

The TATTOOED ARM

Isabel Ostrander

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

What horrible and mysterious power was forcing the three Drake brothers. HOBART, Wall Street broker. ROGER, eminent scientist, and ANDREW, recently returned from Australia, to place themselves in ridiculous situations? Some power had forced Hobart to deliver a mock address in the public square, Roger to burlesque a scientific address, and Andrew to sit on the parlor floor and play with toys. The three appear terror-stricken and without their knowledge.

PATRICIA DRAKE, daughter of Hobart, secures OWEN MILES, detective sergeant, and his colleague, SCOTTIE MCCREARY, to investigate. Miles is employed as a houseman, and Scottie as gardener. Following a series of mysterious events, Patricia suddenly disappears—an event which Miles cannot understand as he and Patricia were in each other's confidence. Possibly the attempt of her spinster aunt.

MISS JERUSA DRAKE, to break up a love affair with RICHARD KEMP, has been the cause. Miles is suddenly summoned by Hobart Drake.

GO ON WITH STORY. "William, I want you to take this letter to the home of Mr. Martin Kemp and deliver it to his son, Mr. Richard, personally. Be sure that you give it to no one else. If he asks you any questions tell him merely I said it was a matter of the utmost importance, but do not mention the fact that Miss Patricia has gone away. I think that I can trust you."

"Yes, sir." A trim-looking parlormaid opened the door of the Kemp bungalow in answer to his summons but shook her head when he asked for Mr. Richard. "He's gone out motoring with the family and they won't be home until late this afternoon. They didn't say where they were going."

"Maybe you could leave the message with me and I'll give it to Mr. Richard?"

"No, I have orders to deliver it myself. I ought to have brought it to Mr. Richard last night."

"He wasn't here. He had to take his mother to a theatre party in the city, for Mr. Kemp wouldn't go himself. They never got back till half-past one. Who shall I tell Mr. Richard that you sent you here?"

"Just say William had a message for him and he'll know," Miles smiled meaningly.

Miles returned with all haste to the Drake house and placed the letter again in Hobart's hands. "Young Mr. Kemp took his mother to a theatre party in the last evening, too, sir," he added. "They didn't get home till after one o'clock. I thought I had better tell you everything the maid said."

"Young Kemp was at the theatre, you say?—Don't go, I want to think for a minute," Hobart turned and began slowly to pace the floor, and it seemed to the detective that the assurance of Dick's alibi had fallen upon him like a blow. Then he sat

down and wrote rapidly. "I want you to go to this address and present this note to Mr. John Wells," said Hobart. "Yes, sir," Miles replied, glancing at the envelope. It bore an address on West End avenue. "Will there be any answer?"

"I will leave that to Mr. Wells. Be sure that you see him personally." Wells was seated in his study and there seemed to be an added grimness about his mouth as he greeted the detective.

"I was expecting you," Mr. Drake telephoned. "Then you know what has occurred? Do you mean that you have heard from Miss Patricia Drake herself?"

"Exactly," Wells nodded and, taking from the drawer a crumpled twist of paper, he held it out to the detective. "See what you can make of that while I read what Hobart has to say about the matter."

The paper was of poor texture, limp and grimy and as he smoothed it Miles saw that it was lined not only across the page but vertically at each side. It appeared to be a fragment torn from a larger sheet, and the few sentences hastily scrawled upon it in soft blue crayon were so blurred and smudged as to be almost illegible.

"Dear Mr. Wells,

Have promised man who brings this that you will give him five dollars and ask no questions. You will harm all of us if you do. I have left home but am safe. Don't look for me, will explain when I can. Tell M. keep at work without fail but no one else must know you have heard from me. This is vital for everyone's sake. Warn M. look out for tattooed arm. Pat."

"What time did you receive it and what did you do when it came, Mr. Wells?"

"What she asked," The attorney shrugged. "About ten o'clock this morning the man presented himself and I went out to the vestibule to give him the money personally and have a look at him. He was a rough-looking character, but respectful enough."

