

# ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

## SYNOPSIS.

When Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer arrives in London on a holiday, through a coincidence of like names, he is taken for the Crook Crane, who is a tool of a band ruled by a mysterious "Empress."

He rescues Margery Ferguson and takes her to a convent. He then goes to Mandling in Kent to rescue her father. Meanwhile, Charles Whittle, an American detective, is trailing a band of forgers. By close confinement The Empress hopes to bend Ferguson's will to her own.

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

Ferguson was hustled into a large pleasantly-furnished room. The initial impression was one of comfortable ease. On the hearth, a wood fire blazed, and, at a table sufficiently near for the warmth to be appreciated, sat two people.

It was the woman whom Ferguson stared. Fashionably dressed, she might have been taken, at first glance, for the usual Mayfair matron, whose hours were crammed with social engagements. She had good looks to commend her, and a *soigne* air. This much, the casual observer would have noticed.

It was not until one looked closer that it was realized that this woman was very different from other of her class. There was a cold callousness in her eyes, a fixed determination about her firmly-moulded chin, and a suggestion of cruelty in her tightly-closed mouth.

Ferguson felt his knees give beneath him. This was only the second time he had faced her, but he knew this woman to be a terrible creature. A remorseless, degrading monster, utterly without scruple. She, surprising fact though it might be, was at the head of the gang who were determined to break his will.

"Well, Ferguson, I hear you are still proving obstinate." The conversation was started with these words.

He moistened his dry lips. "How long are you going to keep me here?" he demanded.

"So long as we require your services, my man."

"But you can't do that!"

"Can't we?" The sneer was palpable. "We appear to be doing it, anyway. Now, listen to me, Ferguson: You'll stay here until you do the work which is required. That's quite clear, I hope?"

The words stunned him. He knew the woman to be speaking the truth. He had already proved her to be implacable.

"You are the one man in the world we need at the moment," she continued; "no other engraver, that we know of, at any rate, possesses your ability. If there was such a man, we might get him to help you."

The man with the ascetic face, seated by her side, smiled at this peevishness; and it was he who now continued the talking.

"Be sensible, Ferguson; if not—"

The sentence was completed by the woman.

"—If not," she said, "there is your daughter, of course."

A gasping cry came from the throat of the tormented man. He flung himself forward.

"Leave my girl alone, damn you!" he cried; and then: "Where is she? Tell me!"

Into the hard, but beautiful face of the woman, stole a smile.

"We are looking after her for you. Do what I want, Ferguson, and no harm will come to her."

He found courage of a sort. He believed this was an attempt to bluff; Margery would be on her guard.

"I won't make any more," he stated. "That will be very foolish of you."

The speaker now pressed a bell, and, to the servant who appeared, said the one word:

"Badoglio."

Ferguson screamed. At the thought of that horrible Italian. . . .

He was still cowering when a man of gigantic build entered the room. Swarthy-faced, his deep-set eyes glowed as he looked at the man whom he imagined was shortly to be delivered over to him.

"You sent for me, Empress?" he asked.

"Yes, Badoglio. Our friend over there is being insolent."

Badoglio turned.

"Shall I see to him, Empress?"

"In a minute, perhaps. . . . Now, Ferguson, this is my last word: You get to work on those new notes, or Badoglio will give you a little more of his attention. . . . Paugh!" she added; "the fool has fainted."

Simon Stevenson turned to his superior.

"With all possible respect, Empress," he said, "we must not allow the fellow to die."

"Die! He won't die. But his spirit must be broken. Time presses. He must get busy. When he comes to, I don't think he'll make any more difficulties. And now, I must get back to town. You'll stay here, of course. By the way, what about that girl of Ferguson's?"

her; there'll be no trouble in that direction," he replied. "The man, Crane, wanted to come down here this morning," he added quickly; "but I thought it best to fix up an appointment at your house."

"Quite right. What time did you say?"

"Six o'clock."

She looked at her jewelled wrist-watch.

"I must hurry, then."

Tall, beautifully proportioned, regal, majestic, she made an impressive exit.

