

# The TATTOOED ARM

Isabel Ostrander

CHAPTER 1

"Your father was seriously ill, then?"

"Yes. It was a week before he went to his office in Wall Street and he hasn't come to the village since—I don't blame him!" Her small, gloved hands clenched on the arms of her chair. "The things that were said and the horrid jokes that have been made! I was ashamed before—but it is even worse now!"

"You mean that your uncle has exhibited similar signs of—eccentricity?" the detective asked.

Patricia nodded.

"Not exactly similar, but they have done things that it seems to me only people whose minds were deranged would do!—And Aunt Jerusha's attitude is the most inexplicable of all!"

"My dear Pat!" John Wells exclaimed. "You cannot mean that she also!"

"Oh, no. Aunt Jerusha hasn't gone crazy, too, but she insists that there is nothing wrong. When I suggested an alienist this morning she was angrier than I have ever seen her."

"Nothing more happened for the first week after father's strange attack except that Uncle Roger seemed to grow more deeply troubled. He has promised to give a lecture on archaeology at the high school last Wednesday. If I had only known!"

"Was the lecture not given?"

"It was!" Bitterness sharpened her soft, girlish tones. "And the next day the village was talking worse than it had ever talked before. Sergeant Miles, that lecturing impostor, had it been sheer drive it wouldn't have been so bad, but it was a clever satire, ridiculing the archaeological discoveries of recent years. The little man, perhaps you can understand why, with no insanity in the family, three dignified, middle-aged gentlemen, brothers, should suddenly become victims of the wildest hallucinations. Like—like three Mad Hatters, and do such queer, ridiculous things that they are the talk of the town? There was a hint of tears in her voice. "I suppose this will seem disrespectful when I tell you that it is of my father and my two uncles I am speaking, but it is the truth!"

"What sort of hallucinations have they, Miss Drake?"

"Perhaps," the attorney interposed in his urbane, well-rounded tones, "it will be well for you to tell me a little of Miss Drake's family. She is the daughter of Hobart Drake of the New York Stock Exchange. His wife died when Miss Patricia, her youngest, and she was brought up by his maiden sister, Miss Jerusha Drake, a lady of the soundest practical common-sense. They have always lived in the same residence out on Long Island, at Brookville."

Owen Miles nodded quickly without speaking, and the attorney went on:

"Five years ago Roger Drake, the oldest of the family and a scientist of world-wide reputation, returned from Europe to the old home at Brookville and a few months since the other brother, Andrew, came back from Australia—where he had amassed a fortune in sheep-raunching. You can see that the three brothers are widely dissimilar in character and temperament, yet a very great affection has always existed between them. I have known them all since they were mere boys and I can speak from personal observation.—"Pat," Wells turned to the young girl, "did all three exhibit the symptoms at the same time?"

"No. Poor father was the first to break out." Her lips quivered. "People put the most scandalous rumors of construction on it, connected with the wine cellar, and I know that it wasn't true!"

"For the past month of two I have fancied that father was worried about something. I don't think very seriously about it until that dreadful time a fortnight ago when in the middle of the night we were all awakened by a loud knocking on the front door and finally Carter, the butler, went down and opened it."

"I was leaning over the balustrade, and what do you think I saw? Our local policeman, Sam Clark, was bringing in a stout figure, dressed all in flowing white like a ghost, that reeled as it walked. 'I've brought Mr. Hobart home, Carter,' Sam said. 'I got him to bed real quiet, but in the morning you tell him that if it happens again we'll have to confiscate what he's got left in his cellar.'"

"He was down in front of the soldiers' monument," Sam explained, "and spouting like a Fourth of July orator that he was Julius Caesar. Lucky it was so late or he'd have had the whole town round him. Soon's I touched him he seemed to sort of collapse and he came along home with all my trouble. He'll likely be all right in the morning."

Patricia had given an unconsciously graphic imitation of the country constable, but as she paused and covered her face with her hands there was nothing of amusement in the expressions of either of her hearers.

