LADDIES.

Though we've sounded a warning 'gainst lads who persist In smoking the vile cigarette, Bear in mind that good lads, in our mind

As the best of the lassies e'er get.

are as fine

This would be a drear world if we hadn't the boys, We'd really not care to stay,

If all of our merry and fun-loving lads Were gone from our fireside away.

If they're ever away for a day and night Seems like there was somebody dead And we're not quite at ease till they all are back home,

"At home in their own little bed."

It's not only the small lads we miss when they're gone,

But the manly and "grown up" young sport; And you see it's the girls keep them stay ing so long.

They're going through sessions of "court."

But look sharp, my laddies, before you get "tied," Look out for a lass who can cook

Who can bake you a pie, or a little brown loaf, Without getting it out of a book.

Now don't get discouraged and down in the mouth, You may yet do as well as your chum;

One lad found a lass who is worth quite a prize, For she can do more than chew gum. She can make water boil in a pot on the

Without scorching, so don't be so blus, For if other young men have such wonderful luck Pray, tell me, now, why should not you?

So look out, my dear lad, for the lass who can cook,

Who can bake you a loaf or a pie; If you'll take this advice from a friend of the boys, You will thank that same friend till

you die. But if you ignore this timely advice You'll have to put up with your lot;

You'll be lucky, I ween, if you e'er find a Who can make water boil in a pot

(without scorching). -M. F. in Perry County Democrat.

TO BE HELD FOR RANSOM.

Gerald Jennerton, who had been absorbed in the study of a report con-cerning the misdeeds of a much wanted criminal, was disturbed by a slight tapping a few yards away. He looked up and discovered to his surprise that he had a visitor. A small boy, im-maculately dressed in Eton coat, gray head, was standing before the desk, tapping his leg lightly with a bamboo cane. Te boy was apparently of ten-der years, but he had an intelligent, even an attractive face. His nose was slightly retrousse, and he was very much freckled. His eyes were blue, and his manner earnest. "Are you Mr. Gerald Jennerton?"

he asked. "I am," Gerald admitted. "Who the mischief are you?" "Mr. Gerald Jennerton, the great

detective?" his visitor insisted. "You've got the name all right." "Mine's Philip Fotherhay," the lit-tle boy confided. "I'm at Brown's— your old house."

"How do you know that?" Gerald inquired.

"Oh, we know all about you at Worsley," the boy assured him. "Decent ply. sort of school, isn't it? The Jay Bird "Well, you meet me at the rightthey used to call you . . . I beg your pardon!"

The moment was an awkward one. Gerald coughed. "That's all right," he said. "Everybody gets a nickname there."

"Of course they do," the boy con-arred eagerly. "They call me the curred eagerly. "They call me the Guinea Pig. I've always been awfully interested in you, Mr. Jenner-

"Very kind of you, I'm sure. You seem to know a great deal about me," Gerald observed.

"Of course I do," the boy assented.
"We've a young cub in Dicker's house who used to be at that school in Hampstead. He doesn't think Sherlock Holmes is in it with you or your father. I say, I've got a kid waiting outside. Can I bring him in?" "Certainly," Gerald acquiesced. "Bring him in by all means."

The boy crossed the room and op-"Come in, Yankeeened the door. doodle!" he invited. An exact replica of Master Philip

Fotherhay, so far as costume was concerned, obeyed the summons. His complexion was sallower, however, and his figure more wiry. He ac-knowledged an introduction to Gerald but we thought we'd like to have just with a marked absence of shyness. and established himself on his friend's

"We looked the address up in the telephone directory, but we had to take a taxi. Bit off our beat, this?" "You want to consult me professionally?" Gerald asked.

"If you mean what I think you mean, that's what we do," Philip admitted, a little enigmatically.

A smile flickered across Gerald's lips. "Any trouble at Brown's?" he inquired. "Pocket-knives being stol-

en, or cakes pilfered, eh?" Philip dicarded the idea with a scornful gesture. "It isn't any piffling thing like that," he declared solemnly. "Yankeedoodle and I have

talked it over, and we believe that this matter." something horrible is going to happen where we're staying tonight." "And where are you staying?"

