

# 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 learns that her father is held captive by The Empress in Mandling, Kent. Placing Margery safely in a convent, Philip goes to Mandling to rescue her. Meanwhile Charles Whittle, American detective, is trailing a band of forgers and follows the same trail as Philip. They meet and join forces. Then Philip is abducted by two members of the gang. Margery fears for her father and Philip. When Philip regains consciousness he is confronted by his double, "Crane," who threatens him with torture.  
Whittle realizes the affair is too big to handle alone and goes to Scotland Yard.

## CHAPTER XVI—(Cont'd.)

They had got hold of Crane, and he was playing a lone hand. Although his employers in New York had intimated that they would prefer for the police to be kept out of it, yet, on the other hand, they had given him full permission, if circumstances necessitated him doing so, to go to Scotland Yard—or, indeed, to the police chiefs of any other country into which his investigations led him.

It was a bad luck having to interview this man, but, nevertheless, as a matter of plain duty, he felt he had to state his case.

"Well, what's it all about?" enquired Bodkin, the sneer very palpable now.

"There's a village in Kent called Mandling," started the American briskly; "it's only a few miles from Hythe. Just outside this village there's a large place named 'The White House.' Two men are being kept prisoner there."

"Go on—this sounds funny."

"Funny or not, it's the truth."

"One of these is a friend of mine, a young aeroplane designer. He works for his uncle, Sir Timothy Padden, in Cornwall."

The eyes of the Detective-Inspector opened wider.

"What's he doing at Mandling?"

"That's a long story. But he's in that house, kept there against his will. It's a clear case of abduction. He and I were staying last night at Mandling at an inn called 'The Jolly Sailor.' About three o'clock, the place was attacked, and he was taken away. I came to London as soon as possible to get help—there is a strong guard, and I had little chance of doing much on my own."

Bodkin smiled in a manner that disfigured his already unpleasant face.

"You seem to be busy," he remarked; "weren't you ringing us up the other night about something? A fellow called Crane?"

"His real name is Birchall," supplied the other.

"Well, Crane or Birchall, what's he got to do with you? Aren't you over here on a holiday?"

"I am—and I'm not. I rang up the other night to know if this crook, Birchall, had been traced to London. He was clever enough, let me remind you, to give you the slip at Southampton. Watson said he would let me know." The speaker leaned forward.

"You don't want me to tell Watson that you've given me the merry haul? I'd do you? Because I'll tell you this, Bodkin, in the hope of making me look a fool, you're running a pretty grave risk of neglecting your duty."

"I am, am I?"

Whittle nodded.

"You are—and you can take that as the straight goods. Perhaps, before we go any further, you'd like to look at this." He pulled out a pocket-book and from it took a paper. Smoothing this out, he laid it before the Scotland Yard official.

Bodkin's manner underwent a change as he read the few lines of typewritten matter.

"Why didn't you show me this at the beginning?" he demanded.

"Because I gave you credit for a little intelligence," was the shattering reply; "you've known me now for over ten years, and yet you have the damned gall to think that I'd come here on a cock-and-bull errand. Now then; are you going to see to this Mandling affair, or not?"

Before Bodkin could reply, the telephone on his desk rang.

"Excuse me," he said, with a belated attempt at courtesy.

"Carry on being a copper," was the smooth reply.

Bodkin scowled, but the next moment his attention was occupied with the words that came over the wire.

"Who do you say you are?" he asked. And when the reply came: "Do you mind repeating that?"

He listened for a few moments, and then, drawing a pad towards him, scribbled a few pencilled notes.

Then, with a final: "I'll certainly be along, madam," he replaced the receiver.

"This a love affair of yours?" asked Whittle, who thought it was his turn to jibe.

"I was speaking to a nun," was the answer.

"Naughty man! I thought nuns lay—"

ed within four walls, and never had any talk with anyone—let alone a course-minded copper like you!"  
"Don't try to be funny; that message was serious. I couldn't get the full hang of it, but it's something about a girl who's supposed to be threatened by a gang of crooks and whose father is in a house at Mandling."  
The amusement left the American's face. Whittle was now keen and intent.

"Which proves that what I've just been telling you is something more than hot air," he said.

Bodkin leaned back in his swivel chair.