Stevenson lit a cigarette. Daring crook that he was, he was lost in complete admiration of this woman under whose banner he had enlisted. Although, for the past twenty years, Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair—the name by which Mayfair society knew her—had made a vast yearly income through crime, she had never been arrested. She was a born organizer; a woman of extraordinary brain power, she was paid large sums to plan coups for various criminal gangs. That had been her living until five years ago. Then, deciding that she would enter business on her own, she had enlisted the services of three or four specialists. One of these had been Stevenson himself.

The smoker smiled as he recalled the really extraordinary position the woman was now in. Respected by the world while living her existence in the West-End of London—an existence which appeared to be entirely above reproach or suspicion—she was yet known to the underworld as the greatest woman criminal of her generation. How long her luck would last he could not tell; but when the climax did arrive, he knew it would provide a tremendous sensation. Would he be there at the finish? He shrugged his shoulders at the reflection. In any event at the moment, he was well placed; in the confidence of The Empress, he obeyed her orders and reaped a rich personal harvest.

His complacency was somewhat disturbed by the knowledge that he had withheld certain vital information from his Chief that morning. He had done so for two reasons: the first was a sense of protective loyalty to Judith Feistead; but the second had been actuated by fear.

What the Empress would say if she learned the truth, he did not know; but he had impressed upon Crane, the American, the desirability of saying nothing about the *contretemps* which had occurred the night before.

Back in the room which constituted his prison, Ferguson battled his way slowly back to consciousness. But when recovery came, he wished that he might have remained in complete oblivion.

Margery!

Was that damnable woman deceiving him, or had his daughter really fallen, like himself, into these devils' hands?

"Well, which is it to be?"

Looming over him, and grinning obscenely, Badoglio asked the question.

His strength was gone, his resolution beaten down. How could any man, tortured as he had been, hope to put up a fight?

"Leave me alone," he pleaded.

"You shall have food and drink—those are my orders," replied the Italian; "and, when you are rested, work. You understand?"

Feeling utterly exhausted, the prisoner nodded.

## CHAPTER IX.

The dawn was just breaking when Philip Crane arrived at his destination. The village of Mandling—the girl had not been able to give him any more information than that—proved a small but picturesque hamlet a few miles inland from Folkestone.

Philip had taken so long in getting to the place because the first train from Charing Cross had not left for several hours. This monotonous period he had spent in the waiting-room of the station.

His first object, upon reaching the outskirts of the village, was to endeavor to obtain food. Breakfast was very urgently indicated.

Walking up what appeared to be the main street, he noticed a bulging-fronted, cheery-looking inn. Even in that unprepossessing light, it seemed to hint of Dickensian comfort.

A youth, dressed in breeches and sleeved waistcoat, was busy cleaning the lattice windows.

"Are you open yet?" asked Crane.

"'Wot d'you want?" enquired the youth.

"Some breakfast," grinned Crane.

"The Missus'll see to that," was the reply, accompanied by a backward flick of the thumb; "she can cook bacon lovely!"

Accepting the invitation, Crane walked across the sanded step and came into what evidently was the lounge of the inn.

Behind the counter was a red-cheeked, twinkling-eyed woman of late middle-age.

"Morning," she said cheerily.



# Quality has no substitute

## Tea "fresh from the gardens"

## Silver Lining

BY HECK.

"Good morning," replied Crane, feeling that the world was all the better for the presence of such an optimist. "Sorry to trouble you so early, but is it possible to get some breakfast here?"

"Law's sake, yes, young man!" came the quick answer. "Sit down and tell me what you require."

"Oh, anything—so long as it's hot! And quick," he added. "Bacon and eggs would do splendidly."

"Tea or coffee? You can have either, you know."

"Coffee, please," said Crane. (To be continued.)

## Drunkards at the Wheel

Quebec Action Catholique (Ind.).—At the last term of the Assizes in Arthabaska, Mr. Justice Pouliat sentenced a young man to three years in the penitentiary, after being found guilty of involuntary homicide for having caused the death of a person while driving his car in a state of intoxication and not carrying his licence. The automobile is a great benefit to mankind. But if madmen and drunkards become the absolute masters of the road, the people who have some slight regard for human life will end by refusing to drive in an automobile again. And the highways, which cost the population so much, the roads whose utility is so general, would in the end be abandoned to a small number of brainless idiots.

