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 Crooked 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. Margery goes to Mandling. Young 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 future investigation. Stevensson tries to make a getaway but Whittle forestalls him.

Chapter 24 (Continued.)

Once inside the house, Whittle found chaos reigning. A bewildered police constable, his helmet awry, and the perspiration pouring down his face, was endeavoring to make himself understood by the group of men who surrounded him. P.C. George Johnson's plight would have been amusing in any other circumstances; as it was, it merely accentuated the grimness of the situation. .."Two have been croaked, Charlie," Tim Hogan announced, pointing to the forms laid side by side on the floor of the room furnished as a library.

The American detective frowned. The woman was the red-headed girl who had accosted him that morning in Curzon Street. In spite of her hostility, she had appealed to him: there had been a piquancy about her.

"And this guy," went on Hogan, standing over the dead body of Matthews, "is a Scotland Yark dick—at least, Funny-Face over there says he is. There's three others about somewhere—an Inspector called Laidley, from Folkestone, with two of his men."

Whittle thrust him amiably on his side.

"Leave this to me, Tim," he said; "I'll try to speak his language."

Conscious of the deep embarrassment of the village constable, he took Johnson's arm and let him into a corner of the room.

"It's all right, officer," he said kindly; "don't you worry. It's no blame to you; I can see that. Now, tell me exactly what's happened."

Johnson wiped his face once again, with yesterday's handkerchief.

"It's like 'Ell let loose," he said; "I dunno where I am. I've been shoutin' for the H'Inspector -- but can't get no reply.

"Steady now—bit by bit. It'll all come right in the end. Is it correct that there's a Police Inspector here with two men?"

"Yes, sir. Inspector Laidley, from Folkestone. 'E came 'ere earlier this afternoon, but couldn't find anythin'. Then, when I called in at "The Jolly Sailor,' I 'appened to mention that I knowed this 'ouse had been built on the ruins o' a monastery, an' that it 'ad deep cellars, an' 'e was off like a shot. 'Thank you, Johnson,' 'he said: 'now you've given me the clue to the mystery.' I——"

Whittle stilled the hubbub with an uplifted hand.

"Did you come with the Inspector?"

"Yes, sir. 'E told to wait in the 'all 'ere, an' stop anybody a-comin' in or a-goin' out."

"Where did the Inspector go?"

"'E went down to 'ave a look at these 'ere cellers. Where they be, I dunno—somewhere underground, I s'ppose. Sharp as a knife, 'e were; collared one o' these crooks, shoved some 'andcuffs on 'im, an' then 'e said: 'Come on me man, let's h'inspect these cellers o' yours.' With that, 'e went away—'e an' 'is two men."

"Where?"

"Over there. They vanished, an' that's all I knows."

"Have you seen anybody?"

"Not a soul, sir. But I knowed that one o' the Inspector's men was in this room, an' that 'e 'ad instructions to watch some other feller. I 'eard 'em talkin' for a while, but then everything went quiet, an' I 'ad me suspicions, see?"

"Quite right of you officer."

"So, after another while, I tiptoed to the door, opened a crack an' looked in. An', oh, my God, sir, there was that—"—the rustic's face quivered now in real emotion—"poor feller lyin' there—" The recital was too much for the constable, and he raised both hands for a moment to his face as though to shut out the dreadful sight.

"You don't know the name of the man this poor fellow was watching?"

"Yes, I do, sir. "Twas a villain called Stevensson. 'E must be a villain, 'cas 'e's gone. And I allus thought 'e was such a gen'leman! Allus wished me 'good-mornin'' pleasant-like. But if I could catch'n now—!" A huge, begrimed fist was clenched.

"Don't you worry; he's safe enough. I caught him myself as he was running away."

"Thank God for that, sir. Who be you, may I ask?"

"I'm an American detective. My name's Whittle. I'm a friend of Superintendent Watson at Scotland Yard."

"Scotland Yard, eh? 'Twas they who telephoned to the Inspector. W'ot does all this mean, sir?"

"You'll learn before the night's out, officer. The thing at the moment is to find Inspector Laidley and his men. They're probably in those cellars still. Do you know your way about this house?"

"Never been in it afore in me life, sir. But I do know that there be the cellers—'cos Mr. Farrant, who builded 'The White 'Ouse' a few years ago, spoke to me about them. 'E was a rare one for 'is wine, was Mr. Farrant. . ."

