to fly half way across the garage. One of Mary's lean shoulders slipped out of the garment. That gave the captive woman her inspiration.
In trembling haste, she unfastened

buttons. Freeing herself, she left the imprisoned coat to fall to the greasy floor of the garage— Max Lamar still gripping its corner, on the door's far side, with futile energy.
The garage was small, stuffy, ill lit
by a single grimed window pane. The
place reeked of gasoline, of oil, of grease-rags. A big car filled more than

Across the greasy floor, thru the gloom, Mary groped her way; now slipping in a gasoline puddle; now caroming against the soiled mudguard She found the opposite wall, and

felt along its all-but-unseen surfage. At the farthest corner, her numbed fingers touched what they sought—the lintel of a door. It was the garage's little back door,

giving on the alley, behind the grounds. For one suicidal moment, the thought this back door was locked. But it was only stuck from long dis-use. She threw her whole fragile weight against the dirt-crusted portalshower of dust and spiders' webs cascaded down upon her head. But the door quivered at the impact.

She heard voices—one of them Lamar's. And again she cast herself against the door. This time it flew wide; with a whining of hinges and a clatter of falling debris; and the rush of her onset drove her half way across the alley, outside.

Darting back to close the door be-

hind her, the old woman cast a fearful look up and down the alley. The coast was clear. Incontinently Mary took to her heels; scuttling down the alley and around the first corner with the wkward haste of a frightened hen. She had much ado, too, to keep from squawking like one, in the reaction

coat corner that protruded from the garage's front door. He heard muf-fied noises from within But then Max Lamar clung doggedly to the fied noises from within. But they were so faint and the door was so thick, that he could not classify them. Nor, in-deed, had he time to. For, presently, June reappeared around the corner of the big house. With her were a hatless and rather annoyed-looking woman in a morning gown and a highly

interested butler.

"I'm still holding on, Miss Travis,"

Lamar hailed June; for the first time
aware of the somewhat ridiculous figure he must be cutting.

And he continued, addressing the

"Madam, I am very sorry to disturb you like this. But we have chased a thief into your garage, as Miss Travis has probably explained to you. I have hold of this corner of the fugitive's break the lock of your garage door and

get in? Of course, I'll pay—"
"If I may suggest," said the woman to go into the garage by the back door before breaking my locks. Had that occurred to you, Mr. Detective?"

"Crime Specialist!" hastily corrected Lamar; then, "No, it hadn't occurred to me. I'm not familiar with garages of this type. Practically none of them have back doors. So 1-"

"We had one cut in," said the woman. "If you'll come around to the back of the garage with me\_"

"Yes," quickly agreed Lamar. "Yes, He looked down at the coat corner

"Anything we say out here," he

ily. "No trace of her." He caught sight of the coat lying

where June had dropped it. His look of chagrin brightened to one of keen

the tailor's label is gone. Well, there's only one thing left to do. I'll take this coat to police headquarters and have Allen send a man around with it to every tailor in the city. One of them is bound to recognize it. And we'll catch our woman that way, before another day's ended."

June's heart sank like lead. mentary buoyancy that had filled her soul was gone. She realized how shrewd and yet how simple was this latest plan of Lamar's; and how cer-

tain to prove successful. "And now," cut in the cold voice the woman of the house, who had fol-lowed Lamar from the alley, "if you two are quite done playing Old Sleuth all over my grounds, let me suggest that this path leads straight to the street. Good day, Mr. Detective."

"Madam!" snorted the nettled Lam ar, as she turned to leave them, "if anything could add to the unpleasantness of this wild-goose chase of mine, t would be to hear you call me, for the second time, a 'detective.' When you remember my fair young face, in you pure dreams, on moonlit nights, may I beg and beseech and implore and entreat and insist that you remember hat it is the face of a crime specialist -not of a 'detective!' Come, Miss

They left the grounds and gained the sidewalk. As they turned in the direction of the Travis home, Lamar "I want to thank you ever so much Miss Travis," he said, "for being such

a brick; and helping me as you have, today. But for your showing me where you had seen the Veiled Woman, should never have gotten on her track. It was splendid of you." wasn't," she contradicted, "I was

glad to be of any help. When I was hanging on to that ridiculous coatcorner, like grim death, I felt quite a eroine. But-" "There's another thing," he said,

hesitatingly. "A thing I hate like blue poison to say; but it's got to be said. Will you try to forgive me, in ad-"How ominous!" she laughed. "What

When that Jap butler of yours showed you the torn note, an ago," said Max, uncomfortably, you know what I thought? I thought you were the Veiled Woman." cried June, "Mr. Lamar!" weet voice vibrant with amazed re-

proach. "Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded. "What was I to think? It all seemed to fit in, with such horrible exactness. How else could I account for part of the stolen note being found n your room? And your explanation seemed so lame so unconvincing.
The simple truth often does you Won't you forgive me, please "You—you doubted my word?"
murmured June, incredulously. "You
actually thought—?"

