

# THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Friday's Daily.)

It is not merely that it is against the law. It is not playing the game. The slightest suggestion that such a course has been pursued has before now secured a guilty man's acquittal. Worse than that, it lays the credit of the service open to suspicion. A police officer had better cheat at cards—that affects only his own character.

Foyle kicked the coals again and the action seemed to afford him some relief. "And Ling admitted it. The chap was so proud of what he'd done that he took a note of the conversation." "I don't see what we can do," said Menzies slowly. "We can't put the constable in the box. The only thing to do is to let it slide. It would not use it if the defense won't make a point of it."

"What I'm wondering about," said the superintendent, "is your evidence is water-tight as it stands. You see, even if Ling should make a voluntary admission now it's tainted. He's been seeing that shyster Lexton, and I wouldn't wonder if all this wasn't a carefully put up trap."

Menzies drew his brows together and began eating his moustache. "There might be something in that," he agreed. "Lexton's a good lawyer and it's like him." "See!" Foyle demonstrated with a forefinger. "If we could be tempted into putting an officer in the box to say that Ling had confessed he'd have us by the short hair. We'd have to admit that at least one of our men had questioned him, and"—he snapped his fingers—"there you are. The whole police evidence taints. We're so anxious for a conviction that we've applied third degree methods in England. Why, he'd be acquitted if he'd committed as many murders as Herod."

"I quite understand, sir," Menzies was a little peevish at having the 's dotted. "If he makes a thousand confessions we won't use them." "I only wanted to put you wise," said Foyle almost apologetically. "You've got to rely on a straightforward case. Got it mapped out?"

"I think so—o. There's the direct case against him—There's plenty of evidence to indicate Gwynne Lynne's association, and we've got Miss Grege-Stratton's story. Big Rufus was caught, so to speak, red-handed, and I rather fancy when he sees how deep he's in he'll turn King's evidence. We don't want that, though, if we can help it."

"No, I should think not," said the superintendent quickly. He had all the prejudice of the trained man against calling the assistance of one guilty person to convict others. King's evidence is never suggested by Scotland Yard officers except as a last resource.

"The weak point," said Menzies, "is Dago Sam. Except his threatening Hallett, and what—Cincinnati Red can tell you about that—we've got little to connect him up." "Well, see what the lawyers say," said Foyle. "After all, it's their funeral now."

Menzies nevertheless had a doubt ranking in his mind, and before he left for the consultation with the legal lights he had put into motion again all the machinery that he could bring to bear to find out whether any part of the case as affecting Dago Sam had been overlooked. He held no animus. He would cheerfully have volunteered any statement in favor of a prisoner, but equally he had that stern sense of duty that impelled him to make sure he had every accessible fact.

Many difficulties had been brushed away since all the main persons of the drama were in his hands, and it not infrequently happens that evidence of vast import is picked up after

countered on his return to the yard. "Hello, Hallett, old man! Sorry. Hope I haven't kept you waiting long!"

"Only a matter of a couple of hours," said Jimmie. "Don't apologize." "Lucky you're a man of leisure," grinned the detective. "Another ten minutes won't hurt." He swung into the superintendent's room.

It was nearer another sixty than another ten minutes before he emerged and carried the impatient Jimmie to the electric cars opposite the Houses of Parliament.

"That's another good day's work done," he said thankfully. "I'd clean forgot all about you, Hallett, or I'd have left a message. I've had a hundred things to think about."

"And I," moaned Jimmie, "have only had one. By the way, how is Miss Grege-Stratton?"

"As fit as could be expected, all things considered. Ninety-nine girls out of a hundred who had gone through what she has would have been knocked out when I get home. Perhaps I'll tell you then."

"I've begun to have doubts myself. We're none of us infallible. If I was I should be on the Stock Exchange, not in the C.I.D."

Although Menzies lived in Magerfontein Road, Upper Tooting, the dinner that had been arranged for the evening at the suburbs. Jimmie felt that he had eaten many worse at Prince's and Delmonico's. Perhaps a difference was made by the slim, black-clad figure that sat opposite to him.

Some of the melancholy had gone from the blue eyes, though he was still sober and subdued. Mrs. Menzies, discreet and tactful, watched her closely, and Jimmie noticed that the conversation was never allowed to flag.

"I don't know how many years we've been married, Hallett," said Menzies reflectively as he poured out a glass of claret, "but this is the first time I've ever taken my wife into my confidence on a professional subject—and the first time she's ever asked me."