## Oh, Mr. Porter

"Porter," said an old woman at a country station, "what time is there a train to Greenock?"

"Six-thirty," replied the porter, sharply.

"What?" exclaimed the old woman, who was slightly deaf.

"Six-thirty," repeated the porter, angrily, and turned away.

Not being satisfied, she approached another porter and asked him the same question.

"There's a train at half-past six, ma'am," replied the porter, politely.

"That'll do very well," said the woman. "I just asked that other fellow, and he said next Thursday!"



Rabbit—"You can never depend on Mr. Snake in a panic."

Turtle—"How come?"

Rabbit—"He gets rattled and loses his head."

The average girl declines to marry a lot of men because they neglect to ask her.

## Equine School For Future Racers



Here at this equine school at Agua Caliente, yearlings are being taught how to get away at the barrier.

be the kind of dynamite which will blow depression to . . ."

Pictou, Ont.—Half a million dollars is paid to farmers in cash by canning factories.

New railway crossing warning being tried out.

Fraser Mills, B.C.—Mammoth saw mill employing 700 men, was re-opened after being closed two months.

St. Thomas.—The railway shophmen to return to work next week at Pere Marquette shop.

Premier Taschereau announces a surplus of \$774,775 for the Province of Quebec at the end of the year.

Partial moratorium on mortgages is proposed by Toronto City Council to Ontario Government.

Sir Frederick Lewis, chairman of board, Cunard Line, has given contracts to Vickers & Armstrong for new ship at cost of \$8,000,000, to replace the fire-swept Bermuda liner.

The Optimists Club, Toronto (E.L. 4732), will collect old toys, have them repaired by Junior Vocational School, and distribute them to the poor.

Labour Congress asks Ontario Government to insure unemployed.

European miser wills \$800,000 to London Metropolitan Court poor boxes.

International Live Stock Show at Chicago opened Saturday. More than 12,000 head of cattle, sheep and swine are stabled. Grain and hay entries have 5,000 samples. Ontario exhibitors get 22 first prizes.

Kentucky coal mine owner keeps mine going at a loss to minimize depression.

New York has an unemployment program to raise \$18,000,000 for relief.

Building permits for the week in Toronto totalled \$224,000.

English, Irish and Scotch looms now humming as trade improves. Mills going till 3 p.m.—Belfast.

## Easy

An angler had a four-hours' tussle with a huge salmon before he was able to land it. When at length he had made sure of his catch he took it home and related his triumph to his wife.

and laid special stress on the time it took and the energy he had to expend before he could secure the salmon.

When he had finished he waited anxiously for praise.

For some moments there was silence; then, with a puzzled expression, his wife looked up from her knitting.

"But, my dear," she said, "why didn't you cut the string and get rid of the brute?"

## OMISSIONS

An equitable man looks not outward on a defective law, of the mistakes or omissions of which he seeks to take advantage; but he looks inward upon that law of rectitude which is written upon his heart, and is guided by its dictates.—William Fleming, D.D.

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Finished With Every Pattern



3349

A suit-like dress in black and red tweed mixture, with flaring slit sleeves. Paris adores.

The vest and softly falling jabot revers of the cross-over bodice are of plain red woolen in blending shade.

The pointed treatment of the hips is slimming. The full circular swaying hemline is effective.

And it's yours simply for the making around a few yards of material.

Style No. 3349 may be had in sizes 16 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch, with ½ yard 35-inch contrasting.

A silk and wool novelty is small woven pattern in marve-brown with reddish-violet plain wool vest is chic. Black crepe satin with white revers and vest is adorable.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin preferred; wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Doubtful Compliment "Speeding the parting guest," might be described as one of the negative virtues of hospitality. A woman rather overdid her part recently.

She was saying goodbye to some visitors who had long outstayed their welcome.

