BEGIN HERE TODAY

Hope Ranger, daughter of Loring Ranger, disappears and her father offers a hundred-thousand-dollar reward for her return. Acting upon instructions from Hope's abductors, Loring leaves a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds in a specified place.

Juarez Charlie adventurer, is a warm friend of Ranger. He goes on a still hunt for Hope. He is given a clew to act upon by a girl friend.

Hope is held prisoner in Dr. Bristow's private sanitarium and she makes friends with Dr. George Kelsey, who is detained there because he knows of criminal dealings of Dr. Bristow. Hope and Kelsey consult as to different means of escape.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

On their arrival at the garage they found the touring-car repaired, and the party ready to start. Charlie swung the Princess lightly from one car to the other, held her hand a moment in parting, promised to meet them all the next Sunday at Mrs. Greenberg's for dinner; and then stood waving as they drove away.

With their departure, he shed his role of the moneyed idler. Stern business demanded him now—just how stern he did not realize until he started to pay the garage-keeper for the use of the flivver, and discovered that he had only a dollar and thirty-five cents left in his pocket.

However, he did not betray his dilemma; his training saved him. He still had his tongue, and it had extricated him in more embarrassing straits than this. Glibly, steadily he talked on to the garage-keeper, while trying to decide on his next move.

He surreptitiously explored his various pockets in the faint hope of finding some overlooked currency, and his fingers came in contact with a familiar object. Like a magic talisman, it restored his equanimity and courage.

It was an imitation meerschaum pipe, and it—or rather, its fellows—had for years provided Charlie with what he called his "little graft." He always carried with him on his journeys an assortment of these, retailing at about fifty cents apiece, and on his arrival in a "hick" town would set out with one of them in his pocket carefully wrapped up in an old silk handkerchief. In the office of the railroad hotel or at the Main Street pool parlor, he would mark down his prospective victim — sometimes a lounging patron, sometimes the proprietor of the place—and strike up a conversation, mesmerizing him with his gift of language. Then at the psychological moment he would draw out his pipe, and handling it as tenderly as if it were some rare treasure, would offer it for inspection.

"My father put in thirty-two years coloring that bowl," he would affirm, pensively reminiscent, "brought it with him when he came over from the other side, and gave it to me on his death-bed. I never thought that anything could make me part with it, but old Hard Luck is some persuader, and I've made up my mind to let it go. Of course, if I had time to turn a deal, I could easy get as high as four or five hundred for a pipe like that; but these bum lungs of mine tell me that I can't afford to lose any time getting to Arizona." Here a hollow cough would shake his whole frame.

"So, if you know of anybody, friend, that's willing to come across with the twenty-five I need to make up my fare to Phoenix, the meerschaum's theirs."

The listener generally fell for the bargain, and by the time the fraud was discovered and the constable set on his trail, Charlie would be many miles away.

Of course, with the garage-keeper, he had to vary his story, and adapt it to his character as canvasser for "put-it-together-yourself" furniture; but he did it so effectively, that when he closed the transaction, he had paid all charges against him and had eleven dollars to boot.

Then resolutely putting out of his mind the Princess, the garage-keeper, Ranger, everything that interfered with his study of the problem before him, he raced toward Long Island.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was just about the time that Charlie had gained from the Princess the clue which pointed to the Sanitarium that Hope and Kelsey in Bristow's high-powered car went crashing through the hedge and sweeping down the road.

Their plan had been to drive west, change the car at some garage, first disabling it, and then proceed in another less conspicuous one to New York.

But Kelsey noticed that she had headed east, which was well, as it would lead the pursuit in that direction. Half a mile beyond the hospital, though, she turned into a narrow lane, and he soon saw that by circuitous routes she was now making her way west.

Neither of them spoke. Crouched over the wheel, Hope drove—a valkyrie of a driver, and for the time nothing more, every fibre of her bent on that. And in the first ecstasy of escape, Kelsey gave no thought to the dangers still before them.

Twilight was falling now. As they whirled on, followng tangled and tortuous by-paths, he could no longer see ahead of him.

With a twist of the wheel Hope brought them out of a lane they had been following through the scrub-oak onto a more traveled highway, and ahead of them he saw the light of a garage. She slowed down and stopped rubbing her numb hands.

