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ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

SYNOPSIS.

When Philip Crane, a young aeroplane **designer**, arrives in London 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 Margery Ferguson and **learns** that her father is held captive by "**The** Empress" in Mandling, Kent. Placing Margery safely in a convent, Philip **goes** to Mandling to reconnoitre. Meanwhile Charles Whittle, an American detective, is trailing a band of forgers and **follows** the same trail as Crane. They **meet** and join forces. Then Crane is **abducted** by two members of the gang. Margery fears for her father and Philip.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

Sister Faith now asked a question. "I expect you're finding it very dull here, my dear," she said.

"No." Margery shook her head. "It's heaven—perfect. I don't think I have ever known what real happiness meant before."

"That's a very sad thing to near a girl of your age say, Margery."

"I know; but it's true, nevertheless." An overwhelming desire to confide in her companion came and before she could put up any fight it had conquered. She found herself telling the story of her life, right back from the day her mother had died, leaving her to face existence with a father who, although occasionally kind, was thoroughly unsatisfactory in almost every other way.

Continuing, she brought her narrative up to the point where George Ferguson one day had mysteriously disappeared.

Sister Faith opened her blue eyes wider.

"Disappeared?" she repeated.

"Yes. We were living in a dreadful street at Harlesden then—oh," covering her eyes with her hands. "I can see that awful house now. It—s just a slum—but as father said he couldn't afford anything better, I had to put up with it. I should have gone to work myself if he had not been so angry every time I mentioned it. Of course," with a pitiable little smile, "I don't quite know what I could have done. You see, Sister, I was never brought up to do anything—except look after the house."

"That's the best work a woman can do, my dear."

"I didn't think so," tossing her hair back from her forehead: "I hated it. We were so poor—so frightfully poor."

"What did your father do?"

"I never knew. He was always so secretive about his work—always hinting that he was going to make a fortune. On those days, he would be ridiculously excited; but that mood soon passed, because in the ordinary way, he was terribly depressed. In both cases, he was very difficult to live with."

"I can quite believe it. But you were telling me that he 'disappeared'."

"Yes—there's no other word for it. One day a car drew up outside the house. A man who looked like a clergyman in mufti—I mean, he had a clergyman's type of face; thin, refined. And yet—" she shuddered, "there was something awful about him, something sinister that made me feel afraid. His eyes were icy; they seemed absolutely cold, no warmth in them. . . ."

"If this distresses you, Margery, don't tell me any more."

"Oh, I feel I want to. I must. I haven't had a chance to talk to anyone since—only—and I couldn't tell him all." She struggled with herself for a few moments, and then, choking back a sob, resumed. 'That man who called—he wouldn't give any name, although I asked him—wanted to know if father was at home. He was—but he was drunk."

"Oh, my dear!"

"Yes, he was lying on the sofa in the little sitting room. The man with the cold eyes came in after me with his companion, and told me to leave the room. At first, I didn't want to, because I didn't know who these two strangers were, but then I thought I'd better obey, or father would be angry when he became sober. I was only away ten minutes, but when I got back—father was gone."

"What had happened?"

"I don't know—and I've never heard. But that's only part of the mystery. I'm sure that father is in the hands of criminals—I suspect the man with cold eyes from the beginning."

"Haven't you heard anything?"

"Only a few words on a scrap of paper. It was headed 'Mandling,' which I looked up and found to be a village in Kent. The handwriting was my father's—there was no doubt about that—but there were only four other words."

"What were they, my dear?"

"'Come and help me,'" was the reply. "I daresay it seems silly to you, Sister, for a grown man to send an appeal like that to his daughter, but father as never quite like a normal person."

"Have you done nothing? I mean, haven't you been to the Police?"

"No; I was afraid to do that."

"But it is your duty."

"I know, Sister; but I was frightened that my father might be implicated in something criminal. He is so weak. . . ."

"But, all the same, if you think he's in danger—and you evidently do—you should go to the Police."

"But I've told you why I didn't. And now, perhaps, it's too late. A violent fit of sobbing shook the girl so that she could not say any more. The nun, taking up the tea-tray, looked down at her with infinite compassion. Then, feeling that this was a situation with which she could not hope to deal, she quietly left the room.

Margery's distress did not last very long. The sight of the empty chair opposite her made her feel foolish. To cause sadness to that sweet Sister Faith—how ungrateful.

