

The Red Line Trail

"I AM AN ACTRESS"

SYNOPSIS.—Thrown from his auto in a New York village, a man is carried unconscious into the home of a Miss Edith Grant. A doctor discovers he has been shot, fatally. Consciousness returning, he babbles of "millions." He begs that Henry Archman, millionaire resident of the vicinity, be sent for, declaring he has important papers for him. Archman cannot be reached by phone, but word is sent that his secretary is on the way. A man announcing himself as Archman's secretary, Akin, arrives, talks with Morbach, and leaves with a package he gives him. Morbach dies. Archman's arrival, with his secretary, reveals that the man posing as Akin is an impostor.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"He said that 'they' met him and followed him and attacked him. They wanted the papers that he was supposed to carry. But he did not carry them. His employer—would give them only into 'her' hands. You must bring her to get them. She would be rich—exceedingly rich—and able to fight for her rights. You must bring her at once, either by the way you know or by the way explained in the packet. Once more he repeated his plea for haste—and died." The doctor turned to Miss Grant. "Does your recollection agree with mine, Miss Grant?" he asked.

Edith nodded. "Yes," she said; "exactly."

Archman's jaws hardened. "And they got the papers," he muttered. "How could they? How could they have known that Akin was expected?" Archman's eyes swept suspiciously over all in the room.

"I don't know." The doctor's voice had taken on a tinge of indignation. "Perhaps they overheard Miss Grant talking to your secretary on the telephone. The line is a party one and has half a dozen other telephones on it. What she said might have been overheard at any one of them."

Archman glanced toward the door. Then his secretary pulled him by the arm and he bent to listen. "Eh! What?" he shouted. "You mean that this is the woman?" He glanced at Edith. "You're sure?"

Akin nodded. "Yes; I'm sure," he declared.

Archman glared at the girl. "So!" he grated. "So it is a plant. I might have guessed."

Edith blanched. "What—what do you mean?" she gasped.

"Mean?" Archman laughed hoarsely. "I guess you know what I mean. You're in with them, too. You think you'll beat me, do you, miss? Well, you won't. Tell your employer that, miss!"

"Are you mad?" The doctor strode forward.

"Ask her whether I'm mad. Ask her whether she isn't the acting woman who snared my son, Harry. Ask her if she wasn't sent down here to finish her work? Ask her!"

Edith stepped forward. Except for two red spots that burned in her cheeks, her face was white. "Yes!" she said. "I am an actress. But I have not tried to snare your son, Harry. I have tried to avoid him. But this is my house. And as long as you are beneath its roof, I must ask you to treat me with respect. If you cannot do that, I must ask you to go."

CHAPTER III

One Way to Break In.

A year before the day on which the mysterious Morbach had met his mysterious death, Henry Archman had moved his family from Chicago to New York.

He did not want to leave Chicago. He had lived in the Lake city all his life, and he had spread his roots deep. His father, reputed to be well connected in his native land, Denmark, had brought him and his mother to the western metropolis fifty years before, and had opened a small grocery store, which many years later Henry Archman had expanded into the enormous meat-packing business of Archman & Company.

Henry Archman was sober, industrious, hard working, fond and proud of the country in which he had lived nearly all his life. He was perfectly happy, having everything he wanted—plenty of work and power over men and things. Like many another man, however, he was the victim of his family. He fought as long as he could against their desire to move to New York, but yielded at last.

Each of the family had his or her own reasons for wanting to migrate. Mrs. Archman, for instance, wanted to break into the Four Hundred and ultimately into the aristocracy of the Old World. She hoped to marry her daughters off to dukes, earls, or counts. Her daughter, Nellie, was not keen on titles, but she did want to meet eastern men. Her son, Harry, said he wanted to get a larger outlook on life, by which he meant that he wanted to find out if the Great White Way was as bad as it was painted. Her youngest daughter, Bessie, wanted to go because she was seventeen and liked anything that was new. When they all insisted, Archman surrendered. He moved to New York, bought a marble palace on Fifth avenue and another up on the Hudson.

He had long contemplated the opening of a New York branch, and two days after he reached Manhattan he

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had opened an office and had settled himself in it as firmly as if he had been there all his life. The fact that he had left Chicago did not mean at all that he had stopped building up his business. In fact, once he had gotten the New York branch to running smoothly he began to plan to get control of the meat supply that was beginning to come in from Argentina. Soon he determined to divert some of his transatlantic steamships to that part of the world. He selected one of his cattle boats, the El Rio, and sent her to the Ontario docks to be overhauled and fitted up with passenger accommodations, announcing that he was going to Argentina on it to open up the business. Day after day, accompanied by his daughter, Nellie, he visited the basin to see how the work was coming on. He paid little attention to his family's social progress.

