

THE STRANGER

By JOHN GOODWIN

Slaney, sinking back from his post of vantage behind the ivy of the window, hurried round the wing of the house, and made for the hall. His eyes were shining with the light of triumph. He made for the book in the hall, and swiftly copied Joan's name and address on an envelope. Then, hurrying to the garage, he wheeled out a bicycle and pedaled rapidly down the long drive through the park.

Slaney reached the high road, wheeled to the left, and after five minutes' hard riding, came within a few of the hamlet of High Cleaves, rounding a corner somewhat recklessly, he nearly ran down a tall, shabby individual tramping along the dusty road. Slaney swerved, and, without apology, rode straight on. The shabby man halted abruptly, and stared after the cyclist. He stared with extraordinary intensity, making no protest, but following the rider with his eyes. Slaney, quite unconscious of any such scrutiny, covered the remaining quarter mile and leaned his bicycle against the post-office, which was the first outlying house of the hamlet. He entered, and took a telegram form. A little out of breath, Slaney spent some appreciable time and thought in concocting the message, which he handed to the girl operator. She looked at it with surprise.

"What do you call this?" she asked. "It's all right, miss. Send it just as it is," he said, and, paying the fee demanded, went out. He cycled back to Knyath, but saw nothing of the man he had passed on the way out, and who doubtless was already through the village. Slaney took no interest in him. His own heart was bursting with joy of a great achievement.

"The best day's work ever done for Calahan," said Slaney, with an evil chuckle. "I win over this!"

It was ten minutes later when the tall stranger emerged from under the hedge and again tramped along the dusty road at the same unvarying pace. Though elderly, with a fringe of gray hair over his temples, he held himself erect with a soldierly carriage. Despite a shabby attire, he had the look of one accustomed to command. His features were distinguished by a keen, slightly cruel; a gray, pointed beard grew on his chin. His eyes were of a faded blue, looking straight ahead of him with a sullen, brooding stare.

He turned into the postoffice, and in a pleasant voice asked the girl for two penny stamps. "Not much business to trouble you here?" he said, smiling as he took them.

"Very little indeed, sir," she said, adding the "sir" unconsciously in spite of his seamy clothes. "Though I've had a job just now," she added, "that's certainly not a puzzle to me." The girl checked herself as if remembering her official position. "Anything else you want?"

"I should like," with a glance round the place that took in every detail, "a packet of Union Jack tobacco. I think I see some on the top shelf there."

The girl had to get a chair in order to reach it. As she pulled the chair toward her, she saw the stranger, who had been standing behind her, slip his long brown hand under the wire postoffice screen and abstracted a cigarette from the top of the pile. It was out of sight in his pocket long before the girl descended. He paid her for the tobacco, thanked her politely and went out.

A little way out of the hamlet the stranger seated himself against a fence, and smoothed out the telegram form. It certainly had a peculiarly for a village postoffice.

"Missed, London."

"Slip Liko 7 Buzz xia Mivkwoi qe Mfo Wimmkeg Foxcoke."

The stranger's brows contracted, but a grim smile twisted his mouth. Using a stub of pencil, he scribbled slowly, and with evidently an effort of memory, to jot down fresh letters underneath the apparently meaningless forms given above.

Toward the end of the task the palor of his face lightened; a deadly, threatening light crept into his eyes, and his teeth shined together with a sharp click.

This was the message hidden in the cipher.

"Missed, London."

"JOAN AYRE 7 MIRR ROAD LAMBERTH IS THE TALLBOIS HEIRRESS."

In the Name of Chitty.

Joan, standing beside the goblet, answered Mr. Deane's agitated question and searching stare with a look of wonder.

"What am I?" she echoed. Joan indicated her plain blue frock with a slight smile. "I am what you see. A working girl—a typist in the city."

"You are English?" asked Deane, still gazing at her.

"I was born in America—the Southern States," said Joan, a little puzzled by his queries.

"And your name?" persisted Mr. Deane.

"Joan Ayre."

The steward of Knyath allowed his eyes to travel over the cotton dress, and the neat, high shoes. He gave the faintest shrug, and his face resumed his normal serenity.

