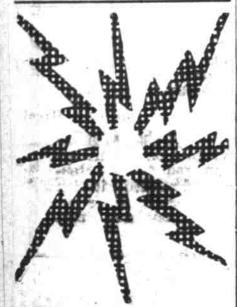
(Continued from last week) CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX.

Night was the revealing hour Strange Kingdom. the magician of Bagdad When the million lights flashed and throngs of men and women

were his subjects. He went into pocket pallry deceit, flimsy pose, were West." blown away as veils before a de- Danin it. I don't want the termined wind. The souls stood garnishings." But when Bill had us." Porter addressed her as forth, naked and pathetic. The a notion he carried it out. The though she were truly the prin- wrapped her face when the soup wizard had his way.

At every corner, adventure coat. waited on his coming. 'A young look at you with a too favorable Nothing Personal girl would skim stealthily around eye. This token will divert sus- In His Interest. the corner, or an old "win" would picion from us ' crouch in a doorway. There were mysteries for Porter to solve. He did not stand afar and speculate. ile made friends with his sub-

hopes, their disappointments. He the magnet draweth. clasped the hand of Soapy, the



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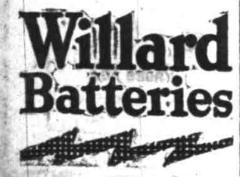
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every twist the thrill of the unexpected-the wonderful.

Porter Leads Into

Into this kingdom of his, Bill Porter took me.

Jaunty, whimsical, light heartcrowded the thoroughfares in od, he came for me one of the never did this before long, undufating lines like mov- first nights of my visit. He wore black snakes, Bill Porter a little Cecil lituation rose in his like to introduce you to a friend then a look of inspired joyousness buttonhole. With a sheepish of mine. He owned the city; its people wink, he pulled another from his

their midst, turning upon them "Colone). I have bought you would like to dine with us." the shrewd microscope of his a disguise. Wear this and they pleaming understanding. Sham, will not know you are from the the girl drew back. "I dare not ter," he said.

> pink bud was fastened to my cess and he the Knight Errant | came!" "That's the story." "I've noticed that the bull's

may find ourselves in Hell's Kit-

It was nearing midnight. why she went totally bankrupt were sauntering along somewhere on \$6 a week. New York was an between Twenty-fifth and Twen- his crutiny. enchanted labyrinth, yielding at ty-sixth. Dozens of women with "Ships that pass in the night." whispered Porter. but two rocks in their courses-

the cops and their landladies.

"Girl's First Trip"

they? They haunt me.'

"She's been skimming the bogs

of country life." "Aw, shucks, she's an old tim-"First trip," Porter nudged me.

She's just flying that sail "No, you're mistaken. You in- gry, and fine things never hap-

Porter had a way of same."

and snapping them at me.

As we came up the girl dodged into a doorway, making a pretence of tying her shoe. looked up at me, fright darting in her wide, young eyes. "You're Nothing Remarkable a plain clothes man?" Her voice About This Chief was low but it shrilled in her fear. "Yes, very plain."

"Please don't take me in.

"I'm not a policeman, but I'd

tened the lady. Ask her if she pointed. More frightened than before, go with you!"

"You dare go anywhere with that investigation?"

There was nothing personal in his interest. He had one indomitalde passion-he wished to dischen or we may land in Heaven's over the secret and hidden things vestibule. Prepare yourself for in the characters of the men and He learned their secrets, their thrills and perils. We go where women about him. He wanted no second hand or expurgated versions. He was a scientist and the bum, and Dulcie herself told him started down Fifth Avenue and quivering heart of humanity was the one absorbing subject under

> We went to Mouquin's. The white, garish faces had flitted by. little, thin, white creature had Faring Forth to never been there before. Her eyes Track Down Idea "There are were luminous with excitement. Porter made her feel so much at east, it disconcerted me a trifle. Battered and storm-tossed, aren't I wanted the girl to know that she was in the presence of greatness.

"He's a great writer," I whispered to her. Porter turned a withering sneer at me. "I'm noth- downways. Puny lights flickered Out from the shadow came a ing of the sort." he contradicted. ragged wisp of a girl. She looked "Oh, but I believe it," she said. I'd like to see what you write. Is it about wonderful people and money and everything grand?" paltry hall, with the sawdust on about girls like you and all the cellars and the scratched up, She hasn't learned how to steer strange things that happen to

her bark in the deeps of city life you. "But my life isn't mine. It's

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vestigate and we is see who s corpensed to me until tonight. Ever peaced solution, the rect. I'll stand here and hold the since I can remember its' been the haven't any idea of what your lian didn't interrupt me with a varieties taken include 80 carivestigate and we'll see who's cor- pened to me until tonight. Ever

pulling things out of the past | Porter had started her on the revelation. He was correct. She was but a little country girl. She had tired of the monotony and came to life.

