

The TATTOOED ARM

Isabel Ostrander Original S.A. Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

What horrible and mysterious power was forcing the three Drake brothers, HOBART, the Wall street broker, ROGER, the scientist, and ANDREW, recently returned from Australia, to place themselves in ridiculous situations? Sedate, middle-aged and wealthy, the three were now terror-stricken. Some power had forced HOBART to deliver a mock speech in the public square, ROGER to burlesque a scientific address, and ANDREW to sit on the floor and play with toys. They were sane, and PATRICIA DRAKE, daughter of HOBART, secretly secured OWEN MILES, detective sergeant, and his colleague.

SCOTTIE MCCREARY, to investigate. Miles is employed as a houseman and Scottie as a gardener. On his first morning, a letter, which Miles learns did not go through the mail, arrives and throws HOBART into a passion. Miles tells Scottie to watch the sister of the brothers, whom he discovered in a wildly-excited state late at night before an open gate in which she was burning papers of some kind.

GO ON WITH STORY.

"When—?" Scottie asked. "Wednesday night here in the house. No one knows but me and I'll tell you about it later."

Miles continued his duties and no opportunity presented itself to speak to Scottie until lunch. As he served the midday meal Miss Drake announced:

"Ora Hawks has returned from her trip to California."

For a moment there was silence while Andrew ate unconcernedly on. Roger was almost furtively regarding his brother. Finally he asked, with an embarrassed cough:

"Why should I?" The other looked up coolly and then added with a short laugh, "I had almost forgotten her existence. Has she changed much?"

"Not in appearance," a little stouter, perhaps, Miss Drake answered hastily with a slight frown, "she is coming for tea this afternoon, so you will be able to judge for yourself."

It was late afternoon when in answer to the summons of the door-bell he admitted the expected visitor. She was a middle-aged woman with graying hair slicked back tightly beneath a small, stiff hat and a pair of shell-rimmed glasses athwart the bridge of an inquiring nose.

"My dear Ora! It is indeed a pleasure to welcome your return!" Miss Drake greeted her with a cool kiss on her cheek and turned to Miles: "William, call Miss Patricia, please, and Mr. Roger. I think you will find Mr. Andrew in the garden."

Scottie and Andrew were standing deep in consultation over by the summer-house and he had started descending the steps of the side veranda. Her smile was somewhat grim as she advanced.

"How do you do, Andrew? Am I the last of your old friends?"

"Ora!" Her nasal tones were oddly broken and confused. "You really recognized me, then? I am not so very much changed."

"How can you ask? I should have known you anywhere in the world," he returned with suspicious fervor. Then he added hurriedly: "I'll get cleaned up at once and come in for tea, and we can have a good talk."

"AM I THE LAST OF YOUR OLD FRIENDS?"

"It is, but I'm going to have my rights! 'Ow far back did we leave the bloom in car'?"

They turned and moved back along the pathway in the direction from which they had come. Scottie straightened with a grunt.

"Two women, eh? Our friend Andrew had an unlucky day. I think I can guess who this one was, just now; the lady you met yesterday."

"Yes," Miles replied. "It was Maizie."

CHAPTER IX.

IT was HOBART Drake's unbroken custom of years to return home immediately after the market closed at noon on Saturdays, but on the day following that of the arrival of the new gardener, lunch-time came and passed and he did not appear nor did any word come from him.

"There is a station taxi coming down the road and—yes, HOBART is inside!" exclaimed Miss Drake when tea was served.

When Miles reached the library the door once more the measured tones of HOBART Drake came distinctly to his ears.

"—Sorry, but there were many details to attend to in settling up my affairs."

"Settling up?" It was Andrew, and the careless note had vanished

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



THE DUKE OF DARKNESS TOOK ALIKING TO JACK RIGHT AWAY ON ACCOUNT OF HIS POLITENESS AND GOOD MANNERS. HE ORDERED HIS HELPERS TO PREPARE A GOOD MEAL FOR JACK.



AFTER JACK HAD EATEN, THE DUKE CALLED TWO OF HIS MOST FEROCIOUS GORILLAS BEFORE HIM, AND HAD THEM STAGE A WRESTLING MATCH. JACK ENJOYED WATCHING THE BEASTS' STRUGGLE.



WHILE THE DUKE WAS SHOWING JACK THE WONDER OF THE UNDERGROUND CAVE, ONE OF THE DUKE'S SECRET AGENTS RUSHED UP TO HIM. THE DUKE LEANED OVER TO HEAR HIS REPORT.



THE DUKE OF DARKNESS AT ONCE CALLED HIS TWO BODYGUARDS, AND ORDERED THEM TO TAKE JACK TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER. JACK COULD NOT UNDERSTAND THE DUKE'S SUDDEN CHANGE.