"Did you get a closer view of your father, Miss Drake?" the latter asked after a moment.

"Yes. I heard a sort of gasp behind me and turned to find Uncle Roger there, staring down at father with such a shocked, horrified expression that I thought he was going to have a stroke or something. We stood watching them bring father upstairs."

"And where was your other uncle, Mr. Andrew Drake, during this time?"

"Uncle Andrew slept through it all," Patricia answered. "I was awfully jolly and the next morning he tried to make light of it, but when he learned how really ill father was he was terribly worried."



CAST ASIDE HER VEIL

Mme. Mahomed Samy Pasha, beautiful young Egyptian, one of the first to discard the veil in 1923, is wife of the envoy of King Fuad in Washington.

think my aunt will be the next to go and then—perhaps!"

## Sports Frocks in 28 Minutes

At a dressmaking demonstration held in Boston a month or so ago, Miss Lenore McCormick of New York City cut, sewed and fitted a sports frock in exactly 28 minutes, and that was three minutes longer than she had taken when she earned the title of lightning dressmaker of the world, because she broke. However, which is more to the point, the costume was complete in every detail, from the eight plaits in the bottom of the skirt to the neatly bound sleeves.

When Miss McCormick started, the dress was nothing but three yards of pink-dotted cambric. Twenty-eight minutes later, when Miss Mary Ackley slipped it on, it was a finished frock with a straight back, two-placed front, and set off with a white collar, a red tie and a narrow red belt.

Miss McCormick's record as a speedy dressmaker had preceded her, and several hundred incredulous women were on hand to see how any woman could turn out a finished dress in so short a time. The advertisement of a pattern company a while ago to the effect that with their guide the average woman could make a certain dress in an hour had seemed misleading enough. But here was a woman who, without any evident haste, required less than half that period! No wonder the audience sat on the edge of their chairs, anxious not to miss a single detail as to how she accomplished the seemingly impossible.

Simplicity a Time Saver

A great many women have unconsciously clung to the ideas they had about dressmaking in the days of fitted waists and skirts, high collars, plaquets and multitudinous buttonholes, as well as lined skirts with ermine and brush binding at the bottom. No woman could turn out a dress like that in less than a goodly number of days. Numerous fittings, then the seemingly endless wait for the garment due was eager to wear, left a strong impression that it required marvelous skill and much time to make a dress.

In the meantime, all the difficult features of home dressmaking have silently dropped away. The modern frock demands very little fitting, no high collars, no separate waists and skirts of intricate composition, and practically no plaquets and buttonholes, all of which ate up hours of time that may be spent in making interesting ways to-day. And along with these changes in style have come patterns that are not only perfectly reliable, but also furnish charts full of suggestions, as to economy in cutting into expensive material and ideas for making from the one guide several

## Times Do Move

Traffic Gets Thicker in the "Outback" as Explorers and World-Girdlers Meet

Melbourne, Vic.—The meeting of two overland expeditions, four flying boats from England and a motorist who had crossed the world in his car, in the northern extremity of Western Australia, marks a notable chapter in that country's transport history, while the converging of the routes of all four expeditions upon a desolate stretch of the coast proved a pleasant surprise for the travelers.

Next day the MacRobertson party reached the 1,000,000-acre Anna Plains cattle, celebrated for its shorthorn and Hereford breeding, while the motorist was given, gratis, a wireless entertainment and amusement of the mystification and confusion of the station attendants. A few days later the two expeditions were at Broome, the pearling outpost of the north coast, and there welcomed the four supermariners of the British Royal Air Force, which left England last year on a 300,000-mile cruise.

## Three Monarchs Have Airplanes

King of Afghanistan Joins Ranks—Wants Pilot's License

Paris—Three kings now have their private airplanes—but only two show an inclination to travel by air.

The latest of monarchs to join the aviation ranks was the King of Afghanistan, who has just had delivered at his Royal Palace, a French-built monoplane. He has ordered another craft and wants to get a pilot's license.

## Poor Business

A young couple, allotted a telephone number that formerly belonged to a Turkish bath place, were frequently rung up by mistake.

