

The TATTOOED ARM

Isabel Ostrander

CHAPTER XV.

Hobart's reply was a smothered cry and Miles and Scottie had only time to regain the shelter of the rear staircase when Miss Drake swept across the hall and to her own room.

"So she knows, does she?" Scottie rubbed his chin. "I wish to the Lord that we did, but it's my opinion you'll find out nothing more this night."

Scottie was right. Nothing happened until the next morning when Zorn appeared in the garden and had the older man summoned Miles.

"Where can we talk?" Zorn asked as Miles appeared.

"Just down the road here. I understood your message Sunday evening, of course. Did you trace the bill of lading?"

Zorn nodded smilingly as they strode along the road toward the weather-beaten shed.

"Yes. She is at Fredeale at the home of a certain estimable but somewhat peppery old farmer named Higgs."

"Eliphale!" exclaimed Miles. His sister Hitty has been a maid here in the household for a generation but I never thought of him! How did Miss Patricia happen to go there, and why?"

"Perhaps you had better read her letter first," Zorn glanced about the ramshackle shed and produced a small, bulging envelope.

Miles tore open the envelope and took from it two folded slips of paper.

"Dear Sergeant Miles:

"Mr. Zorn will tell you how he found me and why I stayed away. I have promised him I will come home this afternoon. I had to tell you first, though, that I have broken our agreement. I am sending word to Mr. Kemp to meet me and I mean to tell him as much as I can without being disloyal to my family. After all I have been the night I don't know what to think except that we have terrible enemies who will stop at nothing and I am nearly crazy. Please guard my father and the others well and find out what it is that threatens them before it happens to me. I am going to tell Brooksides. It wasn't difficult to locate a new family named 'Stocum' and learn the name of the furniture mover. The man who left the house with-out trying to see you and put it in your hands. I only found it a little after ten this night. Perhaps it will help you to trace the dreadful woman who wrote it and the man who are in the city, especially the one with the black hair on his arm."

"Hastily,"

"Patricia Higgs?"

"Yes, that's the young lady who was kidnapped by Brooksides. He was accompanied by a man who had a black hair on his arm. Now they are hiding in the city. I have known your family for many years and it is my duty to tell you the truth. I am an infirm old man and live at some distance, but I will be outside your gate at eleven tonight and my servants are to be trusted to bring you safely to me. I will make you comfortable for the night and you may return in the morning."

"Watch for the flash of light twice in the road and be prepared to come at once, telling no one, or I cannot help you. Have faith in me for my only wish is to keep you and yours from greater suffering."

"A Friend."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Miles. "Anyone but an unsophisticated child like Miss Patricia would have seen at a glance that this was the black! Tell me what she told you, Zorn! What happened to her?"

"She says that Saturday night she saw that note lying on the floor just under her opened window. She never thought of doubting the good faith of the 'infirm old woman' threw a few things into a bag and waited for the signal. It came, and Miss Patricia slipped down the drive to where a 'famous' stood at the gate with one man behind the wheel and another holding the door."

"After that, things happened too quickly for her to utter a cry. The man took her bag, clapped his hand over her mouth and bundled her in also, and they were off. She remembers struggling, but a sweet-smelling cloth—chloroform, probably—was placed over her face and then there was a blank."

"When she came to herself there was a rush of cool air in her face, for the window behind the driver's seat was down and the two men were talking."

"Her heavy beaded handbag was still on her arm, and without stopping to think she smashed the man over the face with it, tore open the nearest door and jumped, rolling over and over into a ditch. They cursed and huffed, but another car was coming and that gave her an opportunity to scramble up and over a low stone wall into a mass of willow shoots growing by a brook."

"They gave up hunting for her and drove off. She stumbled along in the darkness with sense enough to keep to the main road. A moving van came rumbling along and on an impulse she hailed it; she says the idea flashed across her mind that if she could find out the name of the nearest village and get word to Mr. Wells he would keep her confidence and come to take

care of her, at the same time sending a warning to you.

"When she asked them where they were going and they told her 'Fredeale,' Miss Patricia thought at once of this Higgs and got them to give her a lift."

