

By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

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CHAPTER XX. Right is Might.

The hands of the clock were drawing close to the hour of noon on Friday. In the big building downtown the workers were waiting for the moment when they would flow out of their offices and stores and shops and spout out the doors to the street in search of their daily lunch. As is usual at that time of day, crowds that had been sluggish began to display signs of animation and to move more briskly along the streets, which were beginning to fill.

Here and there in the crowd were hundreds, no, thousands, of men and women wearing in conspicuous places upon their clothing inconspicuous knots of red baby ribbon. Just little touches of color to which no one, noticing them, would devote more than a passing thought. But had those so marked been searched suspicious bulges in hip pockets and coats would have proved to be wicked-looking revolvers loaded all around, and other pockets would have yielded up cartridges by the handful.

They mingled with the crowds quietly and attracted no attention. Also mingling with the crowds were other men, not marked in any way, whose pockets also bulged. Wherever the red ribbons were thickest, there, also, were most of these other men. And they, too, sauntered along, attracting no particular attention.

Suddenly, in concert, the noon whistle boomed out their usual salute. Instantly, as if by magic, the quiet looking men without the red ribbons displayed revolvers and upon their coats, in plain view of all who cared to see, the eagle-surmounted shields of the Government sprang into sight. It seemed as if the earth had suddenly opened up and tossed them by the thousands into the streets.

They continued to mingle with the crowds, now charged with quivering excitement. What was going on? What did it mean? Who were these quiet, determined looking men? What signified the revolvers they carried? What could it mean? Hysterical women shrieked and frightened children cried lustily and nervous men ducked into buildings and everywhere there was an air of anxiety. But the men behind the shields set in straight lines, eyes keeping a cool, intense scrutiny all around—made no move except that they kept on walking up and down the crowded sidewalks.

From nowhere, it seemed, mounted policemen appeared by twos, gently keeping the crowds moving, their well-trained horses siding in where pressure of knees told them their masters wanted them to scatter the throngs. Yet there was nothing unusual beyond the excited atmosphere. But one by one and then whole bunches at a time the men and women who wore the ribbons of red surreptitiously began to remove the bits of cloth and either hide them or drop them carelessly to the ground. For in a flash they realized that somehow the thing for which they had schemed, and planned, and plotted, and waited was only a dream gone astray. The day which they had secretly toasted had come, but it was not their day.

In the big buildings which had been marked for destruction, the agents of the Reds, with dastardly bombs hidden under their coats had slipped into lobbies and were trying to light fuses when suddenly they discovered that about them was a ring of men, and in the hand of each was a loaded revolver and their muzzles pointed straight at the heads of the men who held the bombs. Resistance meant only suicide, and the Bolshevik, the I. W. W. and the anarchist, willing though he may be to decree death for others, has no great incentive to offer up his own life for "the cause." A Bolshevik, an anarchist, an I. W. W. dead has no opportunity to loot, to rob, to pillage, to destroy.

Promptly, as the hour struck, the anteroom of the mayor's office was filled with eighteen persons, twelve men and half that many women.

"A delegation to see the mayor," pompously announced the fat man, who led them. He rubbed his hands together and his beady eyes glittered. "The mayor has no visitors, it happens. You may go in," replied that official's secretary with suspicious alacrity. He held open the door and then stepped aside to let them pass. "The mayor, I believe?" the fat man addressed the sole occupant of the office, who stood behind a flat table, one hand, the right, behind his back. "And you?"

"We," the fat man waved his hand to include his followers, "are the Soviet, which will now take charge

of the municipal government. You have failed and you no longer are in power." If he had expected the mayor to display signs of emotion he was fooled.

"By what right do you take this action?" The man behind the desk put the question, calmly, dispassionately. From his manner one would have thought he asked only out of perfunctory curiosity.

