



CHAPTER IV

Nielson was more furlous than ever at Drummond's intrusion. Protesting disagreeably, he allowed himself to be forced into his dressing robe and hurried out of the door by Drummond, who insisted that he had in his room evidence that would prove there was something wrong with the distinguished Prince Achmed of Shahvi.

"Do you realize that you're beginning to haunt me like a nightmare?" moaned Nielson. "Oh, Drummond, you young devil, what troubles you are making for me. Of course, you know what we're going to find now, don't you?"

"What, my shrewd friend?"

"Why the girl's gone, of course; been kidnapped or some rot like that, and I warn you, Drummond, I shan't swallow it. I swear I shan't."

When Drummond led Nielson into the apartment, Lola was not in the

room now and then during the night."

After floundering about in the fog, Algy finally found a taxicab to take him to his hotel and his bride. He had been with his bride less than a half hour when there was a loud knock at the door. It was Drummond again. He demanded the decoded message, but Algy hesitatingly stated that he hadn't had time to make the translation. Drummond told him to get busy immediately and meet him at Prince Achmed's house within an hour. Algy hated to agree, but he did, and Drummond hastily left.

Driving as fast as he could in the dense fog, Drummond reached the house of Prince Achmed. He parked his car a short distance from the place and evaded the two policemen who had been stationed there by Nielson. He hoisted a ladder to a

Achmed was walking toward Drummond when the latter reached to light his cigarette from a lamp.



Colman outwits Oland and his panther woman accomplice, Kathleen Burke.

room. Drummond searched frantically for her.

"She's gone! She's been kidnapped!"

"May I go back to bed now?" said Nielson, patiently.

"But I tell you this is serious, Nielson. She was here, I swear it."

"Drummond, you found a body—it disappeared. You found a girl—she disappeared. And she had a hotel room—and it disappeared. Everything seems to disappear but you!"

"But, Nielson. As a personal favor—as the favor of one friend to another, I want a couple of your men to go with me to Prince Achmed's house and search it—now!"

Inspector Nielson seized the telephone and called for his headquarters at Scotland Yard. "Hello! Hello! Colonel Nielson speaking. I want two capable men sent immediately to the residence of Prince Achmed in Rodney Square. Their orders will be to keep Captain Hugh Drummond, a man with a mad glint in his eye, out of the premises—and to arrest and lock him up if necessary. That's all." He slammed down the receiver and turned to Drummond: "However, don't let this prevent your dropping into my bed

window to the room in which Achmed held Lola's aunt, a prisoner. As Drummond peered through the shutters he saw Achmed trying to waggle information from her as to the whereabouts of the radiogram. She had been drugged, and as yet was unable to talk. Achmed left the room with Dr. Southern and Jane following. They turned out the light, planning to come back later and question the old lady when she regained her composure.

Drummond lost no time in climbing through the window. He picked up Mrs. Field and carried her down the ladder and to his car. Within a few minutes, he had her stretched out on the divan in the living room of his apartment. He tried desperately to revive her, but she had been drugged so thoroughly that it appeared to be some time before she would come to.

Drummond instructed his servant to watch her until he can summon Inspector Nielson. The Inspector was furious when he again was awakened by Drummond shaking his bed.

"I'm going to hang you, Drummond! And I'm going to spring the trap myself!"

"But this time you're going to realize that I've been telling the truth the whole night long."

Drummond triumphantly threw open the door to his apartment. There was not a soul in the place. Drummond was in a panic. Not only had Mrs. Field disappeared, but the servant, also.

"Drummond, you are a blithering, blasted, young fool. You'll drive me insane." Nielson grabbed the phone and got Scotland Yard again. "Send two men. Better make it six—to my apartment house. Apartment F, to pick up a man and throw him in a cell. Yes, I'll have him under lock and key until you get here."

With that, Nielson stepped out of the apartment, slamming the door, locking it. A dull thud attracted Drummond's attention to the kitchen. There he found his servant gagged and bound to a chair. He untied him, and with the long rope lowered himself out of the window and to the ground.