"We get some funny people telephoning us here; but the Mother Superior of a Convent is quite new." He rose, and took from a hook behind the door a bowler hat that badly wanted brushing. "I'm going along to this place now," he went on; "if you like you can come too."

"I do like," replied Whittle. He knew the other did not want his company, but this fact merely increased his desire to see for himself the girl who was to supply another missing link in the mystery.

But disappointment met them at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. They found the Mother Superior in a state of great agitation.

"I don't quite know what has happened," she told the stowing Detective-Inspector, "but Miss Ferguson, the girl I was speaking about on the telephone, has disappeared."

"Gone?"

"Yes,—and in the most unaccountable manner. Although no one saw her leave, the inference is that she acted on a sudden and ungovernable impulse, and left the Convent."

At this point Whittle insinuated himself into the conversation.

"May I inquire if she knew you intended to telephone Scotland Yard?" he asked.

"No, I don't think so. She confided her trouble to one of our Sisters this morning, and the latter certainly did mention the police, but she gave no indication that a communication would be made to the authorities. When Sister Faith told me about it, I made the decision myself."

"It's easy to see what's happened," said Whittle to Bodkin; "the girl got frightened. Her father is in the hands of this gang, and she thought, no doubt, that he would be arrested with the rest."

Bodkin nodded.

"I feel so anxious about the poor child," went on the Mother Superior. "May I ask what you intend to do?"

"We shall make a search for her," was the guarded reply.

"Will you let me have any news?" "Certainly, madam."

Still frowning, for he felt that Fate had made a fool of him, the Inspector turned to the door.

Outside the Convent, he turned to Whittle.

"I'll pass this on to Watson," he said; "he'll be returning to duty this afternoon. I'm only deputising. You'd better come along to the Yard at four o'clock. I'll tell him you'll be there, eh?"

"All right."

And so the two parted.

Four o'clock. That meant the loss of some valuable hours, but Whittle did not see how this could be averted.

In the meantime, he decided to pay a visit to a man who lived in the neighborhood of Baker Street. Abe Goldschmidt, that once famous criminal lawyer who, on his retirement, left New York to settle in London, might be able to tell him something further about The Empress. Although he was out of business, Goldschmidt, through his former connections with the criminal underworld, knew a great deal that was going on behind the scenes in London. And, in any event, he would be sure of a very entertaining conversation. Although official enemies in the past, through being arrayed on different sides of the law, Goldschmidt and he had privately always been very good friends. And this friendship had increased since the lawyer had retired from his extensive practice amongst the crooks of New York.

This was a curious set of circumstances in which Whittle now found himself, and he was pondering over the different links in the chain when he stepped absent-mindedly off the pavement.

He heard a shrill cry of warning, caught sight out of the corner of his eye of a great green car bearing down upon him, and then, everything went black.

A crowd soon collected, and a policeman bent over the form of the unconscious man lying in the roadway.

"It's all right, officer; don't you worry. This gentleman's a friend of mine. I was so excited at seeing him that I could not pull up in time. But I'm sure he's not badly hurt."

The constable stared at the speaker.

"It seems to me," he said severely, "that you were driving far too fast. You might have killed him."

"No need to take him to a hospital; I'm a doctor," said another voice. A

briskmannered, middle-aged man made a rapid examination.

"Nothing serious, officer," he said, "he's just stunned. Be as right as rain in half-an-hour."

"I'll take him to my place in Montagu Street," said the driver of the car. Can you spare the time, doctor?"

Within ten minutes the big car pulled up at what looked like a mews. The driver got down from his seat, opened the door and winked at the doctor.

"Easy enough wasn't it?" he remarked; "and now let's get the swine inside."

(To be continued.)

Yes, Four . . .

Three things on earth are strong and beautiful:

White, gleaming snow that lies, the winter done,

Scattered along the shady fields like wool,

And braves beyond its hour the conquering sun;

The last of day beyond the western hill

Linger, whose dim tremulous shaft of light

Touches the verge of sleeping earth until

Itself is quenched by the slow dark of night;

And the last desolate leaf that will not go

Is flitting way from naked woodland thicket

By autumn, when the ghosts of summer blow,

A swirl of dying beauty, down the wind.

Yes, four on earth are beautiful and strong;

These, and the last wise man who travels yet,

Untouched by changing Time and Fate, along

The ancient ways that foolish men forget.

—G. H. Vallins, in John O'London's Weekly.

