

By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Now as to the plans for Friday. Each of the eighteen members of the Council is supposed to pass the word on to certain leaders to have his gang posted downtown to start a riot promptly at noon. The blowing of the factory whistles is the signal. A dozen buildings are marked for dynamiting, one after another, in order to scare the people. Here is a list of them."

"She passed over a slip of paper. "I was made secretary of the meeting, so it wasn't very hard to get," she explained, then resumed her story. "All of us have orders to tell our people to stay away from the neighborhood when the time comes for the bombs to go off. You bet our precious brethren and sisters haven't any intention of risking their own necks, even if they don't care how many others are killed or hurt."

Graham shuddered. "How can you sit there and tell such horrible details so calmly?" he asked. "My very blood runs cold at the thought of what these devils are willing to do."

"Because that's as far as it's going," replied the girl. "I've sat around that table and planned murder and bombing and seeing places on fire so much lately that I'm quite hardened. But with all their plans known in advance, they won't be able to do a thing, will they, Ralph?"

"Oh," she realized her slip in calling Charlton by his first name.

"Er—er—no, they won't, Miss Lathrop," he replied as stiffly and formally as he could. Not even Graham had been taken into their confidence. But that clever young man was not overlooking anything. He jammed on the brakes with a suddenness that almost jolted them out of their seats. Very gravely he turned so as to face them, and he was removing the glove from his right hand.

"Children, you are holding out on me," he accused them. "Now, dad and I had it all fixed up that Miss Lathrop was coming to live at our house and that I was going to be her big brother, you know. Charlton, what the dickens are you so flustered about? And, Miss Lathrop, you are blushing furiously. Now, there's my hand right in front of you, Charlton. I dare you to refuse to take it and say that congratulations are not in order. Ah, I thought so. God bless you both and may you be happy forever and ever. But it's going to be a hard blow for dad at that."

So they had to tell him all about it before he would let Stella resume her story.

"At the same time that the buildings are dynamited a committee is to call on the mayor and demand that he turn the city government over to it or he will have to take the responsibility for what will follow, according to the way they have framed it up. That's about all. Oh, yes, I was about to forget the most important thing. Every one who is in on the play is to wear one of these things so that there will be no mistaking who is who." She produced a little rosette of red ribbon. "Here is the list of those I am to pass orders on to. Twenty of them, all the leaders of gangs of crooks. Some of them I know, some I don't. But they are all bought up to do as they are told. They'll start the ball rolling and every thug and thief and gunman in the city will follow suit, and by nightfall, Friday, the city will be a veritable hell unless we block them."

"Where are you to meet them to pass on these orders?" asked Charlton quickly. "We've got to move fast. I think the chief has thousands of men where he can mobilize them on an

hour's notice, but I want to get this information to him at once. Graham, start the car and drive to where Stella is to quit us. Then we'll start for the city at once."

"I'm to meet them one at a time in the back room of 'Silver Danny's' saloon," she explained, as the car gathered momentum. "I'll be there Thursday night at 8 o'clock. Then every ten minutes a man will come into the place, walk through the barroom to the back room, get his orders and leave by the back way."

"And we'll have the men outside to nail them just as fast as they come out," promised Charlton. "Now, quick, do you know where the other members of the Council are to meet the persons on their lists?"

"No. But you know who all the others are and where they live. Can't some one trail them Thursday night to the place and then arrange to arrest those to whom the orders have been given?"

"Yes, that's a good plan. Here is where you get out, Stella. Graham, I think you ought to look at your back tires and see if they are all right. With a grin the other got out and walked around behind the car. Quickly Charlton's arms went around the girl and their lips met."

"Good-bye, dear," she said. "You'll be careful, won't you? I won't see you again until this is all over unless something very important comes up. But Friday night, if all goes well, come to the hotel for me, and I'll be leaving it forever."

"Please God, I'll be there," he replied huskily. "And you, darling, keep a stiff upper lip for a day or two longer and don't lose your nerve. You have done great work so far, girl of mine. And don't be alarmed when you meet these men Thursday night. Pass on the word to them just as the Inner Council has directed. The orders will never be carried out. And now, good-bye."

He helped her out of the car, and hats in hand, both men stood watching her for a moment as she walked up the road. Then she turned, waved a hand at them, and was gone around a bend.