Meanwhile Mrs. Archman was storming the social citadel. To aid her, she had unlimited millions, two handsome daughters, a good-looking son, and a somewhat vague claim, on her husband's side, to an aristocratic Danish ancestry.

Bess, the younger daughter, being a hearty, healthy American girl, made much good-natured fun of her mother's social aspirations. Continually she chaffed the elder lady, a mode of attack which Mrs. Archman took in good part and even enjoyed.

Early in the evening of the day when Morbach came to his death Mrs. Archman bustled in the parlor of her big country house, where her daughters were willing away the time till dinner should be served. She was smiling happily, so happily that Bess noticed it. "What's up, mummy?" she laughed. "Has Mrs. Van Astor-bilt thrown open the doors of the Four Hundred to you?"

Mrs. Archman blushed. Then she laughed guiltily. "Not Mrs. Van Astor-bilt," she answered. "Maybe she'll be next. This letter is from Lord George Caruthers."

Bess snickered. "Hall to Lord George!" she cried. "Who is he when he is at home?"

"He's an Englishman," explained Mrs. Archman. "He incloses a letter of introduction from Sir Butler Brayne."

"And who's Sir Butler Brayne, mummy? Another face card?"

"I met him at Mrs. Paxton's three months ago. He is engaged to Marjorie Paxton, you know. He's an attaché of the British embassy in Washington. I asked him to visit us, but



"Mother Wants to Know What Sort of a Title She Shall Buy You"

he had to go back to Washington. It was very kind of him to give his friend a letter of introduction to us."

"Kind? Is that what you call it? Oh! Mummy, mummy! Where is your western independence! Perhaps he might do for Nellie, eh, mummy? No! No! We can buy something better than a mere baronet, even one with prospects!" The girl swung around in her seat. "Say, Nellie!" she called. "Wake up! We're talking about you. Do you want to consider baronets or need only earls apply?"

A girl who was playing softly at the piano turned toward the others. She was tall and fair, with a mass of chestnut hair and a pair of sweet, gray eyes—the sort of girl that is likely to cause trouble among the young men in the neighborhood in which she dwells. "What is it, Bess?" she asked. "The younger girl groaned. 'Oh! Wake up and stop mooning,' she cried. 'Mother wants to know what sort of a title she shall buy you.'"

Mrs. Archman flushed. "Stop, Bess!" she exclaimed. "You're getting hopelessly vulgar. There's no question about buying anybody. But I do want you to know the right people."

This time Nellie forestalled her. "But who are the right people, mother?" she asked. "Are they men who have inherited things? Or are they men—splendid Americans—who are making their own way in the world with nothing but their own hands to

help them? That's the sort of man I should like to meet and marry; that I should like to stand shoulder to shoulder with."

"Good heavens!" Bess flung up her hands in pretended horror. "And this from her royal highness, Princess Nellie!" she cried. "Say, Nellie, confide in your own little sister. She won't give you away. Where did you meet him?"

Nellie did not answer. As if repenting of her outburst, she had turned back to the piano and was again fingering the keys. She thus missed seeing the expression that had appeared on Mrs. Archman's face.

That poor lady had indeed been stricken with horror. Every word that Nellie had uttered was heresy in her eyes. Her ambitions for her girls were boundless, especially for Nellie, who from her earliest days had been dainty and queenly beyond compare. That Nellie might fall in love with a poor man had never entered her mind. Bess might do it, but Nellie—oh!—it passed belief.

Desperately she rose. "Where is your father?" she stammered. "He's late. Dinner's ready, and he's not here!"

"He isn't far away," Bess had noticed her mother's dismay, and she hastened to the rescue. "I think I hear him coming. Listen!"

Afar, the siren shriek of an automobile split the air.

"Uh-huh!" said Bess. "That's him. And if I can read auto language, he's mad. Who's done anything? Have you, Harry?"

The tall, slight youth of twenty-one, who had just entered the room, flushed unreasonably. "I don't know what you mean!" he protested.

"I don't, either," Bess laughed. "But we'll find out soon. Let's look and see our doom approaching." She ran to the window and stared down the drive that led from the great gateway. "What'd I tell you?" she demanded, as she saw a big auto plunging toward the house. It needed no expert to see that the man who drove it was furious.

