

# The TATTOOED ARM

(Continued from our last issue.)  
"Wells is an old fool!" Andrew continued. "I say, there is nothing any of us can do for Roger; he'll keep like a baby tonight and be all right in the morning. I'm going out. I won't be back until late, but I'll take my key and I won't disturb you if you'll tell Carter not to put the chain on the door."

He strode heavily from the room and in another moment Miss Drake and Hobart followed.  
"It's work for nothing to get the able for them," they don't hardly touch a thing," Carter murmured, as he and Miles cleared away the final debris of the meal. "I'm sure I don't know what's come to this house, nor where it's going to end?"

"What's there to be scared of?" Miles asked sternly. "I've seen nothing but the fainting spell of Mr. Roger's today. Is he often took like that?"  
Carter shook his head.  
"Only once before and that was just a day or two after—the first of the month brought Mr. Hobart home when he'd been walking in his sleep. That's what you heard, ain't it, William?" He asked the question with almost pathetic eagerness.

"No," William replied bluntly. "If you want the truth I heard he was either drunk or crazy?"  
"Not a thing had he touched that night for the only set of keys to the wine cellar," Carter asserted solemnly. "I've yet to see Mr. Hobart in liquor but I can't say as much for Mr. Andrew! Mr. Andrew was a trial to the rest of the family when he came back, though he's owed down considerable, especially in his language. It was shocking to hear William!"

"I shouldn't be surprised," Miles observed. "Did he bring those fits back with him, too, from Australia?"  
"You mean what happened last Monday?" Carter lowered his voice.  
"If you want to know my opinion from what I could get out of Edward I think Mr. Andrew was shamming. Miles glanced sharply at the old man, but his tone was casual as he remarked:

"He was playing a trick on Edward, maybe, but there was no fake about Mr. Roger's faint today."

"No, and as for Mr. Hobart, I'm glad he's given up the stock market before he lost everything. I've seen him sometimes I've wished the money never came in the first place! It was that made all three of them act queer long ago, and though I almost forgot about it in the years between, perhaps they've been wrong in the head ever since."

"How do you mean they acted queer when they came into their money?" asked Miles.  
"I remember when the news came and though they were excited it struck me then that not one of them seemed really happy about it or even surprised. Mr. Hobart seemed to think only of getting back at other folks for all the years of hardship they'd been through, getting rich by making other folks poor! It gave me the shivers to hear him. You would have thought that there was a death in the house!" continued Carter. "They didn't talk to each other any more—they had to, didn't scarcely look at each other and it seemed as though there was almost hatred between them! Mr. Andrew had ugly fits of temper that he'd never showed before and other times Mr. Roger would break down and go all to pieces right out of a clear sky; only Mr. Hobart kept a level head on his shoulders and all at once I noticed the hair at each side of his forehead was turning gray—and him only 23! But quiet years came after, and comfortable ones, and I forgot until this trouble now brought it all back to me."

CHAPTER XIV  
LIKE two housebreakers, Sergeant Miles and Scottie stole up the back stairs that night and halted before the door at the end of the hall. As he drew the skeleton keys from his pocket Miles indicated the traces of wax which still adhered to the lock, then whispered: "Andrew! He wanted to get in here mighty bad, didn't he?"

Scottie nodded, not trusting himself to speak, and his companion tried the lock and keyhole carefully before setting to work. He made no noise but the minutes dragged out interminably while the other watched and listened tensely for a possible interruption. The key clicked faintly in the lock and the door swung slowly inward.

"Wait till I close the door," Miles commanded; then as a tiny light glowed out: "Good! There's a bolt in the inside and we can't be surprised. Andrew may come home at any time and I have a hunch that he'll try to finish then what he started this afternoon."

It looks as though he'd made a pretty thorough job of it, destruction was his object," Scottie commented dryly as the rapier-like thrust of light played about the dense blackness of the room. "May the devil take us if we're not in a museum!"

They were in a huge, low-ceilinged room which had evidently been long haunted by human occupancy. On the left trunks and packing cases of all shapes and sizes were heaped pell-mell with broken lamps. From their depths a heterogeneous mass of relics and manuscripts had been scattered in all directions.

Haughty, though fragmentary, dolls and humble cooking pots, fear-some weapons, bits of crumbled harp, and among them all roll after roll of ancient parchment, together with notebooks of a more modern day.

