



The Secret Adversary

by Agatha Christie

(Continued from last week.)

A man reached the foot of the steps. For a moment he hesitated, and as he did so the door opened. They fell into the hall together. Sir James came forward from the library door. "Hullo! What's this?"

He stepped forward, and put his arm round Jane as she wavered uncertainly. He half carried her into the library, and laid her on the leather couch. From a tautolous on the table he poured out a few drops of brandy, and forced her to drink them. With a sigh she sat up, her eyes still wild and frightened.

"It's all right. Don't be afraid, my child. You're quite safe."

Her breath came more normally, and the color was returning to her cheeks. Sir James looked at Tuppence quizzically.

"Am I right in thinking that the joint venture has ended in success, and that this"—he turned to the girl on the couch—"is Miss Jane Finn?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "I'm Jane Finn. I have a lot to tell you."

"When you are stronger—"

"No—now!" In a low voice Jane began her story.

"I came over on the Lusitania to take up a post in Paris. When the ship was torpedoed, a man came up to me. He asked me if I was a patriotic American, and told me he was carrying papers which were just life or death to the Allies. He asked me to take charge of them. I was to watch for an advertisement in the Times. If it didn't appear, I was to take them to the American ambassador."

"Most of what followed seems like a nightmare still. I see it in my dreams sometimes. I'll hurry over that part. Mr. Danvers had told me to watch out. He might have been shadowed from New York, but he didn't think so. At first I had no suspicions, but on the boat to Holyhead I began to get uneasy. There was one woman who had been very keen to look after me, and whom I had met generally—Mrs. Vandemeyer. I remembered that she'd been quite near me on the Lusitania when Mr. Danvers gave me the packet, and before that she'd tried to talk to him once or twice. I began to get scared, but I didn't quite see what to do."

"One thing I'd done already as a precaution—ripped open the oilskin packet and substituted blank paper, and then seen it up again. So, if anyone did manage to rob me of it, it wouldn't matter."

"What to do with the real thing worried me no end. Finally I opened it out flat—there were only two sheets—and laid it between two of the advertisement pages of a magazine. I stuck the two pages together round the edge with some gum off an envelope. I carried the magazine carefully stuffed into the pocket of my ulster."

"At Holyhead I found myself in a carriage with Mrs. Vandemeyer after all. I consoled myself with the thought that there were other people in the carriage—there was quite a nice-looking man and his wife sitting just opposite. So I felt almost happy about it until just outside London. I had leaned back and closed my eyes. I guess they thought I was asleep, but my eyes weren't quite shut, and suddenly I saw the nice-looking man get something out of his bag and hand it to Mrs. Vandemeyer, and as he did so he winked."

"I can't tell you how that wink sort of froze me through and through. My only thought was to get out in the corridor as quick as ever I could. I got up, trying to look natural and easy. Perhaps they saw something—I don't know—but suddenly Mrs. Vandemeyer said 'Now,' and flung something over my nose and mouth as I tried to scream. At the same moment I felt a terrific blow on the back of my head."

"She shuddered. Sir James murmured something sympathetically. In a minute she resumed:

"I don't know how long it was before I came back to consciousness. I felt very ill and sick. I was lying on a dirty bed. There was a screen round it, but I could hear two people talking in the room. Mrs. Vandemeyer was one of them. I tried to listen, but at first I couldn't take much in. When at last I did begin to grasp what was going on—I was just terrified! I wonder I didn't scream right out there and then."

"They hadn't found the papers. They'd got the oilskin packet with the blanks, and they were just mad! They didn't know whether I'd changed the papers, or whether Danvers had been carrying a dummy message, while the real one was sent another way. They spoke of"—she closed her eyes—"torturing me to find out!"

