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## LAS VEGAS AGE

Friday, September 14, 1934



## CHAPTER III

door. It opened and a man clad in "And you haven't the faintest idea pajamas and bathrobe appeared. what this cargo was?" asked Drummond.

"but this young lady would like to "No there's only one explanation see the room just one minute I can offer, and it really isn't a that's all." very good explanation, because I don't know what it means. It's a radiogram in code. My Uncle got it mond. at sea yesterday, and it upset him furniture," said Lola, "nor wallterribly. It was sent from Port Said paper." on the Suez Canal, where we stopped to take a sick deck-hand room?" saiid Drummond turning to ashore. And Aunt Martha knowing the roomer. how important it was, sent me to give it to him." mean the whole lot of you! What

"Then your Aunt knows what it said?"

'Uncle Paul told her, I know, beon his wedding night!" cause she was terribly upset too."

"Then we're off, Algy!" shouted Drummond. "Parker, the car! Algy, night?" inquired Algy, meekly.

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

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

"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 raidogram 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 "Will you get out of here! I from any other."

""But now you're going home, Algy. You're going home and transblokes come crashing in on a man late this code. I want you to work on it as you've never worked be-"You say this is your wedding fore, 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.

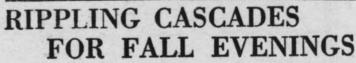
> > . . . .

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.

## **Ill-Fated Master**



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







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 polietly.

"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. "Eh?"

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

I'm sorry, sir." said the clerk,

"Is this your room?" asked Drum-

"No, it's not. It's not the same

"How long have you occupied this

kind of a hotel is this? A lot of

"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 fused, 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 raidogram.

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

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 little lady has just got a bit con- 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)



Turn about is fair play, and fash ion 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 appliquelle pictured has a rippling back cascade which ands in a short train.