

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

SYNOPSIS

Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer in London on a holiday, saves Margery Ferguson from death by snatching her from beneath a large car. On arrival at the Mid-Western Hotel, he is surprised to find a letter, written in code, addressed to him there. That evening an unknown girl calls on him in connection with the letter. Resolved to see the adventure through, he goes with the girl, Judith Feistead, to see a man named Stevenson, who is expected to be the "crook" Crane.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

Stevenson crossed the room and seated himself at a bureau. He was just about to open a drawer when the loud peal of an electric bell rang through the room.

"Someone appears anxious to come in," he commented.

At that moment, Crane knew that he was in real danger. So far, this man had been fencing with him. That had been obvious. But now, the mask was partly off. Had that ring at the front door or wherever it was, been a signal?

He half turned to the door.

"You're not going, Crane?" asked his host.

"What could he say?"

"If you've got people coming—" he fumbled.

"Oh, it's only a friend of mine—and a friend of yours, if it comes to that."

His brain was reeling. A friend of his? A friend of the real Crane's that was. Then the masquerade would be exposed; he would be shown up.

"You really must not go," continued Stevenson; "I can't allow it. When an old friend like—" he smiled, and there was the very devil in his grin—"calls so unexpectedly, it would be churlish for you to leave. Stay there!" he snapped.

Crane waited no longer. He had

been mad to come. But, before he could reach the door, this opened, and a man appeared.

Philip stared at him in astonishment.

For this newcomer, although some years older, and carrying a far greater air of sophistication, was the living image of himself!

CHAPTER IV.

For a moment there was a tense silence. Then this was broken by the sound of a laugh. Philip knew that Stevenson was expressing his satisfaction at the denouement.

Crane no longer hesitated. A Rugby footballer, he was always fit; and his speed must have startled the man at the door, for he made no adequate defence when the other rushed at him. Perhaps the presence of his double was totally unexpected; in any case, the quick thud of fists against his face caused him to give ground.

One tug at the door, and with it flying open, Crane was half-way to the street. He caught a fleeting glance of the girl, Judith, staring at him from a doorway in the hall, as he rushed past her.

Before he could reach the main door, however, the man-servant who had answered the bell barred the way. From behind came a snarling voice, Stevenson's, without a doubt.

"Stop him, Lesing! Stop him, I say!"

The man-servant darted a hand to the pocket of his immaculately fitting coat. But even in the act of drawing a revolver, Crane had performed a second crashing feat. The two went down amid a flurry of arms and legs. Confused as he was by his fall, Philip maintained his self-possession. Surprisingly enough, now that he was

in a surly tone. He had been afraid his fare was a bilker, and his temper had not fully recovered.

"Somewhere quiet," he was told; "somewhere where we can have a meal by ourselves, and be able to talk without being overheard."

The mechanical Jehu chewed the end of a luxuriant moustache.

"Wot you want is Cima's, Greek Street," he said. And made a swerve such as only a London taxi-driver can make.

Five minutes later, a broad-faced *maitre d'hotel*, himself the proprietor of this little restaurant, was giving the couple a warm welcome.

"Somevair quiet?" he repeated; *mais, oui*; this way, monsieur.

He preceded them up a narrow flight of stairs, and into a small room on the right that was evidently reserved for small and essentially private dinner parties.

"No one will come here, monsieur. And now—" producing a menu.

"I leave everything to you."

Once they were alone, the girl turned to him with a quick, impulsive gesture.

"I don't think I ought to have come with you," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because—well, aren't you a perfect stranger?"

With a quickness that might have started his Truro friends, Crane held up a reproachful finger.

"How can you say that?" he said. "This is the second time we've met."

The next moment he was sorry he had uttered the words, because a shudder passed through the girl's slim body. Instinctively, he put out his arm and drew her to him in a protective way.

"Yes," came the faltering answer. "I'm sorry I forgot. But I didn't mean it that way. I meant..."

"It doesn't matter," he said. "You're here, and I've been given a second opportunity of talking to you. Won't you be content with that?"

Looking up into his face, she nodded. Then, and before another word could be uttered, the waiter entered carrying the first course of the late supper.

Crane was developing observation. He noticed during the meal that the girl, in spite of her evident fear, ate as though food for some time past had been a stranger to her. He wondered at it; and, wondering, was given the explanation.

"This is the first meal I have had to-day," she said. "If I am ravenous you must forgive me."

He laid down his knife and fork and, reaching over the table, touched her hand.

"You can trust me," he said. "I want to help you. I am determined to help you. Won't you tell me your story?"

"All of it?"

"Yes—but especially the part which has made you afraid..." But, first of all, drink another glass of wine." He filled her glass with Burgundy, and waited until she lifted it to her lips.

"More," he urged; "it will do you good; bring back the color to your cheeks."

It was with a little shaky laugh that she laid the glass down.

"I didn't believe I should ever meet a man like you," she told him; "I didn't believe there was one left in the whole of London."

"But I come from Truro," he replied, hoping that the feeble jest would bring a second smile to her lips.

"Truro? That's in Cornwall, isn't it?"

"Yes, I came up today on a holiday."

Her face became blanched.

"You must go back," she said; "you must not stay in London—at least, you mustn't be seen with me."