"Now, Graham," said Charlton, and they leaped into the car. "Turn around and drive for the city. Drive, man, as if all the imps of hell were after you. Every minute is precious. We have but three days left in which to balk the most desperate thing which has struck at our country since Germany embroiled the world in war."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Government Acts.

Thursday night. A gentle rain was falling. In "Silver Danny's" saloon the usual motley crowd was assembled. Those who were drinking lined the bar, two deep. Those who were merely willing the time away sat at some of the tables playing plich, or seven-up, or pinoche, just as they usually sat and played six nights a week. There was nothing in the air to indicate that this was one of twenty places in the city where plotters had chosen to dispense instructions which within a few hours would turn a great American city into a shambles.

In the very back room where "The Gray Wolf" had hired "Big Louie" Vogel to kidnap Judge Graham and thus had started the train of events which led to the death of both of them and the nullifying of plans which Lebrune had spent months in perfecting, sat Stella Lathrop. A little pale of face, perhaps; a little fearful of a slip that might permit the monster to carry out its plans after all, but comforted in the knowledge that almost at her elbow, separated from her by only a wall, stood the mighty arm of the Government as represented by half a dozen operatives of the Department of Justice.

Charlton had hoped that he would be assigned to this place that he might be near the woman he loved, but Chief Milton had decreed that he should do more important work.

Into "Silver Danny's" strolled Leary, "the Rat," leader of as desperate a band of cutthroats as ever kepted upon a community. Well dressed, debonaire, easy speaking, no one would have suspected that this gentlemanly looking chap would kill as easily as he would toss off a drink. He nodded to one or two acquaintances, swelled visibly at the awed looks of others and strolled across the floor to the room in back.

Five minutes later, with a type-written sheet of instructions in his pocket—evidence that was to send him to Federal prison for a long term, had he but known it—he bowed punctiliously to Stella, opened the door into the alley and stepped into the arms of the waiting Government officers. Handcuffs upon his wrists, a gag in his mouth, he was hustled down the alley to a waiting closed car which whirled him away to a place of safe-keeping. It was not the usual police station, but a grim, forbidding looking structure of stone that once had been a hospital for the insane.

The very grounds in which the building stood were literally encircled by troops, infantrymen armed with loaded rifles, machine gunners placed so as to command every avenue of approach, yet all of them so hidden that a spooning couple, strolling past on the sidewalk, did not notice anything unusual.

Leary, "the Rat," unceremoniously bundled out of the car, booked at a desk just inside the building, found himself thrust into a room where others of his like were also held. Here other soldiers, rifles and bayonets ready for action, stood on guard.

"No talking, no yelling, nothing but silence out of you," crisply spoke up

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 requisite 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.

the sergeant who turned the key in the door and admitted Leary. "One crack of any kind and it's either a bayonet between your ribs or a bullet through your heart. The men have orders."

And Leary, looking into the stern faces of these men in khaki, shrugged his shoulders, picked out a corner of the walls and sat down. He knew what all this portended and he knew that the game was up.

And what happened to Leary happened to nineteen others who entered "Silver Danny's" by the front door and emerged by the rear. Some of them were taken so by surprise that they were prisoners and on their way in the closed car which always was waiting near the mouth of the alley before they realized just what had happened.

What happened at "Silver Danny's" happened at other places in the city at the same time. And so quietly was it all done that not one breath of what was happening leaked out into the underworld or reached the ears of the human wolves who had gathered inwardly over the smooth manner in which they had schemed and how the entire world would know within forty-eight hours that a big American city had at last been placed under the red banner of anarchy and Bolshevism.

For when Charlton had told Stella that Chief Milton had at his command thousands of men, tested and found of pure gold, he knew whereof he spoke.

With the end of the war the American Protective League, the volunteer organization which had proved of invaluable help to the Department of Justice during those trying days of 1917 and 1918, had disbanded as an organization and its members had returned to their usual lives, their duty well done.

But their inspectors, their captains, their lieutenants had learned the names and addresses and telephone numbers of all their men. It had required but one request from Chief Milton to the former chief of this great organization to have all its machinery in motion immediately. The chief had notified the inspectors, the inspectors had notified the captains and they, in turn, had passed the word to the place of gathering through the lieutenants and all over the city the members of the League began holding themselves in readiness for whatever might come.

