

THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Wednesday's Daily.)

There was just the right touch of expectation in his voice and manner as though he took it for granted that Hallett intended to continue his explanation. But Jimmie had no intention of doing so. He had been surprised into half an admission, but he was to be drawn no further.

It might be that nothing he could reveal could affect the course of events, but having given his word to Peggy he intended to remain silent. He was scarcely prepared to admit even what the lawyers call common ground.

"You're doing very well by yourself," he commented. "You don't need my help."

There had been little serious intention behind Weir Menzies's threat of arrest. On the face of things, as he had explained, he could have justified the action. Nor would he have hesitated had he believed that any real good would come of it. He would have been as ruthless as Jimmie Hallett's feelings as he was of his own energies if thereby he could have gained a step.

But events were developing too quickly to permit of too much finesse. Of course, Hallett's intuition—that was Menzies's private word for it—had been a stumbling block, and it would be still advisable to look after him. But to put him under lock and key would be to seal his lips utterly—Menzies had judged his character aright in that—and if treated in another fashion he might yet be useful. Nevertheless, the threat was a bludgeon to be used if necessary.

He put the revolver aside and went on with his inspection. He hesitated over the letters and then, with a muttered apology, opened one. There were four all told, and he steadily plowed through them.

"Ling must be very fond of you," he observed with heavy irony. "Not only have you the pistol, but some of his personal letters. Lord!" he burst out, "what game were you playing last night? I'd give a lot to know. You certainly have the knack of dropping into the thick of things."

"Yes, there were some letters," agreed Jimmie coolly. "I haven't had time to read them. Anything of importance in them?"

"There are no addresses," evaded Menzies, "and he doesn't seem to have saved the envelopes, so we can't tell where he received them."

A knock at the door heralded the appearance of Royal, who nodded a genial good morning to Hallett and then glided unobtrusively to a seat. Menzies twisted the letter in his hand with an air of uncertainty.

"I've got two courses open to me," he explained to Hallett. "One, as I said just now, is to arrest you. The other is to take your word that you won't attempt to leave your rooms here nor to send any message to any one until I see you again. In that case I should leave Royal here with you."

"You've got an everlastingly cool nerve," observed Jimmie. "Hang it, man, what do you expect?" said the other impatiently. "The alternative is more than ninety-nine men out of a hundred would offer you."

Jimmie shrugged his shoulders resignedly. He saw Menzies's difficulty

—saw also that the chief inspector was determined at any cost to keep him out of the game. Inwardly he writhed at his own impotence. If he could only have got one word to Peggy Greye-Stratton.

Outwardly he was philosophic. "No cell for me," he said cheerfully. "You've got the drop on me and I've got to do what you say. I will pass my word, though I'd take it kindly if you'd send on what news you can. Do you play piquet, Mr. Royal?"

CHAPTER XXII.

An Addition to the Dossier.

Unless circumstances dictated haste Weir Menzies was never in a hurry. In essentials he was a business man. He was always ready to seize a fleeting opportunity—but for choice he preferred method and exactitude rather than gambling on luck. There was nothing he could do at Shadwell for the time being that could not be done equally well by the men already on duty there.

The tactics of the moment were quite clear in his mind. Peggy Greye-Stratton, by herself, was of minor importance compared with the possibility of laying Gwendie Lyne and Ling by the heels. The direct route to that objective seemed to lay through her. Moreover—though he would not admit it, even to himself—he felt a certain personal animosity. Both Ling and the woman had conspired to humiliate him professionally. He wanted to locate them—and then—

He was perched on a high stool before his desk in the chief inspector's room. The dossier of the case lay in front of him; reports, statements, photographs, everything that had been gathered together by the elaborate machinery of the C. I. D. neatly typed and carefully indexed. Also his own Greek notes and several facts not yet incorporated in the dossier.

He rubbed his hands through his hair and chewed at the end of a quill pen. For five minutes he allowed his thoughts uninterrupted flow and then there came to him: Foyle, spruce and alert with twinkling blue eyes.

"Quite a dust-up last night, I hear," he observed.

"Some," agreed Menzies. He got down off his stool, reached for a tobacco jar and filled his pipe. "I was coming in to see you, sir. I'd like to arrange to have fifty men on tap. It's likely I'll want 'em to-night."

