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FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

SYNOPSIS

Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, articled to a solicitor, makes a brave but unsuccessful attempt to thwart three thieves in a bag-snatching raid. The bag was torn from the hands of a girl who explains that it contains the day's takings of her father's shop.

He attempts to track the thieves and reaches an old warehouse. Adam enters the building while the girl watches the door. Suddenly he hears footsteps.

The man turns out to be Adam's employer—Corville Perkin.

Adam, in his private hours experiments with short-wave wireless.

Walking homeward, Adam is nearly run down by a huge swift car.

He calls on Priscilla Norval.

Her father recounts the history of five antique chairs he possesses.

Adam is extremely puzzled over the connection of Corville Perkin and Montada who wants the antique chairs. Then Priscilla is spirited away.

Adam still stood where he was. "You do your part, now," the lawyer commanded, and the hunchback moved towards the end of the hall and disappeared through a door under the stairs. "Come along, Meriston. My time's limited, very limited."

Into Adam's mind the conception was slowly penetrating that he must do his utmost to delay. There was the Professor somewhere outside and their driver. No match, either of them, for the three who confronted him now, particularly as one at least of these three was armed, but capable of creating a diversion of some kind possibly, and, at all events, the only resource he had. He wondered at their long delay in following him, and blamed them bitterly and irrationally for not having rushed like him into this trap.

"For the last time," said Mr. Perkin grimly and thrust something hard against his back. Adam moved slowly forward and his slowness seemed to annoy the gunster. "Quicker," he said and jabbed harshly with the muzzle of the gun. Then an idea seemed to strike him. "You two go and take care of the old fool and the driver of their car. I can manage this one."

Adam was now at the foot of the stairs reluctantly beginning to climb. The two burly men entered the hall and threw open the door through which he had entered. "Now then, what do you think you're playin' at," exclaimed one of them. "We've no time to listen to the wireless today, thank you."

"Oh, but I am sure you will like this one," said the voice of Professor Starling from the open door. "Keep your hair, I mean your hat, on, Meriston."

"You stop fooling and come along outside with me, unless you want to go to kingdom come, too, you bald-headed old nanny," said the man.

Adam was now four stairs up. He glanced down into the hall, saw the two men fall back as if amazed, from the doorway, heard one of them gasp out an astonished "Crikey!" Felt a last gentle prod from Perkin's gun, almost a timorous prod. Then he heard the gun fall clattering on the stairs. He sprang round. The two men were tugging at the great hall door. Mr. Perkin was dashing to help them. The three were mixed up in a mad scramble in the course of which the door swung open to their frantic effort. Then they rushed out into the tangled garden and were lost from his sight.

"Good job you packed all the batteries, since there seems to be no electric light available here, though I must say they do make it extremely difficult to carry," came the voice of the fastidious Professor. "Hullo, who's this?"

The hunchback was gliding stealthily along the side of the stairs. "Stay where you are, my man, unless you want to get a thorough fright," advised the Professor suavely.

The hunchback paused and glanced around him. He paused just long enough to allow the rays to be directed on him, just long enough for them to take effect. Then he put his arms up as if to protect his head and charged blindly for the open air."

"Eight seconds at fifteen feet. A particularly susceptible subject," commented the Professor, taking out his notebook. A moment later he dropped it. "Hello! Smoke!" he said. Adam dashed up the stairs.

It was a two-storey building with an attic and he began a hurried search on the first floor, flinging open doors that revealed only empty, dust-laden rooms with queer streaks of light squeezing through their shuttered windows. The fourth door resisted him and from behind it he heard a voice he knew. With a splintering crash the door came away from its ancient hinges. It would have had to be a powerful door that would have stopped him then. This room was roughly furnished with a bed and dressing table. Its windows were unshuttered. Lying on the bed was a bound female figure, a figure in a linen blouse and a skirt he recognized immediately.

"Oh, it's you at last," she cried as he stooped to hack with his penknife at her bonds. "You'll have to hurry. The place is on fire. That awful man said we should be blown up together."

He glanced round. A pungent whisp of smoke curled lazily through the doorway. There was no further need to tell him to hurry. He made a last slash at the linen that constricted her limbs, seized a sheet from the bed and, swinging her to the window, proceeded to lower her with the sheet passed under her arms. He had to let her drop the last few feet and immediately she was clear he lowered himself from the sill and dropped too. A professional fireman could not have performed a more efficient or a speedier rescue.

