ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

SYNOPSIS.

When Philip Crane 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. Philip goes to Mandling and meets Charles Whittle, an American detective. When Crane is abducted Whittle calls in Scotland Yard. Margery goes to Mandling. Crane is imprisoned with Margery's father, who drops dead from exhaustion. Birchall, the crook "Crane," flees to London to warn the Empress that the police are suspicious.

CHAPTER XXII.—Cont'd.)

Over by the window, through which he kept looking, Birchall fidgeted. It was as though he was expecting to see, in the street below, his terror take material shape. Meanwhile, seated at her bureau, the Empress calmly studied documents.

Only once did she speak.

"Either sit down, or leave the room," she ordered curtly.

Silence, disturbed only by the rustle of the papers as she turned them over.

After three minutes he rushed across the room.

"What are we hanging about here for?" he asked; and, before she could reply, he had ripped the receiver off its hook and enquired angrily: "What about that trunk call to Mandling? Have we to wait all night?"

The Empress rose and took the instrument from his shaking grasp. With the unoccupied hand, she motioned him to a chair.

"Yes," he heard her say; "What's that? . . . No reply? . . . Are you sure? . . ."

Birchall waited no longer. He was up in his chair and clawing at her sleeve.

"Don't you get it?" he shrieked; "the police—the police!"

And, as though he had been gifted with second sight, the door opened.

"I am Superintendent Watson, of Scotland Yard," said a deep voice.

"I told you!" whined Birchall. But the Empress ignored the words.

She faced the unexpected visitor with calm hauteur.

"And I am Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair," she said; "I demand to know the reason for this intrusion."

The reply came promptly.

"We have received information that a young gentleman named Mr. Philip Crane is missing—and that you are concerned with his disappearance."

"I am concerned? You are joking."

"On the contrary, I am very serious, madam; so serious, in fact, that I must request you to accompany me to Scotland Yard." He moved swiftly to one side as Birchall attempted to brush past him.

"And you, too, sir. Thoms!" raising his voice.

A younger man, also dressed in plain clothes, came quickly from the hall.

"We have a cab outside, and there'll be no display. If you behave sensibly, no one need be any the wiser," the Superintendent now said, turning once again to the woman.

The words were sacually uttered, but The Empress knew their import. Once at the Yard, she would never get away. Bluff as she might, the net would close around her.

"I refuse to accompany you," she said; "this is an insult, and I shall speak to my solicitors."

"You can speak to them after you have visited the Yard," was the inflexible reply; "it's my duty to warn you that if you refuse to come with me, you will be taken by force."

She looked quickly round the room, but the Superintendent was already by her side.

"Very well," she said; "but someone will suffer for this."

Superintendent Watson raised a hand to his moustache. It was the nearest approach he ever made to a smile.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Determined as he was, Simon Stevensson knew that time was valuable. He had pretended to ignore Birchall's words, but he realized clearly that the British police, once they took up an enquiry, never relaxed their hold. So far, he had gained the honors but, brooding over the matter, he became more and more convinced that there would be a second visit to "The White House" that night. He must be prepared.

To the servant who answered the bell he said:

"Ferguson is in the cellar; bring him to me."

If he went away—and he was allowing the idea to sink in—it would be necessary for him to take the forger with him. For Ferguson's work was only half done; there remained a good deal to be finished.

His plans in this direction were rudely shattered.

"Ferguson is dead," announced the returned servant.

Stevensson rose swiftly and walked up to the man.

"What's that you say?" he demanded.

"Ferguson's dead—he's conked out."

"Dead? But who killed him?"

"Not that other fellow. When I went down there, he was nearly blubbing. No, it wasn't murder—I reckon Ferguson must have had a weak heart and shoving him downstairs completed the job. What shall we do with the body?"

Stevensson did not reply immediately. Ignoring the man, he paced up and down the room. It would seem as though his luck were giving out—that the cards were stacked against him. If only Whittle had been captured by Grosner before he had given that information to Scotland Yard! It was no good reflecting upon that now, however: this was a situation for a man—and he had t face it.

To stay or go. That was the question. With Ferguson dead, it would certainly seem as though he had better slip across to France for a while. He would ring up the Empress.

The man still standing in the doorway attracted his attention again.

"What shall we do with the body, boss?"

A third voice answered.

"I think you had better leave it where it is until we see it."