"But that's all rubbish!"

"No!" And this time it was her hand that reached across the table. "It's a matter of life and death. You saw that for yourself this morning. That man meant to kill me!"

He wondered if he should tell her; and then decided that he would.

"London is a wonderful place," he said; "you would scarcely believe me. I suppose, if I told you that less than an hour ago, I was talking to that same man—at least, I believe him to be the same man."

"Stevenson?"

"Stevenson."

"But—how?"

"I was taken to his house in Baywater Road."

"By whom?"

"A woman. Look here, suppose I tell my story first? But are you strong enough to hear it?"

(To be continued.)

Present Wage Rate Maintained in Italy

Rome.—Premier Musolini recently assured Italy that there will be no further general reduction in wages.

Under his presidency, the Central Committee of Corporations rejected suggestions it had been studying for nationwide cuts in industrial salaries. The committee declared decreases inadvisable despite the tendency of other nations to meet the depression in that manner.

Opening the committee session, the Premier said he thought wages already had been reduced to the lowest tolerable level. A year ago he ordered a horizontal cut of 10 to 12 per cent. in all wages, governmental and industrial, with greater reductions in high salaries.

Pearls Found in Ohio Water

Pearls are being taken from the Sandusky River bottom at Fremont, Ohio.—The Pathfinder

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Percy Plantaganet: "In asking for your daughter's hand, sir, I would remind you that I am the possessor of an old and honored name." Goldstein: "Ah! And will you be good enough to inform me at what bank it will be honored, and for how much?"

The Garden of Memory

In the center of the hundred-year-old town, with its mile-long streets and open water turrows, is a large square overlooked by a church with a beautiful spire and bell tower. The casual traveler, speeding past the square by motor, may be unaware of the beauty that lies concealed behind the small green hedge. In the middle of this grassy plot, for here, within the limits of a small garden, is a wealth of wild flowers, a dazle of light and color.

It is the Garden of Remembrance, a memorial of the Great War. Months and years have gone in the making of this garden; daily it receives the tender care of its originator, a local artist. Instead of brushes and pigments, he paints here with trowel, plants, sunshine and moist earth.

From the uplands of the karoo and the far-off wild stretches of South West Africa, these rare plants and shrubs have been tenderly transported and with incalculable trouble they have been coaxing to grow by this lover of the beautiful.

When the ever-recurring mirage of spring comes, the garden is at its gayest, with a beauty borrowed from karoo sunsets. No formal ribbon borders, no laid-out color beds. The wild transplants emerge from their shell-buds and bloom in beauty among the small rockeries that are studded with rare succulents. Slaty aloes with red-spear points keep guard. Clusters of Namaqua daisies wave their gleaming heads in the breeze in a blaze of golden glory. The vygies and ice-plants mix and mingle their colors in barbaric splendor; pure carmine, rich bronze, lemon and orange, cream and white. It is as if one had stepped into a story of the Arabian Nights or into an old-time court of some opulent Indian prince.

The flowers' faces all follow the sun. Lux tua via mea. Could there be fairer legend for flower or mortal!

The gentle gardener who created this picture, who thinks and speaks of the flowers as friends— spends much of his time among them— because he loves them and because they symbolize a beauty that cannot be expressed in words. Moreover, the outside world is free to wander in this garden and to share with him its manifold delights. One must linger in this Garden of Memory to catch its beauty and to get an insight, be it ever so small, into the hidden meaning of flowers. There must be no hurry. It must be sought humbly, too, ere vision is granted.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Indian Summer
(Muddy River)
(Written for The Christian Science Monitor)

Out in November's softened glow,
Her spicy fragrance in the air,
A spell is on the sights we know,
The old dull things grow strange and rare:
Golden enchantment over trees and stream,
The quiet, hazy brooding of a dream.

The sluggish pond, once brown and dull,
Blows now in shimmering yellow light,
Those reeds we thought unbeautiful
Standing transformed, erect and bright,
Gold-tipped like spears, they guard the water's edge,
Serried battalions of the bronzed sedge.

The lustrous oak leaves yonder burn
Like greenish bronze, such as one sees
In some old wreath-bound classic urn,
In courts amid the cypress trees,
Where fountains splash; brown spots
For all the years out in the sun and rain!

The soft, warm air, the burnished leaves,
The golden ears that promise much,
The ripening of the harvest sheaves,
Transfigured all by Midas' touch,
Which brings the heart's fulfillment,
Care's release,
With golden gifts of plenitude and peace.

—Charlotte F. Babcock.

U.S. Constitution Allows President More than 2 Terms

The Constitution of the United States, says "The Pathfinder," does not limit the number of times a person may be elected President. The two-term rule is merely an unwritten law, based on precedent and tradition. Technically it would be constitutional for a person to serve as President just as many times as he could be elected.

Washington refused to accept a third term because he wanted to retire from the turmoil and burdens of politics to private life; he did not suggest that a third term would be improper or open to serious objections. It was largely due to the fact that Jefferson followed Washington's example and declined a third term that the third-term doctrine became a part of the unwritten Constitution.

Visitor—"You son has very good manners. He opened the gate for me."

Farmer—"Oh, that's nothing! He does that for the cows every evening."

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