Staying Power

It is possible to gain your end simply by tiring your opponent out, but this is not a noble way of gaining one's end; nor can it be commended save under pressure of peculiar circumstances. Still we may be usefully reminded how much depends in life upon "staying power." Two eagles will occasionally pursue a hare, one flying low, coursing it along the ground, the other keeping perpendicularly above the terrified animal. When the lowest eagle tires, they change places, and pursue the same system of tactics, until the hare is completely wearied out.

Many young people have failed to make anything high and noble of their lives; have failed to triumph over anything, or to gain anything, because they could not keep; or they got tired themselves, and so were beaten. They never succeeded in tiring anybody else out. The old motto says, "All things come round to him who can wait." But it is assumed that he is steadily working on, at the duty of the hour, while he waits.

SERVICE

Until we begin to learn that the only way to serve God in any real sense of the word is to serve our neighbor we may have knocked at the wicket gate, but I doubt if we have got our foot across the threshold of the kingdom.—George MacDonald.

Bigotry

It is possible to be bigoted in our very broadness. We fail to remember that what may be ridiculous to us may be sacred to others.—Sidney Ransom.

THE PRIZE

It turns to nothing as grand Turns to nothing in the hand, On again, the virtue lies In the struggle, not the prize.

Danger in the old wars never came till you were ready for it, all keyed up for it, wanting it. And it was over in no time—it was like a thunderstorm, fearsome and full of light, and then gone! In any good old campaign the armies always laid off for winter, and always took time off for saints' days, holidays, and generals' birthdays on both sides. They stopped for wet weather, muddy weather, or when there was too much static in the air. A campaign lasted as a rule all summer with a battle once a month, lasting anywhere from twenty minutes to all day. Waterloo began after early lunch, and all concerned were finished for late dinner. Wolfe's battle at Quebec lasted twenty minutes. It had taken from the first week in January till the middle of September to get it ready.

As to danger of death, the open life was so superior to sedentary work at home that it was on the whole safer to be at war. England lost, in 22 years of war with France, only 100,000 soldiers—about 5,000 a year. About half of these died of fever: in the West Indies without any battles at all. Apart from fever the mortality at home was far greater.

Ruth Nicholls, famous flier, "hit the ceiling, recently, when she went up 21,000 feet, freeing two altimeters and crippling two cylinders of her plane.

# Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

## Will Warfare Become Obsolete?

A different view, as seen by Stephen Leacock, in the Rotarian (Jan., 1932).

The war hounds, the real ones, the real hot dogs who talk of nothing else—assure us that the next great war is going to be something awful. And it appears that the people who get it in the neck are not these war hounds themselves, but us—you and I—the ordinary plain people who never saw a gun fired in anger outside of a bar-room.

It seems, so they say, that the whole attention of the armies will be devoted to destroying civilians—women and children especially. Bombs will be dropped from the air: we will be blown up on our own golf links; killed with gas while at the movies. Churches will be no place for people who fear death and sick people had better keep away from hospitals.

These war hounds keep cheering up with bigger and brighter bombs, higher and higher explosives, yellow and yellow gas. They have an explosive now that will blow us 500 feet in the air; last year we were only up to four.

And there's a new gas that you can't see as it approaches; it has no smell, so you can't smell it; it gives no feeling, so you don't feel it. Without having the least idea of it you are dead.

This is really an awful picture. But personally I take no stock in it. I think these war hounds work off this stuff on us because they are scared themselves. For the first time the soldiers are afraid, so they try to pass it on.

Now I have acquired from much reading about wars in past ages the notion that war is coming to an end. In fact it is almost there now. The reason is that war has lost what you might call its charm, the peculiar fascination that it had up till about fifty years ago. In those good old days war was the greatest of open-air sports. The life was free and open, the food good, and the danger practically nothing, or nothing more than being at home.

Think of the wonderful attraction for a young officer setting off for war. He embarked on a troop ship—a huge floating castle under sail: music, sunshine, tears, farewells, brandy and brandy, glorious. Any danger of a bomb from the air? Good heavens, no! Never dreamed of it. Any fear of being blown up at night by a submarine? Good Lord, no! Any danger of anything? Not till we got to the scene of war. When do we get there? Oh, in about six months.

Thus used to sail the French and the English to the West Indies: cards and brandy and soda on deck all day; played under an awning for 10 rupees a punto. That's the life!

