

# GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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## CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

I must spare a moment to introduce Sandy to the reader, for he cannot be allowed to slip into this tale by a side-door. If you will consult the Peerage you will find that to Edward Campbell, fifteenth Baron Clanroyden, there was born in the year 1892, as his second son, Ludovic Gustavus Arbuthnot, commonly called the Honourable, etc. The said son was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, was a captain in the Tweeddale Yeomanry, and served for some years as honorary attaché at various embassies. The Peerage will stop short at this point, but that is by no means the end of the story. For the rest you must consult very different authorities. Lean brown men from the ends of the earth may be seen on the London pavements now and then in creased clothes, walking with the light outland step, sinking in to clubs as if they could not remember whether or not they belonged to them. From them you may get news of Sandy. Better still, you will hear of him at little forgotten fishing ports where the Albanian mountains dip to the Adriatic. If you struck a Mecca pilgrimage the odds are you would meet a dozen of Sandy's friends in it. In shepherd's huts in the Caucasus you will find bits of his cast-off clothing, for he has a knack of shedding garments as he goes. In the caravan-serais of Bokhara and Samarkand he is known, and there are shikaris in the Pamirs who still speak of him round their fires. If you were going to visit Petrograd or Rome or Cairo it would be no use asking him for introductions; if he gave them, they would lead you into strange haunts. But if Fate compelled you to go to Lassa or Yarkand or Seistan he could map out your road for you and pass the word to potent friends. We call ourselves insular, but the truth is that we are the only race on earth that can produce men capable of getting inside the skin of remote peoples. Perhaps the Scots are better than the English, but we're all a thousand per cent. better than anybody else. Sandy was the wandering Scot carried to the pitch of genius. In old days he would have led a crusade or discovered a new road to the Indies. To-day he merely roamed as the spirit moved him, till the war swept him up and dumped him down in my battalion.

I got out Sir Walter's half-sheet of note paper. It was not the original, naturally he wanted to keep that—but it was a careful tracing. I took it down the wulvis as a memo. for his own use. People who follow his career have good memories. He must have written them in order that, if he perished and his body was found, his friends might get a clue. Wherefore I argued, the words must be intelligible to somebody or other of our persuasion and likewise they must be pretty well gibberish to any Turk or German that found them.

The first, "Kaeredin," I could make nothing of.

"You mean Nasr-ed-din," he said, munching crumpets.

"What's that?" I asked sharply.

"The General believed to be landing against us in Mesopotamia. I remember him years ago in Aleppo. He talked bad French and drank the sweetest of sweet champagne."

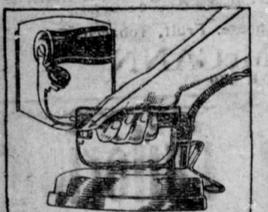
I looked closely at the paper. The "K" was unmistakable.

"Kaeredin is nothing. It means in Arabic the house of Faith, and might cover anything from Hagia Sofia to a suburban villa. What's your next puzzle, Dick? Have you entered for a prize competition in a weekly paper?"

"I read out the Latin for a crab. Like the name of a painful disease, also a sign of the Zodiac."

"I can find me. It sounds like the name of a motor-car. The puzzle find out for you. I call rather a difficult competition. What's the prize?"

I passed him the paper. "Who wrote



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it? It looks as if he had been in a hurry."

"Harry Bullivant," I said.

Sandy's face grew solemn. "Old Harry. He was at my tutor's. The best fellow God ever made. I saw his name in the casualty list before Kut. . . . Harry didn't do things without a purpose. What's the story of this paper?"

"Wait till after dinner," I said. "I'm going to change and have a bath. There's an American coming to dine, and he's part of the business."

Mr. Blekiron arrived punctual to the minute in a fur coat like a Russian prince's. Now that I saw him on his feet I could judge him better. He had a fat face, but was not too plump in figure, and very muscular wrists showed below his shirt-cuffs. I fancied that, if the occasion called, he might be a good man with his hands.

Sandy and I ate a hearty meal, but the American picked at his boiled fish and sipped his milk a drop at a time. When the servant had cleared away, he was as good as his word and laid himself out on my sofa. I offered him a good cigar, but he preferred one of his own lean black abominations. Sandy stretched his length in an easy chair and lit his pipe. "Now for your story, Dick," he said.