"By the right of might," replied the fat man. "In six of your largest buildings bombs already have been set off. They are the guns which announce to the world that Bolshevism has triumphed in this great city, that the comrades of the red banner are in power. If you will step to your window you will see in the streets below men and women with the red ribbon of Bolshevism fastened to their clothing. You will see the red flag waving in the air, you will see the people acclaiming the dawn of a new day. We have taken the city and soon the whole city will know it. Our legions are everywhere, armed and ready to command, peacefully, if possible, but not scornful to use force, if force should be necessary. The newspapers are in our hands, our men hold the banks, the telegraph and telephone offices, every point of vantage and control. "You say I can know that these things are so by stepping to the window yonder and looking down into the streets?" asked the man behind the desk.

"Yes, look and be convinced that resistance is futile," replied the fat man.

"I do not need to look out yonder window to tell you what is going on." The man behind the desk had suddenly leaned forward and was looking the fat man squarely in the eyes. "I can picture it. Upon the coats of ten thousand men are gleaming the eagle and shield of the Government. In their hands are revolvers, ready for instant action. They hold orders to shoot to kill at the first sign of trouble, of an attempt to start a riot or a disturbance of any kind. There may be among your rabid crew a man or a woman with the nerve to draw one of the weapons hidden beneath their clothes. In the instant that that happens that man or that woman dies.

"In the buildings which you had marked for destruction no bombs have been set off. Those hirelings to whom you intrusted the task are by now in the corner of the city a loyal citizen of these United States is standing, weapon in hand, ready to shoot down like a dog the rest of your band that lifts a hand to do one thing against the law. The leaders to whom you intrusted your orders last night had no opportunity to carry them out. Even as they stepped out of the doors where these orders were given them they were taken in charge and placed where they could not carry out their fiendish instructions.

"Permit me to inform you, Fritz Von Kegel, that you and this Inner Council of yours are under arrest." From behind his back the big man whipped out his right hand and the ugly muzzle of a big revolver pointed straight at the head of the fat Bolshevik. With the other hand the man behind the weapon pulled back his coat and displayed a gold badge. "I am not the mayor," he added quietly. "I am chief of the local bureau of the Department of Justice."

The door of the mayor's office swung open, and through it strode a score of men. They seized the arms of the stunned Bolsheviks and half led, half carried them out. All but one of them, Stella Lathrop. During the tense moments which had just elapsed she had stood slightly apart from the others, stood where the little automatic in the pocket of her jacket had covered the members of the Inner Council. One move to attack Chief Milton and she would have fired through her coat, and a girl who learned to shoot in the mountains of the Cove does not miss at three paces.

Thus, without the shedding of one drop of blood, without even so much as a single effort to put into effect the campaign of violence which had been so carefully mapped, the power of the Bolsheviks had been broken. For the Bolsheviks and all of their ilk are yellow at heart. Given the ascendancy over a weaker opponent and the Bolshevik will kill and maim and run amuck. But let him look into the barrel of the weapon of a man who will stand no foolishness, let him know that he has but to raise his hand and a bullet will find his heart, and the blood within his veins will turn to water. For the Bolshevik is a bully and a coward. He prates loudly of what he will do, but down in his heart he knows that he lies. For might can never be Right and when might clashes with Right, it always is Right that wins.

(The End.)

Worked Out.

A woman no longer in the blush of her first youth, was trying to overcome the reluctance of her little nieces to retire to bed for the night.

"Being six years old," she said, "you should go to bed at six o'clock. When you are seven you can stay up till seven, and when you are eight you can stay up till eight."

The child did a quick mental arithmetic sum in her head, and then gazed up at the kindly face with its crown of grey hairs.

"Oh, auntie!" she inquired. "Don't you never go to bed at all?"

The Mauretania holds the world's record for crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

Five Dead Men.

First Soul
I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plow because the message ran:

Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.

I gave my life for freedom—this I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Second Soul
I saw a Tyrolean, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to fight.

Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.

I gave my life for freedom—this I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Third Soul
I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled

His felon blow at France and at the comrades of the red banner

Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know;

For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fourth Soul
I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main.
Until the Fatherland begrudged by foes

Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.

I gave my life for freedom—this I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fifth Soul
I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde,
There came a sudden word of war declared,

Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared.
Asking our aid; I joined the ranks and died.