One night a man rang up and asked for one of the company's cars to be sent for him, and although he was told politely he had the wrong number, he rang again—and still again. After midnight he rang up a fourth time.

The irate husband went into a long and embittered explanation of the whole situation, explaining that he had a private residence, that he had certain rights, that he had no cars, and that he gave no Turkish baths. He rang off, congratulating himself that he had at last put the man off.

## Empire Ties



PRESENTED TO PRINCE Some of Britain's "Young Ambassadors," touring Canada, met H.R.H. Prince George at Vancouver. The young lady exchanging smiles with the Prince is Rita, Buchanan of Stirling, Scotland.

## Success for the Friendly Pansy

and Points for Its Culture

"Should I be asked to name my very first choice of all the flowers I know and love, a certain garden enthusiast remarked earnestly, 'I would promptly say pansies. They are so beautiful, they possess such a dainty, sweet fragrance and charm. It seems that each little face reveals an individuality or character all its own, just like real persons.'"

Indeed, there is an alluring, appealing friendliness in pansies that wins the heart, and it is delightfully satisfying to have, not one bed of them, but many little trails here and there in the flower garden—among tulips and narcissi and blue brodiaea, (E. glauca, demissa), the brodiaea will grow a few inches above the pansies, spreading a little canopy of blue stars for the pansies to see.

With all the pansy's charms, many flower lovers do not grow it or, attempting to do so, do not have success. To obtain an abundance of large, attractively colored pansies, the seeds should be sown by the latter part of August, and the plants will bloom in early spring. Sowings can be made in the open ground or in the coldframe or a spent hotbed.

## Air Mindedness

Channel Flown by 2,000 a Week; Planes Link London to 73 Cities

London—Statistics just published show that Britain is rapidly becoming air-minded. Every week for the last five weeks more than 2,000 people have taken the once perilous air journey across the English Channel.

During the week-end air week last year less than 1,500 people took advantage of the quick service from London to Paris. London now has air trips to seventy-three European cities. There are nine scheduled services each day to Paris, the first at 6 a. m., and the last at 4.30 in the afternoon.

## No Stockings

Since its inception the League of Nations has been brought up against many peculiar problems, but recently it faced a new one that absolutely staggered the members. Three ladies appeared with credentials for entrance from one of the most influential members of the League. They wore no stockings, but the usher who tried to bar their entrance found himself powerless, in view of their credentials, to do so.

This will never do. If the deliberations of the League are to be brought to such a pass through the absence of stockings, then it would seem only proper to draft a protocol requiring all and sundry feminine visitors to wear stockings in addition to their ordinary attire, at least while in the League chamber or in the fashion of going stockinged in the summer time.

In New York some years ago, and has gained somewhat in favor, though it is not likely ever to become widespread or popular. After all, it is merely a harking back to the practice of two thousand years ago and more. But since we have got used to stockings, whether sheer or otherwise, it appears unwise to disturb our most responsible legislators of peace plans by distracting their attention from abstract problems by such practical charms as the absence of stockings may reveal.—Montreal Star.

## British Justice

George W. Alger in the Atlantic Monthly (Boston): England trusts her meretricious, she selects them carefully, gives them wide powers, and expects them to perform their duties in the maintenance of the dignity of English justice. . . . They have met these expectations. . . . Here in America power in criminal law is mainly vested in the amateur rather than the expert. We trust our juries, but we do not trust our courts. . . . To prevent pay judges, chosen for political reasons only, from doing wrong, we have by a patchwork of prohibitions made it impossible for good judges to act effectively.

## Markets and Military Defence

Chicago Tribune: The United States is told that it may not, as a creditor nation, close its markets to the world's goods or its fields to the world's labor. The American standard of living depends on these restrictions. Their defense in light of our national military defense. . . . The United States can ill afford to drop its guard at any time and certainly not now when it contends so much that is desirable restricted to use of its own citizens by protective and prohibitory laws.

It is useless to cry out and protest against the decesses of style—Paul Poiret.

