

# 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 Mandring 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. Crane, while watching "The White House," comes to blows with an unknown, who proves to be Whittle. Whittle attempts to enter the house he is attacked; Whittle rescues him. Then he and Whittle are attacked at the inn where they are staying. The Empress calls in Julia Peitland.

### CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"Crane not only went to Mandring yesterday, but actually tried to get into the White House. Of course, that was very foolish of him. Stevenson, as we know, can be depended upon to deal with almost any situation no matter how awkward. He traced this Crane to the village inn. . . Well, that intrepid young man, so stoically quiet, is now safely back at the White House. I don't think he will give any more trouble. Birchall is there as well as Stevenson and the others," concluded the Empress.

The red-headed girl heaved a sigh of relief.

"So not much damage has been done?"

The Empress pulled at her cigarette, inhaled, and then blew out the smoke through her finely-chiselled nostrils.

"On the contrary," she replied crisply, "a great deal of damage has been done, I'm afraid. This man Crane—by the way, you haven't asked me yet how I got to know about him."

The girl pulled herself up with a start. What cunning this woman used! She remembered everything. In the excitement of the moment, she herself had forgotten that Stevenson had promised not to say anything about her mistake; it was her own fear that had impelled her to speak.

"Did Stevenson tell you?" she asked.

"No—that's a little matter I shall have to settle with him when I see him again. It was the American who told me the story; said he thought it best that I should know. But never mind that now; I was going to say that Crane had a companion down at Mandring."

"A companion?"

"Yes. And it's this fellow—who was also at the inn last night, but he got away somehow—who may cause us no end of trouble. And if he does—"

She did not add any further words, but the red-headed girl knew that the unspoken threat was directed against her.

A maid, after tapping on the door, entered.

"Yes, Stanton?"

The maid advanced and held out a card.

"The gentleman says he wishes to see you immediately, madam."

"Bartholomew. . ." mused Mrs. St. Clair, reading from the card; "I don't know any Bartholomew."

"He says he's from Jardine's, madam."

"Well, I'd better see him, I suppose."

"I will leave you," said Judith.

"All right, dear. Now, don't distress yourself too much. I shall be seeing you tonight at 'The Purple Dove.'"

She bestowed a perfunctory kiss on the cheek of the girl, who shrunk from the embrace and hurriedly left the room.

"I'm afraid," Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair told herself, "that poor Judith is losing her grip. I can't have people who make mistakes. . ."

After throwing away her cigarette, she prepared herself for the visitor. The name of her visitor had conveyed nothing to her, but, from the moment of his entry, she had a vague, uncomfortable suspicion that, somewhere or other, she had met him before.

"Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair?"

"That is my name."

The visitor half turned towards the door in order to make sure that what he was about to say could not be overheard.

"I have just five minutes, madam, in which to make a certain statement to you," he said.

"What is this? I understood you were from Jardine's?"

"One has to use a little finesse sometimes," was the reply. "I got to hear that Jardine's, the well known caterer, were superintending the dinner party you are giving here to-night, and, naturally enough, in order to see you, I made use of that name."

This woman had not risen to her pre-eminence in the world of crime without possessing a wonderful sang-froid.

"You can leave out the preliminaries," she remarked.

"Very well, then," came the retort; "you have in your possession—that is, in the possession of certain associates of yours—a young friend of mine

whose name is Crane—Philip Crane. He is an Englishman, who comes from Truro, and by nature is very inoffensive. It has happened that, through a peculiar set of circumstances, he has fallen across your path. Last night he was forcibly abducted from an Inn at Mandring, called 'The Jolly Sailor,' and taken—now, this is where you may be useful, Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair. I very much wish to know where your friend Crane was taken."

"You are, of course, mad!"

The visitor made a short, but not ungracious, inclination of his head.

"I expected something not quite so obvious," he commented. "Now," looking at his watch, "I find that three minutes of my five have already gone. That leaves us very little time in which to come to the understanding which, I can assure you, is—from your point of view, at least—very essential."

"Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Bartholomew—that, of course, is not your name—you come from America. We happen to be somewhat more civilized here than in the United States, in some respects. For instance, within one minute of my making a call through that telephone, I can be ordering your arrest."

The caller smiled.

"You would not be so foolish as that."

"Why not?"