"Run ahead and reconnoitre," she said, "and I will get ready to put the carburetor out of commission, if the coast is clear. Then, with another car, we will make a detour around that bend and trike into the main road."

He was already out of the car and starting on his way.

Two or three minutes passed and then he came running back. "There's a car there," he panted. "There were men in it—Bristow's chauffeur. The garage men were gathered around it. We haven't a second to lose. They're after us."

She jumped into her seat, and slewed the machine sharply around. They whizzed down the road and back into the scrub-oak again. He heard shouts behind them, and the loud honking of a horn, with an answering honk-honk to the right and left—the baying of the pack.

Kelsey looked back, and as he did so, a car shot out from an intersecting road and took after them. It gained steadily.

"They've got us pocketed," he said.

"Not yet." The wind blew back her words to him. They had come to a point where the road forked in three directions. She turned into the first one.

"We'll try for our old house now," she said. "We can get to the back entrance by a short cut through the woods just beyond here."

"Our old house?" He had not heard of it before. "But the car. They will track us by that, no matter where we go."

"Let them," she said briefly, and with what struck him as remarkable sang froid under the circumstances.

He looked back again.

"They've followed," he said. "They're on us now."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a rush of wheels, the purr of an engine, and the pursuing car shot by them to draw up ahead in the middle of the road.

There was nothing for them but to stop. They could not hope to pass in that narrow lane, and it was equally impossible to turn.

As the car passed them, Kelsey had made out that there were two men in it. One of them leaped over the side, and came running back.

Kelsey flexed his muscles and waited. The man hurrying toward them was a big burly fellow but Kelsey was no lightweight himself. Armed or unarmed, he was ready for him, and then he'd take on the other, both at the same time for that matter.

The man held something in his hand, but it was not a gun.

"That you, Dr. Bristow?" he said, coming close and speaking in a harsh, husky whisper. He halted, his jaw falling. "What the—!"

Hope leaned forward. "I am Miss Copley," she said. "I wasn't quite sure of the Doctor's directions."

"Oh? Miss Copley?" His truculence gave way to relief. He thrust a bulky envelope into her hand without a word and turned back to his own car.

"Better let us get a place ahead," he muttered over his shoulder. "I've got an idea we're being trailed. We just shook off a couple of other cars."

He was gone. The car in front started and whizzed on. There was no time for question or comment, no time to express wonder at this strange incident. Hope had thrown the envelope into Kelsey's lap, and was once more driving at full speed.

The Merrick Road, wide and smooth, opened out before them, and many automobiles were on it.

"We have to cross here," she murmured. "Pray that our luck holds."

Kelsey sat taut while she drove down the highway for about a quarter of a mile. Motors passed them, going in both directions, but no one intercepted them. Then she turned off, and soon they were in a tree-lined lane, where the ground was rougher than any over which they had passed.

They seemed to have thrown off the pursuit. Then the stillness was broken by the staccato coughing of a motorcycle somewhere before them.

The explosive racket drummed on their ears. A headlight rayed yellow through the fog. Panic seized Hope. In the open with a choice of branching roads where she could twist and double her navigation held; but here, cornered at last, she yielded to an unreasoning impulse.

Before Kelsey realized her intention, she jerked the car to the left in so short a turn that they made it on two wheels.

He saw an open space before him. A tall stump seemed to rise out of the ground. She swerved frantically to avoid it, and they crashed into a tree. Blackness! He knew no more.

Hope, thrown clear of the wreck, struggled for her breath, and then rose uncertainly to her knees. A man was bending over her.

(To be continued.)

OUTSTANDING SMARTNESS

What can be accomplished without disturbing the slenderness of the silhouette is illustrated in a long-waisted model with scalloped front closing. The two-piece shaped waistband attached to the bodice assures a snug hipline. The shirred skirt is attached to the waistband, creating a low flare and graceful movement to hemline. It can also be made with short sleeves or sleeveless. Printed and plain chiffon is sketched. Silk crepe, georgette crepe, printed chiffon voile, crepe Elezabeth, crepe de chine, printed handkerchief linen, crepe satin, canton-faille crepe and men's silk shirting fabric are appropriate. Style No. 253 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Pattern price 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred).

We suggest enclosing 10 cents additional for a copy of our Fashion Magazine.

