Sing Wah and His Wiles. OHN DORR stood stupid stering at the papers which he had found in the locked drawer of the dresser. His brief inquiries at the desk had only served to make the matter darker, so he had come back to the room to puzzle things out.

Painfully be set the facts in order before him. The first was that Ruth had gone to New York to deal with Everett about money for improvements to the "Master Key." The second was that she had evidently not been able to find Everett and had started west The third was that she had been in this very room. There lay the papers that represented the mine and its value. But how-where-how could it be?

His businesslike senses returned, and he proceeded to wire Everett's office in New York, with the result that he was soon in possession of his address in San Francisco,

"So Everett's here, too," he muttered. "That is stranger yet. I guess it Ruth!"

pocket and then withdraw them and locked them again into the dresser drawer. He had a dim notion that Ruth might come back for them. Then he telephoned to the St. Francis hotel and left word for Everett, who was reported to be out.

Still following what his common sense told him was the logical method of unraveling the tangle he went down to the desk and entered into conversa tion with the clerk. Meanwhile his eye ran down the register. Opposite the number of the room he now occupied he saw a heavily scrawled "Mrs. J. Darnell and daughter."

He frowned, and the clerk said sym pathetically, "You must have a nasty headache?"

"I have," John returned. "Met with an accident in an auto that rather upset me." He laid his finger on the register and, controlling his voice, went on as if casually, "I see Mrs. Darnell stops here."

desk to whisper, "Ah, you know her?" "I wanted specially to see her." John

equivocated. "Is she here?" "She is not, and she left in a very strange way," the clerk explained quietly. "She came here last evening with her daughter. I gave them the room you have now. Along in the late hours she suddenly came down with the girl unconscious and told me that



"Do you know Mrs. Darne, very wel:?"

she had been taken very ill and she was hurrying her to a hosp tal. There were a couple of men with her, and the house detective didn't like the looks of the whole affair, so he followed them." "Was the girl very fair haired andand beautiful?" Dorr managed to ask

"Precisely," responded the clerk, suddenly matching his guest's manner. "If you want to find Mrs. Darnell maybe the house detective got her address or the address of the hospital

in an indifferent tone.

they took the girl to." Presently, in response to a summons. appeared the detective, who scanned John's somewhat b. nised-face thoughtfully, saying nothing unfil the clerk explained that Mr. Dorr wished, if possible, to get into communication with Mrs. Darnell.

"The best I can do is to find the taxi driver for you," he said slowly, still studying John's stalwart figure. may be out on the stand now. Let's

As they passed out the detective continued hesitatingly, "Do you know Mrs Darnell very well?"

There was that in the man's tone that made John pause before answering. He glanced at the cool, impassive face and caught the glint of the steady eyes. He took a sudden resolu

"I believe you're really interested in this matter." Dorr said briefly. "Suppose we talk this over before hunting the taxi chauffeur."

"I was merely curious, that's all," was the noncommittal murmur. "That girl is not her daughter." John continued. "I have reason to believe that it is Miss Ruth Gallon, the heiress to the 'Master Key' mine, whom she is abducting." His passion blazed

forth in spite of his self restraint. "I must find her and save her." "Might I ask what relation you are

John stared at him and then realized a lever. the oddity of his actions and words. mine and his wardship of the heiress. sure land you." He also went into detail as to what he suspected Wilkerson of, describing him

these out of hotels like this."

wearily. "All I know of Mrs. Darnell sometime that trick room may serve is from occasional words dropped by a purpose." Wilkerson, But I suppose we might get a clew as to where they went any-

taxis they came to one which the de nell and Drake before him. tective identified as the one Mrs. Darnell had taken the night before. "Driver, take us where you did those

fares who were in such a hurry last night," the detective ordered. The chauffeur shook his head.

can search me for the address," he returned. "There wasn't any." The driver leaned out from his seat and went on earnestly: "You know was time I dropped in. Now to find how they jumped in and we rolled off.

Well, it seemed it was a case of life He thrust the packet of papers in his and death, according to the woman. and I stepped on the machine and hastened some toward the North Pacific hospital. But when we got into Chinatown one of the men hailed me and told me to drive just as he said. He got out here in front with me, and when we reached a certain spot they all beat it."

"Can you take us to that spot?" "I was just wondering to myself whether I could find it." was the re sponse. "But I'll try."

He threw in his clutch and the car left the line and started up the hill toward California street. John Dorr leaned back against the cushions with a strange sense of at last being on his way toward his goal. He barely heard his companion's murmur. "Evident'y they took her into the lower part of Chinatown."

We usually credit the oriental with little or no imagination, nointing to his art, his clothes and his language as evidences. As the fact runs, even the Chinese coolie uses the facul' To Dorr's secret amazement the clerk | imagination more frequently than his became mysterious, leaning across the white brother on an equal social plane.