"I began thinking madly. What could I do? I knew I wouldn't be able to stand up against torture very long. Suddenly something put the thought of loss of memory into my head. The subject had always interested me, and I'd read an awful lot about it. I had the whole thing at my finger-tips. If only I could succeed in carrying the bluff through, it might save me. I said a prayer, and drew a long breath. Then I opened my eyes and started babbling in French!

"Mrs. Vandemeyer came round the screen at once. Her face was as

wicked I nearly died, but I smiled up at her doubtfully, and asked her in French where I was."

"It puzzled her, I could see. She called the man who had been talking to her in shadow. He spoke to me in French. He asked me my name. I said I didn't know—that I couldn't remember anything at all."

"Suddenly he caught my wrist, and began twisting it. The pain was awful. I screamed. He went on. I screamed and screamed, but I managed to shriek out things in French. I don't know how long I could have gone on, but luckily I faltered. The last thing I heard was his voice saying: 'That's not bluff! Anyway, a kid of her age wouldn't know enough.'"

"When I came to, Mrs. Vandemeyer was sweet as honey to me. She'd had her orders, I guess."

"By and by she went out of the room altogether. I was suspicious still, and lay quite quiet for some time. In the end, however, I got up and walked round the room, examining it. I thought that even if anyone was watching me from somewhere, it would seem natural enough under the circumstances. It was a squalid, dirty place. There were no windows, which seemed queer. I guessed the door would be locked, but I didn't try it. There were some battered old pictures on the walls, representing scenes from Faust."

Jane's two listeners gave a simultaneous "Ah!" The girl nodded.

"Yes—it was the place in Soho where Mr. Beresford was imprisoned. Of course, at the time I didn't even know if I was in London. One thing was worrying me dreadfully, but my heart gave a great throb of relief when I saw the ulster lying carelessly over the back of the chair. And the magazine was still rolled up in the pocket!"

"I lay down on the bed again, and by and by Mrs. Vandemeyer brought me some supper."

"That was an awful night. I'd made my plan whilst I was waiting for her. The papers were safe so far, but I couldn't take the risk of leaving them there any longer. They might throw that magazine away any minute. I lay awake waiting until I judged it must be about two o'clock in the morning. Then I got up as softly as I could, and felt in the dark along the left-hand wall. Very gently, I unhooked one of the pictures from its nail—Marguerite with her casket of jewels. I crept over to my coat and took out the magazine, and an odd envelope or two that I had shoved in. Then I went to the washstand, and damped the brown paper at the back of the picture all round. Presently I was able to pull it away. I had already torn out the two stuck-together pages from the magazine, and now I slipped them with their precious inclosure between the picture and its brown paper backing. A little gum from the envelopes helped me to stick the latter up again. No one would dream the picture had ever been tampered with. I rehung it on the wall, put the magazine back in my coat pocket, and crept back to bed."

"They watched me constantly for weeks. Sometimes they'd ask me questions by the hour—I guess there was nothing they didn't know about the third degree—but somehow I managed to hold my own. The strain of it was awful, though. . . . I felt that the horrors in store for me would be too awful once they knew I'd been only shamming."

"It ended in my being sent to a sanatorium at Bourne-mouth. I couldn't make up my mind at first whether it was a sham affair or genuine. I think I almost hypnotized myself."

"One night I was whisked off to London at a moment's notice. They took me back to the house in Soho."

"They sent me in to wait on Mr. Beresford. (Of course I didn't know his name then.) I was suspicious—I thought it was another trap. But he looked so honest, I could hardly believe it. However, I was careful in all I said, for I knew we could be overheard. There's a small hole, high up in the wall."

"But on the Sunday afternoon a message was brought to the house. They were all very disturbed. Without their knowing, I listened. Word had come that he was to be killed. I needn't tell the next part, because you know it."

She paused.

"Then the papers," said Sir James slowly, "are still at the back of the picture in that room."

"Yes," the girl had sunk back on the sofa exhausted with the strain of the long story.

Sir James rose to his feet. He looked at his watch.

