The TATTOOED ARM

By Isabel Ostrander

"Marks, tats, Gray into the drawing room," Miles ordered. "Farrell, roll up the right sleeve of the man who calls himself Andrew Drake and take off the bandage."

A gasping cry came from Jerusha but Miss Hawks moaned:

"That was what deceived me so thoroughly when he was putting on his coat out in the garden the first day I called."

The pseudo Andrew set his teeth as he made no show of resistance when the bandage was removed and on the still inflamed surface of his arm appeared the blurred, interwined letters "H" and "O".

"You thought they were your own initials; did you not, Miss Hawks?" Miles asked gently. "Forgive me for opening an old wound; but that such of sentiment for a time blinded you to certain inconsistencies which the Drake family themselves failed to note?"

She nodded dumbly in an obvious effort to control her emotion and the detective went on:

"In reality the initials are his own, as far as the police records of Australia show. His name is Hugh Osborne and, he, too, is badly wanted at not for the same crime as his present accomplice. Will you tell Mr. Wells and your old friends here when the first doubt of his identity entered your mind?"

"I called here yesterday, but as I grew reminiscent and he betrayed an utter ignorance of the incidents I mentioned a wild suspicion came into my mind. I spoke of my initials on my arm and though he swore that he had had them tattooed there in remembrance of me I was still unconvinced. I felt that I must be going mad and yet I had to make sure. I laid a deliberate trap for him and he fell into it."

Miss Hawks rose. "Now may I go?" I came as I promised, but I—I cannot endure more." Jerusha, forgive me, but surely it is better that you do the right."

"The truth always best, Ora." Miss Drake rose and, a stern, Spartan gravity had erased her set features all other emotion. "Tonight shall be the last of more than one living lie. Wells, control the trembling hand to the waiting car and scarcely has the attorney reappeared when the impostor rushes out with an oath.

"You're right, Will Miss Jerusha the Lord, what a six months I've been in the odious, hypocritical game! Ma, you're all worse than me, every one of you, and I've the goods on you! We could've fixed this little matter up friendly all round if you'd been sensible but, by—, I've my own story to tell, by—, I'll tell it!"

Miles did not look at Scottie, but he grinned with a laugh.

"Going to try to stick to that farfetched blackmailing scheme you and that previous partner of yours hatched when you found that Andrew Drake had left relatives here with money and social position to lose?" he asked easily. "Farrell, you can join Marks and his man till I call you. Mr. Wells listen to this for the wildest, cock-and-bull yarn that two cheap crooks ever conceived! Mr. Hugh Osborne, here, is wanted in Victoria for fraud and forgery now. He won't be extradited until he has been tried and served his terms here for fraud, attempted blackmail, attempted abduction of Miss Patricia and several other little items growing out of this case. Mr. Hugh Drake wishes to refer the charges. How the private papers and letters of the real Andrew Drake came into the possession of Hugh Osborne is a question which the official can will answer."

"Oh, you needn't wait for that!" Osborne remarked sullenly. "Andy and I were friends. He was taken sick with the fever and I nursed him till the end, but before he died he left everything. It was all fixed up and proper. It was his own wish and I'll prove it. Though there was little enough to leave for the sheep ranch a wretched affair, and he'd been practically a stranger to the truth home. He died, when the delirium was on him, he knew he and his brothers had caused the country much trouble with counterfeit bills long ago, and never meant to make use of that plan. When I fell in with Gray in Melbourne about a year and a half ago I remembered how much I looked like Andy, and Gray and I, with me there, was a good thing in it."

"Gray came on here ahead and got a foothold by getting acquainted with Mr. Roger Drake and then I appeared as Andrew and a few weeks ago you began to work secretly with your accomplice to terrorize the family while you kept pretending to help them as well," Miles declared. "You knew you couldn't get away with that accusation of counterfeiting if it came to a showdown for the saving of a name in delirium would be taken seriously, but you and Gray knew too, that you forced the men of the family by anonymous threats of notoriety to submit ridiculous public acts you could use to put the screws on them for more and increase your demands until you had bled them white."

CHAPTER XIX.

"What was the first thing put you on the right track, Owen lad?" Scottie puffed contentedly on his pipe.