Sing Wah, or Wah Sing, as he was indifferently called, was outwardly a stolid, dull eyed Chinese of uncertain middle age. His picture-it was in the gallery of every secret service office from Singapore to Philadelphia-was not less changeless of expression, nor more teciturn than he. Yet in spite of of mark, a man with a history replete with adventure and, not too seldom

store night after night, blinking Drake shrank back. through the wooden screen at the various customers who came in to trade or barter. And year after year they came to his door, the pirate and the thief, the smuggler and the robber, and he took his toll of them and passed them on. Whither? Sing Wah never told. And because he did not tell they where? He shifted his eyes from the came back with greater loot and rich- emptied satchel to the curtained winer booty, and he again passed them dow. Instantly there leaped before through his store to vanish utterly him the picture of the truck turning view of the police.

availed themselves of Sing Wah's aid was Wilkerson, who, during dark periods of his career, had several times run athwart the barriers of the law and been compelled to seek refuge where he could.

Harry Wilkerson was not a fool. In some ways he was brilliantly endowed. He recognized Sing Wah's superiority to all others in the great game of outwitting the law. He perceived beneath the stolid mask the alert, active, stn dious mind which was ever vigilant. never forgetful, always intelligently er man. watching the world that passed before his filmed eyes. The Chinese had, as well, acknowledged Wilkerson's adeptness and persistency. In several deals they had been partners to their mutual

"You are a very good fellow Har ry." Sing Wah had told him once as and get hold of the papers, and maythey drank ten in a little room in the be"rear. "You are a smart man-almost as smart as I am. But you are too the kind of joker who would dress up hungry. You cannot resist your appe- as a banker and then proceed to renew tites. Now, I"-he made a slight ges- my client's acquaintance in a Chinese ture of distaste with his lean brown joint. How am I supposed to know

hand-"I have no appetites." the tourists and the rest, instead of Sing Wah's is beyond my comprehen

The dull eyes lit for a moment hu all of us in a noose. You know what morously. "I have always felt that I people will say when"owed it to Oxford not to flaunt my ed. "They'll say nothing," said Wilker ucation in a small tradesman's shop, son furiously, and he proceeded once don't you know?"

The imitation of the Oxonian drawl continue to impersonate Everett and had been so natural that Wilkerson in that guise carry their scheme to its had slapped his thighs in delight profitable conclusion. In spite of his Thereafter he took a peculiar pleasure eagerness and sophistry he was unable in watching Sing Wah's assumed sflent to move either Drake or Mrs. Darnell stupidity and comparing it with what from their attitude of frightened conhe knew to be the real person behind tempt. At last Drake agreed to do his

It was to Wilkerson that the Chinese had explained his reason for nevhow brisk the police might be. "And card and ask for an interview, but I I have thought out a scheme which haven't lost my senses." you will like," he went on. "Come

with me."

to the young lady?" asked the detec- son the cylindrical room which had a single door and revolved at a touch on

He briefly explained his position at the kerson. "If the police find that they'll Sing Wah's pallid lips opened in faint

Chinatown guides know about it and "He was one of them, sure enough," | will charge \$10 extra for a trip through agreed the detective. "But young heir- the horrors of the underground, as they esses ain't being kidnaped days like call it." The Chinese sneered, "Le them play with such things while I use "I may be mistaken," John assented the brains heaven gave me. And yet,

Thus it came about that Harry Wilkerson, driven to his wits' end to accomplish his designs, bethought him of After some search of the long line of Sing Wah and fairly drove Jean Dar-To Mrs. Darnell's credit it must



"You've got to do the trick."

the stake was too great to risk, and she bitterly consented to Wilkerson's has tily outlined plan of hiding Ruth away somewhere in Sing Wah's precincts until they could once more get their plans into working order.

Before she would leave the place she must indeed see Sing Wah himself. "Will the girl be safe here?" she de-

The Chinese looked at her flushed and passionate beauty in silence until she repeated her question. Then he said quietly and in his own exquisitely modulated English: "You need have little fear. The servants are houest and discreet. And"-he let his eyes meet hers fully-"I think it is possible that she is safer now than she has been for some time. Good night, mad-

While Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell had been hurriedly arranging matters with Sing Wah. Drake had gone in search of lodgings nearby. He found them in what had once been a noted hotel, which had fallen into sad decay. It was in the faded rooms he engaged here that the three met to consult on

"The first thing to do is to get hold of those deeds and papers she has in his sember clothes and general air of her grip," said Wilkerson. "I wonder blank stupidity, Sing Wah was a man | you didn't think to get them before,

The woman's eyes lit with dull hatred, but she made no answer. She If the ordinary criminal could have watched him fuss with the locks of the an office or a store he would quadruple hand satchel which she had indicated his profits. But the common run of as the one in which Ruth carried her rascals must steal and fly. Their post- valuables. When it opened and Wiloffice address is a figment. They are kerson thrust his clutching fingers not at home when opportunity knocks. downward into it Mrs. Darnell leaned Sing Wah knew this, and it was his forward as if in protest. He paid no boast that for thirty years any one attention to her, but continued his who wanted him, either day or night, search with ever increasing baste. At last he straightened up with an oath So he sat at the back of his little so venomous and deadly that even

> "The deeds aren't here," Wilkerson said thickly. "She's hidden them!" "But where?"

