APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Kate O'Hara, in order that her brother Martin might be able to go to Germany to study medicine, agrees to a proposition of Christopher Steynes, her employer's friend, that she play the part of his wife for one day and night in order to discourage a Russian countess and her daughter who have been chasing him. Christopher meets her at the station at Burlingame. They attend a function at which they meet the countess, and the plan is a success. Christopher takes Mary Kate to his home and she retires for the night. Then a burglar comes through the window in her room and she rushes and wakes Christopher. Christopher has just shot the burglar.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

"Ah-h-h! That's the time we got him. Stand aside. What is it? Hold his head up. He got him all right, officer, look here at my hand, sir. He's bleeding under the arm, there, sir. He's badly hit, all right! He's the man we've been after for some time. Stand back, will you!"

Christopher ran down the stairs, Mary Kate crouched against the wall, in the upper hallways, her hand over her eyes. She felt the cool plaster against her temples. Her senses swooned, revived, swooned again.

"Oh, my God!" she whispered, now and then, in a vague, dull tone. "Oh, my God! Oh, God have mercy on him—"

Had she expected them to club him to death? She did not know. She only knew that it was a relief when the crisp clear voice of Christopher said, "Hold his head up there, officer. He's coming 'round."

"He's off again. He's gone, poor feller," the richly sympathetic slow-Norse tones of Mrs. Peters interposed.

"He's got what was coming to him."

"How'd he get in, sir?"

"Through the spare room window there."

"There was half-a-dozen of them on this job."

"There was more than one all right."

"It looks like an inside job."

"No, it's not an inside job!" This was Christopher laughing. Laughing reluctantly and mirthlessly, it was true. But he would laugh at anything.

"You've got the revolver, sir?"

"I left it in my room."

"He's done for, all right."

"Did anyone telephone for an ambulance?"

"Yes, sir. Coming right away, sir."

Voices. Voices. Voices. Then suddenly a head and shoulders appeared in the stairway opening, and a fresh-faced young policeman was here in the upper hall, looking at her. She was on her knees, crouching. Mary Kate took her hands down from her face, and looked at him a long time.

"I beg your pardon, Madam."

She tried to speak. Her throat, her mouth were dry. No sound came forth.

"Do you know which door is the door of Mr. Steynes's apartment?"

A gesture of her head toward the door.

He still hesitated. Then he asked respectfully,

"Were you here at the time of the shooting, Madam?"

A desperate deep quiver of mirth shook her. Where else, indeed? But she could not speak. Her sunken, haggard eyes did not move from the fresh, young concerned face. She nodded, swallowing.

The officer was plainly puzzled. He looked toward Chris's bedroom door, looked at Mary Kate, and finally, turning back toward the stairway, blew a brief, light note on his whistle.

Instantly an older officer appeared as he had done, in the stairway vault.

"This lady was here, sir."

"You're Mrs. Steynes, madam?" the constable asked.

"No, sir."

"A relative of Mr. Steynes?"

"No."

A pause.

"If you'll give me your name, Madam? There need be no publicity about it," the older man said, as she remained silent, staring blankly at them, her blue eyes glinting in an ashen face.

Christopher was suddenly beside her. He raised her to her feet and straightened the heavy dressing-gown in which she was half-wrapped.

"Here!" he said, fastening the collar. He smiled easily at the officer. "My name is Christopher Steynes, address Players' Club, or Steynes and Schumaker bank, New York City," he said. The officer wrote it down. "Tell them your name it's a mere formality!" he said to Mary Kate.

"O'Hara" she said slowly; the deep color suddenly flooding her white face. "Mary Catherine O'Hara."

"And your address, Madam?"

"They won't use it," Chris assured her. "They're doing the same with Peters and Tony."

She gave the O'Farrell street number.

"You were in that bedroom downstairs, Miss O'Hara?"

"Tell me your own name," Christopher said. "I hate to call anyone 'you'."

"Constable Browning, sir."

"Well, now, look here Mr. Browning, the less—"

"But just one moment, sir. This is a mere matter of form. The young lady was in the downstairs bedroom?"

"She was."

"She was in the room the thief entered, sir?"

"She was."

"You had latched that window, Miss O'Hara? You had locked it?"

"No. Well, yes, in a way I had. But the glass part was open."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The constable looked at the notes in his book, and appeared to consider.

"We have been looking for this gang for some time, Mr. Steynes," he said then, with apparent irrelevance.