Scottie approached a long, metal-lined box and after one glance within promptly retreated.

"It's a mummy," Miles gazed briefly down at the small, tightly swathed form and then turned differently away. "If Andrew found what he was looking for this afternoon, he was wasting our time, but I don't think he was successful. Those notebooks must contain the result of years of study and classification and see how the pages are torn out and scattered about!"

"Then it was writing that Andrew was after, and modern writing at that, for he's only thrown the parchments aside!" Scottie gathered up a handful of the loose sheets and examined them critically.

"But what was he looking for? That's what we've got to find out. What would Roger have written and carted all around the world with him that his brother would want badly enough to steal? Mr. Wells told me that the three brothers were devotedly attached to each other, but I have seen small evidence of affection on Andrew's part for any of them."

"Do you see all these odd caskets of metal and carved bone?" Scottie was pointing his torch over the ancient relics which littered the floor. "Perhaps we can find one or two that haven't been broken open."

It was long past midnight when they desisted at last and Miles remarked with a shrug:  
"I guess we'd better give it up, old man. If there was anything bearing on our problem Andrew must have made off with it, after all."

Scottie suppressed a sneeze heroically as the dust which still floated in the air assailed his nostrils, and replied in a strangled voice:  
"The mound of the ages is eating its heart out!"

"It's the one place we never thought of, Scottie!" into my lungs and there's a musty, spicy reek from that mummy—"

"The mummy!" Miles struck his hands together softly. "It's the one place we never thought of, Scottie! We're not beaten yet!"  
He started over to the long, coffin-like case and his companion followed somewhat reluctantly.

"The—the person doesn't appear to have been disturbed since the pyramids were built," he ventured. "What are you about, lad? You're never going to undress it!"

"It's Peruvian, not Egyptian; don't you see the inscription?" responded Miles in a quick, excited whisper. "Moreover, the wrappings about the head and breast have been unwound within a very few years at most and then replaced!"

Miles inserted his hand with infinite care beneath the displaced fabric which covered the shrunken, flint-like breast and drew forth a slender roll of parchment. Scottie hastily returned his unwelcome burden to its original position and strode around the case to stare over his friend's shoulder at the discovery.

"It's in figure writing!" he exclaimed disgustedly as the roll unwound. "You'd never be able to read it and it would do you no good if you did! I've no doubt it's a prayer. Put it back, Owen, it's defying Providence!"

"Defying your grandmother!" Miles interrupted. "This message is in Egyptian hieroglyphics, Scottie, I know that much!—Egyptian picture writing in the wrappings of a Peruvian mummy!—Get me a piece of that parchment from the floor, will you?"

Scottie complied and held both his torch and that of his companion while the latter compared the texture of the scrolls. At length he drew a quick breath and faced the older man with shining eyes.

"I can't read a word of it as you say, but the Lord Harry I think we've got it! There are professors in town who can decipher it for us and be depended upon to hold their tongues afterward, and we'll see that it reaches one of them tomorrow!"

"But it can't be what Andrew was looking for!" Scottie expostulated. "He certainly can't translate hieroglyphs!"

"Nor would we have known that it was what he wanted if he had found it," retorted Miles. "Can't you see, old man? That was the intention of the person who placed it there. It is something that had to be preserved and yet must be unobtainable to anyone not a student of Egyptology."

Miles slowed papyrus and parchment carefully in his pocket.  
Switching off their torches they stole from the room, but as Miles unlocked the door behind them his companion seized his arm.

"Do you hear that?" Scottie's husky whisper breathed in his ear. "Someone's up, and there's a wee streak of light coming from that room at the front. Whose is it?"

"Hobart's!" whispered Miles in reply. "Flatten yourself against the wall and walk as lightly as you can; we're going to look into this!"

Foot by foot they crept along the hall until they neared Hobart's door, and then halted as though transfixed, for the voice of Miss Drake, trembling and charged with long pent-up emotion, came to the listeners' ears.

"It is no use! If we were the only ones concerned I would have kept this from you, but it shall not be visited upon the next generation! I know the truth, Hobart! I have always known!"

(Continued in our next issue.)

## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



JACK FOUND A BIG PIECE OF ROPE AND THIS GAVE HIM THE IDEA FOR A DARING PLAN OF ESCAPE. JUST THEN HE HEARD ONE OF THE GORILLAS COMING WITH HIS BREAKFAST.



THE GORILLA ENTERED AND SLAMMED THE DOOR. QUICK AS A FLASH JACK GOT BEHIND HIM, AND THREW HIS LAST COIN OVER HIS HEAD. THEN HE PULLED THE SLIP KNOT.



JACK THEN BOUND AND GAGGED THE GORILLA, AND TOOK THE BEAST'S PASS KEY. THEN HE LOST NO TIME IN UNLOCKING THE CELL DOOR THAT WAS HIS FIRST STEP TOWARDS FREEDOM.



THE LITTLE ADVENTURER CREEPT SILENTLY THROUGH THE MANY CAVERNS OF THE CAVE AFTER WALKING FOR HOURS JACK BEGAN TO THINK THAT HE WAS LOST.

## Stuffed Baked Tomatoes.

- |                                      |                                |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 6 large tomatoes.                    | 1 cup cold cooked chopped meat |
| 3 tablespoons fat (bacon or butter). | 1 cup soft stale bread crumbs. |
| 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion.  | 1 teaspoon salt.               |
|                                      | 1 teaspoon paprika.            |
|                                      | 1 teaspoon sugar.              |

CUT THE TOPS from the tomatoes and scoop out the inside pulp, leaving a wall one-fourth inch thick. Sprinkle the inside with salt.

Fry the onion in fat until slightly yellow. Then add meat, bread crumbs and seasonings and cook all together five minutes. Add pulp taken from tomatoes and cook a minute.

Fill tomatoes with the mixture—replace the tops, cut a gash on each side of the tomato, and place closely together in a baking dish. Bake until tomatoes are soft.

This stuffing may be varied in the following ways:  
Raw chopped beef, lamb, veal or pork may be used. Cook in the fat ten minutes instead of five.  
Cooked rice may be used in place of bread crumbs.  
Chopped red and green peppers or parsley may be added.  
The same stuffing may be used for peppers, cucumbers, summer squash, vegetable marrow or egg plant.

Vegetables stuffed and baked may be used as the main dish for luncheon, supper or simple dinner.

## Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR

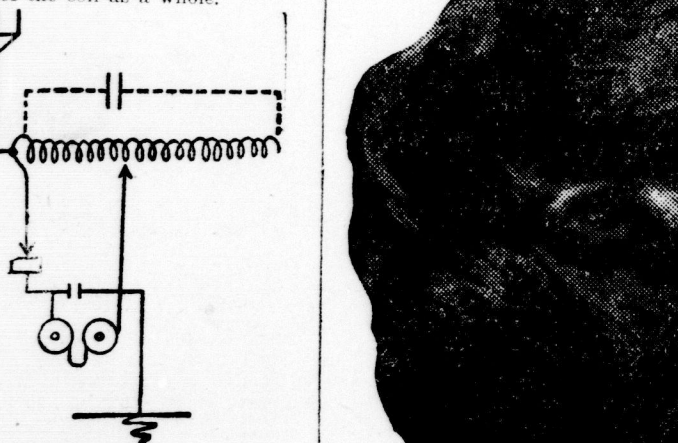
"END loss" in radio coils is something which all amateurs who construct their own sets will need to guard against.

It is a loss which may be so great as to completely prevent reception of signals on a certain wave length.

A watch should be kept for these effects, not only in the apparatus which is built at home, but also in that which is purchased, for even manufacturers do not always properly guard against it.

In addition to having inductance, all inductance coils possess capacity. The capacity of coil depends upon its diameter, the kind of insulation on the wire, the nature of the impregnating varnish and the nature of the supporting form. It is far greater on coils having more than one layer of wire than on coils which have only a single layer.

Waste Energy.  
If only a portion of a coil of wire is used, the remainder will have a certain fundamental frequency or wave length, due to the inductance of the unused portion and the capacity of the coil as a whole.



HOW COIL CAPACITY AFFECTS A RADIO SET.

If these values happen to give to the unused part of the coil a wave length equal approximately to the wave at which reception is desired a great part of the received currents will be absorbed by the unused circuit. Cases have been known where 70 per cent of the total energy was wasted in this way.

