# The TATOOED ARM

By Isabel Ostrander

"Good. Take a train around seven tonight and I'll phone when your cue comes." Miles attended to the cheque and they rose.

It was almost dinner time when he reached Brooklea but instead of returning at once to the Drakes' he paid a call at a neat, old-fashioned cottage nearer the village.

Carter and Pierre were hurrying about the kitchen hushed with the serving of dinner and as he passed the servants' dining room Scottie beckoned imperiously, but Miles waved an emphatic dissent and hurried up the back stairs.

At the first landing he came upon Hitty.

"Mr. Roger's condition hasn't changed since last night?"

"No, an' I don't know's it'll be any harm if I do leave him." She snivered. "I'll be right back before the fam'ly leave the table."

She scuttled off downstairs and Miles softly entered the sick room and took the chair beside the bed. He leaned over and spoke gently:

"Mr. Drake! You can hear me?"

The eye which had turned dagerly toward him at his first word closed swiftly, gratefully, and then opened.

"I meant what I said yesterday. Past is buried and must not be resurrected, but there is one who must be silenced, the one whose name tried to tell your brother yesterday. I know—I guessed—but I must have your assurance that I am right. The man you fear, the man who can bring ruin and worse upon you all—is this he?"

Bending more closely over the prostrate form he breathed a name.

There was a pregnant pause while Roger Drake's eyes seemed to dilate. Then inexorably, inexorably, the lid closed.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Mr. Roger! I've news for you!" Scottie exclaimed when Miles came downstairs. "Dick Kemp has found what's been under our very noses. Do you mind when Rip told us of meeting a man in the garden? Last night he came again and Dick frightened him away, but not before he'd discovered the sort they were after. We'll hear them to it tonight, but he're to get rid of the lad—!"

"I'll find a way," Miles responded briefly. "It's only the last link in the chain we want, but it will be best for Lin and his little bride to be far from this house later tonight. When young Dick meets you tell him to mark his grip and wait with his usual out in the back road till Pa joins him."

Miles was passing through the hall when Andrew Drake emerged from the library fuming with exasperation. "Confound that pettifogging Wells!" he explained to Miss Drake. "He's coming down on the ten o'clock train tonight and insists that I meet him at the station. Wants a private talk!"

Shooing Miss Drake warmed and watched up the stairs, Andrew grumblingly following.

As Miles turned Patricia appeared in the door of the music room.

"I heard!" she whispered. "Oh, Sergeant, why is Mr. Wells coming and where have you been all day? When is all this dreadful suspense going to end?"

"Tonight for you, my dear young lady," the detective replied. "I want you to keep away again now tonight. Mr. Kemp will be waiting for you on the back road in his car in an hour and you must take your traveling case and slip out and join him. He will keep in touch with me and when you come back in a few days it will be to find that all the trouble has passed."

She held both her hands out to him impulsively.

"Oh I have always had faith in you even when I was dying a nightmare. You have found the terrible old woman who tried to have me abducted and the man with the tatooed arm?"

"He will never cross your path again," Miles replied evasively. "One thing more: not only was your own sanity never in question, but that of your people also."

It was midnight when Miles and Scottie, equipped with shovels, set to work with a will and soon had a hole waist deep where the floor of the summer house had been.

"I've struck something, lad," Scottie announced in an unconsciously lowered voice.

Miles leaped down into the excavation beside him and felt about with his hands.

"Machinery!" Scottie exclaimed. "Rusted and broken as though it had been crushed with a sledge-hammer!"

"Our friends hoped it would be in better condition, I think," Miles replaced. "Can you guess what it is?"

"It's not a wee printing press, though I own I've had that in mind since you took the counterfeit bill from me." Scottie shook his head slowly. "If I had a chance to try to assemble it, now—?"

"You're close enough to the truth, old man." Miles wedged down the lid once more and began heaping the loose dirt back upon it. "Put the boards back over the hole as well as you can and follow me!"

Scottie obeyed and the two walked to the road where a machine had halted. With its three grimly business-like occupants the briefest of greetings were exchanged.

"You understand, boys, that you're on a confidential case, and Scottie is here just by accident?" Miles spoke with authority but there was a note of uncontrollable elation in his tones.

"Sure, we understand all right, Sergeant," the burlier of the trio replied with immense respect. "We're all set and waiting for orders."

