ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

SYNOPSIS.

Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer, in London on a holiday, saves **Margery** Ferguson by snatching her from beneath a large car. On arrival at the Mid-Western Hotel, he is surprised to find a letter, writen in code. That evening an unknown girl calls on him. Resolved to see the adventure through, he goes with Judith Felstead to see a man named Stevensson. His impersonation is discovered when the other Crane appears. He escapes and meets Margery Ferguson again. Learning that her father is in the hands of Stevensson and his gang, he persuades Margery to seek shelter in a convent while he goes to Mandling, in Kent, to rescue her father. Meanwhile Charles Whittle is on the trail of a gang of forgers.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

Charles Whittle believed in mixing with his kind. It was all right to pay a visit for business purposes to the Carlton, the Savoy, the Ritz, and other "swell joints" of that type, but he would have been supremely uncomfortable living in them.

He was just thinking about lighting a fresh cigar when he suddenly sat forward in his chair. The next second he had picked up the evening paper from the small table, and had placed it before his face. This did not prevent him, however, from secretly scrutinizing the man who walked through the room towards the big fire which commanded a view of the whole apartment.

Whittle was used to surprises; but, inured as he was in this particular, he yet felt a swift shock of excitement. This small, undersized individual with the shifty eyes, he recognized. He had run across George Melton on the last occasion he had crossed swords with Jim Birchall. What was Melton doing in England? He usually operated in the towns of the Middle West, not often venturing into New York, or even Chicago. And now he was in London. . . !

Working with Birchall?

He lowered the paper quietly. Melton had not seen him yet. The man was standing only a couple of yards away, surveying the room with eager, questioning eyes.

"Hullo," drawled the detective.

The other turned swiftly. Whittle was an enemy—or had been an enemy. But the New Yorker was now smiling invitingly, and patting the chair by his side.

It was impossible to make a scene. After all, Whittle had nothing on him. There was no risk. Besides—

"Well, well, well," said the detective, when the other had accepted the invitation. The tone was markedly friendly. "You'll have something, George?"

Melton made a swallowing movement and scratched the side of his neck. He couldn't "get" the situation yet.

"Thanks," he said; "I'll have a whisky."

When the waiter had brought the order—"two large whiskies—and not too much soda"—Melton's host took up the talking again.

"What brought you to London, George?" he asked. "Oh," quickly, "you needn't be worried; I'm here on a holiday, and I'm not looking for work."

"Even if you were," retorted the other, with an uncanny smile, "you wouldn't frighten me. I'm out of the game now."

"Running straight, eh?"

"Yes—and finding it damned hard, let me tell you."

The detective raised his glass.

"I helped you once, George; and, if possible, I'll help you again," he said. "What's the trouble?"

The answer was succinct.

"Lack of dough," he said.

"Come over here to try to get some?"

"Yeah!" But the word was accompanied by a grim and ironical smile which Whittle knew to be significant.

"Got anything to tell me?" he asked, raising his glass again.

"Anything to tell you? I don't quite get that."

"I think you do, George." Then "Is Jim Birchall trailing around?"

Too late the crook endeavored to control his features. That sudden expression of suspicion had given his secret away to an astute questioner.

"That's funny," he remarked.

"Perhaps," conceded the detective. "Anyway,"—taking a gamble—"I fancied I saw Jim in the West End tonight."

"The dirty swine," muttered the other beneath his breath.

Whittle glowed with satisfaction. Luck was with him. The "end" for which he had been waiting so long now appeared a possibility.

"Do you ever think of that night in Dallas?" he asked seductively.

Melton turned in his seat.

"I'm not tell you a thing, mind," he whispered fiercely, "but if you care to go down to a village called Mandling—"

"I'll look it up on the map."

"No need to do that. It's in Kent. You go from Charing Cross."

"And who is at Mandling?"

"That's for you to find out. But I'll tell you this, Charlie Whittle: Take a gun with you. There's a woman there—"

"A woman! Something new, eh?"