"Well, we must make a search," declared Whittle; and, calling Hogan, who was acting as Chief-of-staff, he disclosed the situation to him.

But the closest examination of the kitchen quarters revealed no trace of the missing men. And of underground regions, there was not a sign.

CHAPTER XXV.

"He's dead," said a voice; "his heart gave out a short while ago."

The Police Inspector looked as his informer..

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Crane."

"Well, your troubles are over, my lad. We belong on the Folkestone Police. Word came through from the Yard that you and another man were being kept prisoners here. Sounds silly——"

"But it's true, my lad," said the Inspector, a hint of emotion beneath the gruffness; "haven't I told you your troubles are over?"

As though suddenly recollecting, the speaker turned round.

"Where's that man?" he asked.

But the guide had vanished. They were alone.

One of the detectives outthrust a hand.

"Look at that!" he cried.

Coming swiftly down from the low ceiling was what looked like a solid sheet of steel. Whilst they still stared, this completed its descent.

"Trapped!" exclaimde the Inspector.

It was not an over-statement. This barrier, which was on their side of the door, when they rushed to it, proved immovable.

Brushing them aside, Philip beat upon it with his bare hands. In the space of ten seconds, he had been dashed from the heights of joy to the depths of despair. This miraculous rescue had proved to be merely a mockery. In some way, Stevensson had outwitted his enemies and had scored the final trick.

Inspector Laidley turned to him.

"Do you know anything about this?" he asked.

"No—except that we shall be left here to die like rats in a hole. It's Stevensson's doing. He encouraged you to come here, no doubt?"

Laidley gnawed his lowed lip.

"Cunning swine," he said tensely.

"Yes, 'cunning swine' is right. He wanted to get you down here, don't you see? And he then pressed on a button or something, and he had you safe while he got away himself. Isn't it clear to you?" Crane's voice was rising in hysteria. "And I promised—I promised. . ." The strain was taking its toll; he had reached the end of his endurance. It only required a look at the dead Ferguson to set all his nerves jangling.

Laidley forced himself to take command.

"It's useless to talk like that," he said; "there must be some way out." But, even as he spoke, he realized the falsity of the words. The position was becoming increasingly clear to him. It was what this young fellow had said: Stevensson had scored the final trick. No wonder the man had smiled!

The words of one of his men did not give reassurance.

"We must be at least fifty feet down here, Inspector," he said. "Even if we shouted, I don't suppose anyone would be able to hear."

"Shout as much as you like," cried Crane; "it won't do any good. We're right down in the bowels of the earth." He felt this to be the end. Until now, there had always been a faint hope. Eve nthe sudden end of the enlisted forger, tragic as this was, had not defeated him completely; looking ahead, he was able to realize that the death of her father might prove a blessing to the girl. At least, it would save her the agony of seeing him in the dock. Surveying it philosophically, it was the best thing that could have happened.

Up to the present moment, he had not thought so much of himself: the presence of the forger had made him concentrate attention upon his fellow prisoner; for it was impossible to look at the other man without thinking of the girl who was waiting for him to redeem his promise.

Promise! With the others, he was destined to stay there—and die. . . .

. . . . .

It was an exasperating moment, and Whittle made no attempt to hide his chagrin.

"I'm beginning to think, Johnson, that your precious cellars exist only in your own mind," he said.

The Mandling constable did not give way before the attack.

"Well, if they exist only in my mind, where's the Hinspector an' the other two men? They left me determined to find the cellars, an' if they haven't found 'em, where be they? If they 'ave found 'em, then it seems to me to be our dooty to keep on tryin' lookin' for them."

Picking a word here and there out of the maze, there certainly seemed some sense in the constable's remarks.

"The hayseed's right, Charlie," said Tim Hogan; "it ain't likely that the Inspector, not to mention his two men, would vanish in the way they seem to have done. Unless they gave chase and haven't got back yet. Anyhow," looking at Simon Stevensson, who had been brought in and placed in a chair, "we'll soon get to know. Ever heard of the Third Degree, Stevensson?" he asked.

"You won't get anything out of me." And it was plain that the man meant it.

"Let me have a real go at him," suggested Hogan, with a grimace that would have caused the ordinary person to shudder.

