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 in a convent, Philip goes to Mandling and meets Charles Whittle, an American detective who is trailing a band of forgers. Crane is abducted by the gang and when he regains consciousness is confronted with his double.

Whittle, realizing the affair is too big to handle alone, calls in Scotland Yard. Then Margery disappears from the convent and Whittle is kidnapped.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Charles Whittle had experienced many unpleasant moments during the course of his professional life, but never one so nauseating as when, returning to consciousness, he stared upwards into the face of the man leaning over him.

"Doing the busy-body here as well as in the States, eh?" sneered a voice; "why don't you damned dicks know when you're well off? Can't walk about like an ordinary guy; must go pushing your noses into every corner. Well, get this—and get it straight; you won't be able to do much harm in the future. I can promise you that, Whittle."

One of the most valuable axioms that the detective had learned through life was to keep his mouth shut when the occasion demanded it.

He did so now. It was easy to see what had happened. No doubt, he had been shadowed from the moment he had left the house of The Empress in Curzon Street. Abstracted as he had been, it had been easy for Grosner to run him down—the wonder was he had not been killed.

And now?

He was a prisoner. He would be kept there until the gang, of which Grosner must be a member, had completed their work—or, perhaps, it was intended that he should be got rid of. In any event, he would be powerless to help young Crane. At the thought, he involuntarily groaned.

The next moment, a door slammed heavily.

CHAPTER XVII.

Superintendent Watson turned irritably to his companion.

"It was quite understood that he should come back here this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes. I said you'd be back at four o'clock, and would be pleased to see him. He knew that the information would be passed on to you. That's not the explanation."

"Then what is?"

Bodkin pulled at his upper lip.

"Well," he replied, "if that telephone call from the convent hadn't said something about a house at Mandling, I'd have thought that Whittle was trying to pull my leg. He's got something of a reputation for that, you know."

Watson shook his head.

"Whittle is one of the soundest men I've met," he said; "and you can wipe it out of your mind that he was not in dead earnest. I must say, Bodkin," he went on more severely, "I'm rather surprised at the attitude you took up. Why didn't you get in touch with the Folkestone police and tell them to go along to this 'White House'?"

The answer was somewhat sullen.

"I wasn't going to take any chances, Superintendent. A nice thing if it had been just a hoax. The Yard has too many critics now, what with these damned 'special crime reporters' and people writing to the newspapers."

"That's all very well—but you ought to have rung up Folkestone. Get me through now."

When the connection was made, Superintendent Watson spoke slowly and distinctly for three minutes. At the end, he wore a more satisfied expression.

"That was Laidley," he vouchsafed; "sound man. He's going to look into it himself. And now, why the devil hasn't Whittle turned up?—that's what I want to know."

Bodkin did some more lip-plucking. He had taken his rebuke in a bad spirit, and it was a matter of some personal satisfaction that Whittle had not kept the appointment.

"Perhaps something he considered more important turned up," he suggested with a sneer.

Watson glanced at the speaker.

"You seem to have a prejudice against my friend," he remarked.

Bodkin found no answer to this snub, and, obeying the hint, left the room.

* * * *

The pawn-broker, who was Jewish, humped his shoulders in an expressive gesture.

"I'm robbing myself if I give you a pound," he said, "but, still, you're a nice girl. . . ."

Margery choked back her anger. She knew the brooch was valuable—her father had once told her it was worth at least ten pounds.

"I couldn't take a pound for it."

"Very well." The pawn-broker's manner changed. "I am here to do bizzness, not to run a charity home. Good morning." He turned away.

Fear clutched at her heart. She had to have money, and get it quickly.

"I'll take a pound," she said; "but I'm not selling it, please remember. I'm simply putting it in pledge."

"Of course!" The ingratiating smile had returned to the greasy face. "Here you are, my dear."

A grimy pound note was passed over the counter, a ticket was given her, and then she found herself fumbling through the semi-darkness of the shop towards the side-door by which she had entered five minutes before.

She would have liked to have taken a taxi but every shilling was precious, and so, after waiting at the end of the street for several minutes, she got on to a Strand-bound 'bus.