"Come," he said. "We must go at once. You have been followed here—not a doubt of it. When we leave the house we shall be followed again, but not molested, for it is Mr. Brown's plan that we are to lead him. But the Soho house is under police supervision night and day. There are several men watching it. When we enter that house, Mr. Brown will not draw back—he will risk all on the chance of obtaining the spark to fire his mine. And he fancies the risk not great—he will enter in the guise of friend!"

Tuppence flushed, then opened her



"Then the Papers," said Sir James slowly, "are still at the back of the picture in that room."

mouth impulsively. "You know who Mr. Brown is, don't you?"

"Yes," said Sir James gravely. "I have been morally certain of his identity for some time—ever since the night of Mrs. Vandemeyer's mysterious death."

"Ah!" breathed Tuppence. "For there we are up against the logic of facts. There are only two solutions. Either the choral was administered by her own hand, which theory I reject utterly, or else—"

"Yes?"

"Or else it was administered in the brandy you gave her. Only three people touched that brandy—you, Miss Tuppence, I myself, and one other—Mr. Julius Hergeheimer!"

(Continued next week.)

Household Dept.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

Sugar Cookies—One and one-half cups sugar, 1 cup lard, 2 eggs, one-half teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon extract, one cup sour milk, one level teaspoon soda, three tablespoons baking powder. Mix thoroughly with enough flour, as soft as can be handled, to roll. When cold, cover with boiled icing.

Gold Cake—4 cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs-yolks, 1 egg-white, 1/2 cup milk, 1-3 cup pastry flour, 1-3 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon flavoring. Warm the fat, beat with the sugar until creamy. Add egg-yolks, beat again. Add liquid and sifted dry ingredients. Whole amount of beating should be no more than two minutes. Lastly add vanilla and fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white. Bake a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Angel Cake—1/2 cup egg-whites, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon flavoring, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup pastry flour. Beat the whites of the eggs until they are stiff, then add the cream of tartar and continue beating until they are perfectly dry. Gradually beat in the sugar and add the flavoring. Fold in the flour which has been sifted three times. Bake in a rectangular loaf in an ungreased pan in a very moderate oven for forty or fifty minutes.

Devil's Food Cake—2 squares chocolate, 1/2 cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup fat, 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 1/2 cup sifted flour, 1 well-beaten egg. Melt the chocolate in the boiling water. Cream together the fat and sugar and add the chocolate mixture, the sour milk, soda, vanilla, sifted flour and lastly the well-beaten egg. Bake in a loaf in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Silver Cake—1/2 cup butter or butter substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 1-3 cup pastry flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon flavoring, 1 egg-whites. Cream the fat with the sugar, add alternately the milk and the sifted dry ingredients. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Creamed Rice—1 cup rice, 1 1/2 cups water, 3 cups boiling water. Pick over the rice and wash it in several waters. Have the salted boiling water at the upper part of the double boiler. Tie in the rice slowly, put on the cover and cook it over water until tender, or about one hour.

Pork Scramble—1 1/2 pounds of shoulder of pork, 1 quart cold water, 1 cup corn meal, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Cut the pork in small pieces, chinking the bone, and put it in a large kettle; add the cold water and cook until the meat is tender. Remove the bone and

measure the liquid remaining in the kettle; add enough water to bring it up to one quart; heat to boiling-point, and stir in the corn-meal, salt and pepper; cook for two hours. The meat will break into shreds as the mixture cooks. Turn the mixture into a greased pan; cool and, when ready to use, cut into one-third inch slices and saute. Good pork scramble should be rich enough to saute without the addition of other fats.

THE AUDIENCE OF MILLIONS

The man who could make a good public speech has always had a tremendous power in American life. He has swayed the people, both toward high and noble ends, and toward cheap and specious ideas.

