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ing put back on the stove. Add
 of sweet milk, 1 saltspoon of
 a little pepper and one small
 half cup of butter. When this
 begins to boil add three com-
 sized crackers, pounded fine,
 then serve at once.



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THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

"Why, Gwennie," he said smiling in his natural voice, "this is a nice welcome for an old friend. Don't you remember me? I'm Weir Menzies."
 She gave a quick exclamation and pulled the door back. Her face did not for a moment bear any very noticeable expression of delight at the reunion. That, however, was only for a second. The next instant she had thrust out her hand with a bright smile.
 "Why, so it is! Who'd have thought of seeing you here—and in a rig like that! Come right in, Mr. Menzies. I am glad to see you."
 "After you, Gwennie," said Menzies, politely but firmly. "Lead the way. Never mind the door. I'll shut it."

CHAPTER XI.
A Lady of Resource.

Gwennie Lyne was a lady with a reputation—or without one, it depended on the point of view. As far back as Menzies could remember she had been a notable figure in the little coterie of master criminals who knew no nation and to whom the world is a hunting-ground.
 Long ago, in the days when bank robbery had been a profitable pastime, she had organized and even played an executive part in expeditions any one of which ought to have made her fortune.
 Menzies knew her record almost by heart, for she was one of the very few "classic" criminals who brought to bear on an undertaking an ingenuity, enterprise and audacity that had won her through in a score of tight places.
 At ten years of age she had assisted her mother and brothers to pick pockets in the West End of London. At twenty she had married Tom Lyne, bank burglar and gun-man. At twenty-one she had effected a particularly daring escape from a French prison. At twenty-five she had held a pistol to a watchman's head at a bank in Mexico while her companions ransacked the vaults. At thirty she had had probably more experience in every grade of professional crime—short of murder, which is not professional crime—than any person of her own age.

male or female.
 Opportunely enough, her husband always too much of a swashbuckler for his trade, was shot in a drunken brawl in Paris at this time. Thereafter she held her way undisturbed, always ready to become a partner in any department of the higher walks of crime, from receiving to organizing a bogus bank.
 She had, of course, met with checks. There were few civilized countries where she had not tasted prison for longer or shorter periods. All that was in the day's work. It is a myth that there is a distinctive criminal physiognomy. Fifty years or more of crime had left Gwennie Lyne untouched by any outward mark. Here was a face which none could dream of distrusting on sight—she had been a handsome and was still a comely woman.
 The mouth was perhaps a trifle wide and it curved downward at the edges. Her hazel eyes were shrewd, but with the apparent shrewdness of years, not the cunning of the out-cast. She spoke softly with a slight drawl but her voice was the voice of a cultivated woman.
 Menzies had recognized her with something of a thrill. Her presence in the combination against him was singularly unwelcome, for he knew her fertility of resource and her daring. On the other hand, the mere fact that he knew she was with the other side was something gained.
 His right hand dropped to his trousers pocket as he followed her, to make sure that the little baton he had placed there before leaving home was in place. He rarely carried a pistol for fear that he might be tempted to use it before he was absolutely necessary. And in any case he had a prejudice against firearms. She took him into one of the two small front rooms of the house and pulled up the blinds to admit the now growing daylight.
 He observed "The Stag at Bay" and a "View of Naples" on the vivid yellowish-green wall-paper, and needed not the faded worn horsehair Victorian furniture, the pile of books on a table in the window, to tell him that Gwennie had had no hand in furnishing the house. She had the

virtue of taste, at any rate, and probably the place had been taken already furnished—and for a purpose. He wondered whether its purpose had been entirely fulfilled or not.
 "Sit you down, Mr. Menzies," she said briskly. "It's early hours for a call, but I guess you've got some reason at the back of your head. You'll have some breakfast, I'll go and see about it and make myself tidy."
 The detective's broad figure blocked the doorway. He smilingly shook his head and with one hand behind him felt for the key. There was none in the lock. He jerked a chair toward him with his foot, placed it against the door and sat down.
 "No breakfast for me, Gwennie, thank you. And you look very charming as you are. Suppose we talk."

