

THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest
Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard. (Copyright)

(From Friday's Daily.)
"You are right," she admitted, "I was I."
He remained silent. She was twisting her slim, delicate fingers into knots, and went on: "I did write asking him to see me. It wasn't pleasant. I asked him to do something for my brother. It was after that he promised to think over it. It was a week or two before his death that he sent, under cover, to me a packet addressed to my brother. It contained the forged checks and a cent note that was all he might ever expect."
"I thought so," said Menzies. "That explains how Ling got those dead checks. There was an abusive letter written by Errol to your father, of which we found the charred remains in the grate. Whether through that letter or some other letter or threats made in person the old man went in fear of his life."
Peggy shivered.
"By all the laws of probability Errol was the murderer. Even on the line of reasoning I have indicated he was the most likely man. Mind you, even yet I am not sure. The motive of the crime is clear enough, and any one of the gang may have tired of waiting."
"It is possible—and a likely thing, considering the characters of the persons concerned—his sense of grievance was deliberately worked upon to fan into flame the fierce hatred he nourished against his father. I'll own I held that theory strongly for a while. Later I abandoned it. He may have been in the house at the time that the murder took place, he certainly knew who was the murderer."
The tense look on Peggy's features relaxed. She drew a long breath of relief. Menzies paused to refill his pipe.
"That is my opinion," resumed the detective, "and I'll tell you why. Mr. Hallett's call at Linstone Terrace Gardens could not have been foreseen. He was admitted and knocked out. Likely enough if the man who had hit him had had all his wits about him he would have finished the job. Anyway, subsequent events showed that the gang believed that he had caught a glimpse of the murderer's features and that as an awkward witness he must be intimidated or kept out of the way."
"Remember that Errol was only a tool in this conspiracy—a stool pigeon. The rest of the gang would have been pleased to see him out of the way, so long as they were safe themselves. If I know anything of Gwendie Lyne and Ling, they would easily have arranged that if he had killed Greave-Stratton he should have been the scapegoat."
"That is to say," put in Hallett, "who had been listening with an eagerness no less intense than the girl, that if it had been Errol who opened the door to me they would not have worried whether I should recognize him again or not? They would have let him take his own risk."
"You get it," said Menzies. "One of the master brains was concerned. It certainly wasn't Gwendie Lyne—the person you saw was a man. Of the known folk mixed up in this business that leaves Ling and Dago Sam. Sam we'll put aside for the moment. Who was the person who was most concerned in the successful carrying out of the original coup—whose safety or danger affected the pockets of the rest?"
He half closed his eyes, as though he were weary of laying down the course of the case, and went on drowsily: "That singles out the

SIDE TALKS

ON TRUTH AND THE CANON

ON TIME TO MEALS.
Keeping a Dinner Hot or a Maid Pleasant
And how I used to pity his wife in her efforts to keep the maid pacified! It is hard enough to keep a dinner hot and palatable for three-quarters of an hour, but on the whole I think I would rather try to do it than have to breathe the atmosphere of resentment a cross maid can give off.
Then I've known other men who always waited until a meal was served to do some little thing, wash up, attend to some small errand, anything to make them five minutes late. They knew perfectly well when the meal was going to be served but they simply would wait until the last moment.
Justifiable Lateness and Selfish Lateness
Of course there are justifiable latenesses and there are women who are ridiculously fussy about having every meal just on time. There is a golden mean about this as about everything.
I think men are right in believing that their lives shouldn't be dominated, their pleasures tainted and their engagements measured by the inalienable necessity of eating at a certain moment.
On the other hand the just man will try not to be carelessly or selfishly late.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Stewart

