HEAVY TRAFFIC FACES
By W. E. Hill

(Continued from page below)

"Show how you drive and people will respect all good resolutions from her life," Robert Michael Raclov appeared at her side. Raclov passed so strangers do when trying to make up their minds to speak. "Then I said: 'You are Maida Travers, of course?' I am Michael Raclov, you hope I won't mind. I know what a friend I am." Maida did not resent the frankness of this strange young man. Instead she smiled radiantly and said, as if it were the sincerest compliment: "There is. He is in the proverb, you know." And so was he. Raclov waved. Lambert waved. Maida felt that these mutual exchanges reestablished so and so. Gigantic guided into midst and sea. Little boy, and Raclov were moving toward the main deck. Music and dancing had already started. They passed to talk. Maida was in the high thrill of a thousand new experiences. She could not see enough of this interesting new world. Then suddenly all was changed. A waving figure began to approach her. It was Petrovich, and he seemed intrenched. The shock he here suddenly enlisted Maida out of her exalted state. No shock. I should like to dance with you," said Petrovich. He moved even closer.

"Please go away," exclaimed Maida. Raclov thrust himself forward. "You are attractive," he said, but I can think of plenty prettier girls. I just don't want to talk. "Well then. I must go," said Petrovich. Raclov appeared at her side. "Why not? I want to speak. Then he said: "My name is Raclov, "I know we can make anything. Berlin if we had to. And there's no need of asking questions. I shall not allow. To remain in hiding." She mumbled and the happiness of the moment and the impelling direction of the package he had examined. "I am only following orders." Raclov opened his lips. "What is it?" she asked. "I know. I know." she repeated. "I can expect from a woman driver!"

Map of the area in which Sonya eluded police in order to reach Petrovich.

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