The TATTOED ARM

by 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 we'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 summon 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—er—bill of lading?"

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

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

"Elphalet!" 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 through 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 is too late! Don't let them know what happened to me. I am going to tell them I left because they treated me so shamefully. The paper I am sending with this will show you why I left the house while I was trying to see you and put it in your hands. I only found it a little after 10 that night. Perhaps it will help you to trace the dreadful woman who wrote it and the men who are in her power, especially the one with the tattooed arm on his arm.

"Hastily,

"Patricia Drake."

"The letter doesn't tell me much except that the young lady is on the verge of hysteria," he commented.

Miles had unfolded the second note. It was comparatively brief, and as he smoothed its fine, crumpled, shaken hand was like any that he had studied before. During his investigation, there was some something vaguely familiar about it which arrested him.

"Poor child," he read.

"Great trouble has come upon your aged father and your uncles and confided them to you, the strange things which have so distressed you of late. Now they are facing ruin and disgrace through no fault of their own and you, my dear, can save them.

"I have known your family for many years and it is my duty to tell you the truth. I am an infirm old woman and live at some distance, but my car 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 bunk! 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 limousine 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 sweetish-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 halted, 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 'Freedale,' Miss Patricia thought at once of this Higgs and got them to give her a lift.

"Whatever they thought, they let her climb in, and on the way she arranged with one of them to take that note to Wells' house when they got back to the city in the morning. They reached Freedale 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 Brookside. It wasn't difficult to locate a new family named 'Slocum' and learn the name of the furniture mover.

"The boss of the moving gang described the house at Freedale, where he had left the girl. I took the early afternoon train and located the girl at the Higgs place."

"Did you see Wells last night at eleven?" asked Miles.

"Yes. It came near being a disastrous appointment for me!"

"Disastrous!"

"When I left his house somebody tried to hold me up; hit me with a blackjack and only the soft felt hat I was wearing saved me from being knocked for a goal. See?" Zorn removed his cap and displayed a strip of plaster where his smooth, bald hair had been clipped away. "I sneaked up from behind and landed me, but something must have scared him for he took to his heels and I gone before I could recover sufficiently to give chase. It's on me, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," agreed Miles, 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 daren't trust them to the mail and time is an essential factor. This is to Professor Nigel Lorton, at the Archaeological Museum."

It was late that afternoon before Patricia put in an appearance but there was a new, shy dignity in her bearing that silenced the reproof on her aunt's lips.

Roger had appeared at lunch, more wan and fragile than ever, but later Miles had caught a glimpse of him totering down the drive muffled to the ears in a greatcoat in spite of the mild 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 Hawks and the transformation in her appearance was remarkable. If she had not quite succeeded in regaining the lost 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 Hawks 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 houseman's shaddowy figure in the background as she made for the front door, calling back over her shoulder with a quick, convulsive catch of her breath.

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

It was not the words nor the tone in which they were uttered which for a moment held the detective rooted to the spot, but the dazed look of half incredulous wonder upon the woman's face and the glint as of dawning 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 the man's bellow of profanity mingling 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 from which a curl of acrid smoke arose and stamping out a tiny bluish flame that darted across the rug from beneath the overturned tea-table.

"—— that three-legged stand!" the latter growled beneath his breath. "Help me get this off, William, never mind the rug."

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

(To be continued.)

"After that things happened too quickly for her to utter a cry."

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 refunding 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 spread 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.

Bore 18-Inch Holes

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 to within 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 fed every second or third year will well repay the extra care and attention and be far healthier than those which are not provided with food.

Baseball draws much of its brilliance from sandlot diamonds.

Ancient Mummies Found in Far North

With finds which they believe rank with those of King Tut's tomb in antiquity if not in splendor, nine members of the Stoll-McCracken Expedition of 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 Effie 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 his wife, a noted big game huntress; Harold McCracken, Associate Editor of Field and Stream and leader of the expedition; Dr. H. E. Anthony, Curator of Mammals of the American Museum and other Museum experts, left the port of Prince Rupert on May 1st for northern waters, and were at one time 225 miles north of Point Barrow. Their search was for ancient mummies believed to be of Stone Age men, whose presence on the barren islands of the Aleutians group had been reported.

