



THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Jimmie Hallett, a young American is wandering in a London fog, when a girl running by suddenly thrusts a bundle of papers into his hand and, bidding him run, dashes off; a moment later a man rushes by in pursuit. The bundle proves to contain a number of canceled checks, drawn by one J. E. Greye-Stratton. Hallett goes to the address given, where he is received by a man who says he is a doctor, but who, as soon as Jimmie enters knocks him senseless. When Hallett awakes, he finds himself alone with the body of a murdered man. Though weak, he gets to the phone and calls up Weir Menzies, chief detective-inspector of Scotland Yard, to whom he has an unprinted letter of introduction. Menzies finds that the dead man is Greye-Stratton himself, and that the bundle of checks has been stolen from Jimmie. He learns also that Greye-Stratton has a daughter who has lived always abroad, and a stepson, James Errol, a man of shady reputation, on whom suspicion falls. The next day, while at his office, the daughter, Peggy Greye-Stratton, calls on Menzies, but can or will give little information. Hallett, called in, recognizes her at once. Leave me alone instantly or I will call the police.

"That's all right," observed one of his captors quietly. "We are police officers ourselves. Jump in, Alf. I've got him. Now then. . . . All right driver. Scotland Yard."

It was as though they were handling a bale of goods so neatly and impersonally was the whole thing effected. Cincinnati Red had been for once taken off his guard. He was more staggered than his manner showed.

"That the police should know of his presence in London was not astonishing. It was to be expected. That they should know exactly where to lay hands on him was a different thing. He thought he had covered his tracks effectually—that no one could guess that Willfred S. Whiffen, who lived unostentatiously and well at Palace Avenue was Cincinnati Red, whose record occupied a prominent place in the police registers of half-a-dozen countries.

What puzzled him still more was the mere fact that even knowing him the police should trouble to arrest him. Since his arrival in England there was nothing they could hold against him as far as he knew. He was as dead certain as he cared to be about anything that none of his victims had invoked the aid of the law.

"The only reasonable supposition was that this was a sort of bluff that was intended to frighten him out of the country. He really believed that such things happened. He resolved to sit tight.

"If you people really are police of fideles," he declared, "this foolishness will cost you your positions. I may tell you I am well known in the best circles here and in New York."

His captors remained unimpressed. Cincinnati Red had been "rubbed down" before, and he recognized the touch of efficient hands. One of the officers thrust a hand into his breast pocket and produced the derringer. "Handy little thing, Alf," he said. "Will you answer me, my man?" said Cincinnati, accentuating every word slowly. "Am I under arrest, and if so what for? I insist on being told. You that hear me of this? He was annoyed in reality, and a vague alarm was growing in his breast. "You keep quiet, old lad," said one of his captors, with more familiarity than was consistent with the status of Willfred S. Whiffen, whatever it might be with Cincinnati Red. "You'll learn all about it soon enough. Nobody's going to hurt you."

"That isn't the point. I insist upon knowing what all this is about. I have an appointment with Lord Windermere and—"

"He will talk," interrupted one of the officers wearily. "Say, sonny, suppose you give it a rest for five minutes. Lord Windermere will have

Publicity does not appeal to him. And for any other than legal contingencies Cincinnati Red was prepared. It caused a bulge in the breast pocket of his otherwise well-fitting dress coat, but that could scarcely be avoided. There are few smaller reliable pistols than the pattern he carried.

So it was with thoughts far removed from the sordid commonplace of crime that he pressed the bell with a white forefinger and summoned his man to help him on with his overcoat. He made his way with dignity down into the street, and stopped for a moment on the curb to light his cigarette.

A couple of men sauntered toward him. The taller of the two halted as they came opposite. "Isn't your name Tompkins?" he asked.

Cincinnati finished lighting his cigarette, dropped the match and ground the light out under his heel before replying. "No, my man," he drawled, "you've made a mistake. My name is Whiffen."

He calmly ignored his questioner and held up a slim cane in his left hand for a taxi-cab. Someone gripped his right wrist, and he wheeled in wrathful surprise. As he did so his other hand was caught. He made no resistance. His attitude was one of dignified and lofty indignation. "What is the meaning of this? Leave me alone instantly or I will call the police."

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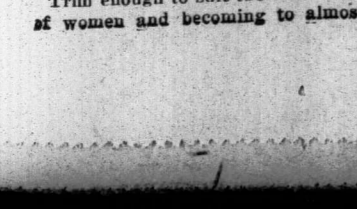
LADIES' WAIST. By Anabel Worthington.

type of figure—from the very slender to the very large—No. 8304 is as plain and practical a waist as any one could desire. The large pointed collar is the most interesting part of the whole waist, for it looks not unlike a Puritan kerchief. The waist fastens at the centre front with three large buttons. There is a slight amount of fullness where the fronts are gathered to the back, which extends over in shallow yoke effect. Short sleeves will be very comfortable, but the long ones finished with a deep cuff and narrow turnback are the most favored style this season.

