

A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

Mrs. Perkins, her face convulsed with astonishment, saw her paying guest being led away by the man who had previously handcuffed him. There seemed a calamity upon her lodgers. First Mr. Dropstick had left her to be married, and now this young man, who was so quiet and gentlemanly in his ways, was being taken away by the police. Of course, a terrible mistake must have happened, but it was all very upsetting.

"What has happened, Mr. Creighton?" she inquired, running after the small party.

These fools say that I've committed a murder, Mrs. Perkins. They are taking me to the police station, but I shall be back soon." Even in his anger Creighton tried to soothe the woman's feelings. Mrs. Perkins was a decent sort, and he hated having brought this disgrace upon her home.

"Come along, now!" sharply said the chief detective; "take my advice, sir, and save your breath."

Twenty minutes later Martin Creighton stood in a small room at the local police station. In addition to the two detectives who had brought him there, this room contained three other men. One wore the uniform of a superintendent of police, while the other two were in plain clothes.

At the sight of one of these men, Creighton sprang forward, clenching his manacled hands.

"So you're the rotten swine!" he cried; "you'll pay for this!"

The small immaculately dressed, wiry-looking man remained unruffled by the words. Sitting in his chair, he turned his gaze towards the ceiling, as though he had not heard the other speak.

"It will be in your own interests, Mr. Creighton, if you retain your temper." The words, uttered in a sing-song voice, caused Creighton to look at the second man dressed in ordinary clothes. He found himself looking into a pair of extremely pale blue eyes set in a somewhat flabby face, whose natural expression appeared to be one of intense lugubriousness.

Creighton instinctively disliked this man, and he made no bones about it.

"Who the deuce are you?" he demanded.

From three out of the four men in the room came a gasp.

"I am Jarvis Stark, Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard," replied the melancholy-looking man.

It was then that Creighton had his first real sensation of fear. Whoever had spun this web about him had used subtle and cunning means. The Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard himself . . .

Yet he faced the lugubrious, but powerful personage boldly.

"I warn you, Mr. Commissioner, as I have already warned your detectives, that a grave error has been made in arresting me to-night," he said. "I understand that I am charged with the murder of Sir Simon Baste. In reply to this monstrous and ridiculous accusation, I tell you that I have never even seen Sir Simon Baste."

The sing-song voice of Mr. Jarvis Stark made an instant reply.

"Then how do you account for this revolver being found near the murdered man?"

The Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard extended to the accused a Colt automatic

revolver. Before he took it into his hand, Creighton recognized it as a weapon which he had brought from South America, and which, until that moment, he had had every reason to believe was in a drawer in his bedroom at 13, Fitzroy Street. He stared blankly, while the realization of what this must mean flooded through him.

"Is this your revolver? Quickly, now!" The tone of Mr. Jarvis Stark's voice had changed. As he spoke, Martin Creighton leaned forward. He was trying to puzzle out what seemed to him to be an amazing mystery. It could not be—and yet—

"Yes, that is my revolver." He marvelled how calm his own voice sounded.

The Deputy Commissioner looked at him fixedly.

"I take it, Simmonds, that you have already warned the accused?"

The detective who had arrested Creighton nodded.

"Yes, sir, I told him at the time that anything he said might be used in evidence against him at his trial."

At the word "trial," Martin felt a wave of madness pass through him. His mind conjured up a horrifying picture. He saw himself standing in the big dock at the Old Bailey, a police warder on either side. In front of him, on the raised bench, a scarlet-garbed judge, on whose white wig rested a small square of black cloth, was speaking in a voice broken with emotion: "Martin Creighton, you have been declared guilty of the terrible crime of murder . . . you will be taken to the place from whence you came. . . ."

"It's all a damned lie!" he cried at the top of his voice. "I am innocent!"

The manner of Mr. Jarvis Stark changed once again. He might have been a chapel deacon conducting a religious service.

"If you are innocent, Mr. Creighton, rest assured that no harm will come to you. The fact that you acknowledge this weapon to belong to you, however, is damaging. Certain fingerprints have also been found. . . ."

Now the whole fiendish plot was laid bare. That monster, who so sardonically called himself "Jones"—had spun this web. He had wanted a catspaw. Good God! a catspaw for murder!

That thumb-mark! Now he knew the significance of it. By some devilish cunning they had duplicated this impression; it would be used as damning evidence against him—and—

He pulled himself together, urged to do so by his innate sense of manhood.

"For the last time, Mr. Deputy Commissioner, I have to say I am innocent," he declared.

Mr. Jarvis Stark made a gesture with a bony hand.

"Take him in a car to Cannon Row Station, Simmonds," he ordered. "Have his finger-prints taken, and report to me in the morning."

As he was hustled from the room, Martin turned to look at the small, wiry man seated on the Deputy Commissioner's right hand. What was he doing in this matter? Was he an associate of the Colossus?

In the circumstances it seemed incredible, but as he continued to stare at this man, the latter gave him a wink of encouragement!

Whilst waiting for the car which was to take him to captivity, Creighton saw the man approaching him. No

that name.