On a barren island, far from the present haunts of men, a burial was discovered in which were four bodies in a rude sarcophagus, constructed of driftwood, cleverly mortised together and held by nails made of walrus bone. The mummies were those of a chieftain; his hunter who was sent on the long journey with him to provide game for his food; a seamstress who had her sewing equipment for repairing the chief's garments, and a child beloved to show the chief's love of children. Beside the bodies of the hunter, were the stone hatchets and harpoons of his craft. The mummies were splendidly preserved and showed every indication that the people of the static races, from which these "Stone Age" men were believed to have come used methods of preservation similar to those of the Ancient Egyptians in preserving the bodies of their Pharaohs. The four mummies including the trunkless head of the hunter which is shown here in the hands of Harold McCracken, leader of the expedition, travelled to Montreal with the party on the Continental Limited of the Canadian National Railway 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; Bonaventure Station, Montreal; the mummified head of the hunter brought back by Mr. McCracken, and "Rough", a member of the party and the only English bulldog which is known to have ever sailed Arctic waters, enjoying a lookout from the cab of the Canadian National Railways locomotive which hauled their train into Montreal.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

Manitoba's Radio Problem

There is only one radiocasting station in the Province of Manitoba. It is publicly owned, controlled and operated, the property of the Provincial Government. It is a comparatively small station, described as inadequate to meet the growing requirements of Manitoba's radio public. The Provincial Administration has made provision to improve the radiocasting 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 radiocasting 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 radiocasting 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 radiocasting needs, as the present situation in Manitoba would illustrate.

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 radiocasting stations were opening up across the United States, Canada followed the conservative policy of restricting licences; but the Dominion authorities have made it clear that they cannot agree to a permanent limitation of only six exclusive wavelengths. The Province of Manitoba is asking for one clear channel for the one provincial station. There are nine provinces in Canada. At the very least 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 to-day it is linked with the rest of the world by radio, with very curious results, declared the Rev. H. Rhys James, a Welsh missionary 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. At least Mr. James and his wife can listen at 11 p.m. on a Saturday night to the Sunday evening broadcast services from radio stations in New Zealand, 1,800 miles away. This circumstance is due to the fact that Cook Islands lie on the east of the one hundred and eightieth meridian at which the world's day officially begins, while New Zealand is to the west of it. The latter is therefore always nearly a day ahead as regards date.

Mr. James pays a tribute to the capability of the women of the islands. "Two years ago a storm destroyed all the crops in Rarotonga. It meant a harvest for the hundreds of pigs everywhere, and they were rapidly eating up the scanty supply of food left. The women of Rarotonga, who are very respected and influential, banded themselves together into a great company, seized all wandering pigs, and held them till their owners paid a fine. Incidentally, I was one of the fined. By their energy they averted what might have been a serious food shortage until the arrival of fresh stores."

Strikes in Australia

Belfast Northern Whig: 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, to outsiders at least, is suicidal; 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 heartache
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 thought the young women of the next generation will never be the men their mothers were.

That piquant, mellow smoothness of a fine Japan tea cannot be appreciated until 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 the Kellogg pact was signed and where M. 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 state chamber is now just as it was when the bewigged, bepowdered and beswarded 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 flow into the Gallery of Mirrors and pause with interest at the table on which the treaty of 1919 was signed; yet it is safe to say that not 1 per cent. of their 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 Blarenberghe 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. Austrian affairs were dealt with in the chamber having the picture of Vienna; Russian affairs in that with a picture of St. Petersburg; British matters in that with a view of London. Around the walls of each room are the light wooden cages that once held the state correspondence and secret papers. Most of the papers are now with the rest of the national archives at Paris.

DUC DE CHOISEUL'S CHAMBER

Above the high ceiling appears the gilt figure representing peace and calm of the eighteenth century. The room in which the treaties concerning American independence were signed was the Duc de Choiseul's bedroom, later chamber. From the beginning of his days in his dark little room, he used to take his chair in the early morning up the hill to the palace, there to confer with the King.

All around are books. Books cover the walls of the rooms of the second and third floors, where the Foreign Office clerks of Louis XVI's day carried out the tasks of copying and engrossing. The upper part of the building was used as a printing press, whence all the official publications of the Government issued. The books here constitute the Town Library of Versailles. The collection probably has no equal in the world.

A few of the rarer and more costly volumes are kept in a locked case under the librarian's personal supervision. Here the visitor may take from the shelves a book of prayer used by Marie Leczinska, Queen of France; romances read by her neglected husband, Louis XV.; a book illustrated with pretty hand-colored flowers in which their daughters, the Princesses Henriette, Victoire and Adelaide, may have learned to read. One of the most curious specimens is a book, apparently presented to Louis XVI., in which is a table setting out what would now be called the vital statistics—figures of births, marriages and deaths—of Paris in one of the early years of his reign.

These treasures are kept in a small apartment beyond the treaty room. In a heavy steel safe, something like that of a bank, are articles of a more intrinsic value. The heavy gold pen, encrusted with diamonds, rubies and sapphires, with which Clemenceau signed the peace treaty of 1919, is in its velvet and morocco case. Upon its nib is still a trace of the ink of that memorable occasion. The precious stones around it form together the word "Pax." It was presented by women of the allied nations to "the Tiger." Canadian women who subscribed may have wondered what has become of the historic pen. Characteristically, Clemenceau did not take it with him into his retirement, but, saying nothing about it, left it to France.

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 colonization may become a fact. On the 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.

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ISSUE No. 45—'28