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At a public dinner a certain bishop was genially patronized by a millionaire. "I never go to church," the millionaire said. "Perhaps you've noticed that, bishop?" "Yes, I have noticed it," said the bishop gravely. "No doubt you wonder why I never go to church, don't you?" The millionaire pursued. "Well, I'll tell you why, bishop. There are so many hypocrites there." "Oh, don't let that keep you away!" cried the bishop, smiling. "There is always room for one more, you know."

Minard's Liniment—A reliable first aid

Airship Resembles a Great Cathedral

Work on Enormous Blimp About Half Completed in England

PROBLEMS CROP UP

Power Generated From Five Independent and Detachable Units

London.—The image of a great cathedral, twice as vast as any yet built, with men the size of pygmies, working high aloft, putting the finishing touches to a grotesquely giant device, seemingly all ribs and made out of the lightest of metal is the impression one obtains from an inspection of the R-101, the largest airship yet attempted in Great Britain, which is now under construction.

The R-101 may in time be seen at the mooring mast now being erected in Montreal, as it is designed for a transatlantic service. It was the privilege of a representative of The Canadian Press to look round and into this monster of the Royal Aircraft Works at Cardington, Bedfordshire. A sister ship is being built at Howden, Yorkshire.

The designers of each have been given a free hand, but they had to guarantee a speed of seventy miles per hour at a height of 5,000 feet, and a cruising radius of 4,000 miles without refuelling. The R-101 is 724 feet in length, and has passenger accommodation on two decks. There will be two berth sleeping cabins and a dining room capable of seating fifty persons. A kitchen with electrical cooking apparatus will connect with the diner by a small elevator. There is to be a smoking room on the lower deck and also quarters for the crew.

Work Half Completed

Roughly speaking the work on this mammoth of the air is now about half completed. The aircraft factory officials are taking no chances, however, and the expert designers confess that they are still learning how to improve on small matters. New problems are constantly cropping up as the work goes on.

The great girders which make a sort of circle of the ship are put together on the ground. The whole mass is then hoisted into place. Power can be generated from five independent units, any one of which may be detached and a spare supplied even when the ship is lying at the mooring mast. Heavy oil fuel will be used.

Just where the R-101 will travel after she has made good at her trials in England is as yet undecided. The base in Egypt is now completed and the base in India will be finished early next year. Canada is erecting a mooring mast at Montreal, and South Africa has agreed to do likewise at a point near Durbar. Australia is waiting to see how the new ships behave in their trials.

The whole enterprise as the Air Ministry achknowledges, is one great experiment, firstly in technicalities of construction and later on, after technical difficulties are surmounted, in ascertaining the value of an air service to the Empire as a hole.

Know Whistles When Afloat

Unlike the automobile horn, the power boat whistle is a thing which talks a varied language.

"Every blast or series of blasts on your whistle means something to a nearby boat operator—or should. When another boat is approaching, no matter from what angle, there is a rule, a simple one, for the situation. The simple "one-two-three" signals of the boat whistle comprises the absolute minimum which you should know in operating a pleasure boat anywhere.

When a boat is coming head-on, or almost so, one or the other must make known his intention in passing. If you wish to pass the other boat with your port side to his port side, give one blast. If you wish to pass to starboard, give two blasts. If you simply remember that port is a word of one syllable and starboard is a word of two syllables, you have your formula for your two signals to approaching boats tied to your memory. If your signal is agreeable to him, he will answer with the same signal; if not he will give the other, indicating the course he wants to take. If that is agreeable to you, answer him in kind.

If there is danger of collision, give three short blasts, indicating: My engine running full speed astern. If he does not do likewise or if the danger is not averted by your action, give four short quick blasts, indicating danger.

State Socialism

Nation and Athenaem (London): The development of public utilities is tending more and more to become the province of the State. Various causes combine and promote this tendency. There is the drift towards State Socialism, the growing reluctance to permit public utilities to be exploited for private profit. There is the social reform pressure, which ha sled to the subsidizing of housing. There is the technical revolution which has substituted roads for railroads as the expanding means of internal transit.

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for one another?—George Eliot.

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"SALADA" GREEN TEA 298

Holland Cements Union With Her Island Colonies

Netherlands Indonesian League Holds Congress, While Colonies Have Exhibition

The Hague—The Netherlands Indonesian League of which Raden Mas Suripto, a Javanese nobleman, is the vice-president, is holding a congress at Arnhem, Gelderland, where an East and West Indian exhibition is also taking place. The exhibition aims at giving the 7,000,000 Hollanders a better insight into their colonies. The object of the congress is to bring the many Javanese youths studying in Holland into contact with prominent Hollanders interested in the East.

