



Suppose that you, aroused tonight by the stealthy presence of a masked prowler in your bedroom, covered him with your pistol just as he was about to plunge a long knife between your ribs—and discovered he was an old friend. Would you turn him over to the police and prosecute him, or would you assume he was crazy and have him sent to an asylum? Perhaps you will find an answer to such a problem in this installment.

Previous installments told how Hugh Whitaker, thinking he was about to die, married an innocent girl to save her honor, and left the country immediately. Five years later he returned to New York, healthy and wealthy, and found the wife, now a famous actress known as Sara Law, engaged to marry Drummond, his old friend. She disappeared. Drummond supposedly committed suicide, as her previous lovers had done. Whitaker was assaulted in the dark, and while recuperating at the country home of his friend, Martin Ember, discovered spies, fought them, and was helped by a charming and mysterious young lady living nearby.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Ember pushed back his chair and, rising, strolled to the door. "Moonrise and a fine, clear night," he said, staring through the wire mesh of the screen. "Wish you were well enough to go riding with me. However, you won't be laid up long, I fancy. And I'll be back day after tomorrow. Now I must cut along."

And within ten minutes Whitaker heard the motor car rumble off on the woodland road. He wasn't altogether sorry to be left to his own society, but in spite of his half-hearted perturbation and dissatisfaction, the weariness of a long, full day was so heavy upon him that he went to sleep almost before Sum Fat had finished making him comfortable.

Extinguishing the candle, the Chinaman, moving with the silent assurance of a cat in the dark, closed and latched the shutters, then sat down just outside the living-room door, to wait and watch, sleeplessly alert.

An hour passed in silence, and another, and yet another. Sum Fat sat motionless in the shadow, which blended so perfectly with his dark blue silk garments as to render him almost indistinguishable—a figure as patient and imperturbable as any bland, stout, graven god of his religion. But in time there fell upon his ears another sound, to which he stirred, if imperceptibly—drawing himself together, tensing and flexing his tired muscles while his eyes shifted quickly from one quarter to another of the darkened living room and the still more dark bedchamber.

And yet apparently all that had roused him was the drowsy whistle of a whippoorwill.

Then, with no other presage, a shadow flitted past one of the side windows, and in another reappeared more substantially on the veranda. Sum Fat grew altogether tense, his gaze fixed and exclusively focused upon that apparition.

Cautiously, noiselessly, edging inch by inch across the veranda, the man approached the door. It was open. A full, long minute elapsed. Even Sum Fat held his breath throughout that interminable reconnaissance.

At length, reassured, the man slipped into the room. Another minute: no sound detectable more untoward than that of steady respiration in the bedroom; with a movement as swift and sinister as the swoop of a vulture, the man sprang toward the bedroom door.

Leaping from a sitting position, with a bound that was little less than a flight through the air, the Chinaman caught him halfway. There followed a shriek, a heavy fall that shook the bungalow, the report of a revolver, sounds of scuffling . . .

Whitaker, half dazed, found himself standing in the doorway, regardless of his injury.

He saw, as one who dreams and yet is conscious that he does but dream, Ember lighting candles—calmly applying the flame of a taper to one after another as he made a round of the sconces. Sum Fat was kneeling on all fours, above something that breathed heavily and struggled without avail.

Whitaker's sleep-numbed faculties cleared.

"Ember!" he cried. "What in the name of all things strange—"

Ember threw him a flickering smile. "Oh, there you are?" he said cheerfully. "I've got something interesting to show you. Sum Fat—he stooped and picked up a revolver—you may let him up now, if you think he's safe."

"Safe enough." Sum Fat rose, grinning. "Had plenty."

He mounted guard beside the door. For an instant his captive seemed reluctant to rise. Ember moved to his side and stood over him, balancing the revolver in his palm.

"Come," he said impatiently. "Up with you!"

The man sat up as if galvanized by fear, got more slowly to his knees, then, grasping the edge of the table, dragged himself laboriously to a standing position.

Whitaker's jaw dropped and his eyes widened with wonder and pity. He couldn't deny the man, yet he found it

hard to believe that this quivering, shaken creature, with his lean and pasty face and desperate, glaring eyes, this man in rough, stained, soiled and shapeless garments, could be identical with the well-set-up, prosperous and confident man of affairs he remembered as Drummond. And yet they were one. Appalling to contemplate the swift, devastating course of moral degeneration, that had spread like gangrene through all the man's physical and mental fiber . . .

"Take a good look," Ember advised grimly. "How about that pet myth thing now? What price the astute sleuth—eh? Perhaps you'd like to take a few more funny cracks at my simple faith in hallucinations."

