distinguished navigating

"It's straight."

"Oh," said Doc, softly, betraying no surprise—about the only thing he never betrayed. "Anything in it for never betra you, EddieT "Yes. A good girl. The kind you read about. Isn't that enough?"
"Minna chucked you?" inquired Cap-

Eddie."

Doc Curfoot climbed in and took the wheel; Quint followed him.

"Say." he said in his pleasant, guarded voice, "watch out that Minna don't double-cross you, Eddie."

"How?"

"How?"

"Or shoot you up. She's some whiten fest you know, when she whiten fest you know, when she "That's right too."

"That's right too."

Or shoot you up. She's some schutzen-fest you know, when she

"Ah, I tell you she wants the di-vorce. Abe Grittlefeld's crazy about her. He'll get Abe Gordon to star her on Broadway; and that's enough for her. Besides, she'll marry Maxy Venem when she can afford to keep him."
"Tou never understood Minna Minti."
"Well, who ever understood any Ger-

the moonlight; his two friends waved an airy adieu; and Brandes went slow-ly back to the dark versadah where sat a young girl, pitifully immature in mind and bedy—and two old people little less innocant for all their experience in the ranks of Christ, for all the wounds that scarred them both in the oversea service which had broken them forever.

Brandes came back. Departing from his custom, he did not light a care of the word; and he had gambled

but eat in allence, his narrow eyes trying to see Ruhannah in the darkness. But she was only a delicate shadow shape to him, scarcely detached from

the darkness that enveloped her. He meant to speak to her then. And suddenly found he could not, realized, all at once, that he lacked the courage. He wanted her; he wanted her now he wanted to marry her whether or not he had the legal right; he wanted to go away for a month with her, and then return and work for her, for them both—build up a fortune and a good reputation with Stein's backing and Stein's theater—stand well with honest men, stand well with himself, stand

always, with her, for everything a man should be. His voice was a trifle husky and un-

"Picase don't."
"Why!" She stopped short, instinctively, but not sirmising.
"You will wait then!" he asked.
"I was going in. But I will sit here a

chair in the darkness.

"Miss Rue." he said. "I have told your she seem father and mether that I am in love married. with you and want to make you my As she The girl lay there speechless,

After a silence. Rue saked whether he thought that their suiteases were quite safe.

The racing season at Saratoga drew toward its clese, and Brandes had appeared there only twice in person, both times with a very young girl.

"If you got to bring her here to the races, can't you get her some clethes!" "And you're sure they are safe." "Of course, darling. What worries whispered Stull in his ear. "That getap of hers is something fierce." After a silence. Rue saked whether he thought that their suiteases were quite safe. "Certainly," he smiled. "I checked a them." "And you're sure they are safe." "Of course, darling. What worries you?" And, as she hesitated, he remembered that she had forgotten to put something into her suitease and that the chauffeur he driven her back to the house to get

pright, 1917, by Robert W. Chambers, ilke two smears of charcoal on his dopyright, 1916, 1917, by the Internative to support of the week Brandes which Brandes should have attended to, nursing resentment—although he was doing better than Brandes much to efface any unpleasant impression he had made nines began to assume considerable

"Find me a chauffeur who will be willing to go abroad. I'll give you 24 hours to get him here."

The next morning he called up Stuli on the telephone from the drug store

Yes. But about that chauffeur you

"Did he have

The name of his wife's disbarred atofficer which he appeared to be. The steering for their common craft, how-

what's he doing in Saratoga. What's he doing in Saratoga. What's the duty of the eminent DocThey spent the evening on the verandah with the ramily: and it was quite
wonderful what a fine fellow each
turned out to be—information confidentially imparted to the Rev. Mr.
Carew by each of the three distinguished gentlemen in turn. Brandes
walked down to their car with them
after they had taken their leave.

"What's he doing in Saratoga."
What was somewhere south, down and out.
I don't guess Maxy was fooled none.
What we done here in Saratoga is
growing too big to hush up. Don't
you suppose the Max is wise to what
I've been doing here? And don't you
suppose he knows well that you're back
of whatsever I do? If you ain't crasy
you'll call that party off for a while."
Brandes' even voice over the telephone sounded a trifle unnatural, almost hoarse:

ost hoarse:
"I can't call it off. It's done."
"What's done."
"What I told you I was going to do."