"Well?" Christopher asked, almost with a sneer.

His glance seemed to nettle the other man.

"It is all as a matter of protection to your property, sir," he said sharply. "We can't have this sort of thing going on—this is the seventh this year. We know they have plants—"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Christopher said, in a pause.

"We don't know there's a woman in the gang," the officer went on. "We don't know there isn't. I want to ask the young lady a few questions. I want to know if she cares—" He referred to his book. "If she ever heard the name of Tony Moody?" he asked.

"Who's he?" Christopher demanded. Constab's Browning jerked his head toward the hall, and the group downstairs.

"The fellow I got, huh?"

"That's the one, sir. Did the young lady ever hear that name before?"

"Look here, Mr. Browning, Miss O'Hara's been Mr. Gordon Rountree's secretary for several years—"

"That wasn't what I asked, Mr. Steynes."

"Did you ever hear that name before, Mary?"

Her wearied, despairing eyes moved slowly to his.

"What name?"

"Tony—what was it? Tony Moody?"

"Why no!" Mary Kate said, wetting her lips, swallowing.

"That's all," said the constable. "We'll want you in the morning, both of you. If he dies, there'll have to be a coroner's investigation."

"We'll be here in the morning, of course," Christopher said curtly after a moment's hesitation.

"O. K., then," said the officer of the law. "Good night, Miss."

He ran downstairs. Mary Kate said no answering good night.

When the injured man had been taken away in an ambulance and the police officers, after some tramping about the grounds with the discovery of confederates in view, had all gone away, there still seemed to linger a strange agitation and emptiness in the house. The flashlights stopped waving, like enormous antennae, over the garden, the pound of heavy boots died away, and the police station cars chugged away down the road.

Peters made a fire, and Mrs. Peters came in from the kitchen with coffee, but everything was wearisome and queer; Mary Kate felt as if she were in a nightmare, of which this unfamiliar Spanish furniture, these faintly distempered plaster walls, this hideous twisted stairway with the thick loops of red cord for balustrade, were forming a background never to be eradicated from her eyes.

She had been looking at it forever; a wood fire started on a base of barely cool ashes, a room still in its evening disorder of cigarette stubs and scattered books and papers. Chris Steynes in his pajamas and dressing gown was the bizarre—the least believable detail of it all. His yellow hair was rumpled; he still—after this insufferable hour—looked flushed and drowsy with sleep.

The clock's hands stood at ten minutes past four. But to Mary Kate it seemed days—weeks since she had said good night to Chris and Don Archibald in this room, not much more than two hours ago. She had felt humiliated and affronted then, but that was nothing to what had developed now. Now she was no longer occupied with young pride and superficial social niceties; she was a witness in a murder case, she was being held by the police!

And if it had been a girl who had talked with the two men in this very room, so short a while ago, it was a woman who sat here now, drinking her coffee, listening to Chris with her wearied, patient blue eyes fixed on his face, her answers or suggestions made quietly, apathetically, without any of the flash and vitality that had always been a part of Mary Kate.

She still wore the heavy big dressing gown he had given her in the first alarm; a soft, furry, checked brown-and-cream dressing gown, tied firmly about her with a tasseled silk cord. Its bigness made Mary Kate seem little, somehow, seem very slim and helpless and young, as she sat in the big chair and the whiteness of her face, the strained look in her blue eyes that were set in deep rings of violet pallor, somehow accentuated the impression of youth and desolation afresh. In this unnatural, unearthly night hour, she looked crushed and broken; the moth that had ventured once too often toward the flame.

Her bright hair was disordered and fluttered, her own feverish hands had pushed it carelessly from her forehead more than once; she neither knew nor cared how she looked. The world, the future, were utterly black before her.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

2852

Interesting detail gives chic to this charming day dress of black canton crepe.

There is shirring to narrow the effect across the hips. The white crepe vest and self-covered button trim also give a very slimming effect to bodice. The shirring below the elbows of the sleeves is quaint new fashion.

It's tremendously smart. It's easily copied.

Style No. 2852 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

The inky browns, dark greens and rust reds are having quite a vogue in Paris. They are superbly chic in the crepy woolens, marocain crepe and velvet, fabrics that adapt themselves perfectly to this model.

Size 36 require 4 yards 39-inch with ¼ yard 9-inch lace.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

French Liner to Use Seaplane For Ship-to-Shore Air Mail

Paris.—A convention has been signed between the French Ministry of Air and the Transatlantic Air Company establishing conditions for air mail service between the French liner De de France and the American and French coasts.