Saint-Gaudens, where the ancestors of the great sculptor lived, was the scene of an impressive ceremony, when the town officials, members of the Beaux-Arts Ministry and First Secretary of the American Embassy Robert T. Scotten, dedicated the classic monument to the sculptor's memory. The dedication of the great Marne Memorial prevented Ambassador Edge and other personages of the art and political world from being present.

The monument, consisting of a

words were passed, perhaps, Martin considered, because of the presence of the detectives, but again he was given an unmistakable look of encouragement.

What was behind this glance Creighton was unable even to conjecture. He had little time for reflection, in any case, for a closed car now drove up to the entrance of the police station, and the detective Simmonds ordered him curly to get inside.

A minute later the car was proceeding across a portion of the Heath in the direction of the City.

CHAPTER XIX

Returning to the room in the police station, Bunny Chipstead was frowned upon by Mr. Jarvis Stark.

"With the best will in the world, Mr. Chipstead, I don't quite see your connection in this matter," said the Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard. There was a covert hint of hostility in the official's tone.

Chipstead became apologetic.

"I should hate you to think that I butted in on purpose, Mr. Deputy Commissioner," he replied. "The reason I came out here to-night was because I called at Scotland Yard and found you had gone. You will remember being kind enough to promise me any help I might require whilst in London?"

Mr. Jarvis Stark's face lost something of its former thundery expression.

"My dear Mr. Chipstead," he said, in the sing-song tone so characteristic of him, "I regret that in the heat of the moment I was a little off-hand. But I have not been well lately." It was an intensely interested Bunny Chipstead who watched the speaker wipe a bedewed forehead with a large handkerchief. "Now tell me, Mr. Chipstead, in what way I can be of service to you." The Scotland Yard official put away his handkerchief and leaned forward in his seat.

Chipstead was quick to reply.

"Do you happen to know if 'Darkey' Mottram is in England, chief?" There were two notes in Chipstead's voice. One was anxiety for the information required, and the other was a manifest respect for the man he addressed.

Mr. Jarvis Stark sighed. It might have been a sigh of relief now that the arrest of the man he had recently charged with murder had been safely effected, or it might have been caused by the wickedness of such men as "Darkey" Mottram.

"I haven't heard that Mottram is here," he answered; "but I will instantly make all necessary inquiries, of course, Mr. Chipstead."

"That is awfully kind of you, chief."

"What's 'Darkey' been doing now, then?" inquired the Scotland Yard official, evidently pleased at being so addressed.

"According to a cable I had this afternoon," replied Chipstead, "he's been showing too much interest in Mrs. Van Hooten's famous jewel collection. New York thinks he will make for London sooner or later, and hearing I was on this side, they sent me a cable on the off-chance."

The Scotland Yard Deputy Commissioner raised his loose-jointed frame and extended a bony hand in farewell.

"I'll do all I possibly can," he promised; "drop in at the Yard to-morrow morning and I may have some news for you. There are one or two things I have to settle up here."

It was a plain hint, and Chipstead was sensible enough to act on it.

"Good-night, chief—and thank you very much," he replied. Leaving the place, he broke into a soft whistle.

An hour later the Secret Service man was closeted in

severely classic Greek platform, faces a beautiful panorama of the Pyrenees Mountains. In the center of the platform is a bust of Saint-Gaudens, while at each side a figure stands, one representing France, the other the United States.

The memorial is the work of Pierre Feltu, a pupil of the late sculptor, and was executed by Louis Lofosse, architect. The monument was built under the auspices of a committee headed by General de Shambrun.

the study of Sir Robert Heddingley, at the latter's private residence. Heddingley's face was lined, and he looked appreciably older than when Chipstead had last seen him.

He had greeted his visitor warmly, his eyes searching the other's face.

"You're not looking well, Bob," was Bunny's comment as they shook hands.

"Well! I'm worried to death. This thing I was telling you about a little time back—"

The speaker broke off, turned away, and groped with an unsteady hand for a pipe. This he filled and lit.

Three minutes later, when the two were seated opposite each other in deep leather chairs, Sir Robert Heddingley spoke again.

"I suppose you haven't been able to get a line, Bunny?" he asked eagerly.

Chipstead caressed a silk-clad ankle.

"At the present time, Bob, I prefer not to say anything definite," he replied; "but I dropped in to-night to let you know that I am working on this job—working a good many hours a day, too."

"Good old man!"

"I am heading in a certain direction, Bob," went on Bunny; "I may want some help later on, and directly I do I will let you know. For the present I'd much rather be on my own."

Sir Robert Heddingley nodded. He knew his man.

"By the way, Sir Simon Baste has been murdered, I understand?"

"Yes, I hear there has been an arrest."

Bunny Chipstead pointed the stem of his pipe at the speaker.

"Scotland Yard have made almighty fools of themselves over that arrest, Bob," he said startingly.

The other looked at him. "There's something behind that remark, Bunny. Isn't the man guilty?"

Chipstead smiled.

"He's no more guilty than you or I, Bob. By the way, do you know anything of a man named Juhl? He's a great brute of a fellow, almost daz-zlingly handsome in an animal fashion, and he has three curious white streaks in a mop of black hair."

