

See "The Hidden Hand" in Motion Pictures Soon

Magazine Page

A Month of Evening Stars.

IN the course of December all the planets will be seen as "evening stars." Any planet that is visible before midnight is popularly called an "evening star"; those that do not become visible until after midnight are "morning stars." Five—Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune—are evening stars together at the beginning of the month.

To Keep Jack Frost Away.
SEW one part of a dress snap to each corner of the boy's or girl's coat collar, and the other half to the hat brim or cap, just below the ears. Snap together. This holds the collar up and the hat down. Your boy will say it's a "fine stunt."—From Good Housekeeping.

THE HIDDEN HAND

A Great Film Serial
By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Master Plotter Steals Into the Whitney Home with a Deadly Contrivance.



The Hidden Hand Keeps His Pact with Verda (Arline Pretty).

SYNOPSIS
Doris Whitney, heiress of Judson Whitney, finds the financier dying in the library. A visitor who proves to be the Grand Duke Alexovitch is also dying, both shot by Jack Ramsay, Whitney's new secretary, according to his account. Whitney dies as his brother, Abner, Verda Crane, his ward, and Dr. Scarley, fiancé of Doris, arrive. The Grand Duke tells the company that Doris is his daughter, that when she was a baby she was entrusted to Whitney by the czar, who had heard from Rascon, a mad monk, that she would be the most beautiful woman in the world, but that she would also imperil the ruler. The czar had promised to put her to death and had killed the father. Years later he sent for the Duke and told him where Doris was, also giving him a secret explosive packet which contained fingerprints of the baby's hand. This could be opened only by fitting into it a locket which Doris possessed. The Duke notices as he expires that the package has been stolen. Ramsay is accused of the dual murder, but announces that he is a Secret Service agent, and the mystery grows. As a matter of fact a master plotter, "The Hidden Hand," has "made up" a confederate to look like Ramsay, and he has stolen the package. "The Hidden Hand" now desires to secure the locket. He visits the Whitney house and nearly succeeds. Foiled, he takes Verda into his confidence and she helps plant an explosive in the mansion.

By Arthur B. Reeve.

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Episode 2.

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"YOU have no reason to fear the future. You can have your rightful share in the estate if you will meet the closed car at the end of the road in ten minutes."
She glanced about, but saw no one. It was a strange temptation. Should she go? She rose and placed the note in her breast and hurried back to the house, perplexed.
Still another visitor was destined to knock on the Whitney door that day. While Doris and Ramsay were still seated in the library, Doris was hoping that he might be wrong in his suspicions of Scarley, John Trask, her father's lawyer was announced.
"Perhaps you can enlighten us," exclaimed Ramsay eagerly as Doris introduced the lawyer. "Is there a will?"
"Yes," he replied coldly. "There is a will, but I cannot produce it until I locate the witnesses."
"I don't think you should keep Miss Whitney in suspense," urged Ramsay eagerly.
Bentuously Trask shook his head. "No," he said finally, rising to go. "I cannot say more. When the witnesses are produced, then she will know. That is all. Good day."
Coming as it did after all the strange events that had so upset her life, it was a startling statement for the girl. Doris glanced up shyly as Trask left them and caught Ramsay looking at her gravely. There was sympathy in his eyes. In her perplexity, this time, she did not utter a word.
She turned to a window, Verda had

Who's Who in the New Film:

Doris Whitney . . . Doris Kenyon
Dr. Scarley . . . Sheldon Lewis
Verda Crane . . . Arline Pretty
Jack Ramsay . . . Mahlon Hamilton