"Whenever they thought, they let her climb in, and as the way she arranged with one of them to take that note to the city in the morning. They reached Fredeale at dawn and Miss Patricia got down and went directly to the Higgs place."

"Did she recognize either of the two men who abducted her?" demanded Miles.

"No. But when one of them flung her traveling case into the car she saw that his sleeves were rolled up and a device of some sort was tattooed on one arm."

"Tell me how you located Miss Patricia," asked Miles.

"The scrap of paper he had used for that message to Mr. Wells started me in the right direction," Zorn replied. "I caught the first train to Brooksides. It wasn't difficult to locate a new family named 'Stocum' and learn the name of the furniture mover. The man who left the house with-out trying to see you and put it in your hands. I only found it a little after ten this night. Perhaps it will help you to trace the dreadful woman who wrote it and the man who are in the city, especially the one with the black hair on his arm."

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knocked for a goal! See?" Zorn removed his cap and displayed a strip of plaster where his smooth, blond hair had been clipped away. "He sneaked up from behind and landed on me, but something must have scared him for he took to his heels and was gone before I could recover sufficiently to give chase. It's on me, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," agreed Miles, but there was a peculiar quality in his tone. "Are you going back to the city now?"

Zorn nodded and rose.

"I wish you would deliver this letter. I haven't trust them to the mails and time is an essential factor. It is to Professor Nigel Lorton, at the Archaeological Museum."

It was late that afternoon before Patricia put in an appearance and bearing that silenced the reproach upon her aunt's lips.

Roger had appeared at luncheon more wan and fragile than ever, but later Miles had caught a glimpse of him tottering down the drive muffled to the ears in a greatcoat in spite of the mid' spring weather, and wondered what errand could have dragged him forth. The return of Patricia, however, turned his thoughts to other channels and the arrival within an hour of an unexpected caller banished all idle speculation for the time being from his mind.

The caller was Miss Ora Hays and the transformation in her appearance was remarkable. If she had not quite succeeded in regaining the best years of her youth she had made a victorious effort to mitigate the inroads of time.

The butler served tea in the drawing room, but the detective knew that although Carter had been sent to summon both Hobart and Andrew only the latter appeared and that reluctantly enough. Miles loitered in the hallway below trying in vain to catch a word of the conversation between Miss Hays and her former swain.

All at once the heavy portieres parted and the visitor reappeared. It was doubtful if she was conscious of the pseudo-housemaid's shadowy figure in the background as she made for the front door, calling back over her shoulder with quick, convulsive catch of her breath.

"No, don't trouble, please! I will find my way. Tell Jerusalem I will see her soon. Goodbye!"

It was not the words, nor the tone which they were uttered which for a moment held the detective rooted to the spot, but the glazed look of half-reverent wonder upon the woman's face and the glint of a dancing fear in her eyes.

Scarcely had the door closed when there was a crash in the drawing room followed by the hiss of flame and a man's belated profanity mingled with pain.

A pungent odor of smoldering cloth assailed his nostrils stiflingly as Miles dashed the portieres aside to behold Andrew tearing off his scorched coat. In which a curl of acrid smoke and a stinging odor of a tiny bluish flame that darted across the egg from beneath the overturned tea-table.

— that three-legged stand! the latter growled beneath his teeth.

Baseball draws much of its brilliancy from sandlot diamonds.

How can we feed them? To answer this question we need consider how a tree is formed. It has a trunk and foliage we know, and it has roots, too, but just how does it feed, we wonder? The branches sprout from the trunk for a certain distance and the roots spread approximately the same distance in the ground. At the ends of the long roots there are a number of fine thread-like feeding rootlets which take up the nourishment in the form of liquid salts, and this is transported throughout the whole system by the sap in the tree.

Trees seek certain chemicals, for that is their food, and these can be given in the form of a commercial fertilizer which, with the action of moisture, releases just what the tree requires.

For feeding deciduous trees, a standard commercial tree food should be purchased from a seed store, and a number of holes 18 inches deep and two feet apart should be bored under the extremities of the branch spread. Each hole should then be filled with about four inches and the hole plugged with soil. Then, after fertilizing, the land should be watered, turning the hose on it and leaving it until the land is almost sodden—about eight to 10 hours.

