By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM or of "Mr. Grex of Monta," "The Vanished Mess-

ture drama of the same name produced by the turing Company. Illing parted with a the motion picture producing

cape, a rough sort of cradle with a

rope attached.

a little farther and paused in mid-

"The cables! Try the cables!"

A shout from the crowd reached

Where is the man who came down

over yonder," was the hoarse reply. "Say, guv'nor, you only just made

Craig pushed his way through the

crowd to where Craig was speaking

eagerly to French. He stopped short and stooped down. He was near enough to hear the former's words.

down the ropes and swing on the ca-bles? That was Quest, Sanford Quest,

the man who escaped from the Tombs prison. He can't have got away yet."

jumped on the cable lines. A hundred dollars for his arrest!"

were rushing about in all di

for him.

Quest turned reluctantly away. Men

The professor swung round in his

chair and greeted Quest with some

urprise, but also a little disappoint

"I got Craig, all right," he replied.
"He came to the Servants' club, where

"I have had no shaving water; my coffee was undrinkable; I can find nothing. I have a most important lecture to prepare and I cannot find any of the notes I made upon the sub-

Quest smoked in silence for a mo-

The professor opened a drawer and

Quest opened it and read it through. t was from the sheriff of a small

"The men you inquired for are both here. They have sold an automobile and seem to be spending the proceeds.

Quest studied the message for a

"Say, this is rather interesting, pro-

signal man, who could have been my alibi, and swiped my car, in

which, as it cannot be found, French supposes that I returned to New York. With their arrest the case against

me collapses. I tell you frankly, pro-fessor," Quest continued frowning. "I

hate to leave the city without having nd that girl; but I am not sure

"I agree with you most heartily."

the professor declared. "I recommend any course which will insure the re-

"I cannot promise you that you will ever have Craig here again," Quest

observed grimly. "I rather fancy Sing Sing will be his next home."

Quest stepped off the cars at Bethel little before noon that morning. The

ed him cordially but with obvious sur-

ey turned away, "I know these men wanted on your charge, but I cought—you'll excuse me for saving

turn of my man Craig!'

"No news of Craig?" he asked.

cape as best I could."

asked abruptly.

"Only this!"

handed him a telegram.

town in Connecticut:

vishly

side out and replaced it swiftly.

Quest drew off his coat, turned it in

"Mr. French, you saw the man come

(Continued)

(Continued)

"First of all," Quest replied, "I want to know what you have done with my assistant, the girl whom you Yard by yard, swinging a little in want to know what you have done with my assistant, the girl whom you

with my assistant, the girl whom you carried off from the professor's garage."

Craig shook his head.

"I know nothing about her."

"She locked you in the garage,"
Quest continued, "and sent for me.
When I arrived I found the garage door open, Lenora gone and you a fugitive."

Bewilderment struggled for a moment with blank terror in Craig's expression.

"How do you know that she locked me in the garage?"

Quest smiled, stretched out his right was being burned through not a dozen

me in the garage?"

Quest smiled, stretched out his right arm and his long fingers played softfeet away from him. He descended

ly with the pocket wireless
"In just the same way," he ex-"that I am sending her this essage at the present moment—a essage which she will receive and understand wherever she is hidden. Would you like to know what I am

He glanced round. Seven or eight feet away, and almost level with him, was a double row of telegraph wires.

telling her?"

The man shivered. His eyes, as though fascinated, watched the little instrument.

"I am saying this, Craig," Quest continued. "Craig is here and in my vigorously away from it with his feet, power. He is sitting within a few and at the farthest point of the out-feet of me and will not leave this ward swing jumped. His hands graproom until he has told me your wherepled the telegraph wires safely. Even in that tense moment he heard a little sob of relief from the people below. s. Keep up your courage, Le-You shall be free in an hour." Hand over hand he made his way

The trapped man looked away from the instrument into Quest's face. the instrument into Quest's face.
There was a momentary flicker of to the ground. The crowd immediatesomething that might have passed for ly surged around him. courage in his tone.
"Mr. Quest," he said, "you are a wonderful man, but there are limits to before me?" he asked a bystander.
"Talking to the police in the car

your power. You can tear my tongue m my mouth, but you cannot force me to speak."

Quest leaned a little farther for-ward in his chair, his gaze became more concentrated.