Thus sailed a United States naval expedition somewhere about a hundred years ago for the island of Sumatra. Why? To punish a native chief. Now if anybody can think of better fun than what "punishing a native chief" used to be, I want to hear of it. Time of this expedition, four months out and four months back.

Wars are involved bombardment of Quetta Bohn, or some such place, for half an hour, then a native banquet with hams, yams, clams and a native drink called "hooroo"! And at all these banquets, of course, there were girls, lots of them, yellow, tan, brown, anything. They always collected them in any of the dear old expeditions. After which they collected the ransom and sailed home.

Danger in the old wars never came till you were ready for it, all keyed up for it, wanting it. And it was over in no time—it was like a thunderstorm, fearsome and full of light, and then gone! In any good old campaign the armies always laid off for winter, and always took time off for saints' days, holidays, and generals' birthdays on both sides. They stopped for wet weather, muddy weather, or when there was too much static in the air. A campaign lasted as a rule all summer with a battle once a month, lasting anywhere from twenty minutes to all day. Waterloo began after early lunch, and all concerned were finished for late dinner. Wolfe's battle at Quebec lasted twenty minutes. It had taken from the first week in January till the middle of September to get it ready.

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Can we wonder that war flourished? For the officers it was, literally, a picnic: as for the common people, they didn't matter in those days. But they probably liked it fairly well—better than at home anyway.

Gradually the thing began to get spoiled. New weapons were invented which were really dangerous to handle. Napoleon's wars were fought with an old flintlock gun, which, if handled carefully, was not very dangerous. If fired too quick it might kick or burst and do damage.

The American Civil War was, as we can see it now, the real turning point. The Americans, as usual, took hold of a good thing, improved it, and spoiled it. They got busy inventing iron-clad warships, submarines, trench mortars, and heaven knows what. General McClellan had the right idea; he proposed four years' drill before going to war. Grant butted in and spoiled it.

The Civil War was—in all reverence—the last of the heroic age of war. Then came the war of the Machine Age, the war of gas, bombs, depth charges: where personal valor is of no avail: where right does not conquer; where the weak go down: where the Mass Production of Death drops its wholesale harvest.

No, it won't do. All people are sick of it. War's finished. It's too dangerous. The League of Nations can try as they like to keep it alive. Their votes and debates and disputes in the old days would have started a war every six months. But not now. Any two nations who start fighting are now looking over their shoulder for some one to intercede and stop them.

Very soon, too, the nations will get slack about armament. It is hard for a busy nation to keep it up. I imagine that in about 20 years the Geneva Pact will carry such letters as this:

From the League of Nations. To the States: Business Manager of the United States: Dear Sir:

I regret to inform you that the present condition of your armament is decidedly below the standard required by this League for qualification. Your battle cruiser is in the opinion of all who have seen it quite obsolete and appears to have only three cylinders instead of five, while the feed box is inadequate for the engine. We have already protested against the disgraceful condition of your submarine and cannot accept your plea that it is not meant to go under water.

That, I hope, no, I am sure—will be the tenor of international correspondence in a few years. And meantime war is drifting the way of all the good old glad things. The old-fashioned Christmas, the old-fashioned dance,

the bright old days of the sleigh rides and the log fires are gone and with them, also, dear old war has got to go.

Tranquility

The fountain of tranquility is within ourselves; let us keep it pure.—Phocian.

Old men like to give good advice; it consoles them for being no longer able to give a bad example.—Le Rochefoucauld.

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"THESE HARD TIMES"

"The hard times and scarcity of money makes it more important than ever to economize. One way I save on clothes is by renewing the color of faded or out-of-style dresses, coats, stockings, and underwear. For dyeing, or tinting, I always use Diamond Dyes. They are the most economical ones by far because they never fail to produce results that make you proud. Why, things look better than new when redyed with Diamond Dyes. They never spot, streak, or run. They go on smoothly and evenly, when in the hands of even a ten-year-old child. Another thing, Diamond Dyes never take the life out of cloth or leave it limp as some dyes do. They deserve to be called 'the world's finest dyes!'"

S.B.G., Quebec.

## Brevities

Forecasts to the number of 2,551,000 live in France, half a million of them being residents in Paris.

France has increased her population by more than one million since 1926; it is now nearly 42,000,000.