"What did he say?" Miles asked.

"Was his manner furtive and did he appear in a hurry to be gone?"

"On the contrary. He was brisk and business-like as if he had come upon an every-day errand, and he exhibited neither curiosity nor hesitation. Did you get the young lady's note, sir?" he asked. "If you're Mr. Wells, she said there would be something coming to me. I admitted my identity, handed him a five-dollar bill and watched him go off down the street. On snap judgment he might have been a porter, mechanic—you know the type. But what do you make of the letter?"

"The letter was not written under compulsion; that is self-evident," replied Miles. "She left the house of her own free will, without taking me into her confidence. Indeed, I have reason to think that she had an appointment with someone who waited outside the gate to aid her in her flight and it could not have been the

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



THE DUKE TOLD JACK THAT HIS TRUSTED SPY HAD FOUND OUT THAT JACK CARRIED A MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF A BURIED TREASURE. SO HE MADE THE MAP! DEMANDED THE DUKE.



JACK REFUSED! THEN THE DUKE OFFERED TO MAKE JACK A PRINCE AND NEXT IN COMMAND OVER HIS BAND OF TRAINED GORILLAS, IF HE WOULD HAND OVER THE MAP. AGAIN JACK REFUSED.



THIS MADE THE DUKE MAD, SO HE CALLED ONE OF HIS GORILLAS AND ORDERED JACK TAKEN OUT AND TORTURED WITH THE TICKLE STICK. POOR JACK WAS SURELY SCARED.



BUT WHEN THE TICKLE STICK WAS USED, IT ONLY MADE JACK LAUGH, THEN THE DUKE ORDERED JACK'S CLOTHES STRIPPED FROM HIM, AND THE MAP TAKEN BY FORCE.

young man who is in love with her, for his presence elsewhere has been established.

"What can be the meaning of her reference to a tattooed arm?"

"When we have learned that, Mr. Wells," responded Miles, "we will be on our way toward dispelling the nightmare of grotesque horror which hangs over the Drake family. Our young client has stumbled upon the path to the truth."

CHAPTER XI.

THE result of a brief conference was that Sergeant Miles should engage a friend, Zorn, a private detective, to work out the disappearance of Patricia. This would enable Miles to remain at Brookline in his capacity of houseman, and unknown to Hobart, keep in touch with Patricia's disappearance.

"Before Zorn arrives, Mr. Wells," remarked Miles, "I wish you would tell me something about the early history of the family. What was the original sum which each of them inherited? From whence did it come?"

"From a distant cousin of their mother in England. He had owned or been interested in a South African diamond mine. If I remember correctly, he died leaving no other heirs. I was not the attorney for the family at the time but later, when Hobart and then Jerusha placed portions of their inheritance in my hands for investment, I learned that they had never seen this cousin but had kept up a desultory sort of correspondence with him since their mother's death and I do not know whether they all shared alike under his will or not."

"But what has all this to do with the test you propose making? What has it to do with Patricia's warning about a tattooed arm?"

Miles was saved the necessity of a reply by the entrance of the servant who announced Mr. David Zorn. The latter proved to be a fair-haired, immaculately attired young man with an expression of polite boredom in his sleepy blue eyes.

"Sorry I could not get here before, Sergeant. You mentioned a—"

"A little proposition over the phone," replied Mr. Zorn, a young lady of eighteen who lives with her father, a maiden aunt and two bachelor uncles in a Long Island suburb has left her home under mysterious circumstances in which, however, we are satisfied no romance is involved. Her father has asked me to engage a private detective to locate her, but we are, at the request of the young lady herself and without his knowledge or that of his sister or brothers, investigating a certain matter which threatens them. The position which Sergeant Miles and I have taken is this: the young lady must be located at the earliest possible moment, but not disturbed if she is in safe hands, and we do not want her father informed of her whereabouts, although he must be persuaded upon to take no further step on his own initiative. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly." The drawl was gone from Zorn's voice. "When did the young lady disappear, Mr. Wells, and in what manner?"

