

The TATTOOED ARM

Isabel Ostrander

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CHAPTER I

IT was because of dainty, little Patricia Drake, who was seated opposite him in his private office, that Attorney John Wells had telephoned to police headquarters and summoned a tall, dark-haired young man with the respectful but bored manner of a presumable son of the elect.

"Sergeant Miles. You sent for me."

John Wells gave him a swift glance of appraisal and with a gesture indicated not only his youthful, feminine client but a vacant chair facing the cold light of early spring.

"Miss Drake, this is Sergeant Miles. I should advise you to be as frank with him as you have with me. Be seated here, Sergeant, if you please."

The detective took the chair indicated, and the young girl drew a quick, convulsive breath.

"How—how do you do? I would have consulted an alienist rather than my father's attorney had it not been for the fact that I feel I, at least, am still sane, Sergeant Miles. Do—do you know anything about psychology?"

"Psychology" from a big-eyed 18-year-old kid! Owen Miles, university graduate, pauperized by his father's mining operations and member of the police department through an innate passion for criminology, picked up his ears, repressed a smile and replied gravely.

"A little, Miss Drake. Enough, I think, for practical purposes."

It was John Wells' turn to conceal surprise at the cultivated, velvety-amused accents of this most extraordinary emissary from headquarters, but the girl merely hesitated a moment and then spoke in a quick little rush.

"Then perhaps you can understand why, with no insanity in the family, three dignified, middle-aged gentlemen, brothers, should suddenly become victims of the wildest hallucinations, like—like three Mad Hatters, and do such queer, ridiculous things that they are the talk of the town?" There was a hint of tears in her voice. "I suppose this will seem disrespectful when I tell you that I am speaking, but it is the truth."

"What sort of hallucinations have they, Miss Drake?"

"Perhaps," the attorney interposed in his urbane, well-rounded tones, "it will be well for me to tell you a little of Miss Drake's family. She is the daughter of Horatio Drake of the New York Stock Exchange. His wife died when Miss Patricia, here, was born, and she was brought up by his maiden sister, Miss Jerusha Drake, a lady of the soundest practical common sense. They have always lived in the old family residence on Long Island, at Brook- 12a."

Owen Miles nodded quickly without speaking, and the attorney went on:

"Five years ago Roger Drake, the oldest of the family and a scientist of world-wide reputation, returned from Europe to the old home at Brookline and a few months since the other brother, Andrew, came back from Australia—where he had amassed a fortune in sheep-ranching. You can see that the three brothers are widely dissimilar in character and temperament, yet a very great affection has always existed between them. I have known them all since they were mere boys and I can speak from personal observation. "Pat," Wells turned to the young girl, "did all three exhibit the symptoms at the same time?"

"No. Poor father was the first to break out." Her lips quivered. "People put the most—most scandalous construction on it, connected with the wine cellar and I know that it wasn't true."

"For the past month or two I have fancied that father was worried about something. I didn't think very seriously about it until that

dreadful time a fortnight ago when in the middle of the night we were all awakened by a loud knocking on the front door and finally Carter, the butler, went down and opened it. "I was leaning over the balustrade, and what do you think I saw? Our local policeman, Sam Clark, was bringing in a stout fellow, dressed all in flowing white like a ghost, that reeled as he walked. "I brought Mr. Hobart home, Carter," Sam said. "I got him to bed real quiet, but in the morning you tell him that it happens again we'll have to confiscate what he's got left in his cellar."

"He was down in front of the soldiers' monument," Sam explained, "rigged out in these here bed sheets, and spouting like a Fourth of July orator that he was Julius Caesar. Lucky it was so late or he'd have had the whole town 'round him. Soon's I touched him he seemed to sort of collapse and he came along home without any trouble. He'll likely be all right in the morning."

Patricia had given an unconsciously graphic imitation of the country constable, but as she paused and covered her face with her hands

"WHAT SORT OF HALLUCINATIONS HAVE THEY, MISS DRAKE?"

there was nothing of amusement in the expressions of either of her hearers.