"All right, Farrell; you and Marks come with me. I'm going to post you indoors and then get one of the neighbors to join us whom I shall want as a witness. Scottie, jump in and let Barker drive you down to the Mansion House where I want you to send word up to a Mrs. Higgins that you've come to bring her back here. While she is getting ready, call up 130 Brooklea and insist on speaking to the lady of the house; she, too, will be prepared for your call. Tell her Miss Drake is ill and has sent for her. She will use a conveyance of her own to reach here, but Mrs. Higgins will return with you and Barker, and see that you make it snappy."

CHAPTER XVIII.

John Wells was still fully dressed when Miles knocked upon the door of the guest room. After a brief colloquy, he descended to the library where he found Enslee Grayle.

"My dear sir!" He extended a cordial hand to the bewildered naturalist. "This is an unpardonable hour at which to have disturbed you, but you are our poor Roger's closest friend."

"Sad!" Grayle returned. "Roger is—!"

"His seizure has not yet taken a fatal turn, but it is well to be prepared. But here come the others."

"What is the meaning of this?" Hobart attired in a robe and slippers appeared in the doorway. "Grayle, you here?"

"Hello, Grayle!" Andrew's voice sounded from behind his brother. "Williams told me you wanted me. What's up now?"

"I do want you, Andrew, and you, too, Hobart." The attorney's tones were low. "If you will wait until your sister joins us—?"

"Patricia!" The cry came from the stairs and Miss Drake tottered into the room and fell into the nearest chair. "She is gone again! Why is Mr. Grayle here and what have you to tell us, Mr. Wells?"

"Very little. Your new servant, William, is here, to explain the situation."

Miles had entered quietly and Andrew turned with a snarl.

"William, eh?" He added an oath. "Who the ——— are you, anyway?"

"A special agent employed by a member of this family to protect their

Gray struck out blindly.

interests, sir," Miles revised, still respectfully.

"You, John?" Hobart took a step forward. "By gad, you've gone too far!"

"It is the end!" Jerusha Drake bowed her proud head and buried her face in her hands.

"I suppose that lunatic upstairs went to you and you saw a chance of making a fat fee out of us, you—muck-racker!" Andrew advanced threateningly upon the attorney.

"I was consulted by my ward, Patricia Drake, who is safe and in good hands," Wells responded. "I am co-guardian with her father. As for my 'cheap private detective,' Sergeant Ower Miles from Police Headquarters will speak for himself!"

"Really, I feel that I am de trop—!" Grayle rose slowly from his chair.

"No you don't!" Andrew leaped for him. "Can't you see it's a plant? That we are done for? You'll take your medicine the same as me—!"

"Are you mad?" The spare, white-haired figure threw him off with unexpected strength, and turned in offended dignity to Hobart. "Mr. Drake, your brother—!"

"He is not his brother!" A nasal feminine voice wrung with anguish startled them all as Ora Hawks slipped through the opened French window from the verandah and pointed an accusing finger. "That man is not Andrew Drake!"

At the same moment Maizie Gray, flamboyant even in crisp new widow's weeds, entered the door with Scottie and the impassive Barker behind her.

"Not—not Andrew!" Miss Drake seemed oblivious to the arrival of the trio as she lifted astounded and horrified eyes to the face of her old friend.

"Andrew Drake died in Australia three years ago," Miles said gravely. "This lady will be able to inform you of the identity of the imposter."

He indicated Maizie, but she drew herself up with a laugh.

"'Im? I never laid eyes on 'im until larst week, but I can tell you right enough do that w'ite-aired old cove it! 'E's Ben Gray, my lawfully wedded husband, as left me and the Salisbury Repertory Company in Victoria two years ago!"

The erstwhile naturalist sprang for the door, but Miles, recovering himself, called sharply:

"Farrell! Marks! Here are your men!"

Gray struck out blindly, but Marks seized him in an iron grip and Scottie tore off the white wig, disclosing the sleek, close-cropped black hair which more naturally accorded with the culprit's bright, dark eyes and stalwart, athletic frame. Farrell was watching the man who had posed as Andrew Drake and who had all at once regained control of himself. He stood waiting quietly with a half-smile upon his lips.

(To be continued.)

## Credits for Germany

### Says Germany Has Averted Western Spread of Soviets

By Professor M. J. Bonn,
Expert on Economics

Berlin—This is what has been achieved in the ten years separating us from the Armistice:

1 Germany has prevented the spread of the Soviet system over Western Europe and given herself a democratic constitution, strong enough to withstand attacks from Bolshevism or Fascism.