Foyle polished his pipe-nex. "As close up as that? I heard that you'd got an address. But fifty men! That means a raid. You'll have the newspaper men there."

The superintendent hated unnecessary limelight on the operations of the C. I. D. and he was not blind to the effects of human nature. Among fifty men, however carefully picked, there was sure to be some who had been carefully cultivated by journalists and he knew that a friendly hint would be passed on to Fleet Street before many hours were over.

"I only want them available," explained Menzies. "I don't know that I'll use 'em. We may be able to do things quietly, but if a house-to-house search is necessary and there should be any more gun-play—"

"Right you are. I'll see they're at

Courier Daily Recipe Column

English Plum Pudding.
One-half pound suet, chopped fine. 1 quart flour, 1 pound raisins, 1-2 pound currants, small pieces lemon peel, chopped; 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 teaspoon ginger, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup molasses.

Mix with milk enough to moisten like fruit cake. Tie in a square of cloth, which has been floured and put in a kettle of boiling water 4 hours. Care should be taken to keep the kettle filled with water and not stop boiling. Serve with hard sauce.

Tapoca Ice
One cup tapoca, soaked over night, in the morning drain it on the stove and when boiling hot add 1 cup of sugar and boil till clear; chop 1 pineapple, pour the tapoca over it, stir together and put into moulds. When cold serve with sugar and cream.

Frozen Peaches
Two quarts peaches, peeled and sliced; sprinkle with 1 pound of sugar and let stand two hours. Mash fine, add 1 quart cold milk and freeze the same as ice cream.

Ice Cream Without Eggs
Take equal parts of cream and milk, sweeten very sweet; flavor as desired, pour in freezer, let stand 15 minutes, then stir for 15 minutes. It will be very nice.

Pineapple Sherbet
One can pineapple, 2 quarts milk, 2-2 cups sugar.

Good Night N' Stories

LINDA AND KING SPIDER
Linda sat on a stone eating a slice of bread and jelly. On the walk at her feet, little ants ran back and forth gathering up the crumbs as they fell.

One ant much smaller than the others ran from the edge of the walk. A big black spider jumped over to see what the spider would do. She felt tough on her cheek and at her side stood a brownie.

"Now you can hear what they say," he whispered, and Linda and King Spider looked no larger than the brownie became a larger than the spider. They hid behind a stone to listen.

"So, I have you at last," said the spider, and he pulled the struggling Linda and the brownie pushed by him and entered the throne room. There sat King Spider on his golden chair with a silver crown on his ugly black head. Princess Ant lay at his feet.

"I don't want your crown! I want to go home!" she cried. The brownie whispered something in Linda's ear and Linda nodded her head.

"If you become my Queen you may live, but if you refuse, I'll send you to the spider's castle ever gets out alive," said the King.

Linda shivered, but the brownie pulled her forward.

"I heard, brave King, that your royal highness was in search of a Queen and I took the liberty of bringing the most beautiful maiden of Fairland for your approval," said the brownie, bowing to King Spider.

The King looked from Linda to the Princess. Then called his eunuchs. "Bring me Princess Ant into prison, for I have chosen this fairy maiden as my Queen," commanded the King, and the guards rushed in and would have carried the weeping princess away if the brownie hadn't touched Linda and changed her back into a little girl again.

Linda laughed to see King Spider and his attendants running for their lives, then she tore the spider castle from the grasses.

Linda saw the princess run to the castle and they soon disappeared in their hole in the walk.

"Too bad we had to destroy his castle, but he was the worst enemy those little ants had and I'll probably teach him a lesson. One can't have everything one wants," said the brownie, and he disappeared.

Linda crumpled the bread and watched the little ants carry it away, for after the princess told them that the castle was torn down they no longer feared King Spider but came and went as they pleased.

FALLING IN LOVE
And all the time he talked I just couldn't help wondering—but why did it make such a difference to him, why couldn't he have taken someone else?

