### ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

#### SYNOPSIS

brough a coincidence of like names, he tool of a band ruled by a mysterious "Empress." He rescues Margery Ferguson and in Kent to rescue her father. Meanwhile, Charles Whittle, an Ameri- kind of shrubbery int which he had can detective is trailing a band of forg- stepped, when he heard a voice, tense hopes to bend Ferguson's will to ber and dramatic, behind him.

### CHAPTER XI .- (Cont'd.)

to move towards the light which glim-, been mistaken in the darkness for mered fitfully through what must have companion of the speaker. The latbeen a deep belt of shrubbery. The ter, of course, must be one of the r thought did not cross his mind that placed in the grounds to act as guards he would have been glad of the com- to the house. pany of the fellow who had told him he was an American detective-but the chap had had cold feet, and there was an end to it: this was not a for faint hearts.

possible, he knew he was walking on ed any sign of suspicion, he would a gravel path from the slight scrunch- have to deal with him with his gun. ing sounds made by his feet. To the right was a broad carriage way, evi- received with nothing more alarming dently leading to the garage. But that | than a peremptory: must not be his route. Anyone from | "Well, don't waste any more time, the occupied room might be able to then.' see his figure; his way must be through the shrubbery.

through the somewhat thick under- his eyes, but either the clothes he was growth. His face was scratched every wearing or his frame, must have been now and then by thick twigs and what different to what the second man had must have been holly leaves; but, expected, because, when he was within below the trees. I returned and gave purgatory was at an end. He stood forward. on a piece of turf only twelve yards or so away from the room which was his objective.

two or three figures outlined against ther words could escape. The blow the window. The curtains had not been was shrewdly aimed and the fellow drawn, and it was possible to look went down like a logstraight into the room. He had come The detective waited. There must so far that it was impossible to think be another near at hand. But no atof returning without having achieved tack come. Instead, from somewhere some definite purpose. If he got close in front, proceeded the sounds of a up to the window, he might either scufflehear some important piece of information, or perhaps- The thought, mad forward rapidly. as it was, crossed his mind of attempting to break the glass, leap into the room, pick up the prisoner-if there was a prisoner-in his arms, and rush away with him, much after the fashion of a preposterous but exciting slowly. thriller which he had read in the train coming up from Truro.

There was this danger, however: he had to cross that intervening space, with the risk that anyone taking a like the lady she is. But there's no myself hanging by my straps, the tail glance out of the window would in- time to waste talking-we've got to

Yes, if he got down on all-fours. Before he could start to crawl forward on this second portion of his tive hauled the other to his feet. Crane heavy form rammed itself down with terrific force upon his back. His face was pressed relentlessly into the hard ground. The pain was intense-so thrusting out a foot and gingerly trymentarily stunned, and, during those few seconds of stupefaction, three merciless blows descended upon the "Good! Now, then, steady; it's a

Still swearing beneath his breath, Quietly, I tell you!" Whittle waited. It was useless, he deeided, to attempt to rush throug the way through the undergrowth to the gates, which were rapidly closing. gates. There must be men on the other side, "Did you climb over?" whispered although he had not been able to see Cranethem. He had only caught sight of a flying figure which he knew must be "I prepare for emergencies of this the young fellow who had said his kind." Whilst he was talking, he wonname was Crane. The latter had got dered if the rope ladder would still be away with a good start, but he had where he had left it hanging from two been able to keep track of his move- spikes of the gates. If not, their rements by the sound his feet made treat would be cut off with a venin the silence of the night. One thing geance. was certain: if Crane was captured, But Lady Luck, who had been his he had no definite information about proved loyal to him. When they reachthe occupants of "The White House," ed the gates, casting quick glances to the hint which George Melton had right and left to see if the two men given was sufficient for him; here was he had put out had been substituted

their ends. Still, he had come there for a certain purpose-and this was strengthened now by the action of the young tioning the order he started to climb. to persuade Crane not to enter the grounds, he himself had resolved to get into the place, by hook or crook, before the night was much older.

ver to catch any sound coming from other, the alarm must have been given the other side of the gates, he took to the occupants of that lighted room. from his pocket what proved to be a He was in a ticklish dilemma. The light, pliable, silk ladder. He flung ladder would not carry the weight of the top of this so that it caught on both, and Crane had not yet reached two of the spikes of the gates. Then, the top. Moreover, if he started to swaying slightly, he mounted to the climb, they would both present admirtop, drew the ladder over to the other able targets to their enemies. side, and descended in the same way.

he debated whether he should leave automatic sped into the night. But the the ladder on the gate, or replace it aftermath was heard distinctly; a in his pocket. He decided on the first hideous scream shattered the silence. alternative. If pursued, he would be Charles Whittle realized that if he able to save in this way several valu- had not actually killed a man, he must