"Did you get a closer view of your father, Miss Drake?" the latter asked after a moment's sort of gasp behind him and turned to find Uncle Roger there, staring down at father with such a shocked, horrified expression that I thought he was going to have a stroke or something. We stood watching them bring father upstairs."

"And where was your other uncle, Mr. Andrew Drake, during this time?"

"Uncle Andrew slept through it all," Patricia paused. "He is awfully jolly, and the next morning he tried to make light of it, but when he learned how really ill father was he was terribly worried."

"Your father was seriously ill, then?"

"Yes. It was a week before he went to his office in Wall street and he hasn't gone to the village since. I don't blame him." Her small, gloved hands clenched on the arms of her chair. "The things that were said and the horrid jokes that have been made! I was ashamed before—but it is even worse now!"

"You mean that your uncles have exhibited similar signs of—of—eccentricity?" the detective asked.

Patricia nodded.

"Not exactly similar, but they have done things that it seems to me only people whose minds were deranged would do. And Aunt Jerusha's attitude is the most inexplicable of all."

"My dear Pat!" John Wells exclaimed. "You cannot mean that she also—"

"Oh, no, Aunt Jerusha hasn't gone crazy, too, but she insists that there

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



THE MONSTER TIED JACK TO A TREE, AND LICKED HIS LIPS AT THE THOUGHT OF A GOOD MEAL, THEN HE GATHERED UP STICKS TO BUILD A BONFIRE.



IN THE MEANTIME, OLD FAITHFUL FLIP HAD FOUND A BANDIT WAY BACK IN THE HILLS. HE DID NOT LIKE THE ROUGH LOOKING MAN BUT DECIDED HE COULD RESCUE JACK FROM THE MONSTER.



FLIP FINALLY MADE THE BANDIT UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WANTED, AND LED THE WAY BACK TO LITTLE JACK. THE BANDIT HAD TO DRIVE HIS HORSE AT BREAK-NECK SPEED TO KEEP UP WITH FLIP.



WHILE FLIP RUSHED BACK TO HIS MASTER, THE MONSTER FINISHED PLACING THE STICKS FOR HIS BONFIRE, AND WAS READY TO LIGHT IT. POOR LITTLE JACK WAS TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

What To Serve Sunday Dinner Guests in Summer

TO every housekeeper and cook once a week comes the question of what to have for Sunday night supper, especially when guests are coming.

In winter there must be one dish which will be satisfying and hot. In summer what will be satisfying and cool is the question.

The cook must be considered also, and it is always wise to have those dishes which to a large extent may be made on Saturday.

Cold meat, cold cooked eggs, molded meat, fish, vegetables and fruit all offer suggestions.

Sandwiches and desserts, as custards or jellies, which may be made ahead of time and served with little trouble, are all good to have.

Following are a few suggested menus:

I. Cold ham with potato salad
Plain bread and butter
Cut-up fruit (served in glasses)
Cake, iced tea

II. Sandwiches
(One with meat or egg, one sweet or plain)
Iced cocoa with beaten cream

Cake
III. Stuffed Eggs with tomato and lettuce
Baking powder biscuits, hot
Cookies, Tea

IV. Molded fruit salad
Cream cheese sandwiches
Layer cake Tea or coffee

V. Hot chicken sandwiches
Olives or pickles
Cold coffee soufflé
Wafers Tea

In the first menu the cut-up fruit is very good and uses up a small amount of fruit, as one banana or one orange, or half a melon, which have been left.

Also any canned or preserved fruit left over, or frozen strawberries, all may be mixed together and sprinkled with sugar. Half a cup of loganberry juice or ginger ale improves the taste.

Allow the fruit to stand in a cold place, and at serving time put in glasses, and on top of each a spoonful of beaten cream.

Study Your Type, Then Pick Style For Hair

BY MARIAN HALE.

THIS started out to be a story on the latest styles in hair dressing. It was diverted from such worthy and only when I discovered that there is no such thing!