The Woods Are Full of Them.
You see, although she was a perfectly nice, rather pretty girl, there are hundreds right in this town just as nice and just as pretty as she. Stevenson tells in his "Virginibus Puerisque" of a husband who "hears after marriage that some poor fellow is dying of his wife's love." What could so easily have got another. And yet that is a very happy union. But I'll wager the husband didn't think that way before marriage. One Can See How the Exceptional Person Does It.

One can understand how a surpassing beautiful or fascinating woman could arouse such a passion but how can a perfectly ordinary woman accomplish it?

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Jas. L. Sutherland
Importer

spent Sunday with Miss Flossie Brown.

Miss Dora Force, Miss Vera Hammond and Mr. Dan Stevenson and Mr. Blackwell Kinsella motored to Woodstock on Sunday evening.

Mr. E. Clement, Princeton, spent Sunday at his parental home.

Mr. Roy Utter of Little Lake spent Sunday at F. Fox's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Casner and Mr. and Mrs. W. Ryder motored and spent Sunday at Currie's Crossing with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Warboys and son, Lloyd, and Mr. Gordon Davis of Brantford, motored and spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Force.

Mrs. Robt. Shellington is confined to her bed with a gripe.

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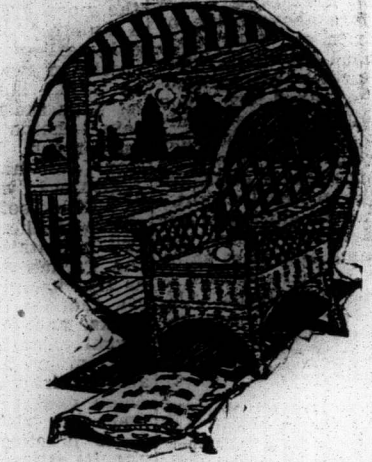
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hand for a call. Now about things in general?"

"I was just thinking it out," said Menzies. "I can't just place things, though I've got more than enough to act on."

The other removed his glasses. "What you mean," he smiled, "is that you don't want to commit yourself to anything till you're sure."

"That's so," agreed Menzies. "You'll remember when we went over to Ling's terrace gardens we couldn't find Grege-Stratton's pistol? I came across it this morning. In fact, I have it here."

"Hallett?" ejaculated Foyle with a lift of his eyebrows. "I don't think I'd like it. I've just come from him. I did think he was safe last night. He was out of my sight for less than three minutes, and I'm almost sure that he was on his own hook again—or rather wit' the girl. She's got that young man absolutely dazzled. It seems that they must have met Ling after he dodged me."

"Now where she's concerned you couldn't make him talk if you used a—"

"—a can-opener. And he now knows a deuce of a lot, too. I could draw it out of him if I had the case pretty complete or I'm a fool. Look here." He ran through the papers on his desk and picked out two. "I picked these papers of him just now."

Dear Stewart: I was right pleased to get your letter and shall be glad when you come over again. Teddy is just fine and says he would like to see his dad again. It would be fine if only we could settle down and you didn't have to be sent on those long business journeys any more. As I wrote you last time the show has gone bust and I am resting. So if you can spare a little money I would be glad of a little check. I'm not really worrying you, especially when you are so full up with business. I wish sometimes you had a regular berth here. Of course, the money would not be so big, but it would be certain and we could all be together. But I won't worry you, old boy. Much love from Teddy and from

CHRIS.

"A woman," commented Foyle. "You'd better burn up the wires, Menzies."

"That's seen to. This is the other." The bulls have tumbled to me. Have just dropped one in the cellar along with J. H., and am clearing in case his pals turn up. Am coming straight you know where and am sending this by messenger in case you are out. Come along and see me.

"There's no signature to that. It doesn't need one. I'm wondering how Hallett got these things and the pistol."

"All I'm wondering," said Foyle, "how you got them from Hallett. Have you arrested him?"

Menzies met his chief's gaze steadily. "No, sir," he said over Foyle's face. "I can't make over Foyle's fact. It was not always advisable that he, as head of the department, should know exactly the methods by which a result had been obtained. Men with the experience and sagacity of Weir Menzies could be trusted not to endanger the reputation of the C.I.D. He ignored his lack of candor."

"Well, I suppose he'll keep. If the evidence doesn't crop up elsewhere we'll have to see what can be squeezed out of him in the witness-box. Don't you wish this was France, Menzies?"

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

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