"The parson married us." "Oh!"

"She'll get her decree in two or three months. Then I'll have a home. And everything that you and I are keeps out of that home, Cap. See?"

"Certainly," said Quint, "Quite right, her back to the house in the ear to put cometifying in her suitcase that she for-

"That's right, "What's your ship?" "Lusitania."
"What'll I tell Stein?"

Tell him I'll be back in a month You look out for my end. I'll be back

in time."
"Will you cable me?"

"You never understood Minna Minti."
"Well, who ever understood any German" demanded Brandes. "She's one of those sour-blooded, silent Dutch women that make me ache."

Doc pushed the self-starter; there came a click, a low humming.

The graceful car moved forward into the moonlight; his two friends waved barred was busy looking out for the

sense of the word; and he had gambled on her beauty and her voice and had won out with both. Brandes went out to the wide, tree-

Brandes went out to the wine, tres-shaded street where Ruhannah sat in the runabout awaiting him, and the new chauffeur stood by the car. He took off his straw hat, pulled a cap and goggles from his pocket. His man placed the straw hat in the boot. "Get what you wanted, Rue?" "Yes, thank you."
"Been waiting long?"
"I.—don't think so."

"I-don't think so

"All right," he said, cheerily, climb-ing in beside her. "I'm serry I kept you waiting. Had a business matter to settle. Hungry?" Bue, very still and colorless, said no,

with her, for everything a with a mechanical smile. The chauf-uid be, was a triffe husky and un-His voice was a trifle husky and unsteady from the nervous tension when he at last broke the silence:

"Miss Rues" he said. If have a word to say to your father and mother. Would you wait here until I come back?"

"I think I had better go in, too—"

"Please don't."

"Think I had better go in, too—"

"Please don't."

"The sile start is a word the palaces and all like that. Next here was a word the palaces and all like that. Next here were well fix it so we can stay in Paris and you can study art."

Ruhannah's lips formed the words.

"Thank you." "Can't you learn to call me Eddie?"

he urged. The girl was silent.

He rose and went in, rather blindly.

Ruhannah was nearly aslesp when Brandes came back, and she looked up at him where he stood beside her porch chair in the darkness.

"Miss Rue," he said. "I have told your father and mother that I am in love



"For Heaven's Sake ! "Ne Said." What On Earth

it while he himself went into the Gayfield House to telephone Stull.

"What was it you went back for,
Rue!" he asked.

"One thing I went back for was my
money."

"Description of the companies of the companies

"Money? What money?" "Money my grandmother left me. I was to have it when I married—six thousand dollars."

"You mean you have it in your suit-case?" he asked, astonished.

"Yes, half of it." "No. in hundreds." "Bills?" Yes. I gave father three thousand

I kept three thousand." "In bills," he repeated laughing. "Is your suitcase locked?" "Yes. I insisted on having my money in cash. So Mr. Wexall, of the Mo-hawk Bank, sent a messenger with it last avenior."

"But," he asked, still immensely amused, "why do you want to travel about with three thousand dollars in bills in your suitcase?"

She flushed a little, tried to smile, Still laughing, he summoned the wal-ter, paid the reckoning; Ruhannah rose he did; they went slowly gut to-

On the sidewalk beside their car stood on the sidewalk beside ther car account the new chauffeur, smoking a cigar-ette which he threw away without haste when he caught sight of them. However, he touched the peak of his cap civilly, with his forefinger.

At Seventy-second street. New York, they turned to the east across the park, then into Fifth avenue south once more. She saw the name of the celebrated avenue on the street corner, turned to glance excitedly at Brandes; but his preoccupied face was syneasilents. preoccupied face was expressionless, al-most forbidding, so she turned again in quest of other delightful discoveries. But there was nothing to identify for her the houses, churches, hotels, shops, on this endless and bewildering avenue

on this endless and bewildering avenue of grey stone; as they swung west into Forty-second street, she caught sight of the great marble mass of the library, but had no idea what it was.