Under this convention the Air Ministry has agreed to pay slightly more than $6,000 for the establishment of a seaplane and a catapult on the liner de France and another sum of $5,250 for each night, provided that the airplane takes off from the ship not less than ninety miles from the port of destination. The agreement will run until March 31.

The same air transport company has also agreed to establish a service in connection with steamers between Martinique and Trinidad.

Gabby Gertie

"A successful sleuth is one who can promptly lay his finger on the crux of the situation."

Wife (at 2 a.m.): "Wake up, John, wake up! There's a burglar in the next room." Husband (sleepily): "Well, I've no revolver. You go in and look daggers at him."

Farmer Asleep

(By Anderson M. Scruggs, in "The Frontier")

He lies asleep—
Old friend of the soil—
Under his tree.
He has left his toil,
Forgotten the rake
That stands by the door,
And the tools that sprawl
On the workhouse floor.
The whetstone yearns
For a creaky start,
But he lies so still
One can see his heart
Thumping the front
Of his denim shirt.
Listless, the chickens
Scratch at the dirt,
And peck at the pears
That thud from the tree,
But he does not hear,
And he does not see.

Forgotten the harrow
That needs his red hands
To probe through the marrow
Of black bottom lands.
For now he is one
With the long afternoon
Of the Indian Summer—
Ghost of June,
And breezes and sweet
With the meadow full ripe
That play at his hair
And scatter his pipe.

But soon he will stretch
From the bench where he lies,
Rubbing reality
Back in his eyes.

When the real sleep comes,
And all is forgotten,
When fields lie fallow,
And fences are rotten,
And the years creak on
Like an old cart wheel,
Will he stir from his sleep,
Will he rouse to feel
Once more for old familiar things?
When the years drop down
Like fruit long ripe,
Over six feet of ground,
Will he reach for his pipe?

Some say surely he will arise,
Rubbing eternity back in his eyes,
And some, "Nevermore,"
But the wind that blows
From the meadowland mourns:
"Who knows? Who knows?"

Too Much Talk

BY ANGELA CYPHER

In "The New Yorker"

Too much trivial
Conversation
Spoils the marital
Relation.

All the greatest
Vamps of history
Specialized
In charm and mystery.

If your wedded
Life is seamy,
Strive to look
Aloof and dreamy.

If you have
A sense of humor
Let it seem
Unfounded rumor.

Solemn men
Would pay good money,
If their wives
Were never funny;

Nervous men
Would be more placid
If their wives
Were never acid;

Stolid men
Might grow ecstatic
If their wives
Were less dramatic.

Silence is
A point to score on,
Too much talk
Betrays the moron.

How to Keep Fit in Tropics Subject of College Course

The latest practical invader of the erstwhile cultural curriculum of the American college is a course on how to keep well while travelling in the tropics, to be offered during the coming semester by the University of California extension division. Avoiding various diseases, recognizing their symptoms, safe diet, care of children in hot climates, care of the skin and eyes and sun and mosquito protection will be some of the topics discussed by members of the staff of the Hooper Foundation for Medical Research.

Meanwhile, another pre-travel course at the University will attempt to provide the expectant pilgrim with a general background of political conditions, manners and customs of the various countries of Europe.

Weeds of the Sea

Along the New England sea coast in early Winter fishermen-farmers gather their annual crop of rockweed for fertilizer. The storms throw up on shore immense quantities of this seaweed, which is rich in the chemicals the soil requires.

"My boy," he said, seriously, "I'm getting old and will soon have to retire. I want you to take over the business for me. What do you think?" "Father," was the reply, "now would it be if you worked a few years longer and we both retired together?"

SALADA quality will always be the finest you can buy

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Immunization Test Approved Safeguard Against Scarlet Fever

By JOHN BURKE INGRAM

It is possible to prevent that dangerous disease of childhood, Scarlet Fever and the purpose of our health article for the week is to acquaint our readers with the methods which are used to acquire immunity.

First, it is known that one attack of Scarlet Fever usually but not always protects an individual against further attacks. This is because the bloodstream during an attack of this disease develops a substance which resists any future attack by germs, and the poison or "toxin" which they produce is rendered harmless.

