The TATTOOED ARM

by Isabel Ostrander

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

What horrible and mysterious power was forcing the three Drake brothers, Hobart, the Wall Street broker, Roger, the scientist, and Andrew, recently returned from Australia, to place themselves in ridiculous situations. Some power had forced Hobart to deliver a mock speech in the public square, Roger to burlesque a scientific address, and Andrew to sit on the floor and play with toys. Patricia Drake, daughter of Hobart, secretly secures Owen Miles, detective sergeant, and his colleague, Scottie McCready, to investigate. Miles is employed as a houseman and Scottie as a gardener. Miss Jerusha Drake, spinster sister of the brothers, is discovered by Miles in a wildly excited state late at night before an open grate in which she was burning papers of some kind.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

"When—?" Scottie began.

"Wednesday night, here in the house. No one knows but me and I'll tell you about it later."

Miles continued his duties and no opportunity presented itself to speak to Scottie until lunch. As he served the mid-day meal Miss Drake announced:

"Ora Hawks has returned from her trip to California."

For a moment there was silence while Andrew ate unconcernedly on. Roger was almost furtively regarding his brother. Finally he asked, with an embarrassed cough:

"You will call, Andrew, no doubt?"

"Why should I?" The other looked at coolly and then added with a short laugh, "I had almost forgotten her existence. Has she changed much?"

"Not in appearance; a little stouter, perhaps." Miss Drake answered hastily with a slight frown. "She is coming for tea this afternoon, so you will be able to judge for yourself."

It was late afternoon when in answer to the summons of the doorbell he admitted the expected visitor. She was a stout, severely gowned woman of middle age with graying hair slicked back tightly beneath a small, stiff hat and a pair of shell-rimmed glasses athwart the bridge of an inquiring nose.

"My dear Ora! It is indeed a pleasure to welcome your return!" Miss Drake greeted her with a cool kiss on her cheek and turned to Miles: "William, call Miss Patricia, please, and Mr. Roger. I think you will find Mr. Andrew in the garden."

Scottie and Andrew were standing deep in conversation over by the summer house and he had started toward them when he saw the visitor descending the steps of the side verandah. Her mode was somewhat grim as she advanced.

"How do you do, Andrew? Am I the last of your old friends?"

"Ora!" Andrew Drake had wheeled with her first word and held out his hand. Then he drew it back with an apologetic shrug for its begrimed state. He was coatless in the balmy spring sunshine and both shirtsleeves had been rolled to the elbow, but now he started hastily to pull them down. She noted the action and even from where he stood the detective could see the deep flush which mounted suddenly in her fat, round face.

"Andrew!" Her nasal tones were oddly broken and confused. "You really recognized me, then? I am not so very much changed?"

"How can you ask? I should have known you anywhere in the world!" he returned with suspicious fervor. Then he added hurriedly: "I'll get cleaned up at once and come in for tea, and we can have a good talk."

"I will wait for you." She turned and moved back slowly toward the house while Andrew stood as though rooted to the spot gazing after her.

When she had disappeared a single comment from the man reached Miles' ears.

"Damnation!"

"Look!" Scottie seized Miles' arm and his low voice sank to a husky whisper. "There, over the hedge!—Coming from the direction of the village. Who is it?"

Two indistinct shadows were moving along the walk and appeared to be engaged in an argument, for a man's rough tones mingled with a shrill, higher voice like that of an angry boy.

They crept step by step until they were within a few feet of the two.

"You'll lose out if you do, I tell you!" the heavier masculine tones growled. "What will you get out of it if you carry out your threat?"

"Mairish bit o' satisfaction, old dear!" The shocking voice was that of a woman, not a boy, and the accent was unmistakable.

"I mean to get my bit out o' whatever the game is, no fear!"

"There's no game, but I promised you a settlement, didn't I, if you would only be a little patient? Let me take you back to your car now like a sensible girl and I'll see you in town before the end of next week."

"Yes, Andrew Drake, himself!" Scottie breathed, but the woman was speaking once more.

"No game? Garn!" She laughed stridently. "I don't care tuppenny wot it is, but I'm going to have my rights! —'Ow far back did we leave the bloomin' car?"

