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THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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That Last Chapter

How a Detective Story Was Finished.

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Hello?"
"Well?"
"Are you Mr. MacKinnon?"
"Yes. What is it?"
"I'm Hayden, composing room. The last chapter of that detective story is missing."
"Missing?"
"Yes."
"Great Scott! What are we to do? Connelly read it, and I sent up the manuscript just as I received it from him. You say it is a detective story?"
"Yes. That's what the title indicates."
Here was a beautiful situation. A detective story with the last chapter missing! Connelly was the only person connected with the office who had read it, and he had gone away. I ordered a search made for the missing chapter without success. Nothing remained but the author. I called to the telephone operator, "Give me No. 2078 Penfield."

It seemed an hour, though it was but forty seconds, before I heard a click, and a woman's voice answered:
"Well?"

"Is this Miss Quigley?"
"This is Miss Quigley's home, but she's not here." She said this morning for Japan.

The groan I gave was doubtless audible to the woman on the other end of the wire, for she asked if anything was the matter. In reply I asked her if Miss Quigley had left any manuscripts or parts of manuscripts with her. The reply was that before leaving the authoress had burned every scrap of paper she had except a detective story in the hands of her publishers. I groaned again and hung up the receiver without even thanking the person for her information.

There was nothing for it but to read the story and write the last chapter myself. Just think—make an ending to a detective story, a detective story written by a woman famed for weaving plots that no human being but herself could unravel! I must first wade through a labyrinth of incidents intended to throw the reader off the track, my head at the same time being full of other matters. Connelly attended to such work, and I knew little or nothing about it. He had gone into hiding to escape a legal summons and no one but himself knew where. With the authoress in the middle of the biggest ocean on earth, there was no respite for me. I took up the telephone receiver again.

"Send me the manuscript of that detective story at once. There's been some confounded carelessness somewhere, and whoever is to blame will get his head taken off!"

The latter part of this message was superfluous. It was merely a blowing off of the mad that was in me. The manuscript came down, and, placing it on the desk at one side, the rest being covered with an infinite variety of matter, principally snail proof, page proofs and everything else that can come from printers to distress an editor, I turned to the first chapter and began to skim, for I had altogether too much to occupy me to give the matter undivided attention. While reading the first chapter I gave orders concerning the making of pictures, the buying of supplies, the turning down of submitted manuscripts. I apologized for having offended snuffbags, anti-snuffbags, prohibitionists and winebibbers.

I have given this information respecting the interruptions attending my reading of the first chapter simply for a sample of the rest. When I finished all of the story I possessed I knew no more about the plan on which it was written than of the last chapter. But I had formed some idea of what might possibly be thrown in to worry the reader—it certainly worried me—and I went over it all again, this time to get a comprehensive view, and the result was more satisfactory. But as to who stole the watermelon—it was either a watermelon or a sapphire as big as a watermelon—I had not the faintest conception. However, since there must be a conclusion I selected from a number of intended misleaders one that I thought would be the easiest to make fit the conditions. This done, I locked my desk and went home to dinner.

At 9 o'clock I sat down to write the last chapter of "The Gem of Good Hope." My work consisted in fitting my denouement to the rest of the story, or, rather, in fitting the rest of the story to my denouement. Whoever has tried to work out one of those puzzles in which there is always one piece which cannot be made to fit in its proper place will understand the nerve racking task in which I was engaged. Just as I had come to believe that I was meeting with some success I smelled smoke and heard a commotion below.

Running downstairs, I found an incipient fire in the kitchen back of the range and set about putting it out. Some one had turned in an alarm, and in a few minutes the clanging fire engines were pulling up before the door. The house was filled with firemen, small boys, water and smoke. Fortunately the disturbance did not last long, but after it was all over and I

returned to my literary labors I was obliged to listen to the sounds of the crowd attracted by the noisy firemen.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning before I finished writing the last chapter of "The Gem of Good Hope" and, throwing myself into bed, tried to sleep. But I was tortured by a fear that I had left something unconnected that would make the story ridiculous. However, I managed to get four hours' slumber and, after a hasty breakfast, went to the office with the manuscript.

After the typographical errors had been eliminated the proofs came to me for revision. They were a sight to behold. The proofreader had put one or more query marks in every paragraph, the sheets looking as if insects emerging from an inkwell had meandered over the paper. Most of these errors arose from fixing the body of the story to accord with my denouement. I might have turned them into good English, but every query mark let loose a million discrepancies. However, I did the best I could with them in the limited time and attention I was able to give them and passed the revised sheets on till the last chapter was reached, which I was pleased to see read very smoothly even if it deleted every intention of the author.

