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SYNOPSIS

er, whose life has held little beyond the dull routine of everyday typing, sits down on a quiet doorstep to get her bearings when she finds herself lost in a dream. Suddenly the door opens and a man, evidently a house servant, confronts her and, as she catches sight of her portable typewriter case, asks her whether she will come in and take some dictation, and his manner indicates that the job is one not without adventure—probably risk. Eagerly welcoming a peep into the land of romance for which her whole life has been starving, Miss Brown steps across the threshold and within finds a man suffering from a serious wound, who turns out to be Colonel Dessiter, renowned explorer. He dictates an extraordinary story to her, but only after a warning that her whole life may be affected by her taking down these notes—a story of world adventure, intrigue and conspiracy. He portends of what she has just read, her consciousness before the last note is set down. Then he discloses to her the body of a dead man lying behind a screen, the man Dessiter has killed as his arch enemy gave him a mortal wound from which he himself says he will not recover. With detailed instructions and caution on what she shall do with her notes and other papers he entrusts to her, he dismisses her in the care of the servant, Merzen, and a strong bodyguard mysteriously conducts her to her home and sees that she is locked safely in her room for the night.

The next morning when she starts to the bank to place her precious documents in a safe-deposit box as instructed, she is attacked by ruffians and saves her bag only because she had strapped it to her back, and by the timely intervention of a stranger. She safely deposits her papers and then, glancing through the newspapers, sees a short account of the discovery of a dead man in Lomberton Square and a two-line notice of Colonel Dessiter's death.

However, Frances finds a real admirer and Edith a partial confidant in a young Russian who describes himself merely as "Paul" and invites the girls to the restaurant where he and his parents eat out a bare living to which he adds a pittance earned as a professional singer. Then comes a mysterious invitation for Frances to a party, from the Princess Strept with special instructions to "bring Miss Brown along."

INSTALLMENT XVI

Why She Was Invited

Miss Brown shook her head. "I am a very dull person," she confessed. "You object?" "Not in the least," she assured him, settling herself comfortably in her chair. "Now please tell me how you intend to spend a quarter of an hour talking to such an ignorant person as I am."

"With pleasure. First of all, you know who I am?" "Mr. Pennington, I thought the Princess said your name was. Ought I to know more than that?" "Why should you?" he replied. "I am an M.P., but I am very little known as a politician."

"Pennington the Communist?" Miss Brown exclaimed, with sudden inspiration. "I am he," was the smiling admission.

Miss Brown glanced at his perfectly fitting clothes, his neat jewelry, his air of almost elderly foppishness. "One learns a great deal through coming into the world sometimes," she murmured. "I have read some of your speeches in the Sunday papers, and I pictured you always with a flannel shirt and a red tie, beating the air with an unclean fist."

"A great many people have the same idea," Mr. Pennington observed. "You see, the times are changing so rapidly now that it is hard to find one's own ideas quickly enough. I was at Winton and Oxford. Nevertheless I am a Communist by conviction, an insurgent Socialist, a future—believe me—a future Prime Minister of England."

"I hope not," Miss Brown murmured fervently. "You hope not," he argued, "because you do not understand. Do not be afraid. I am not going to try to convert you—not at all once, at any rate. Nevertheless, I should like to be honest. I came here tonight to meet you. I want to tell you some things which I feel sure you do not understand—you have had no opportunity of understanding. You have been dragged into an affair which does not concern you, and you have heard only one side of the question upon which the happiness of the world depends."

So after all her first instincts had been right, Miss Brown forgot the music of the dance, all that joyous sense of being at a party with the full intention of having a good time. She was her very official self again—calm, inaccessible, uncommunicative.

mission. I simply have my duty to do. Nobody, nothing, will prevent my doing it to the fullest extent of my power."

"Very reasonably spoken," Mr. Pennington admitted. "But, Miss Brown, listen. I can tell you a great deal you do not know. Wouldn't you like to understand more clearly what the whole business means? Aren't you a little at sea yourself sometimes?"