Deciduous trees fall every second or third year will repay the extra care and attention and be far healthier than those which are not provided with food.

"Help me get this off, William, never mind the rug."

"I am afraid you are badly burned, sir!" Miles ventured.

(To be continued.)

Feeding Trees

By C. F. GREEVES-CARPENTER, F.R.H.S.

Why should shade trees be expected to thrive on insufficient food? Yet there are thousands of tree owners who do not realize that the trees under their care need special help because of exigencies of city life.

In woods and forests there is a constant yearly feeding of trees by natural processes. The process by which she feeds the trees is almost miraculous, for a forest is like a gigantic chemical laboratory. The leaves of the trees absorb a certain amount of nourishment from the air, but it is from the soil that the trees obtain their maximum amount of food, and in woodlands the falling leaves remain on the ground and are acted upon by the elements until they decay and form humus or natural plant food.

Under the artificial conditions in which the trees on lawns attempt to thrive, they are deprived of this feeding of food as the lawns are usually kept nicely swept, and, as a result, the soil becomes impoverished. Then, gradually, trees under such conditions are weakened, are attacked by insects and fungi, and decay sets in in this way many a stately tree has been lost.

How Can We Feed Them?

How are trees artificially fed? To answer this question we need consider how a tree is formed. It has a trunk and foliage we know, and it has roots, too, but just how does it feed, we wonder? The branches sprout from the trunk for a certain distance and the roots spread approximately the same distance in the ground. At the ends of the long roots there are a number of fine thread-like feeding rootlets which take up the nourishment in the form of liquid salts, and this is transported throughout the whole system by the sap in the tree.

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Bore 18-Inch Holes.

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Manitoba's Radio Problem

There is only one radio broadcasting station in the Province of Manitoba. It is publicly owned, controlled and operated by the property of the Provincial Government. It is a comparatively small station, designed and constructed to meet the growing requirements of Manitoba's radio public. The Provincial Administration has made provision to improve the broadcasting service by doubling the power of the station at Winnipeg, but there is an obstacle in the way. The more powerful station may interfere with the radio broadcasting service of an American station on the same wavelength across the international boundary line. Thus a situation is developing which may become of interest to an audience far beyond the radio realm of the Province of Manitoba.

United States radio authorities at Washington are reported to be unwilling to concede another exclusive wavelength to Canada. The United States Federal Radio Commission, it is charged, is endeavoring to limit Canada's share of exclusive channels for radio broadcasting to something like Canada's present proportion of population in North America. Canada is asked to be satisfied with only six exclusive wavelengths, thus leaving about seventy-seven to the United States, while a certain number would be shared by Canadian and United States stations. Obviously the Dominion does not feel justified in accepting this unequal division. It is quite inadequate for Canada's reasonable radio needs, and the present situation in Manitoba would illustrate the way by which the Dominion might be made to yield.

There is no treaty between Canada and the United States at present regulating the allotment of radio wavelengths. The Dominion authorities have so far refrained from issuing licenses to radio stations in Canada to operate on other wavelengths, in the hope that a satisfactory agreement may be made with the Washington authorities to avoid confusion. While hundreds of radio broadcasting stations were opening up across the United States, Canada followed the conservative policy of restricting licenses; but the Dominion authorities have made it clear that they cannot accept a limitation of only six exclusive wavelengths. The Province of Manitoba is asking for a satisfactory agreement for one provincial station. The agreement which is being made with the Dominion will be expected to have wavelengths available to satisfy the probable requirements of the provinces as in the present case of Manitoba.

—Editorial in Christian Science Monitor.

