

# By Virtue of Merit "SALADA" TEA

is the outstanding leader in Canada.

## Playing the Game.

The ancient adage about honesty being the best policy was probably first uttered by some old rogue with his tongue in his cheek!

It is greatly improved in its parody form: "Honesty is the best policy." Certainly the type of honesty which has no deeper root than the canny sense of its expediency is only a poor thing.

Many letters come to my office from young people in business houses and offices, telling me of trade tricks which give them a lurking and uncomfortable suspicion that, even if they are not positively dishonest, they are at least hardly consistent with their own ideas of "playing the game."

Personally, I do not see why anyone who has been accustomed, at home and at school, to regard anything that isn't straight as crooked, anything which is not above-board as underhand, and anything which is not quite right as quite wrong, should require to write to me on an issue so simple.

I am not concerned to inquire whether honesty is the best policy or the worst, because if it is a policy at all it is not honest, and if it is honesty it knows nothing of policy. Where decent people are concerned, honesty and policy are never associated, but only honesty and principle.

The moment I begin to wonder whether it will pay me to be an honest man or a crook, I am already a crook, even though I may never get to windward of the law.

For the truly honest man there is only one way to take, and that's the right one: He never thinks to debate with himself the pros and cons of taking the wrong one. He decides on principle and not on expediency.

Benjamin Franklin had a saying, drawn from some sad experience of his boyhood, that it was possible to "pay too much for your whistle." You want that whistle, you want it badly; you covet it with every fibre of your being—but the price! "There's the rub!"

If the price of so-called success is a scarred conscience, a hardened heart, a sullied sensibility, a cynical attitude to the things of mankind, has labelled "worthy," and a tolerant one to those marked "rotten," then success is dearly bought. There's nothing worth it.

The revisers of the New Testament made a notable change in a well-known passage. It now reads: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and forfeit his life?" People used to think it referred to some future state. It doesn't. It means: "How much benefit does a man really get by swapping principle for cash, or anything that cash represents which to him seems 'the whole world'?"

Least, largest, there's one law for all minds.

Here or above, be true at any price! says Browning, and in another place: "Well, now, there's nothing in nor out of the world good except truth."

When we come to real values who will say "No" to that?

## For Hawks to See.

John put a scarecrow in the yard and used my clothes—He found some old, worn, shabby shoes That plucked my toes—He took the hat so broad of brim From off my head—And put it on that scarecrow thing. Then shot it dead! Now, every time I glance outside I seem to be A shabby, old fat farmer's wife For hawks to see!

—Dorothy Moore.

## There's a Treat

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AFTER EVERY MEAL

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# THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

## CHAPTER XV.

**FIRE!**  
We waited with headgear of the dictograph on ready to listen in—

Craig, Easton and myself in the Radio Shack.  
It was night, had been dark for some time. Yet we had heard nothing. That is to say, nothing important. Now and then over the wireless dictograph had come strains of the jazz band in the Binnacle and the brief applause of the dancers. But there had been no voices of anyone in the private dining room and I took that as a good sign. Evidently some of those who wished to listen in on were going to be there, otherwise the dining room would have been taken by some of the many parties at the Inn, for by the sounds it was seemingly crowded. Our reasoning was not at fault. The gray racer stole silently up to the Inn and two men were left. Two others, crowded in the car, one of them known as Cauliflower Pete, the plotter against Kennedy, continued as the gray racer was turned and headed back in the direction in which it had come.

The first we knew in the Radio Shack of the arrival of the members of the Radio Gang was, of course, their voices. From out in the hall we could catch one of the waiters. "No, sir; there's no one here yet."  
"Footsteps!" exclaimed Easton.

Perfectly audible over the dictograph now came the sound of feet. These were two men, I could be sure. I could imagine also that they were talking under their hands in a whisper. We could now and then make out a word, but nothing quite connected. If they had only shut the door we might have got it. But as it was the sounds from the orchestra drowned the whispers and there was nothing selective about the wireless dictograph yet.

However, in an intermission when there was no saxophone wailing over the wireless, we did manage to get a sensation.  
Little Dick Gerrard had been taken back on the "Scooter" again and ultimately the cruiser was headed East, probably up the New England coast.

Kennedy nodded. This confirmed his own reasoning as we sat out there at the Binnacle that afternoon planning, and waiting for Easton to get dry.

"And Pete'll get that blasted Craig Kennedy, too, to-night. You just watch him!"

