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 where he and the Empress are arrested. Inspector Laidley returns to the "White House" for further investigation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Stevensson maintained his good-humored poise after the door had closed. In fact, he smiled at the man who had been told to watch him.

"This is very stupid, you know," he said; "very stupid indeed. Do you mind telling me if I'm actually under suspicion?"

"I'm not here to talk," was the uncompromising answer.

"Dear me! How very trying to a detective! Do you go about all day with that grim look on your face—what? Really most disfiguring. However, it's your life work, I suppose—and there's an end to it. Is it permissible to ask you to have a drink?"

"It is not." The tone was as chilly as before. Yet, if ever a man in this world wanted a drink it was the speaker. The air was raw, and this fellow gave him a cold sensation down his back. He seemed scarcely human, with those narrow, glinting eyes and pale, ferret-like face. He wanted watching all right—but he wished the Chief had given the job to somebody else.

"You seem the embodiment of all the virtues, Matthews—is it too familiar of me to address you by name?"

"Shut up. You're talking too much."

"Hard, not to say unkind words. Besides, scarcely complimentary. Like your muddleheaded Chief, you are apparently already regarding me as a criminal of some sort. A delightful delusion! Well, if you won't drink, I really must smoke!"

But this solace was to be denied him, it seemed.

"Keep your hands out of your pockets; how do I know you haven't got a gun there?"

A mocking laugh rang through the room.

"Matthews, you amuse me. It's a pity we haven't met before. I, a retired jute merchant of the City of London, to be suspected of carrying a revolver!—and in the pocket of a suit that cost me fifteen guineas!"

Matthews, whose dislike of the man increased every minute, was taunted into a reply.

"You retired early," he said scoffingly.

"The result of virtue, my dear Matthews. From my youth up I have been a hard worker. Would you deprive me now of my reward?"

"All I want you to do is to stop talking," was the answer.

"But, my dear fellow, I smust smoke—I can't stand here like a fool. I want tobacco. You can put your own hand in my pocket, if you like. I give you my word you will find nothing more alarming than a cigarette case."

"You stay just as you are. And I shall stay just as I am."

"In that case, there's no more to be said, apparently." The speaker made a violent shrug of his shoulders, and, in doing so, half-turned so that his left hand was concealed from the detective.

Matthews, consequently, did not notice that Stevensson's thumb and first finger were twiddling a small knob that appeared to be part of the hand some mantel-piece.

"Turn round here," ordered the detective.

As Stevensson did so, he laughed.

"Have you any idea how long I am to be kept waiting?" he enquired.

"No—I have not."

The laugh rose higher. It held now a thin, hysterical note which set the detective's nerves on edge. He was used to ordinary malefactors, but this devil was uncanny. He felt as though the only way he could regain his self-confidence was to knock the man senseless—and that, of course, was out of the question. But the longer he remained in the other's presence, the more uncertain he became of himself. It was as though the other was exerting some mysterious influence over him.

He ought to have kept silent, he knew, but was taunted again into speech.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded.

"My dear Matthews, I feel bound to laugh. The situation is so funny—so deucedly humorous. Of course I can't explain it, but if you were in my place, you'd laugh. Yes, I feel certain you'd laugh." And another burst of thin, cacophonous merriment rang out.

"You've got some joke on," declared Matthews.

"How intelligent you are—especially for a detective! According to all the stories I've read, your class are singularly deficient in common-sense. But why should you think I have a joke on?" The narrow, mocking face that might have belonged to a mediaval poisoner intent upon watching one of his victims in his death throes, thrust itself forward. To the detective it seemed to be the countenance of a fiend. Matthews could hold himself back no longer: his last shred of self-control went, and he rushed forward.

Only Stevensson's right hand and arm moved. Before the detective's hands could touch his flesh, a spurt of flame came from the right-hand jacket pocket. There was no sound—but the other halted, flung up his arms, swayed, and then crumpled to the floor.

"Poor fool!" commented Stevensson.

The next few minutes showed a scene of tremendous activity in that room. Stevensson went to the big bureau, opened it, and began thrusting papers of various kinds into the pockets of the overcoat which he had taken from a hook behind a screen. The same screen which. . . .

But there was no time to bother about that now. If the police had only known. . . If they had only searched that room first. . . .

One of Simon Stevensson's few virtues was that of courage. There was a smile on his face as, patting the pockets of his overcoat to make sure that the papers were safe, he stepped quickly across the room and opened the window.