Stepping remarkably light for a it would be war to the knife. man of his build, he crept forward in

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the darkness, his right hand holding When Philip Crane, a young aeroplane tightly a noiseless automatic. There designer, arrives in London on a holiday, were six bullets in that our and if he were six bullets in that gun, and if he is taken for the crook Crane, who is a found it necessary, he was prepared to use them all-

He had gone perhaps twenty yards, and was fumbling to get clear of some

"Come on, you fool; he's in front

Whittle's life had made him a quick thinker, and this faculty was considerably strengthened in an emer He did not require much Recovering himself, Crane started | churning to decide now that

He whispered back in a strained "All right-I'm coming." He had

take the risk of his voice being some thing akin to that of the suppose Although he stepped as lightly as second guard. If the first man evinc-But, as it happened, the words were

Stepping on his toes, as agile as any ballet dancer, Whittle moved forward. Stopping, he started to creep a way He had pulled his hat well down over "Here\_\_\_!"

He said no more. Whittle, moving quickly forward, hit the man clean on His pulse beat quicker as he noticed the point of the jaw before any furfiring, and then the smooth, even firing ing five pounds extra!" I had always visible in the 100-inch telescope in diffiring, and then the smooth, even firing ing five pounds extra!" I had always ferent directions outward from the

Philip opened his eyes wonderingly. It was the American detective bending over him, and not an enemy, "How did you get here?" he asked

"If you hadn't rushed off like a

looked around blinking.

"Someone gave me some crack on the head with something that felt like ing it, "I'll be all right. Look." Although he swayed unsteadily, Crane

back of his head, and he remembered wonder to me those fellows in that room haven't heard anything already.

By this time they were making their

the headquarters of a gang of crocks by others, the rope ladder was yisible.

"Up with you," he urged. Crane merely waited to steady his aching head for a moment after the recent exertion. Then, without ques-He was half way up when an urgent whisper came from below.

"Hurry, man," he heard Whittle say. For the American detective, on Waiting sufficiently long to endea- rush from the house. Somehow or

There was a brief hesitation whilst warning. The bullet from his noiseless have mortally wounded one After this

Glancing up, he saw that his companion had now reached the top. A few seconds later came the sound of heavy thud on the other side of the

With astonishing ability for a man of his bulk, Whittle clambered up the fragile ladder, reached the top, and then, without hesitation, hurled himself into space. It meant the risk of a broken leg, or, at the least, a sprained ankle; but he had to take that

By the time he had regained his feet, Crane was by his side. "What was that scream?" asked the

"Never mind-we must get away. They'll be searching for us." (To be continued.)

### World Flight

Of all the nerve-wracking moments that the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce ex- be true to have got it back again withperienced during her lone flight out damage, for usually when a maround the world, that time when she chine has landed on its nose it is made a forced landing in a jungle tricky business to right it, requiring clearing on the borders of Siam must skilled labor, ropes, and other materhave been the worst. The torrential ial for lifting. I was delighted, and rain, she tells us in "The Bluebird's was naturally smiling; the Baluchis Flight," had saturated the engine of were so pleased that they joined hands her little machine; she was literally and began to dance round the aeromiles from anywhere, and night was plane. They insisted that I should coming on. At its greatest length the joint their "ring o' roses," but I soon and eighty yards; "Bluebird" needed I felt that I should quickly become nounced by astronomers of Mount a hundred and fifty in which to rise, exhausted unless I got under shelter. Wilson Observatory at the annual ex-She swung the propeller, but there was no sign of life in the engine. Hurriedly she changed the sparking plugs and cleaned the magneto points. Still nothing happened:

breath. How oppressively hot it was! Perspiration was pouring down my more fully there might be a better chance of getting the engine to start. but I dared not do this without somechine from moving forward. . . I

the propeller another desperate swing. into the cockpit and manipulated the ing is only five pounds extra." throttle. For two or three seconds

tops of trees with the wheels of the seemed so very ordinary. under-carriage. Just out of the wood! A LANDING ON QUICKSAND.

