

Who is Number One! A Mystery Serial

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.



Luckily the Police man Was One He Called.

"Locked Them in the Closet and Got Him Out," She Said.

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TOMMY HALE came downstairs for an early breakfast on the morning after the rescue of Almee Villon from the Chinese restaurant where she had been held a prisoner by the Twisted Thread. He was in high spirits. The discovery that Thornton Rayne, his father's old and trusted friend, was the moving spirit of the sinister gang of criminals which had for months pursued him, shocking though it was, had at least the effect of lessening the mystery. It seemed to Tommy that they were at last in the way of coming openly to grips with the enemy, and they being victorious, had not securing peace and immunity from further persecution.

He was eager to talk to Almee. His father had told him much in the last few days; Tommy could now understand many things that had puzzled him utterly before. He and Almee were practically engaged—at least, Tommy believed. That she loved him he knew; if she had not actually pledged herself to marry him, that was because of her father's opposition. A his father's narrative had opened Tommy's eyes to a good many things. He was sure, for one thing, that Almee had never loved her father. She had loved and married, and with whom had she loved and married, and for a few months, many years before, he had known the greatest happiness of his life, and never came back! This had so long believed, indeed, the whole diabolical plot contrived out by Thornton Rayne was much clearer to Tommy than it was, even now, to his father.

Graham Hale and Thornton Rayne had been rivals, years before, despite their intimacy—perhaps because of it—for the hand of Camille Arnot, then the reigning favorite in the opera in New York. She had favored Rayne, and Rayne had acquiesced, apparently, in her choice. Playing the part of a devoted and disinterested friend, he had even made nearly all the arrangements for their marriage—a marriage performed in secret, and not made public, because of the determined opposition of Graham Hale's father to his son's marriage to an actress.

The end of Graham Hale's romance came not many months after his marriage, and not long before the expected birth of his child. Something someone—had convinced Camille Arnot that he had tricked and deceived her, that her marriage had been false. She had disappeared, Graham Hale had been killed, for years, that she had been the victim of a fire in the house in which she lived. But now Tommy was convinced that her disappearance had been a ruse, and that Thornton Rayne, who had never ceased to love her, had been the man responsible for her disappearance. He had kept the fires of her hate for years in the Twisted Thread had been built up.

During those years warnings of impending danger had come to Tommy. He had seen the Twisted Thread, a day already black in his life. Tommy could not have been a man, what had happened to Thornton Rayne, the real head and organizer of the Twisted Thread, had used Camille as its apparent head. She, believing it to be a ruse, devoted to revenge for wrongs the law could not punish, had not expected that Rayne was using it for blackmail, for robbery, for espionage in the interest of foreign countries.

And in the last few months, when after the years of empty threats, all the powers of the Twisted Thread had been turned loose against Graham Hale and all contacts with him, Thornton Rayne, it seemed to Tommy, had been working in a way, at cross purposes with the woman he hated, ostensibly as his chief. She had conceived a plan of vengeance upon her fancied betrayer, subtle and terrible in its cruelty and completeness. She did not wish his death. She wished, rather, to see him ruined, bereaved, left friendless as the result of the desertion of those who would learn, by repeated experiences, that friendship with him involved the sinister intentions of the Twisted Thread—thinking down at last, in madness and a living death.

But Rayne had sought actually to kill the man who had been his rival. To Tommy the reason seemed plain enough. Rayne knew that he needed what Tommy had not needed; his father's assurance to believe, that Camille Arnot had been truly married and had been deceived and betrayed not only by the man who had told her otherwise. And, knowing that, he must have felt that so long as Graham Hale lived he was in danger of exposure.

As he came downstairs Tommy hoped that Almee would, like himself, be up early. Many things connected with his father's revelations still puzzled him; he wanted to discuss them with her, but he was disappointed when he found the breakfast room empty. He waited; finally sent a servant to ask Almee's

maid when her mistress would be down. In a minute a frightened girl came in to him.

"Oh, sir!" she said. "Miss Almee—she isn't in her room—her bed hasn't been slept in at all! Miss Almee's gone—Miss Almee dismissed her last night and Miss Hale said I was to be Miss Almee's maid—"

Tommy rushed frantically to the telephone, calling for Donovan's detective agency. He reported Almee's disappearance—then turned to see his father's valet waiting to speak to him.