She made a graceful gesture of resignation and sat down, her hands in her lap. "I guess I wouldn't poison you," she said.
 "Aren't you a deportee, Gwennie?" countered the man. "Surely my memory isn't playing me tricks. Wasn't an order of deportation made against you—let me see—six years ago now? You will remember a diamond tiara in Bond Street."
 She faced him placidly. "You've got a good memory. What are you going to do about it?" he asked.
 "Oh, nothing much. I needn't tell a lady of your experience it would have been wiser to stay where you belong."
 "See section four, vagrancy act eighteen hundred and twenty-four," she laughed. "That's it, isn't it? Oh, I've been there before. You can't alarm me any by talking. You can't Menzies knew the astute old lady was trying to make him lose his temper.
 He lifted his clay pipe from his lips. "I've always admired your talents, Gwennie—the rose and sweet him mocking curtsy—and we've been pretty good pals—business apart."
 "Lord bless the man!" she cried. "Is this a proposal? I do believe he's making love to me." She shook a well-manicured finger at him. "I warn you—I might accept you."
 He grinned appreciatively at the thrust, but shook his head reprovingly. "I'm out for business, Gwennie. Let's cut out the funny stuff and get down to hard tasks. If you won't listen I'll have to take you along, that's all."
 "And if I do?" she interpolated quickly.
 "I'm making no bargains. Will you sit tight?"
 "I'll be as good as gold," she promised, a demure half smile still lurking about her lips.

Menzies was too old a hand to make the mistake of despising such an antagonist. The woman knew every trick in the game as he did. An experience that went back to the cradle, and a cunning and brain power by which the organized detective forces of the world had often been defeated had placed her chief among the very few criminals who can plan and successfully carry out great coups.
 On his side however, Menzies had one factor on which he placed hopes. There is no such thing as honor among thieves. Sometimes it is a community of interests which prompts them to keep faith one with another, but very rarely will one run a risk to save another.
 The detective had to stir Gwennie to alarm for her own safety—but whether she would allow herself to be alarmed or not was a doubt in his mind.
 "Where is Mr. Hallett?" he asked bluntly.
 If a person ignorant of the elementary principles of arithmetic was suddenly asked to solve a problem in algebra he might have looked at Gwennie did then. Her air of bewilderment was an education. Had menzies been less sure of his ground even he might have been deluded. She stared at him blankly. "Mr. Hallett?" she repeated. "I never heard of him."
 The man's face set grimly and his eyes grew hard. "Or of Reader Ling, or of Errol, or Miss Grege-Stratton, or William Smith?" he demanded.
 "I know Ling—some," she said artlessly. "But I haven't seen him for two or three years. Why don't you tell me straight what you're driving at, Mr. Menzies? I'm always willing to help you if I can."
 "I aim to tie you to pieces and see what makes you tick, if you're not careful, Gwennie," he said. "You'd better listen. You know of the murder at Linton Terrace Gardens." He tapped out the bowl of his pipe against the heel of his boot and menaced her with the stem. "I'm not saying you had anything to do with it—but you know some thing."

She met his eyes steadily. "You're going down, Gwennie," he went on, "don't make any error about it. But I'd hate to be hard on you. I know you've never let sun-play on me and I'm willing to believe that it

SIDE TALKS

BY THE EDITOR

Yesterday I rode to town beside a woman whom I have always admired but known very slightly.
 She is one of those people who do wonders with a small income of both time and money. Her three children are always daintily dressed, her home is most attractive and she herself looks as smart as a business woman with three thousand a year to spend on herself.
 Moreover she is always ready to help with any charity or philanthropy in the town, ever interested in the worthwhile things of the community or the nation.
 She has a Chronic Shopping List. I have often wondered how she accomplishes so much and yesterday I discovered one of the factors in her efficiency—namely her methods of shopping.
 In the first place she has a chronic shopping list.
 That is, she keeps a little book in which she jots down the things she needs or will need in the near future. She goes in town every other Monday morning because Monday is the usual bargain day. She goes early not only because one gets the best bargains then but because one can accomplish twice as much before the more crowded hours.
 Monday Is Not Her Wash Day