temed to her room and a few moments later stole out of the house with a heavy veil over her face. To her amazement when she reached the end of the little road mentioned in the note, whom should she see waiting for her but the Whitney chauffeur himself. At least, through her veil she thought it was James. She did not understand but without saying anything entered the limousine, as James, opened and closed the door for her. A moment later the car was off and she gazed curiously about as it wound its way through unfamiliar streets to a rather poor section of the city.
Any other girl than Verda would have been frightened. But in Verda there was the spirit of adventure. She did not even hesitate as the car drove up before a strange brick house and James opened the door of the car for her. She entered the house, in reality the very den of the Hidden Hand.
As the street door closed, Verda looked about curiously at the strange room in which she found herself, a room rather like a laboratory than anything else. Suddenly she was aware that there was someone else in the room and she looked about with a little startled cry.
"Mr. Ramsay! How in the world did you ever get here?" she exclaimed. "I thought that you were dead!"
She checked herself. Even as she looked at the face of the young secretary with whom in the last two weeks she had felt herself drifting in love, she recalled. It was Ramsay—and it was not Ramsay. A camera lens might even had said that they were the same, but her woman's intuition told her that they were different.
A laugh from the chauffeur beside her caused her to turn and in an instant she knew that this man was not James, either. She was about to turn and run when the door leading to an inner room suddenly opened. Framed in the doorway stood a tall, stoop-shouldered man with a heavy beard. For a moment his deep-set and piercing eyes seemed to read what was passing in the girl's mind. He advanced a few steps, but not toward her, looking at his two minions. Then he turned to her.
"What is the matter with them?" he asked eagerly. "Tell me—how did you know that they were not the people they look like?"
Verda was almost speechless with fright, but she managed to exclaim, "The eyes—they are so different!"
Slowly the Hidden Hand shook his head. "That is where science fails," he muttered. "The eyes are the windows of the soul and I cannot impersonate a soul. As he said it he took Verda's arm, and she drew back more frightened than ever. "Don't fear," he reassured, motioning the false Ramsay to bring a chair. "We do not wish to harm you. I have something of great importance to propose."
Still concealing her fear, Verda

took the offered chair, while the Hidden Hand continued to talk to her in low tones.
"More than this I cannot tell you," he whispered finally, "but you are really the daughter of Judson Whitney, and I will prove it if you agree to give me half the estate."
"Was it a clever bait, merely to entice Verda? At any rate, the transition from the depth of despair in the morning to this glittering offer in the afternoon was too much for Verda.
"I will," she agreed, extending her hand to the master criminal.
Frightened yet fascinated, Verda watched the Hidden Hand, as he led her to his inner laboratory.
On the table were two curiously shaped flasks in which was something, a liquid, which seemed to bubble and smoket. "Don't touch them," cautioned the Hidden Hand. "They are Dewar flasks full of liquid air, which is 192 degrees below zero, centigrade. When it is confined it becomes a terrible explosive."
"You will return to the house," he directed after a whispered parley. "To-night all I shall need then is to gain entrance through your window. I will do the rest."
Back in the house, Ramsay spent the rest of the day vainly endeavoring to piece together the scattered fragments of information which he was receiving. He was not to be deceived. He had advanced him much in his working out of the slender clues. Some time after dinner Ramsay strolled out into the conservatory, where he found Doris alone.
"It has been an exciting day," he suggested. "I think, Miss Whitney, we should all be better for a good night's rest."
Ramsay watched her leave the conservatory, rather pleased. If he had made no progress on the case during the day, at least he had softened the hostility of Doris.
Ramsay's satisfaction would have considerably weakened if, as he had been talking to Doris, he had been able to see Verda upstairs stealthily entering Doris's room a few moments before.
Carrying out the instructions of the Hidden Hand, although she had no idea of their purpose, Verda had gone over to the radiator and had turned up the wheel nearest the riser that ran to the ceiling, then had closed down the wheel at the other end. She fancied that she heard Doris coming, and a moment later tiptoed out of the room.
It was far in the night that Verda heard a slight noise down in the shrubbery beneath her window. Quietly she raised the ash. Sure enough it was as she had expected, in the dim light she could just make out the man and stooping form of the Hidden Hand, and with him the man whom the great scientist impersonator had made up to resemble the Whitney chauffeur.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

THEY had all something to say of the strange entry of the ship which I had already taking its place in local tradition; but no one could add to the simple description. "Fifty cases of common earth," I then saw the stationmaster, who kindly put me in communication with the men who had actually received the boxes. Their tally was exact with the list, and they had nothing to add, except that the boxes were "main and mortal heavy," and that shifting them was dry work.
One of them added that it was hard lines that there wasn't any gentleman "such-like as yourself, squire," to know some sort of appreciation of their efforts in a liquid form; another put in a rider that the thirist then generated was such that even the time which had elapsed had not completely allayed it. Needless to add, I took care before leaving to lift, forever and adequately, this source of reproach.