"Mr. Hale, sir," said the man. "I don't know what's wrong, sir—he's not in his room this morning! He went out for a walk late last night, sir—told me to go to bed, as he wouldn't need me again. When I went to tell him his bath was ready, just now, I found he hadn't come in, sir!"

This second blow staggered Tommy. The hands of the Twisted Thread—of Thornton Rayne—was plain enough. What could he do? He had no clue. He could see no starting point. And then, as he groped desperately in his mind for some course of action to pursue, there came a clamorous ringing of the bell of the front door. He raced to answer it and Almee, her hair disheveled, her whole appearance unkempt and bedraggled, staggered into his arms.

"Almee!" he cried. "Thank God you are safe!"

"Why, Tommy?" she cried, startled and amazed.

"Why, Tommy?"

"I was gone—is gone—too!" he said. "He went out for a walk late last night—and never came back! This morning I found that both of you had disappeared—I was half mad—"

"Wait till I change my things," she said, freeing herself from his embrace. "We must get to work at once, Tommy! This is more of Thornton Rayne's work—"

"But you—what happened to you? How did you get away from them?" he cried.

"Wait—I'll tell you as soon as I've made myself ready," she said. "There's no time to be lost, Tommy!"

That was true, and he knew it, and so, reluctantly, let her go. She was back in an incredibly short space of time.

"I can't tell you much now," she said. "But, Tommy, my dear—I know more—much more—than you think! You—you're going to hate me when you know everything! But I'm for you, Tommy—you were going to tell me, perhaps—did you know why Camille Arnot believed so absolutely that your father had betrayed her? Did you know that the minister who married them, and who soon afterward went abroad as a missionary, had written a letter confessing that the marriage was not a legal one?"

"Yes—Thornton Rayne told my father there had been such a letter! But Kent died abroad—Pastor Kent, the minister, Rayne tried to find him, to make him clear up the mystery of that letter—"

"Do you see how your father always tried to throw up to you, Tommy—don't you see that that letter must have been a forgery—if that marriage was a true one, as I believe it was? If your father had betrayed her, he would have come home—his attorney gets in today! There was an article in last night's paper about his return, after his years in China! That's why Thornton Rayne is in such desperate haste now! He is afraid that Kent's return will clear everything up and reveal his villainy!"

"But—how do you know all this?" asked Tommy, deeply amazed.

"I can't tell you now," she cried, wringing her hands desperately. "Oh, Tommy—don't ask me, dear—don't ask me any questions now!"

"All right," he said, wondering, but submissive. "I've sent for Donovan—there's nothing to do now, I suppose, but to wait—"

"Yes, there is," she cried. "If Thornton Rayne had your father's spirit, he would have done it. I think I know where he went, and he has taken it. Is your car ready? Let's start at once—"

Almee was sure of herself, she spoke with a confidence and authority that Tommy never dreamed of questioning her. Together they got into his roadster, and he even let Almee take the wheel.

"I know the way," she said. "I'll save time if I drive, instead of telling you where to go. And the police aren't likely to stop us if I'm driving; they're easier on a woman speeder than on a man."

Certainly Almee showed little regard for the speed laws as they tore along. But she was a superb driver; the car was always under absolute control. And as she drove she found time to tell Tommy of her kidnapping and of her escape.

"They carried me out to a schooner in the stream," she said, "and locked me in a cabin. But the porthole was open, so that I could see where we were going, and when it was light I

secretly fastened, Rayne got up with the driver and was driven off.

"Follow them in the car, Tommy," said Almee. "Don't lose sight of them for an instant, but don't try to do anything single-handed. I know how to get into that house. I'll find your father if he's inside. But now don't lose a moment; follow Rayne and that express wagon."

Almee was a command now, and her manner was such that Tommy obeyed her as instinctively as a soldier obeys his officer. A protest was on his lips, but she gave him no chance to voice it. Before he understood what she was doing she had darted into the side entrance of the nearest house.

"I'll enjoy killing Thornton Rayne with my bare hands," said Tommy grimly. "I think I never really hated anyone before in all my life, and if he's hurt my father—"

Almee slowed up and the car crept around a corner and stopped. She pointed to a house in the middle of the block. In front of it an express wagon was waiting. Almee frowned.