This question seemed to break Wilkerson's almost steely intensity of purpose. The question put his whole problem before him in two words-but from the haunts of men and the pur- slowly over in the gulch, of the huge billow of smoke, of the little lances of Among the many hundreds who had fire that charged through the dry undergrowth as if to preserve to the flames their prey. Was it for this that he was a murderer? The curtain blew inward before some vagrant wind from the bay, and Wilkerson drew back in

"What is it. Harry?" demanded Mrs.

Darnell, instantly taking alarm, "Nothing." he said sullenly. "I was just thinking of something." He turned on Drake. "You've got to do the trick," be went on "How's that?" demanded the young

Wilkerson eagerly formulated his his plan, ticking off the points on the

tips of his quivering fingers. "First you're Everett, turned up at last. You find her"-

"In Chinatown!" sneered Drake. "You can easily gain her confidence

Drake laughed uglily. "I look like she's there? I tell you. Wilkerson, that Wilkerson nodded, "I guess you're you can't travel straight, even when it right. Sing Wah. You even haven't pays you. Why in God's name you any pride. You talk pidgin English to ever took that girl to that place of speaking the perfect English you sion. Any place would have been better. Now you have put the heads of

> more to argue that Drake could easily best to make Ruth trust him.

"But I don't like this impersonation business," he said firmly. "I might go er changing his address, no matter to a hotel and hand in my broker's

to it that you worm out of her where It was then that he showed Wilker | those papers are."

CHAPTER XII.

Crossed Wires. HUS it happened that when Drake entered Wah's unpretentious way the taxi with the detective and John Dorr drew up in

side street and stopped. "It was here they left me," said th

chauffeur sulkily. The detective and John got out and stared about them. They were in the

lower part of Chinatown, a single tier of blocks that stretched beyond the bounds toward the bay-not in the quarter, but of it. "Which way did they take the girl?

said the practical detective. The driver led them around the cor ner and up an alleyway. He pointed to Sing Wah's door. "I think they went in there," he muttered.

"Ah!" said the detective thoughtfuly. "When I was on the police force used to know that Chinaman. the smoothest rascal in America, bur

gritted his teeth in helpir s rage. "And she's in that flend's foul clutches," he grouped aloud.

At this moment a policeman come

along and accosted John's compani n familiarly. In a few words the case was explained to him. "You won't find anything, of course,"

the officer remarked. "But just for satisfaction let's have a look-see and a chin-chin with Sing Wah." They entered the shop just as a Chinese was closing a panel door after

Drake, who had come to make his promised attempt to win Ruth's confidence. Sing Wah was nowhere to be After some futile parley with the

Chinese, whose ignorance was com plete in every detail, the two officers agreed that they were wasting time. "Old Sing's the boy to see," said

the house detective. "Let's wait

Now, Sing Wah had pondered the affair during the night, and the more he thought over having a lovely white girl in the cylindrical room the less he liked it. It was deadly dangerous. Courts might be lenient with the smuggler and the go-between. Sing Wah knew that if even a suspicion got abroad that a young white woman was imprisoned in his quarters a ravening mob would tear his place stick from stone and hang him without trial, He was determined to get the girl away immediately. So he was unfeignedly glad to see Drake.

Drake attempted to explain who Wilkerson wanted, but the Chinese cut

"Harry is insane," he said quietly. "He is mad over that woman. I have | cool, salt breath on her face. At her done all I can. You must get her out

doesn't know me very well, and she'll | the craft alongside and motioned to ber scream her head off, and I'll be arrest- to get in. ed, and we'll all be in a muss." Sing Wah nodded thoughtfully. Then be looked up and listened to the

low words of one of his cierks. Dismissing him with a single grunt, be turned to Drake. "There's not much time," he said softly. "They are on the trail al-

"Who?" "The police." He motioned Drake to a chair in the little alcove, where they stood and went on: "Stay here a moment. I will see for myself." He pulled a lever, and the room swung around till the door was opposite him.

back the panel and vanished. Ruth lay on a couch, open eyed and white faced. Beside her a richly dressed Chinese woman crouched, whisper-

With long, slender fingers he slipped



"I have come to take you back to your

ing soothingly. At sight of Sing Ruth Gallon suddenly sat upright in silent "I beg your pardon, miss," Sing said

in his silkiest English. "I have come to take you back to your friends out-The girl shrank back. "No, no, no!"