I began, as Sir Walter had begun with me, by telling them about the puzzle in the Near East. I pitched a pretty good yarn, for I had been thinking a lot about it, and the mystery of the business had caught my fancy. Sandy got very keen.

"It is possible enough. Indeed, I've been expecting it, though I'm hanged if I can imagine what card the Germans have got up their sleeve. It might be any one of twenty things. Thirty years ago there was a bogus prophecy that played the devil in Yemen. Or it might be a flag such as Ali Wad Helt had, or a jewel like Solomon's necklace in Abyssinia. You never know what will start off a Jehad! But I rather think it's a man."

"Where could he get his purchase?" I asked.

"It's hard to say. If it were merely wild tribesmen like the Bedawin he might have got a reputation as a saint and miracle-worker. Or he might be a fellow that preached the pure religion, like the chap that founded the Senussi. But I'm inclined to think he must be something extra special if he can put a spell on the whole Moslem world. The Turk and the Persian wouldn't follow the ordinary new theology, game. He must be of the Blood. Your Mahdis and Mulahs and Imams were nobodies, but they had only a local prestige. To capture all Islam—and I gather that is what we fear—the man must be of the Koreish, the tribe of the Prophet himself."

"But how could any impostor prove that for I suppose he's an impostor."

"He would have to combine a lot of claims. His descent must be pretty good to begin with, and there are families, remember, that claim the Koreish blood. Then he'd have to be rather a wonder on his own account—saintly, eloquent, and that sort of thing. And I expect he'd save to show a sign, though what that could be I haven't a notion."

"You know the East about as well as any living man. Do you think that kind of this is possible?" I asked.

"Perfectly," said Sandy, with a grave face.

"Well, there's the ground cleared to begin with. Then there's the evidence of pretty well every secret agent we possess. That all seems to prove the fact. But we have no details and no clues except that bit of paper." I told them the story of it.

Sandy studied it with wrinkled brows. "It beats me. But it may be the key for all that. A clue may be dumb in London and shout aloud at Bagdad."

"That's just the point I was coming to. Sir Walter says this thing is about as important for our cause as big guns. He can't give me orders, but he offers the job of going out to find what the mischief is. Once he knows that, he says he can checkmate it. But it's got to be found out soon, for the mine may be sprung at any moment. I've taken on the job. Will you help?"

Sandy was studying the ceiling.

"I should add that it's about as safe as playing chuck-farthing at the Loos Cross-roads, the day you and I went in. And if we fail nobody can help us."

"Oh, of course, of course," said Sandy in an abstracted voice.

Mr. Blekiron, having finished his after-dinner recurrency, had sat up and pulled a small table towards him. From his pocket he had taken a pack of Patience cards and had begun to play the game called the Double Napoleon. He seemed to be oblivious of the conversation.

Suddenly I had a feeling that the whole affair was stark lunacy. Here were these simperons sitting in a London flat and projecting a mission into the enemy's citadel without an idea what we were to do or how we were to do it. And one of the three was looking at the ceiling, and whistling softly through his teeth, and another was playing Patience. The farce of the thing struck me so keenly that I laughed.

Sandy looked at me sharply.

"You feel like that? Same with me. It's idiotic, but all war is idiotic, and the most whole-hearted shot is apt to win. We're to go on this mad trail with you. But I don't mind admitting that I'm in a blue funk. I had got myself adjusted to this trench business and was quite happy. And now you have hokoked me out, and my feet are cold."

"I don't believe you know what fear is," I said.

"There you're wrong, Dick," he said earnestly. "Every man who isn't a

maniac knows fear. I have done some craft things, but I never started on them without wishing they were over. Once I'm in the show I get easier, and by the time I'm coming out I'm sorry to leave it. But at the start my feet are icy."

"Then I take it you're coming?"

"Rather," he said. "You didn't imagine I would go back on you?"

"And you, sir?" I addressed Blekiron.

His game of Patience seemed to be coming out. He was completing eight little heaps of cards with a contented grunt. As I spoke, he raised his sleepy eyes and nodded.

"Well, yes," he said. "You gentlemen mustn't think that I haven't been following your most engrossing conversation. I guess I haven't missed a syllable. I find that a game of Patience stimulates the digestion after meals and conduces to quiet reflection. John S. Blekiron is with you all the time."

He shuffled the cards and dealt for a new game.

I don't think I ever expected a refusal, but this ready assent cheered me wonderfully. I couldn't have faced the thing alone.