"Effect and cause," said Jimmie. "If Mrs. Menzies ever wanted to know a thing you'd have to capitulate."

"Don't you believe that, Mr. Hallett," interrupted Mrs. Menzies. "He's like a bit of stone sometimes—a most aggravating man to get on with. Don't you ever marry a detective, Miss Grege-Stratton?"

"She won't," said Jimmie promptly, and watched the rich flood of color that surged into the girl's cheeks.

"One minute," said Menzies, standing. "Fill your glasses, I'm going to propose a toast. Oh, da—bless the telephone!" With an apology he hurried to the instrument.

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## SIDE TALKS

RUTH CAMERON THE ARROGANCE OF IGNORANCE.

There is nothing in the world so long time. "I know I could do it in arrogant and so cocksure and so unsympathetic as ignorance." And there is nothing in the world that can make one more humble and more understanding than experience. A young business woman whom I know has recently married. Previous to her marriage she always had her sewing done for her. She had never made a garment.

One of the first urges to which she put her newly acquired leisure was to try to make herself a dress. She found out how many stitches she told me about it the other day. "It wasn't a success," she said, "and I may never try again, but I'm glad I did it once. It was such a lesson to me. You know I never could understand why the dressmakers and the seamstresses I hired took so long to make a dress. They'd progress fast enough up to a certain point, and then it would take them forever. But now, well, I'll never be impatient again. I know what finishing off a dress means."

Her story struck several chords in my memory. The loudest was this. When I was a young girl we used to have a good sized lawn and garden. It took two men a whole day to cut the grass and tidy up the place. Now I had sometimes run a lawn-mower a few feet and I knew how easily it could be done and it seemed all nonsense to me that it should take a day.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

CRANBERRY PIE—GOOD One quart of uncooked cranberries (chopped not too fine), 2 large cups of sugar, 1 small cup of molasses, 1 tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with a little cold water; then pour 1-2 cups of boiling water over the cranberries; cook 10 minutes; add a little salt; can add 1-2 cups of raisins if desired; this will make four delicious pies.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING Put 1 pint of milk into a double boiler and sprinkle in 1-2 level teaspoons of sea moss farina; stir constantly while the farina is being sprinkled; then allow the milk to heat stirring occasionally; cook 10 minutes; then drop in half an ounce or square of chocolate in one piece, 1-4 cup of sugar, 1-2 teaspoonful of salt and cook 10 minutes; or until the chocolate is dissolved; flavor with 1-3 teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn into a ring mould that has been rinsed in cold water; when cool and firm turn on to a plate and fill the centre with beaten and sweetened cream, and serve at once.

CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE RUSSE One pint of milk, 2 cups of sugar, 1-2 box of gelatine, 1 square of chocolate, 1-2 pint of cream; soak the gelatine in water enough to cover for about an hour; place the milk in a double boiler; grate the chocolate and place it in a tea cup with 1 teaspoonful of sugar; and set the cup in a dish of hot water over the fire; when the milk is hot add to it the sugar, soaked gelatine and melted chocolate; stir until all the gelatine is dissolved; then set the mixture into a cold place; when a mould with small slices of sponge cake, pour the mixture, which should now be cool enough into the mould; when ready to turn the russe on to a plate and over the whole pour the 1-2 pint of cream, which should be whipped and flavored with sugar and vanilla to suit the taste.

CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size

Our Daily: Pattern Service LADIES' NEGLIGEE. By Anabel Worthington. Deep down in her heart every woman has a love for flimsy, dainty things, but in this workaday world most of us get only a chance to indulge this taste in the more intimate clothes, such as undergarments and negligees. The model shown, No. 8345, combines the advantages of being as graceful as it is practical. The deep-pointed cape is cut in one with the front and has a pretty ripple around the shoulders. The small back view shows the underwaist foundation over which the cape is hung. A three piece skirt is gathered to the upper part to give the Empire effect, and a wide heading run with ribbon may be used to cover the join. The points of the cape are very long and they may be weighted with tassels. Wide frills of lace make an effective and easily applied trimming.

The negligee pattern, No. 8345 is cut in sizes small (36), medium (40) and large (44). Width at lower edge is 2 yards. The small or 36 inch bust size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, 1 1/4 yards heading, 3 1/2 yards ribbon and 4 yards lace. To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.



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