That must be his exit. With two dead bodies left as evidence [illegible] to get to his car and be away [illegible] ly as possible. Birchall [illegible] right, after all: France wa[illegible] for at least a short visit.

Dropping lightly on to a flower-bed, he started to run towards the garage. The excitement—a greater excitement than he had ever known before; that was, perhaps, the reason he had stayed, he reflected—was stimulating him until he felt that he would not have missed this experience for anything. The joy of turning the tables on that fat-headed Inspector and his assistants! At this particular moment, they were struggling to get out of a cellar which would hold them until they rotted—unless some unexpected help came. There would be Laidley, the two men with him, and the young fool Crane—all together! All cursing and raving, and behaving as though each and all had gone mad. It was a gratifying reflection.

And he was safe! That secret switch in the mantelpiece which had closed the opening to the cellar had made him so. Free to ride away in the night air in his Rolls and to catch the night boat from Newhaven—Folkestone would be too risky perhaps. And, although he had not Ferguson's second design, he had the first—and that was worth a fortune.

The Empress? Birchall? He didn't know. Time enough to think of them when he got to Paris. Perhaps he would run the thing on his own; he didn't see any reason why he shouldn't.

His wind was giving out as he turned the corner which led to the garage. He was beginning to puff—too much wine. . . Still, he was the victor—he had got away.

Then like a thunderbolt from an avenging god, came disaster. Through the thickly-gathering darkness, there loomed up the figure of a stoutly-built man. This lunged itself at him and brought him down.

"Just in time," he heard a voice with a slight American twang say.

He struggled like an animal caught in a trap. But the other had no mercy, squeezing harder on his windpipe every second.

Just before he drifted away on the dark river of unconsciousness, he heard his assailant say:

"Get on into the house; there's some dirty business going on there. I'll see to this bird. . .

That was all—the black tide which had been lapping about his lips enveloped him entirely.

After slipping a pair of handcuffs on the unconscious man, Whittle went himself to the house. He had never expected to be in at the death in this fashion; only an extraordinary chance had brought him there. On the way down he had reflected on the irony of the situation; his companions were crooks—at least, men who, from time to time still engaged in criminal practices—but he was as convinced of their loyalty to him as though they had been recruited from Scotland Yard itself. Abe Goldschmidt had proved a friend indeed: he had not only sent Tim Hogan and two other men to rescue him from his prison, but had afterwards supplied half a dozen tough crooks to accompany him on the journey to Mandling.

Beyond telephoning to Watson at the Yard to tell him to call at the Empress's house in Curzon Street, he had not delayed a moment; the need was too urgent for that. Besides, a couple of fast cars were already waiting.

"You'll have to burn the dust, Charlie," Tim Hogan had said, "if what you think is happening down in Kent. Gee! You don't think we'd go back on you, do you? Not when Abe sent us himself?"

After that, his hesitation, momentary as that had been, vanished.

They had driven like the wind, beating all speed limits, and narrowly escaping several disaster. But, apparently, they had got there in time—or hadn't they? The very fact that this man, who, judging from the description given by Crane, must be Stevensson, the king-pin of the outfit, was sneaking away, seemed ominous.

(To be continued.)

ANY DYEING?

If you have anything to be dyed send it to Parker's, Canada's leading dyers for fifty years.

Dresses, coats, curtains, drapes, covers, etc. It is wonderful what we can do.

Questions on price and colors gladly answered, and postage charges on orders paid both ways.

PARKER'S
DYE WORKS LIMITED
CLEANERS & DYERS
791 Yonge St., Toronto

ISSUE No. 18—'32

Can He Come Back?

France may have a goodly supply of gold but Georges Carpentier evidently is lacking in this commodity. The former European boxing champion is in New York planning a comeback.

Sincerity

If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive;
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers, [illegible] communicated power,
In vain [illegible]—in vain you study [illegible]
Toil on [illegible] piece together fragments
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors;
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding Children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart!

—From Goethe's "Faust." Translated by John Anster.

"I wonder why we always feel more cheerful as spring draws near?"

"I don't know, unless it's because by that time our holiday cigars are all smoked and our Christmas neck ties worn out."