When scientists found the Scarlet Fever toxin they began to experiment with it, hoping to be able to produce artificially that substance which the blood produces naturally in defending the body against future attacks. They succeeded so nowadays it is possible to secure artificial immunity to this disease, whereas in former years it was necessary to actually experience one attack of it in order to be reasonably immune to all future ones.

This immunization is accomplished by injecting carefully graduated doses of the sterile toxin produced by these germs. The toxin is first injected in small doses, then in gradually increasing doses until enough has been injected to stimulate the body to produce anti-toxin. The toxin used does not contain any germs and of itself is incapable of causing any disease or injury. A person treated thus produces his own anti-toxin, goes about his business and becomes immune to Scarlet Fever without developing the disease.

Doctors, however, do not advise having children immunized against Diphtheria. It is interesting to know why. First of all, let us note the fact that it is generally conceded that adults are immune to Scarlet Fever. This is usually true because so many adults have actually had the disease, even without knowing it. This may seem rather amazing at the fact is, that it is possible to have Scarlet Fever in the form of a sore throat alone. This is often enough to immunize the individual experiencing it against further attacks from the germ. But unless adults have had the disease in this way they remain susceptible to it all their lives. Now since so many people are immune to Scarlet Fever from having had the disease or having Scarlet Fever sore throat it would be foolish to immunize everybody in a group in attempting to control an epidemic. We would be immunizing many people unnecessarily.

Therefore you can readily see that it was important to devise some method of selecting those susceptible to Scarlet Fever in order to know who should be immunized. Fortunately it was possible to devise such a test. The material used in this test is a dilute solution of Scarlet Fever toxin which has been very carefully standardized. If the person tested is susceptible to this disease a pink rash appears where the needle was passed through the skin, within 24 hours. This spot begins to fade in a short time.

Writer Finds Four Types of 1930 Girl

One a Good Wife for Somebody Else, Two Have Sex Appeal, One is "Hard-Boiled"

Vienna.—The 1930 girl turned up in her thousands at the Grosser Konzerthaussaal to hear the novelist, Emil Klaeger, analyze her highly modern soul in his long-anticipated lecture. Seventeen hundred girls, between 17 and 25 years old, had obligingly furnished Herr Klaeger with his material by answering a questionnaire which he had sent out.

Herr Klaeger distinguished four principle types. The first, which he christened "Madelon," was that of a comrade, intelligent, eager for all knowledge, anxious to understand everything about young men. She made a great appeal as the ideal wife for some one else. Then came two "sex-appeal" types—those few with inborn, quite involuntary appeal and stated intervals, she should talk with her physician.

During these important months, the prospective mother should strive to be happy, to keep free from worry and to practice self-control. It is not well for her to sit with her finger on her pulse, watching every symptom, but she should keep happily employed at light work, which will engage her attention pleasantly.

There is a mistaken tradition that much sickness and discomfort makes for greater safety. This is not true. There is no advantage in enduring any pain which can be prevented. Such neglect of illness might be positively dangerous for both mother and babe. Ill health and annoying symptoms perist, consult your physician.

A Woman's Club.

A group of young mothers have a club which is different. They meet every eight meetings year, preferring to have few but very choice ones. For six of these, they bring in an outside lecturer; for one they have an intimate meeting just among themselves; and for one they entertain husbands.

They have two types of members—active and associate. The dues of associate members are less and they may attend the lectures. A committee has charge of each meeting, providing the lecturer and serving tea and most delicious home-made tea-cakes. The young mothers, kept somewhat at home by their small children, enjoy the breath of outside life which the lecturers bring to them, are glad to be relieved of the anxiety of writing papers, and revel in the rich social life which their do lace meetings give them.

Pie Pointers.

For one pie crust, use a half cup of sweet lard, teaspoon salt, two cups sifted pastry flour, and ice water to make the dough soft enough to roll. After sifting the dry ingredients mix in the lard with knives or a fork. Slowly add the water, mixing with a knife until the mixture is uniformly damp.

Divide the mixture into portions, to avoid handling it more than necessary; and pat it into a ball, to avoid scraps. Roll it lightly from the centre, using short strokes, until the size of the pie pan. Fit it to the pan and prick it, to release air which may be underneath it. Keep the dough cold when working with it and bake it in a hot oven.

Furs.

Furs are blossoming out in all their glory this year. Fur coats are long or short, and there are separate fur jackets, fur trimmed dresses and barrel shaped muffs to match them. Or there may be a flat muff-purse.