The way you dress your hair these days is an individual matter. If you can just look yourself firmly in the eye and say, "I am a little long on nose, and slightly short as to chin, hence I must arrange my hair to foil both defects," then you have the courage that will help you work out a satisfactory solution.

Watch how the movie stars do it. Take Gloria Swanson, for instance. Her exotic type, her unusual costumes, and her all-around "differentness" call for something unique.

"I favor a high headdress," says she, "because it makes me look taller. I like an extreme dressing, one that seems to have been created as the climax of my costume."

But Lila Lee would be hopelessly miscast under such treatment. She is the girlish, ingenue type who needs only to look natural and artless to be charming.

She knows this, so she arranges her dark, thick hair close to her head in loose, marcel waves.

"I like to part my hair in the middle," says she, "because it gives the even balance effect I like."

Lois Wilson, representing the large majority of women who need a bit of sophistication as well as simplicity, has achieved the conservative head-dress which is as near universally becoming as any one style can be.

"I sort of part it carelessly a little to one side, then pull it back softly," she explains. "I have learned just where my face needs softening and where it needs to be softened, and have trained my hair in the way it should go. Being naturally wavy, it gives me very little trouble."

One of the best ways to learn to do your hair becomingly is to study the methods of those who have achieved beautiful effects, and try them on yourself until you find one that just suits your features. Then stick to it.

detective who is a gardener, too, do you?"

"I know the very man!" Sergeant Miles exclaimed with enthusiasm.

Patricia glanced from one serious face to the other.

"Then you don't think it is just that they're losing their minds, my father, and—my uncles? You don't think my aunt will be the next to go and then—perhaps?"

She faltered once more but her meaning was unmistakable, and although the attorney was discreetly silent he laid one slim, blue-veined hand upon her arm reassuringly.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

REV. FATHER GOODROW
MOVED TO RIVERSDALE

Special to London Advertiser.
RIVERSDALE, July 18. — Rev. Father Goodrow of Acton, a former Chesapeake priest and a Canadian army chaplain, has been transferred to Riversdale.

It is about forty years since Riversdale has had a resident priest, this congregation being on the Teeswater circuit since that time.



ABOVE LILA LEE, DEMONSTRATING SIMPLICITY IN HAIR- DRESS; LOWER RIGHT, GLORIA SWANSON, DEMONSTRATING SOPHISTICATED, AND LOIS WILSON STRIKING A HAPPY MEDIUM.

Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

(This is the second of a series of articles on the Armstrong super-regenerative circuit.)

AN analysis of the super-regenerative receiver circuit printed in these columns yesterday shows it to consist of two oscillatory circuits which are supplied with energy by one three-element vacuum tube.

The first of these circuits has inductance and capacity of such value as to be tuned to wave lengths between 200 and 600 meters. The "tickler" coil in the wing circuit provides a means for a "feedback" of signals for amplification.

When the "feedback" coupling has been made great enough, the circuit will begin the generation of high frequency-radio-oscillations. Although the tone qualities of any signal will be destroyed, the regenerative amplification will be greatest at this time.

The diagram shows the regenerative receiver part of the super-regenerative set.

Signal energies picked up by, or induced in, the secondary circuit are repeated by the tube into the plate circuit. They are considerably amplified. By coupling the plate and grid circuits, the amplified impulses may be fed back through the tube.

At this point regenerative amplification is at a maximum.

It is impossible, however, to maintain this adjustment.

Regeneration Stops.
Irregularities of filament temperature, minute as they are, cause slight

variations in the amplification of the tube and the energy fed back to the grid circuit is sufficient to more than offset the losses there. The resistance of the circuit, then, no longer exists. It has passed through zero, and has become a negative quantity.

Instead of dissipating the oscillatory signal energy, it is actually generating oscillatory energy—the power being supplied by the batteries.

(Copyright, 1922.)
(Tomorrow: Removing the Limitations of the Regenerative Receiver.)