Large enough to deal with one hundred coaches an hour, the largest motor-coach station in the world is being built at Victoria, London.

Artificial leather made from wool is one of the successful experiments carried out by the British Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

An eight-day watch, no bigger than a three-penny-piece and over one hundred years old, is one of the priceless treasures of the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers, London, England.

Weighing twenty tons, the main door of a new safe deposit in London is fitted with a lock which can give one million different combinations.

Tarantulas, the spiders with the poisoned bite, have one curious little trait—the mother carries her young, to the number of as many as fifty at a time, on her back.

Although the Bible has been printed up to date in 572 languages, it is estimated that it will not be available in every one of the 2,500 tongues of the world for another 200 years.

Receipts from passenger fares on the Atlantic liners trading between Europe and North America are estimated to have dropped \$50,000,000, or nearly \$5,000,000 a month, during last year.

Bristol (England) can boast of two really ancient inns, the license of one having been in existence in 1241, while the other is described on a city plan dating from between 1250 and 1350 as "apparently a very ancient hostelry."

Investigation of one thousand children in Glasgow seems to prove that there is a distinct connection between height and intelligence, which was more noticeable among boys than girls.

"Talkies" have been tried in fifteen schools in Middlesex (England), before 3,600 children; normal children were stimulated in their work, and even the "dunces" were roused to a greater desire to learn.

Prince William of Prussia, the eldest son of the German ex-Crown Prince, is a lawyer. Among other German royalties are now a bank clerk, farmer, a shipping clerk, a motor salesman, and an artist.

The names of all the Members of Parliament, 32,000 in all, during the six centuries between 1258 and 1832 are contained in a wonderful compilation of Parliamentary information shortly to be issued as a Blue Book.

Passengers who miss their trains at the St. Lazare Station, Paris, will shortly be able to enjoy a thirty-minute film show while waiting. The cinema, which will hold 250 people, will give a continuous performance from 9 a.m. till midnight.

A whale which landed on the beach at Llandudrog, Carnarvonshire, was 11 feet long and weighed 1,000 pounds.

Funds are being raised to restore one of Oxfordshire's most famous landmarks the ancient windmill at Northleigh, near Witney.

A safe containing £200 worth of stamps, money orders and postal orders was stolen from the sub-post office in Alburgh Rd., Grassendale, Liverpool.

Volcanic Action

The recent triple volcanic eruption in Guatemala was in many ways typical. There were the usual warning signals: strong earth shocks, outpourings of smoke and steam, and loud explosions audible for scores of miles around. Then followed the usual eruptions: volcanic ashes and dust, which fell in some places to a depth of one meter, ruining the crops, and a shower of small stones on near-by cities. As often happens, there was no flow of lava.

The eruption was typical also in its unexpectedness. For years none of the three volcanoes had been active. Then all three erupted at once. Volcanologists have found that even long inactivity does not necessarily mean a volcano is extinct.

Volcanoes are caused by the pressure of steam and other gases against the earth's surface. Various theories have been offered to explain how these gases accumulate. One is that water, penetrating to the hot interior of the earth, is boiled to steam, and that the pent-up steam collects until the pressure becomes so great that the earth's surface cracks.