To buy a fur coat is rather a gamble, and the price does not indicate much as to the endurance of the garment. The high priced one may fail to pieces at the end of the season and the inexpensive one may hold together for years. To judge of a fur coat, see the inside, the skin-side. If the skin is burned, it will not wear well, nor will it if the skin is stiff. Mole and squirrel are not noted for long wear. Seal, beaver and nutria are more enduring.

Cub Scouts.

Boys of nine years may now be admitted as "Cubs" to scouting activities which they have formerly been decied until they were twelve. Their program will not take them so far afield, but will be carried on mostly in the family back yard. After their hikes they will return to the home "hangar" at night, and mothers and older boy scouts will be their leaders. A Boy Scout troop, with adequate resources and leadership, may assume the responsibility of a cub troop. The "Brownies," or junior Girl Scout troop is similar, for the sisters.

Employed Women.

As many as men, between the ages of sixteen and sixty-four, are listed as employed in the 1930 U.S. Census. For the first time in history, women who keep house have been recorded as employed. They are now marked "homekeepers" instead of "N.G.", as formerly. "N.G." meant non-gainful, not "no good", as slang would have it.

28,000,000 women are reported as "homemakers", while ten million are employed in "gainful" occupations. Of women who work outside the home, half are in service occupations, while half are producing goods of some kind.

Plaything Box.

A wooden box is a good receptacle for the children's playthings. Sandpaper the edges that they may not get splinters from it, then paint the box and put casters on it and it can be pushed from place to place or against the wall when not in use.

Squash.

Steam squash until tender, then mash it in a hot bowl until smooth and season with salt, pepper, sugar, a generous chunk of butter and some thick cream. Serve hot.

HEAD HURT?

WORK won't wait for a headache to wear off. Don't look for sympathy at such times, but get some Aspirin. It never fails.

Don't be a chronic sufferer from headaches, or any other pain. See a doctor and get at the cause. Meantime, don't play martyr. There's always quick comfort in Aspirin. It never does any harm. Isn't it foolish to suffer *any* needless pain? It may be only a simple headache, or it may be neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatism. Lumbago. Aspirin is still the sensible thing to take. There is hardly any ache or pain these tablets can't relieve; they are a great comfort to women who suffer periodically; they are always to be relied on for breaking up colds.

Buy the box that says Aspirin and has "Genuine" printed in red. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart. All druggists.

BAYER ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG.

For the Woman Reader

by Florence Riddick Boys

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Happy New Year!

At the portal of the new year, stands Janus, double-faced guardian of the gateway, with a disappointed countenance to the past and a hopeful one to the future. Janus, progenitor of Janitors and patron saint of January.

Yes, he will admit you. After the clerk has once deposited us upon terra firma, we are all carried along, up the moving stairway of Time, at the same rate. Whether we will or nay, we are swept inside the open door of 1931.

Janus turns to a clean page in the copy book of Life, and says, "It's up to you." The recording angel stands ready to write and, having written, not all our prayers o. tears can change a line nor alter a word. Divinity, to a degree, "shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will"—but sensible choices and intelligent behavior can wrest from Fate a measured success, just as truly as folly can wreck us.

Hastily, before that door, we strip ourselves of enmities, sordidness and intolerance and are keen to make an other try. Eagerly we conjure up a list of resolutions; Not to be too gay to be glad; too hard to sympathize; too greedy to be temperate; too busy to keep fit; too timid to achieve. We are all for the new leaf! Here's hoping. . . . .

After Christmas Tips.

Write the thank-you letters immediately, while the heat of appreciation is on. The flame of gratitude quickly dies down and something is lacking in the ardour of the delayed note of appreciation.

This long walks in the open air to counteract the Christmas feasting. Don't spend the holidays snoozing in front of the fireplace.

Put out of sight a few of the children's toys, to bring out on later special occasions. The child, surfeited with playthings, gets emotional indigestion. Incidentally, it helps to keep the parlor neater.

One of your big problems now is to find a place for all the new possessions.

Make a list of the persons from whom you received greeting cards. It will prove helpful in addressing cards next December.

Jot down and file away ideas for gifts for next Christmas.

Because he gave you a gift, you do not have to bestow on him your affection. Be yourself.

Waste no time in grieving because you received a present from someone to whom you have none, nor because you received none from someone you remembered. Those are simply Christmas exigencies.

Prolong the freshness of the greens by keeping them damp.

After all; isn't it awfully nice to get back to orderly living!