At Charing Cross there was an item of good news. A train was due to leave for Hythe in ten minutes. Mandling, she had already ascertained, was a small station between Folkestone and the coast resort which the Southern Railway advertise as "The Jewel of Kent."

It was not until the train had started and she was leaving London behind, that a full realization of what she had done came to her. She had acted on a sudden and overpowering impulse. In that brooding mood which had followed Sister Faith leaving the room, her mind had been filled with but one thought: what was happening to Philip Crane?

She had to know—nothing else seemed to matter. He would be at Mandling, of course—hadn't he promised to go there?

She had closed her eyes in the attempt to shut out the scene of terror which had formed in her brain. But, in the darkness, the vividness of the waking nightmare—for that was what it was—had increased. She saw a small, bare room, with a man lying bound upon the floor; over him bent a gigantic figure in whose hand was a long-bladed dagger. Every now and then the steel would bite into the prisoner's flesh. . . .

What power was it that had brought this vision? Good or evil? She had wondered at first is she could be ill—whether some stealthy, but dread disease was overtaking her. But no—when she had opened her eyes again everything was normal. And yet, that vision which had now vanished, had made her shake in actual terror.

There could be no waiting after this. On the mantelpiece was a small pad and a pencil. But so urgent had seemed the need that she had not waited to scribble a line of farewell and regret. Time enough for that when she got away. She would write from Mandling.

And she must be quick. Any moment, Sister Faith might return, and there would be a scene. She had known what the nun would say: that it was her personal duty to remain in the security of the convent. Let the police—for wasn't that their job?—undertake the task of rescuing her father and bring this gang of crooks to justice.

But it was not of her father she had thought. He had receded so far into the distance that now he was merely a misty memory. Yet, how could she have explained this to a woman divorced from the world?

* * * *

"Can't you say anything, George Johnson, except standing there, starin'?" Mrs. Hamble, a little confused in her phraseology because of the stressful time through which she had recently passed, rapped on the table with her clenched hand.

The local police constable fiddled with his belt.

"Well, w'ot am I to do, Mrs. 'Amble? You've got no definite clue as to who these fellers were."

"Go an' report it to someone with more brains than yourself—that's what you've got to do. Do you think I'm goin' to allow a respectable public house like mine to be broken into by burglars and worse? 'Ow many more times do you want me to tell you that that young gen'leman's disappeared?—and where 'e's gone, I don't know. But that 'e put up a good fight, I could tell by the state of 'is room."

The Mandling custodian of the law pulled out a notebook.

"This 'ere affair is very peculiar, Mrs. 'Amble; an' although you've given me a good many partic'lars, I must ask you some more questions. First of all: where's the second lodger gone? That's the point."

"Disappeared—with never so much as a 'thank you' for puttin' meself to all the trouble last night!"

"'E'll 'ave to be found," declared P.C. Johnson; "don't you see, Mrs. 'Amble, 'e'll be a very valuable witness?"

The landlady became impatient.

"Instead o' wastin' any more time, you'd better get through to the Folkstone police, George Johnson. If you don't, I will." And she made a move as though to put her threat into action.

"Leave it to me, Mrs. 'Amble; I'll ring up Folkestone. Although, at the same time, it do seem 'ard that when there's o good case like this goin', I should be deprived o' the credit."

"Credit! Time enough for you to talk about credit, my man, when you've done something!"

"You give me a clue, and I'll soon do something, Mrs. 'Amble."

"Clue!" repeated the landlady scornfully; "I've told you all I know. If you was any good at that detective business, you'd find the clues for yourself." Then she suddenly stopped, as though thinking hard. "Who's up at that 'White 'Ouse'?"

(To be continued.)

A Royal Scot

Sandy mumbled something about expecting a few "bawbees" for posing when the photographer approached the Scotch terrier section at the dog show.