"That is where you are wrong, Craig. That is where you make a mis-take. In a very few minutes you will be telling me all the secrets of your Craig shivered, drew back a little

in his chair, tried to rise and fell back again helpless.
"My God!" he cried. "Leave me

alone!"
"When you have told me the truth,"
Quest answered swiftly, "and you will
tell me all I want to know in a few
minutes. . . Your eyelids are getting a little heavy, Craig. Don't resist. Something which is like sleep is
coming over you. You see my will

side out and replaced it swiftly. He
coolly picked up a hat someone had
lost in the crowd and pulled it over
feet of where Craig and the inspector
were talking.

"Say, boys, Sanford Quest is in the
crowd somewhere. He's the man who
tumped on the "Shle lines." A huncoming over you. You see my will has yours by the throat."

Craig shook his head. A very weak smile of triumph flickered for a moment at the corners of his lips.
"Your torture chamber trick won't work on me!" he exclaimed.

The whole gamut of emotions seemed already to have spent them-celves in the man's face, but at that moment there was a new element, an element of terrified curiosity in the expression of his eyes as he stared

wards the door.
"Is this another trick of yours?" he

"Is this another trick of yours?" he muttered.

Quest, tco, turned his head and sprang instantly to his feet. From underneath the door came a little puff of smoke. There was a queer sense to the servants club, where I was waiting for him. My luck's out, though. The place was burned to the ground last night. I saved his life and then the brute gave me away to the police. I had to make my es-There was a queer sense of smoke. of heat of which both men were simultaneously conscious. Down in the street arose a chorus of warn



"Mount Those Stairs, Craig."

volume. Quest threw open the door and closed it again at once. "The place is on fire." he announce briefly. "Pull yourself together, man. We shall have all we can do to get

gered back almost immediately.

"The stairs are going!" he shricked.
"It is the kitchen that is on fire. We are cut off! We cannot get down!"

that you were in some trouble Quest nodded

"I'm out of that—came out yester-day. The moment my car is identi-fied and Red Gallagher and his mate arrested every scrap of evidence against me goes

Well, here's the garage and the man who bought the car," the sheriff remarked. "and there's the car itself in the road. It's for you to say wheth-er it can be identified." Quest drew a sigh of relief.

"That's mine, right enough," he de ared. "Now for the men." "Say, I want to tell you some

thing," the sheriff began dubiously.
"There two are real thugs. They ain't going to take it lying down."
"Where are they?" Quest de

"In the worst saloon here," the sher-iff replied. "They've been there pretty well all night, drinking, and they're ere again this morning, hard at it. They've got firearms, and though I

rupted. "This is my job and I want to take the men myself." "You'll never do it." the sheriff de

"Look here," Quest explained, "if I let you and your men go in, there will be a free fight, and as likely as

not you will kill one, if not both of the men. I want them alive."

Well," Quest decided, "I'm going in, and I'm going in unarmed. You can bring your men in later, if I call for help or if you hear any shoot-

"You're asking for trouble," the sheriff warned him.
"I've got to do this my own way," Quest insisted. "Stand by now."

He pushed open the door of the sa-oon. There were a dozen men drinking around the bar and in the centwo men.

"Gallagher," he said, "you're my

prisoner. Are you coming quietly?" Gallagher's mate, who was half drunk, swung round and fired a wild shot in Quest's direction. The result was a general stampede. Red Gallagher alone remained motionless. Grim and dangerously silent, he held a pistol within a few inches of Quest's

"If my number's up," he exclaimed "I think it will." Quest answered.

Put that away."

Gallagher hesitated. Quest's influnce over him was indomitable.
"Put it away," Quest repeated firmly. "You know you daren't use it. Your account's pretty full up, as it

his men, struggling to fight their way in through the little crowd who were rushing for safety. Suddenly Quest backed, jerked the pistol up with his right elbow, and with almost the same movement struck Red Gallagher un-der the jaw. The man went over with a crash. His mate, who had een staggering about, cursing victous ly, fired another wild shot at Quest, who swayed and fell forward.

"I've done him!" the man shouted "Get up, Red! I've done him, all right! Finish your drink. We'll get right! out of this!"

He bent unsteadily over Quest. Suddenly the latter sprang up, seized him by the leg and sent him sprawling. The gun fell from his hand. Quest picked it up and held it firmly out, cov-ering both men. Gallagher was on his knees, groping for his own weapon.
"Get the handcuffs on them," Questinto Lenora's eyes that he looked. directed the sheriff, who vith his men had at last succeeded in forcing his way into the saloon.

