

# The TATTOOED ARM

Isabel Ostrander - Editor, The London Advertiser, Inc.

What horrible 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 forced Hobart to deliver a mock speech in a public square, Roger to burlesque a scientific paper, and Andrew to sit on the parlor floor and play with toys. They were sane, and unknown to them.

PATRICIA DRAKE, daughter of Hobart, secured OWEN MILES, detective sergeant, and his colleague.

SCOTTIE MCCREARY, to investigate. Miles is employed as a houseman and Scottie is to report as gardener. On his first night there, Miles discovers Andrew preventing Roger from committing suicide. The following morning a letter throws Hobart into a passion. Miles finds that the letter did not go through the mail. Scottie investigates the family at the country club and reports to Miles.

GO ON WITH STORY.

"General history of the family and the way the neighbors regard them," Scottie grunted. "I've come especially to warn you of a rumor of some strange actions of Hobart Drake's in Wall street today. He's home, the night."

"Yes, and calm and more self-contained," Miles exclaimed in surprise. "That's because his mind is made up," returned Scottie. "Unless the rumor is unfounded—our friend Hobart is planning to retire or make his getaway. He has started to wind up his business affairs. Overheard anything?"

"Nothing."

Briefly Miles told his colleague of the events which had occurred since his installation as the pseudo house servant.

"Andrew is the only one who seems to be unaffected, but there is a forced and unnatural note in his boisterous cheerfulness. I don't know whether we're dealing with a bunch of lunatics or but that there are the victims of some obscure form of villainy that is unprecedented in the annals of the department, and I am on the point of developing nerves over the problem myself. I'll be glad when you tackle your job here."

Miles watched until the bulky form had vanished. Then he entered the kitchen door and fastened it behind him.

He had started for the servant's staircase when a flickering glow from the front of the house made him pause with every sense alert. Noiselessly he crept toward it and saw that it emanated from the drawing-room. As he advanced the sputter of flames and hissing thud of a falling log came to his ears and then the dull clank of metal.

Carefully he drew aside a fold of the heavy curtains which draped the doorway and peered in. There was no light save that from the tiny blaze burning itself out in the fireplace, but

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## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



ONCE INSIDE THE CAVE, JACK WAS GREETED BY THE SENTINEL WHO GUARDED THE ENTRANCE. JACK WISHED THAT FLIP WAS WITH HIM, AND WONDERED WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS PET.



THE MONSTER PULLED HIM ALONG BY THE ARM UNTIL JACK THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THE END OF HIM. JACK HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH A LONG AND WONDERFUL CAVE.



SUDDENLY THE MONSTER STOPPED. HE TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO JACK THAT HE WAS TAKING HIM TO THE RULER OF THE UNDERGROUND CAVES, THE TERRIBLE DUKE OF DARKNESS.



PUSHING JACK AHEAD, THE MONSTER LED JACK BEFORE THE TERRIBLE DUKE, JACK BOWED LOW, AND THEN LOOKED UP, AND SAW AN EVIL SMILE UPON THE DUKE'S FACE.



Some Life by Jackie Coogan, Jr.

BY JACKIE COOGAN, JUNIOR.

My daddy's an actor, too.

He used to play in vaudeville.

Ma and I traveled with him.

One day I was waiting for him to finish his act. There was a man at the stage door selling ice cream cones. It was hot. The cones looked good.

I wanted one so bad!

My daddy kept on singing. The audience kept on applauding. But I kept on thinking about that cone.

The people out front started laughing so loud that daddy couldn't hear me. I began laughing, too.

Dad turned around, saw me, picked me up by my middle and walked off the stage.

I didn't get the penny. I got spanked.

That was the first time I ever appeared before an audience. I was three years old then. But I remember it well.

How can any feller forget a spanking—with a slipper?

One day I learned some pieces. "My Madonna" was one. The other was "The Shooting of Dangerous Dan McGraw."

My daddy asked me if I would like to recite them at one of the matinees. I didn't want to—very much.

I remembered how I'd been spanked for going on the stage before.

But dad said I wouldn't get a spanking, but a salary—

Fifty cents a week!

I said: "All right, I would."

Our company traveled all over. Sometimes we had to sleep on trains.