"It was so sweet of you to let us stay so long," they said, with effusion.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've been," she replied, with obvious relief.—Tit-Bits.

Her Only Hope "And what if the engine fails when we're up in the clouds?" asked the pretty girl of the pilot as she was about to enter a machine for her first trip.

"Well, if that should happen," replied the pilot, "you just leap out, count ten, and then pull the cord on your parachute."

"But what if it doesn't open?"

"In that case the only logical thing to do is to flap your arms up and down and say, 'I'm a bird—I'm a bird.'"

"Many books are well written but few are great."—Andre Maurois.

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## Why Gold Is Standard

By WALTER E. SPAHR.

Professor of Economics, New York University, Speaking Before a Forum in the Stock Exchange Governor's Room.

Gold has been accepted by the world as a standard of value largely because it satisfies a desire for ornamentation, ostentatious living and display. The value of gold as an ornament depends largely on its scarcity. If gold were as plentiful as water, its possession would confer no distinction and its value as an ornament would be destroyed. It is an interesting fact that the monetary standards which have outdistanced all others have been anchored to the superfluous in life, to the trills and trinkets, rather than to the necessities.

Naturally, not all ornaments could serve as standards of value or as media of exchange. Certain other characteristics are also necessary. The standard must have durability, stability, scarcity; it must be easy to carry about, easily recognized, have the quality of divisibility, be made of homogeneous material, and it must have the character of malleability.

The assumption in various proposals put forth by the bimetalists for the adoption of silver standards by certain countries is that the value of silver will be increased if this is done. If the value of silver is increased, it is reasonable to assume that the production of it would soon increase and tend to depress its value. It is fundamentally a commodity, and therefore can never become a monetary standard unless all the leading countries adopt it.

## The Wise Buyer

The Montreal Daily Star.—It is of interest to note that a more sensible argument than the sentimental is now being used in urging us all to buy more and buy now, not from patriotic reasons, but because it is distinctly to their advantage to do so. After all, when it comes to a matter of expenditure, sentiment plays a very minor part with the great majority of the spending public. They prefer facts.

And facts are forthcoming—facts that ought to convince. The purchasing value of the dollar is far greater now than it was three years ago. It is greater than it has been for many years past. It will buy for you now what will cost you a great deal more in a year's time, if present indications are any sort of accurate criterion.

Prices are away down. Things people need are cheap today. They will not, however, always be so cheap. Hence it is a wise economy to buy things needed while the low prices prevail. These are simple facts that stare everybody in the face. But most people do not give them more than a passing thought. If they thought a little more over the situation, undoubtedly there would be a very considerable augmentation of buying. To buy now is to save what cannot be saved later on.

Color in the Patent Office

The monotony of the black and white of the United States Patent Office files is now to be enlivened by bright colors, according to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The plant patents, recently authorized by Act of Congress, will be issued in full color whenever the color is a part of the "invention" claimed by the horticulturist who has produced the new variety of plant. The two colored patents issued so far are for a white carnation with a delicate touch of yellow and for a rose of deep pink.

The necessity for putting out patents in color has set a new problem for Patent Office officials, for color has never previously been required for any type of patent. Despite the great additional expense for printing, the office is not allowed by law to charge any more for copies of the patents, so it is planned to limit the sale of them to those who can show that they have real need for them.

The Younger Generation

Clifford Bax in the Woman's Journal (London).—Just as my father grew up in a period when railroads had ceased to cause any wonder, and I, in turn, when it was surprising if anybody could not ride a bicycle, so the members of the new generation take it for granted all the mechanical inventions which men have devised in the course of this century. It is almost as though they had been born with added senses. They expect to be able to travel on a road at seventy miles an hour and to hear a concert without troubling to attend it. They have come into a section of time in which an aeroplane is more often seen than a butcher's cart. And because they have always known both, they assume, with no question, that speed and many amusements are desirable.

Wisdom

Dare to be wise: begin it at once; he who puts off the hour for living aright is like the country clown who waits for the stream to flow by; but it glides on, and will glide on, flowing past all the time.—Heraeus.