"It isn't necessary for me to understand," she was the stubborn rejoinder. "I should do what I have pledged my word to do to the best of my ability, even if my brain should tell me it was wrong. I have accepted a trust and I shall carry it out."

Mr. Pennington talked on until Miss Brown's late partner looked tentatively into the room. Her eyes flashed a message of appeal to him. He came hopefully forward, and Miss Brown rose to her feet.

"Mr. Pennington," she said, "I think it is wonderful of you that



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"Mr. Pennington," she said, "I am afraid you are making a mistake. You think that I have been trusted by some one because of my convictions. That is not so. I have no convictions. I am a typist earning as a rule from four to five pounds a week, and doing my best work faithfully for my employers. I have been entrusted with a commission, as you seem to know. It is not my business to inquire into the nature of that com-

poor, simple little child like that against you?" The corners of his lips twitched again. "Successful, Princess?" he repeated. "On the contrary, the most complete and utter failure of my life."

"She led him to a corner and sat down by his side, fanning herself gently. "Are you serious?" "Absolutely. And upon my honor it wasn't my fault. I can assure you that I was never more convincing. I ignored all that I should have ignored. I preached the doctrine of moderation. I appealed to her vanity. I tried to make her understand that she was the Joan of Arc who might save the world. And, for all my eloquence, I might have been reading out of a history book to a backward child."

"You made no impression, whatever?" "Not the slightest. Her little platitudes were too ingenious for reality. She mocked herself with me. Nothing that I said stirred her for a moment. In the end a light shone out of those eyes of hers, up came a beaming young man, and away she went. She is dancing now to the strains of 'No, No, Nannette.'"

"This is serious," the Princess murmured. "It is serious indeed," Pennington agreed. "Dessiter was a wizard. What was there that he left undiscovered—Rome, Bucharest and Madrid are all uneasy. I hear today that Rome is thinking of shutting down."

"Incredible!" "I don't agree. You must remember there is Mussolini. He doesn't have to wait for a Government to tell him what he may do. If Dessiter's notes really contain the names of the Secret Six in the

"Delightful!" Frances murmured. "It's a hateful train journey. You'll come, won't you, Edith?" "The Princess is very kind," Miss Brown acknowledged. "After that came the end of the party so far as the two girls were concerned. They travelled home in a taxi, and Frances was unusually silent."

"Any interesting partners?" Miss Brown inquired. Frances roused herself. "No. I hadn't your luck. I had two very callow youths and an elderly man who puffed all the time and said that my legs were long. On the whole I should have preferred my vulgar Mr. Frankland, notwithstanding his wife. What on earth was Mr. Pennington talking to you all that time about?"

Miss Brown was not a demonstrative person, but she took her friend's arm and held it tightly. "Frances dear," she said, "I wish I could tell you all about it, but I can't. In a week or two it will all be over. Then I promise that I will tell you everything. I just by chance walked into a great adventure. Very soon my part in it will be over. Then I promise that you shall know everything."

Frances lit a cigarette and put her feet on the opposite seat. "I am not going to be sulky," she declared. "If you don't feel you can tell me that's the end of it, but you'll admit that it's a little mysterious."

"And I'm such a commonplace person," Miss Brown sighed. There was a single letter waiting for Miss Brown when the two girls entered their room in Shepherd's Market, a letter with a typewritten address and with the name of the bank embossed on the flap of the envelope. Its contents were brief and unilluminating: The manager presents his compliments to Miss Brown and would be obliged by an immediate call.

"(To Be Continued Tomorrow)"

Plaza Gianni and their authenticated program, he'd have them all shot on sight, every one of them—merciful end, too, compared to what would happen if the Fascists got hold of them."

"And that girl," the Princess murmured—"that little mouse of a creature with her quiet voice and timid manners and baby-blue eyes—holds in the palm of her hand our cause—the world's cause!"

"Of course, I didn't try bribery," Pennington reflected. "It wasn't my role. I talked to her as a great open minded statesman speaking from the platform of philanthropy. I think I was right, too. She doesn't seem to me the sort of girl to be bought. A man—the right man—might be our only chance."