"I'm so ashamed!" he broke in. "But paid for my mistake. I never was nore hideously miserable in all my life than I was at that very moment. It seemed as if all my air castles—all my dreams and ideals of glorious vomanhood-were crashing to fragments about my ears. I'd have given "Anything we say out here," he my right arm to find myself mistaken. Why, went on, "certainly can be heard on the other, side of this panel. The thief when I saw that Veiled Woman stand-you know."

"Shoes?"

"Yes. A pair of shoes. Men's shoes, you know."

with a control of the second distribution of the

"Shart I hold it now" suggested flat may must be out or sign. Seemang the poor and this time; and she trusted to the old the coat time; the old the old will be out will be only the old the out will be out to see a some of the house."

A new terror beset June: the coat to the old the out will be only to the or call the she still held, was a menace. She began to realize this: Lamar would began to realize the state of the same of the law—without asking their parmission."

"But—" he anded, "this Veiled we would still the coat the form of the interval the old the coat the form of the interval of the unfortunate; but a life that is now."

A new terror beset June: the coat the she she think the still held, was a menace. She may be a struct the still held, was a menace she we the time the club. He could me, to talk the would she messed the would still the she walk began to realize this: Lamar would began to realize this: Lamar would the she walk began to realize this: Lamar would the coat the

ness. "Yes," he told her. "The most dan-

gerous wolf for many a day. But I time have a clue here that will land her in won't

steps to the front door.
But the moment she was in her own room the lightness of manner fell from her, like an ill-fitting garment. Her face was suddenly drawn and haggard. "Ho'll do it!" she said to herself, over and over again. "He'll do it!
Nothing can stop him. Nothing can

save me." Gradually the Red Circle crept sight on the back of her white hand. When she spoke again her voice had grown tense as a taut guitar string.
"Nothing can stop him," she repeat-

"Nothing can save me-except Taking her room telephone from the desk, she ordered her limousine

brought from the garage. Ten minutes later June Travis enterod a men's outfitter's shop of the cheaper sort, on a downtown street. To the very admiring clerk who strutted forth from the back of the store

to welcome her, she said: "My brother is to leave the hospital today. He is recovering from small-pox.—Don't be frightened. I haven't -He has just telephoned me that they destroyed all his clothes to prevent infection. And he wants

to buy him a new outfit." "Yes, ma'am," acquiesced the clerk.
"Certainly, ma'am. What size, please?" "He's-he's a 'perfect thirty-six," she faltered, taken aback at the query she had not expected.
"A perfect thirty-six?" repeated the

clerk, amused. "That is a way of describing women's clothes, isn't it? Do you mean he has a thirty-six chest?" "Yes," she answered hastily. course. Yes, That's what I meant. How stupid of me!" "Not at all. Not at all," said the

What arm length?" "Thirty-six chest. "Oh-the-the average arm length, I ner some think," floundered June, "and—and a twenty-two-inch cor—vest, I mean." The clerk looked puzzled.

"hirty-six-inch coat and twentywo-inch vest?" he mumbled. "I guess he must a'been stringin' you, miss." "Well, I'm sure about the chest neasure, anyhow," declared the poor "Get a vest to go with a coat that size, please."
"Cert'nly," agreed the clerk, quite dizzy from the dazzling yet helpless smile she squandered on him, "and—

er-trousers? "Oh, any kind of trousers thatgo with a 22-inch cor—I—I mean a 36-inch coat. Any kind at ail that go with that sort of coat." "Twenty-I don't know," confessed

"Five feet six and a half," she "H'h!" mused the clerk. "I'll make a guess at it. Before we go to the gents' clothing department, how about other

things for him? Hat?" "Yes. A hat. Of course." "What size?" "I-I don't-yes, I do, too. I wear one of his caps when I go fishing. Ge a cap that will fit me, and it will be the right size for him. A golf cap

"If you want to pay me for it." put in Mary, "you can do it by keeping out of such horrid messes another time. Oh, dearle, promise me you won't do such things any more.

of chagrin brightened to one of have a clue here that will land her an eagerness. He snatched the coat from the greasy floor and twisted around so as to bring the inside of the neckband into view. And again his face darkinto view and will be safe as a clue here that will land her an the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever to headquarters, disguised as a man, you get to feeling one of those fear-to pass herself off as a tailor, to sequence of the coat and thus to deprive the police of the only clue that could connect her with the Veiled Woman. Once she could hide the coat in her that will land her an the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever to headquarters, disguised as a man, you get to feeling one of those fear-to pass herself off as a tailor, to sequence the coat and thus to deprive the police of the only clue that could connect her with the Veiled Woman. Once she could hide the coat in her that will land her an the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Mary you won't. Whenever the trap before tomorrow night. I'll promise Ma "I'm so tired!" she murmured, "and own home she would be safe.