"They are not my "Surely Harry Wilkerson"suggested craftily, to see how the land

"Wilkerson!" she whispered. "Is be | thance at us here! Rush 'em." -was he here?"

Her tone conveyed all that he wished to know. He motioned to the woman "Well," growled Wilkerson, "just see to leave and when she was gone pulled ed, "This room was built merely for a cord, which let down a light rope tourists' consumption. Let me see that

"I am sorry, madam," he said quiety, "but I shall have to ask you to climb up this. It is the only safe way out." He laid one hand gently on het

Now, Buth was California bred, with all the prejudices for and against the Chinaman, She screamed. At that instant there was a crash of a shattered door in the distance and the sound of men talking in excited tones.

"You must come," said Sing Wah. "I will take you to a place of safety. All I ask of you is to follow me and

His earnestness was unmistakable and Ruth yielded. A moment later they both stood on a small tanding place above the cylindrical room. Sing Wah carefully drew up the ladder and coiled it again on the wooden trigger that had released it. Then be led the way down a dark passage to stairs lit by a mere glimmer of gas. Ruth drew back, but he indicated that she must go on. Even as she obeyed his imperious gesture there rang out the muffled clangor of revolver shots. Then again came the sound of doors yielding to violence and the shouts of wrathful

Wah hurried her on, down steps, along shadowy passageways and



"You must come," said Sing Wah.

under low arches till she felt a sudden feet she saw the glimmer of water and a bout riding to a long painter. Quick-"But how?" demanded Drake, "She ly and sliently Sing Wab drew the lit-

By this time the rumult had died down to a mere muttering of shots with an occasional yell, muffled by walls and the distance. She stared fearfully about her, at the great arches of dripping brick overhead, at the little landing under foot, at the dark vista of the tunnel through which the water streamed in a swishing tide. She drew back and let ber voice out in one long. forlorn scream, the pent up agony of many bours, her final call for help against the dark powers that had sets

ed upon ber. With swift strength Sing Wah reached out his sinewy arms, raised her up and seated ber in the stern of the boat A moment later be bad cast off the painter and shipped the oars. The boat slipped silently away on the current

After some talk between the officers John Dorr was informed that if he tiked they would enter Sing Wati's and make a thorough search.

"Not that I think we'll find anything or anybody," said one of the policemen, "but it never does any barm to take it look-see through Sing Wah's. and the fleutenant is coming down now to take charge."

A moment later that officer arrived and John Dorr made his tale as copvincing as possible. The fleutenant seemed dublons.

"It isn't like the old rasent to run his head into danger that way," he insisted. "I think you are on the wrong trall Who did you say was the man who did all this?" "Wilkerson Harry Wilkerson," John

answered bitterly. "Wilkerson?" repented the lieutenant "That puts another color on the matter. Wilkerson and Sing Wah used to be puls. This'll bear tooking futo. Come on, men."

With wonderful quickness the officer disposed his men so that every known exit was guarded. Then he motioned to John to follow him and went boldly up to the shop door and entered.

Followed again a furile parley with a Chinese who professed to know no language but his own. The fleutenant's quick ear caught a sound of something moving directly behind the impassive clerk. Brushing him aside, be smashed in the door in the partition and strode into the ballway beyond. John Dorr was close at his

The next few moments were to live long in John's memory as the strangest of his life. "Be careful;" warned the officer.

"The rascals may start shooting." Even as he spoke there was a ruddy flash down the dark alleyway, and Dorr staggered back. "Only my nrm," tre muttered.

"Come on? Don't give 'em another An instant later they sto d in the eylindrical room. John s: I about him, but the lieutenant merels remark-

arm of yours!"

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One of the Curious

York's Financ In old Trinity ch Robert Fulton and A ton lie buried, dozens seen through the picks fences every day enj day lunches amid th old time New Yorkers high skyscraping office elevated trains clatter head, and on Broadly gongs add tumult to city. Within the oid is peace and quiet. I girls from these big come of a noontime-to "far from the made

withbee hand's reach

It was only a few

Broadway.

some girl, a typewrit office building, chanced fall over the gravestone. They did not bring the to her mind-they only that it would be lovely. her lunch among such The next day she ar brought their lunches. the churchyard and, se spot behind the old cl on an old tomb and h sandwiches. Nobody next day they came age emerging from stuffy them and resolved to The next day there we there, and nowadays, hour is bright and sun has increased to some five.-New York Cor. I

All Right That girl's all rig blond girl in the dress she had looked every overshoes. "The one left, she's gone off with overshoes and left me New York Times.

Continued on Page 9