During the next ten seconds, Stevensson did the quickest thinking of his life.

"So you're here again, Mr. Laidley," he remarked. "I thought somehow you might turn up once more."

The Folkestone police officer disregarded the pleasantry.

"We'll cut out the compliments, Mr. Stevensson, and concentrate on your cellars." He underlined the last word and had the satisfaction of seeing the man wince. "I'm afraid I overlooked your downstairs department the first time I was here. Very careless of me, I'm sure, but I intend to rectify that now. Matthews!" he called; and an assistant stepped forward.

"Watch this man," was the order he received.

Stevensson kept control of himself.

"You prefer me, then, not to be your guide, Inspector?"

"We'll find out everything—this time," was the significant response. "This fellow will do." He pointed to the man who, a minute before, had brought his tale of tragedy to Stevensson. He was not a free agent now; by a dexterous manceuvre his hands had been pinioned behind him by a second detective, and a pair of handcuffs slipped round his wrists.

"As you please, my dear Inspector," remarked the host; "but, nevertheless, I think it is only fair to say that I shall register a protest in the proper quarters against this high-handed action of yours. I won't waste words by saying that you have no justification for your suspicion, either against me or my house. By the way, I suppose you have the usual warrant?"

"In a case like this, no warrant is necessary. I am acting on my own responsibility and with a full sense of what I am doing."

"Very well. Gregory, please do whatever the Inspector wishes. Obey him as you would me. You understand?"

The man lowered his head in a gesture of acquiescence. Had he not done so, his eyes might have told their own story.

"And no tricks," added Laidley.

"Tut, tut!" mocked Stevensson. "I ask you, Inspector, what three able-bodied men have to fear?"

"On this trip, I am taking no chances," was the curt reply. "You might let me know where your Italian body-servant it. I've heard a lot about that fellow recently, and I should like to see him."

"He's about the place somewhere, I have no doubt. Do you know where find him, Gregory?"

"The last time I saw him—about half-an-hour ago—he told me he was going to the village."

"Well, he can wait. Lead on, my lad, to these cellars of yours. It came out quite by chance, Stevensson, that this house was built on the ruins of a monastery. I suppose you weren't aware of that fact?"

"You are adding to my stock of knowledge every minute, Inspector."

With a short growl, the police officer turned away.

Once outside the door, he and his companion were joined by a comical-looking constable—P.C. George Johnson to wit. Johnson, in a laudable endeavor to meet any emergency, had already drawn his truncheon.

"You stay here, Johnson, and attend to anybody who comes in or attempts to go out." Laidley would have wished for a more reliable addition to his staff, but he had to put up with this material as being the best available.

"Yes, Inspector."

With the handcuffed guide going before them, the small party crossed the hall and entered a corridor on the other side.

"The wine cellar's down here," the man said, pointing to the wooden floor.

Laidley nodded. He had a horrible suspicion that he was about to be made a fool of. He had merely his own intuition and the information of that fool of a constable upon which to go.

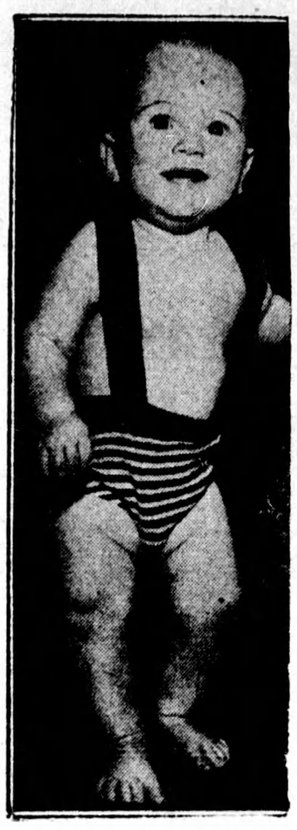
He spoke brusquely.

"I want to see it—not to be told where it is."

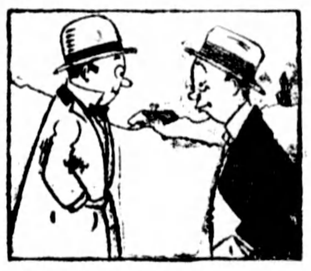
The man touched something with his foot and the floor opened slowly.

Stretching down could be seen a flight of steps. A cold, raw air came up to them from below.