I'm so faint, with all this fright and safe.

danger. It's given me a sick head-anche. I'm going to bed. Teil mother, won't you?. And say I don't want any dinner sent up to me. I want to go sleep and not be disturbed till tomorrow morning."
Eluding the worried old woman's

torrent of suggestions as to aromatic spirits of ammonia and aspirin and spirits of ammonia and aspirin and hot-water bags, June finally escaped to her own bedroom. Turning the key in the door, she went to the long French windows that opened out on a vine-wreathed balcony closed the window, drew down the blinds, and then advanced toward the chair whereon lay her packages. Her face was grave and was set in lines of calm determination that aged and strengthened the young features. On her handback blazed and throbbed the Red Circle, lurid and pulsating against the white flesh.

white flesh. Chief Allen still sat in his private office, clearing up some odds and ends of the day's official routine, before going to his club for a belated dinner. Night had fallen, but a broad streak of moonlight lay athwart the window

His secretary came in from the outer office. "Young fellow outside there chief," be anounced. "Wants to see you He's a dummy. Not deaf; but he's Here's a note he scribbled for you. He's from Mr. Lamar."

The chief took a slip of paper his secretary tendered, and read the three written lines it contained: I am dumb. Cannot talk. can hear. I must see the chief of po-lice. Mr. Lamar sent me.
"Oh, all right. All right," grunted the chief. "I suppose I'll get my din-ner some time between now and Christmas, if I have luck. Bring him

The secretary vanished; reappearing in a moment with a young man in

The visitor was quietly dressed and wore on his head a golf cap, which it evidently did not occur to him to reevidently did not occur to nim to remove in the august presence of the chief. He also carried under one arm a crook-handled Malacca cane.

The newcomer was somewhat short of stature, for a full-grown man. His face was round and youthful looking. delicately molded hands were

"Well, sir," said the chief, none too graciously, "what can I do for you What does Mr. Lamar want?" gracefully in a chair beside the chief's desk and drew from his pocket little scratchpad and a pencil. Wit out taking off his right-hand glove, he wrote a line or two on the pad, tore off the sheet and handed it to Chief Allen. The chief read:

Allen. The chief read:

My name is Attman, ladies' tailor.

Mr. Lamar wishes me to look at the coat he left with you this afternoon.

"Get it." Allen commanded his sec-"It's that black coat I told you to take to the detective bureau.' Presently the secretary returned with the coat, which he handed to the chief. The latter passed it over to the dumb youth who had sat dully un-

in the house.

Mary on the inner side of the garged door, had listened, paniting, to the brief dialog. As she heard Lamar returning; and slight step receding on the driveway gravel, she threw all her strength into one last wrench at the recalcitrant.

The cloth was stout and Max Lamar's grasp unshakable. But the tug caused two of the coat's upper buttons to five maker. What news of the maker and there's no time to five was five was to five was five was five was to five was to five was to five was five was five was to five was to five was to five was five was to five with a craving to make the cate was the five was to that it is each that the so that it was you until it saw that the sort was the cate was the was to five with a craving to make the five of the was travered the was to the five was to five with the farthest reaches of the was to five with the sor

the coat! She had worked out her mad scheme to the tiniest atom. And now, thru the duty-sense of one stupid evening, of 17 yen.

home—and of a Ryoto geisna gar who is an interest tried to she were her sash with the bow in front and who robbed him on one blissful failure.

"The coat!" thundered the chic evening, of 17 yen.

could not escape from this porous plas-ter policeman. Clad in this awkward masculine attire, she could not hope to outrun him. The night was too brilliantly moonlit for her to dodge him

in the darkness.

