

# The Tangled Arm

Isabel Ostrander

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(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

"I've myde up my mind to put my money on you, old top!" she announced. "When do you want me to go to Brooklea and where'll I put up? At the King's Arms? Wot price a widow named Mrs. Higgins who keeps to 'er room until she 'ears from you?"

"Good! Take a train around seven tonight and I'll phone when your cue comes." Miles attended to the check and they rose.

It was almost dinner time when he reached Brooklea, but instead of returning at once to the Drakes' he paid a call at a neat, old-fashioned cottage nearer the village.

Carter and Pierre were hurrying about the kitchen, busied with the serving of dinner and as he passed the servants' dining-room, Scottie beckoned imperiously, but Miles waved an emphatic dissent and hurried up the back stairs.

At the first landing he came upon Hitty.

"Mr. Roger's condition hasn't changed since last night?"

"No, sir. I don't know if it'll be any harm if I do leave him." She shivered. "I'll be right back before the family leave the table."

She scuttled off downstairs and Miles softly entered the sick room and took the chair beside the bed. He leaned over and spoke gently.

"Mr. Drake, you can hear me?"

The eye which had turned eagerly toward him at his first word closed swiftly, gratefully and then opened wide.

"I meant what I said yesterday. The past is buried and must not be resurrected, but there is one who must be shown to the one whose name you tried to tell your brother yesterday. I knew—I guessed—but I must have your assurance, that I am right. The man you fear, the man who can bring ruin and worse upon you all—is this he?"

Bending more closely over the prostrate form he breathed a name.

There was a pregnant pause while Roger Drake's eye seemed to dilate. Then, unwaveringly, inexorably, the lids closed.

CHAPTER XVII.

"MAN, but I've news for you!"

Scottie exclaimed when Miles came down stairs. "Dick Kemp has found what's been under our very noses. Do you mind when Rip told us of meeting two men in the garden? Last night they came again and Dick frightened them away but not before he'd discovered the spot they were after. We'll beat them to it tonight, but how we're to get rid of the lad—"

"I'll find a way," Miles responded briefly. "It's only the last link in the chain, anyway, but it will be best for him and his little bride to be far from this house later to-night."

"When young Dick meets you tell him to pack his grip and wait with his runabout in the back road till Patricia joins him."

Miles was passing through the hall when Andrew Drake emerged from the library fuming with exasperation.

"Confound that pettifogging Wells," he explained to Miss Drake. "He's coming down on the ten o'clock train tonight and insists that I meet him at the station—Wants a private talk."

"Sh-h!" Miss Drake warned and vanished up the stairs. Andrew grumbledly following.

As Miles turned Patricia appeared in the door of the music room.

"I heard," she whispered. "Oh, Sergeant, why is Mr. Wells coming and where have you been all day? When is all this dreadful suspense going to end?"

"Tonight, for you, my dear young lady," the detective replied. "I want you to go away again now tonight. Mr. Kemp will be waiting for you on the back road in his car in an hour and you must take your traveling case and slip out and join him. He will keep in touch with me and when you come back in a few days it will be to find that all the trouble has passed."

She held both her hands out to him impulsively.

"Oh, I have always had faith in you even when I was living a night mare. You have found the terrible old woman who tried to have me abducted and the man with the tat-



GRAY STRUCK OUT BLINDLY.

old man." Miles wedged down the lid once more and began heaping the loose dirt back upon it. Put the boards back over the hole as well as you can and follow me!"

Scottie obeyed and the two walked to the road where a machine had halted. With its three grimly business-like occupants, the briefest of greetings were exchanged.

"You understand, boys, that you're on a confidential case, and Scottie is here just by accident," Miles spoke with authority, but there was a note of uncontrollable elation in his tones.

"Sure, we understand all right, Sergeant," the burlier of the trio replied with immense respect. "We're all set and waiting for orders."

"All right, Farrell; you and Marks come with me. I'm going to post you indoors and then get one of the neighbors to join us whom I shall want as a witness. Scottie, jump in and let Barker drive you down to the Mansion House where I want you to send word up to a Mrs. Higgins that you've come to bring her back here. While she is getting ready, call up 130 Brooklea and insist on speaking to the lady of the house; she, too, will be prepared for your call. Tell her Miss Drake is ill and has sent for her. She will use a conveyance of her own to reach here, but Mrs. Higgins will return with you and Barker, and see that you make it snappy!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN WELLS was still fully dressed when Miles knocked upon the door of the guest room. After a brief colloquy he descended to the library where he found Enslie Gray.

"My dear sir!" He extended a cordial hand to the bewildered naturalist. "This is an unpardonable hour at which to have disturbed you but you are our poor Roger's closest friend."

"Sad!" Gray returned. "Roger is—"

"His seizure has not yet taken a fatal turn, but it is well to be prepared. But here come the others."

"What is the meaning of this?" Hobart attired in a robe and slippers, appeared in the doorway. "Gray, you here?"

"Hello, Gray?" Andrew's voice

tooted arm?"

"He will never cross your path again," Miles replied evasively. "One thing more, not only was your own sanity never in question, but that of your people also."