Now that she was calmer, her mind became concentrated in a different direction. Curiously enough, it was not of the nun who had been such a friend to her she was thinking. No, it was a man who occupied her thoughts now—and, even more strange, that man was not her father.

This other was young—not many years older than herself—and, for a few moments on a never-to-be-forgotten day, she had rested in his arms. And she had unthinkingly sent him into danger. For that was what had happened, without a doubt; an appeal had been wrung from her, and this Sir Galahad had answered it. He had pledged her his help, and he must have gone straight to Mandling after leaving her at this harborage.

What had become of him there? She scarcely dared to think.

At this moment, in an upstairs room, the Mother Superior of the Convent gave her decision.

"We must help the poor child, Sister," she said; "if you will enquire the number, I will ring up Scotland Yard."

CAPTER XV.

Philip opened his eyes slowly. This was not the Inn. For where was the bed? . . the wardrobe? . . the washhand stand? . . . Then, with a groan, he remembered: he had been attacked that night—was it still night?—had put up a fight, but had been knocked out. After that, there was a blank.

Although he knew he was now conscious, he remained still for a few more moments. He wanted to get his strength back. And moving, as he had already found, was an infinitely painful process. His body was racked with pain; it was as though he had been bruised from head to foot.

A particularly violent throb in his right temple made him attempt to raise a hand. Confusion became further confounded with that: there was a jingling of metal, and, to his amazement, he found that one hand could not be lifted without the other. He stared stupidly, before realizing that both his wrists were encircled by a pair of handcuffs. He was a prisoner.

As the truth flooded through him he heard a laugh—a laugh that a mocking devil might have made.

"Pretty, aren't they?" enquired a voice.

He had to half-turn, and, into his orbit of gaze showed a man; a man who, although probably ten years older, might quite easily have been mistaken for himself.

Though feeling almost beyond surprise, he bit his lip in astonishment. This was the fellow Whittle had mentioned—Birchall, the crook for whom he had been mistaken at the Mid-Western Hotel. The sight gave him a certain stimulus; at least, he was getting nearer the heart of the mystery.

Birchall, negligently balancing a revolver on the palm of his right hand, came closer, standing over him.

"You ought to have kept out of this, young fella," he said; "but, gee, I don't wonder Judith made the mistake; you're the dead ringer of me—at least, you would be if you were ten years older. But, as I say, you were a poor sap to get into this mess. What made you, anyway?"

The strange thing was that Crane felt himself almost liking the man. The other's insouciant manner, darkened though it was by a leer, was appealing in a bizarre sort of way.

It occurred to him quickly that the best policy for him to adopt would be to affect simplicity.

"It wasn't my fault that I got into it," he said; "I was mistaken for someone else—"—he paused—"and, by jingo, I understand now—that someone else must have been you!"

"Without a doubt, kid," drawled the other; "if this was put in a book, they wouldn't believe it, eh? But you're in the soup all right; and there'll be no getting out."

"I don't know what you mean. You can't do this sort of thing in England." He held up his handcuffed wrists in illustration.

"Oh—h?" softly commented the other; "is that so? Well, it seems to have happened all the same. And what are you going to do about it, eh?"

"What can I do? Two men broke into my bedroom at the local inn last night, and although I put one of them out, the other got behind me . . . . Look here, you seem a decent sort; what does all this mean?"

The only reply he got was a further chuckle.

"Trying to do the sob stuff, eh? Well, kid, that won't work with me. You ought to have thought of what would happen before you stuck your nose in." He bent a little lower. "They keep a pet torturer down at this joint for guys like you. Badoglio his name is. He's an Italian, and about three times as big as they make 'em nowadays. He's got a few ideas of his own." The speaker broke off to grin in a manner that made Crane afraid he would be sick.

(To be continued.)

Quality has no substitute

Tea *"fresh from the gardens"*

Too Large

The little ones are not happy always;
Ours is a grown-up world planned for a race
Of tall folk; imagination's small maze
Of melody and colour has no place
To spread its little tent. The lovely eyes
Of children are not happy, are not gay
Always; it is a world too great in size,
Too huge for the gnome's song and the elf's play,
Too coarse for the little ones to nest their dreams
And make believe; too chill, often, for those
Who are as fragile as the tulip's seams
Kin to the moonlight and the meadow rose.
I sometimes wish God had desired to make
A little planet — for the children's sake!