What was to be done? To her fevered senses it seemed as the he were beginning to watch her with a vague suspicion added to his former watchdog zeal.
June could have wept thru she despair.
She had a crazy impulse to attack bim with her Malacca cane; of trying to beat him into senselessness. She even drew off her gloves, so as to

even drew off her gloves, so as to wield the stick more powerfully. But almost at once she saw the stark folly of such a move. The man was fully six feet tall. He looked strong and wiry. At her first blow, he would undoubtely wrench the cane away from her and club her with his nightstick. Moreover, the spectacle of a civilian attempting to thrashia policeman would be certain to draw crowds — and probably other policemen.

men.
She was helpless, despairing. And with the blind instinct of the despair-From the business district, she

her companion now came out into one of the residence sections. There were fewer people abroad here, moonlit spaces were larger and there were no alleys or dark doorways into which she could hope to dive.

which she could hope to dive.

"Where does this cutter of yours live, anyway, Dummy?" the policeman was asking. "He must do his cutting with solid gold shears, if he lives up in this region. There ain't a house around here that don't rent for an easy \$8000 a year. And those that ain't rented belong to millionaires. Where are you steering me?" Where are you steering me?' June paused, uncertainly. This farce could not go on much longer. Meeks

was beginning to grow suspicious. There could no longer be any doubt of that. The girl looked about her in des-A quarter block ahead, the boulevard split into a "Y." At the left it continued at its present level. At the right an a flight of 40 marble steps, leading

downward to a terraced avenue one

And then, as ever of late in her mo ments of direct need, an inspiration came to the girl. It was an inspiraby any possible chance have occurred to her. Indeed, even now, she found herself dazedly marveling at ddly powerless to resist it. Once more she took up her former brisk stride; the grumbling Meeks close behind her. As they came to the fork of the boulevard she halted

"Well," growled Meeks, "which way

She pointed down the long flight of marble steps, snowy in the vivid moonlight. The man hesitated. She glanced at him and saw the reason.
His eyes were fixed in stupid wonder
at the right hand with which she was
pointing. On the surface of the hand moonlight.

"Do you know the size your brother wears?"

"The caller took the coat, handling it with the deft skill of a born garment-worker. He looked for the label, frowned slightly at noting its about the respective forms of the same of the respective forms."

Three A." he gasped. "Three A gence then fall to examining plants. by the arm with her other mand, pointed again toward the terrace beneath a them, and started down the steps at a them, and started down the steps at a them, and started down the steps at a the fastenings myself, just new Yam

the boulevard above; pistol in hand.

But at the summit, the street in both directions lay vacant and silent under the flood of moonlight.

"Gone!" croaked Policeman Meeks, still catching his breath with difficulty. "Gone! An' now wottinhell will the chief say to me! Lord, but I sure must a been born on a Friday!"

Yama, the Travis' Jap butler, was a lotter of the chief from the club, jump

sentimental soul. Moonlight affected him as it is supposed to affect tooncats. But, instead of yearning to sate on a back fence and howl, he had a less feline and more picturesque fashion" of greeting fair Luna's rays.

It was Yama's custom, on moonlit nights, to take his Japonese flute from his tin trunk in the storeroom and to fare forth into the farthest reaches of the Travis garden; there to lean pen-

Tonight, Yama was right dreamfully when the sound of crackling bushes broke in upon his music. He lowered his long flute and looked about him. He heard the crackling sound again—this time nearer the house.

He stepped cut. of the abouthouse He stepped out of the shrubbery clump to investigate. Then the flute fell from his nerveless fingers, and he

running; its feet soundless on the turf. The figure reached the house. It paused at the bottom of a vine trellis; then skilfully began to climb the trel-

stepped over the railing and began to fumble with the long French windows of a room. The windows opened and the figure glided into the room; softly closing the windows behind it. The spell was broken. With a yell of alarm Yama grabbed up his fallen flute and dashed for the house. A

second or so later burst unceremoni-cusly into the library where Mrs. Tra-vis and Mary were sitting. "'Scuse!" he sputtered. "'Scuse, please! But man climb up to honor-able Miss June's room!"
"What?" screamed Mrs. Travis and

ing wildly. "I see him, while I make a sweet music on this flute in a gar-"I heard you," moaned Mary.

thought it was cats. What's this your're tellin' us about a man—?"
"I play and I hear a noise I look. "I play and I hear a noise I fook.
Honorable burglar is climb to room.
He go inside. There now. Police?"
The women were already flying upstairs. Yama, prudently arming himself with a large poker, followed.
When he reached the second floor,
Mrs. Travis was already hammering frantically at the locked outer door of lune's suite. June's suite.

from inside. "Quick" called Mary. "Let us dearie! There's a man—"
"In a minute," yawned June's voice from the bedroom; "I can't find the

The girl, never pausing for an instant, was hurling her manly attire into a closet, garment by garment, as she replied. She tore off her wig, shook down her hair, flung a negligee wrapper around her, rumpled the pil-lows and threw back the coverings of her bed, and presently appeared sleepily blinking, in the doorway.