Mr. Suripto spoke frankly about the desires of the Javanese to be free and independent.. He told how almost every son of Indonesia was working to become a truly worthy member of a free nation. Many he said had left their native land in order to visit Europe and especially Holland.

He said it was far better to accept the hand of friendship offered by so many enlightened Dutchmen who desire to help the Javanese in their education toward self-government, than to believe that liberation from the Dutch Government would at once solve all their problems. Mutual understanding and friendship were the surer ways for obtaining favorable and lasting results. The culture of the East, and vice versa.

Colorado Fights Crickets With Poison and Fences

Thirty-five million dollars' worth of non-replacable raw material, gasoline, is being thrown away annually because of the limitation placed on sulphur content in motor fuels. According to "Industrial and Engineering Chemistry," this sulphur tolerance could be greatly raised for summer weather, but with proper crankcase ventilation it has not been shown that sulphur will cause corrosion above 33 degrees Fahrenheit. "It reveals the fact that more than two-thirds of the country's total consumption, are used in warm weather, when, according to all published evidence there is no danger of corrosion. It seems absurd to refine this huge amount of gasoline arbitrary sulphur specification which in most states throughout the greater part of the year appear to be worthless and to serve only to necessitate wasteful refining practice."

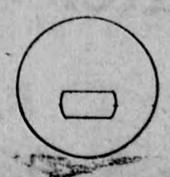
Minard's Liniment for Blistered Feet.

The Peace Pact

Leo Maxse in the National Review (London): The Kellogg Peace Pact does literally nothing to strengthen the forces or the cause of peace, because from the outset the Washington Government has scouted the suggestion that the formal Renunciation of War involved any penalties on Powers that renounce this Renunciation. Nothing but fear of the consequences deters wrongdoers either in civil or international life, and the moment it is proclaimed that there will be no consequences a premium is put on aggression.

For sending indecent postcards through the post, Charles Howard, 32, confectioneer, of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, and his wife, Patricia Howard, were each fined three guineas and two guineas costs, by the Isle of Wight Bench.

THE BEST BIFOCAL



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Remarkable Find of Fossil Remains Made in Australia

Signs of the Earliest Known Creatures Discovered on Flinders Range

Sydney, N.S.W.—Much interest has been aroused by the recent discovery of proofs of animal life of an antiquity hitherto undreamed of by Sir Edgeworth David, emeritus professor of geology at Sydney University.

Sir Edgeworth's statement, as supplied to the Sydney press, indicates that he was delayed in his discovery by prevailing mistaken theories as to what conditions obtained in the pre-Cambrian period. He had looked for remains that were supposed to be existent, and not being able to find it because the supposition was incorrectly based, thought the rocks he examined were fossiliferous blanks, and so regarded them for two or three decade. The specimens were from the Mount Lofty and Flinders ranges of South Australia. There are plenty of rocks there that under the microscope tell of animal life existing hundreds of millions of years before the period of limitation hitherto imposed by science.

"The rocks show traces of the life of nearly 600,000,000 years ago," remarked the profesor. "The fossils range from the thickness of at least 10,000 feet of stratum, and the fauna revealed must therefore have existed for many millions of years, and as it was a marine fauna, spread over approximately 1,000,000 square miles of Australia, it must have crosed the Pacific and other contemporaneous oceans. It may therefore be predicted that it will be found in other parts of the world."

Most of the specimens consist of animals—new to natural science—allied to the sandworms found on Australian ocean beaches to-day, and to form related to shrimps, prawns, or crayfish. There are other forms of animal life, and the professor anticipates a rush of paleontologists to study the fossils. They are finely preserved, he says, and this is an surprising to him as anything else about them. He speaks of their color as "ranging from a delicate rose madder to pale bronze greens," and describes themas "exquisitely lovely."

Sir Edgeworth is continuing his investigation of these ancient fossils, and has the collaboration of Prof. Walter Howchin of South Australia.

Our industrial system was not aiming at anything that was felt to be worth while. It promised many pleasures but no joys.—H. G. Wood.

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