"I had a notion he'd be hanging around," Ember went on; "I thought I saw somebody hiding in the woods this afternoon; and then I was sure I saw him skulking round the edges of the clearing after dinner. So I set Sum Fat to watch, drove back to the village to mislead him, left my car there and walked back. And sure enough—!"

Without comment, Whitaker, unable to stand any longer without discomfort, hobbled to a chair and sat down.

"Well?" Drummond demanded harshly in a quavering snarl. "Now that you've got me, what're you going to do with me?"

There was a high, hysterical accent in his voice that struck unpleasantly on Ember's ear. He cocked his head to one side, studying the man intently.

Drummond flung himself a step away from the table, paused, and again faced his captors with bravado.

"Well?" he cried again. "Well?"

Ember nodded toward Whitaker. "Ask him," he said briefly.

Whitaker shook his head. It was difficult to think how to deal with this trapped animal, so wildly different from the cultivated gentleman he always had in mind when he thought of Drummond. The futility of attempting to deal with him according to any code recognized by men of honor was wretchedly apparent.

"Drummond," he said slowly, "I wish to God you hadn't done this thing."

Drummond laughed discordantly. "Keep your mealy-mouthed compassion for yourself," he retorted, sneering.

Whitaker gave a gesture of despair. "If you'd only been content to keep out of the way . . . ! If only you'd let me alone—"

"Then you let Sara Law alone, d'you hear?"

The interruption was little short of a shriek. Ember motioned to Sum Fat, who quietly drew nearer.

"I swear I don't know what to do or say—"

"Then shut up—"

"That'll be about all," Ember interposed quietly. At a glance from him, Sum Fat closed in swiftly and caught and pinioned Drummond's arms from behind.

A disgusting change took place in Drummond. In an instant he was struggling, screaming, slaving; his face congested, eyes staring, features working wildly as he turned and twisted in his efforts to free himself. Sum Fat held him as he would have held an unruly child. When a break in Drummond's ravings came at length, together with a gradual weakening of the man's struggles, the detective turned to Whitaker.

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't dare take any further chances. He'd have been at your throat in another minute. It isn't as if we had simply an everyday crook to deal with," Ember went on, approaching the man. "He's not to be trusted or reasoned with. He's just short of a raving morphomaniac, or I miss my guess."

With a quick movement he caught Drummond's left arm, pulled the sleeve of his coat back to the elbow, unbuckled and turned back his cuff.

"Hmm—yes," he continued, bending over to inspect the exposed forearm, in spite of Drummond's efforts to twist away. "Deadly work of the busy little needle. Good Lord, he's fairly riddled with punctures!"

"That explains . . ." Whitaker muttered, stekened.

"It explains a lot," Ember read just the sleeve and turned away. "And it shows us our path of duty, clear," he continued, despite interruptions from the maddened drug fiend. "I think a nice little sojourn in a sanatorium—what?"

"Right," Whitaker agreed, relieved. "We'll see what a cure does for him before we indulge in criminal proceedings—shall we?"

"By all means."

"Good," Ember glanced at his watch. "I'll have to hurry along now—must be in town not later than nine o'clock this morning. I'll take him with me. No, don't worry—I can handle him easily. It's a bit of a walk to the village, but that will only help to quiet him down. I'll be back tomorrow; meanwhile, you'll be able to sleep soundly unless—"

He checked, frowning thoughtfully. "Unless what?"

Ember jerked his head to indicate the prisoner. "Of course, this isn't by any chance the fellow you mixed it up with over on the beach—and so forth?"

"Nothing like him."

"Queer. I can't find any trace of him—the other one—nor can I account for him. He doesn't seem to fit in anywhere. However—his expression lightened—"I daresay you were right; he's probably only some idle, light-fingered prowler. I'd keep my eyes open for him, but I don't really believe you need worry much."

Within ten minutes he was off on his lonely tramp through two miles of woodland and as many more of little-traveled country, at dead of night, with a madman in handcuffs for sole company.

CHAPTER XII.

Offshore.

"You ask me, I think very excellent quick cure."

Sum Fat tenderly adjusted the canvas brace, and then with infinite care inserted the foot in a high-cut canvas tennis shoe.

He stood up, beaming with benevolent interest. "You take it easy one day or two—no walk much—just loaf—no go see pretty ladies—"

"Go 'way, you heathen—go clean your teeth!" cried Whitaker, indignantly.

"—and I think be all well and sound," concluded Sum Fat.

He waddled away, chuckling. Whitaker got up, and with the aid of a cane made a number of tentative experiments in short-distance pedestrianism.



