ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

SYNOPSIS

When Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer, arrives in ondon on a holiday, through a coincidence of like names he is taken for the crook Crane, who is a tool of a band ruled by a mysterious "Empress."

He rescues Mary Ferguson and takes her to a convent. He then goes to Mandling in Kent to rescue her father. Meanwhile, Charles Whittle, an American detective, is trailing a band of forgers. By close confinement The Empress hopes to bend Ferguson's will to her own. Crane, while watching "The White House," comes to blows with an unknown, who proves to be Whittle. When Crane attempts to enter the house he is attacked; Whittle rescues him. Then he and Whittle are attacked at the Inn where they are staying. The Empress calls in Julia Felstead.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"Crane not only went to Mandling yesterday, but actually tried to get into The White House. Of course, that was very foolish of him. Stevensson, as we know, can be depended upon to deal with almost any situation no matter how awkward. He traced this Crane to the village inn. . . Well, that intrepid young man, so stupidly quixotic, is now safely back at the White House. I don't think he will give any more trouble. Birchall is there as well as Stevensson and the others," concluded the Empress.

The red-headed girl heaved a sigh of relief.

"So not much damage has been done?"

The Empress pulled at her cigarette, inhaled, and then blew out the smoke through her finely-chiselled nostrils.

"On the contrary," she replied crisply, "a great deal of damage has been done, I'm afraid. This man Crane—by the way, you haven't asked me yet how I got to know about him."

The girl pulled herself up with a start. What cunning this woman used! She remembered everything. In the excitement of the moment, she herself had forgotten that Stevnsson had promised not to say anything about her mistake; it was her own fear that had impelled her to speak.

"Did Stevensson tell you?" she asked.

"No—that's a little matter I shall have to settle with him when I see him again. It was the American who told me the story; said he thought it best that I should know. But never mind that now; I was going to say that Crane had a companion down at Mandling."

"A companion?"

"Yes. And it's this fellow—who was also at the inn last night, but he got away somehow—who may cause us no end of trouble. And if he does—" She did not add any further words, but the red-headed girl knew that the unspoken threat was directed against her.

A maid, after tapping on the door, entered.

"Yes, Stanton?"

The maid advanced and held out a card.

"The gentleman says he wishes to see you immediately, madam."

"Bartholomew. . ." mused Mrs. St. Clair, reading from the card; "I don't know any Bartholomew."

"He says he's from Jardine's, madam."

"Well, I'd better see him, I suppose."

"I will leave you," said Judith.

"All right, dear. Now, don't distress yourself too much. I shall be seeing you tonight at 'The Purple Dove'."

She bestowed a perfunctory kiss on the cheek of the girl, who shrank from the embrace and hurriedly left the room.

"I'm afraid," Mrs. Aubryn St. Clair told herself, "that poor Judith is losing her grip. I can't have people who make mistakes. . . ."

After throwing away her cigarette, she prepared herself for the visitor.

The name of her visitor had conveyed nothing to her, but, from the moment of his entry, she had a vague, uncomfortable suspicion that, somewhere or other, she had met him before.

"Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair?"

"That is my name."

The visitor half turned towards the door in order to make sure that what he was about to say could not be overheard.

"I have just five minutes, madam, in which to make a certain statement to you," he said.

"What is this? I understood you were from Jardine's?"

"One has to use a little finesse sometimes," was the reply. "I got to hear that Jardine's, the well known caterers, were superintending the dinner party you are giving here tonight, and, naturally enough, in order to see you, I made use of that name."

This woman had not risen to her pre-eminence in the world of crime without possessing a wonderful sang-froid.

"You can leave out the preliminaries," she remarked.

"Very well, then," came the retort; "you have in your possession—that is, in the possession of certain associates of yours—a young friend of mine whose name is Crane—Philip Crane. He is an Englishman, who comes from Truro, and by nature is very inoffensive. It has happened that, through a peculiar set of circumstances, he has fallen across your path. Last night he was forcibly abducted from an Inn at Mandling, called 'The Jolly Sailor,' and taken—now, this is where you may be useful, Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair. I very much wish to know where my friend Crane was taken."

"You are, of course, mad!"

The visitor made a short, but not ungracious, inclination of his head.

"I expected something not quite so obvious," he commented. "Now," looking at his watch, "I find that three minutes of my five have already gone. That leaves us very little time in which to come to the understanding which, I can assure you, is—from your point of view, at least—very essential."

"Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Bartholomew—that, of course, is not your name—you come from America. We happen to be somewhat more civilized here than in the United States, in some respects. For instance, within one minute of my making a call through that telephone, I can be ordering your arrest."

The caller smiled.

"You would not be so foolish as that."

"Why not?"

"Because if the Police should come here, I could give them some very interesting information about yourself. Now, just this final word: Either you ring up your country headquarters, 'The White House,' near Mandling, and, in my presence, give the most definite instructions for Philip Crane to be released, or——"

"Yes?"

"I shall take what steps I think necessary."

The Empress did some quick thinking. She had not betrayed her emotions, she knew—she was far too much mistress of herself for that—but she realized who this man was: he was the companion of Crane in the affair of the previous night.

Who was he—a detective? Could that mean that the American police were also on the trail of Crane—or rather Birchall? She had to bluff.

"I'll give you just thirty seconds to leave this house," she said; and pressed the bell.

"It has been a real pleasure to meet you—Empress," said the visitor, and as though leaving Royalty he walked backwards to the door.

* * * *

A few miles away a girl was sitting in a small, barely-furnished room, busily occupied with her thoughts. They were not pleasant reflections.

Margery Ferguson kept on telling herself that she should have been happy—as happy, that was, of course, as any girl in her circumstances could be expected to be. For here she was shielded from the world, kept out of danger, and surrounded by friends who lavished every care and attention upon her. Yet—

It was the thought of her father that brought such distress. How wretched he had made her life! What strange illogicality was it that caused a man so clever as George Ferguson to be such a weakling in his moral character? Ever since she could remember, he had been an irresponsible gambler. Even back in her early childhood—that was after her mother had died—she had come to the conclusion that her father was a man destined for trouble. For what other end was possible for him, with his weakness and general instability?

The door opened to interrupt this gloomy train of reflection. A sweet-expressioned nun, whose skin was like a schoolgirl's in its freshness, smiled at her as she placed a tray down on the small table.

'Ready for your milk, dear?" she asked.

Margery smiled back at her. What an angel this woman was! Coming straight from the turbulent, sin-soaked world that she knew, Margery had found it difficult at first to believe that Sister Faith was really human. How she must have schooled and disciplined herself before reaching such a state of splendid selflessness.

"I don't like giving you all this trouble, Sister."

"Trouble! My dear, how many more times do I have to tell you it's a pleasure? Why, I don't know what my uncle would say if he heard you talking like this!" She held up a work-roughened finger in playful reproach.

Margery had to smile in sheer amusement this time. The contrast between the corpulent Soho restaurant proprietor and this human lily was so striking.

She got up and gently pressed the Sister down into her chair.

"I'm going to wait on you today," she said. It was the least she could do; she had protested many times during her short stay against being allowed the luxury of a private room, but the nuns had argued in turn that she wanted quiet and rest. So this delicious solitude was afforded her—and how heaven-sent she deemed it. Agitated, as she had been, storm-tossed and almost distraught, she had not felt she could have faced even the gentle stares of the nuns. These women might be out of the world, but a good many of them, she fancied, still maintained an acute interest in what was going ou outside the four walls of the Convent. They were not all like Sister Faith.

(To be continued.)

"The functions of government should be exercised to stimulate not 'big business' nor 'little business,' but all enterprise."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Two Young Torontonians "Way Down South"

More than a thousand miles away, Jean and Joan Nathanson, children of Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Nathanson of Toronto, are shown enjoying the balmy breezes of Florida. Looks good.

Quality has no substitute

Tea *"fresh from the gardens"*

There is six feet, six inches of this policeman, the deputy sheriff at Curtiss air field.

The Potato Harvest

A high bare field, brown from the plough, and borne
Aslant from sunset; amber wastes of sky
Washing the ridge; a clamour of crows that fly
In from the wide flats where the spent tides mourn
To yon their rocking roosts in pines wind-torn;
A line of gray snake-fence that zigzags by
A pond and cattle from the homestead night
The long deep summonings of the supper horn.

Black on the ridge, against that lonely flush,
A cart, and stoop-necked oxen; ranged beside
Some barrels; and the day-worn harvest folk,
Here emptying their baskets, jar the hush
With hollow thunders. Down the dusk hillside
Lumbers the wain; and day fades out like smoke.