2 After having passed through financial crisis of unheard of severity Germany has succeeded in balancing her budget, restoring her currency, rebuilding her economic life. Though greatly impoverished, she is paying punctually the heavy burden put on her under the Dawes plan.

3 Germany has recovered her place among the great powers of Europe by taking her seat in the Council of the League of Nations. She is the only great nation which has been disarmed and, as such, is in a position to claim the moral leadership of the peaceful smaller peoples of Europe.

4 She has to achieve two things. The definite settlement of the reparation question and the evacuation of the Rhineland. When the latter is accomplished—not by bribing the French with extra payments or new controls but by the continuation of the understanding which began at Locarno—the peace of Western Europe is safe.

## Intra-Empire Trade

Toronto Globe (Lib.): Mr. Hoover has promised the farmers a protective tariff that will effectively eliminate competition from farm produce shipments from Canada. Canadian farmers with memories of the consequences of the Fordney emergency tariff will not be under any illusion as to the harmful effect on our Canadian prosperity. The sensible answer to any such action—or even to the recurrent threats of such action—is for Canada to throw her weight into the movement to make expanded intra-Empire trade a substitute for foreign markets and a safeguard against the vagaries of alien politicians and peoples.

## Unknon Soldier

He must be weary of marching
Treading a rhythm above in the street.
He must be weary of laurel and
And uniformed reverence, and people who pray.
All of his swagger and all of his
Are lost in his crying for silence and rest.
But I think the lids of his eyes
fold
When little gray mothers timid and old,
Come softly at dusk. "My brave one!"
Such a grand, grand grave for
little son!"

—V. Valerie Gates in the New York

Now will that man who has indeed a device to tell when peaches are ripe enough to pick get busy on a thing that will tell us when a man is ripe enough to buy.

## Phoenicia Relics

### Explorer to go 900 Miles in Jungles in Quest of A "Lost City" to Test Theory that the Ancient Traders Reached America

An expedition into the jungles of Brazil is about to start up the Rio Aripuana in quest of relics of a lost city which Brazilian tribes reported, and which some say may have been built by Phoenician colonists in antiquity. J. Tozzi Calvao, an explorer who recently sailed from New York to join the expedition before it sets out up the 900-mile river from the jungles of Central Brazil, said he was convinced that Phoenician influences would be found in the vestiges of the ancient settlement in the Brazilian forest. He will be in the jungle eight months, and his party will consist of eight members, including a radio operator. One of the party will be Mrs. Calvao.

The Phoenician theory is based on the maritime achievements of that ancient nation of navigators. Credited by Columbus himself, the theory has bobbed up again and again, although such speculation nowadays is usually regarded as incapable of proof, and by most anthropologists as scarcely deserving sober consideration. And yet we know of the voyage of Hanno, a Carthaginian navigator who virtually circumnavigated Africa with a fleet of sixty ships and some 30,000 men.

Likewise, one of the books of the Bible records how Solomon and Hiram, the latter King of Tyre, sent out a fleet manned by Phoenician seamen, and how after a three-year voyage to Ophir and other places, they returned to Aden, according to the Biblical manifest, with gold, silver, precious stones, ivory, almug wood, apes and peacocks. According to the Biblical account in the Book of Kings, they brought back gold to the amount of 420 talents (52,500 pounds, Troy weight). This Ophir gold was stored among the materials for the temple. Jehoshaphat, who a century after Solomon attempted to send a fleet to Ophir, was foiled by the shipwreck of his detilla.

SITE OF OPHIR UNKNOWN

The location of Ophir perplexed geographers for centuries. Several early map makers definitely placed Ophir at Haiti or Peru. Columbus discovered abandoned gold mines on the Hayna River in Haiti. These were excavations in the form of pits which looked as though the mines had been worked in ancient times and caused the discovered to surmise that he had found the identical mines from which King Solomon had procured his gold for the building of the Temple of Jerusalem. In 1514 the King of Spain sent out forces for the fresh working of these same gold lodes, and Peter Martyr, the early historian, declares that Hispaniola produced in his time 500,000 ducats of gold.

The Phoenician "Tarshish ships," the "East Indiamen" of the ancient world, were speedy and seaworthy craft. Their cargoes consisted of the wares of Egypt, Babylonia and India. The Arabian caravan trade passed through the hands of Phoenician middlemen on its way to Greece. Phoenician colonies were founded in Sicily, Malta, Cyprus, on the Atlantic Coast in the vicinity of Gibraltar, and a large part of Northwest Africa was colonized from Phoenicia. At Tarshish, in what is now southwest Spain, they established fisheries and worked mines. They breasted the ocean and brought back tin from the Tin Islands, now known as the Scilly Islands, off the coast of Cornwall.