"That means there's some new devilry afoot," she said. "Ah—"

The door of the house opened, and Thornton Rayne appeared and looked about him in the street. He was wearing motor coats and heavy motor goggles, so that he did not recognize them. They were, moreover, some distance from the house, and he was working swiftly, spoke to Tommy.

"Go and ring at the door of the nearest house. Ask if Mr. Terwilliger lives there, or any other name that's unusual. Quick! Then Rayne won't suspect us."

Tommy obeyed. And he and Almee thus were able to watch Rayne's procedure. He turned and superintended the carrying out of a huge trunk, which, to judge from the manner of the two men who carried it, was extremely heavy. It was loaded on to the express wagon, and, when it was

trouble is that if we do and fail everything will be ruined—"

"We'll get a policeman," said Almee, with decision. "We may not have any legal evidence against Rayne yet, but I think we can trust Mr. Donovan to find some for us—don't you?"

"I certainly do," said Tommy.

"There's a cop, now—I'll get him. I'll tell him Rayne broke into our house—that's good enough for a temporary charge—"

Luck favored Tommy now. The policeman was, it chanced, one who knew him, having been engaged in one of the fights with the Twisted Thread gang when its meeting place had been raided.

"Sure, Mr. Hale, I'm wild yet," he said, heartily. "In here is it? Come on, then!"

They went up darkened stairs. Donovan's best efforts they made noise enough to warn Rayne of their coming, for the house was empty and the stairs were bare and creaky. It was a creepy business that climb up through the darkened, deserted house. Tommy expected, every instant, to hear a report—to see a flash of flame spurt out in the darkness above to stop a bullet or hear one whistling by his ear.

But until they reached the top floor there was no noise of any sort. Then, suddenly, a door swung open, and Thornton Rayne himself appeared. By he was taken utterly by surprise. He started back, agast—then lowered his head and charged like a bull. His rush upset Tommy, who staggered back against Readson, the policeman, so that both were thrown down in a heap. And Rayne, cursing, flung himself at the ladder which led to the skylight and the roof and rushed up.

Readson was on his feet in a moment and after him, Tommy was about to follow when he saw that the policeman caught Rayne if he can—we've got to find out the mystery of that trunk!"

They went through the door that

WORK OF KINDERGARTENS HELD TO BE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

Tribute Paid to Genius of Frederick Froebel, Who Originated Plan of Proper Education of Children—Results of Specialized Training Shown.

BY M. M. GLIDDEN.

Director School of Kindergarten Training, INDEKARTEN is the Word—"

Frederick Froebel.

There have been many infant schools of various types and honor is due those individuals who have had the vision to meet in any degree the educational needs of little children. Frederick Froebel stands without a peer as a man of genius who not only understood the individual and collective needs of little children, and formulated educational principles which will endure for all time, but also devised the ways and means of putting into practice those principles.

Genius belongs to the world; no nation can lay exclusive claim to it. Shakespeare belongs to all, Goethe also; and the false patriotism which would reject the works of genius, revealed through whatever national medium, is in reality singing a "hymn of hate" and hatred, anger, blinds, as Dante demonstrated long ago.

Naming of Institution Told.

To the man of genius who made the greatest contribution to the education of your children that has ever been made is due the honor of preserving the name which he himself selected for such an institution. After carefully inspecting the infant classes and creches existing in his day, Froebel felt that he wanted something very different in his institution and he wanted a name that would differentiate his school from all others, that would in its very name proclaim a new and better thing.

At first, he could not quite get the right name for his institution. He thought it ought to be a place for little children where they could receive wise, nurturing care and where women could be trained to give this intelligent care. Walking one day through the beautiful Thuringian Forest, he found himself at the end of the path, on the edge of a bluff overlooking a fertile valley. Below, spread out before his gaze, were many small farms planted differently, so that the various colors suggested a garden.

Pondering upon what the name should be for his new educational institution, his eyes fell upon the beautiful scene before him. "Eureka!" he cried. "I have found it! Kindergarten shall be its name." And kindergarten it has been, and ever shall be, though there were a million infant schools existing side by side with it, for the two terms, "infant school" and "kindergarten," suggest entirely different concepts.

ing knowledge among the school men and when restated by some eminent, modern psychologist or educator, are applauded, accepted, and put into actual practice in the schoolroom, it is good to have intelligence enough to appreciate and elucidate these great ideas, but greater honor is due the originator.