Scarcely waiting to stop the engine he leaped out and hastened up the steps to the house. His face was grim.

Bess, however, ran to meet him. Bess was the one member of the household who was not in the least afraid of Mr. Archman. Others might pretend not to be, but their pretense was always hollow. Bess, on the other hand, never seemed to realize that she had any reason to be afraid.

It followed, naturally, that she never did have any reason to be so. It followed, also, that Archman was fonder far of her than he was of any other living creature, fonder even than he was of his wife, who, though strong-willed enough with every one else, was humble and obedient with her husband. Bess could twist the stubborn old man around her little finger.

She met him at the top of the steps. "Hello, pops!" she cried, teeth flashing, cheeks flaming, hair flying. "Hello, pops! What's it all about?"

Archman's face relaxed. An apology for a smile curved the corners of his mouth. "About six-thirty," he answered gruffly. "Time for dinner. Where's your brother?"

"Harry?" The girl planted a but-terfly kiss on her father's cheek. "Poor Harry! What's he done now?"

"None of your business, miss. Send him to my study instantly."

"Won't after dinner do, daddy?" the girl pleaded. "Dinner's ready and you men are always so worked up until you're fed! Wait until after dinner, won't you?"

"No, I won't!" Mr. Archman turned. "Here, James, George, whatever your name is, tell my son I want him at once. At once. Understand?"

James, George—whatever his name was—fled with a mumbled "Yes, sir," and Archman plunged into his study and slammed the door behind him.

Five minutes later Harry Archman followed him. Harry was slight of build and shy of manner. One who sought might trace a resemblance between his features and those of the older man, but the expressions of the two were so different that few would have guessed that they were father and son. Moreover, the boy was clearly afraid of the man.

"You wanted to see me, father?" he questioned.

Who has impersonated Akin? And why? And why is Archman so excited over the situation?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why Blinks Had to Reach Home on Schedule Time

Promptly as the office clock struck five Blinks with unusual rapidity prepared to start for home.

As he hustled into his overcoat and made for the door his desk mate raised a surprised head. "What!" he said, "in a hurry again tonight? It's six nights now you've rushed home like this and haven't waited for a soda at the old stand. I'm beginning to think I've offended you, or something like that."

"No," Blinks laughed. "You haven't hurt my sensitive soul, but the fact is this, we've got a cook up at the home now, and while the missus didn't mind my rolling in late the cook won't stay unless I arrive every evening on time."

All practically has to be tempered with humanity.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS

Several enthusiasts were enjoying a round of golf in the gloaming. Dark-ness was setting in and one of the players had to be sent ahead to shout the direction of the greens.

Out of the blackness in front came a voice: "Do you see the moon?" "Aye," came back the response. "Well, that's the direction, but no see far."—London Tit-Bits.

Professional Accuracy

Aunt—Has auntie's pet hurted himself much, den?

Augustus (budding doctor)—Beyond a bruised left deltoid and a somewhat strained metacarpal ligament, I believe my fall has left me unscathed.—London Answers.

A Predicament

First Child Prodigy—When are you going to publish your next book?

Second Child Prodigy—I don't know. My stenographer's ill and I haven't learned to write yet.—Stanford Chaparral.

A Practical Saving

Black—Have you managed to reduce expenses any?

White—Yes, I've got my wife to cut out expensive cigarettes and smoke a pipe.

WOULD NEVER LEARN



"When are you going to learn to drive a car?"

"As soon as I can spare time from dodging these fellows that haven't."

Life and Hope

Life is a believer—
Ever thinks he'll win;
Hope is a deceiver,
But we'll trust him once ag'in.

Keeping Up to Date

"I thought you didn't smoke, Mrs. Butts?"

Mrs. Butts—No. I don't care for it—it makes me sick—but I do it once in a while in the presence of the children so they won't call me old-fashioned.

Creation

Mable—Where did you get that cute little parrot?

Elsie—My daddy says he made it out of a rib from his umbrella.—Panthet.

A Cautious Man

Jinks—Why did Jones withdraw from politics so suddenly?

Blinks—The opposition dug up the fact that his grandmother still uses an oil lamp.

Amounts to Same Thing

Land Lubber—Did you ever see a sawfish?

Sailor—No; but I saw a sea fish.

WILLING TO TRY



Funny Man (entering shop)—Hey, barber, ever shaved a pig?