Diversified Farming In the Dominion

Further evidence of greater diversity in farming in Western Canada is given in a review by Mr. J. M. McKay, General Agricultural Agent, Western Lines, Canadian Pacific Railway, Winnipeg. The output of creamery butter in the three Prairie Provinces during 1931 totalled 2,88,425 pounds compared with 47,424,201 pounds in 1930. Manitoba's production was 21,078,073 pounds for 1931 compared with 15,786,896 in the previous year; Saskatchewan, 18,960,362 pounds compared with 13,920,561 pounds; and Alberta, 22,650,000 pounds against 17,716,744 pounds in 1930. Poultry and eggs also showed increased production last year.

Apples, the principal crop of British Columbia, proved a good yield in 1931, with excellent quality in most areas. Other fruit and vegetable crops, while showing smaller production in some cases than in the previous year, were generally of good quality and harvested under favourable conditions. The movement of apples in bulk, mostly to the Prairie Provinces, was a new feature in the marketing of the 1931 crop.

Livestock sales at the principal Canadian markets showed the number of cattle to be 640,442 last year compared with 606,489 in 1930; calves were 307,082 compared with 311,756; hogs 1,084,582 compared with 904,439. Sheep figures for 1931 were 527,102 against 493,645 in 1930; and horses 68,575 compared with 83,691 in 1930.

It will be noted that the number of cattle passing through the various yards showed a substantial increase. The number of calves decreased, indicating that the heifer calves were being held for breeding purposes. Hogs and sheep, it will be observed, showed a substantial increase.

Due to cooperation of the Dominion and Provincial Governments and stockmen in the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia, an encouraging movement of cattle to Great Britain was accomplished last year, states Mr. McKay, the total number of animals exported being approximately 27,000 compared with 5,400 in 1930. In order to retain this market, considerably more winter feeding is being carried on than usual in Alberta and Saskatchewan during the present winter, and it is felt that there will be an increase of properly finished livestock available for the May and June markets in Great Britain.

Livestock, generally, in the West, entered the winter in good condition. During a large part of the season plenty of feed has been available in the open.

Tape Worm in Lamb

The Tape Worm is the first of the host of parasites, infesting sheep, to become established in the young lambs. The effect of the presence of one tapeworm in a lamb may not be noticed, but if the intestines become filled with them, as is often the case, it is serious for the lamb. The tape worm variety infesting lambs grows very quickly. Lambs only 21 days old have been known to harbor tapeworms eight feet long. Heavily infested lambs do not thrive, but remain small, thin and rough wooled. If there are any lambs in the flock that do not do well, watch the droppings closely for small pieces of ripened tape worm. If such are noticed on the droppings, then we know that the worm must be in the intestine of the lamb from which the droppings came. If this tell tale evidence is noticed it is time to get busy, and give the lamb the protection it needs. To prepare the lamb for treatment, starve for 6 hours. The dose may then be administered, but fasting should continue for a further period of two hours, before the lamb is again placed with the mother. See bulletin 337, Ontario Department of Agriculture.

Dosing to clear tape worms from lambs should be repeated weekly for three weeks, in order to get them all. This tape worm infesting lambs has a thin treatdlike neck, which may break and leave the head attached to the intestine, to grow again at the rate of 10 inches a day. A change of grazing ground is always desirable, to reduce the chance of reinfestation.

Cave-Honeycombed Village Abandoned By Inhabitants

Santo Stefano, Italy. — Complete abandonment of the 2000-year-old town of 2400 inhabitants was ordered by the Premier, Signor Benito Mussolini, following the collapse of its central district into ancient caverns by which it is undermined.

The Premier's order was issued after experts found that the partially wrecked town rests on volcanic rock honeycombed with caverns. Il Duce has ordered a new Villa Santo Stefano to be built a few miles away on a safe site.

Evacuation of houses still standing here has been ordered for the earliest possible moment and arrangements are being made to house the people in other villages until the Government builds the new city.

Poverty

No man can acquire the doubtful good of extreme wealth, without subjecting others to the undoubted evil of poverty.—J. H. Hunt.

No man has enemies who thinks every man is his friend.

Lowest Price in 15 Years

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

262

Smiles

How many smiles, I wonder,
Are smiled to hide a tear,
If lips ye could look under,
The beating heart could hear?
I would not chide the weeping,
But let me praise the brave,
Their smiles forever keeping,
Like flowers on a grave.

Oh, let me praise the smiling,
The brave, the brave, indeed,
The cares of men beguiling
When theirs the greater need.
When life is all behind them
They face the life ahead,
And smiling you will find them
On ev'ry road you tread.