"Down with Bunny Spencer-Wiley's people at Esher." the other boy.

"That's just it," Philip pointed out.
"Yankeedoodle's a rum kid—an American, you know—but he isn't a bad sort, and he's been through it once before. They kidnapped him from somewhere in New York State. That's why he's over here now. His name's Hammerton. His father was supposed to be the richest man in the man in the word was "the Varkeedoedle?"

he went on, as a third boy made a somewhat a tinued. "I want you to find Howson, if he's anywhere about."

"I'm ready," Philip agreed, slipping off his stool. "He spends most of his time here, drinking whiskies and sodas, but tonight he seems to be hanging around the side door all the evening. I believe he's looking for those amposed to be the richest man in the supply of cake and straw-berries before them, settled down to business, and light conversation was supposed to be the richest man in the supply of cake and straw-berries before them, settled down to business, and light conversation was supposed to be the richest man in the supply of cake and straw-berries before them, settled down to business, and light conversation was impossible.

Later on however in the first a work of the supply of the supply of cake and straw-berries before them, settled down to business, and light conversation was impossible.

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"I guess he was," the other assent-

ed laconically. "So you are the hero of the famous

kidnapping case?" Gerald observed with a certain access of interest.
"Yes, Sir," was the prompt reply.
"They kept me a prisoner up in the wood close on to a week."

wood close on to a week."

"That's why he's at school in England, you see," Philip explained. "His father's dead, and his mother sent him over here, thinking he'd be safe. Well, Bunny and I have put our heads together the last few days, and we ain't so sure."

"I see. Isuppose he's a friend of the Spencer-Wileys too, as he's staying down there?"

"I don't believe he is," Philip intervened. I believe Mr. Spencer-Wileys too."

"Major Howson, this is Mr. Jenner-ton. We were just talking about you."

"I don't believe he is," Philip intervened. I believe Mr. Spencer-Wileys too, as he's staying down there?"

"I don't believe Mr. Spencer-Wileys too, as he's staying down there?"

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"A spencer-Wileys too, as he's staying too."

"A spencer-Wileys too, as he's staying too."

"A

Philip leaned forward in his chair. He was obviously very much in earnest. "Mr. Jennerton," he confided,

"there have been American—"
"Toughs," the other boy muttered. "Down at Worsley. We've seen 'em hanging about the school. Three or four nights ago there was a burglary at Brown's-at least the room where Yankeedoodle and I sleep was broken into.

"What happened to you then?"
"We weren't there. The men were repairing some pipes outside, and

"He wired for Yankeedoodle's guardian, who came down and gassed a lot, but laughed at the idea that they were anything but ordinary bur-glars."

"Who is this guardian of-er-Yankeedoodle's" Gerald asked. "His name's Howson-Major Howson. He's staying down with Bunny Spencer-Wiley's people too. He seems very good-natured—laughs and talks a great deal. He gave us both a sovereign tip to spend on ices and things today—but I don't like him—no more does Yankeedoodle."

"And now tell me why you think something horrible is going to happen tonight," Gerald invited.

"You'll think us a couple of funks, I'm afraid," Philip demurred, "but I'm pretty certain that one of those American chaps we saw down at

Worsley was hanging around the grounds at Esher last night. Yank-eedoodle saw him; so did I—and he wasn't alone either." "Whom was he with?"

"Major Howson-the kid's guardian. They were strolling up and down one of the lawns at the back of the house. I wanted to keep Yankeedoodle out of sight, so we got Bunny to do an Indian stalk. He couldn't hear much of what they were saying, but they kept on talking about to-night and a car at some place on the trousers, white and spotless collar, his silk hat rather on the back of his they're fixing it up to cart him off they're fixing it up to cart him off somewhere."

"Have you mentioned this to Mr. Spencer-Wiley?" Gerald inquired.
"Bunny tried to give him a hint, but he only laughed. You see Mr. Jennerton, all he'd do would be to send for the police, and the police never catch anybody, do they? We thought if we could get you interested, you might, be able to get hold of these men.'