I wished that the book could be issued at once instead of in a couple of months. If the story came out immediately its glaring incongruities might be forgotten before the return of the authoress. I knew very well that she would make it hot for me, and if she returned when the story was issued it was quite likely there would be a veritable Tophet. If she returned later and my vision of her story was found not to be so bad as might have been expected she might let me down with comparative ease.

A perusal of the page proofs took away all hope. My ending of the story was not at all borne out by the circumstances. Every one of forty-nine of the fifty chapters bristled with reasons why my denouement could not have been possible. I, the author, the firm, would be ruined. Nevertheless the issue must go as it was. The story had been advertised for issue on a certain date and must be in the hands of the dealers at that time.

When I took up the first criticism on the story I trembled. It happened to be one of those that to us who know mean that the writer had not time to read the book. It spoke of Miss Quigley's marvelous ingenuity, etc. I groaned. Marvelous ingenuity! Just wait till some fifteen dollar a week understrapper has read the book attentively.

The next criticism I read was more definite. It spoke of the story as the most subtle of all Miss Quigley's wonderful plans. The critic was reminded of the stories of eminent detective story writers who left purposely a shadow of doubt in the reader's mind just what was intended. The story of "The Lady and the Tiger," the denouement of which was left to the reader, was cited as a most successful effort in this line of work.

An idea popped into my brain. Turning to my stenographer, I dictated the following item, which I sent to a trade paper devoted to book news:

"The 'Gem of Good Hope,' by Alice Quigley, is a new departure in detective story writing. After ably leading the reader through a number of incidents, such calculated to suggest a theory, the writer with consummate skill brings the story to an end upon a theory not at all in harmony with the facts laid down, leaving the reader to form any theory that he can fit to the narrative."

Having secured the publication of this item in one paper, I took measures to have it copied by others. It was not long before many of those who read the book had heard that it was intended for a puzzle to be worked out by the reader. The consequence was that every reader perused the pages with the utmost attention in order that he might be the better able to form the correct theory.

As soon as this view of the case was spread abroad the sales of "The Gem of Good Hope" rapidly increased. I seriously meditated offering a prize for the person who should give the correct interpretation to the story. I would surely have done so, but since it would be impossible to name anything that would conform to the facts as laid down I did not see how any one could win the prize. This, of course, would reflect on the integrity of the publishers.

Fortunately before Miss Quigley returned from her trip her book had had an enormous sale. I saw a notice in a newspaper of her arrival and fortified myself with a number of checks with which to make a defense when she visited me. She came in with eyes afloat and so choked with grimaces for me that she could not utter them. I took advantage of the delay to hand her a \$5,000 check. She took it without looking at it and, having found her voice, fired a volley. To this I replied with a \$10,000 check. This check she glanced at, and it produced an effect. She was beginning again when I fired a big gun at her loaded with \$15,000 shrapnel. This staggered her, and she looked at all the checks I had given her.

"What does this mean?" she asked.
"It means," I said, "that your last and greatest work has had a phenomenal sale. No such literary financial success has been attained in years. Sit down, Miss Quigley, and I will tell you how it came about."

And I did. I gave her the story much as I have told it here. When I had finished it required some time for her to satisfy herself that she had met with a piece of good fortune instead of the barbarous treatment she had supposed.

Her next story she drew with the intention of leaving the reader to guess the outcome. It proved a failure.

SCOTLAND'S PALLADIUM.

A Famous Piece of Artillery Is Ancient Mons Meg.

In the most honorable location in the Argyll battery of Edinburgh castle is a huge piece of ancient artillery which is known as Mons Meg. This old fashioned piece of ordnance is held in the highest esteem by the Scottish people; in fact, it holds a position in their hearts similar to our feelings toward our own Liberty bell.

Mons Meg was made at Mons, Belgium, about the year 1503, by order of James IV., and was named Meg in honor of his wife, Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII. Its great bulk and weight rendered it almost worthless in those days of hand to hand combat. However, it was used on special occasions to help celebrate national events. In the reports of the financial transactions of the times may be found charges for "grease for Meg's mouth" (this was used to increase the loudness of the report), ribbons to deck her carriage and pipes to be played before her when accompanying the Scottish army on an expedition. After the union in 1707 the people feared that the "odious sunderer of national independence" would be consumed by the removal of Mons Meg to England. In 1757 the piece was removed to Woodhouse, but it was restored to Scotland in 1858, "to quiet the people."