The professor tapped the table pee-Crouching in her chair, her pale, terror-stricken face supported be-tween her hands, Lenora, her eyes filled with hopeless misery, gazed at the dumb instrument upon the table. Her last gleam of hope seemed to be passing. Her little friend was silent. Once more her weary fingers spelled out a final, despairing message "Any mail for me, professor?" he

"What has happened to you? I am waiting to hear all the time. Has Craig told you where I am? I am afraid!" There was still no reply. Her head sank a little lower on her fold arms. Even the luxury of tears seemed denied her. Fear, the fear which dwelt with her day and night, had her in its grip. Suddenly she leaped, screaming, from her place. Splinters of glass fell all around her. Her first wild thought was of release; she gazed upwards at the broken pane. Then very faintly from the street be-low she heard the shout of a boy's

fessor," he remarked. "These are the two thugs who set upon me at the section house. They killed the angry voice: "You've done it now, Jimmy! You're a fine pitcher, ain't you? Lost it, that's what you've gone and done!" The thoughts formed themselves sought the ball which had come crash ing into the room. There was life once more in her pulses. She found a scrap of paper and a pencil in her pocket. With trembling fingers she wrote a few words:

that the quickest way to set things right would not be to go down, arrest these men and bring them back here. "Police headquarters. I am Sanford Quest's assistant, abducted and imprisoned here in the room where the ball has fallen. Help! I am going clear myself, and then go tooth and

She twisted the paper, looked around the room vainly for string, and finally tore a thin piece of ribbon from her bosom. She tied the mes-sage round the ball, set her teeth and threw it at the empty skylight. The first time she was not successful and the ball came back. The second time it passed through the center of the opening. She heard it strike the sound portion of the glass outside, heard it rumble down the roof. A few seconds of breathless stlence! Her heart al-most stopped beating. Had it rested in some ledge or fallen into the street

Here's the ball come back

A new light should into the room. She seemed to be breathing a different She seemed to be breathing a different atmosphere—the atmosphere of hope. She listened no longer with horror for a creaking upon the stairs. She walked backwards and forwards until she was exhausted. . . Curiously enough, when the end came she was asleep, crouched upon the bed and dreaming wildly. She sprang up to find Inspector French, with a policeman behind him, standing upon the threshold. "Inspector!" she cried, rushing towards him. "Mr. French! Oh, thank God!"

He feelings carried her away. She threw herself at his feet. She was laughing and crying and talking inconcernments and the specific of the state of the safe. She was laughing and crying and talking inconcernments and the specific of the state of the professor sighed as he turned away. "It is evident, I am afraid," he said, "It is evident, I am afraid," he said, "the thook a magnifying glass from his pocket and examined very closely the whole of the front of the safe. "No sign of finger prints." he muttered. "The person who opened it probably wore gloves."

He fitted the safe. White said, "the stafe. "It is evident, I am afraid," he said, "the staff way.

"It is evident, I am afraid," he said, "the this professor sighed as he turned away.

"It is evident, I am afraid," he said, "the this person who opened it probably wore gloves."

He fitted the combination and swung open the door. He stood there for a moment speechless. Something in his attitude attracted the inspector's attention.

"What is it, Mr. Quest?" he asked the inspector's attention.

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"What is it, Mr. Ashleigh, there was laughing and crying and talking incoherents with a police of finger prints." he muttered. "The professor sighed as he turned after myself.

The took a magnifying glass from his pocket and examined very closely the whole of the f

threw herself at his feet. She was laughing and crying and talking inco-herently, all at the same time. The inspector assisted her to a chair.

"Say, what's all this mean?" he de-

She told him her story, incoherently, in broken phrases. French listened with puzzled frown.

Then he realized that she was on

They've got infearms, and though I ain't exactly a nervous man, Mr. Quest—"

"You leave it to me," Quest inter"That'll do," he said. "I'll take care of you for a time, young lady, and I'll ask you a few questions later on. My men are searching the house. You and I will be getting on, if you tear yourself away."

The plain-clothes man, who was ot you will kill one, if not both of lounging in Quest's most comfortable enten. I want them alive."