"You're the quaintest clients I ever had," Gerald confessed. Philip moved a little uneasily in his chair. "We ain't funks," he declared,

"but Yankeedoodle had a horrid time when they kidnapped him before." "You're going up to the match Gerold suggested, after a moment's reflection

"Rather!" was the enthusiatic rehand corner of the members' stand at tea time and I'll take you along to our tent. I'll make a few inquiries

and tell you then whether I can do anything about it." "Righto! We'll scoot for the sand directly they go in to tea . . . I say, Mr. Jennerton

this, wasn't it? It was he who taught you detecting?"

"In a sense I suppose it was," Gerald agreed. "We couldn't see him, could we?" the boy asked.

"Well, I don't know. I'll see if he's in." Gerald strolled across to his father's room, and opened the door. "Dad," he announced from the threshold, "we have two new clients here who would like a word with you." Mr. Jennerton, rosy-cheeked, bulky, carefully dressed, good-humored as usual, promptly made his appearance. He stared at the two boys in frank surprise.

"Sorry if we've disturbed you, Mr. Jennerton," Philip apologized, looking up politely. "You see it's been a glimpse of you. Yankeedoodle and I—that's the kid here—want to be detectives ourselves when we grow

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Jennerton," the American boy said. Mr. Jennerton sat down in the easy

chair and laughed softly. "Clients, eh?" he observed. "What's the trou-"It's something jolly serious, Mr. Jennerton," Philip confided, "but I feel sure it will turn out all right

now. Your son's going to make some inquiries for us. Gerald opened the door. "Well, you mustn't be late for the match," he enjoined. "See you both at tea time,

and we'll have a word or two about The umpire had scarcely turned his face towards the pavilion at five o'clock that afternoon when two perspiring boys came hurrying up to ever, as a matter of fact, my father

Gerald "And who, by the by, is Yankee-doodle?" Gerald asked, glancing at the other boy.

"Here we are, Mr. Jennerton," Philip announced with satisfaction. "Hope you didn't mind our bringing Bunny," "And now come along," Gerald con-

"That's just it," Philip pointed out. he went on, as a third boy made a tinued. "I want you to find Howson,

"How long has Major Howson been your guardian?" he inquired of young Gerald a

Hammerton. to England," the boy replied. "My came across a man peerin mother met him in New York, and window into the avenue.

alone with him, and the kid wanted to but rather small eyes and a weak be with the rest of us. I say, Mr. mouth Jennerton.'

"Well?" "Young Mr. Spencer-Wiley—Bun-ny's elder brother—the one who's in Gerald the Foreign Office, you know-is awfully keen on knowing you. Would you speak to him when we go back to the coach?"

ed. way. By the way, what are they go ing to do with you this evening?"
Philip indulged in a little grimace. they'd moved us to another room."

"Burglars, eh?" Gerald remarked thoughtfully. "Was anything stolen?"

"Not a thing," Philip replied. "It was this kid they were after. I'm jolly well sure of that."

"What did the Head say about it?"

"He wired for Yankaedcolds's get hold of Yankaedcolds's if they were hold of Yankaedcolds's get hold of Yanka "We're going straight back to Eshget hold of Yankeedoodle in if they are really after him-and I do believe they are, Mr. Jennerton. Are

you going to try to help?"

"Very likely," Gerald promised.

"There's the bell. I'll take you back, and have a word with Spencer-Wiley.

The boys left the tent reluctantly. They made their way to the coach,

you're a sort of hero to them."

ers of the party and found several acquaintances. The boys parted with him later on with reluctance. us tonight," young Spencer-Wiley suggested. "We're dining early—

when he returned. His father looked us."

son of the late William Hammerton, son of the late William Hammerton, multimillionaire, estate valued at here?" Gerald inquired. thirty-three millions, bulk of it left in trust for the lad, was kidnapped eighteen months ago, providing great sensation in all the American news-lied, "and if I find a stranger hangpapers, rescued by huge operation on ing about I feel quite justified in the part of the police, entrusted by asking his business. mother to care of an Englishman, Major Howson and sent to Worsley School. Word for word the boy's

story, Governor."
"What about Howson?" "A very colorless report," Gerald admitted. "Retired Major, did some liaison work with the American Army during the war and was invited to Washington, middle-aged, belongs to impecunious, is sometimes sued for small sums by tradespeople, but nothing definite against him, plays golf occasionally, and frequents the cheap-

er places on the French coast." "H'm!" Mr. Jennerton, senior observed. "What do you make of it all, Gerald?"
"I'm hanged if I know!" was the latter's thoughtful admission. "But ir. Jennerton."