I used to think that it was great fun to crawl behind the curtains and

and all are the same, but I can't say as much for the folks. The house has not been the same since Andrew came back from foreign parts more noisy and fresh like than when he was a boy only different but up to his old tricks. He played a joke on the houseman Monday and scart him so he left. Hobart has took to liquor and made a holy show of himself in the town. Roger has got himself in a mess too over a speech he made in the schoolhouse last week. I am commencing to think like they are all getting queer again, like they were years ago when they first come into the money. Do you recollect what I told you about their actions? Seems like it was yesterday. Miss Jerusha has not been herself lately and no wonder with the gossip and all and she has put up with Pat going out with that nice young man I wrote you about but I guess it will come out all right.

"Y'r aff' sister,

"Hitty."

Slowly Miles replaced the letter and gumbled the flap of the envelope together once more. He had heretofore regarded the lugubrious Mehitable as negligible, but he realized now that she might be well worth cultivating. She thought "they were all getting queer again" like they were when their inheritance came. That was the outstanding phrase in her letter which struck him with the greatest force. Miss Jerusha was her calmly reserved self at breakfast, and Miles could perceive no trace of the emotion which had possessed her at midnight.

"I wonder if you will go on an errand for me, William?" asked Roger. "I know it is raining, but I have an important letter which must go in the next mail."

"I'll go at once, sir."

Absorbed in his thoughts the detective had plodded mechanically along the path, and it was with a start of surprise that he saw the raincoat and bedraggled, broad-brimmed hat of Andrew Drake just ahead. He was walking rapidly beside a taller, more distinguished figure. Miles recognized him as the visitor on the night of his arrival, the next door neighbor, Enslee Grayle.

What could these two, so widely dissimilar in character and proclivities, have in common? Miles hastened his footsteps and was almost abruptly off at the head of a lane between two tall hedges. He was about to continue to the village when he turned to find a woman beside him. She was dressed in a tailored suit of brown which displayed the buxom lines of her figure with rather startling frankness; a face that was undeniably pretty, although of a coarse type, and bold, hazel eyes gazed into his from beneath a fringe of all-too-yellow hair.

"I say, 'oo is that man?" she demanded with an imperative nod toward the pair who had struck off down the lane. Friends of yours?"

"The man in the raincoat is Mr. Andrew Drake and the older one is his neighbor, the owner of the house from which you say they came. His name is Mr. Enslee Grayle."

"Oo is it?" Her eyes shifted from his to rest contemplatively upon the two figures already misty in the blinding rain. "Strike me pink if I didn't fancy one o' 'em was an old

go to sleep like a bird in a cage.

But now I think it is lots more fun to sit up in the engine with the

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One day I was waiting for him to finish his act. There was a man at the stage door selling ice cream cones. It was hot. The cones looked good.

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Monday—"How I Met Charlie Chaplin."

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"The station is half a mile further on, but here comes a jitney and it appears to be empty," Miles gestured toward a ramshackle taxi which was rattling down the road.

"Wot luck!" She waved to the driver of the approaching vehicle and then once more her eyes sought the lane. "Andrew Drake, you said. And the white-headed old toff is Enslee Grayle? My mistyke!—well, cheerio! If you've a cinema in this giddy metropolis watch for little Maize!—To the station, my man, and look sharp!"

CHAPTER VIII.

MILES hastened to the village, mailed Roger's letter and lost no time in returning to the house.

The dreary day drew to a close and the evening passed uneventfully.

The family were finishing breakfast the next morning when the rumble of a well-known voice bounded from the kitchen.

"Ze new gardenaire, he ees arrive," announced Pierre.

"Hello, Jack!" Miles grinned as he advanced, for the absence of the grizzled, sandy beard had wrought a vast change.

"I'll take you to Miss Drake—" Miles led the way to the hall. "Study her, Scottie, for she's in on this, too! Whatever it may be that is affecting the men of the family, she is sharing it!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

**GROWING BOYS AND GIRLS**

Need Rich, Red Blood to Keep Up Health and Strength.

It is a mistake to think that anaemia is only a girl's complaint. Girls probably show the effect of weak, watery blood more plainly than boys. But many boys in their teens know this and weedy, showing that they have not enough blood, or that it is thin and watery. Let the boy in this condition catch cold and he will lose his strength and his health becomes precarious. To overcome this trouble give both your weak boys and girls Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how soon good appetite returns and the weak boy or languid girl becomes full of activity and high spirits. Mrs. P. Garvey, R. R. No. 5, Mono Mills, Ont., tells what this medicine did for her young son. She says: "Three years ago my little boy, who was then 11 years old, was very pale and weak. He would take fainting spells and complained of a pain about his heart. One day a lady friend who noticed his run-down condition told me her daughter had been in a similar state of a coarse type, and bold, hazel eyes gazed into his from beneath a fringe of all-too-yellow hair.

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