30 September.—The stationmaster was good enough to give me a line to his old companion, the stationmaster at King's Cross, so that when I arrived there in the morning I was able to ask him about the arrival of the boxes. He, too, put me at once in communication with the proper officials, and I saw that their tally was correct with the original invoice. The opportunities of acquiring an abnormal thirst had been her limited, a noble use of them, however, ever, been made, and again I was compelled to deal with the result in an ex post facto manner.

DELIVERY OF BOXES TRACED TO CARFAX.

From there I went on to Carter Paterson's central office, where I met with the utmost courtesy. They looked up the transaction on their day book and letter book, and at once telephoned to their King's Cross office for more details. By good fortune the men who did the tracing were waiting for work, and the official at once sent them over, sending also by one of them the waybill and all the papers connected with the delivery of the boxes at Carfax, and again I found the tally agreeing exactly; the carrier's men were able to supplement the paucity of the written words with a few details.

These were, I shortly found, connected almost solely with the dusty nature of the job, and of the consequent rest engendered in the operation. On my forwarding an opportunity, through the medium of the currency of the realm, of the allaying of a later period this beneficial evil, one of the men remarked:

"That ere 'ouse, guv'nor, is the rummiest I ever was in. Hyime, but it ain't been touched since a hundred years. There was dust thick in the place that you might have slept on it without 'urtin' of your bones; an' the place was that neglected that yer might 'ave smelled old Jerusalem in it. But the ole chap—that took the cike, that did! Me and my mate, we thort we wouldn't never git out quick enough. Lor, I wouldn't take less nor a quid a moment to stay there arter dark."
"I believe him; but if he knew what I know, he would, I think, have raised his voice."
SATISFIED THAT BOXES HAD BEEN LOCATED.

Of one thing I am now satisfied: that all the boxes which arrived at Whitby from Varna in the Demeter were safely deposited in the old chapel of Carfax. There should be fifty of them there, unless any have since been removed—as from Dr. Seward's diary I fear.
I shall try to see the carrier who took away the boxes from Carfax when Ramsay was here. By following up this clue we may learn a good deal.

Later.—Mina and I have worked all day, and we have put all the papers into order.

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL.
30 September.—I am so glad that I hardly know how to contain myself. It is, I suppose, the reaction from the

haunting fear which I have had; that this terrible affair and the reopening of his old wound might act detrimentally on Jonathan. I saw him leave for Whitby with as brave a face as I could, but I was sick with apprehension.
The effort has, however, done him good. He was never so resolute, never so strong, never so full of volitional energy, as at present.
It is just as that dear, good Prof. Van Helsing said: he is true grit, and he improves under strain that would kill a weaker nature. He came back full of life and hope and determination; we have got everything in order for tonight.

THRILLED AT PROSPECT OF HUNT FOR COUNT.
I feel myself quite wild with excitement. I suppose one ought to pity any thing so hunted as is the Count. That is just it: This thing is not human—not even beast. To read Dr. Seward's account of poor Lucy's death, and what followed, is enough to dry up the springs of pity in one's heart.
Later.—Lord Godalming and Mr. Morris arrived earlier than we expected. Dr. Seward was out on business, and had taken Jonathan with him, so I had to see them. It was to me a painful meeting, for it brought back all poor dear Lucy's hopes of only a few months ago.

Of course they had heard Lucy speak of me, and it seemed that Dr. Van Helsing, too, had been quite "blowing my trumpet," as Mr. Morris expressed it. Poor fellows, neither of them is aware that I know all about the proposals they made to Lucy. They did not quite know what to say or do, as they were ignorant of the amount of my knowledge; so they had to keep on neutral subjects.
However, I thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do would be to post them in affairs right up to date. I knew from Dr. Seward's diary that they had been at Lucy's death—her real death—and that I need not fear to betray any secret before the time. So I told them, as well as I could, that I had read all the papers and diaries, and that my husband and I, having typewritten them, had just finished putting them in order. I gave them each a copy to read in the library. When Lord Godalming got his and turned it over, it does make a pretty good pile—he said:

"Did you write all this, Mrs. Harker?"