"Yes, very new. You'll laugh when you see her; that is, if you get a chance to laugh before she plugs you. 'The Empress,' they call her. . . The Empress. . . ."

Whittle took a third sip at his whisky and soda. Life had changed from the ordinary and commonplace to the stimulating exciting. Old campaigner as he was, his pulse was beating at a slightly higher rate than usual. The blood was thudding through his veins at a quicker pace. He was getting on the trail.

"That's all want to know, George, he said; "and I won't forget it. Now, if you'll take my tip, you'll clear out of this town. You say you want money—here," taking a notecase from his pocket, "is a hundred dollars. That ought to help you to where you're going. . .. Is it too inquisitive to ask you why you came here tonight?"

"I was looking for someone," was the noncommittal reply.

"Has this—person—turned up yet?"

"No—and now he won't." A hand raised the glass and set it down empty. "Well," he concluded, "I'll be pushing along. Goodbye."

This was an unusual evening. Whittle signified it by calling for a third whisky, which represented two over his usual allowance. But there was matter for congratulation. George Melton had not been kidding him. Of that he was sure. The man had been sincere—for what reason, he could not yet decide.

Of course there were difficulties. These were represented in the two questions: (1) Why was Melton in London? and (2) Why did he give the information? There was yet a third query: What was going on in Mandling, that quaintly-named Kentish village?

But there was much to be said. Action promised.

"Waiter!"

"Yes, sir?"

"You have a Gazetteer here?"

"Certainly, sir."

The book of reference, admirable as it was, was able to supply very little information. Beyond the mere mention that Mandling was a village of a few hundred inhabitants, and that it was near a Castle, famous for the fact that the knights who crossed from France with the intention of murdering Thomas a Becket, stayed there one night before proceeding to Canterbury, it had nothing to tell.

Ah, well, he would be there the next day. There was not long to wait.

Whittle had just closed the book, when a commotion was heard in the hall of the hotel thirty yards or so away.

There came a sinister cry: "Murdered!"

The mind of a crime investigator has to work quickly. Whittle bounded out of his chair and forced a way through the press of people. A sudden fit of apprehension seized him.

The sight outside confirmed his worst suspicions. On a leather lounge a man's body had been placed. There was an ominous stain at the base of the neck. A police constable was conversing in low tones with the Manager of the Washington. A crowd four-deep watched in awed silence.

"What's happened here?" Whittle asked his neighbor.

"Looks as though the poor chap's been shot," was the reply. "I heard the policeman say he was dead, any way."

The American detective gave a noncommittal grunt. But his mind was very active.

He had recognized the dead man immediately.

It was George Melton!

CHAPTER VIII.

He stumbled weakly towards the door, this man who had been a prisoner for the past week. Faint through want of food, his nerve broken by actual physical torture, George Ferguson would have excited the pity of any observer.

His manner was distraught; several times during the previous hour he had wondered if he were going mad. His actions now were those of one whose brain was rapidly becoming unbalanced. Clawing at the door until the blood oozed from his broken finger-nails he kept up a continuous cry:

"Let me out! Let me out!"

It seemed as though Fate had decided to answer the appeal, for the door suddenly opened. Ferguson, unable to save himself, sagged forward; but, before he reached the floor, his body was caught in a pair of strong arms.

"Now, then—pull yourself together, you fool! You're wanted downstairs."

Resistance was out of the question; he could only obey the command by shuffling feebly forward as the other held his left arm in a vice-like grip.

Down the broad staircase skiriting a wide hall, at the other end of which could be seen the heavy front door of the house, the two went. Outside a room on the right, his guard halted to tap lightly on the door.

"Come in," said a cultured voice.

The prisoner might well have deluded himself that he was merely dreaming this scene and not living it. Even in this age of sensational crime, what ordinary person would have credited his story?—that he had been kidnapped in broad daylight, taken to a country house in Kent, and there kept a prisoner by a gang of crooks who, through him, were intending to gather a harvest of several million pounds?