It was midnight when Miles and Scottie, equipped with shovels, set to work with a will and soon had a hole waist deep where the floor of the summer house had been.

"I've struck something, lad," Scottie announced in an unconsciously lowered voice.

Miles leaped down into the excavation beside him and felt about with his hands.

"Machinery!" Scottie exclaimed. "Rusted and broken as though it had been crushed with a sledge-hammer!"

"Our friends hoped it would be in better condition, I think," Miles responded. "Can you guess what it is?"

"Tis not a wee printing press, though I own I've had that in mind since you took the counterfeit bill from me," Scottie shook his head slowly. "If I had a chance to try to assemble it now—"

"You're close enough to the truth," Miles said.

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## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



JACK HEARD THE SWISH OF A BIRD'S WINGS AND LOOKED UP AND SAW A VIOLET EAGLE CIRCLING AROUND HIS HEAD. JACK AT ONCE STARTED TO RUN AS THE EAGLE SWOOPED DOWN.



IN THE MEANTIME FLIP WAS STRAINING AT THE ROPE THAT HELD HIM CAPTIVE. FINALLY HE CRAWLED THE ROPE APART, AND DASHED UP THE HILL TO TRY AND SAVE HIS LITTLE MASTER.



JACK COULD NOT RUN FAST ENOUGH TO GET AWAY FROM THE FAST FLYING EAGLE, WHO HAD A SWOOP AND CAUGHT JACK, JUST AS FLIP CAME RUNNING UP THE HILL.



THE EAGLE FLEW OFF, CARRYING JACK. FLIP MADE A FLYING LEAP FOR THE BIRD, BUT WAS JUST A SECOND TOO LATE. THEN A FERRY CHASE STARTED.

## Doris Kenyon Bares Her Secrets of Beauty



CONSTANT USE OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT IS BAD. BRUSH THE EYEBROWS NIGHTLY. HEADACHES MAY MEAN WEAK EYES.

(This is the last of a series of articles on beauty written for The London Advertiser by six leading beauties of the stage. Doris Kenyon, star of "Up the Ladder," tells you how to beautify the eyes.)

BY DORIS KENYON

Famed for Her Beautiful Eyes.

EYES always talk, but what they say depends on the mind and character of the individual.

Raised to their highest beauty, they become the most compelling feature of any face. Nothing gives them such a beauty as a vital interest in life, and nothing so deadens them as self-interest.

The greatest beautifiers of the eye are the agencies which promote the best state of health—plenty of sleep, regular habits and hygienic living.

The reckless abuse of eyes in youth is so universal it is no wonder we are a spectacled nation.

MUCH of the expression of the eye depends on the lashes and brows and these are most responsive to regular care. It is strange how many women do not cultivate these instead of resorting to pencil or stain which is always noticeable and gives to the face a hard look.

Brows and lashes should be brushed nightly with an eyebrow brush and if they are thin a little vaseline or olive oil should be rubbed in, using great care none gets into contact with the pupil. Anointing the brows with glycerine or alcohol will

draw the attention of the beginner from the characters being transmitted.

A miniature alternating current generator will overcome this difficulty. It easily can be rigged up from an old magnetic telephone, a toy motor and an iron gear wheel.

The gear should be mounted upon the shaft of the motor so that its teeth revolve very close to, and directly in front of, the pole pieces of the magnetic telephone. For the best results, the gear should be of approximately the same thickness as the pole piece of the telephone re-

ceiver. If the tone produced in the windings of the receiver is to be a pure one, the gear should be mounted on the shaft of the motor.

The provision of a rheostat in circuit with the motor and its battery will enable the control of the pitch of the tone.

The action is as follows: When two of the teeth of the gear are opposite the two poles of the telephone receiver, the magnetic circuit is completed through the gear, at which time a maximum of magnetic flux exists.

When the gear is revolved, the resistance of the magnetic flux is greatly increased because of the substitution of air in front of the pole pieces of the telephone magnet. A great change in the magnetic flow is thus brought about.

This change of magnetic flow produces a pulse of current in the coils of the telephone receiver. Each time a tooth of the gear passes the pole pieces, a similar pulse will be registered in the windings of the receiver. It is thus acting as a generator.

Any magnetic telephone may be used in this way, although the watch-case type will give less energy than those larger phones used with the standard telephone instruments.

RADIO PRIMER.

REACTANCE—Opposition to an electric current brought about by induction or capacitance in the circuit. Reactance holds back the current by storing it in the form of a magnetic field.

FOR life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—knockers! They are comfortable, trim, good looking. The sketch shows you one young woman who gives them her entire approval. She knows that it won't be a month before every other girl in town will have a pair, too. They are so superior to skirts in important matters such as tennis matches, hiking, camping and climbing.

Knockers are shown in the shops for girls of from 8 to 18, as well as for older women, and many a mother who wouldn't be caught dead in them herself, as she would say, has thanked the fashion for providing a suitable outing costume for an active young daughter.

The knockers are shown in homespun, tweed, jersey, khaki and flannel as well as in linen, crash and ratine.