"Well, my lad."

"It was your father who started to dine and dance tonight. If you seen the lad."

"It was your father who started to dine and dance tonight. If you seen the lad."

"I see, "I've g

wouldn't mind motoring down to we should soon be able to find out if there was anything wrong." Mr. Jennerton nodded assent. "If those lads aren't mistaken about those Americans down at Worsley, the whole affair seems to me pretty

fishy," he admitted. Esher Hall was a very magnificent mansion, and Gerald found upon his arrival that the dance was not the impromptu affair he had imagined, but the guests numbered several hundreds. He danced for an hour, after which time he went in search of his young friend, whom he found seated upon a high stool at a cleverly im-

provised bar. "Don't touch the ices, Sir-they're rotten," Philip warned him. "Go baldheaded for the fruit salad. I'll have some more myself, please," he added, pushing his plate across.
"Look here, young fellow," Gerald

chap Howson to me. "Righto! You really think they're after Yankeedoodle, Mr. Jennerton?" Philip asked eagerly between spoonfuls.

"There's just a chance they may be," Gerald admitted.
"But what about your father, Mr. Jennerton? Isn't he coming to

help?"
"You don't trust me, eh, young-"It isn't that, Sir," Philip apolo gized, as he pushed aside his plate, "but you haven't had so much experience as he has, have you?

is outside.'

Later on, however, in the first stages of repletion, Gerald asked a few questions.

Later on, however, in the first heard one of them a little time ago took talking to a chauffeur, asking about the Portsmouth Road. This way, Mr. kid!"

Gerald and his small companion searched for some time in vain. Fin-"About six months before I came ally, in one of the smaller rooms, they came across a man peering out of the

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Jennerton," he said, with a marked absence of

Gerald acknowledged the introduction perfunctorily. The Major's appearance was certainly not prepossessing. His shirt, though well laundered, was a little frayed at the cuffs. "Of course, I will," Gerald assent-His studs were imitation pearls, his patent-leather shoes were cracked with numerous varnishings. Impecuniosity clung to his exterior and his manner was distinctly uneasy.

"By the by, where is my young ward?" Major Howson demanded presently, after the interchange of a few strained civilities. . few strained civilities.

"Oh, he's playing round," Philip replied. "He's got a mash for a little girl from the Priory. I expect he is sitting in a corner with her."

The Major threw away his cigar.

"Well," he said, "you'll excuse me. I must go back and dance with some of these children. See you later My

of these children. See you later Mr. Jennerton." He departed, and Gerald looked after him thoughtfully. "I don't fancy the fellow as a guardian, Philip," he

confided. "He's all right sometimes," was the and Spencer-Wiley-a young man a boy's dubious comment. He does a little Gerald's junior, who was in the Foreign Office—expressed his satisfaction at the introduction which the boys effected.

"Awfully good of you to look after"

"Awfully good of you to look after"

"He's outside, looking around,"

Gerald made his way into the garden, and met his father near the "Come down and have a dance with courtyard. Mr. Jennerton appeared perturbed.

suggested. "We're dining early—
"The lads are right anyway, Germaking a young people's party out of
ald," he confided, "as to there being scrambled to his feet. Across the it—seven-thirty, I think. If you can not get down to dine, come down lat-should call them, too. One of them hurrying in their direction. not get down to dine, come down lat- should call them, too. One of them "Thank you very much," Gerald assented. "Probably after dinner, if you don't mind."

was walking up and down the avenue with that fellow Howson only a quarter of an hour ago. I think you'd better go and how. better go and have a word with Spen-The Jennerton organization was cer-Wiley. Wait a minute, though.