"Don't say 'only chance,'" the Princess protested. "Because you failed yourself, I am not going to admit that she's unassailable."

"I have always looked upon human life as entirely sacred," Mr. Pennington observed, remembering his utterances during the war and his discreet absence from any possible scene of action. "All the same if the sacrifice of one life should be for the welfare of millions, to hesitate would be a purely foolish sentiment. We have our department, you know, for dealing with this sort of problem."

"We will leave that to the last resort," the Princess insisted. "I shall go now and make my own little effort. You are not leaving just yet?"

young woman. You go and make yourself agreeable to Alex." Miss Brown and Frances had drifted momentarily together and were discussing their departure. The Princess touched the former upon the shoulder with her fan. "So Mr. Pennington had no luck with you, young lady," she observed.

"I enjoyed my conversation with him very much," was the discreet reply. "So long as you weren't bored," the Princess murmured. "I hope you two girls aren't thinking of going?"

"I have work in the morning," Miss Brown regretted. "And I have to find my way back to Meadowley some time," Frances sighed.

A Summons "One glass of my favorite cup just we three together," the Princess invited, leading the way. "We were talking about Mr. Pennington—a brilliant man and I believe moderately honest—but politicians get on my nerves. They are always in earnest and they can never see any side of a question except their own. I am afraid I rather spoiled your evening, Miss Brown, by handing you over to him. Let me make amends for it. Come and have lunch with me tomorrow. I am expecting a very charming compatriot who speaks English perfectly—and who never talks politics."

"I am sorry, Princess," Miss Brown declined. "but I have work to do all day, and my lunch is a very trifling matter." "Nonsense!" her hostess exclaimed. "I insist. And Miss Austin must come with you. If you can arrange that I will take you back to Meadowley with me," she added, turning to Frances. "We are going down tomorrow to hunt on Friday."

"The Terrace Basketball Association" has been organized for the winter, a record crowd being in attendance at the annual meeting. A Holmwood was elected president of the association with Miss Reid, vice-president, and R. Beachler, secretary-treasurer. Exhibition games will be played three times a month. Rev. W. Allen will be coach for the senior and ladies' teams and Miss Mona Greig for the juniors.

The Smithers assembly of the Native Sons of Canada has decided to sponsor a team in the hockey league which is to be formed in the interior town. The suggestion was made that the Native Sons take over all sports, but this did not meet with favor. It was agreed, however, that everything possible should be done to foster sports among younger members of the community and, as a start, it was decided to get behind a hockey team composed of younger players.

High School is leading the men's basketball league at Smithers with three wins and no losses with Vandals in second place with two wins and one loss. Boku has won once and lost twice and Telkwa brings up the rear with no wins and three defeats. The standing in the Ladies' League is Pirates, High School, Telkwa, and Whoopee, with similar number of wins and losses respectively. Great interest is being taken in the hoop games at Smithers this season and it is reported that an excellent brand of play is being turned in. Possibly Prince Rupert may be able to arrange an inter-town series with Smithers in the course of the forthcoming winter.

Jim Jeffries has gone the way of all coots who chase the heavy weight will of the wisp, writes Andy Lydie in the Vancouver Sun. James has a future champion, he insists, and he's grooming him on his Burbank ranch. Al Morro is his name. He is 6 foot 2, either vertical or horizontal, and has a 76-inch reach, boarding house measure. "Just a few more weeks of conditioning," says Jeff, "and I'll be ready to throw him into the ring with any of 'em. I've seen a lot of 'em come and go and this guy has everything." Hope you're right, big boy, but a lot of smart ringmen have fallen a long way, getting these babies to stand up.

The game of badminton during the last few years has enjoyed great growth in Canada and is now one of the most popular of winter pastimes in the Dominion. New clubs are being organized right along and, in some of the larger cities, fine clubhouses have been built. In many places, large halls and churches are being pressed into service. One of the reasons for the game's fast growing popularity is that it can be played with equal enjoyment by old and young and beginners can derive as much pleasure from it as can the more experienced players. Badminton seems to have come to stay in Canada and some big developments in the sport may be anticipated during the next few years. It bids fair to become as important a pastime in the winter as tennis and golf in the summer. Prince Rupert seems to be just as enthusiastic for badminton as are other Canadian cities and towns.