Firstlin's o' the Year

For a' the haar
An' barren win's
O'Februar',
Sweet flames o' green
Ilk day
Are seen
On balk an' brae,
Creep-creepin' owre the broon an' grey;
An' lambs, like scalds o' snaw,
I' the biel o' the whins,
Wee stytrin twins,
Whaur nane had been,
Ava,
Yestreen;
An' snawdraps, firstlin's o' the year,
That come afore them a',
In ony wither,
But fear
Or swither,
While starlings churn on buss an' tree
Wi' nane to hear
Or see.

—J. G. Horne, in the Glasgow Herald.

February Seagulls

The gifts of song and flight are separate,
The thrush and blackbird are content to be
Pedestrians of the air. Of her own weight,
It seems, the lark falls upward precipitously.
But over the ice of the wind the swallows skate
On their wings' outside edge their flawless 3,
Nor could old Euclid's self assimilate
The gull's celestial geometry.
When birds were still at twilight in February
I watched, while rain was flogging Thames with looped
And windy thongs, diagonally dull,
How suddenly through gloom and sleet and flurry
With motion, bright as torches rose and stooped
The Phoenix resurrections of a gull.

—Humbert Wolfe, in "Snow."

A Musician's Love of Nature

When only a boy he showed a great fondness for nature, and would often wander off from his uncongenial surroundings, and, under the shade of some trees, would study and listen to the music of nature, and rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the wind, and the humming of the insects. His dreamy moods increased as he reached manhood, and his greatest pleasure was to walk in the fields and woods. He arose at daybreak and worked till two o'clock, and then, after his dinner, he made the circuit of the town several times, no matter what the weather was. His figure was familiar everywhere. With long unkempt hair, careless attire, and hurried gait, he went striding along, constantly humming to himself, and, when he became excited by some new idea, waving his arms about in apparently a frantic manner. He always carried a notebook with him. "No man on earth," he writes, "loves the country more."—From "Pictured Lives of Great Musicians," by Alethea B. and Rebekah Crawford.

Courses for Unemployed

Springfield Republican: A silver lining in the cloud of temporary business adversity is seen in the opportunity that many persons and organizations are utilizing to make unemployment serve as an occasion for systematic self-education.

"She is one of those worm-style motorists." "What do you mean, worm-style?" "A worm never gives any signal which way it will turn."

ISSUE No. 10—'32

Superb Quality . . Always
"SALADA" TEA
241
"Fresh from the Gardens"

Do You Know —

CORK TIPS

There will be less difficulty in removing a cork if a narrow strip of tape is placed underneath it before inserting it into the bottle. To remove the cork, pull the ends of the tape.

Rub a little glycerine over corks before inserting them into bottles that contain anything sticky. This will prevent the adhesive from hardening round the corks.

Corks that have been used for stopping bottles containing liquids with strong odors should not be used indiscriminately, or they may contaminate the contents of other bottles.

MENDING A LEAK.

Sometimes in frosty weather a water-pipe or tank springs a leak. The best way to deal with it until the plumber arrives, if the hole is quite a tiny one, is to stick a match in it. The wood will swell as it becomes damp and provide an effective stopper. When the hole is too big to take a match make it a little larger by inserting a stick and working it round and round. Then stop the leak with a small cork, which will swell in the same way as the wood.

BEFORE STORING KNIVES

Knives, not of the stainless variety, that have to be stored for some time, will not rust if they are rubbed over with a little olive oil before putting away. Wrapping them in baize and leaving them in a box with a tight-fitting lid are additional precautions.

When preparing a mustard plaster use the white of an egg instead of water, and the plaster will not blister.

SO MUCH SIMPLER

Enamelling will be done in half the time and with much better results if the tin of enamel is kept in a basin of hot water while it is being used. If the article to be enamelled is slightly warmed, too, it makes the task easier. Enamel dries quicker and more evenly in a warm room than in the air.

A solution of alum water — two ounces to the gallon — will render clothing washed in it non-inflammable.

MENDING CHINA

A splendid cement for broken china is made by mixing white of egg and quick-lime to a smooth paste for one article at a time, as it dries quickly. See that the edges to be joined are quite clean and dry. Spread the prepared cement on them and press tightly together. The paste soon sets quite hard and makes a lasting mend.