BERTHA AND THE WATER FAIRY
"Bertha, will you wash the dishes and straighten up the house real nice for me while I do some errands down town?" asked Bertha's mother. Bertha nodded, but didn't move.
"Lay aside your book until you have finished the work, for maybe Aunt Bess will come with me," said mother.
Bertha closed her book and kissed her mother good-by. She piled the dishes in the sink and turned on the water.
"I'll just read a wee bit more, then I'll clean everything," said Bertha to herself, and taking her book she ran down to the edge of the brooklet. It was such a lovely place to read.
Bertha was so interested in her story that time flew by very fast. Suddenly a tiny brown shoe stepped on the page she was reading and Bertha looked up into the face of a Brownie.
"My, you're a smart little maid to have finished your work and be reading at this early hour of the morning!" said the brownie in greeting.
Bertha's face flushed, she had forgotten all about her promise to her mother.
"Well, you see, my work really isn't done, but mother won't be home for some time, so it's all right," laughed Bertha.
"Dear me; is that the way you look at things? Just because mother won't be home to see the dirt, you stop to read. What do you think of that?" asked the brownie of a little Water Fairy, who sat on a pebble near them.
"I think it's dreadful! What would happen if I'd stop to play among the rocks and weeds awhile?" asked Water Fairy. Bertha shook her head.
"I don't know," she answered.
"Why, simply this! If I stopped flowing, the miller's wheel wouldn't turn. If the wheel stopped how would the miller grind his wheat. The baker would have no flour to bake with and you little girls wouldn't have any bread. That's what would happen if I stopped, so I must go on and on. Some day, maybe, I'll have time to play," said Water Fairy as she went dancing on her way to the mill wheel.
"Funny I never thought of that," said Bertha as she closed her book and ran home.
The sink had overflowed and the kitchen floor was covered with water. Bertha mopped it up and before long had the house in apple-pie order. Then mother and Aunt Bess came home.
"I am so proud of Bertha," she heard her mother say, "things were in a dreadful state when I left, and now look how nicely she has cleaned everything!"
Bertha's face flushed and she told her mother and aunt what she had heard the Water Fairy say.
"It always seemed such a small thing to do to run over the pebbles all day long. I never stopped to think what would happen if the brooklet ever stopped to play," said Bertha, and mother kissed her.
From that day on Bertha never had to be told to put down her book for she finished her work first, then she was free to read. Mother was indeed very proud of Bertha then.



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Peggy, more for the sake of covering a certain confusion than from any curiosity. Jimmie's face grew hotter as he remembered the hand-cuffs.
"There was a little academic discussion this morning on a point of professional ethics," said Menzies.
"Hardly academic," laughed Jimmie. "I should call it a practical demonstration."
"We differed, anyhow. But I'm being switched off my line. I'm just making clear, Miss Greave-Stratton, that you've got no family ties now to prevent you speaking out. I want you to tell me straightforwardly everything you know. Will you really mean to me as I wish you?"
The brief wave of happiness that had come to her with the knowledge she was not tied to Ling was followed by a return of depression.
"I am willing enough to tell you anything I can now," she said slowly. "But won't it do when all this horrible business is over? I am tired, so tired."
"Come, Menzies," urged Jimmie with a gentleness that he had not always shown in his remonstrances to the detective. "You can see how it is. Another day won't hurt. You don't think Miss Greave-Stratton's made of iron."
Menzies took out his watch. "If it hadn't been for your fellow, my lad," he said, "you'd still be playing piquet with Royal at the hotel. In half an hour I've got to be digging Mr. Ling out, and I guess this young lady can stand a quiet talk. Now, Miss Greave-Stratton, please. Tell me everything your own way and if any question occurs to me I'll ask it."
His manner, suave though his voice was, admitted of no further dispute. Even if Jimmie had been inclined to argue the question, Peggy stopped him.
"I'm unreasonable, Mr. Menzies," she said. "I can see you're quite right."
"Go on," he said, and lit a fresh pipe.
He smoked quietly while she told him her story, occasionally interjecting a question as some point became obscure. An ejaculation of appreciation escaped him as she told how she had refused to be wife in anything but name to Ling.
"Good for you, Miss Greave-Stratton."
Her vivid face ebbed and flowed with color as she went on. When she had concluded he scribbled a few Greek notes on the back of an envelope.
"That bears out things as I placed them," he commented. "There's a point that's puzzling me, however. Your brother had a knife wound,

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By Anabel Worthington.

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Courier Daily Recipe Column

Fritter Batter.
Mix 1 cup flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 cup milk. 2 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, and 1 tablespoon of melted butter. Beat vigorously and let it stand 2 hours.
Baked Bananas
Four bananas 4 tablespoons sugar (level), 8 tablespoons water, 4 teaspoonsfuls melted butter, 1 teaspoonfuls lemon juice, grains salt. Bake in shallow dish for 1/2 hour, or until syrup is thick and bananas red. Baste often.
Banana Ice Cream
Put 3 cups milk into a double boiler and bring to a boil; then add 1 heaping cup of sugar and thicken with 1 tablespoon of cornstarch, dissolved in cold milk. When it forms a thick custard take from the stove and cool. Add 1 pint of cream and 6 thinly sliced bananas and freeze.
Iced Apple With Cream
Pare and core 6 large apples and cook in a syrup made of 1 cup of sugar and two of water! when they are tender lift them out, and cover with a thin layer of meringue. Sift a little sugar over this and let it brown lightly. Reduce by boiling the syrup until there is 1 1/2 gills left. When this is cold it will be a firm jelly. Cut into squares and place on and about the apples. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

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