Winter Health.

Winter is the season of shut doors and poor health. Have you thought of the relation between these two? A modern sin is to keep our rooms too hot in cold weather. We are building our houses tight as well and have too efficient heating plants. We will be healthier if we accustom ourselves to cool air if we spend much time outdoors, even when the thermometer hits zero.

Do not be afraid to open the windows and doors. A draft is one's best friend, in providing air circulation, but one should not sit where the current of air blows directly on the body. Too much heat in a room is enervating. We would work and play with more vim if we kept the thermometer about sixty-five, instead of seventy. One who is doing active work can be comfortable when it is sixty.

Since most rooms are kept at summer temperature, it is wise to wear light or moderate weight indoors, and to put on warm wraps when going outdoors. Garments which are too warm make one perspire and go about in a clammy state, which is dangerous.

We think, too, that we must load up on fuel foods in winter. Living as most of us do, in warm houses and at light work, we are harmed by this extra fat and sugar and starch. In mild weather there is danger that we do not get enough exercise.

To be her best, a woman should swim in a pool or join a gymnasium class or at least take long hikes in the fresh air. The farm woman has the advantage in that she may go outdoors every day and putter around the chickens. In snowy weather the housewife may shovel walks and breathe some invigorating ozone.

The Prospective Mother.

For the sake of her own comfort and the health of her baby-to-be, the prospective mother should live very hygienically. She should eat simple, nourishing foods, avoiding an excessive quantity of meat; should drink liberally of water; take plenty of outdoor exercise and live in well-ventilated rooms; should bathe every day; avoid constipation; wear light weight clothing, but warm and comfortable, in cold weather; should sleep at least eight hours of each twenty-four. At stated intervals, she should talk with her physician.

During these important months, the prospective mother should strive to be happy, to keep free from worry and to practice self-control. It is not well for her to sit with her finger on her pulse, watching every symptom, but she should keep happily employed at light work, which will engage her attention pleasantly.

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EXIT

It was a "perfect crime" he had planned, matching his Western wits against Eastern subtlety.

By FRANK KING.

Larry Gurton got off the bus at Adgate and strolled leisurely along until he came into Commercial Road.

Not altogether an obvious type, this Larry Gurton. A casual glance at him as he threaded his way through the busy traffic revealed a sturdily built young fellow with rather handsome features, plainly yet neatly dressed. Nothing to suggest that the police considered him worth watching. A closer scrutiny, however, would show a coldness in the pale eyes, a cruel twist to the thin-lipped mouth.

He was a successful crook. He worked alone, and only on carefully thought-out schemes. He had no use for what he called "impulsive" crime. His infrequent failures were due to accidents over which he had no control.

As he left the main road and walked more quickly through the slums that fringed it he was reviewing every detail of his present plan, searching for any loop-hole of error and failing to find one.

The thing was accident-proof.

Up to a few weeks ago Larry Gurton had believed that Ho Fan's place was impregnable. The old Chinaman occupied a dingy little shop in a warren of dilapidated buildings near Limehouse Causeway. Ostensibly he sold curios. The initiated knew that he did as large a business in precious stones as any dealer in Hatton Garden.

Though there were no signs of this in the shop, the place was a maze of burglar alarms. These did not interest Larry Gurton in the least. He would never have dreamed of attempting a burglary by night in such a crowded locality. If he intended a raid on Ho Fan's jewels, that raid would have to be carried out by day while the shop was open. And the ever-present obstacle was the steel door.

Ho Fan did not display his stones to a prospective customer in the shop; nor could any Tom, Dick or Harry become a prospective customer. If you had managed to secure an appointment with Ho Fan you were led to the back of the shop and left with your face to a blank piece of wall. Almost immediately a little shutter in this flew open, and you could see through it a brilliantly lighted flight of stairs.

Incidentally, the old Chinaman, peering through a window of his room at the top of the stairs, could see your face and decide whether he wished to admit you. If he did, he pressed a hidden button somewhere in his room and the wall in front of you swung open. You could see now that it was an immensely strong steel door. As you climbed the stairs you heard it shut behind you. And there you were, shut away with Ho Fan and his jewels in a kind of strong-room from which there was only one exit. Whether you ever got out depended upon whether Ho Fan wished to let you out.

Obviously it was not much good barging in and shooting the old Chinaman. And if you knew him at all, you knew it was no use pocketing his jewels and hoping to persuade him, by any means, to open the door.