Barber—Can't say I have, sir—you're next.

Strain on Family Tie

His wife doth buy the wildest fash! Red, orange, green and blue—
But do you think he wears this junk? I'll tell the world he do.

Making a Masterpiece

Director—Say, you big boob, you've ruined about 30 feet of film. You walked right into the lens field and spoiled the picture.

Screen Struck—Huh! I guess that I couldn't spoil the picture. That'll make it a masterpiece.

Skirt-Lengths Especially

Mother—My child, don't you realize that you will soon be a woman?

Daughter—Oh, dear! These styles have got me all mixed up.

PROFESSIONAL NURSE SAYS TANLAC HAS NO EQUAL

By reason of the fact that she speaks from her long experience as a professional nurse, the statement of Mrs. J. Clark of 415 Walsworth avenue, Oakland, Calif., will be of interest to all who are in need of an upbuilding tonic.

"In all my fifteen years' experience as a trained nurse," says Mrs. Clark's statement, "I never found the equal of Tanlac as a stomach medicine and tonic. Two years ago an attack of influenza left me without appetite and my stomach in such a bad fix that the little I did eat seemed to do me harm instead of good."

"Stomach pains would make me so weak I would feel right faint. The least exertion would completely ex-

haust me and six months before taking Tanlac I was so weak I had to hire my housework done. I was in bed most of the time for two months and was getting desperate."

"Tanlac was more than a match for my troubles and eight bottles left me feeling fine. I eat and sleep like a child and have energy and strength that makes life a pleasure. Tanlac is simply grand."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills, for constipation—made and recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

Speckled Tea

Freckled-faced Mickey plays in Hal Rouch's "Our Gang" comedies. His mother says he never steps out of the character he portrays on the screen. The other evening she asked him to pour her a cup of tea. Mickey hid himself to the kitchen and returned in due time with the tea.

"It's full of specks, Mickey," remarked his mother, sipping the steaming liquid. "Was the strainer clean?" "Couldn't find it, ma," was the rejoinder, "so I just put it through the fly swatter."—Everybody's Magazine.

Don't chuckle if you put over a substitute when an advertised product is called for. Maybe your customer will never come back.

Ben Mulford, Jr.

Sarcastic Tramp

"Please let me have a bite to eat," asked the tramp at the back door, and Bridget let the disheveled creature into the kitchen. He had no sooner taken one step inside the door, however, when Bridget bethought herself of her newly scrubbed floors.

"You'd better go out again and wipe your feet," she ordered severely.

"There really isn't much use, ma'am," the tramp replied. "I only walked a few steps; round to the back way from my automobile."

To Have a Clear, Sweet Skin

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

Biblical "Neck Verse"

The first verse of the Fifty-first Psalm was given the name "Neck Verse." At one time any person in holy orders could claim exemption from punishment for certain crimes. This "benefit of clergy" was afterward extended to all who could read, the Bible being handed the culprit for a test. If he could read a verse from the Psalms—particularly Psalms 51:1, his penalty was light; that is, he "saved his neck."

A FEELING OF SECURITY WHEN YOU USE SWAMP-ROOT

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit-producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder medicine. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs. It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing, be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Cordial Invitation

Mrs. Boddington, who had been spending the day with Mrs. Coddington, was preparing to go home. Harriet, who had been very troublesome all day, begged the lady earnestly to stay to dinner.

"Why, dearie," said the woman, "I had no idea you were so fond of me!" "It isn't that, Mrs. Boddington," said Harriet with appalling candor; "but mother says she is going to give me a good, sound switching as soon as you go home."

Children Cry for "Castoria"

Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere

recommend it. The kind you have always bought bears signature of

W. D. Young, Inc., 510 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 30-1924.

She Had Him Then

"A fine typist you are! Call yourself a typist and don't know how to put a ribbon in a typewriter."

"Does Paderewski know how to tune a piano?"



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INFLAMED EYES DISFIGURE YOUR LOOKS!

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ALL FLIES, Mosquitoes, gnats, house flies, etc. Kills all species. Made of natural, safe, and effective ingredients. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers or by direct mail, 25¢ per bottle, prepaid, 50¢.

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will reduce inflamed, swollen joints, sprains, bruises, soft branches, Heals Blisters, Foul Eruptions, Fists, and infected sores quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister or remove the hair, and you can work the horse. \$2.50 per bottle delivered.

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