But Monday, you say, is wash day, the busiest day of the week. Not for her. Monday is the day she picks up the house gets the clothing ready for the wash, removing any bad stains and doing any necessary mending, but not her wash day.
 Before going in town she takes the Sunday paper and goes over the advertisements thoroughly in connection with her shopping list. She sees what shops are advertising specials in the things she needs or is likely to need and she makes out a shopping schedule by shops. For instance—"M's stockings for Junior; handkerchiefs, look at suits, see about bill. R's—look at white waists and men's shirts, etc., etc."
 She doubles the value of her time. She says she can do about twice as much in this systematic way as she could when she went about her shopping in a casual manner.
 Incidentally she always carries a Christmas list in her bag, glances over it from time to time and often picks up some article at advantage for her Christmas box.
 If she carries on all the branches of her business as a homemaker in the same systematic, thought out efficient way (and I have no doubt she does), it is easy to see how she gets full value for both her money and her time.

promised, a demure half smile still lurking about her lips.
 Menzies was too old a hand to make the mistake of despising such an antagonist. The woman knew every trick in the game as he did. An experience that went back to the cradle, and a cunning and brain power by which the organized detective forces of the world had often been defeated had placed her chief among the very few criminals who can plan and successfully carry out great coups.
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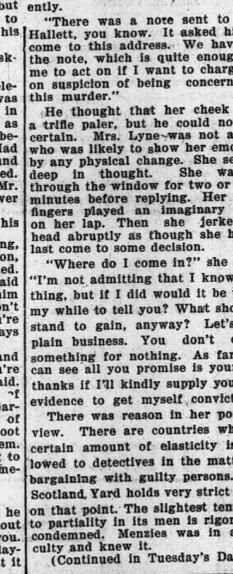
was an accident so far as you were concerned—that some one got out of hand. You know we've got this chap—Smith, he calls himself. He's likely to get loose-lipped, you know, if he has that hint was sheer bluff and Menzies saw it was of no avail even before she replied. She was not to be bamboozled into an acknowledgment that she knew nothing of Smith.
 "You believe I've had something to do with the Grege-Stratton murder," she answered. "If you've made up your mind I'll not argue. You'll have to get me down to the Old Bailey." She rose and walked over to a seat nearer to the window.
 "I should have thought a lady of your penetration could have put two and two together from seeing me here," he remarked.
 She looked through the window. "I want to know," she said indifferently.
 "There was a note sent to Mr. Hallett, you know. It asked him to come to this address. We have got the note, which is quite enough for me to act on if I want to charge you on suspicion of being concerned in this murder."
 He thought that her cheek went a trifle paler, but he could not be certain. Mrs. Lyne was not a lady who was likely to show her emotions by any physical change. She seemed deep in thought. She watched through the window for two or three minutes before replying. Her white fingers played an imaginary piano on her lap. Then she jerked her head abruptly as though she had at last come to some decision.
 "Where do I come in?" she asked. "I'm not admitting that I know anything, but if I did would it be worth my while to tell you? What should I stand to gain, anyway? Let's talk plain business. You don't expect something for nothing. As far as I can see all you promise is your best thanks if I'll kindly supply you with evidence to get myself convicted."
 There was reason in her point of view. There are countries where a certain amount of elasticity is allowed to detectives in the matter of bargaining with guilty persons. But Scotland Yard holds very strict views on that point. The slightest tendency to partiality in its men is rigorously condemned. Menzies was in a difficulty and knew it.
 (Continued in Tuesday's Daily)

Our Daily:
Pattern Rervice

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size

MISSES' DRESS.
 By Anabel Worthington.

This charming little frock has more than one good point, and they are all emphasized by tassels! It is so simple and the directions for making are so clear that any girl may safely attempt to make it for herself. In spite of its simplicity it has the indescribable something called style. Long sleeves were chosen as being most appropriate for this type of dress, but they may be finished in two ways—the bell shaped sleeves have applied, trimming bands which give the effect of a cuff, while the full bishop sleeves are gathered into a deep cuff. The skirt has three gores and is gathered all around the waist line. The waist is without fullness across the back, but the gathers in front are concealed by two narrow belts buttoning in opposite directions. Buttons from neck to hem give a smart touch. A collar in the new shape and the latest thing in pockets are the final items which make this dress well worth having.
 The misses' dress, No. 8,295, is cut in sizes 14 to 20 years. Width at the lower edge of skirt is 2 1/2 yards. As on the figure, the 16-year size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, with 1/2 yard 38 inch contrasting material.
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