Their car stood before the front door still. The overgrown garden was deserted and Mr. Perkin's car had disappeared. Adam hurried with Priscilla to some trees at what he deemed to be a safe distance. "Stand well away from the house under the shelter of the trees," he told her. "I must go and see that the others are clear."

He rushed away and forced a path through the shrubbery at the end of the house. At the back the driver was standing near the open window lighting a cigarette.

"Where's the Professor?" cried Adam.

"He went in there after you, sir, a few minutes ago."

"Good God. You get round to the front quick. There's a young lady there. Look after her. But keep well away from the house. It's mined."

The driver threw down his cigarette and stamped on it. Perhaps he felt safer when it was no longer alight. Then he hurried off, keeping as far as possible from the building as he made his way round to the front.

"THE PLACE IS MINED."

Adam did not wait to see him go. Still in a mood for violent and effective action he scrambled over the sill and pushed through the smoke-wreaths that clouded the big room with lazy pungent clouds. In a second he had reached the hall. It was empty. At the foot of the stairs he paused to call out at the top of his voice, bracing himself every moment to endure the final crash.

He could hear someone moving about overhead. "Come out! Come out, quick!" he shouted, gasping in the smoke-laden air.

"Eh? What's that?" came an unperturbed old gentleman's voice from overhead.

"Come out! Come out, I say!"

"I take it you have found the young lady? It would be worth your while to take a look up here though. There has been something very interesting going on," came the answer from the top of the stairs.

The dreadful, unhurriable little man! Impossible to drive into his head that there was danger. Adam made a couple of bounds to the top of the stairs, caught the protesting Professor about the waist, slung him unceremoniously across his shoulder and stumbled blindly down again into the smoke of the hall.

"Hadn't you better bring the circuit with you, Meriston?" he heard him say as he dashed through the big room to the window.

It was not until he had been plumped rudely on the path outside that the poor little man got his chance to protest. "My dear Meriston," he began. "This is really, if I may say so——"

"Get back, you old fool! The place is mined. You'll be blown up!"

"That would be a new experience for me ....." began the old fellow.

But Adam interrupted him by proceeding to force him violently backwards across the yard.

(To be Continued.)

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1. Write a short statement (under 50 words) on why you prefer RIT Dyes and send it together with an empty RIT package (or reasonable facsimile) and your name and address, to John A. Huston Co. Ltd., 46 Caledonia Rd., Toronto.
2. Send as many as you wish; contest closes midnight June 29, 1935.
3. 1,000 prizes will be awarded on the decision of the judges, which will be final. Whether you win a pair of silk stockings or not, we will mail to all entrants free of charge, our famous booklet—"The A.B.C. of Home Rug Making".

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TINTS and DYES It is a convenient *scored* wafer, easier to measure; won't sift out of the package.

SIMPLE RULES FOR YOUNG CYCLISTS

Police Send Copies of Regulations to Ottawa Schools

Ottawa. — In an effort to check the increasingly number of accidents in traffic to boys and girls on bicycles, city police have launched a campaign in which the assistance of school teachers is being sought to educate children to take greater care while on their bicycles.

Chief Emile Joliat has sent to every public and separate school a synopsis of the provincial and city regulations governing the equipment and operation of bicycles with the request that the principals direct attention to their pupils to them in whatever way seems best. In addition, the chief has prepared eight primary rules for safe cycling which he believes would reduce the accident toll if generaly adopted. The rules are:

"Never ride two or more abreast.

"Always ride as close as possible to the right-hand curb and steer a straight rourse. Riding in a zig-zag erratic manner is very dangerous to yourself and confusing to the drivers of other vehicles.

"Never take hold of a street car or automobile for the purpose of being drawn along the street.

"Do not ride your bicycle on the sidewalk or on a footpath.

"Never carry another person on a bicycle designed for one.

"Never pass a street car on the left-hand side or when stopped to take or let off passengers.

"When coming out to the street from a laneway or gateway, ride slowly and make sure that no pedestrians are nearby and that there is no approaching traffic in the vicinity.