In some educational circles, uninfluenced by any animus aroused by the present war, the suggestion has come to do away with the charges that sometimes exist between the kindergarten and the grades by calling the kindergarten and primary grades jointly "the elementary classes." Now, we grant it is a mistake to have the kindergarten an isolated thing, a thing apart from the school; it should be an integral, an organic, part of the whole. If you have a kindergarten, you must have a branch die; the plant lives. But if the ideas that Froebel promulgated are sound educational ideas for the kindergarten, the sound ideas for the grades. The ideas should be extended upward rather than bringing downward the ideas governing the grades.

Initiative Is Developed.

For example, one of Froebel's leading ideas is developing the children through self-activity, a premium is put upon originality, upon initiative, and in general, upon qualities that develop self-direction. In the recent investigation made in Greater New York by a committee working under Professor Hannu, of Harvard University, Dr. McMurray found that children in the kindergarten possessed in a marked degree initiative; that the same class of children in the grades lacked it. What had happened to transform these leaders in the kindergarten into unthinking, passive, followers in the grades? Suppression; repression; the transformation of each little individual human wheel into the cog of a big wheel. The necessity of conforming to rules of getting just so much required work in the mastery of the three "R's" done in a given time, and false ideas of income tax, while in the Matter of Taxation of Salaries, 131 N. C. 692, an income tax on judicial salaries was held

to infringe a provision against the decrease of such salaries. The court in the latter case said, in part:

"If the power to tax is conceded, the barriers erected by the constitutional limitation are swept away, and one branch of the state government is placed at the mercy of another. If the power to tax is conceded, it would impose a tax of 1 per cent on the official salary of a judicial officer, upon the same principle it could lay a duty which would cripple, if not completely paralyze, the whole system of the administration of justice of state tribunals."

However, we refuse to worry about the President's perplexities over the income tax—we have worries enough of our own.

CHRISTMAS DAY OF FATE

Death Follows Just 81 Years After Date of Birth.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 14.—Born on Christmas day and dying on the same day 81 years later, just seven days after the death of her husband, was the singular fate of Mrs. Florence Adeline Dildway of Coalinga, Andrew La Croix Dildway, her husband, 87 years old, died at Coalinga on the 18th inst., from broncho pneumonia. His wife contracted the same disease while nursing him but had practically recovered when she suffered a stroke of apoplexy which caused her death.

The aged couple were buried side by side at a double funeral at Rosedale Cemetery in this city yesterday. Mrs. Dildway was born in St. Clairsville, O., and her husband was born at Haverhill in the same state. Mr. Dildway was in business there until the couple came West. Last year they went to the home of a daughter, Mrs. Otto S. Axell in Coalinga, where they both passed away.

WRITERS HELP TO WIN WAR

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Every modification in his output, however, calls for public understanding and co-operation. If his consumption of sugar is to be cut down people must not complain when the bonbons and rich creams disappear, but satisfy their craving with chocolate dipped nuts and fruits.

So it goes with other great war problems like coal, power, labor, loans, soldiers, sailors and increased food production. Some of these questions call for publicity that is in the nature of National education. Others are in the nature of temporary emergencies, needing the printed word to straighten out some momentary or local tangle. The soldier of the printed word is on duty in Washington and all over the Nation, ready to apply the printed word wherever needed promptly and vigorously in the right way and time and place.

Dandruff Heads Become Hairless

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single grain and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.—Adv.

How You Can Remove Every Trace of Hair

(Toilet Talks)

A stiff paste made with some powdered talc and water and spread on a hairy surface about 2 minutes will, when removed, take every trace of hair with it. The skin should then be washed to free it from the remaining talc. No harm can result from this treatment, but be sure it is delatone you get and you will not be disappointed.—Adv.

IN LEGAL SIDELIGHTS.

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been construed to exempt the President's salary from the income tax.

In State vs. Nygard, 159 Wis., 396, a similar provision, however, was held not to exempt judicial salaries from a state income tax, while in the Matter of Taxation of Salaries, 131 N. C. 692, an income tax on judicial salaries was held