"No—not yet." But Whittle knew himself to be in a quandary. It was likely that Hogan would soon get out of hand.

(To be continued.)

Paul Whiteman famous for his band and rhythm has gone in for an intensive reducing program losing 100 pounds to date. No doubt dry toast and grapefruit has proved effective.

Edinburgh To-day

AULD REEKIE IN SPRINGTIME.

In the spring of the year, when the longing to spend one's leisure out of doors is specially insistent, Edinburgh citizens are fortunate. Not only have they the Gardens, now starred with flowers, which form a green sweep from the south side of Princes street down into the hollow which was once the Nor' Loch and up again to the Castle Rock, but they are surrounded by hills which combine ease of access with a sense of remoteness from city life delightfully refreshing to the town dweller. Every week-end, parties of young people make their way up to the Pentland Hills where, after a short climb, they might easily imagine themselves in the heart of the Highlands, and where they can play the ancient game of golf over fields beside the Swanston home of Robert Louis Stevenson. The tree is still shown beside the little burn in a fold of the hill, where he used to sit and write, all Edinburgh pread below him. Closer to the city are other hills, and actually adjoining the famous Royal Mile, which runs from the Castle to the Palace of Holyrood House, is the King's Park, where rise in rugged grandeur Salisbury Crags—Scott's favorite walk—and that lion-shaped guardian of the capital, Arthur's Seat.

SCOTT LOVERS PLAN MEMORIAL.

Edinburgh expects to celebrate the centenary of Sir Walter Scott, which falls on September 21 this year, in a worthy manner. In appealing for £5,000, the Centenary Committee announces its intention of making the foundation of a Lectureship in Scottish Literature at the University of Edinburgh its principal project. In thus establishing a lasting memorial to one who did more, perhaps, than any other to make the past of Scotland live again in poetry and story, the committee is carrying on the Scott tradition in a way that he himself might well have chosen. The Gothic monument in stone to his memory in Princes street, beloved by many, earns its full meed of criticism from its modern architect and artist. It dates, as a living lectureship will not. To mark the centenary, other plans are afoot to bring Scott's works and the memory of the great-hearted man himself more vividly before the public. A masque of scenes from the Waverley Novels is in contemplation for the month of June, and there is to be an exhibition of pictures and manuscript of interest to Scott lovers in the National Gallery in July. School children will take part in a pageant, and there will also be a service in St. Giles' Cathedral and a ceremony at Dryburgh Abbey, in Scott's own Border country. A commemorative volume by Prof. H. J. C. Grierson is on its way.

WELCOMING THE STRANGER.

Edinburgh has always attracted the student from other lands, and the Scots have their own ways of making them welcome. One of these is through the medium of the Edinburgh International Club which, though mainly intended for students, is open to men and women of all nationalities upon election. Between thirty and forty races have been represented in the club during the past session. The roll call of countries is a feature of the club meetings, and vigorous handclapping greets the nationals of each country in turn, as they rise from their seats in answer to the call. From time to time, members of one country or another entertain the club in their own characteristic fashion. So there have been a Chinese evening with Chinese music and recitations, an English evening with English folk dances done is costume, and a Welsh evening with rare Welsh singers to provide the concert. Country dancing and community singing help to break the ice, and no effort is spared to make the young people, who are often birds of passage, feel at home in a strange land, and to show them the best side of Scottish home life during their stay in Edinburgh. It is hoped eventually to establish an International House, to act as the headquarters of the club and as a clearing house for other international bodies in the city.

CLASSICS FIND MANY READERS.

An analysis of what Edinburgh reads, as shown by the books taken out of Edinburgh public libraries, reveals that 50 per cent. of the total books circulated are books for study and information and volumes of standard literature. The remainder are fiction and juvenile books of a good general quality. The number of registered borrowers is around 146,300. E. A. Savage, chief librarian, recently denied the statements sometimes made to the effect that the works of famous authors are not read, or read frequently. All the evidence, he finds, is against this, and the works of the great authors are never out of print. Of Ruskin an exception is made. He is less read than formerly. George Eliot's Warwickshire tales retain their popularity, and the Trollope novel is now re-established. Mr. Savage reports, in fact, that most of the outstanding works in English literature are sure of a steady circulation, partly among those who have read them before, and largely among those growing up to appreciate them. The interest in translations of foreign masterpieces is maintained. The Edinburgh public libraries are arranged on the modern open shelf system, and readers have the advantage of handling any number of books, and of seeing them grouped according to subject, before making their choice.