"Never remove your feet from the pedals when going down hill."

Amphibian Car Crosses Channel

Calais To Dover Trip On Novel Apparatus Made In Eight Hours

Dover, England, — A novel amphibian motorcar clambered, dripping wet, onto dry land here recently and rolled on toward London, after crossing the Channel from Calais in eight hours and 20 minutes. The machine was operated by Jacob Boulig, German sportsman.

The Channel—scene of many freak passages, including ones by mermaids, mermen, water bicyclists and a man who tried to walk across on water skis—probably never saw anything quite as complacent as this slow-moving "land ferry," chugging along with its paddle-wheels cutting a leisurely wake.

It was the first such crossing but such a motor car is not likely to prove popular, since regular Channel steamers from Dover to Calais make the trip in about an hour.

If our inward griefs were seen written on our brow, how many would be pitied who are now envied! —Metastasio.

ENGLAND PROUD OF CHINAWARE

Pottery Exhibition in London Includes Teapot 250 Years Old

London. — Probably the oldest teapot in existence, a diminutive red and gilt affair of painted Staffordshire ware, is one of the features of an exhibition of English pottery from 1350 to 1935 at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Some probably beautiful and certainly wealthy lady of 250 years ago brewed half-cups in this doll's pot at half a guinea an ounce, remarks the News Chronicle. She washed it herself, of course, which is why it stands without a flaw in its case, god to look at today.

"Let those who think we take our pleasures sadly observe in the 18th-century room how high spirits can be immortalized in a soupdish," the writer goes on.

"Here are enachanting tureens in the shape of waggish rabbits, who seem to be cocking their highly-glazed ears to catch the jokes in the table-talk. The pottery of today makes wonderful patterns against severe, linen-covered backgrounds from the streamlined kitchen and laboratory utensils of mass-production to the signed work of studio potters, the artists of the craft.

"The machine, I was told by Mr. Packham, Curator of Ceramics, has not learned to copy the flowing brush strokes of the artist."

The cream-colred ware of Josiah Wedgewood and the bone china dishes of Josiah Spode captured the world's markets 150 years ago because they could be washed for a generation without being scratched.

"No foreign manufacturer has ever approached the technical perfection of English ware" the paper says proudly.

TASKS OF YOUTH

Heirs To Turmoil Also Left Tools For Work, Beatty Says—Address At McGill.

Montreal — In his capacity of Chancellor of McGill University, E. W. Beatty delivered the Baccalaureate address to graduating students of the university at a special service recently.

"The world of which you are the heirs is one of bitter strife and turmoil," the chancellor told the students. "We—your elders—have dealt unfairly with you. From our fathers we inherited a world of growing wealth. We carried on the task of widening its bounds. We spread ploughed lands to the edge of the desert and to the line where good soil ends in the rocky wilderness of the north. We built railways from sea to sea. We linked the continents with ships. We destroyed the barrier of space to human speech. We split matter into its final fragments—even to the point where matter ceases to be matter and seems to be force. We opened the storehouse of knowledge to all. We broke down the bars of caste. We gave plain man the luxury of ancient kings. We widened liberty and made toil no longer a burden.

"We risked all this in the hazard of war and in a mad race for profit and pleasure. You know what followed—the crash of fortunes; the long line of idle men appealing for help; the rising clamor of discontent, and the constant bitter argument concerning the case of all our troubles.

"You have to rebuild what has been wrecked. You have to begin again the task of building a better world. With all our errors we have given you the tools with which to work. How they are to be used is for you to learn.

"What we can tell you is where lay our single fault. We never failed lacked for skill. We stressed too much the qualities of body and of mind. We gave too little thought to those spiritual values by which all human progress must be weighed."

Huge Trillium Has 22 Petals

Cantley, Que. — T. B. Gow disclosed recently he has grown a mommoth white trillium, and would like it diagnosed. The trillium, a so-called double one, has 22 petals instead of the regulation three. Gow said he discovered the flower in the bush near his home and transplanted it to his garden.

FOR SQUEAKING SHOES

Stand the shoes for 24 hours in a shallow tray of castor oil. Let the oil reach to the junction of sole and upper and no farther; if it soaks into the leather of the uppers you will never be able to polish them.