(To be continued.)

Quality has no substitute

Tea *"fresh from the gardens"*

"Follow the Equator" Is Goal Of Hypothetical Air Trips

Among the possible airplane flights for 1932 being discussed in Europe, the "follow the equator" feat is talked about more than any other. European airmen say the best starting point would be Libreville, French Equatorial Africa. After crossing Africa in two "legs" there would be a long and dangerous flight across the Indian Ocean, with a stop at Maldive Islands for fuel.

Next would come the 7,000-mile flight across the Pacific on a course where shipping is scarce. A pilot might make land at the Gilbert Islands, at Christmas Islands, and at Galapagos. From the latter he could proceed to Quito, in Ecuador. Then would follow a journey across South America to the mouth of the Amazon. His gigantic flight would terminate with the crossing of the Atlantic to Libreville.

Eros Soon to Appear Again in Piccadilly

London.—The long heralded replacement of Eros in the Piccadilly Circus is now expected to be only a matter of days. The base of the famous memorial has been completed, but the bronze basin of the fountain must be erected and other work done such as connecting the waterpipes. This is now going on behind the canvas-covered scaffolding that screens it from public gaze. According to the latest information the little god is certain to shoot his arrows over Piccadilly again before long with the unveiling probably early in December.

"I do not agree with the people who try to apply mathematics and extreme logical abstractions to the regulations of the human race."

—Sherwood Anderson.

"Artificial inflation of stocks must be considered a crime as serious as counterfeiting, which it closely resembles."

—Andre Maurois.

Grasses Still Most Vital Living Thing to Mankind

Berkeley.—Grasses always have been and still are more important to mankind than any other living things, finds Morris Halperin, research assistant in agronomy of the University of California. "Evidence for this statement," states Halperin, "is abundant throughout the history of man in all ages and on all continents The geologic age of mammals, the nomadic life of primitive man, the beginnings of civilization, and the existence of modern life are closely interwoven modern life are closely interwoven with the indispensability of grasses to man.

"Every known primitive civilization has been built directly upon one or another of the cereal grasses, supplemented in some cases with pasture grasses. Primitive man, living by hunting, was completely dependent on grassland and became a nomad as he followed grass-feeding animals in their wanderings. Cereal grasses changed man from a nomad to a settler and led to the cultivation of land. Even the calendar and social life were made necessary by the cultivation of cereal grasses.

"In 1700 B.C., the Chinese instituted the symbolic ceremony of sowing five useful plants each year, these being rice, wheat, sorghum, millet and the legume, soybeans. In Egypt, barley and millet were produced as early as 4000 B.C. On the American continent all civilization from Canada to Patagonia is practically synonymous with one grass, maize or Indian corn.

"To-day grasses furnish all the breadstuffs and most of the meat and sugar consumed by man. Grasses also play an important part in building material, reclaiming land, providing turf for lawns and the athletic fields. The greatest portion of the dry land surface of the earth is occupied by grasses"

Amusing Anecdotes

A queer little incident during the run of "Lear" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in the palmy days of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, is recorded by W. Graham Robertson, in his captivating reminiscences "Life Was Worth Living." One evening, Ellen Terry—as Cordelia—and Robertson stood together at the wings during the last act when the great actress said:

"Graham, why do men always spit on their hands when they are going to take up anything?"

"They don't," said Robertson, "at least only laborers handling a spade or a navvy gripping a pick-axe."

"Well," said Cordelia, "you come and look at Henry." (Irving was playing Lear).

It was almost time for Lear's entrance, bearing the body of his murdered daughter, and said daughter began to get ready, stretching herself at full length upon a table that she might be the more easily gathered up. King Lear swept down from his dressing room and stood beside her, waiting for his cue. As it came he stooped over Cordelia and whispering "Now then—ready?" carefully spat upon both palms, rubbed them hastily together and, shouldering his burden, trudged with it on the stage.