FISHWIVES ADD NOTE OF COLOR.

In days when national costumes are fast disappearing, it is interesting to see the Newhaven fishwives on the streets of Edinburgh, wearing their timehonored striped petticoats and shawls, and carrying on their backs the creel, or deep fish basket, secured by means of a broad leather strap which passes across the forehead. Their rough woolen coats of navy blue form close-fitting bodices and wide skirts that open in front to show the striped petticoats, and they wear thick woolen stockings and stout shoes. On festive occasions, the sober blue of everyday wear gives way to gayer colorings, and many shawls of Paisley pattern are handed down from mother to daughter for generations and kept as heirlooms. The fishwife's outfit is part of her stock in trade, and there is no loubt that it has its value. Few housewives would buy fish from a stranger at the door unless she wore the traditional fishwife's costume, which is a guarantee of fine "haddy" and "caller herrin'" "fresh frae the Forth."—The Christian Science Monitor.

Something Cool

I like the sound of something cool,
Of ice and sparkling snow,
Or pools that lie in shadows deep,
And beds where pansies grow.

The ocean on a summer's day,
The dunes across the bar,
The silver moon when riding high
With one small lonely star.

I like the sound of something cool,
Of rivers broad and deep,
And night that leads each restless day
To quiet aisles of sleep.

—Lydia Lion Roberts.

"If the people of one nation go on a speculative spree, the world wakes up with a headache."—Ogden L. Mills.

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

Housecleaning?
USE PARKER'S
This is the time of year that we can help you.
Send curtains, drapes, cushions, covers, etc., for a wonderful Parker cleaning.
Dyeing, too, of course.
Questions on price and color gladly answered, and postage charges on orders paid both ways.
PARKER'S DYE WORKS LIMITED
CLEANERS & DYERS
791 Yonge St., Toronto

What the automobile has taught women about household lubrication

Experience with motor cars has taught women that moving parts must be protected against wear by a film of oil. Many of them haven't learned, however, that moving parts of sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, lawn mowers, washers, and other mechanical devices must also be protected against dirt and rust.

3-in-One Oil not only lubricates; it also cleans and protects. It is different from all others, because it is a scientific blend of three high grade oils — animal, mineral and vegetable. 3-in-One is the oil you should use on mechanical equipment if you want best results.

Don't risk your expensive household devices using oil that does only half the job. Insist on the old reliable 3-in-One. It costs little more to buy and much less to use. At good stores everywhere. For your protection, look for the trade mark "3-in-One" printed in Red on every package.

Agents Wanted
Experience unnecessary, to sell direct-to-consumer a guaranteed line of workmen's clothing. Can easily make $10.00 to $15.00 a day. Write for complete outfit to TUFF-WEAR CLOTHES, General Post Office, Box 413, Toronto.

SAFE Sterilized TISSUE
Two popular brands for household use. "Dreadnought" rolls contain seven ounces sterilized, creped tissue. "Navy" rolls have 700 sheets soft, sanitary paper. All made with water sterilized in Eddy's $400,000 Filtration Plant. Ask for them by name, and be safe.
"AN EDDY PRODUCT"

When you CAN'T QUIT

A HEADACHE is often the sign of fatigue. When temples throb it's time to rest. If you can't stop work, you *can* stop the pain. Aspirin will do it, every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and carry-on—in perfect comfort. Don't work with nerves on edge or try all day to forget some nagging pain that Aspirin will end in a jiffy! Aspirin can do you no harm; just be sure that it is Aspirin with Bayer on each tablet.

In every package you'll find proven directions for headaches, colds and sore throat; neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Carry these tablets with you, and be prepared. To block a sudden cold on the street-car; quiet a grumbling tooth at the office; relieve a headache in the theatre; spare you a sleepless night when nerves are "jumping."

And no modern girl needs "time out" for the time of month! Your little box of Aspirin tablets is sure relief for all such pain.

Take Aspirin for *any* ache or pain, and take enough to *end* it. It can't harm you. At drug stores everywhere. Made in Canada.