They turned and moved back along the pathway in the direction from which they had come. Scottie straightened with a grunt.

"Two women, eh? Our friend Andrew had an unlucky day. I think I can guess who this one was, just now; the lady you met yesterday."

"Yes," Miles replied. "It was Maizie."

CHAPTER IX.

It was Hobart Drake's unbroken custom of years to return home immediately after the market closed at noon on Saturdays, but on the day following that of the arrival of the new gardener, lunch-time came and passed and he did not appear nor did any word come from him.

"There is a station taxi coming down the road and—yes, Hobart is inside!" exclaimed Miss Drake when tea was served.

When Miles reached the library door once more the measured tones of Hobart Drake came distinctly to his ears.

"—Sorry, but there were many details to attend to in settling up my affairs."

"'Settling up?'" It was Andrew, and the devil-may-care note had vanished from his voice.

"I am no longer a member of the Stock Exchange," announced Hobart Drake quietly.

"Of all the d—d fools!" Andrew exploded. "First Roger and then you, both of you lying down and taking it! By God, I thought there was more fighting blood in the family than that! You're afraid—!"

It was still comparatively early when Miles was free to join Scottie.

"There's only one new angle to consider," Scottie remarked at last. "That is Andrew's attitude in the matter. He's not thinking of the fresh gossip. It may be that he has made a good bit of money through Hobart's inside tips in the market and doesn't want to lose the graft. What was that?"

"I didn't see anything."

"I thought a light twinked twice down there by the gate."

They crept around the house and were skirting the hedge when a sudden movement behind a tree brought them to a halt.

"I—I ain't gwine to hah no gun!" A querulous voice spoke out of the darkness.

"Rip!" Miles exclaimed. "You're some watchman!"

"Lordy!" Rip advanced and added sheepishly: "I thought it was dem two again!"

"What two?" demanded Scottie.

"Dunno," Rip mumbled. "Two fellers came through here de yother night—an' I ordehs dem away an' says de nex' time dey come back I'se gwine to shoot."

"What did they look like?"

But Rip could give no further information and the two detectives withdrew.

Miles loked up the house and reared. The family breakfasted late on Sunday and Carter was well enough

"Am I the last of your old friends?"

to serve them but he came out to the detective who was helping in the pantry and asked:

"William, will you go up to Miss Patricia's door and tell her the folks are waiting for her?"

Miles hurriedly ascended and knocked upon Patricia's door but no reply came to him and after repeating the summons again and again he ventured to turn the knob. The door swung inward, revealing an empty room, the bed smooth and untouched, and lying in a heap across a chair where it had been carelessly flung, was the gown which Patricia had worn the night before. She was gone!

CHAPTER X.

Miles proceeded straight to the dining room; he must see for himself what reaction the first shock of the news would bring to the family.

"Miss Patricia's not there, ma'am," the detective said quietly.

"Not—not there?" The woman's lips barely formed the words and a muttered oath came from Andrew, but Roger only stared while the faint color ebbed from his thin face, leaving it waxen.

"Patricia! My God, not that! Not that last blow!" Hobart started up as Miss Drake sank back and Andrew cried out furiously:

"You see what you've done? You brought it on yourself—!"

"Andrew!" The gentle Roger's tone was suddenly stern. "You need not add your recriminations to the situation. Patricia is Hobart's daughter, not yours!"

"I must know! I must see for myself!" Miss Drake rose, swaying slightly, and left the room.

"It's that young rascal Dick Kemp!" Hobart exclaimed. "I told Jerusha it was a mistake to keep too tight a rein on the girl at this time, but she overruled me. I'll get that father of his on the phone—!"

"Wait until Jerusha returns," interrupted Roger. "The child may have left a note that will explain her absence. You may go, William."

The detective had been ostensibly busying himself at the serving table in the corner but now he was compelled to retire to the pantry where Carter confronted him.

"I heard!" he exclaimed. "You're sure she's gone, William?"