Achmed had succeeded in bringing Lola out of the drug stupor in which she had lapsed after being forcibly kidnapped from Drummond's apartment. Lola was bewildered when she found herself looking at Achmed.

"Where are they? My uncle and aunt?"

"Please don't excite yourself," said Achmed calmly. "Your Uncle is dead. We will discuss that another time."

"And my aunt?"

"Safe—so far."

"What do you mean?"

"Miss Field," said Achmed, leaning forward. "I shan't try to mislead you any longer. It is impossible to exaggerate the delicacy of your present situation—yours and your aunt's. I daresay it will sound fantastic to you, but really your lives depend upon my getting possession of the radiogram which your uncle received on the Bombay Girl. You did what with it?"

"Why I—" Lola stopped panic stricken.

"Then allow me to guess. You gave it to Captain Drummond."

"No, no, no! Let me go. I'll get it. I give you my word of honor I'll get it."

"No—you needn't bother. We'll get it from him. Singh! Achmed gives his servant instructions to capture Captain Drummond. The door bell rings and Achmed tells the servant to answer it. "Singh, remember — I am at home to no one."

When Singh returns to the living room, Drummond is with him. "Why, Miss Field! Fancy finding you here!" said Drummond, walking quickly to Lola's side.

"Captain Drummond, no one has ever been more welcome," smiled Achmed.

"Now listen, my proud friend," said Drummond, "perhaps we can reach some agreement. If you stop kidnapping people from my house, I promise you I'll stop breaking into yours. Otherwise this sort of thing may keep up all night."

"Captain Drummond, I gave you fair warning to keep out of this affair. I now offer you a chance to withdraw from it. Turn the radiogram over to me — otherwise—"

"Yes?"

"I shall be compelled to use force. The radiogram, please!"

Strolling over to a desk, Drummond takes out the radiogram, looks at its code message without comprehension, and places it in Achmed's hand. Achmed identifies it with satisfaction. He smiles at Drummond.

"It may interest you to know you have presented me with approxi-

mately a half-million pounds."

"It's the old saying," Drummond shrugged his shoulders, "come easy, go easy!"

Achmed had laid the radiogram down on his desk and was walking around toward Drummond when the latter quickly grabbed a chair and knocked the lamp, which was the only light in the room, from the desk. There is a short scuffle and the lights in the chandelier go on. Drummond is pinned against a wall by two Orientals with knives pointed in his sides. The radiogram has disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

W. S. DUPONT IS

NAMED DIRECTOR

W. S. Dupont of Elko was elected a director of the Nevada Pharmacist Association in Reno yesterday when the annual convention was closed.

Fair trade measures similar to those of California were recommended for passage by the next legislature in this state. Unfair trade practices of certain manufacturers were also opposed in another resolution. More than 70 attended the session.

**YOUR CHILD AND THE SCHOOL!**  
By Dr. ALLEN G. IRELAND  
Director, Physical and Health Education  
New Jersey State Department of Public Instruction

Food Essentials for the School Child

I like to repeat certain topics from time to time because there are always new readers to be considered and because repetition gives emphasis. And frequently there are new scientific findings to be presented.



This week, chiefly because a new school year is beginning, I want to discuss again the food essentials. Perhaps I should mention the fact that these comments on food are not just mine alone. They do not represent merely a personal opinion. Instead they are the result of years of painstaking scientific research by nutrition specialists who have made the laboratory investigation of foods their life's work.

And, what is important to us, their findings are practically unanimous. They all stress the importance of milk, for example, both for children and adults. The familiar "quart a day" is not mere sales talk. It is in itself a scientific conclusion, resulting from countless calculations and recheckings of the growing child's need for the elements of milk. Similarly, we know the truth about eggs, and bread and butter. There should be a pleasing variety of course. Even milk is just as valuable given in many different ways. Meals should be cheerful, pleasant occasions, attractively offered. All parents and school lunch managers who adhere to these essentials can feel assured that they are doing their best to promote child health and development.

School Health Examinations, a most important topic, will be dealt with by Dr. Ireland next week.