"My dear! My dear!" shrilled Mrs.

Travis. "Come out quickly. There's a

burglar in your rooms."

"A burglar?" repeated June, sleepily cross. "How silly! There can't be."

Mary, who feared nothing human or superhuman, had darted past her into the suite. Yama, tremblingly followed. Mrs. Travis brought up the

ing courage, as no burglar contfronted them, the three searched the entire suite. June, still drowsy and resentful at being waked from so sweet a sleep, followed them from place to

she asked, as they finished poking behind the portieres of the sitting room. "Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis, Or he thought he did."
"Oh," laughed June. "Yama, eh?
might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three

if you give us any more foolish "And please," begged June, "in burglar ghost is quite exploded, Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mra. Travis and then Mary. "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately."

uestioning eyes as she spoke. destined to still further postponement. As he sauntered into his club and headed for the dining room, the first

hailed him in mock rage, "if I starve to death it'll be your fault. What the

forward into space; his balance itritrievably lost.
Policeman Meeks' body smate the
stairway about six steps farther
down; bounded in the air; missed a
step or two: then struck the stairway
sent to look at that Veiled Woman coat. The young fellow who says his name's Attman or something like that He blew in on me just as I was get-

ting ready to—"
"Who blew in on you?" demanded
Lamar. "I havent' sent anyone to see you today."
"Your mind's softening at the edges." accused the chief. "I'm speaking of that ladies' tailor who came

"Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in sudden consternation. "Sold out! He's got the coat and—say! Come back to guy. I'll tell you about it as we so along."

They bolted from the club, jumper Yama, the Travis' Jap butler, was a into a taxicab at the door and

he dragged Meeks into his private o fice; Lamar followed close behi them, and shut the door. "The con Where is it? And where's the cro you were told to keep watch on Speak up! Where is he?" "I don't know chief," babbled Meeks almost in tears; "he done me u Rolled down a flight of steps and." "You ape!" snarled Chief Allen; "y

"He tripped me," sniffled Meeks "When I got up he had beat it."
"With the coat?" asked I "Yes sir! 'Twasn't my fault. I—"
"Til have you broke for this, you nincompoop!" stormed the chief. "Go clean away, did he? Coat and all flercely.

let a man half your size do you

And not a clue to find him by?"
"Only one clue," coweringly assened Meeks, "and that don't amount anything, I s'pose." "He—he had a big, red ring—birthmark like—on the back of his right hand. I took lotice of it when

"The Red Circle!" bellowed the chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Re Circle—again!" ircle—again!"
(End of the Fourth Instalment).

## FABER INDUSTRY FURTHER PROOF GERMANS COPY

That even one of the most success ful German business men owes M success to the inventions of others Indicated in the history of Karl Ritter Von Faber, one of the founders of the Faber Pencil Factory at Nuremi whose death was recently announce from Amsterdam.

As a matter of fact the business we founded as long ago as 1760 by Kaspe Faber, who died in 1784, but it on ecame of world-wide importance du Johann Lothair Von Faber, who born in 1817, and died in 1896. was who established branches in York, Paris, London, Vienna, Petersburg and elsewhere, and mathe name of Faber a synonym for lead pencil. He made his graducture out in 1856 when he contracted in the exclusive control of the graduity the exclusive control of the grap. output of East Siberian mines.

The Faber industry is another product that the German does not invent, but

only adapts and improves. When the famous Borrowdale min in Cumberland was discovered about the middle of the sixteenth century lead pencils were first made, and a long as the long as the supply lasted were fast oned out of sticks of the native graph ite as taken from the mine.

The strongest efforts were made enable manufacturers abroad to be come independent of British supplied and in the early days of the Faber is dustry pencils were made of powded graphite mixed with gum—but were indifferent results. Then in 11 ed graphite maked white very indifferent results. Then came the great invention of N came the great of Paris. He Jacques Coute of Paris. a mixture of graphite and clay, was perfect for the purpose, a

NATION'S Peace Incre

VELAND. ne said, were told equally upon hir

the country the and effective called upon to world's affairs. The president was and fifteen seared at the Arm atic urgings "as effective ble," were ded. So far eception extend at have been in

tical campaign.

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nable for some with adequate rei ampede when The only que Russians will nd Russians will quest and become strike a counter mas Holdich. or half-trained, o well equipped as Turks possess tor there is any diff

The German artillery yesterday snemy. A French