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. Placing Margery in a convent, Philip goes to Mandling and meets Charles Whittle, an American detective. When Crane is abducted Whittle calls in Scotland Yard. Then Margery disappears and Whittle is captured by the gang. However Abe Goldschmidt, a notorious criminal lawyer, effects his escape. The Folkestone police search The White House for young Crane.

CHAPTER XX.

The Inspector was puzzled—and not only puzzled, but angry. Watson of the Yard had expected him to get results, and the last thing he wanted was to let his old friend down. But there it was; he had paid his visit, made a thorough search, and nothing more could be done in that direction. Perhaps the visit at the Inn would yield a better result, but he was certain, in spite of his recent non-success, that the focal point of the mystery was still to be found at "The White House."

The arrival of the car at the Inn caused Mrs. Hamble to shake with excitement. This important-looking gentleman in uniform was a very different matter to poor plodding George Johnson, whose stupidity gave her increasing anger every time she thought about it.

"Mrs. Hamble?" asked the Inspector.

"That's me, sir. You called about the affair last night, I s'pose? I told George Johnson to get on the telephone to you."

Inspector Laidley allowed a slight smile to pass over his grim face.

"George Johnson! Who on earth is George oJhnson?"

"Why, 'e's the village copper—I mean policeman. I told 'im particular to go straight back to the Station and get on the telephone to you."

"My instructions came from Scotland Yard, Mrs. Hamole."

"Scotland Yard!" She spoke the words in impressed awe.

"Yes. Now, I want to get the full story from you. Please tell me everything that happened."

By this time they were in the landlady's private sitting-room, and Mrs. Hamble, still all of a fluster, was dusting the back of a chair with her apron.

"That's the most comfortable one," she remarked, seating herself opposite. "Well, it as like this: the young gentleman ho said 'is name was Padden—"

"Padden? I understood it was Philip Crane."

"I don't know anything about that. He told me 'is name was Padden, and that 'e was recommended to Mandling by a man called Smith."

"Afraid that her loquacity would swamp the material facts if he allowed her to continue, the Inspector applied a closure.

"Crane or Padden, that doesn't matter so much at the moment. Perhaps he had a reason for giving you his wrong name. When did you first meet this young man?"

"Yesterday mornin' early. 'E got 'ere in time for me to get 'im an early breakfast. A nice young fellow. An' when 'e said 'e wanted to stay a day or two, I was only too pleased to put 'im up. 'E began asking me questions about the neighborhood right away, and I told 'im as much as I knew—especially about that 'orrid-lookin' foreigner livin' at 'The White 'Ouse'."

Laidley stiffened.

"A man named Stevensson lives there. I've just come from calling on him."

"Yes; but 'e's got a 'orrible-lookin' servant. An Eytalian, or somethin'. Fair gives me the creeps every time I sees him."

"Was Mr. Padden particularly interested in 'The White House'?"

"'E seemed to be—as I told George Johnson only this mornin'. Appeared to 'ave somethin' on 'is mind, 'e did."

"Now, come to last night, Mrs. Hamble."

"Well, 'e went out just about dusk, and when 'e came back, 'e 'ad another gentleman with 'im—a biggish fellow whose name 'e said was Green. Talked a bit American—you know, Inspector, like those people on the films. It 'appened that I 'ad the attic vacant, and I agreed to put this man Green up as well." In reply to further promptings, the landlady proceeded to relate how she was awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of a struggle in the next room; how she endeavored to leave her own bedroom, but found the door locked against her; how she then broke a window-pane in the hope of attracting attention from a late passer-by, and how, being forced to wait until the arrival of Joe at seven o'clock that morning, she had immediately sent for the village constable.

"An' that's all I do know," she wound up. "But it's upset me so much that I can't tell whether I'm standin' on me 'ead or me 'eels. What does it all mean, Inspector? 'E was a nice enough young fellow. What does anyone want to do 'im 'arm for? Oh, I forgot to tell you," she added quickly; "there is somethin' else. This afternoon, who should arrive 'ere but a young lady. From what I can make out, she's a great friend of this Mr. Padden—or Crane, or whatever 'is name is. Would you like to see 'er, Inspector?"