Another time, flying towards Jask, on the Persian Gulf, she found her Crane being attacked? He moved oil pressure getting dangerously low. So she decided to come down on the sand near the water and fill up with But no wonder a visitor, who asked a the fuselage:

As I landed I felt the wheels of the under-carriage sink, and the nose of the machine dive downwards. At the rang up her husband on reaching At a recent banquet, according to same time I was shot violently for- Munich to tell him "I'm here," he re- Editor and Publisher, Mr. Schwab told young fool, we'd have been together," ward against the windscreen. Amid was the reply; "as it was, I found my a deafening sound of splintering wood plied: "Where? In Kent?" way here by luck-and she helped me and a smell of escaping petrol, I found get away, my lad. How are you feel- air, and the engine buried out of sight knew what fresh experience she might | Earn \$9 to \$12

quicksand! Half dazed she released herself, to pleasant surprises—at Lakhon, in find that she was on one of the most Siam, for instance, where the Siamese desolate stretches of desert on the Governor came to escort her to his Gulf. Even when help came-in the house: shape of some none too friendly na- On arriving I was very interested tives-the difficulty was to get "Blue- to see how English everything was. bird" on to its wheels again. But at The interior of the house was a perlast, although the wind was blowing fect example of an old Elizabethan stamped addressed envelope. hard, they succeeded:



Hon. Margaret Ruthven, daughter of Lord Ruthven, governor of Jersey, is engaged to marry Peter Davies, godson of Sir James Barrie and said to be the original of "Peter Pan".

# Quality has no substitute



ea "fresh from the gardens"

"Five hundred and fifty pounds," stars which can be seen belong to a replied the salesman. I was about to leave the shop when one. Earthly astronomers necessarily

That settled it. It was just like vast cloud of other insects. Calculaimagined that aeroplanes were extra- ferent directions outward from the Finally she got up-touching the ordinary things, and yet this machine earth have made possible an estimate

this?" I asked.

That settled it. In a week or two lion, about six or seven million times she was painting the name "Bluebird" as many as can be seen by the naked on its nose, and was ready to be off. eye. some fresh oil she was carrying in mechanic what "Bluebird's" registration letters-G-A.B.D.S .- stood for, received the reply "A B -- Daft ENGLAND IN SIAM.

One of the interesting features of in the soft sand. I had landed on have on landing at some out-of-theway aerodrome. Sometimes she had

dwelling. The Governor was particu-Oh, the joy! It seemed too good to arly proud of his garden, and I was banana trees were surrounded with white paling to create the atmosphere of an English park. The entrance to his drive was also typically English, with a five-barred gate, and at the side an old-fashioned English stile. Round the porch was a great arch of foliage with masses of orchids. The found tea waiting for her-not

the usual Siamese tea, but served in English fashion with plenty of cream and sugar!

THE EARTHQUAKE.

After crossing the Yellow Sea-five hundred miles of lonely water and eight hours of suspense-she safely reached Japan. But her troubles were by no means over. She was told at her hotel not to worry if she felt the building shake, as there had been over two hundred small earthquakes

that year: I had not been asleep more than three hours when suddenly I was awakened by my bed shaking violently. At first I thought "So this is Japan," and turned over and tried to go to sleep again. But the shocks became more violent, and I simply had to sit up and take notice. Then the whole room began to move. A horrible thought struck me. An earthquake and a bad one! . . . I tried to turn on the light, but it wouldn't work. Sparks were coming out of the electric radiator. The whole hotel was in darkness. Every second the building shook more violently. There was a crash just beside me; two china vases had fallen from the mantelpiece; it was almost impossible to

keep my feet. Needless to say, she had arrived just in time for one of the worst earthquakes of the year!

It was a wonderful flight-nineteen thousand miles in a tiny machine with an open cockpit, through twenty-three countries, and across three continents -and Mrs. Bruce has written a wonderfully good book about it. It is sensible, straightforward and full of humor-for she makes light of all her

angers. One cannot help echoing wondering admiration of the air- Charlie," the neighbor said. pilot in America, that country of "Yes, would she fit into my Guernuge aeroplanes, who wrote on "Blue- sey herd?" ird's" side the words: "The bally thing flies, by Jove!"

### Seeing Stars

New counts of the number of stars clearing was not more than a hundred stopped, for the heat was terrific, and light and magnify images were anthat could be seen with perfect tele-THE BUYING OF "BLUEBIRD." hibit of scientific work by the Carnegie Such were some of the incidents Institution of Washington, held recentthat enlivened Mrs. Bruce's flight. ly in that city. The number of stars feeling that Truly it was one of the most amazing visible to an unaided human eye prob- Jean Paul Richter. adventures of modern times. Here was ably is not over 6,000, but even a small I sat on the edge of the wing to take a woman, who, a little more than a telescope increases this number many fortnight before starting, had been up times. Large telescopes, like the great in the air only once, gaily setting out 100-inch one at Mount Wilson, which is face. I felt I hadn't the strength to to fly round the world via India, Ja- the largest in the world, show millions keep swinging that heavy propeller. pan, and America. The buying of of stars even in a small part of the I knew if the throttle were opened "Bluebird" is a story in itself. Having sky. The possibility of a complete an hour or so to spare before lunch, count depends, however, upon the fact Mrs. Bruce was strolling towards observed with these large telescopes Bond Street. In a shop window she that the stars are not scattered thing to hold the wheels of the ma- saw a little blue-and-silver aeroplane: through space as far as these giant in-Somthing influenced me to step in- struments can see. On the contrary, side and ask the price of the machine. it is found that all of the individual limited star cloud of which our sun is The engine burst into life, and I least he added: ". . . and chromium plat- see this cloud from inside looking out, like one insect looking out through a of the distance at which the stars be-"Could one fly round the world in gin to thin out, marking the edges of the star cloud. These calculations in-"Of course . . . easily!" was the dicate that the total number of stars in this cloud probably is 30 or 40 bil-

A Schwab Story Charles M. Schwab, steel magnate, loes not claim to be much of an oraof a farmer who aproached him.