That Phoenician navigators may by chance have reached the Western World and left indications as one of the elements in the peopling of prehistoric America is a presumption that has been advanced many times. In 1783 Ezra Stiles, an early President of Yale, delivered an address before Governor Trumbull and the General Assembly of Connecticut in which he held this view. The Hebrew seal of Yale University is attributed to him.

Curiously, at about that same time, a German professor named Hadelich wrote an essay in which he declared that medieval rabbis make mention of Brazil-wood. He states that centuries before Columbus, Talmudists already knew of the existence of a continent like America, and that Ophir was Peru. Indeed, it was a belief entertained by many distinguished Hebrew scholars that Ophir must be in America.

SOME EARLY THEORIES.

Robert Stephan, sponsor for the Paris Hebrew Bible of 1540, was one of these. In the first quarto edition of Parker's Bible printed at London in 1659, in Psalms 45:9, which alludes to Ophir, is this marginal note: "Ophir is thought to be the Llande in the West coast, of late found by Christopher Columbo, from whence, at this day is brought most fine golde." The same note occurs in the Bishops' Bible of 1572, and also in the 1685 edition.

Many of the early Spanish ecclesiastics shared this belief, and located El Dorado either in Peru, Haiti or elsewhere in Middle America.

Alexander von Humboldt was among those who advanced the Phoenician hypothesis. He believed Ophir might possibly have been in Panama, where much gold was formerly found. Many of these writers cite the fact that Japanese junks, Polynesian proas and Viking ships may from time to time have reached American shores, so there is no reason to doubt that the Phoenician "ships of Tarshish" may also have reached Peru or Haiti.

In 1874 an inscribed stone was unearthed in the fields of Signor Costa of Parahyba, Brazil, the characters of which were declared by several savants to have been Phoenician. But there have been so many spurious relics found, such as those recently said to have been unearthed in the caves of France, that doubt was cast on the find.

However, the theory will not down. Two years ago Dr. von Hauch, an Austrian explorer, said Ophir was in Peru, and that the gold mines from which the Phoenician sailors of King Solomon brought gold to Palestine had been located there. He asserted that he had met in the Pampas del Sacremendo members of an Indian tribe of pronounced Jewish appearance, and that there was a legend current in the tribe of a land of gold known as Ophira, situated on the River Hualla, to which white men went generations ago and carried off large quantities of gold.

THE GOLD OF THE INCAS

An expedition of the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago in 1922 explored the gem-producing localities of Brazil and the ancient gold-producing districts of the region. Gold was plentiful among the Incas of Peru and the Aztecs of Mexico. Among the natives of Panama, Costa Rica and Ecuador there were beautifully designed and cleverly executed objects of gold. Many of these were made by combined casting and welding. Delicate filigree work and interlaced or inlaid combinations of gold and silver objects were of native workmanship.

The object of the present Brazilian expedition, which is attempting to find Phoenician influence in the jungles of that country, is not lacking in scientific support. One of the foremost American ethnologists of the present century, Zelia Nuttall, in a volume published by the Peabody Museum at Cambridge in 1901, stated that "the role of the Phoenicians as intermediaries of ancient civilization was greater than has been supposed, and future research will show that America was colonized in part by Mediterranean seafarers."

As recently as last year A. Hyatt Verrill, who for years has been engaged in research for the Museum of the American Indian, stated in his book on "The American Indian" that "on the tropical eastern seaboard, in the Antilles and northeastern South America, we find Indians wholly distinct from either the United States tribes or the Central American and Western South American tribes. Many of these are strikingly Semitic in appearance and still adhere to Semitic customs." He points out that there is no one distinct Indian type over North and South America, some resembling Japanese, some Tartars, some Mongolian. "Others," he says, "might well be Hebrews."

The varied nature of the imports other than gold in the Biblical inventory of the Ophir cargo warrants the supposition that the ancient treasure-trove may have been gathered in more than one region. The ivory and apes are virtually certain to have come from Africa, but who shall say whence came the gold?

So far the theory of Phoenician contact with America has been conjectural only, and unsupported by any indubitable evidence. Whether the present expedition will find actual traces remains to be seen.—N. Y. Times.