"I think it was Andrew himself," Miles responded. "It struck me as odd in my first talk with Wells and little Miss Patricia that Hobart and exhibitions of themselves, but Andrew's fit of supposed insanity took place safe at home, for the benefit of one of the servants alone.

"When I had made up my mind that insanity played no part in the strange events the only alternative to consider was blackmail, and it must have been for some indiscretion or even crime committed in the far past. Right then the solution was in my grasp, for you had learned that in their youth Roger had been interested in chemistry, dyeing and in photography, that Hobart was a pen-and-ink artist and Andrew had worked for a time in a pulp manufacturing plant. The old chest of metal junk which we carted away from under the floor of the summer-house and destroyed the morning after we wound up the case, Scottie, did not contain the remains of a printing press as you surmised, but the relic of a machine for making a replica of the silk threaded paper the government uses for genuine greenbacks and had been an original invention of the real Andrew.

"It didn't come to me even then that the truth was staring me in the face until you brought me that twenty-dollar bill Rip got knifed over and I found it was counterfeit. It was scorched at one end, and knowing that Rip must have found it somewhere I concluded that it had been on the dust-heap where Miss Drake must have thrown it among the ashes which she cleaned out of the drawing-room fireplace after I had seen her burning something there at midnight.

"I recalled her words: 'Ashes, every one. If only the first had never been conceived this horror would not have descended upon us.' She had known from the start what her brothers were doing. None of her brothers knew until just before the explosion came that she had been wise all the time; they thought she believed that mythical tale of an inheritance and I could kick myself for accepting it without verification, but Wells had taken it for granted and so did I!"

"It's no worse than me!" Scottie remarked consolingly. "Why didn't

A gasping cry came from Jerusha.

I see that tattoo mark on Andrew's arm when he took off his coat there in the garden just before Miss Hawks appeared? To be sure, my back was to him and everybody. How did you guess that the Hawks woman knew Andrew for an impostor?"

"I happened to be in the hall when she ran out of the house like a madwoman after a tete-a-tete with Andrew and the next minute he upset the table and scalded his arm. It wasn't a bad burn and it occurred to me that it was just an excuse for a bandage!"

Miles' face sobered. "Gray was the real brains of the scheme. It was he who wrote that devilishly satirical lecture and threatened Roger by anonymous threats to deliver it; he who wrote the other anonymous letters, one of which he slipped into the house by means of a French window which Andrew had left open for him and left on the hall table the night of my arrival, to be mixed with the mail next morning when I concluded it was some member of the household. He disguised his voice for the telephone threats which so agitated the family, but he cannot figure out how Roger Drake perpetrated his habitual disguise."

"Roger did then," asked the other.

"Oh yes, it was the shock of that which caused his stroke.

"Gray had a sort of half-laboratory back of his cottage and he was puttering about in it when Roger called. Just as he approached, Gray removed his wig and Roger saw that the elderly naturalist was really a young man in disguise. The logical reason for it came over him with a rush and his only thought was to get home and warn his brothers, but he was stricken with the word unuttered upon his lips.

Miles rose. "That papyrus was curious, wasn't it?"

"It was an example of remarkably poor judgment on Rogers part, picture writing or no, if it was as you said, a complete record of the way they made their counterfeit money," remarked Scottie.

"It was more than that; an example of the Drake conscience working overtime," replied Miles. "Roger had designed it, in the nature of a confession and meant to leave it on his death to his intimate friend, Professor Masterson, though when Osborne ransacked the storeroom he hoped to find something more tangible."

"There is one thing that still is dark to me." Scottie pulled at his pipe, and finding it dead laid it on the mantel. "How did Osborne and his confederate know that the paper-

(Continued under the summer house?)

"They only knew it was hidden somewhere, for the real Andrew must have talked a bit more in his dying ravings than Osborne told and I fancy they hoped to find the whole paraphernalia so that they could make some more of the queer and shove it themselves."

(The End.)

M. Georges Jean Knight, new Minister Plenipotentiary of France to Canada, photographed at Windsor Street Station, Montreal, en route by the Canadian Pacific Railway from New York to Ottawa.