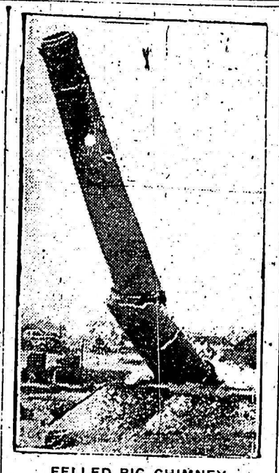
"Didn't I say the bed hadn't been slept in?" Miles returned. "Where are you going?"

"To tell Hitty," Carter called back over his shoulder.

With surprising agility considering his ailment, he darted through the farther door.

Hobart Drake was seated at his desk sealing an envelope as Miles entered in response to his ring.

(To be continued.)



FELLED BIG CHIMNEY

It was 180 feet high, at Lyden Holt, near Dover, Eng., and was built by a French syndicate for a colliery that did not pay, owing to the poor quality of coal.

In an Ancient Belfry

The long, winding staircase seems to have no end. Two hundred steps are already below us. The higher we go, the more broken and rugged are the stairs. Suddenly it grows very dark, and, clutching the rope more firmly, we struggle upward. Light dawns again through a narrow Gothic slit in the tower; let us pause and look out for a moment. The glare is blinding, but from the deep, cool recess a wondrous spectacle unfolds itself. We are almost on a level with the roof of an old cathedral. . . . . Among the petals of yonder mighty rose a couple of pigeons are busy building their nest; seeds of grasses and wild flowers have been blown up, and here and there a tiny garden has been laid out by the capricious winds on certain wide stone hemlock leaves; the fringe of yonder cornice is a waste of lilies. As we try to realize detail after detail, the heart is almost pained by the excessive beauty of all this petrified bloom stretching away over flying buttresses and breaking out upon column and architrave, and the eye at last turns away weary with wonder. . .

At this moment a noise like a powerful engine in motion recalls our attention to the tower. The great clock is about to strike and begins to prepare by winding itself up five minutes before the hour. Groping among the wilderness of cross-beams and timbers, we reach another staircase, which leads to a cast, square but lofty fabric. . . . The dust of ages lies everywhere around us, and the place which now receives the print of our feet has, perhaps, not been touched for five hundred years. And yet these ancient towers and the inner heights and recesses of thees old roofs and belfries soon acquire a strong hold over the few that care to explore them. . .

Overhead hang the huge bells, several of which are devoted to the clock; others are rung by hand from below, while somewhere near, besides the clock machinery, there will be a room fitted up, like a vast musical box, containing a barrel, which acts upon thirty or forty bells up in the tower, and plays tunes every hour of the day and night.

You cannot pass many minutes in such a place without the clicking of machinery and the chiming of some bell—even the quarters are divided by two or three notes or half-quarter bells. Double the number are rung for the quarter, four times as many for the half-hour, while at the hour a storm of music breaks from such towers as Mechlin and Antwerp, and continues for three or four minutes to float for miles over the surrounding country. . . .

The great clock strikes; it is the only music, except the thunder, that can fill the air. Indeed, there is something almost elemental in the sound of these colossal and many-centuried bells.—The Rev. H. R. Hawes, in "Music and Morals."

Porto Rico Rich in Plant Beauty

Blossoms and Fruits and a Long Succession of Golden Days Make Life Easy and Peaceful in this Isle of Dreams

Porto Rico, now recovering slowly from the effects of the disastrous hurricane, has been called the "Isle of Dreams." The novel forms of plant life, the almost unbroken succession of balmy golden days, the constant sighing or the trade wind in the trees, all give a newcomer from the temperate zone the feeling that it is not quite real. Life there is so easy, agreeable, peaceful, that he feels sometimes as if he were in a trance, far removed from actuality.

The vegetation of Porto Rico is of fascinating interest to the plant student. Besides many varieties of palm trees, there are bitter almonds, mangoes, oranges, limes and grapefruit. One finds a thrill of novelty in sending a yard-boy shinning up one's own cocoanut tree to get a cocoanut for dessert. At first one is surprised to see limes instead of lemons used for iced tea and on fish, but one comes to prefer limes on account of their finer flavor and their cheapness. They sell at four for 1 cent, and are brought to the door by native vendors. Oranges ordinarily cost 6 cents a dozen.