# "SATAHA" TEA

"Pekoe" comes from the Chinese word "Pak-ho", meaning silver hair, which was applied to the tip leaves on the Chinese tea bush. Tip leaves are wiry in shape. In India they were more orange in colour, so were called "Orange Pekoe" (Pak-ho).

## Success for the Friendly Pansy

Open Ground Method: Pulverize a perfectly clean soil to a depth of at least six inches and level the surface. Over this spread an inch-thick layer of barnyard fertilizer and over this in turn, spread a half-inch-thick layer of the best soil available. Pansy plants are shallow rooters but put out many thin surface roots, and the face encourages a deep root growth with a shield of soil. If the soil is only temporary dry, the roots will not rot, but prove undisturbed. In fact, the plants are better to use last year's very thickly. Usually they will grow, although slowly, and slow germination is the best. Remember, too, that the rare varieties are shy seeders and therefore most expensive. One is simply rewarded by buying the best to be obtained.

The Giant Tricolor is a fine strain, and is available in the special colors usually wanted in large quantities. It comes in large quantities, color shading to white: Giant Yellow, yellow with dark eye; Snow Queen, pure white; Giant Royal Blue, rich royal blue; Cardinal, a rich red; Giant White, white with purple eye; Golden Queen, purple eye and white; Giant Adonis, a dainty lavender blue. The Giant Cassini is another lovely strain.

## First Time In England

I set foot in England for the first time in March, 1903. The first thing that I remarked was the apparent nearness of the grey sky. In quick succession I was surprised by the youthful look of the people, by the fresh, damp smell, by the dirtiness of the walls of the houses, by the vivid green of the fields, and last—but by no means least—by curious stripes that lay across many of the meadows. It was not till years later that I discovered that these stripes were caused by rolling the grass in spring. . . .

Two or three of us went down the Strand to Piccadilly the Saturday night, and I was accosted by a heavy old gentleman who presumed that I belonged to the Wild West show at Olympia. I had never heard either of the entertainment or of Olympia, and I was highly indignant that an Englishman could not recognize a fellow-Englishman when he saw him. But this incident called my attention to my unbecoming peaked hat. . . . I determined to get a bowler.

I awoke the next morning to a tremendous silence reigning over the City of London, a silence broken only by the twittering of numbers of sparrows down in Charterhouse Square. As soon as I had had breakfast I hurried outside to see London. The sparrows appeared to me tremendously every breath of the damp air seemed fraught with new things. . . . I peered through the iron railings at an old Charterhouse School; I found an old friend, a very grimy figure, growing against a wall in Aldersgate Street. I went forth into the wet street and discovered St. Paul's. I knew it was really St. Paul's because a policeman told me. . . .

Soon after my arrival I went down to Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, for the day. And there, for the first time, I saw a daisy. I went down on my hands and knees on the wet turf to see it closer, and when I looked up I saw that all the field before me was carpeted with daisies. I rose and went forward among them as if I were upon wings. This was the land of my fathers.—From "The Autobiography of Kingsley Fairbridge"—with a Preface by The Right Hon. L. S. Amey and an Epilogue by Sir Arthur Lawley.

## The Cow

Through the deep hayfield Where tall grasses bow, In and out Roamed the happy Cow. Nibbling the forest leaves, Plucking at the clover, Happiest of happy heaves. All the world over!

"Marion! Marion! Teatime, Marion!" Oh what a bother! Is she calling me? Mummy, dear, not now! Can't you see that I'm a Cow? And a Cow never comes in to tea!" —Jocelyn C. Lea in the London Spectator.

## A Wasted Sympathy

Do not waste your pity, friend, When you see me weep as now; Keep it to snip better end. When dry-eyed I went about With a leaden heart looked in by a silent tongue, and then And you brought it, it had been Sweet indeed to me! But now When the depths of my despair Are upheaved and through the portals Of my heart, pomp, gas, air, Is useless, if you please, Give your thanks that to a woman Taste the given, and be at ease.

—Winifred Howells

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