



New Scotland Yard. (Copyright)

(From Friday's Daily.) Meanwhile Detective-Sergeant Con-greve had routed out a colleague in the division, and was more actively engaged. Together they walked along Commercial Road until they will not gome to that goroner's court any more. I will see my solicitor. I Both detectives remembered the ing reported in the newspapers—be-ing reported in the newspapers—be-ing reported in the newspapers—be-ing reported in the newspapers—be-ting reported in the newspapers—be-She took her plans to the carpen-She took her plans to the carpen-the district and A little friend of mine had a per-toom for building a that place way! We say it automatically and forget the wonderful simile it con-tains. Could anything be more un-comfortable and depressing than coming into contact with a cold, wet clammy blanket? And considering that my little had been blackened, and staring

white letters announced: DR. KARL STEINGURT

Dispensary Hours: 8 till 10 a.m. 7 till 9 p.m. The pair pushed their way into the

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fee for giving evidence in such cases the carp as these, and literally snapped his yond her. room, bare' save for a cupboard and table and a series of hard wooden forms. Women crowded the latter. fingers at the reiterated censure of some within children, some without, coroner and jury alike. The visit of the police, therefore, and a shrill clatter of tongues died and a shrift clatter of tangles took away for the instant as they took stock of the newcomers. An anemic and considered that a new ruse had stock of the newcomers. An anemic young man, busy juggling with botbeen hit upon by his enemy to annoy

tles and pill-boxes, nodded abruptly him. to the vacant end of a bench. "Y' want the doctor? Sit down there and take your turn." He re-turned his attention feverishly to his "It is most highly ingonvenient, he repeated, "to come in my gonsul-tation hours and drag me down to that nasty court youst to talk nondispensing. "That'll be thruppence, sense. Mrs. Isaacs-to be taken as before "Steady, doctor," remonstrate Lh? No; you know very well what the rules are. If you ain't got the Congreve. "We've nothing to do with that. You were called out last night money you shouldn't have come. Now, who's next? Don't you hear ---or rather this morning. That' what we want to talk about. the doctor cailing?" Steingurt blinked behind his spe

Indeed, a querulous, guttural voice tacles. "I am always being galled out. I will look at my book, if you "I am always being galled from the top of the stairs which led out of the dispensary was shouting like. Dere iss nothing wrong?" "Trickery," thought Congreve, well fiercely, and two or three women pushed forward. The anaemic dispen-ser shrilly demanded quiet—an order on his guard. Hugh was swinging to be a strike the strike th of which not the slightest notice was taken. The argument as to preced- "We'll know that when you've told taken. The argument as to preced-ence threatened to develop to physical violence, and Congreve's colleague stepped forward and took hold of the dispenser's thin arm.

dispenser's thin arm. was a little girl-bad case of diph-'That Doctor Steingurt up-stairs?" theria."

he demanded. "Why the blazes don't you go and "Really!" The detective's voic sit down?" demanded the assistant, feebly wrathful. "He can't see y' all paid to keep your mouth shut?"

sit down?" demanded the assistant, feebly wrathful. "He can't see y' all et once, now can he? 'Ere, let go tay arm!" "It's Mr. Hugh—a rozzer," said some one, and the tumult stilled. The assistant lost his air of authority as method to keep your mouth shut?" The doctor glared at him, and, suddenly advancing a step, shock a fist in his face. Congreve delicately extended the tips of his fingers and, iouching the others chest, pushed him backward. Hugh was looking on assistant lost his air of authority as a pricked toy balloon collapses. "Say, you can see the boss is busy. Won't I with passive indifference, save that his foot still twitched backward and old woman—and she rings and and the set of his well-cut morning What do you want?" "You won't do, son," said Hugh.