I gave my life for freedom—this I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

His Wife's Share.

A doctor, whose practice is largely among the mill hands of his locality, tells an amusing story at the expense of an old Irishman.

Both he and his wife were taken with severe colds, which threatened to develop into influenza, and the doctor advised quinine and whiskey as an antidote.

"You must both take it," he said. "Take it every three hours—two grains of quinine and a little whiskey."

The next day he called again. The man was up and about, but his wife was in bed.

"Did you follow my instructions?" asked the doctor.

"To the letter," replied the husband. "How much quinine have you left?"

"Sure, I think she have taken 't' whole av'it," said the man.

"And didn't you take it too?" asked the doctor.

"Niver a bit," was the reply. "It kept me busy takin' 't' whiskey every toime she took the quinine, an' shure she's in bed an' O'im up!"

Enduring Peace.

Upton—"We were told that after the war we should have an enduring peace."

Upton—"Well, it has endured a lot, don't you think?"

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The Romance of Rubber

An English chemist named Priestley christened caoutchouc rubber because he found it would rub out pencil marks, a Scotchman discovered a method of making waterproof fabric from Priestley's rubber and named it for himself Mackintosh, and Charles Goodyear stumbled on the process which gave us the automobile tire. The discovery of rubber, or caoutchouc, is attributed to Columbus, who reported that he had found the natives of Haiti playing with balls that bounced. Priestley, the great English chemist, found, while experimenting with the substance, that it would erase lead pencil marks. For want of a better name he dubbed it rubber, and the name has stuck and is used almost exclusively in English-speaking countries.

The large balls or leaves of raw rubber imported to America are made not from the sap, as is ordinarily supposed, but from the milk of the rubber trees. The hydrocarbonous substance when it first comes from the trees reminds one of the juice that comes from the everyday milkweed.

The Para rubber, one of the best of the grades of raw rubber, which got its name from the port of Brazil from which so much of it is shipped, is obtained from trees that thrive in the hot damp forests of the Amazon. Many of the trees measure from eight to ten feet in girth and sixty feet in height. The leaves are three-lobed and the flowers small and inconspicuous.

Natives of Africa frequently covered their bodies with the latex and

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Another Lie Nailed.

A foreign devil—the pleasant Chinese name for all persons of another race—is a rare sight in the interior villages of China; in some he is still known only by hearsay. The European or the American traveler who first enters a remote village excites much the same interest as "the wild man of Borneo" excites in a country town here. In "Travel," Mr. William A. Anderson tells how the natives of a certain village in North China received him and incidentally how he was the means of dispelling a most injurious rumor about the Anglo-Saxon knee joint.

Seated upon an old millstone in a shaded corner of the yard, he said, I became the object of a good-natured inquisition by the curious farmers, who casually came to me in ones and twos until they felt it safe to be bold. Then an old man, wrinkled like the neck of a turtle and with eyes twinkling with humor and curiosity, darted forth on inquisitive hand and pinched me with his bony fingers. Instinctively I tightened my muscle, and he emitted a long and appreciative "Ah!" I was then politely requested to rise and sit down again. The request was made with such gentle earnestness that I complied.

"Ah!" said the old man again, nodding with satisfaction, "I thought it was a lie."

"What is the meaning of that?" I asked.

"I have always been told," he explained with a deprecatory air, "that foreigners had no joints in their knees. I see now that it must be a mistake, because you can bend yours."

My willingness to enlighten them made us all friends instantly, and they advanced upon me to examine my garments, remove my sun helmet to test its weight, try the leather of my shoes by stretching them, unbutton my coat to see if I wore an undershirt, ask the price of my clothes and enter into a violent altercation as to their advantage over native garments.

A Strange Bit of Natural History.