These same effects are encountered when coils are near, or in the magnetic field of coils actually being used in circuit. The effect may be demonstrated by placing a coil near your receiver circuit.

Connect a small variable condenser across the terminals of the coil. Vary the condenser and note that at a certain point—if the values of the coil and the condenser are the proper ones—the signals will disappear.

If the coupling between the test coil and the receiver is very weak, these effects will not be marked. If it is very close, which is the condition when only a part of the windings of a coil are in use, the effects will be more marked.

## FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How To Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of

## OTHINE

(DOUBLE STRENGTH)

from any drug store or toilet counter and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

## Some Life by Jackie Coogan, Jr.

I HAVE a girl!  
Her name is Patsy, and she lives next door to us in Hollywood.

We'll marry some day and be like daddy and ma. I'll be fun. Sometimes we play store, sometimes house. I pretend that I've been out late.



"WE'LL MARRY SOME DAY AND BE LIKE DADDY AND MA."

and she scolds me like anything. I say I'm sorry. I'll never do it again. But I do.

It's the game.  
I was thinking about Patsy when they took me to the circus in New York. She sure would have enjoyed it.

Tomorrow: "Some of My Other Friends."

## Tells How To Improve Facial Lines



(This is the third of a series of articles on beauty, written for The London Advertiser.)  
BY MARJORIE RAMBEAU, Famed for Beauty of Facial Contour.

PLASTIC surgery is becoming so common that in time every woman may become the architect of her own face and have any sort of a profile she can pay for.

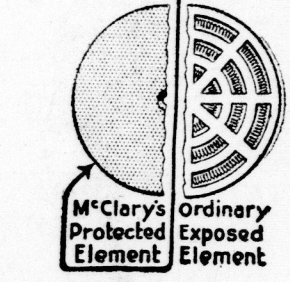
But the average woman would never be obliged to have recourse to the knife if she would remember the contour of her face is a reflection of her thoughts and character.

A psychologist once told me it is possible entirely to change the expression and shape of one's mouth in two weeks by changing the current of thoughts.

If you have overdeveloped your critical faculty and are continually pointing you will destroy the beauty of your lips.

Small lines indicate you have allowed small worries to absorb your attention. Sagging downward lines show you haven't looked on the happy side of things.

A double chin reveals you have not held your head proudly erect, but have allowed it to slump.



McClary's Protected Element

Ordinary Exposed Element

You cannot get this kind of Protected Element on any other Range. The specially prepared porcelain filler completely covers wires and surface of element as a protection against deterioration and destruction; it carries a guarantee for efficiency and lasting quality.

McClary's Electric Range

Seamless, round cornered porcelain enameled oven operates like a Fireless Cooker

Makers of

McClary's enameled cooking utensils "The Clean Way"

The greatest beautifier known is relaxation. Ten minutes of relaxation a day will do more to prevent wrinkles than any other measure.

The benefits of massage are differently rated by different schools of beauty. Undoubtedly heavy facial massage is not desirable, but the simple massage every woman may give herself nightly after cleansing her face does much to keep the muscles firm and the face unlined.

Always use a pure cream and use the first three fingers of each hand. Rub upward and outward, using a firm, gentle touch and a rotary motion. Massage the cheeks, temples, throat and forehead, particularly the region between the eyes where wrinkles are prone to assemble.

When massaging about the eyes be gentle as the tissues are delicate.

To retain the firm contour of the throat massage the muscles in a slanting direction from under the chin toward the shoulders and from the middle of the throat upward toward the ears.

Correct breathing exercises, swimming and exercises which give play to the muscles of the neck will do much to develop it symmetrically.



## Two Points Higher

THE thing that attracts and impresses and holds attention—the splendid achievement that fascinates and impels admiration and creates desire—is the one which, among its kind, stands out alone—two points higher.

## McClary's Electric Range

The Electric Range of distinction—of efficiency—of service—of durability—embodies two points that set it higher than all others.

1. The Protected Element, which heats quickly and in which the wiring is protected against damage by being embedded in tough porcelain.

2. The Seamless Oven, welded, round-cornered, porcelain enameled, which affords not the slightest lodging place for food-juice laden steam. It is smooth, easy to keep clean and absolutely sanitary.

# McClary's Electric Range

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary, Saskatoon and Edmonton

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