SCALLOPED FISH WITH POTATO BORDER

2 cups any cold, cooked fish 1 pint well seasoned mashed potatoes
2 cups white sauce Salt and pepper
1 cup buttered crumbs

MELT three tablespoons butter, add four tablespoons flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, and when smooth and bubbling add two cups milk. Cook until thick.

For one cup buttered crumbs use one cup crumbs and one-fourth cup butter, melted.

Place the fish and sauce in layers in a baking dish, or in individual shells or dishes. Put the potatoes through a bag and rose tube, or form with a spoon a wall around the fish and sauce.

Cover all but the potatoes with the buttered crumbs and set in a hot oven until the sauce bubbles through and the crumbs are brown. Salmon is a good fish to use in this way, and green peas are a good accompaniment.

DR. NEELY RESIGNS FROM N. DORCHESTER COUNCIL

Special to London Advertiser.

INGERSOLL, July 23.—Because of his removal to Vancouver, B. C., where he will practice his profession in future, Dr. Neely of Dorchester village, has resigned as a member of the North Dorchester Township Council. Owing to the short term until the end of the year it is expected an effort will be made to fill the vacancy by acclamation.

Telephone lines throughout the rural districts, it is understood, are rapidly being restored following the severe damage caused by ice storms in the early spring. Most of the main lines have been completed, and it is expected that the entire service will soon be restored.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

SIS SPARROW IS BEAUTIFIED

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"Goodness," said kind Nancy. "Are you sick?"

Nick were on their way home through Old Orchard when they heard someone crying.

It was Sis Sparrow.

"Goodness," said kind Nancy. "Are you sick?"

"Yes. Sick of being mud-colored," squeaked the little bird-girl. "Why can't I be handsome like Will Woodpecker? He's got a bright red head and wonderful white wings with black on 'em."

"You can see him a mile off. But I! Ugh! When I'm on the road, or on a fence, or in a puddle, you can't see me at all. I'm just plain old ugly brown."

Now, I can't tell you all that happened, my dears, but Nancy and Nick and the fairymen doctor began to whisper together, and in a minute they said something to poor Sis, who brightened immediately.

The next thing Sis was going home with them to the place by the blue-



Some Life by Jackie Coogan, Jr.

IT was in Los Angeles that I met Charlie Chaplin.

I was speaking my pieces at one of the theatres. Charlie heard me.

The next day he came over to our hotel. I was napping in a big chair. Someone shook me.

"Wake up, Jackie. Here's Mr. Charlie Chaplin to see you."

I rubbed my eyes, got down off the chair, and said: "I'm pleased to meet you."

Then I climbed back and went to sleep again.

The next day he came again. He asked me if I would like to stay in Los Angeles and play with him.

I said I didn't care if I did.

Next to my daddy, I think Charlie Chaplin is the most wonderful man in the world. He is my best friend and he loves me, I know.

He gives me many presents—not table, wrist watch, trains, boats and everything.

Sometimes Son, the Jap chauffeur, would take us out to the country. Charlie would tell me fairy stories.

Sometimes he would play the violin for me.

It was fine. He can play the piano and cello, too, and sing. He's a wonder!

Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

This is the fifth of a series of articles on the Armstrong super-regenerative receiver.

THE circuits of the super-regenerative set described in these articles will give a very fair signal without using any antenna, if the receiver is set up within a radius of fifteen miles of a first-class broadcasting station.

Where the distance is greater the use of a loop antenna is essential. This should be constructed to be four feet on each side.

Take two sticks, a little more than 5½ feet long and fasten them to form a square cross-section, as indicated in the diagram.

Insert glass push-buttons at equal intervals to support the wire.

A small-sized flexible lamp cord firmly with the variations of the

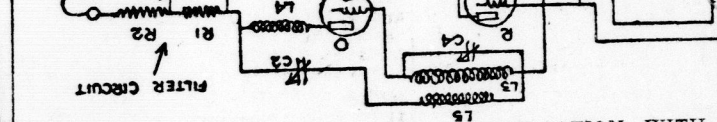


FIGURE 4—HOOK-UP GREATER AMPLIFICATION, WITH FILTER CIRCUIT.

(single strand) is satisfactory for this type of antenna, although any wire between sizes number 16 and number 22 may be used.

About 12 turns will be sufficient

incoming signal. Since the tube is at all times in regenerative action, it amplifies regenerative—a resultant of its own modulated oscillations.

Disadvantages.