From a Nile station in the Sudan a British officer reports a remarkable bit of superstition or natural history, he does not pretend to say which. Being out on a hunting expedition with a party of Sudanese, he came upon the body of a giraffe that had been killed some thirty-six or forty-eight hours before, and, as the wounds showed, by a lion. Upon asking his servants why, if a lion had killed it, he had not eaten it, they smiled as if to say that he was evidently new to the Sudan and pointed out that the giraffe had fallen and still lay on its left side. They then explained that if, when a lion strikes his game, it falls on its right side he eats it, but if on its left side he leaves it untouched. Other Sudanese with whom he discussed the matter told him the same thing. The Englishman admits that the natives may have been "spoofing" him and the belief may be only a superstition; but he is inclined to think otherwise and to believe that the natives have hit upon a fact of natural history that white men had not discovered.

Claiming to be the largest "family" in the world, Dr. Barnardo's Homes hold 7,200 children.

There is no word for strawberry in classical Greek, that fruit being practically unknown to them.



About the House

A Huckleberry Lawn Social.

Almost every man likes huckleberry pie or, if he doesn't, steamed huckleberry pudding with lots of sauce. And every girl likes surprises! So, with this as a basis, you can understand the why and wherefore of the posters that a certain young people's club displayed on the telegraph poles and sign posts in the vicinity, as well as in the village post office and stores. Each poster bore the annexed nonsense jingle of childhood.

H-u huckle
B-u Buckle
C-u cuckle y
H-u Huckle
B-u Buckle
Huckleberry Pie!
Come to the Huckleberry Social!
Huckleberries there to eat!
Huckleberry Finn you'll meet!

At the bottom of the placard was a big splashy hand print of blue-black ink that looked as if Huck Finn or some other scamp had signed with huckleberry juice, "The huckleberry hand."

The affair was held on a lawn, lighted with bobbing blue paper lanterns and set with small tables. Each table was presided over by a pretty girl with a round blue paper cap and an apron to match worn over a white dress.

Each customer was asked if he or she would have huckleberry pie, pudding, or surprise.

The pie was the well-known juicy variety, the pudding was steamed fruit pudding with liquid sauce. But the surprise—it turned out to be ice cream with crushed huckleberries poured over it in sundae fashion.

Huckleberry Finn was much in evidence, ranging about from table to table, dragging a brown gunny sack along carelessly. Somehow the rumor spread that Huck had grabs in that gunny sack, and everybody was willing and anxious to invest ten cents. The grabs were well wrapped in bright squares of calico and gingham, presenting a most variegated appearance. The materials, of course, had been furnished from many a mother's scrapbag.

The Huckleberry Twins also per-egregiated among the tables. They were dressed similarly in blue calico and sunbonnet, and each carried a shining ten-quart pail filled with giant huckleberries, which were really quarter-pound portions of home-made candy tied up bag-fashion in blue tissue paper.

Simple Simon and the Pieman were another pair of characters who wandered about the grounds, the Pieman bearing a tray of little huckleberry saucer pies, and Simple Simon taking in the quarters for which they were sold.

A few amusing contests made up part of the diversions of the evening.

One, indulged in by boys only, was the huckleberry race. A number of boys stood in line, each with a bowl of huckleberries, and vied with each other as to which one's mouth could hold the largest number of huckleberries at once, each huckleberry being put in place singly.

That was followed by a pie-eating contest, the object being to see which chap would get his piece of juicy pie eaten first and most neatly.

A third jolly competition was on this order. A big pan of huckleberries was provided, as well as a dozen penny hatpins. The contestants gathered around the pan and tried spearing berries. The hatpin first filled to the hilt was the prize-winning one.

A jolly game played by some of the young people was on the order of Bird, Beast, or Fish—calling for mental agility.

All the players sat in a circle, and the one who was "It" pointed his finger quickly at someone, shouted either the word "Pie" or "Pudding," at the same time counting to ten. Before ten was reached the person singled out was expected to answer with the name of a kind of pie (that is, apple, peach, custard) or pudding (floating island, bread and butter, etc.) according to the demand specified.

The girls found the game easier than the boys, though the latter did fairly well on pies. If anyone failed to respond before the fatal "ten" was reached, that person was "It." No duplicate names were accepted.

A short and appropriate program was given during the evening, with the verarah as a stage.