"We're going right up to the doctor now, and you'll have to get these ladies to excuse him five minutes." ladies to excuse him five minutes. Congreve meanwhile had pushed had bedder go, or I will have you himself to the stairs. Hugh released the discenser and followed. A dozen "Was it ten pounds or twenty?"

little man in a frock coat which bare- something fishy on, or you wouldn't little man in a frock coat which bare- something nsh on, or you will went down and opened the dort. It went down and opened the down. It went

"Doctor Steingurt?" asked Con- have lost a little of his confidence. an owl. an owl. "Doctor Steingurt?" asked Con-greve. Hugh had softly closed the "You've got no right to question door behind them. "You've got no right to question me." "You've handing door add when I opened id id was for five pounds. "There's four more of to those curves. What you giving door behind them.

door behind them. The doctor glanced at them through his gold-rimmed spectacles. "Vot's the matter with you, eh?" he demanded briskly. "Speak up now." "We know all about professional eti-You see I haf a lot of people waiting, quette, but we know a lot more about crooks-and those who get mixed up as I only charge sixpence." Hugh muttered something below with them. Savvy? We ain't here for his breath. Congreve cut in. "We're lip-trap, so don't you try us too far.



SAVORY POTATOES. Eight large potatoes, 1 large on-ion, 2 ounces dripping, 1-2 pint wat-er, salt and pepper; pare potatoes and slice them, chop onion and put both into saucepan with close-fitting lid; add dripping, water, salt and pepper and cook moderately quickly. It may be necessary to add a little more water; sir thoroughly before more water; stir thoroughly before dishing.

**Courier Daily** 

**Recipe Column** 

MACARONI AND TOMATOES. Break 1-2 pound of pipe macaro into inch lengths and boil in salt

water until tender drain and put a

Big Clanche Silve

BUSY BOBBY

Bobby sat on the porch waiting for the rain to stop. Over on the

ench lay a big red box kite. Every

And considering that my little was justified in demanding cash in advance when called to see a sick person, and more than once the pati-ents had died before the money could be procured. Steingurt, moreover, demanded a friends' enthusiasm had passed through that process what wonder The squeezing out some extra time to squeezing out some extra time to help her little girl get subscriptions in a pony contest. "No," she sald, "I don't think she'll get it and her father thinks it's all nonsense but when she came to me all entrusing." A squeezing the subscriptions and strained to some to taste. On these goes another ayer of macaroni, and so on, until t had faded in a day?

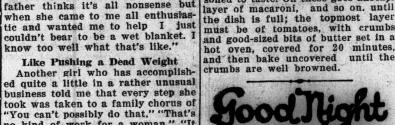
the carpentery work would be be-She fairly bubbled over with hope

and happiness. I must run home and tell mother," she said as she went out.

coole Aren't When They Get Older The next day I met her and asked what her mother said. "Oh mother ust said, 'they'll promise anything,' when I told her about the carpenter She sighed. "Mother isn't very enthusiastic, you know. I suppose people aren't when they get older." The radiance was gone from her ace and voice. I could just picture the way her

Isn't "Wet Blanket" A Good

gest in the world. And every night i



took was taken to a family chorus of "You can't possibly do that," "That's no kind of work for a woman." "It will be too much for you," etc.

nother looked when she said that. I know her mother. I know just all the time." she said, "and if I ever what kind of a wet blanket she can have any children I'm going to try above all things not to hang back Of course I'll try to give them good

Phrase. "What an excellent description and encouragement first."

little while Bobby went over to see that it was all right. quire into the moral character of of service. The ordinary person is "I can't see why it has to rain so verybody who comes for me, can I?" always at a loss in atte much. I suppose it'll rain all day so "You've got your living to make," truthfully convey a portrait. It needs I can't fly my new kite," complained high training to enable a man to give agreed Congreve. "Yust so. Yust so. It's a big the salient points of any person's bractice, gentlemen—one of the big-Bobby to his mother.