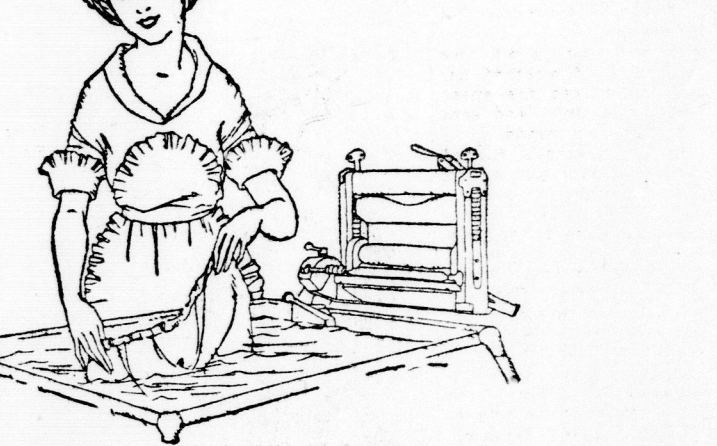
The difficulty encountered in this method lies in the presence in the telephone receivers of the high-pitched oscillation previously referred to. In experimenting with the circuit, this oscillation may be ignored or, by adjustment, be so pitched as to become unnoticeable after a time.

But since with the super-regenerative system the greatest amplifications seem to be obtained when low controller frequencies are used, it is desirable to devise a method of getting around the difficulty. This may be done by interposing a "frequency trap" or filter between the telephones and the receiver circuits.

for the reception of wave lengths between 200 and 400 meters.

Other Hook-Up.

If the amplification of this circuit is not great enough, the hook-up is a super-regenerative circuit.



Makes the ideal washing machine soap

Princess Soap Flakes were perfected for fancy washing, such as blouses, lingerie, frocks and frills of crepe and silk and satin. This means they are the finest soap, the purest soap and whole soap, flaked into snowy wafers—thin, crisp and curly.

But—such pure, fine whole soap proves the most efficient of all washing machine soaps.

Princess Flakes wash more thoroughly than laundry soap and are more economical because, being all soap, they go so much farther.

Saves wear on clothes

Don't blame it on poor material, broken threads and thin spots which shorten the wear of clothes. They are not due to faulty fabric, but instead charge them up to injurious laundry soap ingredients.

Use pure soap, free from corrosive ingredients, and your clothes and household linens will give the wear they should. Such pure soap, in the ideal form, is yours in Princess Soap Flakes.

Keeps woollens soft

Whether you are squeezing out a sweater or a pair of leggings or mittens or having a grand blanket washing, use Princess Soap Flakes.

No shrinking, no danger of drying harsh and stiff. Instead, everything soft, warm and woolly, just like new.

How to buy for economy

Buy Princess Flakes by the pound—it's the economical way.

Once you learn the value of Princess Flakes you will order by the 24 pound carton, which allows a big saving. You will use them for every laundry purpose and for general household needs.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

PRINCESS SOAP FLAKES
MADE IN CANADA

Flaring Peg-Topped Trousers Are the Latest Popular Play Garb For Children



FLARING peg tops display themselves on the newest rompers for all two to ten-year-olds. These most popular garments are of poplin, madras or chambray, trimmed with pipings or collars and cuffs of the same material in a contrasting color.

The wear and tear of summer sports is transferred from cloth to cuticle by the boys' suits, which are made with short straight trousers that seldom reach the knee. The suits are either one or two-piece

styles, made of the same materials as the rompers.

For less strenuous wear there are dainty dresses of finer materials for small girls.

A collection of children's dresses from Paris shows diminutive dresses of chiffon voile in pale colors and in white trimmed with many-colored smocking.

They are simple as to line, very short as to skirt and trimmed with fine handwork.

MILES proceeded straight to the dining-room; he must see for himself what reaction the first shock of the news would bring to the family.

"Miss Patricia's not there, ma'am," the detective said quietly.

"Not—not there?" The woman's lips barely formed the words and a muttered oath came from Andrew, but Roger only stared while the faint color ebbed from his thin face, leaving it waxen.

"Patricia! Not that! Not that last blow!" HOBART started up as Miss Drake sank back and Andrew cried out furiously:

"You see what you've done? You brought it on yourself—"

"Andrew!" The gentle Roger's tone was suddenly stern. "You need not add your recriminations to the situation. Patricia is HOBART's daughter, not yours!"

"I must know! I must see for myself!" Miss Drake rose, swaying slightly, and left the room.

"It's that young rascal Dick Kemp!" HOBART exclaimed. "I told Jerusha it was a mistake to keep too tight a rein on the girl at this time, but she overruled me. I'll get that father of his on the phone—"

"Wait until Jerusha returns," interrupted Roger. "The child may have left a note that will explain her absence. You may go, William."

The detective had been ostensibly busying himself at the serving table in the corner but now he was compelled to retire to the pantry where Carter confronted him.

"I heard!" he exclaimed. "You're sure she's gone, William?"

"Didn't I say the bed hadn't been slept in?" Miles returned. "Where are you going?"

"To tell Hitty," Carter called back over his shoulder.

With surprising agility considering his ailment, he darted through the farther door.

HOBART Drake was seated at his desk sealing an envelope as Miles entered in response to his ring.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)



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