It was these men who had so quietly and so expeditiously taken into custody the men upon whom the Bolsheviks depended for the execution of their nefarious plans. And, their work completed, they had melted away, singly and in pairs, and sought their homes for a few hours of rest before the morrow should bring to them other and even greater duties to perform.

Meanwhile the members of the Inner Council, wholly unaware of the fact that their most secret plans had been made an open book to the Government, were gathering in their meeting place in the cellar of the radical book store, waiting to report to the fat president that his orders had been obeyed, that the word had gone forth to the anarchists, the I.W.W., the radical Socialists, the denizens of the underworld that on the morrow, shortly at noon, their hour would strike and they would be turned loose upon a defenseless and unprepared city to wreak their will.

"It's good, very good," exclaimed the fat man as he checked off the names of each of them as he or she came forward and reported. He rubbed his pudgy hands together and licked his chops in anticipation, while the rolls of fat under his chin quivered with suppressed excitement. "To-morrow we will strike. To-morrow it is the day. 'Der tag,' we call it in the language of my country. 'Der tag' it was to have been with Germany. But Germany failed. We shall not fail! The whole world shall be ours to-morrow and where we lead others will follow, and we shall come into our own."

He hoisted himself out of his chair, his heels clicked together and he saluted stiffly in the manner of those who salute in the German army. Stella, watching him narrowly, could almost picture him in the uniform of the Prussian army.

"It is best that we go home and rest," he concluded. "To-morrow we meet again, just within the doors of the city hall, at 11.45. In a body we shall proceed to the office of the mayor and demand that he turn over to us the reins of government. He will hear the roar of big buildings crashing to the ground, he will hear the bullets of our men whistling through the air and he will not dare to refuse."

He bowed all around and left the room. At intervals they followed him and none of them sensed the fact that as they proceeded to their homes they would not abandon them until the knell of their cause had been sounded. All but Stella. For she left the book store last, happy in the knowledge that this was her last night of anxiety and worry, that the sun of to-morrow would rise for her upon the brightest day of her life.

(To be continued.)

Not Fit for Company.

Jane—"Please, ma'am, I've broken something."

Mistress—"Well, Jane, what is it?"

Jane (crying)—"I'm very sorry. I couldn't help it."

Mistress—"Don't be silly, Jane; tell me what it is."

Jane—"Oh, ma'am, the cucumber was crooked, and seeing you had company I tried to bend it straight."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

About the HOUSE

Advice for Warm Weather.

Don't forget that mother's milk is the best milk for babies.

Don't give the baby anything but the best in food and drink, graduated in amount according to age.

Don't clothe or cover the baby too heavily.

The baby should sleep alone.

Don't fail to give the baby a tub bath daily and several spongings in addition.

Don't allow flies, mosquitoes or bugs to bite the baby.

Don't give the baby medicine except on advice of a physician.

If the baby is sick send for your doctor.

Don't forget that the baby gets thirsty. Give him a little water several times a day.

Don't wear heavy clothing yourself. Bathe frequently and change your clothes as often as possible.

Make water your beverage.

Don't overwork, overeat or over-drink.

Don't allow flies or other insects in the house around your food.

Keep the baby's food in the icebox and covered.

Don't fail to clean thoroughly and frequently all articles used in feeding the baby.

Don't doctor yourself—if ill consult a physician.

Pin Money Methods.

When a city girl feels the need of money—her own money, to pay for the things girls imagine they must have these days—she goes to work in an office, a store, or a factory, according to her education and opportunity. In the country a girl, with much the same longings for nice things and "good times," looks to the poultry yard, the milk house, or the garden for her spending money. If her parents are the right kind, if they are intelligent enough to help her and encourage her in her work, she will soon establish herself as a semi-dependent member of the family. If, as often happens, the parents are not disposed to have such goings-on, and there is no home demonstration agent, no girls' club, no extension work of any kind in the community, the country girl goes to the city and the farming regions have lost one more potential home and family.

Many girls have made, as well as saved, money, by baking, dress-making and millinery work. Home-baked bread is always in demand if it is good and in several cases girls have worked up a good trade supplying bread to town people.

Popcorn culture and canned goods have helped one girl to get started in college, and she has gone back to the farm this summer to rely on these two things again. In addition she will have a pickle patch to help the finances out.