LORD GODALMING PROFFERS TO CONFUSION.

"I nodded, and he went on: "I don't quite see the drift of it; but you people are all so good and kind, and have been working so earnestly and so energetically, that all I can do is to accept your ideas blindfold and try to help you. I have had one lesson already in accepting facts that should make a man humble to the last hour of his life. Besides, I know you loved my poor Lucy— Here he turned away and covered his face with his hands. I could hear the tears in his voice.
Mr. Morris, with instinctive delicacy, just laid a hand for a moment on his shoulder, and then walked quietly out of the room. I suppose there is something in woman's nature that makes a man free to break down on the tender or emotional side without feeling it derogatory to his manhood; for when Lord Godalming found himself alone with me he sat down on the sofa and gave way utterly and openly.
I sat down beside him and took his hand. I hope he didn't think it forward of me, and that if he ever thinks of it afterward he never will have such a thought. Then I wrong him? I know he never will—he is too true a gentleman. I said to him, for I could see that his heart was breaking:

"(To Be Continued Tomorrow) (Copyrighted)

Slow Down—and Live

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

THERE is a clever book, which contains much humor and some wisdom, called "How to Live Twenty-four Hours a Day." In it, the author, Arnold Bennett, points out to his fellow Londoners that many more interesting occupations really could be fitted into the twenty-four hours if they employed all the time which they actually have at their disposal.

After convincing the reader that he, in common with all mankind, is constantly haunted by suppressed dissatisfaction, he says to him "the primal cause of that inconvenient dissatisfaction is the feeling that you are every day leaving undone something which you would like to do and which, indeed, you are always hoping to do when you have 'more time.'"
Mr. Bennett was not writing of

Americans or to Americans when he wrote that book. If he had been, I feel sure he would have felt moved to give us some far different advice. What we need in this quarter of the globe, is not to increase the activities of the twenty-four hours, but to slow down—to slow down and ask ourselves occasionally, "What is it all about?"
Are we any happier or are we making anyone else any happier by this constant activity which we have come to believe is our entire contribution to our families and the world?
We all know the man who has convinced himself that his sole duty to those he loves is to earn all the money he can for them. He works at a tension which precludes any real participation in the family life. He needs to sit back and weigh his activities in the balance.
We all also know the woman whose whole life is bound up in her husband and her children, but

whose exaggerated idea of the importance of her domestic activities makes her a tense and difficult person to live with. Her children's clothes are hand embroidered. Her house is spotless.
She provides her household an elaborate bill of fare, with economy and efficiency. But the family for whom she spends so much priceless energy would be better off if she worked less and home was a more restful place to live in.
There are many other types of people who need to relax—rest awhile and contemplate existence with a fresh eye and ask themselves occasionally, "Is it all worth while? Is what I am doing with such energy and concentration really making me or anyone else happier, better, or even more comfortable? Perhaps they would really be more so if I relaxed a little of my strenuousness and remembered that no amount of outward activity can take the place of sympathy, comprehension and kindness."

Household Hints

To remove the smell of paint, place a few slices of onion in a pail of water and leave it in the room for a few hours.
An ounce of alum added to the rinsing water or to the starch will render muslin or cotton goods almost fireproof.
A spoonful of flour added to the grease in which eggs are to be fried will prevent them from breaking or sticking in the pan.
A good treatment for unduly moist hands is to bath them frequently in warm water to which a little alum or vinegar has been added.
Rub any kind of stain on a white tablecloth with just a little paraffin before sending it to wash. If this is done the stain will come out in the boiling.
Have as many pairs of stockings as you can possibly afford, and change them as often as you can. This will rest and refresh feet incalculably to get tired.
Hard boiled eggs that are to be served cold in salad should, directly after cooking, be placed in cold water. This will prevent the outside of the yolk from turning dark.
If a little pipeclay be added to the water in which clothes are boiled a great economy in soap will be effected, and the clothes will be whitened without being in the least injured.
A burned saucapan should be filled with cold water to which a liberal allowance of soda has been added. Let it stand for an hour or so, after which heat the water slowly for a few minutes, and the burned particles will come off quite easily.

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