"Well, it's your show," the sheriff best cigars, suddenly laid down his admitted, stopping before a disrepu-table looking building. "This is the large, empty automobile stood in the street outside, from which the occu-pants had presumably just descend-ed. He hastened towards the door, which was opened, however, before he was halfway across the room. The cigar slipped from his fingers. It was Sanford Quest, who stood there, followed by the sheriff of Bethel, two country policemen and Red Gallagher and his mate, heavily has dcuffed. "Say, aren't you wanted dow yon-der, Mr. Quest?" the man inquired.

"That's all right now," Quest told ter of them Red Gallagher and his mate. Quest walked right up to the two men.

"That's all right how, Quest the him. "I'm ringing up Inspector French myself. You'd better stand by the other fellows there and keep your other fellows there and his mate." eye on Red Gallagher and his mate "I guess Mr. Quest is all right," the sheriff intervened. "We're ringing up headquarters ourselves, anyway."

The plain-clothes man did as he was told. Quest took up the receiver from his telephone instrument and arranged

e phototelesme.
"Police station No. 1, central," he said—"through to Mr. French's office, if you please. Mr. Quest wants to speak to him. Yes, Sanford Quest. No need to get excited!
. . . All right I'm through, am I? . . Hello, inspector?"

A rare expression of joy suddenly

transfigured Quest's face. He was gazing downward into the little mir

Your account's pretty full up, as it is."

Gallagher's hand wavered From outside came the shouts of the sheriff and his men, struggling to fight their way in through the little crowd who were the shouts of the sheriff and its property of the sheriff and pliances here you haven't had time to look at. I can see you sitting there, and Lenora and Laura looking as though you had them on the rack. You can drop that, French. I've got Red Gallagher and his mate, got them here with the sheriff of Bethel. They went off with my auto and sold it. We've got that. Also, in less than five minutes my chauffeur will be here. He's been lying in a farmhouse unconscious, since that scrap. He can tell you what time he saw me last. Bring the girls along, French and hurry!' Quest hung up the receiver.

Inspector French was as good, even better than his word. In a surpris-ingly short time he entered the room, followed by Laura and Lenora. Quest "I mustn't ston to hear your story Lenora," Quest said. "You're safethat's the great thing."

"Found her in an empty house, French reported, "out Grayson avenue way. Now, Mr. Quest, I don't want to an escaped prisoner-There was a knock at the door. A

young man entered in chauffeur's livery, with his head still bandaged. uest motioned him to come in.
"I'll just repeat my story of that

morning, Mr. French," Quest said. "We went out to find Macdougal, and succeeded, as you know. Just as I was starting for home those two thugs set upon me. You know how I made escape. They went off in my au-obile and sold it in Bethel. I arrested them there myself this morn-Here's the sheriff who will bear out what I say, also that they arrived at the place in my automobile."
Inspector French held out his hand.

"Mr. Quest," he said, "I reckon we'll to withdraw the case against No hard feelings, I hope?" "None at all," Quest replied prompt-

Quest stood upon the threshold watching the sheriff and his prisoners leave the house. The former turned round to wave his adieux.

"There's are all threshold was seated. "It seems strange," he continued, that the young lady should have so little to tell us about her incarceration."

Lenora shivered for There's an elderly guy out here," "There's an elderly guy out here,"
"What could there be to tell," she shouted, "seems to want to come asked, "except that it was all horrible,

Quest leaned forward and saw the ofessor.
"My dear Quest," he exclaimed, as patient little exclaimed of he wrung his hand, "my heartiest congratulations! As you know, I always

believed your innocence. I am delighted that it has been proved." The professor sank wearily into an "I will take a little whisky and one of your excellent cigars, Quest," he said. "I must ask you to bear with me if I seem upset. After more than the control of the footsteps of the person who brought it? Could you not even surmise whether it were a man or a woman?"

Lenora answered him with an evi-

the horrible suspicion you seem to have formed of Craig."

"All the same," the inspector re-marked thoughtfully, "someone who is still at large committed those murders and stole those jewels. What is your heory about the jewels, Mr. Quest?"
"I haven't had time to frame one

yet," the criminologist repried. "I ou've been keeping me too busy looking after myself. However," he added, "it's time something was done." He took a magnifying glass from

"What is it, Mr. Quest?" he asked leagerly.

Quest drew a little breath. Exactly facing him, in the spot where the jew-leis had been, was a small black box. He brought it to the table and re-imoved the lid. Inside was a sheet of ipaper, which he quickly unfolded. They all three read the few lines together:

"Pitted against the inherited cunning of the ages, you have no chance. I will take compassion upon you. Look in the right-hand drawer of your desk."