The Chinaman Caught Him Half Way.

The results were highly satisfactory; he felt little or no pain. On the other hand, he felt the advice to which he had just listened was sound; it would be unwise to attempt a neighborly call within at least another twenty-four hours.

He resumed his chair on the veranda and sighed. It was late afternoon, and he was lonely. He inclined to sulks. The trouble with him was (he began to realize) that he had lived too long a hermit. For six years he had been practically isolated and cut off from the better half of existence; femininity had formed no factor in his cosmos. But now, of a sudden, he had been granted a flash of insight into the true significance of companionship between a man and a woman who had something in common aside from community in their generation. Not two hours altogether of such intercourse had been his, but it had been enough to infuse all his consciousness with a vague but irking discontent.

He had lashed himself into a very respectable transport of resentful rage when, chancing to lift his eyes from their absorbed study of the planks composing the veranda floor, he discovered a motor boat at the landing stage. At once a smile of childlike serenity displaced the scowl.

The woman made the little vessel fast and, turning, came swinging up the gentle slope to the veranda, ease and strength and joy of living inherent in every flowing movement.

No imaginable consideration, however selfish, could have kept Whitaker any longer in his chair.

What do you think was Drummond's purpose in killing Whitaker? Is there any connection between Miss Fiske and Drummond?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

America's Greatest Army

Fighting Forces Number 2,139,554, Assembled Within Ten Months' Time

America has 2,139,554 men under arms, according to figures announced by Representative Charles Pope Caldwell of the Second district of Queens at the annual meeting of the Port Washington (L. I.) Business Men's association. Representative Caldwell said the figures he quoted were those which he had recently learned as a member of the house committee on military affairs:

- According to Representative Caldwell, the government's armed strength is divided as follows:
- Engineers' corps, 119,476.
- Ordnance corps, 20,000.
- Signal corps, 151,747.
- Quartermaster's corps, 140,000.
- Medical corps, 15,000 officers.
- Medical corps, 7,605 enlisted men.
- Veterinarian's corps, 16,000.
- Sanitation corps, 3,945.
- Staff, 52,129.
- Staff officers, 63,851.
- Enlisted men, 1,479,259.
- Called under the draft and due to report, 74,706.

Of this number, the speaker asserted, 605,640 were drafted men and the remainder volunteers.

"The great exponents of preparedness," continued the representative, "went through the country declaring that the administration would be able to raise an army of a million men in a year. Reports show that inside of ten months we have more than two million men under arms and that we are in this war and that we are going to see it through to the finish."

"We have the men, we have them under shelter at fifteen cantonments of wood, fifteen under canvas and twenty training schools for aviators. A job that equals in labor the building of the Panama canal. And we did it all in ten months."

"Our reports show we have the best engine for the airplanes and that before many days we will be turning them out as fast as one every minute."

"Every man who goes to France has four suits of clothes, four pairs of shoes, and is well provided for."

Use Less Soap

By DR. SAMUEL G. DIXON
Commissioner of Health of Pennsylvania

In this season and at this time when thousands of our young troops are being mobilized for the National army and are, of necessity, exposed to unusual conditions often producing nervous chills, is the wise time to economize on soap. Again, when the cost of living is so high all along the line, it will be an economy to use less soap as it is a much-abused article. It is not necessary, as so many seem to think, to have a stiff, creamy lather in order to dissolve the dirt that is filling up the pores of the skin. On the contrary, very little soap—pure soap—is required to break up the dirt and permit the water to remove it from the pores so that the glands may perform their normal duty.

The pores are the openings on the surface of the skin of the sweat glands and must be kept clear and free from either dirt, soap or any matter that would tend to interfere with their action in the elimination of perspiration. Imperfect action of the sweat glands is a source of disease, various matters accumulating in the system, which would otherwise be eliminated.

Therefore, economy in soap would not only be a saving in money, but would help in saving human life, by cutting down respiratory diseases.

Cotton and Soy Beans Fat

Producers Giving America Advantage Over Germany

"The Germans, with their colossal military preparedness, failed miserably at one point. They had soldiers and guns galore, but they were short of fat, says Milo Hastings in Physical Culture writing on "The Extravagance of Meat." No provision had been made in their domestic economy to produce home grown vegetable fats. When imports were shut off and the quantities of live stock were reduced as a matter of economizing grain food, the Germans both industrially and dietetically suffered acutely from fat privation.

Their laboratory food scientists had told the military authorities that carbohydrates were dietetic equivalents of fat. Through the means of most painful experience the Germans found out the scientists had been mistaken, and smuggling fat into Germany today is as profitable as shipping whisky the week before Christmas.