"Because if the Police should come here, I could give them some very interesting information about yourself. Now, just this final word: Either you ring up your country headquarters, 'The White House,' near Mandring, and, in my presence, give the most definite instructions for Philip Crane to be released, or—"

"Yes?"

"I shall take what steps I think necessary."

The Empress did some quick thinking. She had not betrayed her emotions, she knew—she was far too much mistress of herself for that—but she realized who this man was: he was the companion of Crane in the affair of the previous night.

Who was he—a detective? Could that mean that the American police were also on the trail of Crane—or rather Birchall? She had to bluff.

"I'll give you just thirty seconds to leave this house," she said; and pressed the bell.

"It has been a real pleasure to meet you—Empress," said the visitor, and as though leaving Royalty he walked backwards to the door.

A few miles away a girl was sitting in a small, barely-furnished room, busily occupied with her thoughts. They were not pleasant reflections.

Margery Ferguson kept on telling herself that she should have been happy—as happy, that was, of course, as any girl in her circumstances could be expected to be. For here she was shielded from the world, kept out of danger, and surrounded by friends who lavished every care and attention upon her. Yet—

It was the thought of her father that brought such distress. How wretched he had made her life! What strange illogicality was it that caused a man so clever as George Ferguson to be such a weakling in his moral character? Ever since she could remember, he had been an irresponsible gambler. Even back in her early childhood—that was after her mother had died—she had come to the conclusion that her father was a man destined for trouble. For what other end was possible for him, with his weakness and general instability?

The door opened to interrupt this gloomy train of reflection. A sweet-expressed young woman, whose skin was like that of a schoolgirl's in its freshness, smiled at her as she placed a tray down on the small table.

"Ready for your milk, dear?" she asked.

Margery smiled back at her. What an angel this woman was! Coming straight from the turbulent, sun-baked world that she knew, Margery had found it difficult at first to believe that Sister Faith was really human. How she must have schooled and disciplined herself before reaching such a state of splendid selflessness.

"I don't like giving you all this trouble, Sister."

"Trouble! My dear, how many more times do I have to tell you it's a pleasure? Why, I don't know what my uncle would say if he heard you talking like this!" She held up a work-roughened finger in playful reproach.

Margery had to smile in sheer amusement this time. The contrast between the corpulent Soho restaurant proprietor and this human lily was so striking.

She got up and gently pressed the Sister down into her chair.

"I'm going to wait on you today," she said; "but the least she could do; she had protested many times during her short stay against being allowed the luxury of a private room, but the nuns had argued in turn that she wanted quiet and rest. So this delicious solitude was afforded her—and how heaven-sent she deemed it. Agitated, as she had been, storm-tossed and almost distraught, she had not felt she could have faced even the gentle stares of the nuns. These women might be out of the world, but a good many of them, she fancied, still maintained an acute interest in what was going on outside the four walls of the convent. They were not all like Sister Faith.

(To be continued.)

"The functions of government should be exercised to stimulate not 'big business' nor 'little business,' but all enterprise."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"The Potato Harvest"

A high bare field, brown from the plough, and borne  
 Aslant from sunset; amber wastes  
 of sky  
 Washing the ridge; a clamour of  
 crows that fly  
 In from the wide flats where the spent  
 tides mourn  
 To you their rocking roosts in pines  
 wind-torn;  
 A line of gray snake-fence that zig-  
 zags by  
 A pond and cattle from the hor e-  
 stead night  
 The long deep summonings of the sup-  
 per horn.

Black on the ridge, against that lonely  
 hush,  
 A cart, and stoop-necked oxen;  
 ranged beside  
 Some barrels; and the day-worn har-  
 vest folk,  
 Here emptying their baskets, jar the  
 hush  
 With hollow thunders. Down the  
 dusk hillside  
 Lumbers the wain; and day fades  
 out like smoke.  
 —Charles G. D. Roberts, "Poems."

"Sun and Snow"

Sunlight is curious about snow.  
 It glares intently,—wants to know  
 How flakes are made, and why the  
 crust  
 Of snow can powder into dust.

The sunlight cannot hold aloof  
 When snow is dazzling on a roof.  
 It wants to know what makes it  
 gleam,  
 And why the eaves should run a  
 stream.

Inquisitively, sunlight peers  
 At beauty melting into tears.  
 It stares surprised, and does not know  
 That its attentions melt the snow.  
 —Helen Maring.