Gerald swung around, and sudden-"The Hamemrton boy's the goods anyhow," Gerald announced. "Only loitering in the background.

> Gerald inquired. "What's that got to do with you?"

The man's manner became propitiatory. "Sure," he agreed. If you're one of the folk at the house, that's different. See that." He unbuttoned his overcoat, and touched a round badge attached to his vest.

"I see it," Gerald admitted. "What does it mean?" "New York detective force," man answered, dropping his voice a the Somerset Club, and is apparently little. "I'm sent over to shadow a gang who are after the Hammerton asked regretfully. "We've been doing kid. I'm hot on their trail down here. Know Inything about it?"

"Not a thing. Do you mean the American boy who's staying with "I surely do. He's been kidnapped once before, and the same gang are after him again. The Commissioner

sent me over here to keep my eye on "I see," Gerald observed quietly. "I've got a mate here," the man went on. "All we want is to be let alone, and we'll see the kid doesn't come to any harm. Pat Harwood, my name is. It was I who rounded up the

gang last time." "Are there any of them down here tonight?" Gerald asked. "Nope. Nothing doing tonight. All

the same, we have to know where the lad is. We shall be pushing off as soon as the folks have gone to bed. Good night, Sir." The man turned abruptly away and

disappeared round the corner of the courtyard. Gerald turned to his father. "What do you make of that, Dad?"

he inquired. Mr. Jennerton was suddenly very much alive. "Get hold of the boy first, and lock him up where he can't be got at," he directed. "Then ring up the police, in my name—the name of the firm. Esher Police Station, or said, "I want you to point out this chap Howson to me." the firm. Esher Police Station, or Ripley, will do. Ask the sergeant to go back." get in a car and come over here at once. I'll try to keep an eye on that fellow."

> "You don't believe his story?" Gerald ventured. "I know the New York police badge when I see it," was the swift rejoinder. "Hurry up!" Gerald hastened into the house and discovered Philip waiting patiently

former demanded bruskly. "Messing around somewhere."
"Let's find him quickly," Gerald in-"Come. We've got to keep siste. him in sight until the party's over. "Have you discovered any thing, Sir?"

"Where's Yankeedoodle?"

"Looks rather like it," Gerald admitted. "Come on!" They began their search breathlessly—Gerald himself disturbed by a distinct premonition of evil. Nowhere There's a catch in it, I'm sure."

could they discern any sign of Yankeedoodle. His small fair-headed companion from the Priory was wandering about disconsolately. Philip hurried across to her, asked a few

"Something about showing him the guns while there was no one about

down in the gun-room, she thought." "Do you know the way?" "I think I can find it. Come on Sir!" They lost their way twice, but even-

tually arrived at a long stone corri-"Here we are!" Philip cried in triumph. "It's the last door on the right."

They reached it at the double. Gerald tried the handle. It was locked on the inside. "Never mind, Sir," Philip shouted. "This other door leads into the court-

yard." They raced to the end of the corridor. There were bolts to be drawn, a chain unfastened and a key turned. Afterwards they stepped out into a spacious courtyard, where a great motor-car was dimly to be seen in the half-light. There were two men inside, one of them holding something whose struggles were clearly visible

under a rug. The car started with a roar, and dashed out of the gate. A man who had been standing by its side turned and walked back towards the open gun-room window. "Stay here and see which way they turn, Philip," Gerald called out. I'll be back in a second." He sprang towards the drive, coming face to face with the loiterer. It was Major

Howson. "What have you done with that boy?" he demanded. The Major shrank back in consternation. In an instant Gerald's fist shot out, and Yankeedoodle's guardian went down like a log. A chauffeur came hurrying up.

'What's all this trouble about, Sir?" he inquired. "Never you mind," Gerald replied. "You'll know when the police come. Help me get my car out.

The chauffeur looked at him more closely. "Are you the gentleman who "Awfully good of you to look after hese lads," he remarked. "You know ou're a sort of hero to them."

Gerald was introduced to some others of the party and found several equaintances. The boys parted with him."