"Well, young lady," he said, smiling, "I shall have to hush this up. Mr. Deane looked half amused and half vexed. "It is distinctly the property of Knyath goblet. I am glad I showed you goblet instead of the footman."

"I will say nothing about it if you prefer me not to," laughed Joan. "He was such a nice old man, and had been extremely kind to her. "I can keep a secret."

Nerves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hickling, Madoc, Ont., writes:—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends; they are a wonderful medicine."

(Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hickling your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 Cents a Box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

ing a head of short, grizzled hair.

"Could you," he said, in a gentle, rather strained voice, "could you spare a trifle, even the smallest sum, for a man who has walked far and is—very down on his luck?"

His voice hesitated and seemed to tremble a little. Joan guessed that he was not used to begging. She took out her worn little purse. It contained one note, a half-crown and a penny. She could not offer him the penny, but the half-crown was a serious matter to Joan. She took it out, none the less.

"No, no," said the man hastily, raising his hand in protest. "Neither of us, surely, is rich—I must not deprive you of so much. Give me any little coin—no matter how trifling."

A prickly tingling, a tremendous largeness of his dole, was, to Joan, a novelty. Yet somehow, she did not feel any surprise. She discovered an untroubled serenity in the lining of the purse and gave him the half-crown. He accepted it with a grave bow and a murmur of gratitude.

"A pretty trifle, I hope," said Joan, smiling at him.

"Lucky may it be, for both of us," he replied.

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THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Price invariably reflects the demand for any commodity, compared with the supply of that commodity available. This has been the case with regard to the recent increase in the price of tea. The world is faced this year not only with a tremendous crop shortage of over 80,000,000 lbs., but also with a much increased tea consumption, especially in Great Britain, where more tea is used annually than in any other country. The effect of this condition was felt when the largest tea firm in Canada, The Salada Tea Company, was forced to increase the price of all their blends in order to maintain their standard of quality.—Advt.

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portant position. The Giants played against Eddie in several world's championship games in which he was defeated. I have been a staunch admirer of that young man's ability ever since. I saw him make his first play and as a pivot man on a double play I don't remember ever having seen his equal. As an all-around man he is superb. Not only does he play the game, but he thinks it. Rare are the occasions when Collins does not anticipate the play. To cross him is almost impossible. And he is just as forceful on the offensive as the defensive. His mental attitude is an inspiration to his fellow players.

In the selection of a shortstop there is no going behind the returns. I doubt if there is a baseball man in the United States who would not select Hans Wagner for shortstop for any team, no matter how great, without a moment's hesitation. I have never heard of anybody pointing to a man as the possible peer of Wagner. He stands out above all. In these memoirs I have already devoted a chapter to show that I think Hans Wagner the greatest ball player that ever lived, regardless of position.

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Wagner had a faculty of hitting bad balls as well as good ones. He would make up his mind to hit, and he would, regardless of what the pitcher gave him. He always stood in the far corner of the box and would run into the ball, swinging with a deadly accuracy. On the defensive, Wagner could throw from any position, and he had a pair of hands that never failed him. It was a common saying among players that

Wagner never made a wild peg in his life.

Hans Wagner will go down in baseball history as the greatest of all time. I believe that he could have played several more years than he did.

There have been many great third basemen, and I have had several on my teams, but in my mind there is no question that the honor of the All-America third baseman of all time should go to Jimmy Collins. Incidentally, Jimmy Collins and Eddie Collins are not related.

I select Jimmy for his general excellence as a fielder, a hitter and a man. He was a great fellow on and off the field and a credit to baseball. Jimmy Collins was particularly adept at going for bunts. The art of bunting had just come into being when Collins began playing third base and he was one of the first to solve this style of play. I remember very well a game in which we had the opposing third baseman standing on his head trying to handle these tantalizing little bunts. Collins was playing the outfield. He was called in. In a few innings, it seemed, he had completely blocked our efforts.

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Duffy first played center field for the Boston. After they won the championship in 1897 and 1898, though, he was shifted to left field and played there to the end of his career. Duffy is one of the few men to hit as high as .400. He also was a great base runner and had team spirit.