"Two Young Torontonians 'Way Down South'"



More than a thousand miles away, Jean and Joan Nathanson, children of Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Nathanson of Toronto, are shown enjoying the balmy breezes of Florida. Looks good.

# Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"



### Spanish Melody

One of the most delightful things in Spain is its strange Eastern music, and of all the music by far the most magical is the "Malaguena." This is a plaintive little song or chant which is hummed under the breath, started by one, taken up and varied a little by another, carried right down the street like a thread of melody, every-one singing a few bars. Sometimes it is the veriest whisper; sometimes it rises to a wailing chant. It is quick

bewildering, for you cannot place it; it often seems to die away altogether and begin again as a sort of echo, but with different harmonies and intervals and always in a minor key. The narrow streets of Malaga are full of this strange ghostly music, and the women washing clothes in the riverbed all hum it, each one improvising as she goes on, but it always stops suddenly if it is noticed that any stranger is listening.—From "Spanish Sunshine," by Eleanor Elmer.

### A New Crime Museum

The famous Black Museum at Scotland Yard has now its counterpart in Rome, where a Museum of Crime has just been opened.

Some of the exhibits are very interesting. There is, for instance, a still-etto with the words "Corsican Vendetta" on the handle, and on the blade the grim legend: "May the wound made by me prove mortal."

Prisoners planning escape have been responsible for a special section. Among the exhibits here are nails, bolts, and even pen-knives which have been made into knives by the expenditure of infinite labour. More ingenious still is a dummy revolver, which one prisoner fashioned out of bread-crumbs and coloured black. It was so realistic that its maker was able to

intimidate a warder, with it and make his escape.

"If a man has no fear, he has no brains."—Barney Oldfield.



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## "FATIGUE? I just postpone it!"

"No, I don't have 'nerves.' You can't have them, and hold this sort of position. My head used to throbb around three o'clock, and certain days, of course, were worse than others."

"Then I learned to rely on Aspirin."

The sure cure for any headache is rest. But sometimes we must postpone it. That's when Aspirin saves the day. Two tablets, and the nagging pain is gone until you are home. And once you are comfortable the pain seldom returns!

Keep Aspirin handy. Don't put it away, or put off taking it. Fighting a headache to finish the day may be heroic, but it is also a little foolish. So is sacrificing a night's sleep because you've an annoying cold, or irritated throat, or grumbling tooth, neuralgia, neuritis. These tablets always relieve. They don't depress the heart, and may be taken freely. That is medical opinion. It is a fact established by the last twenty years of medical practise.

The only caution to be observed is when you are buying Aspirin. Don't take a substitute because it will not act the same. Aspirin is made in Canada.



Hubby—"A fool and his money are soon parted."  
 Wifey—"Oh, John, how much are you going to give me for my birthday?"

### Quotations

"There is a law of nature which says, use or lose."—Henry Ford.

"What the world needs today is not more wealth, but more confidence and more courage."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"The incapacity of an underpaid public to repurchase the material it produces is the domestic cause of the depression."—Will Durant.

"No game man over heads the count of ten. He is up before that."—Gene Tunney.

"Human nature does not differ according to geography."—S. L. Rothafel (Roxy).

"Irreligion is a dreadful philosophy to grow old on."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

"Those who explain too much prepare the way for those who excuse too much."—Sir Arthur W. Lewis.

"Truth cannot suffer a permanent defeat."—Henry Morgenthau.

"Seemingly, the wide world has gone to the bottom of the pit and dug in its toes. The trend henceforth must be upward."—Alfred E. Smith.

"I am far too busy to enjoy money; I have more than I want; and the difference in happiness has been negligible."—George Bernard Shaw.

"There are more changes going on in more fields of human belief and interest than ever happened at the same time in any earlier epoch."—Lord Lothian.

"There is no nation on earth that equals the British in capacity for self-deception."—Mahatma Gandhi.

"The greatest obstacle to international order is the enormously heightened nationalism which receives the attractive but misspelled name of patriotism."—Albert Einstein.

"The solution of the crime problem, after all, is the solution of the boy problem."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

"The war ended in 1918 on the field of battle, but in the field of ideas we have not yet outgrown the conditions which brought that war about."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"The honest way is to take the facts that we have, use what reason we have, and when we cannot answer questions, say that we do not know."—Clarence Darrow.