Underneath appeared the signature

oped in course of time. However we look at it, Mr. Ashleigh, there was only one man who must have been anxious to get her out of the way, and that man was Craig. Here comes our friend French. I have an idea that he has something to tell us."

They glanced expectantly towards the door as French entered. The inspector, who was looking very spruce and well brushed, wished them a general good-morning. His eyes rested last and longest upon Laura, who seemed, however, unconscious of his presence.

"Now, then. French." Quest began

Underneath appeared the signature of the "Hands." Quest moved like one in a dream to his cabinet and pulled open the right-hand drawer. He turned that chair and let us have your news. around and faced the other two men.

As you see, we have obeyed orders.

In his hand was Mrs. Rheinholdt's We are all ready to follow you any-



"Inspector!" She Cried, Rushing To-

Sanford Quest, master criminologist or as world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden hu in Professor Ashleigh's garden he his seen an anthropoid ape skeleton and a ling inhuman creature, half monkey, hunan, destroyed by fire. In his room himan, destroyed him him himan, destroyed him himan, destroyed himan h

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT CHAPTER XVI.

Something in the nature of a con ference was proceeding in Quest's study. The professor was there, seatstudy. come the official over you too much, but if you'll kindly remember you're chair, smoking without relish one of his host's best cigars, watching with nervous impatience the closed door Laura and Lenora were seated at the table, dressed for the street. They had the air of being prepared for some excursion. Quest, realizing the professor's highly strung state, had left him alone for a few moments and was studying a map of New York. The latter, however, was too ill at ease to keep silent for long. "Our friend French," he remarked,

"gave you no clue, I suppose, as to the direction in which his investigation are leading him?'

Quest glanced up from the map.
"None at all. I know, however, that the house in which Lenora here was confined is being watched closely." The professor glanced across toward the table before which Lenora

and that I felt things—felt dangers-which I couldn't describe." The professor gave vent to an im

"I am not speaking for fancies," he persisted. "You had food brought to you, for instance. Could you never see the hand which placed it inside your room? Could you hear nothing of the footsteps of the person who

twenty years' service from one whom I have always treated as a friend this recovered from the shock of those sudden separation, to a man of my awful hours.

age, is somewhat trying. I do not allowed, as you perceive, Mr. Quest, to the horrible suspicion you seem to the horrible suspicion you seem to the daytime. I never heard anything. The most I ever saw was once thing. —I happened to be looking the door and I saw a pair of h nothing more—setting down a tray. I shrieked and called out. I think that I almost fainted. When I found courthere but the tray upon the noor."

The professor sighed as he turned

presence.
"Now, then, French," Quest began,

"It won't be to the end of the world, anyway," the inspector remarked, as he lit his cigar. "I am going to pro-pose a little excursion down Gayson

"Back to that house?" Lenora ex-claimed with a grimace. The inspector nodded.

"We have had those boys at the

"We have had those boys at the station," ne went on, "and we have questioned them carefully. It seems that after they had picked up the ball, the side entrance they had picked up the ball, the side entrance they had picked up the ball, the side entrance they had picked up the ball, the side entrance they had picked up the ball, the side entrance they had picked up the ball, the side entrance they had picked up the ball, the side entrance they had picked up the ball, the side entrance they had been set to be a side of the side entrance. a man came out of the side entrance of the house, saw them reading Miss Lenora's message, and shouted after

reathlessly.
"Had to drag this out of the boys, despair

bit by bit," the inspector proceeded,
"but boiled down and put into reasonable language, this is what it comes
to: A man of medium height, rather
thin, pale, and after running a
short distance he put his hand to
his heart, as though out of breath
now in Canada, be made, one of the most
now in Canada, be made, one of the most
now in Canada, be made, one of the most One of the boys thought his nose was a little hooked, and they both remarked upon the fact that although of today for ambitions capable young he shouted after them, he used no swear words, but simply tried to induce them to stop. This description suggest anything to you, gentlemen?"

The trouble is that our hotels have been conducted on the wrong lines. "Craig," Lenora said firmly.

shortly.

ing?" he added, glancing at Laura.



Quest Stood on Guard.

Couldn't nelp it," he confided, lowering his tone a little. "Had some information in about that house I couldn't quite size up. You're looking well this morning, Miss Laura."
"Say, who are you guying!" she r
plied.

"I mean it," the inspector persiste "That hat seems to suit you."