The attorney turned to Miles, who quickly recounted the circumstances.

"This letter is self-explanatory," he added. "But can you think of any legitimate occupation which would take an honest city workman out into the country on short trips at night?"

"The first supposition which occurs to me is that the fellow might be a helper on a moving van," replied Zorn.

"Exactly!" Miles cried triumphantly. "Now study the scrap of paper on which the message is written. Zorn took up the letter, read it carefully twice and then carried it together with the magnifying glass, to the nearest window.

"You are right, Sergeant. This paper has been torn from the blank page of a receipt book. The smudges are from carbon paper and the indentation gives us a fragmentary clue to the name and address of the last person to whom delivery was made.—Mrs. Ja-Sloc—combe Road—side, New Jer— For argument's sake, let us say that 'Mrs. Ja' is Mrs. Jason or James Slocum, of something-combe Road, Brookside—such a place exists—New Jersey. That will give us a starting point.

"Yes. It is my theory that she must have stopped the van on the road and arranged with one of the moving men to bring the note here as soon as they reached the city. We have reason to believe that she has gone to none of her friends, although it is barely possible that she may have taken refuge with a Miss Millicent Armitage, Lane's End, Oyster Bay."

CHAPTER XII.

MILES saw nothing of Scottie until they met in the servants' dining-room when the latter muttered:

"Come to my room, lad, when you're free. I've a curious bit of news for you."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

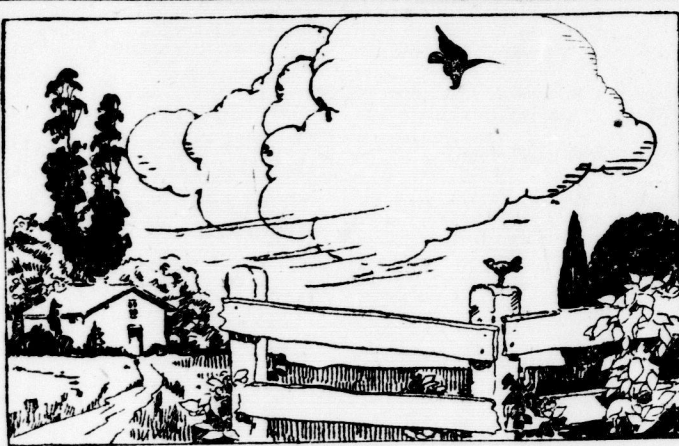
4 DIE WHEN AUTO HITS STREET CAR

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24.—Four persons were killed, two of them children, and five others, including four children, were probably fatally burned here last night when the automobile in which they were riding swerved into a street car, turned and burst into flames.

The dead are: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lynch, their 5-year-old daughter, Katharine, and a nephew, Phillip Lynch, aged 3 years.

SIS SPARROW'S PRIDE CURED

(By Olive Roberts Barton.)



Nick had been watching Hungry Hawk circling around in the air.

NANCY and Nick and Dr. Snuffles were watching to see what Sis Sparrow would do, now that she had a bright red head and wings of black and white stripes like Will Woodpecker's.

Sis had said she was tired of being brown, so the fairy doctor had kindly consented to use magic and a little wild strawberry juice to fix her up. The first thing she did was to cut her old friends.

The second was to forsake her home under the granary roof, where her relatives lived.

The next thing was to be extra sweet to all the aristocratic birds in the neighborhood.

Dr. Snuffles sighed. "Pride goeth before a fall," he said, shaking his head sadly.

Nancy was indignant. "Nancy Sparrow was far nicer before," she declared. "She used to take dust-baths in the road and mud-baths in the puddles and chirp:

"Round and be friends with everybody."

"Now she sits out where everybody can see her. She's afraid of not being seen every single minute."