The mango is one of the beautiful tropical trees. It is in thick foliage all the year round; its leaves are a rich, glossy green. The fruit, somewhat oval in shape, hangs at the end of a stem at least a foot long, limp as a shoe lace. Then there is the Santa Maria tree, with purplish pink bell-shaped blossoms.

The "Man's Love" Blossoms

Another interesting Porto Rican plant is the vine called Corazon de Hombre—("Man's Love"). This luxuriant vine has long, narrow, dull green leaves, bearing clusters of tubular blossoms ending in an irregular number of petals somewhat like those of a daisy. The flower, of a waxy texture, is at first pure white; later faint streaks of pink appear, gradually spreading until the whole blossom is a lovely shade of coral. This deepens finally into blood red, whence the poetic name expressive of its evolution.

A remarkable tree is the manzanilla, or "little apple," from which emanates a poison so subtle that weary travelers stopping to rest under its inviting shade are said to have never waked again. Still another is the ylang-ylang, specimens of which shed their fragrance over the charming Plaza at Ponce, on the south coast. The frangipani, from which is made a costly perfume grows wild in the woods. Many kinds of cactus lay snares for the unwary.

Besides, there is the coralita vine, with clusters of clear, bright pink; the showy bougainvillea, the delicate plumbago, hibiscus, both red and pink, and the brilliant poinsettia, which often reaches to a second-story windows of a dwelling. In the forests are graceful tree ferns, wild oranges and tiny orchids far more exquisite than those in the florists' shops.

The cocoanut is one of Porto Rico's most useful trees. The juice of the green cocoanut is much valued as a drink by the natives. American soldiers found it useful first in the war with Spain. Frozen, with a little sugar added, it becomes a refreshing sherbet. Cocoanut ice cream is made from the milk of the riper fruit, and an even more delicious dainty is made by freezing a mixture of half cocoanut and half pineapple juice.

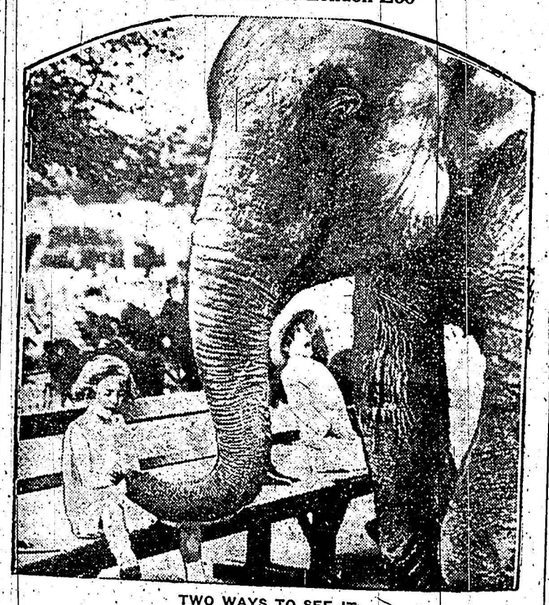
Porto Rican coffee is particularly aromatic. This year's crop suffered heavily in the hurricane. The natives, have their own way of coffee roasting, one which does not appeal to many Americans. They mix coffee with sugar and burn it, the process resulting in a strong, pungent flavor.

Throughout the island, main roads are fine and beautiful. Yauco, whose houses cling to the sides of its hills, and climbs to a point from which the sea can be seen beyond.

The American Railroad skirts the island, and, while the trains are slow and inclined to linger at every town, it is a trip worth taking. On account of the mountainous character of the island, the road is at times forced out almost to the water's edge; in places the spray from the sea comes near dashing into the windows.

Half of what the manicurist charges pays for the conversation.

Big Fellow at the London Zoo



TWO WAYS TO SEE IT

One little girl is greatly amazed by the size of the elephant in London Zoo, while the other places a tit-bit into its trunk unimpressed.

New Zealand Enters Treaty With Japanese

First Pack Ever Signed in the Dominion With a Foreign Power

Auckland, N.Z.—The trade treaty that New Zealand has just signed with Japan is interesting from more than one point of view. It is the first with a foreign country that has been signed in New Zealand. The practice in the past in such cases has been to become a party to a treaty signed by Great Britain. In view of the urgency of the matter the home authorities agreed to New Zealand's acion. New Zealand concluded the treaty by virtue of the "sovereign powers," which for such purposes she possesses.