## Another Liner to Visit Lonely Tristan da Cunha

Loneliness has always been the lot of peoples in isolated communities, but it is doubtful whether any place in the Western Hemisphere can compare with the little island of Tristan da Cunha—the "farthest outlying sentinel of the British Empire"—in complete isolation and detachment from the rest of the world. This island, the largest of a small group lying almost in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean, on practically a straight line from Buenos Aires, is off the regular route of ocean-going vessels, and is rarely visited except by an occasional cruising liner. Last year the Empress of France on her South American-Africa Cruise touched at Tristan and landed supplies and trinkets as gifts from the passengers and King George and Queen Mary of England to the 150 inhabitants, and in 1929 the new Canadian Pacific S. S. "Duchess of Atholl," after having cruised among the West Indies and down the Eastern coast of South America, will visit Tristan for a few hours to bring cheer, solace and supplies to the islanders, then steam away to continue her South American-Africa Cruise which leaves New York January 22nd, 1928, for a voyage of 104 days.

Tristan da Cunha was named after a Portuguese admiral, who discovered it in 1506. Formal possession in the name of Great Britain was taken by troops from the transport "Falmouth" on August 14, 1816. The island may one day occupy a prominent place in world affairs, for it is ideally located as a stopping-off place for transatlantic airplanes should a regular air service between South America and Africa ever be established. The "Duchess of Atholl" will call, also, at Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Capetown, and Durban, South Africa, with side trips to Africa's interior; Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar, Mombasa, and ending with Egypt, the Mediterranean, Paris and London, incidentally the "Duchess of Atholl" is a 20,000-ton ship, the largest ever to reach Montreal.


First-crop Japan teas are admittedly the finest that come out of the land of blossoms. "SALADA" Japan green tea is comprised only of first-crop leaves.

"SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

Styles by ALETTE
New York

## Low Waves Link Canadian North With Ottawa

### Transient Government Dispatches from Heart of City to Hudson Straits

### DISTANCE IS 1,100 MILES

### Schedule Throughout Day; Handle Private Traffic

Montreal.—The whole of Canada is kept in daily touch with the farthest of her northern inhabitants through the radio apparatus assembled on the top floor of an inconspicuous building in the heart of Ottawa, amidst the clanging of street cars and the honking of automobiles. Here the Department of Marine and Fisheries have their radio installation, which is in daily contact with Cape Hope's Advance, Ungava Bay, Hudson Straits.

Signals come in with enough volume from this far north point to be put on the loud speaker and be heard through most of the three-story building. A short-wave receiver, especially adapted by Canadian Government radio men to the particular needs of this reception, brings in the signals from the 500-watt station overlooking the Hudson Straits. A similar 500-watt transmitter stands in front of the Ottawa operator to transmit the orders and questions from the various government departments to the far north. It is a matter of 1,100 miles in a straight line from Cape Hope's Advance to Ottawa. The stations are on the air every day from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., during which time much government information relative to work on the Hudson Bay development is handled. The government can keep minute tab on all movements up there and can give orders for the biggest and smallest undertakings, yet it is unable to actually send ships or planes up there without the loss of considerable time.

The station at Cape Hope's Advance is in touch with numerous other stations, both governmental and private, in that district. It handles correspondence with Ottawa for all of them. One mining enterprise on Baker Lake, Chesterfield Inlet, 750 miles west of the station, keeps in constant touch with it, relaying its messages through this government station to Ottawa and thence to its headquarters in Toronto. Another mining exploration company has its own station at the entrance to Chesterfield Inlet on the western shore of the Hudson Bay and keeps in direct contact with Ottawa. Wave lengths in the neighborhood of twenty-three meters are used by these northern stations to keep in touch with the Dominion's capital.

"Rugby" has spread through the world: Parliaments, railways and factories, co-operative societies and safety bicycles, afternoon tea, the practice of athletic sports, child welfare work, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides the jury system, the Salvation Army, high class tailoring and Gilbert and Sullivan operas.—H. A. L. Fisher.

"It is true that personalities and partisanship are out of place in the pulpit, but that is not because it is the pulpit—but because they are out of place anywhere among gentlefolks."—The Rev. Charles Francis Potter.

Silence is the most fragile thing,
In all the world, I take it,
For if you merely speak its name
You're sure to break it.


Horlick's

Unemployed

Flashing Laughing Downcast Eyes

Anchor

A-SMART

TO ORDER PATTERNS

and the West Indies

Time Imperially

What have you in the line of shirts?

We have no line of shirts for washing out.