Authorities in charge of professional billiards competition in England have seen fit to more or less revolutionize the system of determining the winners of matches. Owing to the great scoring ability of the more highly skilled professional players, it has been decided that all matches in the season just starting must be decided on a time basis. When matches were decided on points it frequently occurred that one of the competitors would reach the necessary total in the course of an hour. This provided an element of chance that was not considered desirable, as the player reaching the required number of points could if he retained a satisfactory position, monopolize the table and drag the match out. According to the new plan, the player scoring the more points in a given space of time will be declared the winner.

Announcement has been made by W. J. Black, Director of Colonization, Agriculture and Natural Resources for the Canadian National Railways, of the appointment of Fred V. Seibert, formerly of the Federal Mines Branch at Ottawa, and one of the best informed authorities on the natural resources of Canada, to the position of Superintendent of Natural Resources for the Canadian National Railways, with jurisdiction over the Provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.



FRED V. SEIBERT



Dempsey May Be Tempted Back to Meet Schmeling

MIAMI, Nov. 19.—There is a strong rumor here that Jack Dempsey might be tempted back into the ring to meet the final aspirant for the championship and a good many people think that his name is Schmeling. The German is banned from fighting in most of the states of the union, but Florida is still open to him and the big stadium here may be opened with the championship bout.

Sport Chat

Line-ups for tonight's billiard fixture will be as follows: George Waugh (Grotto) vs. C. P. Balagno (Elks). W. J. Nelson vs. A. A. Eason. D. Brown vs. Fred Stephens. J. Andrews vs. W. Mitchell. J. Hillman vs. W. E. Willisroff.

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Vancouver Won Opening Game Hockey League

VANCOUVER, Nov. 19.—In the opening game of the Pacific Coast Hockey League here last night, the Vancouver Lions nosed out a two to one victory over the Victoria Cubs.



Grotto Has Long Lead Now in Crib League

Prince Rupert Cribbage League results last night were as follows: Cold Storage 14; Orange Lodge 12; Eagles 9; New Empress 18; Grotto 16; Operators 11; K. of G. 14; P. Rupert 11; Seal Cove Sawmill 10; Canadian National Recreation Association 11; I. O. O. F. 15; Moose 12.

Seattle Hockey Opens Tonight

SEATTLE, Nov. 19.—Seattle puck chasers meet the homeless Victoria Cubs here tonight for the opening game of the Pacific Coast Hockey League. Mickey Ion will be the knight of the whistle.

BOWLING POSTPONED

The St. Andrew's Society carpet bowling fixture between J. Flew and C. Taylor rinks, scheduled for last night, was postponed. The game will be Friday night between J. Watson and M. Andrews rinks.

Billiard Averages

Table with columns: Name, G., Ttl., Av. J. Hillman (G) 2 1500 250 W. Lambie (E) 6 1500 250 G. Waugh (G) 5 1245 249 A. A. Eason (E) 5 1208 242 W. J. Nelson (G) 7 1665 238 J. Andrews (G) 6 1425 238 F. Stephens (E) 5 1168 234 G. P. Tinker (CL) 6 1398 233 M. M. McLachlan (G) 7 1600 229 W. Mitchell (E) 5 1132 226 D. Brown (G) 3 674 225 M. Andrews (CL) 7 1559 223 W. E. Willisroff (E) 3 663 221 C. Balagno (E) 6 1291 215 E. Young (CL) 2 429 215 J. W. Scott (CL) 7 1484 212 J. H. Pillsbury (CL) 1 210 210 A. Murray (CL) 7 1402 200 A. Donald (E) 4 755 189 F. G. Pyle (CL) 5 880 176 G. Howe (G) 1 118 118