Slightly soiled suede gloves can be cleaned by rubbing them, while on the hands, with a piece of flannel dipped in flour.

FASHION HINT

"How to make my old short skirts conform to the new length was a problem to me until I hit on this plan. I dropped the hems; and as the part that had been turned under was darker than the rest, I redyed the entire dress, after having bleached the goods, following directions in the Diamond Dyes package.

"I used Diamond Dyes for the redyeing, of course. I have dyed many things with these wonderful colors. They have saved me many dollars and have never failed to give perfect results—smooth, even colors—fast to wear and washing. Friends think my things are new when I redye or tint them with Diamond Dyes. They do give the most gorgeous colors!"

Mrs. G. C., Levis, Quebec.

A REAL TREAT
EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
Children love it with Bread or with Pancakes
The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL
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Just *wash* the dirt away . . .

FREE BOOKLET: The *Gillett's Lye Booklet* shows many ways to save drudgery by using this powerful cleanser and disinfectant. Contains full directions for tree spraying, soap making, disinfecting, and other farm uses. Address Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Gillett's Lye lifts off Grease, Grime and Stubborn Stains without scrubbing . . .

WHY let house-cleaning wear you down with endless hours of rubbing and scrubbing?

Use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. This powerful cleanser makes short work of heavy cleaning jobs. It just washes the dirt away!

Off come grease and grime without scrubbing. Out come even the most stubborn spots and stains.

Keep Gillett's Pure Flake Lye handy for greasy pots, the kitchen floor, sinks and bathtubs. One teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of *cold water** makes a safe, economical cleanser.

. . .

And . . . Gillett's Pure Flake Lye will not harm enamel or plumbing. Use it full strength for cleansing toilet bowls and clearing drains.

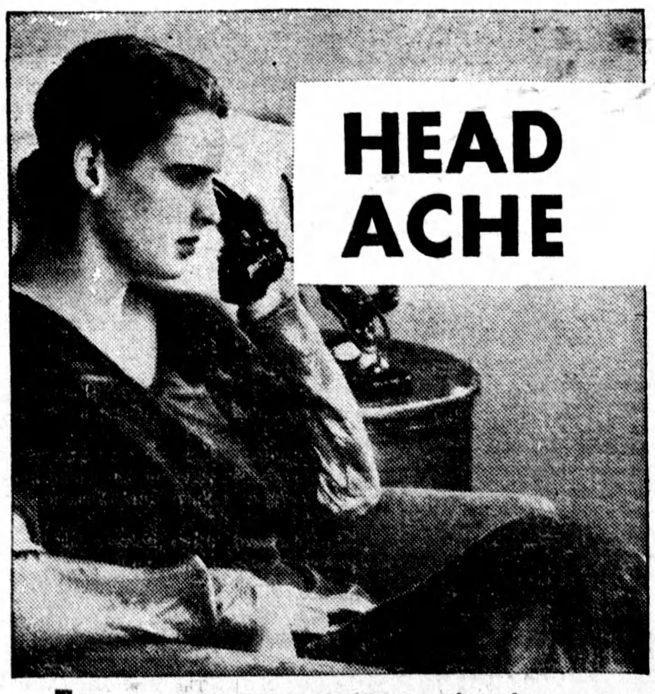
Gillett's Pure Flake Lye kills germs. And takes away odors as it cleans.

Be sure to get the genuine *Gillett's Pure Flake Lye*. Ask for it by name at your grocer's.

GILLETT'S LYE

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

EATS DIRT



HEAD ACHE

THE woman who lets headaches upset her plans must have her eyes and ears closed to certain facts about Aspirin. There is always swift comfort, and never any harm, in Aspirin tablets. Doctors have said so; men and women everywhere have found it so. Any headache—from any cause—is always relieved by one or two tablets. And lots of other aches and pains. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Nagging pains. The pain from colds which make you "ache all over." Sore throat. Systemic or "muscular" pain. Aspirin can spare you lots of needless suffering! Be sure you get Aspirin—not a substitute!

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