A Real Gorge

Ethiopia Feasts Forty Days As "King of Kings" Is Crowned

London Feasting and joicing in Ethiopia in honor of the coronation of Ras Tafari as "King of Kings," which has been in progress since October 7, at last begins to subside. Reports from the land fast-ness of Abyssinia, state that the capital city of Addis Abbaba for more than month has been given over to Lidjah and Ridolf on his re-proper seat on his re-

Virtually every engineer, mason and workman of any was engaged by the government in erecting triumphal arches, decorating roads and hanging flags in public places.

One of the biggest events of the ceremonies was a sev- day feast, a continuous stream of cattle, sheep and goats, grain and native beverages from the rural parts to the city for human consumption. The entire army and almost every able male in the kingdom is said to have been in the army was fed. They marched to the banquet halls.

Only actual heads of nations were invited to the ceremonies, October 7, when they normally also saw the crowning, as a curtain was drawn around the majestic Empress Zaudita. But the Empress placed the royal crown on the head of Ras Tafari and him the monarch, and handed him the sword. Then the curtains drawn and a salute of guns was fired.

FOR THE SAME REASON, NO DOUBT

She: Why do so many get into fights?

He: Why do so many men like to get into a bargain sale?

"Those Garnet sons-in-law," the husband angrily as he looked across the room. "What's the matter with them?" demanded his wife. "They're not darned," he

For Long Nights

MIRROR DRAWING

When you are entertaining friends and there is time for a simple diversion, set them to draw a square by looking through a mirror. Stand a little mirror on the table, with a sheet of paper in front, and ask various members to draw a square on the paper. They should look only at the reflection of the pencil through the mirror, and probably they will be greatly surprised at the difficulty of so apparently easy a task of making the square accurately.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES

In the following sentences there are number of countries hidden. See if you can find them.

1. His words we denied, for they were untrue.
2. Do not call it a tyre, it is a tute.
3. He saw his pa in the train.
4. Can Ada come out to play?
5. I agree, cement is stronger than plaster.

Here are the answers in order: 1. Sweden. 2. Italy. 3. Spain. 4. Canada. 5. Greece.

SO EASY, TRY IT

Place two objects, such as an apple and orange, sweets, cotton reels, etc., on the table about 2 feet apart and 1 foot from the edge, and ask any member of the party if he or she can change their positions without allowing them to pass or touch each other. At first glance the problem will probably appear insoluble, and one after another the players will confess themselves beaten. And yet how easy is the task. Stand with your back to the table, pick up an object in each hand, turn round, and put them in opposite positions. See?

DART RACES

This little game is ever so exciting, both for boys and for girls. First you must draw a long chalk line on the play ground, marking it at intervals with numbers from 10 to 50.

Now the game is for each player to make his own dart out of paper and try to make it fly farther than any of the others along the chalk line. Of course he takes the number nearest the spot where his dart falls for his score.

The player who is cleverest at making darts is usually the winner.

A SKEIN-HOLDER

The boy readers can easily make a little wool skein-holder for mummy if they have a box of tools and a good stout piece of wood about one inch thick and about eight by five inches in size.

Now there will be two large cotton reels needed and two long screws. The cotton-reels must be fastened to each end of the board, with the screws acting on two large heads so that they will rotate freely. Now when a skein of wool is placed over the reels it can be wound off quite easily by one person.

A GOOD CATCH

To catch your friend with this little trick, you must first of all find a meat skewer and sharpen it at both ends. Now present it to a friend, together with a cent, and the key to him:

"Can you put this coin on either end of this stick and then set the stick on a table?"

Of course your friend will find it much too difficult to balance the coin on the stick and will be sure to give up and challenge you to do it.

Then all you need do is to place reclaimed the coin on the table and press one end of the stick on to it.

"You see," said the penny on either end of the stick," you laugh.

Sent by Elsie Jane.

SINGING PROVERBS

In case you have a rainy wet day while you are on holiday from school, I want to tell you of a jolly game you can play indoors. Though I hope very much that you won't have to stay in doors at all.

One player must go out of the room and the rest decide upon a proverb. Which is a very good thing to do, you know, say A Stitch in time saves nine. One of the players must go round to the others and give them one of the words in the proverb. One you will have A, another, in, and so on.