Here was another tip for Craig. He merely smiled. "Forewarned is forearmed!"  
"Sh!" Easton's keen, trained ears had detected something. I think I hear the voices of Vira and Glenn out in the hall. There. Sure enough. Vira and Glenn."

It was marvelous sitting there in the Radio Shack, miles away, listening in on what was being said at the Binnacle Inn. We were hearing better than if we had been there. For in the Inn we would have heard nothing, would never have gotten in a position to hear without being suspected and shutting up every mouth we desired open. Yet here it was carried to us—over the air!

More distinct now came the greetings of Vira and Glenn from the two thugs that were awaiting them. I could well imagine these thugs—nothing rough about them, probably dressed up to the minute, even manicured and with hair slicked down, yet none the less thugs.

They came right to the point. That point had to do with money and it did not take much of deduction to arrive at the conclusion that in some way these tough gentlemen represented the bookmaker or someone connected with the race track to whom the losses on the races had been owed.

"Well, how much have you got to-night?"  
There was no immediate answer. But from the sound of the rattle of bills it gathered that Vira and Glenn had handed over some money and that it was being counted.

"Is that all?" The voice was hard and merciless.  
"All to-night. Unless Ruth Adams comes over. She has got the other thousand; only it is in a note, and she must wait to discount it. I assume you fellows wouldn't want to take a chance."

There was agreement over that. However, the roughnecks were grumbling under their breath. Easton was astounded at the evidence that Vira and Glenn had come across. "He was training his ears to catch some trace of Ruth and her voice. But so far none came over."

However, there were other arrivals. These were Rae and Jack Curtis, and they were bursting for news just as they had been out at the Blue Rooster.  
"There's only a thousand been paid on account," one of the thugs remarked in a surly voice.

"Yes; but we told you we would have more, possibly to-night, certainly to-morrow, enough to square the whole thing up and take up all our I.O.U.'s."  
Easton was abberogated at the information that was coming into us. He leaned over and whispered to Kennedy, "Do you suppose Ruth, too, is caught in this thing?" He was quite anxious.

Kennedy would not commit himself. I knew his theory. You might reason out that a certain person could not have done a certain thing—and then one little fact will bob up and you will find that he did it.

So it went. In the running fire of the conversation we were learning a great deal. But it also left a great deal to be yet learned.

Just then the telephone in the private dining room rang.

We listened to the one-sided con-

versation. Then the man who answered turned to the others assembled in the private dining room.

"It was the Chief. That's strange. I don't understand it. He said: 'How does it come that I hear you on the air?' Now, there's no microphone in this room; even if there was, there would be no way to send broadcast over this bum little radio here. It's mighty strange."

Now we in the Radio Shack were interested. What was going on and who had tipped off those in the Binnacle to whom we were listening?

"I tell you that man Kennedy is too clever. It wouldn't surprise me if he was listening in now!" This was from Jack Curtis at the Binnacle.

"I looked at Kennedy. 'He's not far from right!'"  
Vira uttered a little exclamation. From over by the window we could hear Rae: "There's no one out here, anyhow."

"No one in the hall," added one of the thugs.  
"No one in the next room on either side," reported the other.

Suddenly we could hear the heavy tread of feet. I knew that was Jack Curtis crossing the floor. It seemed coming nearer. Next we could hear a sound as if he kicked over the fire screen. We could hear the brass fire utensils in the fireplace vibrate.

"By Jingo, what a thing here, dangling down the chimney!"  
There was a jumble of excited voices as evidently all gathered to look at the strange thing he had found.

"Give me that brass candlestick!"

BLATT  
There came a crunching, crushing sound over the wireless dictograph, then silence.

The dictograph had failed just at a time when it was becoming interesting. Keenly we could feel the disappointment. We had learned much. But we had been on the verge of even greater discoveries through this wonderful radio device that Easton had perfected.

"What shall we do?" I asked.  
"Do? What is there to do? Nothing!"

"What's that?"  
Suddenly the calm night air at Rock-edge was made hideous as it was rent by a soaring up and down the scale of the siren.

"Fire!"  
Easton raised a hand. He was counting. One long blast—three short. "The Club!"

We dropped the dictograph headpieces, started on a run.  
Some half hour before the gray racer with Cauliflower Pete had slipped up to the dark side of the Club and Pete had climbed out. Ken had been left by us at the Club party to please his mother and with the instruction to watch our rooms. Still Ken would not have been likely to see Cauliflower Pete where he aighted from the car which slipped away in the darkness. Nor would he have been likely to see Pete make for a cellar window. For Pete was too clever to be seen, and on a previous visit had this window all figured out.