His power becomes even a great deal greater now, when so many people are sitting at their radio instruments every night, listening to talk from all over the country. The man who never heard many really good public addresses may be easily pleased at first. Any kind of flashy orator, who can sling the English language fluently, and tell some funny stories and appeal to personal prejudices might at first seem a very wise man to a lot of folks. But if they are "listening in" every night hearing a lot of good talk from people who know what they are talking about, they become more critical.

The man who tries to sway public opinion to-day is put up against greater requirements than formerly. Years ago, many political orators would do little more than tell strings of funny stories and make flamboyant bursts of oratory. But to-day there is a demand that they "come down to brass tacks."

The people want practical talk. The man who seeks to sway the people in these times had better not depend too much on mere ability to use words with facility power. He needs to know his subject through and through. The old-fashioned political orator could sit down with a few standard speeches delivered by his party leaders, work them over into his own words, add some stories and compliments, and make a speech that would arouse an audience to whoops of enthusiasm. Those days are gone forever.

We wish to state that a letter published last week in the editorial columns was just such a letter as we would be glad to publish from any reader or subscriber, no matter from which side, provided they have something to say.

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation begins at once to soothe irritated skin and heal eruptions such as rash, pimples and ring worm.

It seldom fails to remove the torment and disfigurement, and you do not have to wait for relief from embarrassment. Improvement quickly shows. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Rowley's Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

SULPHUR CLEARS ROUGH, RED SKIN

Face, Neck and Arms Easily Made Smooth, Says Specialist

Mapes & Son BILLIARD PARLORS

Cigars Tobacco Confections Soft Drinks

Cady Building Watson Street

MIKE PIENOVI

First Class Shoe Repairing

New Shoes at Reasonable Prices

BEAVERTON ORE.

LE' ANDY FIX YOUR WATCH

J. L. Anderson. "He sure knows how." Watchmaker and Jeweler. 1117 2d St., Hillsboro, Oregon.

BEAVERTON BARBER SHOP

First-class Work Bath in Connection

An Up-to-date Sanitary Shop C. J. Stevens, Prop. BEAVERTON, ORE.

Your Carpenter

will tell you that we always have the kind of Lumber you want—dependable grades and sizes. That is why he has passed judgement on the products of the

J. Haulenbeck Lbr. Co.

Opposite S. P. Depot BEAVERTON, OREGON

Beaverton Review

Big Cut Price Offer

You Get ALL FOUR of These Magazines and—

OUR NEWSPAPER

All 5 For One Year for \$1.98

Order now

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS

Notice is hereby given that the County Superintendent of Washington County, Oregon will hold the regular examination of applicants for State Certificates at the Court House in Hillsboro as follows: Commencing Wednesday, June 11, 1924, at 9:00 o'clock A. M., and continuing until Saturday, June 14, 1924, at 4:00 o'clock P. M.

Wednesday Forenoon U. S. History, Writing (Penmanship), Music, Drawing.

Wednesday Afternoon Physiology, Reading, Manual Training, Composition, Domestic Science, Methods in Reading, Course of Study for Drawing, Methods in Arithmetic.

Thursday Forenoon Arithmetic, History of Education, Psychology, Methods in Geography, Mechanical Drawing, Domestic Art, Course of Study for Domestic Art.

Thursday Afternoon Grammar, Geography, Stenography, American Literature, Physics, Typewriting, Methods in Language, Thesis for Primary Certificate.

Friday Forenoon Theory and Practice, Orthography (Spelling), Physical Geography, English Literature, Chemistry.

Friday Afternoon School Law, Geology, Algebra, Civil Government.

Saturday Forenoon Geometry, Botany.

Saturday Afternoon General History, Bookkeeping, Emma Bryant, Wash. Co. School Superintendent Adv c 26-27

OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERY CHILD

No city should be satisfied with its development unless it has opened wide the doors of opportunity to all the young folks. This means at least these things for every child, with others that could be mentioned:

1. A good school, where he shall become intelligent and efficient.
2. A good Sunday school, where he shall acquire faith and ideals.
3. A playground, where he shall become strong and learn fair play.
4. A public library, where the world of books shall be opened to him.
5. Club life, where he shall learn to co-operate with his fellows.