Into this dusky canon, aflame with light, they relied, where street lamps, the lamps of vehicles and electric signs dazzled her unaccustomed eyes so that she saw nothing except a fiery vista filled with the rush and roar of traffic. filled with the rush and roar of traffic When they stopped, the chauffeur dropped from the rumble and came around to where a tall head porter in blue and sliver uniform was opening

Brandes said to his chauffeur: "Here are the checks. Our trunks are at the Grand Central. Get them aboard, then come back for us at ten

The chauffeur lifted his hand to his cap, and looked stealthily between his fingers at Brandes. "Ten o'clock," he repeated; "very good, sir."

Rue instinctively sought Brandes' arm as they entered the crowded lobby, then remembered, blushed, and with-drew her hand.

Brandes had started toward the desk with the intention of registering and securing a room for the few hours be-fore going aboard the steamer; but something halted him—some instinct of caution. No, he would not register. He sent their luggage to the parcels room, married.

As she did not appear inclined to cat, Brandes began to search the card for something to tempt her.

After a silence, Rue asked whether he thought that their suitcases were quite safe.

"Contributed to the parcels room, found a maid who took Rue away, then went on through into the har, where he took a stiff whisky and sods, a thing he seldom did.

In the toilet he washed and had himself brushed. Then, emerging he would be the contribute that their suitcases were quite safe.

thing he seldom did.

After a silence, Rue saked whether a thought that their suitoasas were uite safe.

"Certainly," he smiled. "I checked hem".

"And you're sure they are safe."

"Of course, darling. What worries ou?"

And, as she hesitated, he remembered hat he had forgotten to put something to her suitease and that the chauffeur ad driven her back to the house to get "Rue," he said, "I am going out to the method to method to second.

Then, emerging, he took another drink en passant, conscious of an odd, dull sense of apprehension for which he could not account.

He once went out to the deak, and made an inquiry. But there was no telephone or telegraph message for him; and he came back chewing his cigar.

Finally his uneasiness drew him to his feet again:

"Rue," he said, "I am going out to

thing?" She confessed that she did. So he ordered it and went away.

As she sat leisurely tasting her ice and watching with unflagging interest the people around her, she noticed that the dining room was already three-Two young men in evening dress me know where you are? me know where you are? arose and walked toward the lobby, let me know your husband?" "Yes."

the other, in the act of going, glanced casually at her as he passed, hesitated, halted, then, half smiling, half inquir-ingly, came toward her. "Jim Necland!" she exclaimed im-pulsively. "—I mean Mr. Necland—" a riot of color fleoding her face. But her

eager hand remained outstretched. He took it, pressed it lightly, ceremoni-ously, and, still standing, continued to Amid all this strange, infernal glit-ter; amid a city of 6,000,000 strangers, suddenly to encounter a familiar face— to see somebody—anybody—from Gay-

field-seemed a miracle too delightful "You are Rue Carew," he said. was not certain for a mement You know we met only once before."

Rue, conscious of the startled in-timacy of her first greeting, blushed with the memory. But Neeland was with the memory. But Neeland was a tactful young man; he said easily, with his very engaging smile:

"It was nice of you to remember me so frankly and warmly. You have no idea how pleasant it was to hear a Gayfield voice greet me as 'Jim.' did you come to New York?" "Tonight."

"Well, isn't that a bit of luck to run into you like this! Have you come here to study art?" "No. . Yes, I think, later I am to study art here." "At the league?"

"I don't know."
"Better go to the league," he said.
"Begin there anyway. Do you know
where it is?" "No." she said.

He called a waiter, borrowed pencil and pad, and wrote down the address of the Art Students' league. He had begun to fold the paper when a second thought seemed to strike him, and he added his own address. "In case I can do anything for you in any way," he explained, "Don't you

think our meeting this way resembles something very much like remance?" She felt herself flushing, tried to "It couldn't resemble anything," she explained with quaint honesty, "be-cause I am sailing for Europe tomor-row morning; I am going on board in —less than an hour. And also— I—"

"Also?"—he prompted her, amused, yet oddly touched by her childish literal reply.

-married." "Good Lord!" he said.
"This morning," she added, tasting

"Good Lord" he said.

"This morning," she added, tasting her ice.

"And you're sailling for Europe on your honeymoon?" he exclaimed. "Well, upon my word! And what is your ship?"