Once in the cellar Pete had heaped up a pile of shavings and kindlings in a spot where there was a shaft that ran up through the very centre of the south wing of the huge frame building. Then Pete had touched a match. He knew that it was not likely to be discovered until too late, for everybody at this hour would be on the porches in the north wing listening to the music, or dancing.

Cauliflower Pete had been right up only to a point. He had not reckoned on Ken. Ken had no mood for the dance this night or any other, just now, for that matter. He was thinking of the radio robbery and of his pal, Dick. Also, he was on the job.

Ken smelled smoke. It was wood smoke. Besides it had a suspicious odor of gasoline about it. He did not even pause to investigate. Even as he ran toward the Club office and the telephones he could see the cruel tongues of flames licking upward from cellarway up the hall. It was the entry to the rooms of Uncle Craig for the summer vacation. In those rooms he knew were priceless pieces of apparatus for Kennedy's warfare of science against crime. Besides there might be much there of use as evidence in this case.

Ken turned in the alarm. The siren rent the air. Hence the alarm to us, and we were speeding on our way from the Radio Shack only a bit behind the fee apparatus itself.

It was a curiously democratic crowd of fire fighters that we encountered as we dashed up to the Club. The whole of our south wing now was in smoke and flames.

"Those negatives!" I muttered to Easton.  
Kennedy was ahead of me, dashing in through the flames. I was after him. We gained the room. But it was too late. Practically everything we had there was in the seething furnace. We could not save a thing. It was now a question if we could save ourselves for our temerity in venturing up. We struggled down in the stifle to make our way out.

"You go ahead, water!" I had stumbled. Kennedy urged me on.

I made a dash. Blinded, almost suffocated, I managed to gain the air.

Where's Uncle Craig?  
I had run almost full tilt into Ken and Laddie.

"Coming!" I gasped as I almost fell into the arms of one of the men who carried me out in the night air under the oaks.

Ken waited nervously. But Craig did not come. It was more than the boy could stand—his favorite, his heretofore caught in that inferno. He must get to him!



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# Rinso

Made by the makers of Lux

"Come—Laddie—boy!"

Ken was just passing in the door when Cauliflower Pete confronted him. "Whatsamatter, kid? You wanta commit suicide? Don't yer think nothin' of that dog of yours, neither?"

Ken tried to push past. His intuition told him that up there in that suffocating smoke Craig must be. Every second counted. He must get to him. Only he could save him. He must have stumbled on a landing or a curve. Seconds now meant life or death.

Pete reached out to seize Ken. Ken was no match.  
Suddenly from the shadows, without even so much as a warning growl, leaped Laddie, straight at the wrist of the thug, and sunk his teeth in to the bone.

With an oath Pete loosed Ken. Laddie released his hold. Pete started backing out from the smoke and flames as Ken dashed headlong into them and up the stairs, Laddie close after him.

"Uncle Craig!"  
But Kennedy was out, overcome. Ken stumbled. Laddie was going, nose close to the floor, where the air was best. Ken saw it, copied it.

A sheet of smoke and flame swept across the stairs.  
Could the boy and the dog save Kennedy?

(To be continued.)

## A Real Holiday.

Johnny was packing his bag to go camping when his mother came in. "Why, Johnny," she said, "you haven't put in any soap!"

"Aw, fiddlesticks!" said the boy, "we're going for a holiday!"

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

## Dusk in the Redwoods

The sky is lilac, the sky is rose; Painter and fainter the redwood glows;

The winds would be still; The dove is calling; The dusk is falling; On the yellow hill.

Lullaby, lullaby, clucks the quail; Faster and faster the colors fall; The winds grow still; The dove is he calling;

'Tis the soft dusk falling; On the purple hill; Lost is the lilac, lost the rose; In the shadow the rabbit knows;

The winds are still; The dove is dreaming; The love-star gleaming; Over the darkened hill.

John Vance Cheney, in "At the Silver Gate."

## Krupp Heir Bans Arms as Essen Plant Output

Germany's famous Krupp works at Essen probably will never manufacture arms again, in the opinion of Baron C. Frederick E. Von Krupp, only son of the present head of the plant.

The young nobleman, who recently completed his second year at Harvard, said his father was educating him eventually to take charge of the works.

When he assumes control, he added, "We won't make guns; for I don't believe in war. The plant now manufactures steel."

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