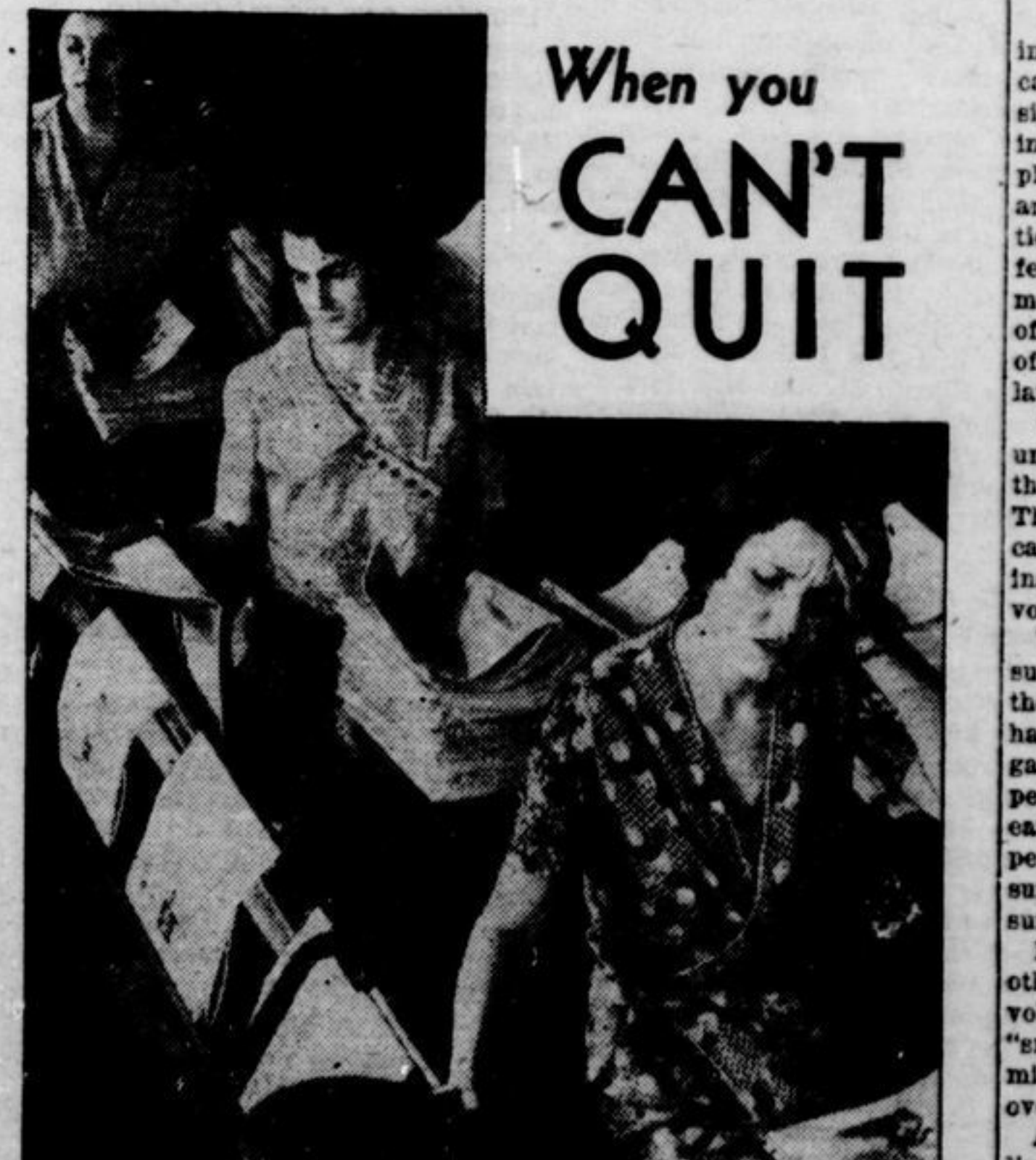
However they originate, steam and other hot gases always accompany volcanic eruptions; they form the "smoke," which sometimes mounts miles in the sky and blots out the sun over huge areas.

As the gases cool, they condense to liquids, which mix with the dust and ashes to form torrents of mud. Hot lava flows from the craters in slowly moving rivers or is thrown into the air in twisted lumps known as "volcanic bombs."

Cottons For Men?

Now that cottons have been announced as the summer fashion for women's dresses, even those for evening wear, wouldn't it be commendable if some humanitarian would design an outfit for men whereby they might appear in similarly cool and comfortable summer attire!—The Christian Science Monitor.

## When you CAN'T QUIT



A HEADACHE is often the sign of fatigue. When temples throb it's time to rest. If you can't stop work, you can stop the pain. Aspirin will do it, every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and carry-on—in perfect comfort.

Don't work with nerves on edge or try all day to forget some nagging pain that Aspirin will end in a jiffy! Aspirin can do you no harm; just be sure that it is Aspirin with Bayer on each tablet.

In every package you'll find proven directions for headaches, colds and sore throat; neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Carry these tablets with you, and be prepared. To block a sudden cold on the street-car; quiet a grumbling tooth at the office; relieve a headache in the theatre; spare you a sleepless night when nerves are "jumping."

And no modern girl needs "time out" for the time of month! Your little box of Aspirin tablets is sure relief for all such pain.

Take Aspirin for any ache or pain, and take enough to end it. It can't harm you. At drug stores everywhere. Made in Canada.