(To be continued.)



This youngster, Thomas Hamilton, native of Los Angeles, denies in this graphic demonstration that radium water is dangerous. Severe physical examinations have shown no harmful tendencies.



Jack—"You seem strangely restless and ill at ease for one of your quiet disposition."

Tom—"Well, you see I try to respect my wife's wishes during Lent and yet believe me it's the only season of the year when I feel like kicking over the traces."

GERMANS TO EXPLORE ANDES.

Heidelberg.—Despite the hard times, Germany will have at least one major mountaineering expedition in the field this year, the Andes Reconnoissance of 1932. It has just sailed from Bremen for Peru. It has for object not only mountain conquest but scientific research, and Professor Kuenzel of the University of Heidelberg is its geologist and geographer. Professor Th. Hertzog of Jena University looks after botanical exploration. The leader of the expedition if Dr. P. H. Borcher, second vice-president of the German Alpine Club. The climbing team is recruited mainly from members of last year's Dyhrenfurth expedition to the Himalayas, and Erwin Schneider, who proved their star, heads it. The particular objective is the Cordilliera Blanca. Besides Mount Huascaran, nearly 22,500 feet high, there are a number of 20,000-footers never yet climbed.

The weakness of the social affections and the strength of the private desires constitute selfishness. — Sir James MacKintosh.

Wild Apples

The frost, still heavy on the lowlands, won
A radiance soon melted by the sun
That gave it, and the river took the lost
Quick splendor that had faded with the frost.
Then Malcolm looked a moment as in doubt
Across the river and the fields about
Touched with the glory . . .
He left the road and followed down a lane
Leading to uplands bright above the plain.
His free stride rustled dead leaves as he went
Along the hill-path—To him came the scent
Of wild grapes heavy with their sweetness still
Ungathered in the brambles on the hill
Except by birds in flocks that now and then
Arose near him and settled down again.
In one place opened eastward on the slope
He looked far back and saw the hazes grope
Above the city he had left behind,
Below him stood the cabin in the trees.
The orchard, sweet with its old mysteries
Of blooms that faded, fruit that came to pass
Ungathered always in the matted grass,
Now greeted him with but one definite sound
Of ripened apples falling to the ground.

—Glenn Ward Dresbach, in "Selected Poems."

International Friendship Promoted by Radio

An international exchange of broadcasts is a recent feature of radio which was explained to the Parliamentary Committee at Ottawa by Major Murray, of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Periodically a British programme, for example, is relayed throughout Germany by the German stations, and a German programme is similarly relayed throughout Great Britain by the B. B. C.

Major Murray said that apart from the value of international understanding and good will, this practice of interchange provides an advertisement which no enterprising country can afford any longer to ignore. If Canada had her independent broadcasting authority so recognized as to be in a position to deal on equal terms with the other broadcasting authorities of the world, she would share in enterprises of this kind.

Among a multitude of international societies and organizations perhaps one of the most unusual and original is the Societe Internationale des Katovicards which has been established by the listeners of the Katowice radio station in Poland, and numbers over 2,000,000 members grouped in 57 centers spread over almost the whole of Europe and North Africa. This society is four years old, and owes its origin to an outburst of excitement by M. Stefan Tymieniecki, the musical director of the Katowice broadcasting station. Except for Russia, Czechoslovakia and Portugal, all Europe participates in the organization which now has a special badge with the inscription "Loin des yeux—pres du coeur," designed by Dr. Ruch of Vienna, one of the most enthusiastic members. North Africa is also much interested, while from time to time letters are received from Japan and North America, where a centre is being established in Chicago.

The friendship between the "Katovicards" manifests itself in various forms: the poorer members write and exchange photographs, the rich exchange visits by cars, going sometimes from France to Cairo or Bucharest. When the Katovicards meet one another at international events they start immediate co-operation and show the same interest as in hitherto unknown relatives. This international friendship over the ether has resulted in several marriages, several adoptions and also, perhaps, some advertising, but the great majority of people have been attracted by it without any selfish interests.—The Mail and Empire, (Toronto).

England Likes Brazil Oranges

Rio de Janeiro.—England is the greatest consumer of Brazilian oranges and bananas, export figures for 1931 reveal.

