



CHAPTER III

"And you haven't the faintest idea what this cargo was?" asked Drummond.

"No there's only one explanation I can offer, and it really isn't a very good explanation, because I don't know what it means. It's a radiogram in code. My Uncle got it at sea yesterday, and it upset him terribly. It was sent from Port Said on the Suez Canal, where we stopped to take a sick deck-hand ashore. And Aunt Martha knowing how important it was, sent me to give it to him."

"Then your Aunt knows what it said?"

"Uncle Paul told her, I know, because she was terribly upset too."

"Then we're off, Algy!" shouted Drummond. "Parker, the car! Algy,

The clerk rapped lightly on the door. It opened and a man clad in pajamas and bathrobe appeared.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the clerk, "but this young lady would like to see the room just one minute that's all."

"Is this your room?" asked Drummond.

"No, it's not. It's not the same furniture," said Lola, "nor wall-paper."

"How long have you occupied this room?" said Drummond turning to the roomer.

"Will you get out of here! I mean the whole lot of you! What kind of a hotel is this? A lot of blokes come crashing in on a man on his wedding night!"

"You say this is your wedding night?" inquired Algy, meekly.

Drummond made a hasty exit, going straight into Neilsen's apartment above.



Colman continues to vex C. Aubrey Smith, chief of Scotland Yard.

your things! Miss Field, your arm!" Drummond and his party headed straight for the little waterfront hotel where Lola Field told them her Aunt was awaiting her return with news of her Uncle Paul. Drummond was in high spirits. At last, he had found himself on the scent of a good adventure.

The hotel was a dingy affair, and several loafers were lounging about the small lobby as Drummond entered. As Lola went to the desk for her key, the clerk handed her a pen with which to register.

"I'm already registered. I want my key please."

"What name, Miss?"

"Field—Lola Field. Room 34."

"Sorry. We have no one here by that name."

"Surely," said Lola, "something must be wrong."

At this point, Drummond asked the clerk if they might look at the register. The clerk complied, but there was no record of Lola or her Uncle having registered.

"We want to see room 34. Have you any objections?" Drummond asked politely.

"None at all, sir. If you'll come with me."

The clerk followed by Drummond, Algy and Lola, filed down the dark hallway, stopping at room 34.

"I do! And what's more I can prove it. Now get out!"

"Say no more," said Algy, grasping the roomer's hand and shaking it, "I know just how you feel."

As the clerk bowed Drummond out the door, he said, "I'm sure the little lady has just got a bit confused, sir."

"Thank you, Captain Drummond," said Lola, extending her hand, "and goodnight."

"Goodnight?"

"I had no right to put you to all this trouble," said Lola, "I had no right to ask a stranger to—"

"Is that nice?" asked Drummond whimsically, "placing me in that category? Stranger! Humph! That's odd. Because I feel as though we'd known each other all our lives. But let's have the radiogram. You have it, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I don't feel as though I should."

"Don't you trust me?"

"Trust you!" The tone in Lola's voice implied that she would trust him all her life. "It's only that I feel you've done enough. More than enough." She smiled impulsively and handed him the radiogram.

"Splendid!" Drummond smiled. "Algy, how's the old noodle — on edge?"

"Eh?"

"Excellent!" said Drummond. "Working like a whip. I see! Now follow me. Copy this message." He handed Algy the radiogram.

"But Hugh," complained Algy. "I haven't decoded a message since the Armistice."

Algy took a piece of paper from his pocket and, standing under a street lamp, began to copy off the radiogram as Drummond moved to the car to help Lola to her seat.

"You still believe me," said Lola, "after all this?"

"I do," said Drummond, though I shouldn't. When you knocked at my door and fainted in my arms, I said to myself, "This is serious. But there's no sense to it. It's not even a lark any more."

"Really, I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am."

Algy, having copied the message, handed the original back to Drummond saying, "So far, there's no way of telling my wedding night from any other."

"But now you're going home, Algy. You're going home and translate this code. I want you to work on it as you've never worked before, sparing time neither for food, sleep or love!"

"That rather narrows my activities down, I guess," moaned Algy as Lola and Drummond roared away in the car, leaving Algy at the curb.

Achmed had drugged Lola's aunt and taken her to his house, hoping to gain possession of the radiogram, the only evidence standing against him. The manager of the waterfront hotel called Achmed and told him that Lola and Drummond had been there looking for the Aunt. Achmed was impatient with his henchmen for being unable to bring Lola to him. He instructed them to have her at his house within an hour.

Drummond and Lola returned to Drummond's apartment. Lola sat in a chair watching Drummond with a look that was mingled with wonder and amusement. "At last I've decided what you're like — you're like someone in a book," she said.

"Now, now, no hero worship!"

"Somehow you've given me courage and hope and a sense of safety and security when I didn't think that was possible. What are you going to do now?"

"This time," said Drummond, "I'm going to make sure of getting Nielson out of bed. Meanwhile you try to relax. Just untie the knots in your nerves and try to believe we're all going to come out of it all right. Will you?"

"I'll try," said Lola softly as Drummond squeezed one of her hands.

"I must get Nielson, now!" Drummond made a hasty exit, going straight to Nielson's apartment above.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ill-Fated Master



Capt. Robert Willmott of the S. S. Morro Castle, who did not live to see his command burn with an appalling loss of life. Capt. Willmott died the night preceding the fire from a heart attack.

RIPPLING CASCADES FOR FALL EVENINGS



Turn about is fair play, and fashion plays no favorites. For several seasons important style details have been concentrated at the fronts of gowns. This season the back of a dress is more important than the front. The evening gown of crown rayon applique pictured has a rippling back cascade which ends in a short train.

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