Basketball Scorers

Table with columns: Name, Points. Senior League: T. Kelsey (PC) 23, A. Mitchell (PC) 20, V. Meagher (PC) 18, W. Lambie (E) 18, W. Mitchell (E) 15, D. Gurvich (32) 10, E. Rateford (32) 10, F. Frizzell (PC) 9, C. Ross (32) 9, E. J. Smith (PC) 9, J. Gosse (E) 8, G. Mitchell (E) 8, V. Moore (E) 5, M. Budinich (E) 5, W. Plommer (PC) 5, A. Moore (PC) 5, W. Menzie (32) 2, S. Gurvich (32) 1. Intermediate League: A. Stiles (HS) 21, W. Johnson (HS) 18, E. Pierce (NR) 18, D. Morrison (HS) 17, E. Dingwall (NR) 17, Nakamoto (HS) 14, J. Scott (B) 8, H. Macdonald (B) 8, F. Cameron (CN) 8, W. Hill (NR) 7, J. Comadina (CN) 7, W. Harold (CN) 7, R. Nelson (NR) 6, F. Macdonald (NR) 4, E. Burdette (B) 4, A. Barlow (B) 4, R. Irvine (HS) 2, A. Skatkebol (CN) 2, W. Bagshaw (NR) 2. Ladies' League: S. Boddie (ML) 7, C. Irvine (T) 7, M. Ness (ML) 7, H. Sim (T) 4, V. Krikevsky (T) 4, E. March (ML) 4, L. Lowe (ML) 2, E. Steen (T) 1.

AMERICAN BUSINESS OF RUGBY FOOTBALL

(Nelson News) Rugby football in the colleges of the United States is becoming a big business. Yale had a gross income of more than a million dollars last year and net revenue of more than half a million. Harvard came second with a gross of \$845,000 and a net of \$421,000. Princeton's profit was about \$300,000; Cornell's \$116,000; Michigan's was \$415,000, and Ohio State \$316,000. It is estimated that the American people spent about \$50,000,000 on football tickets last season and in all probability the expenditure will be just as large this fall.

ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM IS BEATEN AUSTRALIA TODAY

VICTORIA, Australia, Nov. 19.—The Victoria cricket team defeated the touring Marylebone Club of England today by seven wickets.

McLarnin May Fight Fields

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—Jimmy McLarnin wants to fight Jackie Fields and thus annex to himself the welterweight championship. He pounded Sammy Mandell recently and thus put him out of the way as a contender for the honor of fighting Fields and now it looks as if McLarnin is the logical man to show Jackie what an Irishman can do.

Jimmy would bring a good crowd and that is what the promoters want and so does Jackie.

Around The World With Sport Fans

(By The Tramp)

It seems to be the impression of those who have seen hockey played under the present rules that the sport has been improved as a spectacle and that the code is deserving of a fair trial. Owing to habits formed through the years players have been repeatedly trapped, particularly in regard to the anti-defense legislation. Incessant whistle-blowing followed, but it was noticeable as the game proceeded that there were less infractions, the players rapidly becoming accustomed to requirements of the code. Those who like speed and a lot of goals are headed for an enjoyable season. All teams will have numerous chances to hit that twine. Players also will devote more attention to the art of shooting without having to jockey into position. Rapidly executed marksmanship is essential for success, and there are a lot of minor leaguers who will now have a better chance to advance, while some of the stars in the majors may be demoted.

Max Schmeling, Germany's champion boxer, has announced that he will engage in a bout at Atlantic City, his share of the purse being a quarter of a million dollars. F. Jacobs, Schmeling's most talkative manager, has apparently closed the deal, but no opponent has been named. It is reasonable to suppose that only Jack Shagkey would fill requirements in an emergency like this where Schmeling will get a cool \$250,000. Shagkey, however, is tied up to a contract with Madison Square Garden, and one William Carey may have quite a bit to say about that proposed Atlantic City fight. Mr. Carey admits Schmeling to a certain extent, but he has no use whatever for Jacobs, for which stand few can censure him. Carey stood to the methods employed by Jacobs, and he has said so most emphatically. If, however, the bout takes place at Atlantic City, Schmeling will not get a quarter of a million dollars as his share. He will have to divide it among his numerous managers, and Jacobs will make sure of getting his share.

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