"The Lugsitania."

"Realily! I have a friend who is sailling on her—a most charming woman. I sent flowers to her only an hour ago.

"Did you?" asked Rue, interested.

"Yes he is a widow—the Princess."

"Did you?" asked Rue, interested.

"Yes he is a widow—the Princess.

"She is a widow—the Princess."

Their chauffeur was standing beside the two appeared with the international commission on aerial navy woman. I am going to send a note to the steamer tonight, saying that—that my very particular friend. Ruhannsh Carew, is on board, and won't she ask you to tas. You'll love her, Rue She's a regular woman."

"You won't even notice it," he said reason to the word of the peace conforence.

"Second—That civilian aeronautics in the various countries be placed under the control of the aviation ministry or department.

"Second—That civilian aeronautics in the various countries be placed under the control of the aviation ministry or department.

"Their Stein."

"He rejoined Rue as the boy appeared with their lugsage; an under porter took the bars and preceded them to multi-fear with the International Aero-hand in the international Aero-hand with the International Aero

Looking up and beyond him toward the door, she said: "I think your friend is waiting for you. Had you forgotten him?"
"Oh, that's so!" he exclaimed. Then rising and offering his hand: "I wish you happiness, Rue. You have my address. When you return, won't you let me know where you are? Won't you

"Please do. You see you and I have a common bond in art, another in our birthplace. Gayfield folk are your own

"No, I won't."
So he took his leave gracefully and
went away through the enthralling,
glittering unreality of it all, leaving a
young girl thrilled, excited, and deeply impressed with his case and bearing amid awe-inspiring scenes in which she too, desired most ardently to find herself at ease.

empty now, though the lobby and the cafe beyond still swarmed with people arriving and departing. Brandes, chaf-ing at the telephone, had finally suc-ceeded in getting Stull on the wire, only to learn that the news from Saratoga was not agreeable; that they had lost on every horse. Also, Stull had another disquieting item to detail; it seemed that Maxy Venem had been seen that morning in the act of departing steam and gasoline, are entering upon for New York on the fast express; and a new age—the age of air," said an of-

"Who saw her?" demanded Brandes
"Doc. He didn't get a good square
look at her. You know the hats women

"All right, I'm off, Ben, Good-bye The haunting uneasiness which had driven him to the telephone persisted when he came out of the booth. He entered the deserted dining ro

"You didn't miss me?" he inquired,

As they rose from the table a man and a woman entering the lobby caught sight of them, halted, then turned and

truding eyes of Maxy Venem staring close and menacingly into his.

From Brandes' cut lip blood was running down over his chin and collar;
his face remained absolutely expressionless. The next moment his eyes
shifted, met Ruhannah's stupefied
gaze.

And opened.

"Now, you're all right!" said Lit.
peering into the lighted hallway. "It's
on the fourth floor and there isn't any
elevator that I can see, so you keep on
going upstairs till your friend meets

The woman who had struck Brandes now came up again beside Venem. She was young, very pretty, but deathly white except for the patches of cosmetic on either cheek. She pointed at Brandes. There was blood on her soiled and split glove.

"You dorty dog," she said unsteadily.
"You'll marry this girl before I've divorced you, will you? And you think you are going to get away with it!
You dog! You dirty dog!"

The porter attempted to interfere again, but Venem shoved him out of the way. Brandes, still silently struggling free his imprisoned arms. twisting suddenly and swung his heavy head toward Venem. His hat had fallen off; his face, deeply flushed with exertion, was smeared with blood and

"What's the idea, you fool!" he said a low voice. "I'm not married to

her."

But Ruhannah heard him say it.
"You claim that you haven't married
this girl" demanded Venem loudly,
motioning toward Rus. who stood
swaying, half dead, held fast by the
gathering crowd which pushed around
them from every side.
"Did you marry her or did you fake
it?" repeated Venem in a louder voice.
"It's fait one way; maybe both!"
"He married her in Gayfield at 11
this morning!" said the chauffeur.
"Parson Smawley turned the trick."
Brandes' narrow eyes glittered; he

"Did you marry her or did you fake it?" repeated Venem in a louder voice. "It's jail one way; maybe both!"
"He married her in Gayfield at 11 this morning!" said the chauffeur. "Parson Smawley turned the trick."
Brandes' narrow eyes glittered; he struggled for a moment, gave it up, shot a deadly glance at Maxy Venem, at his wife, at the increasing throng crowding closely about him. Then his infuriated eyes met Rue's, and the expression of her face apparently crazed him.