Sir Robert Heddingley's lined face softened into a smile.

"Sounds like a film Sheik," he commented. "No, I can't say I know the gentleman."

"You will later on," declared Chipstead, and rose to go.

CHAPTER XX

Horror and amazement were the predominating impressions left on Margery's mind as the dwarf shuffled from the room after making his declaration.

The conclusion to which she was bound to come was that Fate, instead of showing her a way out of her troubles, had plunged her into an even deeper perplexity. That stunted man had been sincere! He was as fanatical about his passion for her as about that mysterious work, as a result of which he was to achieve such tremendous power.

Sitting on the small bed, Margery experienced a series of bewildering emotions. To be worshipped by such a man! It frightened her because Zoab she knew, was not only abnormal in body, but abnormal in mind. He was a human ogre, and yet she felt sure that he would willingly die for her sake if the necessity arose. And, actuated by the same irresistible force, he would kill anyone who attempted to thwart his desire—he would even kill her should she make any attempt to escape. Such a man was purely primitive; he made his own laws.

She could not get his frenzied words out of her ears. "Emperor of the World!" What could such a high-sounding phrase mean?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RULE NO. 1

An item states the cross eyed dame Will always keep her man, And never in the race of life Will she play also ran.

Though such a gal has thrown the line

And also done the hooking, Yet still and all the poor young fish Won't know just where she's looking.

The technique of the stunt is this Such Miss is here confessing: The same old stuff, rule number one—

Just keep the guy a-guessing. —Sam Page.

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To identify the genuine, see that any box or bottle of aspirin you buy is clearly marked "Genuine Bayer Aspirin." And that any tablet you take is stamped clearly with the name "Bayer" in the form of a cross. Remember—Genuine Bayer Aspirin cannot harm the heart.

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Unkind Comment

What Chicago thought of Cincinnati back in 1882 is shown by this piece of reprint from the Herald of that city, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. "We learn that Cincinnati is to have a College of Physical Culture. Unless it is at the head of an inclined plane and run in connection with a brewery and a German band it will be declared unconstitutional.

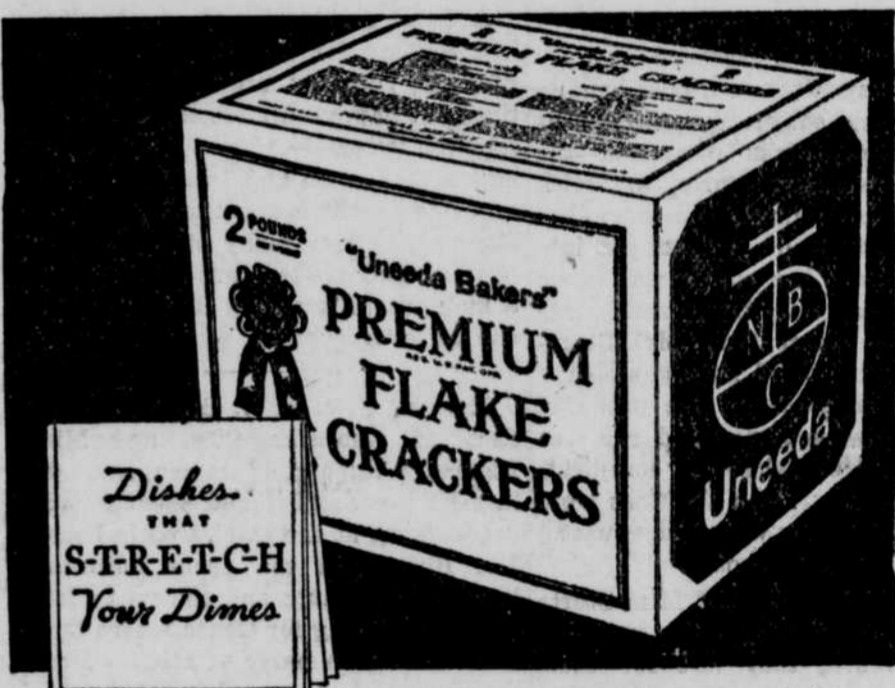
A man may like making a fortune—even better than preparing his son to take care of it.

Living Chicken House

At Knoxville, Tenn., two deputy sheriffs saw a negro walking along the street with nine chickens under his arms. Closer inspection revealed suspicious lumps about his person. Occasionally a lump would move and make a noise slightly like a chicken being smothered. They removed five more chickens from beneath his clothing.

There is a struggle to be hard-boiled because the hardboiled don't have heartache.

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Mix 12 crumbled Premium Flake Crackers with 2 pks. cream cheese and 1 cup drained crushed pineapple. Add enough pineapple juice to shape mixture into loaf. Chill, slice, and serve with mayonnaise on crisp lettuce. Garnish with cherries and serve with toasted Premium Flake Crackers. 6 portions.

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TOWN HONORS SAINT-GAUDENS

Paris —(GP)—Among the monuments commemorating the art association of France and the United States, none is more impressive than the memorial just dedicated to the memory of the American sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, in the town of