"I would."

So it happened that, in spite of all her precautions, Margery Ferguson found herself a couple of minutes later facing a police officer. At the sight of the Inspector's uniform, she trembled violently.

"There's no need for you to be alarmed, young lady," said Laidley kindly; "I'm here to help you—to try to solve the mystery of your friend's disappearance. May I ask your name?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then said in a whisper:

"Ferguson—Margery Ferguson."

Mrs. Hamble, standing behind, patted her on the shoulder.

"There, there, child; don't take on so. We both want to help you, don't we, Inspector?"

"I have already told Miss Ferguson so."

"You are very kind," returned the girl. "But what do you mean about my friend's disappearance? Mrs. Hamble was telling me that he has merely gone out for a walk, and that he's certain to come back here."

Over the speaker's shoulders, the Inspector caught the eye of the landlady.

The latter made her apology.

"I daren't tell her the truth when she first come—she was that upset—"

Margery sprang up.

"The truth? What is the truth?" she pleaded; "I must know. Mr. Crane came down here to try to find my father—to rescue him—"

Laidley felt he was gaining ground.

"Sit down again, Miss Ferguson, and try not to agitate yourself. As I have already said, I'm here to help you. What's this about your father? Who is your father? And what is he doing in Mandling?"

"Must I tell you?"

"It would be better so. I'm quite sure there is nothing you need fear."

"But there is—my father—" She broke down completely.

The Inspector signalled Mrs. Hamble, and the latter left the room, returning quickly with some smelling salts. After these had been placed to the girl's nostrils, she revived.

"You must tell me the whole story, Miss Ferguson," now said Laidley; "don't distress yourself; take your time; but don't forget any detail. It may be very important."

"But first of all, tell me where Mr. Crane is."

"We don't know—that's why I want you to tell me all you can. It may give me a valuable clue."

"But if I do, my father—you may put him in prison."

The Inspector rapped his finger nails with a pencil he had taken from his pocket.

"It is more essential than ever that you should tell me your story, Miss Ferguson," he said. There was a hint of inflexibility in his voice now which she could not mistake.

She sat for a moment with her head between her hands. The very thing which she had avoided for so long had taken place. But, having admitted so much, she supposed she must keep on.

"Very well," she said at length; "I will tell you."

"The whole story?"

"The whole story."

"In return, I will do everything I possibly can for your father."

"Thank you," she replied; and made no further quibble.

"Some weeks ago, my father left the rooms in Harlesden where we were living, without a word to me. A man with cold, cruel eyes and a thin, grey face—"

"Stevensson!" muttered Laidley to himself. "Sorrp, Miss Ferguson; please go on."

"This man came enquiring for my father. I was told to leave the room. When I came back, father had gone. I feel sure that man who called was a criminal."

"Why do you say that?"

"I have only my intuition to go upon, but if father had gone away on an honest purpose, he would have wished me good-bye. He would have written—"

"Hasn't he written?"

"Only a note with a few words on it. It was headed 'Mandling,' and said: 'Come and help me.'"

"Was this from your father?"

"Yes— it was in his handwriting."

"When did you get this letter?"

"Five days ago."

"What did you do?"

"What could I do?"

"Didn't you go to the police?"

"No. I had the same fear then as I have now—that if father could be traced, he might be arrested. That was why I stayed in London; I knew I could do nothing on my own. And I was being watched then. I moved from Harlesden and took a room in Pimlico."

"Now, tell me about the young man Crane," went on the Inspector. "How did you meet him?"

In slow, measured words, Margery detailed the second part of her narrative.

"It was because I was afraid for his sake that I ran away from the convent today," she added; "and now——" She made a desperate appeal to the Inspector: "You must find him—you must save him!"

Laidley, hand propping up chin, nodded.

(To be continued.)

Five Winners

They set a new girls' world mark for 500-yard relay swim at Long Beach, Calif. They're Josephine McKim, Marjorie Lowe, Jennie Cramer, Olive Hatch and Norene Forbes.