Nick had been watching Hungry Hawk circling around in the air, and now he cried suddenly, "Oh, look!"

Hungry had seen Sis Sparrow's red head and made a swoop downward.

But Sis escaped his sharp beak! She was so frightened she fell right off the fence when he dived at her and it saved her.

The next day Sis came to Dr. Snuffles' house.

"Say," she said meekly, "will you change me back to brown again? I'm plumb ashamed of myself. Besides this red head's like a fire-bell. Everyone knows where I am and I'm no safer than a mouse at a cat-party."

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922.)

Casserole of Rice and Shrimps

1 cup rice
1 can or 1½-pound fresh shrimps
1 small onion (finely chopped).
2 cloves of garlic (finely chopped)
3 tablespoons oil or fat

¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
2 cups tomatoes
2 cups water.

PICK over and thoroughly wash the rice. If the shrimps are fresh ones and have not been boiled wash and cook in boiling water twenty minutes. When cool remove shell and separate the fish into two or three pieces.

Fry the onion and garlic in the fat until yellow, then add the rice and fry until slightly brown. Turn into a casserole, add shrimps, seasonings, tomatoes and water. Cover and cook slowly one and one-half hours. Serve from the casserole.

If one does not wish to use a casserole this may be cooked in a double boiler.

One cup of cooked salmon or crab meat may be used in place of the shrimps.

The garlic may be omitted, but it improves the flavor.

Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.
This is the seventh of a series of articles on the Armstrong super-regenerative receiver.

A COMBINATION of three tubes may be used in the super-regenerative receiver circuit.

The third tube acts as an audio frequency amplifier and is coupled to the plate circuit of the controller or oscillator tube through an audio frequency transformer.

Where this arrangement is used, the filter circuit becomes essential, for the received signals are very powerful. Any of the high-pitched oscillations generated by the circuits

in the other figure. It is amply suited for use in conjunction with the loud speaker. The advantage gained here is that little, if any, of the audible oscillation of the circuits of the tube Q will be apparent.

Four Tubes. With either of these circuits a fourth tube may be added. If this is done, a tube of somewhat larger capacity than the ordinary amplifying tube will be required for the best results. For example, a five-watt transmitter tube such as Radiotron UV202 will serve. This tube will require upward of 150 volts on the plate.

Attention is called to the grid battery of the circuit of tubes R and O. This is a refinement which tends to give stability to the circuits, and to induce distortion of voice and music.

The resistance, R1 and R2, should be non-inductive and have a value of 10,000 to 15,000 ohms each. They may be purchased from a supply store in the form of carbon resistance rods, or they may be one of the several special types of resistance units such as the lavite units used by the Western Electric Company.

Condenser C5 should be variable of a maximum capacity of .005 MF. This is a fairly large variable unit and rather expensive.

The inductance, L5, is an iron core having a value of approximately one henry, and may be ordered from any established manufacturer.

Figure 6 shows a compromise circuit using three tubes. The results with this last circuit will compare very favorably with those of the

very in the grid circuits of tubes R and O. This is a refinement which tends to give stability to the circuits, and to induce distortion of voice and music.

This battery will range from 1.5 to 6 volts, and may be changed 1.5 volts at a time thus enabling the use of three of four dry cells in series.

(Tomorrow: Final suggestions for the construction and layout of the super-regenerative receiver.)

FIG 5

FIG 6

THREE-TUBE SUPER-REGENERATIVE CIRCUITS.

FIG 7

FIG 8

FIG 9

FIG 10

FIG 11

FIG 12

Some Life by Jackie Coogan, Jr.

ONE day my daddy told me about a little boy named Peck. He was some terri!

I was wishing I could be like him, when dad said I could play in a new picture.

I could break all the windows I wanted to! I could be just as bad as I could—

Without getting a spanking! It was a fine idea. I told my daddy so.