Getting Ahead

Events Pushed Nearly 24 Hours Ahead by Radio on Outlying Cook Islands

London—Rarotonga, one of the Cook Islands in Polynesia, was a very isolated spot a few years ago, but today it is linked with the rest of the world by radio, with very surprising results, declared the Rev. H. Benn James, a Wesleyan minister of the London Missionary Society, recently here on leave. Cook Islands, said Mr. James, is one of those peculiar spots where one can take part in events nearly 24 hours ahead of time. He said Mr. James and his wife were on the island on a Saturday night when the Sunday evening broadcast from London started in New Zealand 1,800 miles away. This broadcast is due to the fact that Cook Island is on the east of the 180-degree meridian, and the world's day officially begins, while New Zealand is to the west of it. The time is therefore always nearly 24 hours ahead of London.

Mr. James says a reference to the capability of the women of the island. "Two years ago a storm destroyed all the crops in Rarotonga. It meant a famine for the hundreds of people everywhere, and they were finally getting up the supply of food by sea. The women of Rarotonga, who are very respected and influential, organized themselves together into a relief committee and set out to save the island. They held their own for several weeks, and incidentally, I was one of the first. By their energy they averted what might have been a serious food shortage until the arrival of fresh stores."

Strikes in Australia

Belfast Northern Wharf: It may be that this defiance of laws is part of the independent spirit of a young and vigorous people opposed to restraint of any kind. But we believe that the better sense of Australia must be in full revolt against a policy which, in outsiders at least, is scandalous, and that here as elsewhere the community will win.

The Things You Didn't Do

It isn't the thing you do, dear. It's the things you leave undone. That gives you a bit of a headache. At the setting of the sun. The tender word forgotten. The letter you did not write. The flowers you might have sent, dear. Are your haunting ghosts at night. —Selected.

Good And Bad

Keep your eyes trained to look for the good rather than the bad, and you will be surprised at the good you will discover in most people.—John R. Gunn.

Facing Forward

The distinguishing trait of every great soul is his ability to get on his feet every time he falls, to stand erect and face the foe under the fiercest fire.

Ten years from now, we are assured, girls will be as delightfully feminine as every they were. It looks as though the young women of the next generation will never be the men their mothers were.

Settling the West

Toronto Globe (Lib.): If young men are to be brought from the Old Land to settle the West, there should be a corresponding number of young women introduced into the country, that homes may be established and colonies.

prairies at present there are more men than women. . . . This condition has been getting worse gradually. It is a point to which the Government should direct attention, for it is essential that the men have opportunities to establish themselves in their own homes.

That piquant, mellow smoothness of a fine Japan tea cannot be appreciated unless it is tried in the cup. Try this delightful green tea

"SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

France's Older Foreign Office

In What is Now the Library of Versailles, Two Treaties Affecting American Republic Were Signed.

In these days when so much is written and illustrated of the Quai d'Orsay, the modern French Foreign Office where Mr. Briand spends his working days, it is fitting to recall that there is another French Foreign Office, now disused and deserted, which is or should be interesting to visitors.

The building is now the Town Library of Versailles. In one of its rooms where today the librarian has his desk, the treaty of Alliance between France and the United States was signed in 1778 and five years later the treaty of peace between France and England which recognized the existence of the young American Republic.

Save for the furniture, the great chamber is now just as it was when the bearded, bearded and bearded diplomats of Louis XVI's time put their seals and their signatures to the two momentous documents. The whole edifice, indeed, is entirely unchanged since the last years before the revolution, which is a great deal more than can be said for the palace near by. Each year tens of thousands of American visitors stream into the gallery of Mirrors and with interest at the table on the treaty of 1919 was signed; it is safe to say that not a percent of the number takes five minutes' walk down the Rue Gambetta to the spot where some of the earliest history of their nation was written.

The room is one of a suite occupying the whole of the first floor. Above and on each side of the open doorway are paintings by Van Barenbroeck of the capitals of Europe as they were in the closing years of the eighteenth century.

Each room took its character from the picture painted above its door. American affairs were dealt with in the chamber having the picture of Vice-Roy de St. Petersburg. British affairs were dealt with in the picture of St. Petersburg. British affairs were dealt with in the picture of St. Petersburg.