Looking Your Best.

When the thermometer goes a-soaring, can you still look your best? Or does your face flush into an unbecoming red? Perhaps you are one of those unfortunate who tan and burn and freckle while your coiffure wilts into wet wisps. Let's see if we can't change some of that this summer.

When you are young it doesn't matter so much if you do get a severe case of sunburn or tan. Your supple skin adjusts itself easily. After your complexion has matured it becomes a more serious matter. You find the sunburn lasting long into the winter, and the tan doesn't look at all well

during the indoor season. For the older woman prevention is always better than cure. But it's such a nuisance to be always bothering with a hat, gloves, and a veil, especially for a short trip. Do you know that witch hazel, applied liberally just before you go out, prevents the sun from doing his worst? Don't forget to put some on your neck. Sunburn always seems to hurt worse there than in any other place, and it lasts longer, too.

But witch hazel won't keep the tan away. You'll have to resort to stronger measures against that. Some of these are special creams made of special ingredients. They are most effective for a long hot, dusty motor ride or a sunny day out of doors. But for less strenuous occasions try a simple coating of glycerine and rose water.

Of course, you never want to do unwashed when you know your skin needs it. But, really, it's the wisest thing to do after a long exposure to the weather. For about an hour let your skin stay uncleaned. Then, when it is cool and relaxed, you can get about getting all the dust out of it. A cleansing cream is excellent for this purpose. You may use soap and water if you wish, but cool milk is the very best of all. In fact, if you simply must clean up the very minute you come in, milk is the safest thing to use. Just put it on as you would water. Omit the soap, and let it dry on.

Cook in a Cool Kitchen.

These hot days let the kerosene stove and the fireless cooker take the place of the hot kitchen range. The hot dishes for dinner may be started in fifteen minutes on the oil stove, then put away in the fireless cooker until ready to serve. Cereals, vegetables, tough cuts of meat and casserole dishes are more palatable and wholesome if cooked for a long time.

The fireless cooker offers the advantages of enabling the housewife to serve a hot supper in a cool kitchen, serve a hot lunch to the men in the field, or on a long country trip, economy of her time, as well as economy of fuel. Besides this the cooker may be used as a bread sponge box to keep the sponge at the proper temperature, and as a refrigerator with a very small amount of ice.

A Rest from the Separator.

I'm sure that, in spite of the welcome cream cheese, all farmers' wives get tired of washing the separator. It is, perhaps, not nearly so disagreeable a task as many others that we have to do, but I, for one, enjoy a respite from this rather burdensome duty.

For some time we have been milking but one cow, and it didn't seem to pay to dirty the separator for so small an amount of milk, yet I never feel that by hand-skimming I save all the cream. Then I discovered a splendid scheme. I have a rest from washing the separator, and still I save almost all of the rich yellow cream.

We strain the milk, as usual, into the separator pan, then set in a cool place. The pan is covered with a clean towel, to allow the escape of animal heat and protect the milk from dust. By evening or morning, as the case may be, the cream is risen, and the skim milk may be easily drained off through the spout. It is very easy to turn off the spout at the right moment when the milk is all out, and there you have almost every bit of your cream.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Monument Marks Spot Where Zeppelin Fell.

The spot where the first Zeppelin was brought down in England (Cuffley Station, Hertfordshire), is now marked with a granite monument to the late Captain William Leeft Robinson, V.C., who was responsible for the destruction of the raider. The monument was unveiled on July 7.

The London Gazette, in announcing the award of the Victoria Cross to Captain Robinson, stated that "the attacked an enemy airship under circumstances of great difficulty and danger and sent it crashing to the ground as a flaming wreck. He had been in the air for more than two hours and had previously attacked another airship during his flight."

Shortly after this exploit Captain Robinson was captured in a flight over the German lines in France and held a prisoner in Germany until the end of the war. He died a few days after being repatriated.

"Don't marry," "There shall be light," "Thou shalt not hit thy father or mother," and "Don't swindle" were recently given among the Ten Commandments by a number of New York school children.

Used Autos

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