Cancer of Breast Easily Preventable

Early Attention to Slightest Irrittaion Prevents Future Trouble

Cancer of the breast which begins in an irritation of the nipple, first described by Sir James Paget in England seventy years ago, is rapidly becoming a preventable disease. When first described by Paget and until recently, it was a hopeless form of cancer, because women paid no attention in the beginning to the little itching of the nipple, to its irritation until the nipple had become an ulcer and the cancer cells had invaded the breast and been carried throughout the body, making the disease hopeless. The studies of Paget's disease of the nipple during these seventy years have brought together convincing evidence that cancer may be made a preventable disease by giving people proper instruction how to deal with its simple beginnings. It is a very remarkable tribute to the intelligent foresight of this great surgical pathologist who wrote more than seventy years ago, that if women could be taught and influenced to pay more attention to the beginning of this irritation of the nipple, they could be protected by simpler means than the complete operative removal of the breast. Paget did not live long enough to learn that the disease of the nipple described by him need not be hopeless.

The modern woman under the care of the trained nurse or midwife and the specially trained doctor, knows that any neglected irritation of the nipple is followed by a "caking," painful mastitis of the breast which often ends in abscess. We know now that the incidence of abscess of the breast in women nursing children is less than one per cent., while formerly it was more than twenty per cent. Now women are learning that the neglect of any irritation of the nipple when they are not nursing a child may lead to a cancer of the nipple which can only be cured by a radical operation, or to an involvement of the breast which as yet has never been cured by operation or irradiation.

What a woman should know about the care of her nipples is simple: During the bath the nipples should be washed and dried in the same manner as the skin on any part of the body. But when any tingling or burning is observed, or a redness, or scaling, or weeping or discharge, the nipple or nipples should be immediately specially cleansed with warm water and soap, using cotton, then with alcohol, then covered with vaseline and a piece of gauze fixed in place with adhesive straps. If there is not immeriate disappearance of the irritation, the patient should consult her family physician. When the irritation does not disappear in three weeks under the doctor's direction, the family physician should refer the patient to a surgeon specially trained in the recognition and treatment of the earliest stages of cancer and the conditions that precede cancer. It is important that every woman know that in spite of treatment this irritation may not be relieved by this simple treatment. Then the patient will have to go to the hospital and the surgeon, under local anesthesia will remove the nipple with a little bit of surrounding skin and some of the breast beneath. Right in the operating room frozen sections will be made from the nipple and the breast beneath. When no evidence of cancer is found in th microscopic section, the breast is saved. Should there be any evidence or suspicion of cancer, the complete operation must be performed in order to obtain the best assurance of a cure.

Therefore, cancer of the nipple, like cancer of the skin anywhere is fast becoming a preventable disease.

Swimmer

Bright water and bright blue wave
Burling around my cheek,
Moist lip to my lip,
Wave, I hear you speak;
And your words with sub[illegible] slide
Like a strong deep-moving tide.

You tell me that water is sweeter—
More delicate tissue than flesh,
That water is freer and purer
Than blood in the vein's troubled mesh;
And I turn on my back to rest,
To lie on your fluid breast.

Bright water and bright blue wave,
I fear your salty kiss—
And I break your dangerous words
With strokes like this—like this—
Till my feet grate on the sand
And I clutch it tight in my hand.

—Ruth Langland Holberg, in "Voices"

French Women Collect Writings of Own Sex

Paris—"The women of France may not yet have achieved the right to vote, but high achievement lies to their credit in other directions."

This statement is backed by two Parisian women — Mme. Marguerite Durand and Mlle, Marie Louise Bougle—both of whom have collected a mass of literary evidence of the doings of their fellow countrywomen since the earliest days of history.

Mme. Durand has lately placed her collection in the hands of the city of Paris, and the [illegible] historical, political, legal, with some unique volumes of great value—are now lodged in the Town Hall of the Fifth Arrondissement in a library which bears her name.

A small girl was entertaining her mother's visitor. "How is your little girl?" she asked. "I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't a little girl." "How is your little boy?" "I haven't a little boy, either." "Then what are yours?"