"Gold in international trade is like oil in an engine; it works only if it is well distributed and moves about; if it all sticks in one place, the machinery jams."—Sir Wm. H. Beveridge.

"Upon family life rests the welfare of the nation."—Mahatma Gandhi.

"It is easy to give; it is harder to make giving unnecessary."—Henry Ford.

"A good, strong, wholesome, well-organized minority is essential to the ultimate success of democratic action."—Alfred E. Smith.

"If I Were to Own"

If I were to own this countryside  
 As far as from a man in a day could ride,  
 And the Ties were mine for giving  
 or letting—

Wingle Tye and Margaretting  
 Tye—and Sreens, Gooishays, and  
 Cockerels,  
 Shellow, Rochetts, Bandish, and Pick-  
 erells,  
 Martins, Lambkins, and Lillypups,  
 Their copes, ponds, roads, and ruts,  
 Fields where plough-horses steam and  
 plovers

Fling and whimper, hedges that lovers  
 Love, and orchards, shrubberies, walls  
 Where the sun untroubled by north  
 wind falls,  
 And single trees where the thrush  
 sings well

His proverbs untranslatable,  
 I would give them all to my son  
 If he would let me any one  
 For a song, a blackbird's song, at  
 dawn. . . .

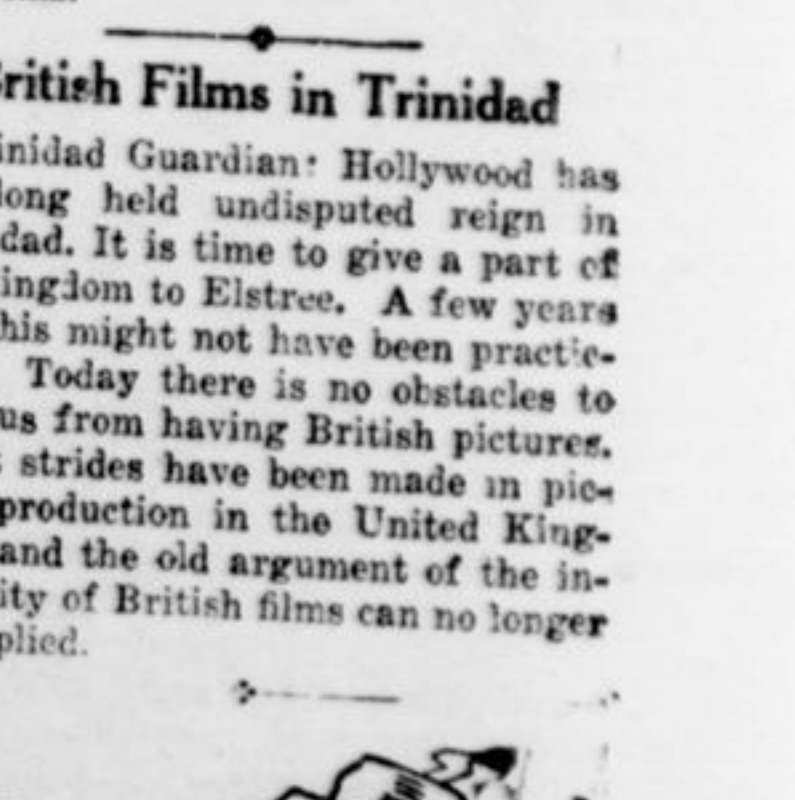
Then unless I could pay, for rent, a  
 song  
 As sweet as a blackbird's, and as  
 long—  
 No more—he should have the house,  
 not I:

Margaretting or Wingle Tye,  
 Or it might be Skreens, Gooishays, or  
 Cockerelle,  
 Shellow, Rochetts, Bandish, or Pick-  
 erells,  
 Martins, Lambkins, or Lillypups,  
 Should be his till the cart tracks had  
 no ruts.

—Edward Thomas, in "Collected Poems."

British Films in Trinidad

Trinidad Guardian: Hollywood has too long held undisputed reign in Trinidad. It is time to give a part of our kingdom to Eistrece. A few years ago this might not have been practicable. Today there is no obstacle to keep us from having British pictures. Great strides have been made in picture production in the United Kingdom, and the old argument of the inferiority of British films can no longer be applied.



"So Bobs invented a tie that is making millions?"

"Yes. One side is for the wife's taste and the other for the husband's."