REGENERATIVE RECEIVER PARTS OF THE SUPER-REGENERATIVE SET.

High Intensity.
The intensity of the impulses thus developed is very great. Theoretically this regenerative action may take place as often as 250,000 times while the letter "E" is being pronounced.

As the coupling between the plate and grid circuits is tightened, more and more of the amplified energies of the plate circuit are fed back into the grid circuit until finally the dissipation of signal energy which has been going on in the grid circuit—due to resistance encountered—is completely offset.

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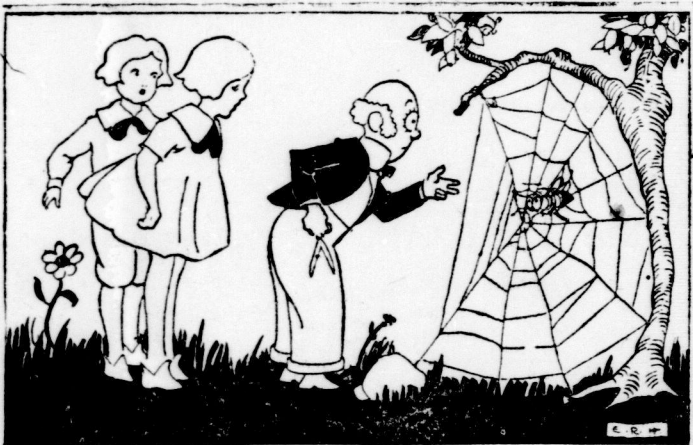
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HOW BUDDY BLUEBOTTLE WAS FREED

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



No wonder he couldn't move.

IT was being whispered all over Bright Meadowland. Everyone was talking about it, but no one knew who had started it. Some said it was Mike Mole, who had a habit of disappearing into one of his underground passages the minute he made a remark.

Some said it was the butterfly, but too, had gone on a journey.

Some said it was the kingfisher, who had gone on a fishing trip to the river.

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He'd have asked Buddy's ma and his pa, but he didn't know where they lived either. It was rumored Buddy had no ma and pa, and even whispered that they, too, had been unable to move, just like Buddy, before they left him an orphan.

By and by Star Ann Spider passed on her way to school.

"M-m-m-n," she was saying to Flossy Fuzzy-Worm. "I wish school were over. We're going to have something extra good for lunch, but I'm not allowed to tell."

"Ah, ha," nodded Dr. Snuffles wisely. "Now I know."

He called Nancy and Nick and took his sharp scissors and started off.

There was poor Buddy Bluebottle in Mrs. Spider's web, bound all around with a strong thread. No wonder he couldn't move.

Snip! Snip! went Dr. Snuffles' long scissors.

Buddy was soon free, and after he buzzed his thanks, flew away.

To Be Continued.
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Fashion Deserts Sable For Brown Shades



GOING, going and almost gone are the sable draperies of the past two seasons. Fashion has ceased mourning in black and is rejoicing in all the colorful variations of brown.

"Cinnamon," "mordore" and "rust" are three new shades. They are shown in afternoon, dinner and evening gowns in

combination with autumnal reds, dull gold embroidery and gleaming bronze beads.

Evening gowns also are partial to buttercup yellows and to coral shades. Less trimming is used on these advance fall models than has been favored recently since the new lines—long and draped—make it unnecessary.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Kill them all, and the germs too. 10c a packet at Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

Work Brains—Not Digestion

Here's an ideal hot-weather luncheon!

Two packages luscious Little Sun-Maid Raisins—one cool glass of milk. Big men don't need more.

290 calories of energizing nutriment in the little raisins. Pure fruit sugar, practically predigested so it acts almost immediately, yet doesn't tax digestion and thus heat the blood.

There's fatigue-resisting food-iron also in this lunch.

Vital men eat like this and resist the weather. Don't work their digestion because they want to work their brains.

Try it for a few days and you'll feel better.

Little Sun-Maids
Between-Meal Raisins
5c Everywhere
—in Little Red Packages