The treaty will confer substantial benefits on New Zealand, but Japan is merely to recive "most-favored-nation treatment" as before. Some comment has been caused by the mention by the Japanese Consul-General for Australia and New Zealand of the immigration question, about which New Zealand convictions are strong, but the treaty is purely a trade document. According to Mr. Downie Stewart, Minister of Customs, Japan gets no concessions, and she signed partly as a recognition of the way in which she had been treated by New Zealand, and partly because she desired to share in any tariff concession that might be made to other countries.

The advantage to the Dominion will be that from now its goods will receive tariff treatment as favorable as those of any other country. In the Japanese market Canadian butter has enjoyed a tariff advantage of ½d. a pound. New Zealand butter will now be on the same footing. At present the trade of New Zealand in butter with Japan is very small, amounting to only £22,000 last year, but it is believed and hoped that there is a great future for the Dominion's dairy products in the Far East.

Australia, largely because of its geographical position, has pushed trade with the East much farther. Whereas in 1926 New Zealand's total exports to the East were valued at only £320,000, Australia's were worth £21,000,000. It is felt that if New Zealand could develop such markets, it would be less sensitive to fluctuations in the main market, which is Britain.

World Aviation

Railways Are Urged to Cooperate in Maintaining Passenger Air Lines

Scottish anthropologists have been investigating how Scotland became Scotland, and at the recent session of the British Association for Science the head of the anthropological section, Sir George Macdonald, in the Presidential address, gave an account of the work done so far. He reported that because of the obstacle of the Caledonian Forest to the south "the early immigrants arrived by sea via the western islands from Ireland, and it is in Ireland that the roots of prehistoric Scottish civilization must be studied."

Thus he set the date of settlement much further back than the period when the Romans referred to Ireland as Scotia.

"It was significant that as late as the dawn of the historic period the current of migration was flowing strongly towards the north and east," he continued. "The Scots themselves, of course, were incomers from Ireland, and I have more than a suspicion that the troubles which the Romans experienced and which compelled them to abandon the Forth and Clyde wall were due to the encouragement the turbulent natives received from the steady stream of reinforcements across the narrows of Stranraer.

"The facts of early Scottish history," he added, "and the inferences as to the Bronze Age and Early Iron Age were in complete accord in bearing out that the trend of migration was from the direction of Ireland through the isles of the west coast to the north of Scotland. We might reasonably assume that an exhaustive examination of the chambered cairns would give a similar result for the Neolithic period. These migrations, I believe, give the real secret of the abundance of Scotland's prehistoric remains."

Russians Ready to Put Soviet Runabout on Road

Moscow.—The "Avtodor," a society to promote motoring in Soviet Russia, has adopted a new design of cheap, home-made "peasant's motor car," which is to substitute the various models of cars heretofore brought to Russia exclusively from abroad.

The newly designed model is an open three-seater of extremely simple and solid construction, easily repairable, and in condition to stand Russian roads and highways.

A man was waiting somewhat impatiently in a post office while the young woman clerk discussed the gossip of the day with one of her admirers. His annoyance being evident, she remarked: "Well, you needn't look at me as if I were poison." "Not so much poison as a counterirritant," he replied gravely.

"Men are more valuable than women." "What utter nonsense!" "It's a fact. Every man has his price; but brides are given away."

"Gertie: "I hear you're engaged to Jack, and he is such a shocking gambler." Jean: "Ah, but he has such winning ways."

Civic politicians are divided into two kinds—those who are fit for nothing, and those who are fit for anything.

"What did father say when you asked for me?" "He didn't say anything. He fell on my neck and wept."

Fine tea is always the most-desired. The slight falling off in price of cheaper teas cannot entice the tea-lover from his discriminating choice.