Of course, I missed working with Charlie. But still I saw him lots Sundays, after my nap. Charlie and I would go over to see Doug and Mary Pickford. We're neighbors, you know.

I love them all. They play with me and give me a boat to sail on their lake. In the warm weather Doug takes me swimming. He carries me 'way out on his shoulders.

He can do most everything. He taught me how to fence and box. Doug is much funnier than Charlie.

I don't play in pictures—but to play with.

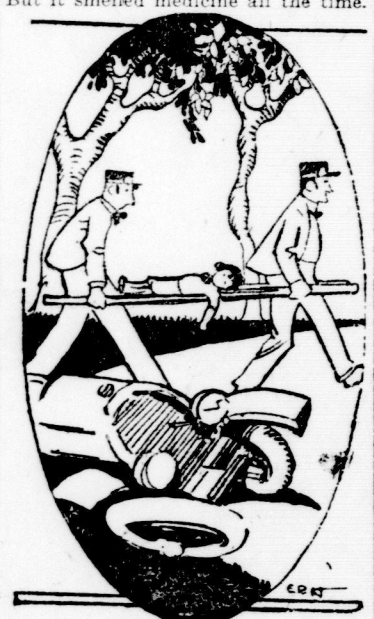
When I'm with Charlie we talk about serious things. He likes to be serious.

But with Doug it's different. He never talks serious. He's always fooling and doing tricks.

Charlie plays a lot of instruments; Doug plays a lot of sports.

They are so nice—both of them. Most people are. Take Mr. Faderewski, for example. He's one of my best friends. He's sure can play the piano—even better than Charlie. And he likes to play with me, too.

One morning I was going to the studio with my daddy. Our auto



"THEY TOOK ME TO A HOSPITAL."

People were sorry for me. I liked that.

But I didn't like being in bed so long.

When I might have been breaking windows like Peck.

Tomorrow: "My Vacation in New York."

ICED "SALADA"

The Summer Beverage "Par Excellence"

It's So Refreshing. JUST TRY IT!

How To Attain and Retain Really Beautiful Hair

BY MARY NASH.

Famed for Beauty of Her Hair. (This is the first of a series of articles in which six famous beauties will tell women readers of The London Advertiser how to make the most of their natural beauty.)

GOOD health is the first requisite for beautiful hair, for the hair is an unflinching barometer, registering the physical condition.

Every healthy woman may have smooth, glossy, luxurious hair if she will give it care. Hair not cared for, no matter how plentiful, is never beautiful.

The scalp must be kept clean and free from dust. This means the hair must be brushed daily with a clean brush. Brush it upward instead of down. This will keep it from becoming packed down to the head.

Brushing spreads the natural oil of the scalp and gives it a soft, satiny appearance. This makes it unnecessary to shampoo the hair so often. Frequent washings are not recommended because they rob the scalp of its necessary oil.

If you will separate your hair and rub the scalp with a coarse Turkish towel you can remove much dust and keep your scalp free from dandruff.

For the average woman once a month is often enough to shampoo. If the hair is excessively oily this should be corrected by a tonic.

Use only the purest soaps. An excellent soap jelly is made by melting a bar of pure castile soap in a quart of boiling water. This may be delicately perfumed if you like.

Use a good reliable tonic once or twice a week and massage it carefully into the scalp. There is no better hair-growth tonic than vaseline or crude oil, but in using these care should be taken they are applied only to the scalp and not allowed to get on the hair.

Air and sunlight are absolutely necessary. When at home it is well to let your hair hang unconfined frequently and give it a sun bath whenever you have time.

Regular clipping of the hair is advisable. While it is a good plan to go to



MARY NASH. a hairdresser and have regular hair treatments, practically any woman can get the same results for herself at home.

Kellogg's

Insist and demand, get the London-made Brand



These quality flakes with the distinguished flavour are only put up in the red, white and green package with "MADE IN CANADA" and "LONDON, ONT., printed in red across the face of every package.

LONDON, ONT.