Although only a mere mass of rusty iron, it is revered by the people today and is always decorated with thistle and other flowers on anniversary days. In processions it has always had the place of honor, but recently it was decided that it was dangerous to submit it to the shock of cartage, and now it looks down from its resting place over the great Scot city.—Chicago Herald.

AN EASY GOING SENTINEL.

Such a Little Thing as the Password Didn't Bother Him.

An interesting picture of the confusion that attended the anti-Austrian demonstrations in Milan in 1848 is given in "Memories of Youth," by Signor Giovanni Visconti Venosta.

Very early in the morning, says the author, after several hours of heavy sleep in a hammock in an anteroom of Garibaldi college I descended into the street and ran into some people who, with tricolored shawls across their shoulders, were giving orders in the name of the committee of defense. They were trying to discipline the revolution. Falling into their hands, I was stationed as a sentinel at a useless barricade that shut off Via Durini from the Verziere. The commander, having inspected my pistols and perhaps having found them not murderous enough, placed in my hands a fencing foil. Then he gave me the countersign, "Papa Pio."

A little while afterward another chief came along, who re-enforced the post and gave me as a companion a good old man who was armed with an antique lance. I told him the countersign, and we soon became friends.

A patrol appeared. "Halt!" cried the old man. "The countersign?" "Concordia, coraggio," replied the captain of the patrol.
"Truly," replied my companion, "the countersign is something else. However, we are all Italians, so pass on."

Anvil Date Back of History.

The anvil was known in the earliest times, being spoken of in the Bible, the prophet Isaiah saying (chapter 47, verse 7): "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothened with the hammer, him that smiteth the anvil." It is not known who first used it, but of course the anvil of antiquity was unlike that of today as perfected by modern workmanship. The anvil still used in the orient, however, is a boot shaped piece of metal inserted in a section of oak or walnut log. Larger or smaller it is used by tinsmiths, shoemakers, silversmiths and blacksmiths. The anvils used in this country are commonly made of cast iron faced with steel and are of paralleloped form, with a steel cone or beak at one end and a "handy hole" for inserting chisel or other tools at the other end.—Boston Globe.

The Crimean War.

The Crimean war was in 1853-56 between Russia on one side and Turkey, France, Great Britain and Sardinia, as allies, on the other side. It was called the Crimean war because it was mainly fought in the Crimean peninsula. It arose through the demand of Russia for a protectorate over the Greek subjects of the sultan and was closed and its issues decided by the treaty of Paris March 30, 1856. By this treaty Sebastopol, which had been captured, was restored to Russia, Russia abandoned her claim as to Christians in Turkey and the Black sea was neutralized.

Lost It.

"There is a good deal of talk about the English being slow to appreciate a joke," said Marshall P. Wilder once. "I have not found that to be the case at all, although one Englishman did come to me for an explanation after I had made the remark that 'I dreamed one night that I was dead, but it was so hot that I woke up.'"
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wilder," he said, "but it must be deuced hot in your country."

Hard to Choose.

"Why can't she make a choice between her suitors?"
"Well, one of them is a press agent. His language is very attractive. But the other is a traveling salesman, and he treats her as if she were a big buyer."—Kansas City Journal.

Let us do what honor demands.—Racine.

DIGGING A POST HOLE.

He Worked Faithfully and Cheerfully, but Lacked One Essential.

He was a vigorous worker, and he was digging a post hole in the bed of a river. A post was to be placed in it as part of the extension of a wharf. He worked hard and got rapidly deeper and deeper.

He struck stones, but he reached down and pried them up.

He got thoroughly soaked, but he grinned cheerfully.

He sang at his task and was an inspiration to all the other workmen.

Five o'clock came, but he faithfully finished his post hole, though it took him ten minutes longer. He was no time server.

Then he climbed, dripping, out on the bank and walked home, nappy in the consciousness of good work accomplished.

But he did not put a post into the post hole, and when he came back the next morning he found the hole filled again with mud and completely obliterated.

However, he cheerfully went to work again, singing as he labored, and dug the hole once more.

And the company paid the bill.

Moral.—Cheerfulness is good, zeal is better, but a bit of brain is best of all.

—Christian Endeavor World.

SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Be Efficient and Do Things That Other People Do Not Do.

A man has a weary time awaiting to rise in the world by force of sympathy, by getting somebody else to pull him along. You see such people standing around expecting compassion and a lift from some who have succeeded.