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### The Truth About White Elephants

By P. B. Prior, in "Animal Life."

If you ask the average person what he knows of Siam he will probably reply that European capital is invested in the mines there. Beyond that he knows little or nothing.

Here and there, however, one may recall having read of Siam as "the land of the white elephant," which is greatly venerated there, and he will be little disposed to accept the statement that Siam is nothing of the kind.

The Siamese do not, and cannot, claim that theirs is 'the land of the white elephant," because in Ceylon, to the west, and Cambodia, to the east, veneration for certain elephants is as apparent as in Siam. Yet another, and very sufficient reason for avoiding such a claim is that the "white" elephant is not white at all. The myth of the white elephant was apparently set abroad by some early Western traveller wo collected information rather perfunctorily.

What the Siamese regard as sacred and do greatly honor, are what are known as "curious" elephants. Perhaps "freak" elephants would be a better translation of the Siamese phrase, though it savers of want of respect to his majesty the elephant. But the unusual in him has probably nothing whatever to do with his color. He may, for instance, have two extra toes on his fore feet; he may have certain peculiar markings on his body patches of red hair somewhere perhaps. But white-no! The nearest he ever approaches to white is a kind of dirty grey.

Whatever his peculiarily, however, they mark him out for extreme favors from youth. Directly a baby elephant is found with strange markings, in the north or north-east of Siam, news of the discovery is sent to Bangkok, the capital. Experts go at once to examine the youngster, and if their report is favorable, still greater-most probably royal-experts are despatched to make final decision as to whether he is worthy of veneration and as to the degree of veneration.

In him may reside the spirit of some departed great one of the Royal family, in him may even be the spirit of the Lord Buddha himself. It is not for us to inquire how these experts make a decision so momentous. The way of experts in Siam are like the ways of experts elsewhere-they are beyond the understanding of ordinary people.

Once it is decided that the youngster is the real thing, the country is agog with excitement. He has to be taken to Bangkok, there to be royally housed in special quarters within the Royal palace. The journey is in the nature of a triumphal procession. An occasion for merrymaking is to the Siamese to be seized with both hands, and on it they spend lavishly. No other nation can excel the Siamese in the art of making holiday or in discovering excuses for making holiday.

The young elephant's journey to the nearest large railway centre is a succession of boisterous welcomes and of gifts of choice foods. When he reaches the railway he finds a special train awaiting him, with spare engine and breakdown outfit attached. His majesty's progress must be made as smooth as possible. He travels in state and high comfort, attended by high members of court and church, and by many officials.

Cue member of the Royal family will accompany him, to say, Chiengmal, the northern capital, and will there hand him over to a more important member with a more imposing retinue of priests with officials. When the last day's journey, from Pitsanuloke to Bangkok, is entered upon, one very near to the reigning monarchprobably the heir-apparent - takes charge. Many Canadian folk will remember Prince Purachatra of Kambangbejra-hardly a name to conjure with-who visited Canada some years ago. This is the man who to-day takes final charge.

By now the youngster is probably tired of the travelling and the cheering, of feasting and having lustral water poured over him. But he has still to be welcomed by the King, and to be blessed by the highest dignataries of the Church. He has still to see a city made gay in his honor, and hundreds of thousands of people lining the streets and joyously acclaiming him as he passes. For two days the city is en fete.

Then he goes to his Royal quarters, and the capital returns to normal. Not for him any more are the joys of freedom. The loss of his freedom is the price he pays for his extra toes or whatever proclaims him royal or even sacred. His is the bondage that sometimes attaches to Royalty Occasionally he introduces a little

excitement into his hum-drum life. He goes mad for a little while, and kills his keeper-kneels on him and crushes him into a shapeless and unrecognizable mass.

That is the one grim privilege enjoyed by the "white" elephant, who is never nearer to white than a kind of dirty grey.

The private life of man is a mirror in which we may see many useful lessons reflected.-Napoleon 1.

A MIRROR

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO

(Author "Childn

A gene hearted of their t of man. the wood no madho ren are c Wild occupied

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SIMPLICITY Simplicity is an exact medium