Laura laughed at the top of her

"Say, kid," she exclaimed to Le nora, "the inspector here's setting up

as a judge of millinery!"

Lenora turned and looked at them
both with an air of blank astonishment. The inspector was a little em-

barrassed.
"No need to give me away like that," he muttered, as they reached the hall.
"Now then, ladies and gentlemen, if you are ready."

They took their places in the automobile and drove off. As they neared the vicinity of Gayson avenue the professor began to show signs of renewed uneasiness. When they drew up at last outside the house he gave a little exclamation. His face was grave, almost haggard. "Mr. Quest," he sa he said, "Inspector

French, I deeply regret that I have a statement to make."

They both turned quickly toward him. The inspector smiled in a con-

fidential manner at Laura. It was obvious that he knew what was com-

continued, "I bought this house and made a present of it to—"
"To whom?" Quest asked quickly.

"To my servant Craig," the professor admitted with a groan. (To be continued)

Hotel Investmen's

them. The boys had sense enough to scoot. The man ran after them, but had to give it up. Here is their description of him."

The inspector took a piece of paper from his pocket. They all waited in value, owing to the spread of prohibition, and many owners are in

his heart, as though out of breath. profitable and reputable of busic se

The bar has been regarded as the "It is a very accurate discription of chief object. Most hotel-keepers have Craig," Sanford Quest agreed.

The professor looked troubled, also a little perplexed. He said nothing, handlers. Lodgings and food have owever.
"Under these circumstances," the them expected to lose money on their "Under these circumstances," the inspector continued, "I have had the house watched, and I propose that we now search it systematically. It is very possible that something may transpire to help us. Of course, my men went through it roughly when we brought Miss Lenora away, but that wasn't anything of a search to count if the place really has become to be associated with, or even seen in, an home to be a search to count if the place really has become count, if the place really has become tel. In Europe and the United Statcount, if the place really has become a haunt of criminals."

"What about the ownership of the house?" Quest asked, as he took up his hat.

The inspector nodded approvingly.

"I am making a few inquiries in that direction." he announced. "I expect to have something to report very shortly."

tel. In Europe and the United States, some of the richest and most prominent families and in minimal families in the line some of the richest and most prominent families and in mos

and dining-room; who learnt the The professor stood drawing on business from that end. The Ritz his gloves. The vague lock of trouble Hotel in Paris is probably the finest still lingered in his face.
"Tell me again," he begged, "the the writer first knew him, had just name of the around in which this revenue with the writer first knew him, had just hence is situated." "Gayson avenue," the inspector replied. "It's a bit out of the way, but dcn. The present general manage: of the Ritz, Mr. Ellis, was his head of the Ritz, Mr. Ellis, was his head The professor repeated the address to himself softly. For a moment he caterers they are both of Swiss stood quite still. His manner showed birth. George C .Boldt, of the Waldstood quite still. his manner subsets of the states of the states, is the largest hotel own. "The name," he admitted finally, as er in the world, with a net income of they moved towards the door, "suggests to me, I must confess—we are going to see the house inspector?" well over a million, perhaps a couple of millions, a year. He worked his way up from the kitchen. Fred "We are on our way there now, sir way up from the kitchen. Fred -that is if the young ladies are will. Sterry, manager of The Plazas and other big American hotels, We've been waiting here with our worked his way up through all dehats on for the last half hour," Laura partments. The departments, which these men know least, in their business, is the bar. It is not only the big hotels that

have been marvelously successful when managed by men of capacity. who learnt the busin-ss from the ground up, and who have developed executive ability, but some of the small hotels have been remarkably profitable. We know of one hotel, in a town of only 17,000, managed by a man who began, when a boy, cutting neat in the kitchen of a big city ho tel. As a result of good food and clean, perfectly appointed rooms and efficient management, the profits of this house have steadily crept up, until, in 1915, they reached \$50,000. Today the building is being nearly doubled in size to meet the demand or good service. So little does this nanager think of the bar that in his new building, he is putting it in the pasement, as he is satisfied that, in very short time, liquor selling will be eliminated Investors in hotel properties,

hould deal with them as a manufacturing and retailing proposition Manage, or have them managed, by experienced business men. Give quality service, advertise it, and build a reputation just as a manufacturer does for his name or trade, mark. The travelling and local public will flock to them

Mr. Richard O'Leary, Richibucto. has been created an Honorary Colonel in recognition of his sorvices as member of the provincial secruit-