* * * *

Tit-bits from the intimate diaries of the late C. W. Barron, noted financial reporter—as recorded in "More The old Barron":

Boston, June 5, 1920. Mrs. Coolidge tells the following story. It is her custom, when going out, to leave her address so that the governor (Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts at the time) may call her up if he returns. Recently the governor returned home, rang the telephone of the party giving the afternoon tea and said to put Mrs. Coolidge on the telephone.

The conversation was as follows:

Governor: "Mrs. Coolidge?"

Mrs. Coolidge: "Yes."

Governor: "Hop home."

If any body can get that conversation into fewer words or letters without cutting the sense, he deserves a prize, remarks Barron.

* * * *

Under date, New York, November 16, 1927, is this entry:

George Harvey (former American Ambassador in London) said: "I suppose I have told John D. Rockefeller the story of the minister's call at least forty times and each time he seems to get a new chuckle out of it. He is very appreciative of wit. I tell it that there were rumors about Peacham for many weeks that the minister had had a call to a larger parish, but nobody seemed to get any information and the minister said nothing.

"Finally, the deacons agreed that one of them should call and ask him directly. So the old deacon knocked on the front door and asked the boy who responded to see his father. The boy said that his father was engaged. 'Then can I see your mother?' and the boy replied that his mother was busy.

"Then the deacon, smilingly, began upon the boy and said, 'Can you tell me anything about the report that your father has had a call to another church?'

"The boy said: 'I don't know anything about it, but father is in the parlor praying for light and mother is up in the attic packing the trunks'."

* * * *

In a talk with Dr. Walter B. James at Battle Creek, Michigan, on October 25, 1922, Mr. Barron quotes the doctor as saying:

"I think the development of women has come largely by discarding their clothing. A father will come to me with a cold and sore throat and pull off clothes like a human onion; they would fill a bushel basket. But his daughter's clothes would go in a quart measure."

Sunned Fish Supply Vitamin D to Foxes

Foxes on the ranches of Prince Edward Island now get vitamin D in their diet through the medium of fish. Twice a week sun-dried herring are fed to them.

The fishermen split the fish through the back, wash them in fresh water, place them in a 5 per cent. salt solution for six hours and then put them in the open air for the sun to do the rest. On the ranches the fish are soaked in water for an hour or so before being fed to the foxes. The plant was tried out for the first time last year and at once proved a success.

"Buddy" Dines in Style

According to a scientist's recent statement monkeys develop quicker than children. Perhaps they "ape" their elders more effectively? This Bronx Zoo chimp, Buddy, likes his meal this way.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Paris centres interest in sleeve fulness below the elbows for afternoons.

This darling black crepe satin model is both practical and versatile. It uses white crepe satin for its lower sleeves and for the neat moulded-to-the-dress trim in inset vestee at the front of bodice.

The skirt is cleverly gored at the front, lending height to the figure.

Style No. 3213 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material wtih 1 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

For less formal wear choose a sheer printed wool voile in rich new brown coloring in combination with vivid plain red wool voile contrast.

Black transparent velvet is enchantingly lovely for more dressy wear.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

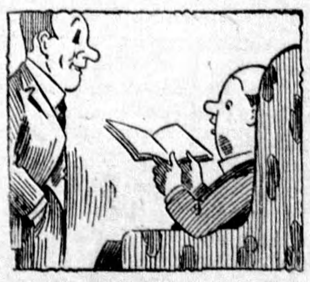
The Lion Roars

Dreaming the Lion sits,
While all around
The greedy chorus rings
Of flouting jackal, fleeing hound.

Has he forgot his kingship,
Bought with the price of years?
Is this the end of greatness?
Squander'd the blood and tears?

Sudden the Lion rises,
The Lion roars. . . .
The curs that yapped lie silent,
Licking their sores.

—M. D., in the Morning Post.



"I have just been reading the Constitution of the United States."

"Well?"

"And I was surprised to find out how many rights a fellow has."