"Maybe not, dear. Isn't there Sult is not always satisfactory. "Well, good-by, doctor," said Conomething you can do until it stops? asked his mother.

get waked up. Last night I get waked up three times. People always greve. "We may call again later on." "There's nothing to do on horrid "There's nothing to do on horrid days like this," replied Bobby as the rain pattered down harder than ever. "I wonder, Bobby, if you'll empty the ashes from the kitchen stove for me?" asked Mother. "Oh, shoot! I want to fly my kite!" said Bobby with a pout. think they're going to die yust as 1 get to sleep. What do I do?" "Tell 'em to go to blazes, as a Outside, Congreve hustled his com-"Come along," he said. "I want to telephone to Mr. Menzies. I've got an idea." CHAPTER XXIV .

"Well, I thought you might do that while you are waiting for the

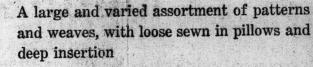
forward. "This is a gonspiracy to insult me!" protested Steingurt. "I don't believe you are police officers. You women of the East End, you under-isprace and debrack or end debrack o rain to stop," replied Mother. Bobby took the ashes to the barnyard. The old red rooster saw him coming and ran from the coop. He stand, but more-more cultured of tened with immobile face to Menzies's stretched his wings and crowed. The Congreve meanwhile had pushed had pushed had bedder so, of T will have be stand, but more-more curded of the expression of sympathy. the dispenser and followed. A dozen steps brought them to the consulting room and face to face with a swarthy little man in a frock coat which bare- something fishy on, or you wouldn't something fishy on, or you wouldn't something fishy on, or you wouldn't something fishy on and opened the down and opened the down. I want to talk to you. You didn't guess he was wise to the gag or it might have been difference of white hen began to sing in a loud voice and before many seconds the whole barnyard joined in the noisy chorus. Bobby emptied the ashes into their pen and the hens with a joy-ous cackle soon had ashes flying "'You must gome along with me ferent. I'd back you against Ling at once,' she says. 'Don't stand there every time." them

everywhere as they dusted selves. "You folks don't care how hard it rains," said Bobby, as he watched

them. "Give them corn and water while those filmsies waiting for you,' she says, 'if you hurry up and come and keep your jaw shut.' 'Where to?' l asked. 'Never mind,' she says. 'Are ou're there," called his mother. Bobby threw in the corn and filled up their pan with water. The rooster rowed his thanks and Bobby had to hrows together and observed Menzies narrowly. "Would a duck swim?" he you goming, or must I get some one laugh at the way he strutted around

a little of your attention without any fee this time, doctor. We're police officers." "Id is most ungonvenient that you gurt. "I told the goroner"—he is hould not gome again. It was is alarity. The child would have dist else?" "So of gorse, gentlemen, twenty-"Gather some wood on your way





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I should not gome again. It was le-gal—oh, I know the law—I am nct a jarity. The child would have died anyway, and the man which called me didn't haf my fee. Why should 1 gif up a night's rest for nothing? Dere is the hospital for paupers." He grew more excited. "I tell you t

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it's concussion." "I wondered what she knew of con-cussion, but I says nothing and she takes me up-stairs. There was a man there. He'd hurt himself pretty much, but it wasn't concussion, and when I'd bandaged him up I told her when I'd bandaged him up I told her he'd be all right if he was allowed "It was only a knockout," explain-

he'd be all right if he was allowed to lie still for an hour or two. "She says sharply: 'Very well then, that's all right,' and counts out the

do if if T thought there was any danger of the second the second the second t

't would rain all day," said Bobby that's all right,' and counts out they other five-pound notes and gives there to me. 'You'll forget you've been here?' she says, and I told her i would. 'Not that any one's likely to ask,' she goes on. "And then, when she was bringing me down she says, 'While you're here there's some one else you might look at,' and she knokced at a door and called out. A young lady answered it—a real young lady—not a girl like you mostly see around here." 'He old woman says something to her that I couldn't catch and I went in. There was a young man lying on a pallet in a corner. "'What's the matter with him?' I asked. 'God fooling round with a

die—some other time." After all, reflected Cincinnati, there



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