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"If a string is in a knot. Patience will untie it. The two halted as Patience will do many things, did you ever try it? If I were sold in any shop I should surely buy it. But you and I must buy our own, no other can supply it."

"And when can you hear?" I asked the Lady-who-always-knows something.

She had just told me of a tremendously important letter which she knew by subsequent developments must have been lost in the mails. She had written and asked for a second letter and now she was waiting the results.

"Not for five days at the soonest," she said.

"You must be just crazy!"

"What good would that do?"

The Two Virtues One Learns With the Years.

"My dear," said the Lady-who-always-knows-something with the gentle smile, "as one grows older there are two things one learns—patience and the power to put things out of our mind in those waiting times."

I didn't quite agree with her.

Those are surely two things one ought to learn if one doesn't want to be made miserable by the inevitabilities of life, but alas they are not things "one" always does learn.

I know at least one person who finds them very difficult lessons.

Impatience is Like Hunger

Impatience is almost as primitive an instinct as hunger.

to wait. Oh! Here we are."

Very few criminals are taken to Scotland Yard on detention, whatever the reader of popular fiction is accustomed to suppose. And the fact gave Cincinnati Red something to surmise upon as he was ushered into the soft carpeted room where Weir Menzies and Heldon Foyle awaited him.

They both rose with the welcoming smile of old acquaintances. His eyes had vanished. "That you" said Foyle beaming. "Say, I'm glad to see you, Cincinnati. You're looking top hole, too."

"Sit right down," added Menzies. "Hope you've not been put to any inconvenience. We told our chaps not to alarm you."

Cincinnati Red looked from one to the other, suspicion working behind his bland countenance. He had in his time passed through the hands of both the detectives, and it was useless keeping up the pose he had adopted with the younger men. Still this assumption of friendliness was beyond him.

"Well you've got me here, gentlemen," he said suavely. "I didn't invite myself, and I've got my business to attend to." He pulled off his gloves and dangled them in one hand, rather roughly on a man who he has achieved a position for himself and on the level again.

"And you're on the level," said Menzies, rolling a pen with the flat of his hand across a blotting pad. "Well, I think it is a shame to drag an honest working man—" his eye wandered meditatively over Cincinnati's faultless evening dress—"away from his job—especially as the night clubs will soon be open. What line of business have you established yourselves in?"

Cincinnati returned his glance more hurt than angry. Foyle struck in before he could reply.

"Let him alone, Menzies. What'll you have, Cincinnati? I've got some of the real eye here—or would you prefer anything else?"

It is unusual for an officer of the C. I. to work with his desk flanked by a deacon of rye whiskey. It is still more unusual for him to proffer hospitality to a crook in the very headquarters of police. And Cincinnati became wary. It looked much too much as if this hospitality had been prepared. He did not know what was going to happen, but he wanted to keep his head clear.

"Nothing, I thank you," he said. "Just as you like. I thought you might like a drink while we had a talk over."

Cincinnati knew as well as the men who faced him that the whole proceedings were totally irregular. They had no shadow of right to detain him without charge was hanging over his head. He would have been justified in walking straight out of the building.

Yet he knew Foyle and he knew Menzies, and he knew in spite of their apparent friendliness things might become unpleasant if he took a high line. He flicked a speck of dust out of his boots with his glove.

"Don't be shy," he urged.

"Where's Ling?" questioned Menzies abruptly. His ruddy face had turned forward with hard, fierce eyes barely a couple of inches from the "con" man's face. The quickness of the question and harshness of his manner were all carefully calculated to throw the other off his balance.

(Continued in Saturday's Issue.)

So also is the desire to worry over things when the issue is uncertain. It is only the people who really grow and develop as they grow older who detach themselves to subdue these instincts.

Of course, with age there is a certain blunting of the edge of many things—worry and pain and unhappiness and impatience and all kinds of eagerness.

But the control of an instinct is something more than its enfeeblement by age.

True patience is an active virtue not a mere dull acquiescence.

"They Also Serve"

I often say over to myself when I am trying to teach myself to wait patiently and serenely, that beautiful line from Milton's "Ode On His Blindness"—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Theodore Parkers', "I know what the trouble is, God isn't in a hurry and I am," also helps, especially when I am impatient about existing evils.

And just the other day in some of Mark Twain's recent letters I came upon a line that both amuses and helps. He had been writing about a puzzling mix-up in some lecture dates. He was pretending to scold about it most irritably and then he ended up with a funny little flash of sunshine:

"Now let's leave this thing to Providence for twenty-four hours, you bet it will come out all right." Good advice, isn't it?

SHRIMP SALAD. Two cans of shrimp, 1 head of lettuce. Make a dressing of 3 eggs, 1 tablespoonful each of mustard and cornstarch, little salt, pepper, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 cup of milk.