Who looks for consolation
But little ever had
From wealth or joy or station—
Go seek it from the sad!
The courage of the stoic
Has nothing but a sneer—
They are the most heroic
Who smile to hide a tear.

—Douglas Malloch.

Early Evening in April

A drift of fragrance down a lane of spring;
Peach trees and pear trees spill their pink and white;
The lavender mountains loom, and mutely fling
Bold arms to clasp and quell the sunset light.—
An April spirit haunts the evening air,
Wistful and delicate and debonair.
—Richard Burton, in "The Carpenter Lad and Other Poems."

We need bad weather to be able to appreciate good weather.

Patience

Most of us think of Patience as merely waiting, but it is not a state of active expectation, preparing for the thing that is to happen?

A match is about the only thing that becomes useful when it flares up. And even a match goes out soon after.

The workers are too busy to spend time pitying themselves.

"No repairs in 22 years," says home owner

"Visitors are delighted with the noiseless operation of my doors," says a home owner of Monongah, West Virginia. "The locks and hinges have been in active service 22 years, and during this time I haven't spent a cent for repairs. I've never used anything but 3-in-One Oil."

Many housewives who pride themselves on the spotless appearance of their homes are careless about the lubrication of hinges and locks. Try a few drops of 3-in-One Oil today and see how quickly it brings out rust, dirt and queaks. For 3-in-One, a blend of animal, mineral and vegetable oils, is distinctly different from ordinary oil: it cleans and protects as well as lubricates.

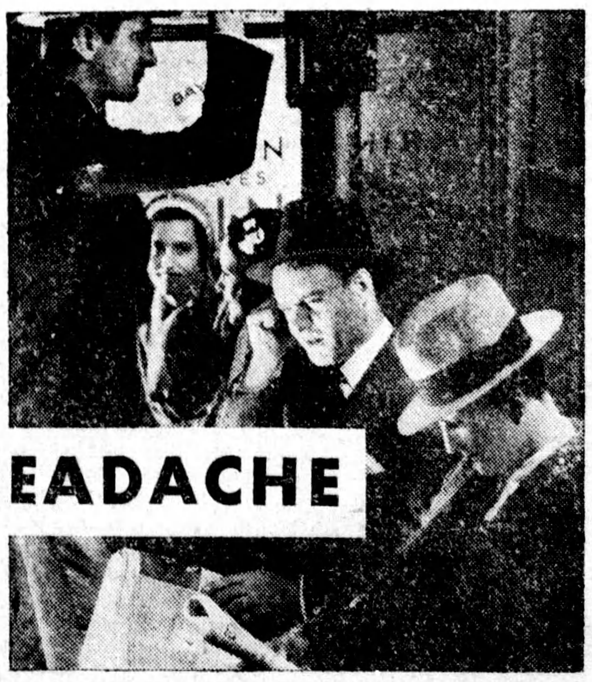
For 35 years 3-in-One has been recognized as the best oil for sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, lawn mowers, hinges and general household lubrication. Insist on 3-in-One Oil. At good stores everywhere. For your protection look for the trade mark "3-in-One" printed in Red on every package.

WHITE SWAN

SAFE Sterilized TISSUE

Even the water used in its making is purified and sterilized in the Eddy $400,000 Filtration Plant. Regular "White Swan" is wrapped in dust-proof rolls of 750 creped white sheets. Look for the Swan on the wrapper—and be safe. Also made in "Recess" size to fit built-in fixtures.

"AN EDDY PRODUCT"



HEADACHE

A hard day at the office, and a headache homeward bound. All for the want of two little tablets of Aspirin! Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache; carry Aspirin with you. The pocket tin doesn't take up any room, but what a comfort when it's needed!

Fatigue will frequently bring on a headache. It lowers the vitality and invites a cold. Take Aspirin and throw it off! Don't wait until you are miserable. There is nothing in Aspirin to hurt the heart or upset the stomach or harm the system in any way. Your doctor will tell you that! But, get Aspirin—not a substitute!

Follow the proven directions to be found inside each package. They cover colds, sore throat, headache, toothache, neuritis, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago or rheumatism, muscular pains, and other pains and aches for which these tablets are a positive antidote. Keep your pocket tin filled from the bottle of 100 tablets. Every drug store has Aspirin in bottles, as well as the familiar little box.

Aspirin is made in Canada.

ASPIRIN

(TRADE-MARK REG.)