In another district a girls' canning club started a contest to determine which of the members could produce the most tomatoes at the least expense, and with the lowest percentage of waste. One girl grew 3,140 pounds of tomatoes on one-tenth of an acre at a cost of \$31.40 and net returns of \$109. With the same expense her sister grew 3,020 pounds and had a net return of \$107.89. A third girl grew 2,803 pounds, costing \$27.42, with a net return of \$76.66 and a fourth had 3,070 pounds costing \$29.91 with net returns of \$68.

Wanted—Experience.

In the course of seventeen months Rena Stone had held fourteen different positions. They were good positions, too. Rena was triumphant.

"You're all moss-grown round here," she declared, paying a flying visit to the crowd in Arnold & Yetman's. "Look at you, plodding on at the same old work month in and month out. I don't see how you stand it. Why, I've been in an automobile office, sold stock for an ice company, had a look-in at the real-estate business, received the patients of the famous Dr. Roscoe and been at the complaints desk in Morris & Phelps', to say nothing of other kinds of offices. I'm living. One of these days I'll decide what I like best, and then I'll settle down and make a run for the top. But now I'm after experience!"

"Experience and experiences are not always the same thing, Rena," Marcia Stevens reminded her.

"Indeed they are not," Rena retorted. "It's like the difference between being the native of a two-penny town and being a citizen of the world."

"You forget a proverb about Jack-of-all-trades."

"You make me tired," Rena retorted good-naturedly. She could afford to be good-natured, for she had just obtained a position the pay of which exceeded by five hundred dollars a year the pay of any girl in Arnold & Yetman's. "You're afraid to leave your little dooryards. Good-bye. Come and see me sometime; my address is The World."

There were times in the next year or two when some of the girls wondered wistfully whether Rena were not right. It must be wonderful to have so many experiences and meet so many different kinds of people. Then something happened. Mr. Harrow of Harrow & Daily wanted a private

stenographer. The salary was unusual, and the applicants were numerous. Among them was Rena.

Rena met Mr. Harrow confidently; she knew that her "approach" and appearance were exceptional. She smiled to herself when she saw among the applicants several of the girls whom she had known. She was sure that they had no chance at all.

And for a moment it seemed so; she clearly made a good impression. But Mr. Harrow was shrewd; before Rena realized it he had learned more of her varied career than she had ever told any other employer. In five minutes he shook his head. "I am sorry, Miss Stone, but I think you misunderstood our need. What we are looking for is a capable young woman who has had experience, not experiences. I feel that your career, although doubtless interesting, could hardly have equipped you with those qualities of faithfulness, loyalty and thoroughness which are fundamental to any real and lasting success."

Stunned and bewildered, Rena left the office. She did not realize that Mr. Harrow and Marcia Stevens had said the same thing.

The Islander.

By Grace Agnes Timmerman

Pagan, untamable, no hand could rule,
No love could win him. In the mission school
No other lad so savage, so perverse,
Perplexed the Bishop, while from bad to worse
His heathen madness grew; he turned
at length
Upon the Bishop, striking with full strength
The kindly face! The Bishop turned
away
In hopeless grief that had no word to say.
Still patiently the teachers did their part
As time went by to change that stubborn heart
With wise endeavor; every day grew less
Their fading vision of a late success,
Ten vanished, and the boy was sent
away;
And oh, how bitter their defeat that day!

Years came and went; slow miracles
of grace
Brought strange new beauty to the lightened face
Of many a convert, many a heathen child
From savagery redeemed. The Bishop smiled
Upon the nine-and-ninety; none the less
He prayed for one sheep in the wilderness.
(The youth, to vile barbaric life returned,
At times recalled some truth that he had learned.)
The river of the years had borne away
A generation, and the Bishop, gray
And worn, had entered into rest with one

Whose missionary work was but begun
In that far island of the southern sea
Where once the boy had dwelt was
urgently
Entreated by a messenger to go
To one whom wasting illness had brought low
And near to death. The pastor with due haste
Accompanied the man as he retraced
His journey, finding in the man they sought
A native who at some time had been taught
Our speech and our religion. He had turned
To seek at last a boon he once had spurned
And pleaded for baptism! It was best,
The pastor thought, to grant him his request,
And that without delay; so after prayer
And earnest converse suited to prepare
The eager convert, whose repentant soul
Now led him freely to disclose the whole

Of his dark life, he questioned, "By what name
Will you be called?" Humility and shame
Spoke in the voice, and grateful passion shone
In earnest eyes that answered to his own.
"Give me the name John Selwyn! It was he
Who when I struck him showed the Christ to me!"