Subscriber: We cannot publish addresses in the Mail-Box, but, if you will forward me your own right name and address, with stamped envelope, I will send on to you T. I. P.'s address.

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

### SNUFFLES STRAIGHTENS BUG BABY MIXUP

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"I'd say it's a case of mistaken identity, Mrs. Tater-Bug."

NANCY and Nick were passing the potato-patch when a worried voice called out:

"Oh please, sir, and please, ma'am, would you mind calling the doctor?"

"Who are you and where do you live?" called Nancy in reply.

"Here," came the voice. "Right on this tater-vine. I'm Mrs. Tater-Bug."

Bug and something's happened to my Timmy."

Nick ran off to the blueberry patch as fast as his legs would carry him to get the fairy doctor and Nancy stayed to comfort Mrs. Tater-Bug, whom she found after a careful search in a cozy leaf house.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Tater-Bug, dashing some few drops on her eyes to take away the redness. "My poor, poor Timmy! I went out for a minute to ask Mrs. Beetle if she knew what the green stuff was Farmer Smith was sprinkling around, and left Timmy in his crib as nice as anything."

"But when I came back, something awful had happened. Timmy's nice stripes had turned to black spots and he's red all over. I'm afraid it's either chicken-pox or measles."

Just then the fairy doctor arrived. He pulled down the covers, and looked at Timmy this way and that and every which way.

"Him!" he said wisely. "Him! I'd say it's a case of mistaken identity, Mrs. Tater-Bug."

"Oh, how dreadful!" shrieked Timmy's mother. "W—will he die, doctor?"

"No, unless he's out eating the green stuff Farmer Smith sprinkled around. This isn't Timmy at all. It's Lily Lady-Bug, who's crawled in here to take a nap."

(To be Continued.)

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## A LUNCHEON DISH

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

Cooking Authority for NEA Service and Columbia University.

EGGS combined with a vegetable often makes a very good and much more satisfying dish than eggs or vegetables alone.

The following recipe calls for tomatoes, but egg plant or peppers are good served in the same way.

Allow one tomato and one egg to a person. This recipe is sufficient for six servings:

- |              |                      |
|--------------|----------------------|
| 6 tomatoes   | 8 tablespoons butter |
| 8 eggs       | 1/2 teaspoon salt    |
| 1/2 cup milk | 1/2 teaspoon pepper  |
|              | 6 pieces bacon       |

Wash, wipe and cut tomatoes in halves. Roll each half in salted flour, mixed with a teaspoon of sugar. Fry the bacon until crisp. Remove pieces and keep hot.

In the bacon fat remaining in pan cook the tomatoes until soft and nicely browned.

Mix the eggs, milk and seasonings. Melt the butter in a sauce pan and in it scramble the eggs. Remove from the fire when still quite soft as they will cook sufficiently hard after being placed on tomatoes.

On a platter place the pieces of tomato, pour over them the scrambled eggs and garnish with the crisp pieces of bacon. Serve at once.

## The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

BY A. A. MILNE



England and Canada are talking about this greatest detective story of the decade. Some of the words they use to describe it are:

- |              |                |               |
|--------------|----------------|---------------|
| thrilling,   | brilliant,     | gratifying,   |
| charming,    | exciting,      | stirring,     |
| intriguing,  | original,      | attractive,   |
| witty,       | alluring,      | captivating,  |
| amusing,     | penetrating,   | engaging,     |
| delightful,  | distinguished, | lively,       |
| absorbing,   | sparkling,     | fascinating,  |
| interesting, | funny,         | entertaining, |
| punchy,      | unusual,       | diverting,    |
| splendid,    | gripping,      | enjoyable.    |

This is the novel which Heywood Broun calls "the best murder story since Sherlock Holmes shut up shop."

## "The Red House Mystery"

By A. A. MILNE

Author of "The Dover Road," "Mr. Pim Passes By," etc.

Will appear in

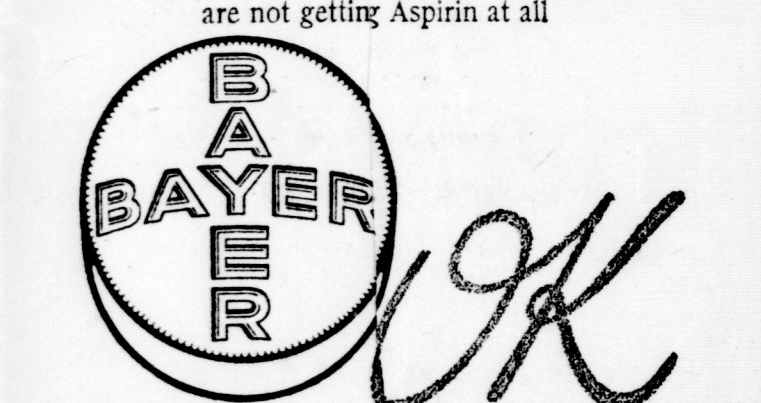
## THE LONDON ADVERTISER

Don't miss the first installment

Wednesday, August 2nd, 1922

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| Earache   | Lumbago   | Pain, Pain |

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