"Well, that's settled. Now for ways and means. We three have got to put ourselves in the way of finding out Germany's secret, and we have to go where it is known. Somehow or other we have to reach Constantinople, and

to beat the biggest area of country we must go by different roads. Sandy, my lad, you've got to get into Turkey. You're the only one of us that knows that engaging people. You can't get by Europe very easily, so you must try Asia. What about the coast of Asia Minor?"

(To be continued.)

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## Woman's Sphere

### Entertainment for the Child.

It is not the purpose of this article to teach you to entertain your child, but rather to tell you how to teach your child to entertain himself. His older brothers and sisters are at school and it is often a problem to find some clean and healthy amusements for the little tot.

I don't agree with many mothers who think their child should be taught to be a paragon of neatness and cleanliness. While the rudiments of order and tidiness must be impressed on the plastic minds of our children, we can not expect them to be contented and happy if never allowed to indulge in any of the amusements dear to the hearts of the little folks, such as blowing soap bubbles or cutting papers. Of course, it makes mothers more work but it does not make a disagreeable litter to sweep up and either amusement is clean. They both help to develop the child's imagination and love of creation, that is a natural trait in any normal child.

We save all the scraps of wrapping paper and now that the older children are in school, our little tot spends many happy hours making scrap books. He cuts the paper the right size and with twine and darning needle, sews the sheets together. In these books he pastes bright pictures which he cuts from seed catalogs or magazines. After the little fellow becomes tired of this amusement, he is told that it is now time to gather up the scrap papers. He thinks he is helping and is certainly not having the idea instilled in his mind that he is to be waited on, but rather, that he must do his part.

If the child is inclined toward a liking for books he should be given every opportunity to develop along this line. It is the early training that forms a good foundation for his school training. He will spend many busy hours making himself acquainted with the characters of his picture book that will help in forming his early impressions.

Half a dozen potatoes and a handful of burned matches may be employed in making another hour pass happily. A whole circus of potato animals may be made and with the help of a box of building blocks the little folks may have a regular "Noah's Ark."

The old-fashioned spool knitting is a favorite with little folks and teaches patience. If bits of bright-colored strings are saved, tied together and used for this purpose, much more interest will be taken.

Some children will enjoy half an hour's play each day for the entire winter, with a box of toothpicks. I would not advise this, however, if the child can not be taught to gather up the toothpicks after playing with them each time. Farms may be laid out, fences built, and even a house and barn added by the use of these little sticks. If you happen to have dye mixed for some other purpose and will dip a few of the toothpicks in the dye fluid, it will add wonderfully to the attractiveness of them for the children's playthings, as it is natural for children to love bright objects.

Mother's clothespins may also be used in the same way. If the fences and buildings are made of these and cows and horses furnished in the form of empty spoons, the child's enjoyment can hardly be over-estimated.

A little girl is never so happy as when "helping mother," even though her help is a bother. My mother used to give me a bit of her bread dough whenever she baked and I was allowed to care for the dough and then make it out into a tiny loaf when she made hers out, and when it was baked it was my bread for supper. I know it was a great help to me in making me observant of the methods used in housework, and I was more willing to help mother when I was old enough to really be of service.—Nellie Porter.

How to Make Bread With a Mixer. I have used a bread mixer since six years ago last fall. I have a family

worker and bread mixer, this year a cake mixer and pressure cooker. I also buy as many extra staples such as rice, soap, spice, and cornstarch as I can afford. When summer with its extra expenses comes, I have some things ahead.

Another thing I have is two pairs of curtains for each window downstairs. How often we know we should wash the curtains but there is so much to do that we just put it off and then like a bomb, we get a letter that a carload of in-laws and some of their friends are coming for the week-end. Think of the relief of having clean curtains to slip on the poles.

When I have a lot of hemming to do I sew the ends of the different articles so that when I begin I have a continuous seam. This does away with the little notch at the beginning of each article.

I always read the daily paper, no matter how busy I am, and I always spend fifteen minutes with my music. Let's keep from being farm drudges as some seem to think we are.—M. M.

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"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Gertrude, "I can spell nothing, and that's a big word, isn't it?"

"A pretty big one for a little maid your age," replied her mother. "How do you spell nothing?"

"Z. X. M."

"Why, darling, that isn't right."

"Yes, it is," said Gertrude, emphatically. "I said to grandma, 'What does Z. X. M. spell?' and she said 'Nothing.'"

He who lives without folly is not as wise as he fancies.

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