A man rushed into a farm yard and asked the use of a ladder.

"What do you want the ladder for?" asked the farmer.

"To get up in the tree," said the man.

"Up in a tree? Are you crazy? How in the world did your car get up in a tree?"

"Well, you see, I was cranking it and the darned thing slipped out of my hands."

Ouch! My Back! Rub Lumbago Pain Away

Rub Backache away with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right on your aching back, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica, backache or rheumatism so promptly. It never disappoints!

Kamberger's Confectionery

LUNCHES - CANDIES BREAD - PASTRY - TOBACCOS SODAS and LUNCH GOODS

Davidson's

IDEAL BREAD WHITE CLOVER ICE CREAM

If You Come Once, You'll Come Again

LIBERTY RESTAURANT

"A GOOD PLACE TO EAT" Tell Your Friends Cor. 2d and Main Hillsboro, Ore.

W. E. Pegg

Undertaker and Embalmer Grange Building

BEAVERTON, OREGON

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Charles H. Little*

FOR OVER 40 YEARS

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE has been used successfully in the treatment of Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which Quickly Relieves by local application, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surface, thus reducing the inflammation. Sold by all druggists. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Pacific Theatre

Saturday & Sunday

The Tire That Lasts Longer and Stands up Better

Before you buy new tires let us point out the exclusive features of superiority in a tire which is astonishing the motor world by its remarkable performance.

These great oversize C-T-C low inflation cords are hand-built of the best materials ever used in tire making, and under an improved design and more scientific compounding—making the sidewalls stronger to safely carry reasonably low inflation and "conserve the car," the tread tougher to withstand even crushed-rock roads, and the whole more durable to give greater mileage.

There is also a C-T-C hand-built Hal-lon tire for extreme low inflation, which fits any standard wheel and rim.

C-T-C Tubes add mileage to almost any casing.

"Why my Ford is up in a tree, down the road."

"Up in a tree? Are you crazy? How in the world did your car get up in a tree?"

"Well, you see, I was cranking it and the darned thing slipped out of my hands."

Ouch! My Back! Rub Lumbago Pain Away

Rub Backache away with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right on your aching back, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica, backache or rheumatism so promptly. It never disappoints!

Kamberger's Confectionery

LUNCHES - CANDIES BREAD - PASTRY - TOBACCOS SODAS and LUNCH GOODS

Davidson's

IDEAL BREAD WHITE CLOVER ICE CREAM

If You Come Once, You'll Come Again

LIBERTY RESTAURANT

"A GOOD PLACE TO EAT" Tell Your Friends Cor. 2d and Main Hillsboro, Ore.

W. E. Pegg

Undertaker and Embalmer Grange Building

BEAVERTON, OREGON

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Charles H. Little*

FOR OVER 40 YEARS

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE has been used successfully in the treatment of Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which Quickly Relieves by local application, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surface, thus reducing the inflammation. Sold by all druggists. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Pacific Theatre

Saturday & Sunday

The Tire That Lasts Longer and Stands up Better

Before you buy new tires let us point out the exclusive features of superiority in a tire which is astonishing the motor world by its remarkable performance.

These great oversize C-T-C low inflation cords are hand-built of the best materials ever used in tire making, and under an improved design and more scientific compounding—making the sidewalls stronger to safely carry reasonably low inflation and "conserve the car," the tread tougher to withstand even crushed-rock roads, and the whole more durable to give greater mileage.

There is also a C-T-C hand-built Hal-lon tire for extreme low inflation, which fits any standard wheel and rim.

C-T-C Tubes add mileage to almost any casing.

Daly & Marsh

BEAVERTON, ORE.

CTC

CTC TIRES AND TUBES