—Bert Cooksley in the New York Times.

Steam Heat Used For Calves In State College Experiment

New York.—When the steam-heated calf barn was built at the New York tate College of Agriculture some considered it an artificial method of raising calves, but C. H. Crawford of the department of animal husbandry says the first year's use of the barn has been satisfactory and that the college has never had calves which grew better or were as free from disease as this year's crop.

"Before the barn was built the dairymen chose the months of May, June, September and October as the time calves grew best and we then planned to keep the temperature of the barn at about average temperature of those four months," says Mr. Crawford. "The barn is kept at about 55 degrees Fahrenheit in Winter by the steam pipes and by forced ventilation, when necessary.

"Few farm-reared calves actually die of cold but many are forced to burn their body reserves to keep warm. When this condition is continued the calf stops gaining and grows but little. The calf's resistance is lowered and it is more susceptible to disease."

Punch and Judy

Round of a London corner,
Down of a London mews,
Back of the shout of the traffic
And the "mid-day special" news,
Out of the old bound numbers
In their much be-fingered row,
Are Judy and Toby and Baby
In Mr. Punch's show

Waterloo Bridge is sentenced,
Devonshire House is down;
The big white shop fronts face us
Like the streets of a foreign town;
Cupid's gone from the Circus,
Taxis rattle the Row,
Still, in a back street corner
There's Mr. Punch's show.

Pick up a crawling hansom,
—You'll find one close to the Park!
Follow the 'busless byways,
When the first lights prick through the dark,
There's gathering crowd of children,
Their heads all turned in a row,
To the lost pre-cinema ages,
And Mr. Punch's show.

—Kathleen Coynyngham Greene, in "London Jingles."

Fort Lennox, Ile Aux Noix

Among the historic memorials of Canada that have been from time to time placed under the care of the National Parks of Canada of the Department of the Interior there are few richer in historical interest or more charmingly situated than the massive old fortress that stands in quiet dignity on Ile aux Noix on the Richelieu river in Quebec. Adequate measures for its preservation have been taken and to-day it stands as one of the chief monuments of the military romance of Canada and its island home as one of the interesting Canadian historic parks.

"Your husband is sulking again. What's wrong this time?"

"Oh, it's just because I used his silly old tennis-racket to strain the potatoes."

ROADWAYS

Like stone we form one roadway, and we shall crush each other if we do not uphold each other.

The orator who deals largely in quotations speaks volumes.

For Baby's Bath

More than that of any other member of the family, baby's tender, delicate skin needs the greatest care and attention. The soft soothing oils in Baby's Own Soap make it specially suitable for babies, and is clinging fragrance reminds one of the roses of France which help to inspire it.

"It's best for you and Baby too"

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The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL

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Royal Sponge Streusel Cake*

To 1½ cups *Royal Yeast Sponge** add 2 tablespoons butter, creamed, ½ cup light brown sugar, 1 egg well beaten, 2½ cups flour to make soft dough. Knead lightly. Place in greased covered bowl in warm place. Let rise until double in bulk (about 1½ hours). Roll out dough ½ inch thick, prick with fork, brush top with melted butter and sprinkle with Streusel Topping. Let rise in warm place about 30 minutes. Bake at 350° F. to 400° F. Makes 4 cakes.

Streusel Topping: Cream ¼ cup butter with ¼ cup sugar and mix with ½ cup flour, ½ cup bread crumbs and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Stir until dry and crumbly.

*ROYAL YEAST SPONGE—Soak 1 Royal Yeast Cake in ½ pint lukewarm water for 15 minutes. Dissolve 1 tablespoon sugar in ½ pint milk. Add to dissolved yeast cake. Add 1 quart bread flour. Beat thoroughly. Cover and let rise over night to double in bulk, keeping in warm place free from draughts. Makes 5 to 6 cups of batter.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

give you breads in tempting Variety . .

MEALS become twice as interesting if you vary the bread occasionally.

Rolls, coffee cakes, buns . . . there's no limit to the breads you can make with Royal Yeast Cakes and the *new* Royal Sponge* Recipe.

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THE modern Miss needs no "time out" for the time of month.

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Genuine Aspirin tablets cost so very little after all, that it doesn't pay to experiment with imitations!