Ty Cobb is outstanding as a center fielder, a base runner and a batter. There is little use in me going into details about him. Everybody has seen Ty Cobb and knows his ability. The mere fact that he led the American League so many years in succession, and is still a premier with the bat is sufficient. His aggressiveness is even a greater factor. There have been many ball players who could play the outfield as well as Cobb, but none of them had his combination of speed, aggressiveness and quick thinking.

I doubt if anybody will dispute Ty Cobb's claim to the honor as the All-American center fielder of all time.

For many years I have selected Willie Keeler for right field. Poor Willie died on New Year's Day, 1923, after a long illness—heart trouble. When he passed out the greatest lights that ever shone in baseball were dimmed. I played on the same team with Keeler, the Orioles, and I knew him like a book, knew his ability in every department of the game.

At bat Keeler and myself were a team that helped to win many a pennant. I led off and he followed. If I may be permitted to say so, Keeler and I practically revolutionized the style of hitting to advance the runner, a form of attack that had never been given much attention up to 1894. In previous chapters I have discussed Keeler at length, giving many instances of his greatness. Space will not permit repetition here.

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By Thornton W. Burgess.

Senseless rage will nothing gain, but leave behind it needless pain.

—Old Mother Nature.

Rage always is foolish. Yes, sir, rage always is foolish. It is foolish because it is without sense. It is ungoverned. Always it has been so, and always it will be so. Just take the case of Sammy Jay.

As soon as Sammy Jay discovered that someone had been taking the peanuts he had hidden away he was sure that it was either Happy Jack Squirrel or Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and straightaway Sammy flew into a terrible rage.

"I'll drive them out of the Old Orchard!" he declared. "That's what I'll do! I'll drive them out of the Old Orchard!"

So Sammy started to look for Happy Jack and Chatterer. It didn't take him long to find them, for both were in the Old Orchard. The instant Sammy spied Happy Jack he flew right at him, screaming at the top of his lungs. "Thief! Thief! Thief!" screamed Sammy. "Thief! Thief! Thief!" he yelled at Happy Jack as he rushed to pick up the nuts he had hidden away.

Happy Jack dodged around the trunk of a tree.

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There is one, and don't blame people until you know whether or not they are guilty. All the time Happy Jack was dodging around the trunk of a tree, and Sammy Jay was darting at him and trying to strike him with his sharp bill.

Suddenly Sammy caught sight of Chatterer the Red Squirrel in another tree a short distance away. It was a tree in which Sammy had hidden a peanut. Sammy forgot Happy Jack. He flew straight over to that other tree. Just as he reached it the piece of peanut shell dropped from Chatterer's paws. Sammy saw it, and he became so great that for a moment he couldn't find his voice. When he did find it he screamed as if he would split his throat. He called at Chatterer just as he had done at Happy Jack.

Chatterer can move quickly. He hadn't the least trouble in keeping out of Sammy Jay's way. In fact he enjoyed dodging around that tree trunk. And as he dodged, he in his turn called Sammy Jay's name. You know Chatterer delights to see other people angry, and especially does he delight in seeing Sammy Jay angry.

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The next story: "Were Happy Jack and Chatterer Dishonest?"

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MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

By JOHN J. MCGRAW.

Analyzing the Players on McGraw's All-America Team of All Time—Infielders and Outfielders Who Contributed Innovations to the Sport.

(Released exclusively through the North American Newspaper Alliance.)

ARTICLE 41.

I doubt if anybody will dispute my selection of Eddie Collins as the greatest second baseman of all time and, therefore, entitled to a place on the All-America team of all time. At any rate, there is no doubt in my mind about it. In picking him I have been fully mindful of the greatness of such men as Napoleon Lajoie. It's pretty hard to select any team and leave Lajoie off. Still, Eddie Collins, in my opinion, is entitled to the honor.

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Contains No Narcotics.

When your child is restless, peevish, sleepless, or when convulsions threaten, it indicates the ravages of worms and that the little sufferer's strength is being sapped and undermined. Miller's Worm Powders get promptly at the root of the trouble and restore the digestive organs to a healthy condition. Sold by all druggists.

MURINE Night and Morning.