To Larry Gurton, flirting with the idea, had come to the same conclusion as everyone else—that Ho Fan's place was impregnable. But just as he was abandoning any thought of an attempt on it a little titbit of information had come his way.

In the course of his careful inquiries he had made the acquaintance of Chang Tso, who had the honour to be Ho Fan's chief assistant. Chang Tso reverred his master, and would have laid down his life rather than betray him. But he was a devotee of the pipe; and opium can loosen the tongue more effectively than alcohol.

Boasting one night in a smoke-den about Ho Fan's invulnerability, Chang Tso had let slip the secret of the steel door; it was worked by a button on the floor, beneath a rug, close to the little window at the top of the stairs. The next morning he had no recollection of what he had said. Larry remembered.

He had not, however, rushed into the business impetuously. There were other things to be thought of. There must be nothing in the nature of a struggle in Ho Fan's sanctum. If the old Chinaman uttered so much as one cry suspicions would be roused downstairs.

Three or four weeks had passed during which Gurton had tested several schemes, such as chloroform or a silenced gun. These had to be rejected, because it was fairly certain that he would be examined for weapons of any sort before being allowed to pass the steel door. Eventually an idea had come to him which he considered to be completely satisfactory.

During these weeks, too, he had cultivated Chang Tso. He had shown interest in Ho Fan, but had confided his plan of pilfering all his capital into precious stones and making a lot of money by smuggling them into the United States. He had even shown Chang Tso this capital in Bank of England notes. And eventually an appointment with Ho Fan had been arranged.

Gurton glanced at his watch; he had timed his walk to a nicety. He turned down one of the side streets leading off the Causeway, and a moment later stood before the shop of Ho Fan.

The grimy window was full of an assortment of useless goods. The premises might have been in the occupation of an old clothes dealer. There was no sign of life about the place. Yet as Gurton lifted his hand to the latch the door opened and a half-seen Oriental inside bowed low.

"Your servant, honourable. What you want?"

Gurton handed over the scrap of pasteboard, inscribed with queer Chinese characters, which represented his introduction to Ho Fan through Chang Tso. The doorkeeper glanced at it, handed it to another Chinaman, then stood impassive, his ands folded in his capacious blouse.

In spite of his assumption of calmness, Larry Gurton's heart began to beat more quickly. The shop was larger than it appeared from outside. It was dark and shadowy. As he looked round he could see eyes glittering in the shadows—eyes oblique, black and cruel. He knew that escape would be impossible if he made one false step.

In a few moments the messenger returned and spoke softly in unintelligible, liquid Cantonese.

"He says go with him, honourable," translated the doorkeeper.

Gurton followed his guide towards the back of the shop. Two men slid silently forward, one on each side of him. Their yellow fingers ran rapidly over his clothes in a thorough search for weapons.

He stood at last facing the blank wall. The shutter opened and he saw the stairs beyond. The steel door hung open, and he was moved forward as one compelled to go up the stairs.

The door clanged to behind him. A monetary quinn was soon dispelled. True, he was a prisoner with Ho Fan. But he knew how to open the door. He knew how to deal with Ho Fan.

The stairs led nowhere but into the room at the top. This was quite small, comfortably furnished, without any exit except the one by which he entered. He stood on the threshold, trying to still the thumping of his heart, looking at Ho Fan.

The old Chinaman was seated at the table in the centre of the room. On the table was spread a glittering array of jewels which might have been the dower of Sheba's queen. The open safe let into the wall witnessed the old man's confidence in his precautions.

He rose and bowed gravely as Gurton moved forward.

"Chang Tso tells me that you wish to buy precious stones," he said in perfect English.

"That's right."

"Make your choice. All are marked in plain figures."

There was no suspicion in voice or eyes. Why should there be? Gurton sat down beside him, wondering if those thudding heart-beats were audible.

For a while they discussed the business in hand Gurton confided his plan of smuggling stones into the United States.

"A dangerous game, my friend," commented Ho Fan.

"But profitable," added Gurton. "Can I have a sheet of paper? I must figure these out."

The Chinaman laid paper on the table. Gurton drew a fountain-pen from his pocket. Turning casually, he poised the pen at his companion and squeezed the lever on it. There was a slight hiss as of escaping gas.

Ho Fan's spectacled eyes opened wide. His lips moved as though he were about to speak. But without a sound he pitched forward, his head on the table.