Green tea drinkers will find a sheer delight in the exquisite flavour of Salada Japan tea. Try a package.

"SALADA" JAPAN TEA

Your Handwriting Reveals Your Character!

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Geoffrey St. Clair
Graphologist

(Editors Note: Interest has mounted in the recent articles in this series, and this week's article, with its human interest problem, makes absorbing reading. Have you consulted this Graphologist on your problems?)

Should a girl make a real sacrifice for a friend, when in her heart she feels that she should follow her own course, irrespective of the friend. This letter is a little unusual, and I am giving part of it as this week's problem:

"Dear Mr. St. Clair: My girl friend and I are both interested in the same man. She has been telling me for many months that she is in love with him and he reciprocates. A few weeks ago I met him for the first time at the home of a mutual friend, and he instantly became interested in me. Since then he has been meeting me quite often and now affects a love for me. When I told him about my girl friend, he said that he had never been interested in her to the extent of love, and that she must have been making up a romance out of very slender threads Now my girl friend is cross with me for letting this man take me out and says that a real friend would not double-cross her as she says I am doing. Will you please look at the three writings I am sending you, and give me your honest opinion. Is the man deceiving me or is it really true that my girl friend was romancing hen she told friend was romancing when she told tween him and herself?"

In the remainder of this letter the girl points out that her girl friend has been very good to her in many ways, and that she feels that she owes her something.

This is a problem that differs somewhat from the usual problems that are sent to me, but handwriting and knowledge of psychology will solve the problem in this case as in most others.

To take the handwritings, I find that the man is straightforward, not unduly affectionate—that is, he is not the type to fall in love with any girl who comes across his orbit, but he is a decent and a clean-cut type of fellow. The girl who writes to me is affectionate, warmhearted, fond of being 'on the go', with a good sense of loyalty and dignity.

The third member of this triangle seems inclined to build air-castles, she will romanticise, build up dreams within her mind, and even come to believe that they are true after a while.

The girl who writes to me has apparently forgotten the hero of this story, I think! She is willing to stand down for her friend, but doesn't consider whether the man is quite as willing! And as he is really the key to the whole problem, he cannot be ignored.

It is my opinion that he is in love with the girl who writes to me, and not with the other girl. Her stories of his love for her are probably the fruits of her romancing and desire to have him love her, rather than an accepted fact.

So I say to my correspondent that, no matter how much she may feel indebted to her girl friend for past assistance, she cannot, in all sincerity to herself as well as to the man, give him up. That would not help her girl friend at all, if the man doesn't love her, and I think he doesn't.

It is all very well sometimes to be a martyr, but this is not one of these cases, and I have no hesitation in advising my correspondent to go ahead and encourage the man if she really loves him—and she says she does with all her heart And I wish you all the good luck you deserve.

Have you any problems that Mr. St. Clair can advise you upon? He will be frank, unbiassed, sympathetic and friendly. Have you any friends whose real natures you would like to know? Your handwriting tells the true story of yourself, your character, your innermost nature. Send specimens of the wrtings you wish to be analysed, stating birthdate in each case. Send 10c coin for each specimen, and enclose with 3c stamped addressed envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont. All letters will be confidential and replies forwarded as quickly as possible.

Restore Lindbergh Home

Little Falls, Minn. — Neglected many years and then stripped by souvenir hunters, the boyhood home of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is soon to be placed in its condition of fifteen years ago when Lindbergh last lived there.

TIRED and IRRITABLE

Do you feel weak and nervous? Is your housework a burden? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mrs. M. A. Kelly of Woodstock, New Brunswick, says, "I was weak and rundown. A neighbor brought me your Vegetable Compound. It helped me so much that I am taking it now at the Change."

Get a bottle NOW. It may be just the medicine YOU need.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Issue No. 24 — '35

Enjoy a really fine hand-made cigarette by rolling your own with GOLDEN VIRGINIA

ALSO MADE UP IN PIPE TOBACCO

YEAST IN CONVENIENT NEW FORM

"Having suffered from sciatica for eighteen months, I was advised to try Phillips Pure LIVE Yeast. I am most thankful to say I got relief almost straight away."—Leeds, England—Extract from original letter.