About This Girl,

There was nothing remarkable about her. I couldn't see a story here. The only spark she showed was when the dinner came and lighted her face. It seemed to me Bill came over. "You've fright that Porter must surely be disap-

"When I see a shipwreck, I like to know what caused the disas-

Wel, what did you make of "Nothing but the glow that

What's behind that look of rapture? Why should any girl's face glow at the prospect of a plate of oup in this city, where enough food to feed a dozen armies is wasted every night? Yes, it's more of a story than will ever be writ-

Each one that he met yielded a reasure to him. Into the honkaonks, the dance halls, the base nent cases he took me. The same indomitable purpose guided him. No wonder that New York threw Midnight Investigator.

"I seent an idea tonight, Color. Let us go forth and track it down. It was another evening and I had dined with him at the Caledonia Hotel.

We started down Sixth avenue The rain splashed sideways and up from basement doors. The mingled odor of stale beer, cabbage and beans simmered We went down into many of these "Yes." Porter answered. It's the floor and the chipped salt bare tables.

"It's not here. Let us go to O'Reilly's. I don't like the fragrance of these dago joints. At just mean and scraping and hun- Twenty-second street Porter pulled down his umbrella. "We'll find it in here."

> At the bar were a score of The tables here and there were but shelves for the elbows of gaudily dressed, cheaply jeweled women. We took a vacant table. As

Porter sat down every woman in the room sent an admiring glance at him. "For God's sake, Bill, you won't

eat in this stench will you?" "Just beer and a sandwich. Look over there, Colonel, I see, my idea." In one corner sat two girls, pretty, shabby genteel, the stark

(Continued next week)

piercing glare of hunger in their

eyes. Porter beckoned to them.

(MY HEART AND HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase Of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 46

HAT LILLIAN SAID TO MADGE WHEN HER STORY

I lost no time in going to Lillian Underwood with the problem of my father's inexplicable ac-

I made the excuse of a desire to see Mrs. Cosgrove, Robert Savarin's sister, who was still with Lillian, watching over the slow convalescence of her artist brother, and so effectually lulled any lurking doubt of my mission which my father's general uneasiness might have conceived.

Lillian, wan, heavy-eyed from in part sharing the vigil of the sick room with the nurse and Mrs. Cosgrove, but more from the uncertainty as to Harry Underwood's fate and Robert Savarin's part in it which was consuming her, put her arms around me in convulsive greeting when Betty "Miss Madge, ef yoh's got any hing in the world to tak Mis'

Lillian's mind off whatevah roublin' her. I wish yoh'd spill ." Betty had whispered to me arnestly as we mounted the tairs, and I was glad of the injunction. Otherwise I never would have dared to trouble the tragic figure my friend presented with any problem of my own.

You Always Understand-"

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I'm so alad to see you!" Lillian said as she drew me to a chair, and in her old, loving deft fashion removed my hat and coat.

Robert-no-better?" asked fearfully. Physically, ves " ered. Talthough his progress to low, and he is terribly weak But mentally-oh, Madge-I wonder

She paused, struggling bravely for composure, gave it up, put her head against my shoulder.

"There!" she said harshly few moments later, "I knew I'd do this if you ever came near me. What is it about you anyway that ever I'm in trouble and you come

"Because it isn't in numan naure to face everything as bravely You simply have to break sometime, and I'm very proud and thankful that I am near enough to you for you to be willing to come to me for the little comfort I can give you." "The little comfort!" she

having to explain all over the myself this way-well-I think | steadily.

nearest undertaker. "But that's enough for me," she went on brusquely. "You're looking sort of groggy yourself. What's the answer-that principal's wife you told me about?"

I started with surprise. My father's affairs had so engrossed my mind that for days I had for gotten all about the terror with which Milly Stockbridge had inspired me upon the night of her reception. "it isn't she that's troubling

me," I answered quickly, though

Although she's raising Cain, a little more than usual." Lillian commented shrewdly. "Well, we'll dismiss her for the present, and take her case up later. What's the real trouble? I hope it's some trouble about which I can do something. I think I shall go stark staring mad if I don't have something to take my mind of: things. Work doesn't help me a bit any more.'

Is Lillian Right?

"If you cannot help me no one in the world can." I answered. and was rewarded by seeing a off its disguise before the Peerless look of interest flash into her strained face.

"Go ahead and talk slowly, she replied, settling herself into an attitude of attentive listening. I began at my father's enthusiasm over our outing together, and reviewed the whole series of incidents which had so impressed

peated scornfully. "Child. you themselves upon my mind. Lil- licensed hunters last season." The loving comfort means to me. You single question until I had fin- bou, 870 deer and 1200 moose. always understand so, without my ished. Then for several minutes later she sat motionless, her chin you saw me making an idiot of lifted her head, looked at me

"A ghost from the past," she repeated. "Madge, dear, pardon there'd be a double job for the me for raking up unpleasant things, but you told me once your mother's unhappy history. Do you know whether that woman whom your father deserted her is living or dead?"

(To be continued)

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