All the players then come in and then all start singing your own personal tune, such as Rule Britannia. You don't sing the only thing that is different is your own voice to start with. Stitch, stitch, all to the tune.

The player who has got the word room has to walk round as if looking for something and try and guess what the words are. The one that guesses right the player who gave him the clue leaves the room, and you choose another proverb and start all over again.

JESTER!

This is ever such a jolly game for the fields or the playground. Any number of players may take part in the game, and first of all one of them is chosen to be the Jester. Now, this player must have a short stick to which is tied a small balloon.

Now, before the game begins all the other players must form in a ring round the Jester, and then he runs forward and tries to hit any player on the head with the balloon. Of course, the others run off and dodge about, but if any of them happens to be hit, then they must give up their handkerchiefs to the Jester, who slips them into his pocket with just the ends sticking out. Now if the players are clever enough to dodge round the Jester while he is changing the others and slip their handkerchiefs from his pocket without being hit, they may join in the game again. The game finishes when the Jester has taken the handkerchiefs of all the players.

A BALLOON GAME

I know you are all very fond of balloons. All children are. It would be rather fun to have a game with your balloon one morning on the beach, wouldn't it, chicks? Just a simple little game where you could all join in.

Just tick your spades in the sand about twelve feet apart, with the handles uppermost. Then tie a piece of string from one handle to the other. Two players begin, one at either side of the string. One pats the balloon over to the other. The first one to allow it to fall to the ground falls out of the game, and another player takes his place. As each player falls out another one comes in, so you keep on playing until you have all had your turn, when you start all over again. And you will find it a task getting the balloon over the string. You see, being so light it will not always go just what you want it to. Which, of course, adds to the fun of the game.

Saving Bits of Soap

Pieces of toilet soap may be saved and utilized if the following plan is carried out. Keep a jar in the bathroom closet for collecting the broken bits that would go down the waste pipe to be wasted otherwise. It is surprising how fast these small pieces accumulate, especially in a home where there are several small children.

When a cupful or more has been collected, put the pieces into a saucepan with sufficient water to cover and the mass to dissolve, place it over a slow fire stirring and breaking the bits until all may be melted together. It is not necessary that the pieces be dissolved if there is sufficient soap jelly to hold the pieces together in a thick cake. Perfume may be added, and a bit of coloring matter in the child's eyes will be pleased with individual cakes and the washing of many grimy hands be more speedily and satisfactorily accomplished. If the solution seems too thin, stir in enough oatmeal to thicken it and remove it from the fire. Pour it in small molds or slash it into cakes with the aid of dry oatmeal and set it away to harden. The oatmeal has a softening effect when the soap is used. When the cakes are rolled carefully for each purpose and it tends to cut the dirt from the hands that have perhaps made many pies.

Since it is not well to mix laundry soap with the bits of toilet soap, a smaller may be kept by the kitchen sink for the collection of bits that may be used in dish washing.

Censorship

The Statesman (Calcutta) says that of the State to regulate the circulation of broadcasting is merely permissive and is subject to the condition that no person shall be allowed to establish or work a broadcasting station without a licence granted by the Minister of Industries and Labour. The Minister may refuse to grant a licence if he is satisfied that the establishment or working of the station would be prejudicial to the interests of the public or to the peace and good order of India or any part thereof. He may also refuse to grant a licence if he is satisfied that the applicant is not a fit person to be granted a licence. The Minister may also cancel a licence if he is satisfied that the licensee has failed to comply with any of the conditions of the licence or has been guilty of any breach of the provisions of the Act. Any person who establishes or works a broadcasting station without a licence is liable to a fine which may extend to Rs. 1,000 and in the case of a continuing offence to a further fine which may extend to Rs. 100 for every day after the first during which the offence continues.

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Strawberry Production

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Hero-Spirits

Hungary's Man of Iron, a British Admiral

ENGAGED IN A SMILE AT POLO MATCH IN BUDAPEST

An unusual glimpse of Admiral Horthy, regent of Hungary, who is seldom seen smiling or laughing. He is conversing with a society lady during a polo match, a new sport for Hungary, but one which is becoming extremely popular.