"In America we have no such problem of the shortage of fats. As a by-product of our cotton industries we have an annual production of 150,000,000 gallons of oil, and we have the soil and climate suitable for the production of other vegetable fats. Among the most promising of such fat producing crops is the soy bean.

"The soy bean is a sort of vegetable live stock. All the arguments in favor of live stock apply to this distinctive plant. Its growth enriches the soil by the extraction of nitrogen from the air, hence it is a source of actual gaining in soil fertility. The soy bean in our Southern states yields thirty bushels to the acre—one-third of the product being oil and another third protein. Both elements are excellent human foods, and it is only a question of learning how to work them up into a palatable

Prime Minister of England Asks an Extra Hour a Day to Help Beat the Germans

While American farmers are being urged to do everything possible to help feed the nations engaged with America in the war, they should not get the notion that these nations are not doing their utmost to feed themselves.

Lloyd George, prime minister of Great Britain, has just issued an appeal to the agricultural workers of England, which could also have been very properly made to American farmers. His letter was as follows:

"I ask all workers on the land to do their very utmost to help to grow more food. There is a shortage of food all over the world, and we may have to feed our army and navy, as well as ourselves on what we can grow at home. They cannot fight on unless they are properly fed. Every full day's work that you do helps to shorten the war, and brings peace and victory nearer. Every idle day and all loafing lengthens the war and lessens the chance of victory."

"Your comrades in the trenches are under fire every hour of the day and night. Will you not help them to win by working an extra hour each day? That is the way in which we can beat the Germans."

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Right to the Point.

You will be surprised to find out how much good there is in the world if you will sit up and take notice.

The surer a girl is about a man's being in love with her the less sure she is about being in love with him.

Nothing is more exasperating than a fool friend who is always reminding you of your faults for your own good.

Of course men are not vain, but just tell a man over fifty that he doesn't look a day over thirty and watch the effect.

Many more men would buy heavenly shares if they could be had on the installment plan.

Seven Important New Food Rules Are Now in Effect

The federal food administration now asks all individuals and all hotels, restaurants and boarding houses to observe:

1. Wheatless Monday.
 2. Wheatless Wednesday.
 3. One wheatless meal every day.
 4. Meatless Tuesday.
 5. Porkless Saturday.
 6. One meatless meal every day.
 7. Save fats and sugar every day.
- "Wheatless" now means to use no wheat in bread, crackers, pastry, breakfast food, or anything, except the small amount necessary to thicken soup or gravy or to bind cornbread or other cereal breads.
- "Meatless" means no beef, pork, mutton, veal or lamb in any form, fresh or preserved, and no bacon, ham or lard.
- "Porkless" means to use no fresh or salted pork, bacon, ham or lard in any form.

20,000 South Africans in War. Nearly 20,000 British South African natives have been recruited for service behind the lines in France and

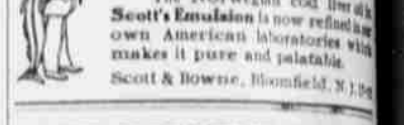
Rheumatism Yield

Only rheumatic sufferers know the agony of its darting pains, aching joints or twisting contractions. But some few have not known

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has been correcting this trouble when other treatments have utterly failed.

Scott's is essentially blood-purifying in such rich, concentrated form that its oil gets into the blood to alleviate this stubborn malady. Get a bottle of Scott's Emulsion or advise an allied friend. No alcohol.



QUIT MEAT IF YOUR KIDNEYS ACT BADLY

Take tablespoonful of Salt's Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative channels clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clear and active.—Adv.

Won Her Over.

First Suffraget—So you succeeded in convincing Mrs. Fickle?

Second Suffraget—Yes; I designed a perfectly fetching campaign costume and showed it to her.—Brooklyn Citizen.

It Won Him.

Frances—I'm afraid you don't like my game of bridge.

Francis—I am bound to like anything that costs me as much as that—

Nice Little Job For Him.

She—Oh, Jack, dear, I'm so glad you've come! Father is so excited and disturbed. Do go in and calm him.

He—Very well. But what's the matter with him?

She—Why—er—I just told him you wanted to marry me.—Boston Transcript.

No Older Than Your Face.

Is true in most cases. Then keep your face fair and young with Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Plunkville Society.

"Do you want a bit of society news?" "I guess."

"You know the lady you stated was coming to visit me last week?" "Yes, madam."

"She's gone."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To restore a normal action to Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels, take Garfield Tea, the mild herb laxative. All druggists.—Adv.