Frantic he hurled himself backward

pins sticking in the crown, lay on his desk; her hair, partily loosened, shadded, was already making her gray eyes heavy and edging the under lids with builsh shadows.

"What did you think of doing?" he asked uneasily.

"I must think of mother—I must keep my disgrace from touching them—spare them the sorrow—humiliation—" Her voice became tremulous, but she turned around and sat up in her chair, meeting his gaze squarely. "That's as

Frantic, he hurled himself backward. jerking one arm free, tripped, fell heavily with the chauffeur on top, twisting, panting, struggling convulsively, while all ground him surged the excited crowd, shouting, pressing closer, trampling one another in eager-

ness to see.

Rue, almost swooning with fear, was pushed, jostled, flung aside. Somebody must kelp her to find a railroad station and a train.

Two young women passed and she

found sufficient courage to accest them, asking the direction of the rail-road station from which trains de-parted for Gayfield. The women, who were young and brightly colored in plumage, displayed

a sympathetic interest at once. "Gayfield" repeated the blonder of the two. "Gee, dearle, I never heard of that place." "Is it on Long island?" inquired the other

"No. It is in Mohawk county." "Say, you've got friends here, haven't you, little one?" 'What! You don't know anyone in New York!

ew York!

Rue looked at her dumbly; then, of sudden, she remembered Neeland.

"Yes," she said, "I know one person." Where does your friend live?" In her reticule was the paper on which he had written the address of

the Art Students' league, and, as an afterthought, his own address. Rue lifted the blue slik bag, opened it, took out her purse and found the "One hundred and six West Fifty-

presently found herself on the steps of a house from which dangled a sign, Studios and Bachelor Apartments to

addressed as Lil. ddressed as Lil.

"Mr. Neeland."

By the light of the vestibule lantern hey inspected the letter boxes, found

(To be continued next Sunday.)

After a few seconds the door clicked

Thank you so much for your great "Thank you so much for your great kindness."
"Don't mention it. Good luck, dearie!" The door clicked behind her and Rue found herself alone.
The stairs, flanked by a massive bal-

nstrade of some dark, polished wood, ascended in spirals by a short series of flights and landings. As she tolled up and stood clinging, breathless, to the banisters on the top landing, out of an open door stapped Neeland's shadowy figure, dark against the hall light behind him.

"For heaven's sake!" he said. "What

earth-The suitcase fell from her nerveless hand; she swayed a little where she stood.

The next moment he had passed his

arm around her and was half leading, half carrying her through a short half-way into a big, brilliantly lighted She had told him her story from be-ginning to end, as far as she herself comprehended it. She was lying side-ways now, in the depths of a large armchair, her cheek cushioned on the upholstered wings.

Her hat, with its cheap blue enamelating stekling in the grown lay on his

pins sticking in the crown, lay on his

meeting his gaze squarely. "That's as far as I have thought," she said.

Both remained silent for a long while. Then Ruhannah looked up from her pale preoccupation:
"I told you I had three thousand dollars. Why can't I educate myself in

lars. Why can't I educate myself in art with that? Why can't I learn how to support myself by art? Why should not go to Paris by myself?" she de-"You mean now? On this ship?"

"Yes. Why not? I have enough money to go there and study, haven't

"Yes. But-"
"Why not!" she repeated feverishly, her gray eyes sparkling. "I have three thousand dollars: I can't go back to Brookhollow and disgrace them. What does it matter where I go?" He said: "You've had a rotten awakening, Rue—a perfectly deviliah experience. Only—you've never traveled alone—" Suddenly it occurred to him that his lively friend, the Princess Mistchenka, was sailing on the Lusitania; and he remained silent, uncertain, looking with vague misgivings at this girl in the armchair opposite—this thin, un-formed, inexperienced child who had attained neither mental nor physical

maturity.
"I think," he said, at length, "that I told you I had a friend sailing on the Lusitania tomorrow."
She remembered and nodded.
"I den't know why you shouldn't go,"

In the glare of the pier's headlights they descended. Passengers were entering the wast, damp enciosure; porters, ship's officers, sallors, passed to and fro as they moved toward the

"One hundred and six West Fiftyfifth street." she read; "Studio No. 10."