But this is not the way success is attained. That comes by working for it, by being worthy of it by doing one's best. If it comes at all. The world is full of failures because a man hangs back and depends upon others.

Efficiency is the greatest word in the language. There is no real progress without it. And what does efficiency consist of? Of sobriety, honesty, diligence, patience, happiness, unselfishness, good habits and putting in full time.

Of course a man can get rich by not caring for these. He can gamble, steal, defraud, pad payrolls and expense bills, borrow money and never pay. But such riches don't last. They drop a man pretty hard finally.

The only way is to start out in the world and do one's best without waiting to see what others do. As Steinmetz, the master electrician, said, "To earn \$100,000 a year do things other people don't do."—Ohio State Journal.

Volcanoes and Disease.

Many strange and exaggerated accounts have been given of terrible diseases in human beings, lower animals and plants as a result of volcanic activity. In a prize essay by Dr. H. J. Johnston-Lavis it is shown that there is no direct connection with disease, but that volcanic outbursts may indirectly cause or increase epidemic disease in several ways. The poisonous fumes may have irritating and depressing effects on the eyes and throat. The disturbance of water courses may bring about the infection of wells and surface supplies with sewage, and interference with ventilation of houses may result from the accumulation of ejected materials. The moral depression from fear, with hunger from the cutting off of food supplies, may have the effect by lessening the resistance of the organization to infection.—Exchange.

ONLY SIXTEEN, GIRL VERY SICK

Tells How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

New Orleans, La.—"I take pleasure in writing these lines to express my gratitude to you. I am only 16 years old and work in a tobacco factory. I have been a very sick girl but I have improved wonderfully since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now looking fine and feeling a thousand times better."



—Miss AMELIA JAQUILLARD, 3961 Tebouipoulas St., New Orleans, La.

St. Clair, Pa.—"My mother was alarmed because I was troubled with suppression and had pains in my back and side, and severe headaches. I had pimples on my face, my complexion was sallow, my sleep was disturbed, I had nervous spells, was very tired and had no ambition. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had worked like a charm in my case and has regulated me. I worked in a mill among hundreds of girls and have recommended your medicine to many of them."—Miss ESTELLA MAGUIRE, 110 Thwing St., St. Clair, Pa.

There is nothing that teaches more than experience. Therefore, such letters from girls who have suffered and were restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be a lesson to others. The same remedy is within reach of all.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 N. MURRA, STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

There Only by Inference.

An Englishman coming by train to Glasgow for the first time and passing Motherwell Junction said to a gentleman opposite, with whom he had been chatting:

"Queer name, 'Motherwell.' Is there a 'Fatherwell' next?"
"No," was the reply, "but we come immediately to 'Bothwell.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Keeping His Secret.

When Lord Wellington was commander of an army in India a certain rich man offered him \$500,000 for some secret information on a very important question. Wellington looked thoughtful a few moments, as if he were weighing the temptation. At length he said:

"It appears that you can keep a secret, sir."
"Certainly," said the man, feeling sure that he had gained his point.
"So can I," said Wellington. Good morning, sir. And the man went away with a crestfallen air.

Foresight Defined.

The children had read the word foresight in the reader, and the teacher was endeavoring to make it plain.

"Foresight," she said, "is looking ahead. Now, Freddie, you give me an example of foresight if you can."
"Well, foresight would be not to eat too much breakfast when you knew you were going out into the country to your grandmother's for dinner," explained the boy.—Indianapolis News.

Cheerfulness.

Wonderous is the strength of cheerfulness and altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit of all sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright.—Carlyle.

Hers.

"I suppose that you and your wife are two souls with but a single thought."
"That's about the situation, but about half the time she will not tell me what that thought is."—Philadelphia Record.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief, they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bileless, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, Small Pits, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature

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MOTHERS

REMEMBER! The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! ZAM-BUK is purely herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always. 50c. Box at All Druggists and Stores.

USE ONLY ZAM-BUK FOR CHILDREN'S SKIN

Canadian Hair Restorer



Before and After Using. Restores Grey Hair to original color. Two might use from same bottle, hair of one becomes black, the other blond or other color as they were in youth. Stops Falling Hair, Dandruff, Itching, Cures all Scalp Diseases, Produces New Growth, Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Price 75 cents or two for One Dollar (postage paid). Not sold in stores, address Canadian Hair Restorer Co., WINDSOR, ONT.

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