"THESE HARD TIMES"

"The hard times and scarcity of money makes it more important than ever to economize. One way I save on clothes is by renewing the color of faded or out-of-style dresses, coats, stockings, and underwear. For dyeing, or tinting, I always use Diamond Dyes. They are the most economical ones by far because they never fail to produce results that make you proud. Why, things look better than new when redyed with Diamond Dyes. They never spot, streak, or run. They go on smoothly and evenly, when in the hands of even a ten-year-old child. Another thing, Diamond Dyes never take the life out of cloth or leave it limp as some dyes do. They deserve to be called 'the world's finest dyes'!"

S. B. B., Quebec.

ISSUE No. 14—'32

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
"SALADA"
TEA
"Fresh from the Gardens"
256

Silver Lining

Vancouver Board of Trade Report, Mar. 8. . . . .

Building done during 1931 amounted to $14,481.86.

Tonnage of shipments increased by 400,000 tons over 1930.

Exports of shingles increased by 8½ million bundles.

Bar metal by 52,000 tons.

Apples by 33,000 boxes.

New business reported by 215 mills to the West Coast Lumbermen's Assn. for week ending January 16 showed sales 21% over production, it being the 12th successive week in which orders exceeded production—a record since 1924.

Vancouver Merchants' Exchange report increases of export trade from the port of Vancouver as follows: Grain shipments gained 7 million bushels.

Pulp exports showed a gain of 12,000 tons.

Exports of foreign cargoes increased by 10,000 tons.

B. C. Electric Railway Co. is erecting an $850,000 gas plant in Vancouver.

Western Canada Weaving Mills, employing 140 persons, are enjoying splendid business.

B.C.—The Crysdale Ry. Report on resources of British Columbia reveals:

Cultivatable lands, 2,240,800 acres.

Good coal, easily mined, semi-anthracite, over 480 square miles in Peace River unit.

Commercial timber, 18,000,000,000 feet.

Construction of two more ferry boats at a cost of $100,000 is seriously considered by City of North Vancouver.

Above information supplied by C. H. Arnott, Industrial Secretary, Vancouver Board of Trade.

Algoma.—The Employment outlook brightens in and around Sault Ste. Marie. By the opening of the 100 pound rail mill last Monday, it is expected that the peak of jobless days is past.

Export.—Dominion Bureau of Statistics claim that exports show a surplus over imports, leaving a favorable balance of trade amounting to $1,432,170. This balance now amounts to $25,491,000 after 11 months.

Banking deposits in savings banks in New York State reached a high record at the close of last month with a total of $5,216,910,632.

Mills of the Carpenter Hixon Co. will open in April at Blind River.

The McFadden mill at Spragge is quite likely to be busy soon.

The Crane Lumber Co. will be operating their camps back of Glendale on the A.C.R.

"But I can't stand that hall room."

"What's the trouble, sir?"

"Why, every morning I actually have to crack the ice in the water pitcher."

"Oh, don't let that worry you. After this I will send the maid up to crack it for you."

Copenhagen Loan Is Oversubscribed

Copenhagen — The Copenhagen municipality has just issued a "Citizen Loan" of 30,000,000 crowns ($8,000,000) at 6 per cent., offered to the public at 97 per cent. and to be redeemed in two years at par.

The loan means an actual interest of 7½ per cent., and with such sound security nearly 52,000,000 crowns ($13,000,000) was subscribed for at once. Subject to the Government's sanction the municipal authorities will accept the whole of the subscribed sum.

A REAL TREAT
EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
Children love it with Bread or with Pancakes
The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL
B7

"SICK HEADACHE?"

IT is not necessary to give-in to headaches. It is just a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Aspirin and heads it off.

Keep Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you'll only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and insure your comfort while shopping; your evening's pleasure at the theatre. Those little nagging aches that bring a case of "nerves" to day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after taking Aspirin! You'll find these tablets always help. In every package of Aspirin tablets are proven directions which cover colds, headaches, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, and even rheumatism.

The tablets stamped Bayer won't fail you, and can't harm you. They don't depress the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take them whenever you need them, and take enough to end the pain. Aspirin is made in Canada.

BAYER