The time had come for rapid action. Holding his breath, Gurton rapidly swept the jewels on the table into his pocket. Now came the critical moment. If Chang Tso had been mistaken the game was up; he would be caught in his own trap. But the button was there all right—under the ring by the window.

He pressed it. Glancing through the window he saw that the steel door had opened. Ho Fan would remain unconscious for five minutes. The trick was done!

Once on the stairs he took a few deep breaths and replaced the handkerchief in his pocket. Then he walked down casually, noisily.

In the shop, apparently, no one had stirred. No one made a move to intercept him. He had won! He raised his hand to the latch.

"One little moment, honourable!" The doorkeeper stretched out an arm, barring the way. "Ho Fan he wants you."

"No. We've finished our business," said Gurton, the grin fading from his face.

"Ho Fan he wants you," persisted the Chinaman. "He say so."

Gurton turned, startled. No one else in the shop had moved. But now a yellow figure slipped through the steel door and sped up the stairs.

In a moment the alarm would be raised. With a muttered curse, Gurton snatched at the latch of the door again. As he did so a metal shutter dropped with a resounding clang. He felt the sharp prick of a dagger pressed over his heart.

"Ho Fan he wants you," repeated the doorkeeper without emotion.

Gurton walled like a caged rat—waited until Ho Fan slowly descended the stairs, supported by one of his men.

The old Chinaman was not vindictive.

"You made no attempt to kill me," he said, "so you shall go free. You will leave behind you my jewels—and your banknotes." He sighed. "It was so futile, so childish, my friend! You might have known that I always close the steel door immediately after a client has gone; and that my faithful servant here, seeing it remain open would realize that I was not capable of closing it."—"Answers."

Farm Is Ideal Place For Married Life

Toronto, Ont. — The ideal background for successful marriage is on the farm, Mrs. J. Alex Wallace, of Simcoe, told delegates to the United Farmers of Ontario convention here.

"On no place but the farm," she said, "is the woman more nearly the partner to her husband that God intended her to be." Mrs. Wallace boasted (amid laughter), that she knew where her hus and was at almost any time of the day.

Mrs. Solomon Says:

To get the things which money can buy, do not sacrifice the things which money cannot buy.

A man-hater is merely a woman whose man-hunt has been unsuccessful.

Boxers Have To Be Fit In Ireland

Before boxers were permitted to participate in army championships at Portobello barracks, Dublin, they were subjected to a severe medical test for fitness.

Sunday School Lesson

January 11. Lesson II.—The Childhood of Jesus—Luke 2: 40-52. Golden Text—Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2: 52.

The early Church loved to invent and tell stories of the childhood of Jesus. Many of these have come down to us in the so-called "Apocryphal Gospels"; dreary and unedifying reading they make for the most part, and they bear their incredibility on the face of them. "This story of the boy Jesus, arguing with the doctors in the Temple is the only narrative of his boyhood preserved for us in the Gospels, and there is nothing improbable about it. In the boyhood stories given in the "Apocryphal Gospels" the writers are anxious to show that his divinity manifested itself, even in his earliest years, by the amazing, and often grotesque, miracles which he is said to have accomplished. Here, however, the writer seems to wish us to understand that in his divinity showed itself in his being a good son of his parents, and in his wonderful character and spiritual insight.

The occasion of this story seems to be a special visit to Jerusalem in Jesus' thirteenth year, when he would undergo a ceremony which was something like a combination of coming of age and of confirmation, or reception into full church membership; he became, in the phrase which the Jews still use, "a son of the Law." It was, therefore, for him a great and memorable occasion in his life.

He would partake of the Passover meal with his family. The ceremonies attendant on the Passover lasted a full week, but only on the first two days were worshippers obliged to visit the Temple. On the third day, therefore, most of those who had come from a distance would return home, for there was little to detain them. We may assume, therefore, that on the third day Joseph and Mary took their departure, and supposed, it seems, that Jesus was somewhere in the caravan.

There was no synagogue or school building in the Temple, but from time to time lectures were given there by the rabbis; some of these would deal with technicalities of the Law, and is intended for those who were making a professional study of it. Others would be of a simpler and practical kind, where, doubtless, questions from the people and free discussion of difficulties would be allowed. Jesus, who was now a "son of the Law," would certainly be admitted.

Imagination likes to consider what questions Jesus may have asked, and what may have been his responses to draw forth the astonishment of the hearers. We can easily suppose that into some discussion upon a matter of