Gerald man who was talking—yes, you are," he broke off abruptly. "The older gentleman who was talking—yes, you are," he broke off abruptly. "The older gentleman who was talking—yes, you are," he broke off abruptly. "The older gentleman who was talking—yes, you are," he broke off abruptly. "Gerald replied. "I think, if you don't mind, youngster, I'll go and have a word with him."

Gerald made his word with the was talking—yes, you are," he broke off abruptly. "The older gentleman who was talking—yes, you are," he broke off abruptly. "Gerald replied. "I think, if you don't mind, youngster, I'll go and have a word with him."

Gerald was introduced to some others of the party and found several country and found

The chauffeur led the way, and Gerald followed. There was a little group at the entrance to the courtyard, standing around Mr. Jennerton,

notably a perfect one. Two neatly typed reports lay upon Gerald's desk though he were assigned to watch Guilford to stop them?" he added, have gone off in a Stanton-LX3629. turning to Spencer-Wiley. "Come on,

"Are you all right, Sir?" the latter inquired. His father nodded. "I'll ring up the police, of course," Spencer-Wiley interposed. "Shall I come along with you, Mr. Jennerton?" "You see to the police," Gerald directed. "We'll let you know what

happens. Let's go, Dad!" Gerald thundered down the Portsmouth Road with dimmed headlights, but at a pace which provoked shouts and remonstrances from every passing vehicle. They flashed through Cobham and raced past the lake on the way to Ripley. Then Mr. Jenner-ton touched his son lightly upon the

arm. "Slow up here," he enjoined. "We'll call at the police station." "It is worth while, Sir?" Gerald

sixty-five, and we ought to be up to them directly." "The police station is on the right there," was Mr. Jennerton's sole re-

Gerald slackened speed and eventually drew up with a little sigh. His father descended. "I shall telephone to Scotland

Yard," he announced. Gerald looked down the long, level stretch of road impatiently. The excitement of the chase was upon him, and then the other. As he recognized and his foot was aching to be once more upon the accelerator. When his father reappeared, however, he came out in leisurely fashion. He was ac-

companied by a Sergeant.

"Old friend of mine here, Sergeant Clowson," Mr. Jennerton remarked. "They only got through from Esher while I was there, and the Sergeant says that a score of cars have passed during the last twenty minutes." "Any quantity of them, Sir," the Sergeant confirmed. "There's a dance on at Guilford tonight. Any-

thing more I can do for you, Mr. Jennerton?" "Nothing at all, thank you," the latter assured him. The Sergeant took his leave. Ger-

ald pressed the starting button. Mr. Jennerton suddenly came to a decision.

"Turn round," Mr. Jennerton repeated firmly. "I'll explain as we go along."

"But I say!" Gerald protested. "We know they're ahead of us. We can't give it up like this. An old Stanton, "I say the same that I preceded to be asleep so they shouldn't give me any more dope. I knew you'd be along pretty soon... Say, Mr. Jennerton, whatever Philip does, I guess I've made too, you said their car was. too, you said their car was. They couldn't live with us on the hills."

"I'll explain as we go along," Mr. Jennerton insisted. Gerald swung across the road without further comment and turned back towards London. His silence and his manner, however, were alike signifimanner, however, were alike signifi-

"See here, Gerald," his father continued earnestly, "this gang aren't fools. They turned out of the gates in this direction with all lights flashing, yet they've been hanging about so long they must know that your gave him the deserved praise.

"But what else is there to do except follow them?" Gerald demanded.
"Find out the catch," his father replied. "So far as following is concerned, that's a blind business, and it isn't necessary. I've spoken to Henslow at the Yard, and before another hour has passed the whole of the questions, and came back.

"I say, Sir," he announced, "she says that Major Howson same up and took Yankeedoodle away. What an ass I was not to have stayed with the kid!"

"The say, Sir," he announced, "she hour has passed, the wall be blocked against them. I don't think it would matter."

Mr. Jennerton went on thoughtfully, "if we took the Brighton Road or the portsmouth Road—I don't think if we traveled a hundred miles an hour we with them."