Cook in double boiler until thick as cream. Arrange shrimp on lettuce and cover with the cooled dressing.

SALAD LA GERMAINE. Chop a head of lettuce very fine. Add 1 Neufchatel cheese. Stir with fork until creamy. Add a tablespoonful of salad oil, same amount of sugar, and salt to paper to taste. If one desires, an onion and slice tomato can be added.

FRUIT SALAD. Take 4 bananas slice thin; 4 oranges slice also, but do not quarter; pint of cherries picked out of juice, and put a layer of each in a deep dish. Between each layer of fruit put a layer of paper to taste. If one desires, an onion and slice tomato can be added.

CORN SALAD. Cut from the ear 1 cup sweet corn (after it is boiled). Add 1 cup chopped onion and same of lettuce. Mix all together. Now place some large lettuce leaves with ends toward the centre of the dish, and then place the mixture in and pour over all a good mayonnaise dressing.

CHILL SAUCE. Twenty-two ripe tomatoes, 2 large onions, 2 ripe red peppers, 2 table-spoons sugar, 2 table-spoons salt, 3 cups vinegar. Chop it all, mix and boil 1-2 hours.

BEST SALAD. Boil 4 medium sized beets in enough hot water to cover them. Cook until tender. Place in cold water and rub until skin comes off. Trim ends off, cut in small square pieces, place in dish and sprinkle 1/2 tablespoonful of salt and a little pepper over them. Now make a dressing as follows: Take 3-4 of a cup of vinegar, 1 cup of water, 3 full table-spoons of granulated sugar and butter size of egg. Place in agate spider and let come to a boil. Put one full table-spoon of flour in cup of cold water until a thin, smooth paste. Pour into spider very slowly, stirring contents. Pour over beets and serve warm.

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SIDE TALKS

THE HARDEST LESSON.

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Courier Daily Recipe Column

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Good Night Stories

By Elsie Silvers

NATURE'S ORCHESTRA.

Dicky saw something move in the grass. A tiny little fellow disappeared under a stone at Dicky's feet. Dicky pulled the stone away and found a wee little door standing open.

"He must have gone in there," thought Dicky, so he sat down to wait until the little fellow came out. Crowds of tiny people came from every direction and entered the doorway. Dicky wondered what could be inside and wished he was small enough to go in and see.

The crowd grew so thick that they ran over Dicky's feet in their haste to get in. Dicky placed his foot in front of the opening and it almost caused a riot among the tiny folk.

They held a consultation and one fellow ran up Dicky's leg to his ear and asked him kindly to take his foot away from the doorway.

Dicky said he would if they would take him in with them. The tiny fellow ran down and told his friends and they seemed to nod at Dicky. Then Dicky began to grow smaller and smaller until he was no larger than a tumbling bug.

"What is this place?" asked Dicky of the nearest tiny fellow.

"Dear me! Don't you know? This is our theatre," replied the tiny fellow and holding Dicky's hand they entered.

It was a great place filled with pebbles on which thousands of little people sat laughing and chatting happily. At the end a great grey curtain of spider webs hung across the stage. From behind the curtain came the soft tuning of fiddles and the piping of flutes that sounded like the drone of the bees in his mother's garden. A great green frog came forward and struck a gong with a "Turo-om, Turo-om," and the little people became very quiet.

Two black spiders ran to the centre of the stage and pulled back their curtain web. An orchestra, the like of which Dicky had never seen before, thousands and thousands of tiny bugs and insects with their instruments under their arms, took their places on the stage. First a beautiful silver harp stood on either side. These Dicky's companion told him were the harps of the wind. A queer little man-elf took his place in front of the first chair, bowing as the audience of tiny folk cheered. He raised his bow and sweet strains of music filled the air.

A band of funny bugs rushed out on the stage and Dicky laughed when he saw they were tumbling bugs and they surely could tumble around. Next came a crowd of mosquitoes all dressed in soft veils. They danced while the bees played on their fiddles. Last of all the katy-dids and crickets joined in with the orchestra and the curtain went down amid hearty applause, for the little people enjoyed the show very much. The lights flickered and Dicky saw for the first time that they were just common fire-flies and when the performance was over they flew out the door. Dicky holding the little fellow by the hand went out the door also.

"Every evening we have a concert, but unless you are small you can't understand it," said Dicky's companion and he promised to take Dicky again some time, then he disappeared before Dicky could thank him.

Dicky thought sure he could remember which stone it was, but when he looked the next evening he couldn't find the one that hid the door to the little theatre. So Dicky sat on the porch until bedtime, listening to the chirping of the crickets as nature tuned up her orchestra.

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James Smith has been on the list. Mrs. I. Chapin spent Sunday in Brantford.

Wilson Charlton met with a painful accident, having run a tooth into his foot. We hope he will soon be able to be about work again.

Mr. Vale conducted the after-service on Sunday. He preached an excellent sermon.

Mrs. L. Chapin spent day in Brantford.