—Charles G. D. Roberts. "Poems."

Sun and Snow

Sunlight is curious about snow.
It glares intently,—wants to know
How flakes are made, and why the crust
Of snow can powder into dust.

The sunlight cannot hold aloof
When snow is dazzling on a roof.
It wants to know what makes it gleam,
And why the eaves should run a stream.

Inquisitively, sunlight peers
At beauty melting into tears.
It stares surprised, and does not know
That its attentions melt the snow.

[illegible] Maring.

Hul[illegible] "A [illegible] money [illegible] soon part[illegible]
Wifey—Oh, [illegible] h are you going to gi[illegible] my birthday?"

Spanish Melody

One of the most delightful things in Spain is its strange Eastern music, and of all the music by far the most magical is the "Malaguena." This is a plaintive little song or chant which is hummed under the breath, started by one, taken up and varied a little by another, carried right down the street like a thread of melody, everyone singing a few bars. Sometimes it is the veriest whisper; sometimes it rises to a wailing chant. It is quite bewildering, for you cannot place it; it often seems to die away altogether and begin again as a sort of echo, but with different harmonies and intervals and always in a minor key. The narrow streets of Malaga are full of this strange ghostly music, and the women washing clothes in the river-bed all hum it, each one improvising as she goes on, but it always stops suddenly if it is noticed that any stranger is listening.—From "Spanish Sunshine," by Eleanor Elsner.

A New Crime Museum

The famous Black Museum at Scotland Yard has now its counterpart in Rome, where a Museum of Crime has just been opened.

Some of the exhibits are very interesting. There is, for instance, a stiletto with the words "Corsican Vendetta" on the handle, and on the blade the grim legend: "May the wound made by me prove mortal."

Prisoners planning escape have been responsible for a special section. Among the exhibits here are nails, bolts, and even pen-nibs, which have been made into knives by the expenditure of infinite labour. More ingenious still is a dummy revolver, which one prisoner fashioned out of bread-crumbs and coloured black. It was so realistic that its maker was able to intimidate a warder with it and make his escape.

"If a man has no fear, he has no brains."—Barney Oldfield.

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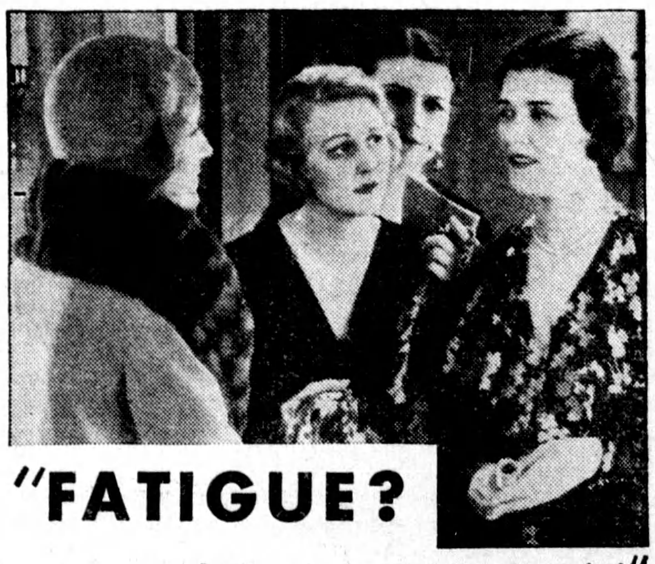

"FATIGUE?

I just postpone it!"

"No, I don't have 'nerves.' You can't have them, and hold this sort of position. My head used to throb around three o'clock, and certain days, of course, were worse than others.

"Then I learned to rely on Aspirin."

The sure cure for any headache is rest. But sometimes we must postpone it. That's when Aspirin saves the day. Two tablets, and the nagging pain is gone until you are home. And once you are comfortable the pain seldom returns!

Keep Aspirin handy. Don't put it away, or put off taking it. Fighting a headache to finish the day may be heroic, but it is also a little foolish. So is sacrificing a night's sleep because you've an annoying cold, or irritated throat, or grumbling tooth, neuralgia, neuritis. These tablets always relieve. They don't depress the heart, and may be taken freely. That is medical opinion. It is a fact established by the last twenty years of medical practise.

The only caution to be observed is when you are *buying* Aspirin. Don't take a substitute because it will not act the same. Aspirin is made in Canada.

BAYER