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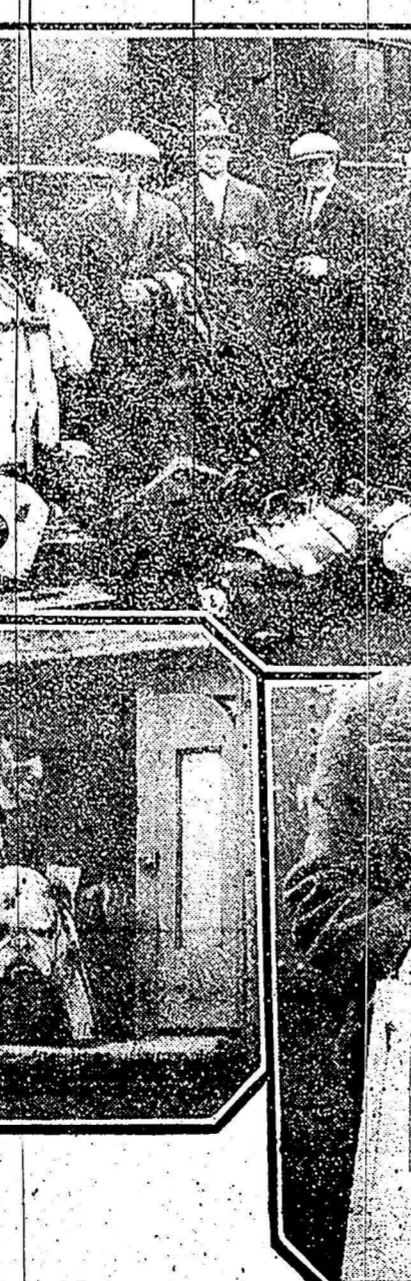
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Ancient Mummies Found in Far North



With finds which they believe rank with those of King Tut's tomb in antiquity it shot in splendor, nine members of the Stoll-McCracken Expedition to the American Museum of Natural History reached Montreal over the lines of the Canadian National Railways from Prince Rupert, B.C., where they left the Schooner Elsie M. Morrissey which had carried them through the Arctic waters. The party consisting of Charles Stoll of New York, backer and Director of the Expedition and Harold McCracken, leader of the Expedition, travelled to Montreal with the party on the Continental Limited of the Canadian National Railways and will be placed in the American Museum together with the important groups of mammals and birds of the Arctic waters which the party secured during their expedition.

Photographs show the members of the party on their arrival at Bonaventure Station, Montreal; the mummified head of the hunter brought back by Mr. McCracken, and "Tough" a member of the party and the only English bulldog which is known to have ever sailed Arctic waters, clinging a lookout from the cab of the Canadian National Railway locomotive which hauled their train into Montreal.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

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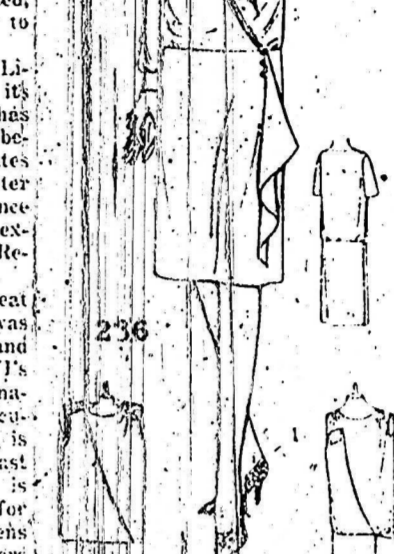
Canadian Works Claim

College Graduate Northern Vermont in Hongkong

Style of ANNETTE

Paris—New York

236



Head, Hand and Heart

A comforter

Wrigley's

K. CHewing SWEET

Wrigley's W.M.P.M. Chewing Sweet

Wrigley's

K. Chewing Sweet

Wrigley's W.M.P.M. Chewing Sweet

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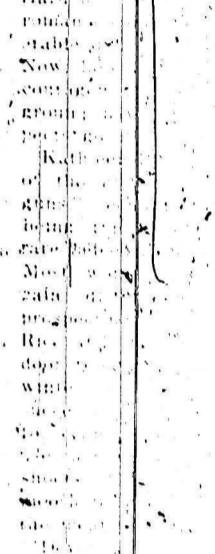
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