"What do you propose, then?"
"I'm just thinking out myself what I should do if I were the kidnapper." About a mile from Esher, Mr. Jennerton spoke after a somewhat prolonged silence.

"Turn to the right here," he enjoined. "It's only a lane," Gerald objected. "Never mind."

Gerald turned out the headlights and made his way cautiously along the narrow thorough-fare for about a mile. Then his father stopped him once more.

"You can turn at the corner there," he pointed out quietly. "Let's go back again."

Gerald obeyed orders in mute but resentful silence. They regained the main road, but his father waved him across it, and they plunged once more into the darkness of a by-road. Soon after they had rounded the first bend Mr. Jennerton uttered an exclamation of interest.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. There was no doubt about what it was-a Stanton limousine with no lights burning, deserted, with the off front wheel in the ditch. They came to a standstill and both alighted.

"You see," Mr. Jennerton explained rapidly, "they did what was after all the most natural thing in the world: they left Esher Hall in a Stanton car, with the number showing clearly, hoping we'd chase it to the coast. What they really did was to take the first secluded lane they could find, pull up, abandon the car and change into another one. You can see where it was drawn up, waiting for them."
"You're right," Gerald admitted

with awakening interest. "This lane leads out to the road from London to Weybridge. They could get on any of the main roads lower down." "Yes, but they wouldn't do it," Mr. Jennerton replied. "They'd know we should have those blocked."

"Well, you guessed their first move," Gerald said. "What about their see ond?" "That's a more difficult matter, his father confessed. "I'll bet by this

time they're pretty well back in Lon-Gerald lighted a cigaret. "Well?" Mr. Jennerton opened the door of the Stanton car. "We're going to the Stanton car. "We're going to search this old vehicle to the extent "Anything wrong?"

"An American gang," Mr. Jennerton, senior, confided a little faintly.

"They've got hold of that lad.""

"They've got hold of that lad.""

"Search this old vehicle to the extent of ripping the cushions up," he declared. "They left her in a hurry, I can see that—license holder and name plate both torn off—but if they have been considered." Have you got an electric

help. torch?" Gerald produced one from the pocket of his car. With it in his hand Mr. Jennerton entered the limousine. At about half past three in the morning, the soi-disant Mr. Pat Harwood-better known as Slippery Sam to his friends of the Bowery, and to the police of New York—was awak-ened by the sudden turning on of all the lights in his bedroom. He opened his eyes sleepily, and then sat up with a start. The hand which crept under his pillow came away empty. He looked into the smiling face of Inepector Henslow of Scotland Yard.

"Is this a nightmare?" he exclaimed, glancing around at several other sinister figures. The Inspector signed to one of his subordinates. The man in the bed yielded his wrists and scrutinized disconsolately the tokens of his enslave-

"You're wanted on three charges in New York-extradition all arranged for," the Inspector replied. "At the present moment we want the boy.

Where is he?" "Next room," said the captive. Gerald slipped past the others, unbolted the communicating doors, turned on the lights, and approaching the bed, shook the lightly figure concealed under the bedclothes. "Wake up, young man," he en-

Gerald a broad grin slowly transformed his face. "You all right?" Gerald asked anxiously. "Sure!" the boy answered. "They doped me good, too, but I spat some of it out and shammed. I was pretty well scared, but I guessed you'd be

Yankeedoodle opened first one eye

along presently." "How did you get the envelop?"
"Well," the boy explained, "as soon as we got in that lane there was another car all fixed up and waiting for us. The chauffeur had brought two notes, which that beast who was holding me opened and read. One of the envelops, with his address on it, had blown on to the floor, and when he got up to speak to the chauffeur, leaning out of the window, although he had me by the collar all the time, I was just able to reach it and stuff it down behind the cushions. When he turned around again, he tore up the letters and the other envelop without Gerald stared at him in amazement. noticing that there was one gone. After that I pretended to be asleep

up my mind now. "What about?" Gerald asked. "Why, I don't care if I've got millions enough to buy this little old

Vincente Blasco Ibanez, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," died Saturday, January 28, in France. His native country failed to

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