If you are among the thousands who have found yeast a splendid health help then ask your druggist for Phillips Pure LIVE Yeast. In this new yeast, an English development, a way has been found to keep the live elements in the highest state of activity without bothersome refrigeration and care.

So you needn't bother about getting a new supply each day. You can buy several weeks' supply of Phillips Yeast at once — and cut down the cost tremendously.

What Phillips Yeast will do for you is to help your digestion, make your food do you the maximum of good, and enrich your blood. Phillips Yeast has been outstandingly successful both in England and here in Canada.

Ask your druggist for Phillips—15 days' supply (in granules of pleasing taste) for 50c; 45 days' supply, $1.00.

PITHY ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

The sad tale of a horrible printer's error is told by Ford Madox Ford, the novelist (in his delightful book, "Provence: From Minstrels to the Machine..") In an enthusiastic appreciation of Adeline Genee, famous dancer, Ford had written:

"But even Miss Genee had been dancing for ten years before she was discovered.."

The printer turned the last word into "divorced"!

* * *

Some years ago, Ford Madox Ford was well and favorably known in the literary world as Ford Madox Hueffer—his real name.. For strictly private reasons he changed it, legally, to Ford Madox Ford, intending, however, to continue to write as Hueffer.. But one day—so he declares—he went to call on his London publisher. Said the publisher..

"If only you'd sign your books 'Ford' I might be able to sell the beastly things."

* * *

He explained that nothing so puts people off buying books as any difficulty in pronouncing an author's name. A book-buyer hates to feel like a fool or as one unacquainted with proper pronunciations.

"And how should one pronounce your beastly name?" he asked. "Hooeffer? Hweffer? Hoifer? Hyoofer? It's impossible to know.."

"That is why nowadays a great number of readers hesitate to buy my books," chuckles Ford (in his autobiography, "It Was the Nightingale"), "thinking that they must be about automobiles or Detroit.."

* * *

Will it ever be possible to remove Robert Fulton from his position of honor in the popular mind as the real inventor of the steamboat? asks Hendrik Willem Van Loon (in his book, "Ships"..) Then he shakes his head and says: "I am afraid not.."

"We now know all about John Fitch," he explains.. "A grateful U. S. Congress has even given him a monument. We have exact and detailed pictures of his boats with their paddle-wheels, afterwards replaced by some sort of prehistoric propeller. We have time tables giving the hours of arrival and departure of the Philadelphia-Trenton steamboat service, duly published in the public papers of these cities almost twenty years before Fulton ran his 'Clermont' from New York to Albany. But Fulton continues to get the credit and Fitch is not even a name to most people."

* * *

In the heydey of the clippership—the fifties and the sixties — the names of their captains were as familiar to the rising generation as the names of movie stars are to our own children today, Mr. Van Loon declares, adding, "and a bad exchange, say I!"

"Their pictures were printed in all the most fashionable magazines and you became quite a personage in your community if you had ever sailed with one of these famous skippers. For the careers of these men were a matter of great public interest. Fortunes were lost and made on the bets that followed such ships as the 'Flying Cloud' and the 'Red Jacket' (holder of the record between Sandy Hook and Liverpool, thirteen days and one hour) across the Atlantic.."

* * *

Obsessed by an image of ideal womanhood, Charles Dickens was well aware of his tendency to criticize those with whom he lived, says Andre Maurois, the French writer (in his Study of the great novelist), and made fun of himself by writing his own epitaph:

Last, here's Charles Dicken's, who's
now gone for ever,
It's clear that he thought himself
very clever;
To all his friends' faults—it almost
makes me weep—
He was wide awake—to his own fast
asleep.

His faults—and they were not in
number few,
As all his acquaintance extremely
well knew,
Emanated—to speak to him in good
part—
I think rather more from the head
than the heart.

Love Song in Blue

"In every dream I see your lovely
eyes,
Like the skies, so true,
And in my heart I hear a melody
calling me to you . . .
Dreams . . . and a sweet refrain,
Whispering like falling rain,
"I love you, I love you, I do . . "
Memories of lovely nights, haunting
me,
taunting me, I want you . . .
I found in your caress, a happiness,
a tenderness, so true . . .
One dream divine, will live forever,
Though you're not mine, none can
sever . . .
You are my love song in blue."

Francis Smith

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