Out of a total of 2,054,302 boxes of oranges exported by Brazil last year fully four-fifths were bought by England. Total banana exports that year reached 7,855,752 bunches, half of which were shipped to the English market.

"Cheer up, old boy," advised the married man. "You know 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." "Yes," agreed the rejected suitor, jingling a bunch of keys in his pocket, "better for the florist, the confectioner, the messenger boy, the restaurant waiter, the taxicab man, the theatrical magnate and the jeweler."

"AMOS and ANDY"

The Book of Their Dialogues, bound in cloth, now being sold at bookstores, or mailed postpaid for One Dollar from the publisher, Thomas Allen, 266 King St. West, Toronto.

"SALADA" TEA NOW 25c ½ lb.

BROWN LABEL

SAME FINEST QUALITY

London's Storehouse of Wines

A vault that contains three-quarters of a million gallons of wine has been shown to several of London's distinguished visitors of late. Known as the Crescent Vault, it is one of the wonders of the London docks.

Built 127 years ago, it is still in use as London's main store for wines placed in bond. It covers more than three acres and houses row after row of gigantic barrels filled with wines that are slowly maturing. Here is port that has been around the world and sherry that was pressed from the grapes when the present generation was young. Here are marsala and madeira.

It is important to keep wine at an even temperature, and that of the Crescent Vault is regulated by means of gas-jets. These give off blue rays that made the surrounding darkness all the more intense.

From time to time in the long corridors, some of them a quarter of a mile in length, one catches sight of a circle of faces, half- revealed by hand-lamps, bending over a cask, like those of smugglers conspiring. The quiet is broken only by voices and by a mysterious tapping made by the coopers as they test the casks for leakages. They are guided entirely by the sound of the casks in response to their tapping. Twice daily they have to complete the round of casks. Eight men are kept busy on this job.

Students in Bulgaria Live on $5 a Month

Lom, Bulg.—The average cost of maintenance for an out-of-town student attending the high schools in this typical provincial Bulgarian town is $5 a month, according to the director of the "gymnasium," in which there are 1,000 boys and girls.

Many of the village boys and girls liven even more economically. They go home every Saturday and return on Sunday, with a bundle of bread, cheese, dried fruit, and salt pork, to which they restrict their diet, adding now and then a bowl of sour milk or a portion of bean stew. Schools are crowded far beyond capacity and have two shifts daily, one beginning before dawn and the other closing long after dark.

Another reason why some are pleased to see amateurs planting gardens in April is that it often means more jobs for professional gardeners in June.—The Christian Science Monitar.

Gardening Hint

Now is the time to study seed-packed illustrations to see what the seeds you are going to plant won't look like.

She—"Did you see any sharks when you were crossing the Atlantic?" He—"Yes, I played cards with a couple of them!"

SPECIAL OFFER

Government Standard Seeds for the home garden.

1 oz. Beet—Detroit Red.
1 oz. Carrot—Chantenay.
1 oz. Radish—White Tipped.
1 oz. Parsnip—Hollow Crown.
Pkt. Cabbage—Copenhagen Mkt.
Pkt. Cucumber—White Spine.
Pkt. Lettuce—Nonpareil Heading.
Pkt. Onion—Yellow Globe Danver
Pkt. Asters—Giant Crego Mixed.
Pkt. Sweet William—Mixed.
Pkt. Nasturtiums—Mixed.
Pkt. Pansies—Giant Mixed.
Pkt. Petunias—Giant Mixed.
Pkt. Spencer's Mixed Sweet Peas.

This entire collection post paid for $1.00.

GLOVERS SEEDS

152 DUCHESS ST., TORONTO, ONT.

"I'M going, anyway"

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

If you've ever taken Aspirin for a headache, you know how soon the pain subsides. It is just as effective in the relief of those pains peculiar to women!

Don't dedicate certain days of every month to suffering. It's old-fashioned. It's unnecessary. Aspirin will always enable you to carry-on in comfort. Take enough to assure your complete comfort. If it is genuine Aspirin it cannot possibly hurt you. Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart. They do not upset the stomach. They do nothing but stop the pain.

Headaches come at inconvenient times. So do colds. But a little Aspirin will always save the day. A throat so sore that you can hardly swallow is made comfortable with one good gargle made from these tablets. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after taking a few of these remarkable tablets. So are the little nagging aches that bring fatigue and "nerves" by day, or a sleepless night.

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

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