"SALADA" TEA

The Finest of All Fine Teas

The Scotch and Irish

Scots' Migration From Ireland Now Put in Prehistoric Times

Recommendation to railway companies that they should be the ones to own and operate air transportation lines is made in an article in The Railway Age by C. W. Kelsey, written after a long study of aviation as to its probable effects on railroads. Mr. Kelsey's plan is for all the companies in a particular territory to operate the air service jointly. In this way, he says, the service would have sufficient financial strength to be efficiently run, the confidence, placed by the public in railway management would carry over into the air service, there could be complete cooperation between the railways and the new service, and there would be no financial losses to the railways from having their passengers use the air lines.

Mr. Kelsey believes that aviation has already reached the point where passenger air lines can be operated profitably. Planes large enough to carry forty passengers, he says, are practicable now and could be built and put in use as soon as the demand for them is created. He urges railroad officials to realize also that the same rapid advance in aviation engineering will take place in the next thirty years as the last thirty or less have seen in automobile engineering.

It would be possible, he estimates, to establish a regular air line between New York and Los Angeles which would carry passengers at a trip, he believes, could be made on a charge of $197.60, plus meals. The thirty-two hour schedule. The railroads under his plan, he points out, would not only share in the profits of the air service but also would benefit by having their lines serve as feeders to the air lines.

Swiss Air Lines Gain

Passenger traffic on the Swiss air transport lines (including foreign lines with terminal in Switzerland) has been about 50 per cent. greater than for this season than last year, reports the Berner Tagwacht, but the lines are still far from making ends meet financially. A good sign for the future is seen in the advance in freight traffic which increased 175 per cent. and in a gain of 90 per cent. in the amount of mail carried by air. The number of passengers carried from the opening of the air navigation season on April 23 to Aug. 1 was 10,000. The air lines handled 150,00 kilograms of freight and 50,000 kilograms of mail matter.

Brazilian Planes

Interest in aviation is growing fast in Brazil, its latest manifestation being the introduction of a bill in the Chamber of Deputies providing for the establishment in the near future of a factory for the construction of planes for the Brazilian Army and Navy. The bill has aroused much favorable comment and it seems to have a good chance of becoming law. The plan includes the extension of the construction facilities so as to make possible the building of commercial as well as military planes. The bill also calls for the opening of a big airport at the City of Natal, the first stopping place in South America for future transoceanic air transportation lines.

Nearly 500 Farmers Make Test

Ottawa, Can.—One of the newest varieties of wheat, known as Reward, a cross betwee nthe famous Marquis and a lesser known variety, labelled Prelude, has been holding the attention of nearly 500 farmers in Western Canada this year. Reports on it so far received by the Canadian Government Experimental Farm at Ottawa, where it was developed, are very encouraging. Reward ripens a few days earlier than Marquis, and is also believed to have rust resisting qualities; though these have yet to be determined. It produces an excellent quality of flour, but whether it will prove to be worthy of being recommended by the Canadian Department of Agriculture to the farmers of the Dominion will only be ascertained by further tests. Meanwhile Marquis wheat remains the undisputed champion. Ninety per cent. of the spring wheat grown in Canada and 60 per cent. of the spring wheat grown in the United States is Marquis, which is a product of the Experimental Farm at Ottawa.

Ontario Grain Pool

Toronto, Ont.—In its first year of operation, just closed, the Ontario Grain Pool handled over 1,750,000 bushels of grain for more than 7,000 producers. Payments for final settlement were distributed recently on the basis of gross prices of $1.32½ for the higher grades of red winter wheat and $1.30½ for white and mixed, with differentials for the lower grades, less the nominal charges for overhead and handling.

Sales were handled through the Canadian Wheat Pool, Winnipeg, and the same organization is to sell the grain delivered to the 1928-29 Ontario pool.

The mob spirit and what I call conformitarianism are abroad in the land, crushing out individual judgment and action and silencing courage.—Nicholas Murray Butler.

Police in North Report Hearing Many Stations

Detachment of Canadian Mounties at Bernard Harbour Hear 300 Broadcasters

Offers Only Diversion

Must Have Short Wave Set and Hear Many Amateurs

[illegible]

WRIGLEY'S NEW HANDY PACK P.K. CHEWING SWEET

A treat in the Peppermint-flavored sugar-coated jacket and another in the Peppermint-flavored gum inside—almost a day in long-lasting delight

3 handy packs 5¢

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