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Good Fruit.

Healey spent all his time talking about his health. He was always ill, and usually when anyone went to see him he was in bed with a headache, or rheumatism, or something else.

One day Healey was tottering miserably down the road, when he fell in with a burly friend of his named Jenkins.

"Jenkins," he cried, "I'd give anything to be strong and healthy like you. What do you live on?"

"I live on fruit," answered Jenkins.

"Fruit, eh?" said Healey eagerly. "That sounds good. I'll have to try it. What kind of fruit, Jenkins?"

"The fruit of labor," Jenkins replied significantly.

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The End of the World Problem Puzzles Professors.

Mme. Curie, the discoverer of radium, believes that the earth, instead of cooling, is steadily getting hotter as the result of its store of radio-active substances, and a French colleague has calculated that if the mass of the earth contains two parts of radium in every billion, this would increase the temperature of the interior by 1,800 degrees centigrade in a hundred years.

Very little of this heat can escape through the earth's solid crust, so one day or other there will be an explosion—radium will blow the earth up. This is a new addition to the long list of ways in which the end of the world will arrive.

The most popular theory seems to be that a comet will bump into us and send us to destruction. As a matter of fact, although some comets occupy more space than the sun, and possess tails which stream for millions of miles behind them, they are exceedingly light in composition. A collision with a comet, even if it occurred, would not be attended with fatal results.

On the other hand, Professor Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, prophesies that the end of the world will come about 200,000 years hence, by reason of the disappearance from the atmosphere of the last traces of carbonic acid gas, which, though forming only 0.020 per cent. of the atmosphere, plays an important part in the operations of Nature, and provides the whole of the vegetable world with carbon, its essential food.

If, however, M. Martel, the well-known French scientist, is right, we need not worry about the nature of the atmosphere 200,000 years from now, for his investigations into the erosion and corrosion of the earth's surface have led him to predict the end of the human race in a few generations.

"The water level of the earth," M. Martel tells us, "is being lowered continually, and unless we can discover how to prevent this the human race will perish from lack of water in a few centuries."

In direct contradiction is the prophecy of Sir Archibald Geikie. "Decay of the land is going on at such a rate," he said a few years ago, "that a comparatively short period will suffice to reduce most of the dry land to the level of the sea, and bring about a second deluge."

Those who believe that the earth is flat have a theory equally fantastic. They declare that the portion of the world which we occupy is bounded by great icefields, which form a barrier between us and vast oceans. The ice barrier is being pressed continually by these oceans, and our end will occur when the encroaching waters burst through and flood the land to its highest peaks.

Another idea is that the sun is a bright light towards which the earth-moth flits to its doom. As we circle round and round it, we are supposed to be decreasing the distance between the two bodies, till eventually we shall be so close that there will be no resisting the sun's attraction. Then it will swallow us up.

Rainbow Revelations.

An arched rainbow is a pretty sight, but it may be assumed that few of us are learned in rainbow lore. Here, then, are some interesting rainbow revelations.

To produce a rainbow there must be falling rain, bright sun, and dark clouds—the latter always opposite the sun. The sun's rays are then divided into colors by the raindrops, which act in exactly the same way as a prism, or triangular piece of glass.

The continued span of a rainbow is caused by billions of raindrops splitting the sun's rays into colors, and making a band or series of them.

A double rainbow is not, as some think, the shadow or reflection of the first. Each rainbow is distinct. In one we see the sun-rays entering the raindrops at the top, and reflecting the colors to the eye from the bottom. In the second rainbow the sun's rays enter the drops at the bottom, and reflect the colors from the top.

And who has noticed that the colors of the second bow are, when compared with the first or primary bow, all reversed? The cause of this is the same as that which makes the colors of the secondary bow weaker. To get the latter there has been two reflections—one more of the last than is the case with a primary bow. The colors are, therefore, weakened.

An evening rainbow in the east is a sign of fine weather. The rain-clouds which generally come to us on west and south-west winds, are passing away.

It is well enough to die happy, but it is far better to live that way.

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