'Why, that isn't far!" said the
blonder of the two. "We are going
that way. We'll take you there."

"I don't know—I don't know him
very weil—"

"Is it a man?"

"Yes. He comes from my town, Gayfield."

"Yes. He comes from my town, Gayfield."

"The state of the monster ship Rue's
heart leaped, qualled, leaped again. As
she set one slender foot on the gangway such an indescribable sensation
selxed her that she caught at Neeland's
arm and held to it, almost faint with "Oh, I guess that's all right," said the other woman, laughing. "You got to be leery of these men, little one. Come on; we'll show you."

Selzed her that she caught at Neeland's arm and held to it, almost faint with the violence of her emotion.

A steward took the suitcase, preceded them down abysmal and gorgeous stairways, through salons, deep into

o be leery of these men, little one. them down abysmals and gorgeous stairways, through salons, deep into it was only four blocks; Ruhannah the dimly magnificent bowels of the ocean giant, then through an endless white corridor twinkling with lights to a stateroom, where a steward ushered them in There was nobody there; nobody had

## AERONAUTIC CONGRESS BACKS MEASURE TO REGULATE FLYING

Problem of Airways Taken Up at Atlantic City; Preparations Are Made for "Age of Air."

of U NQUESTIONABLY we, who have additional freight capacity of one ton, passed through the stone, This is a heavier-than-air more transfer or the stone. are now passing through the age of steam and gasoline, are entering upon

steam and gasoline, are entering upon a new age—the age of air," said an official of the Aero Club of America.

Recently, at the second Pan-American aeronautic congress in Atlantic City, the problem of airways over land was taken up and regulations adopted. As defined in these regulations an "airway" is a transcontinental or coastal airline; connecting links between are designated "air routes." An airway is designated "air routes." An airway is belt 80 miles wide and an air route He entered the descrited dining room, came over to where Rue was waiting, and sat down heavily, holding an unlighted cigar between his stubby fingers.

Belt 80 miles wide and an air route within the range of practical policies. "There are, however, many cost a number of these routes, great care being taken to avoid the most danger-militate against any hope of very loggers. being taken to avoid the most danger-"Well, little girl," he said with ous enemies of the airman-mist, fog forced cheerfulness, "was I away very and wind.

This aeronautic congress also approved a bill which will be introduced "You didn't miss me?" he inquired, ponderously playful.

His heavy pleasantries usually left her just a little doubtful and confused, for he seldom smiled when he delivered himself of them.

Brandes watched her for a moment out of sleepy, greenish eyes. Then he consuited his watch again, summened a wniter, gave him the parcels-room checks and bade him have a boy carry their luggage into the lobby.

As they rose from the table a man and a woman entering the lobby caught shelf of them, halted, then turned and in congress for the regulation of civil-

sight of them, halted, then turned and walked back toward the street door which they had just entered.

Brandes had not noticed them where he stood by the desk, scratching off a telegram to Stull:

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passed through the stone, This is a heavier-than-air machine, bronze, iron and steel ages, and too—a' thing which a few years ago would have been jeered had it been

suggested.
The Canadian Pacific rallway has ap-

field so soon as air transportation comes rates, particularly the necessity of suit-

able landing spaces at frequent intervals in case of engine trouble.

"So that any one who is under the impression that air transportation in the near future will reduce either rail or steamship rates is likely to be disappointed. In a word, the future of co

mercial air transportation is bound up in the question of cost." At present the fastest transcontinental train in the world, the new "trans-Canada" express of the Canadian Pacific, goes from Montreal to Vancouver, a distance of 2885 miles, in 55 hours, 30 minutes. A special courier airplane the other day averaged 187 miles an hour between London and Paris. Taking even half this speed for an average flight an airplane could make the dis-tance between Montreal and Vancouver

## THREE AIR ROUTES MAPPED -