

# THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Thursday's Daily.)

The newspaper press if deftly handled, may be a potent factor in the detection of crime. Moreover, the ubiquitous reporter is not to be evaded for long by the cleverest detective living. The wisest course is to meet him with fair words—to guide his pen where there is a danger of his writing too much, and put him on his honor on occasion. Many a promising case has been spoiled by tactless treatment of a reporter at a wrong moment.

Memories dictated an account of the murder in which he said just as much as he wanted to say and not a word more. The conclusion ran—

"The stepson of the deceased gentleman, a Mr. Richard Errol, left England for the United States many years ago, and his present whereabouts is unknown. The police are anxious to get into touch with him, in order that certain points in connection with his father's career should be cleared up."

The chief detective inspector knew that the simple paragraph would throw into the search for Errol the energies and organization of every great newspaper, an aid he did not despise. It was not intended as an official statement. The criminal investigation department does not issue bulletins officially. It was an act of courtesy, and incidentally a stroke of policy to maintain the good will of the press. The reporters might paraphrase it as they would.

He received the newspaper men pleasantly, parried their chaff and too adroit questions with unruffled good humor, and told them little anecdotes which had not the slightest bearing on the murder or Greye-Stratton.

They read the typewritten sheets he handed them greedily, and cross-examined him as mercilessly as ever he had been cross-examined at the old Bailey. A clerk brought a card to him and he read it without a change of countenance.

"In a minute" he said to the waiting clerk, and put the card in his waistcoat pocket. "Well, gentlemen, you know as much as I do now. If there's anything else you want to know, just drop in and see me when you like. Good morning."

They accepted their dismissal, and he took another glance at the card. It read:

MISS LUCY OLNEY.  
And underneath written in pencil: PEGGY GREYE-STRATTON.

CHAPTER V.

"Mr. William Smith."  
The early evening papers were on the streets before Jimmie Hallett rose, and the inevitable reporters had established a block of his hotel. He cursed them while he shaved. It seemed that the notoriety which he had left New York to escape had followed him to England.

As an old newspaper hand himself, he had little taste to be served up again all hot and spiced for the delectation of a morbidly hungry public.

He surveyed a salver full of cards that had been brought up to him with a scowl. Vivid recollections came to him of the way in which he had himself dealt in "personal sketches" and "personal commentaries" on big stories, and he began to conceive a certain fellow feeling for his long forgotten victims. But his chin grew dogged.

"Go away and tell 'em I'm dead." The liveried functionary who had brought the cards gave as near an approach to a grin as his dignity permitted. "Yes, sir," he said quietly; "they'll not believe it, sir."

Hallett swung his eyes sideways to the man, and his hand slipped to his trouser pocket. It was no use getting angry.

"Say, what are you getting out of this?" he demanded. "It's all right. You needn't answer." A banknote

cracked between his fingers. "If you can clear out the gang below this is yours. It's more than they'll give you."

"Very good, sir. There'll be no harm in telling them you're in a critical condition, sir, I suppose."

"Not in the least. If they've any bowels of compassion they won't worry a dying man. It will stave 'em off for a while, perhaps."

As a matter of fact, beyond a mild headache and some stiffness he felt scarcely a trace of the attentions of his overnight assailant. He was uncertain whether that was a tribute to the skill of the divisional surgeon or to the hardness of his skull. He inwardly congratulated himself that the injury was not a particularly noticeable disfigurement. Indeed, a skillful brushing of the hair almost hid it.

He descended to breakfast with an appetite that of itself was proof that his general health remained unaffected, and, discovering that there was a back entrance to the hotel, decided to make use of it lest some pertinacious reporter might still be lingering in the reception hall.

He wanted to know something of what the police were doing, and a visit to Scotland Yard seemed the best way of finding out. In the background of his thoughts there was perhaps less concern that a murderer should be brought to justice than curiosity in regard to the lady of the house.

There is a way mostly used by tradesmen at the Palatial Hotel which leads through a narrow alley for fifty yards on to the Embankment. Through this Hallett sauntered. He was half way through when a tap on the shoulder caused him to wheel. He confronted a slim built, sawn faced man, of lank moustache and burning black eyes.

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# SIDE TALKS

By Ruth E. Cameron

FADING INTO HARMONY.  
It didn't seem anything to regret, just something to smile at in the tender way one smiles at all memories.

It is Harder to Forgive One's Own Mistakes  
That was a disappointment. Mistakes are no doubt easier to forgive because there is a mixture of self-blame in them and nothing is more exasperating than one's own stupidity. The hands we lose because we didn't have the cards never rattle like the hands we lose because we played them foolishly.

But even mistakes begin to fade into harmony with the pattern of life if they are a decade or two. "I was foolish but I learned a good lesson," we say then, or "After all, perhaps it was for the best."

The Things I Regret Most Are Sins of the Tongue  
If a fairy godmother should grant me the privilege of wiping out half a dozen things in my life I do not think they would be the big disappointments or mistakes. I think they would be sins of the tongue—things that I have told, but have not explained to everybody.

Regrets may fade away with the years but remorse never does. Remember all the king's horses and all the king's men can't bring back a single spoken or written word.

denly thought that he had seen the face of the man at Linstone Terrace Gardens and he was to be terrorized into silence.

He had seen enough to hold that for all the disavowals of the report, the threat of surveillance was bluff—perhaps even the concealed pistol was bluff. Not that his actions would have differed much even had he supposed them real.

He took a quick step backwards and sideways and the bullet that tore its way through the cloth of the other man's pocket told that that part of the story was reliable. Then Hallett's knee in his back and Hallett's arms were quickly in a strange hold about his throat. The man collapsed gurgling.

The whole business had occurred in barely two seconds of time. As they fell there was a third arrival. "Hold him down a minute, Mr. Hallett. That's all right." The third man possessed himself of the squirming captive's wrists and twisted them behind his back to Hallett. Then he methodically and quickly ran his hands through the prostrate man's clothing, possessing himself of a small, still-smoking revolver and a sheath-knife.

"Thank you, sir. Now, this gentleman might get up. We'll run him along to King's Street and see what Mr. Menzies has to say about it."

Then Hallett noted that the man who had come to his assistance was the liveliest fatterest and quickest of the reporters less than an hour ago. But he no longer wore liverly. He was in quiet, unassuming tweeds, and his manner was not exactly that of a waiter to a hotel guest—even in the circumstances.

Continued in Saturday's Daily

There is one lesson the German child, just entering school for the first time, must learn—and learn so thoroughly that he will never forget it as long as he lives. It consists of a question and answer which appears on the first page of every school primer.

It is "What is Germany?"  
Answer: "My fatherland—a country entirely surrounded by enemies."

This simple lesson, according to Irvin S. Cobb, writing in the Saturday Evening Post, is one of the fundamental reasons why the mind of the German was so well prepared in 1914 to wage war against the nations which surround it. No amount of later education, Mr. Cobb thinks, can wipe out the significance of that question.

Mr. Cobb learned of the question from an old German scientist, traveler and spy with whom he was associated in the German army in France. When the writer happened to suggest to the traveler that there was everywhere present a spirit of vigilance and efficiency, the German replied:

"Surely—and why not? For 40-odd years we have been educating our people to believe that only through war and through conquest could our nation achieve its place in the sun—stowroom for its industry and its spiritual development. Germany is a giant—the giant of the universe—and she must have breathing space; and only by swallowing up of smaller states can she get that breathing."

"We start at the cradle and at the kindergarten to teach our young people what it means to live with Russia on one side of them and with France and Belgium and Britain on the other; and to instill in them from one instant the task that lies before them. Their educators—parents, teachers, pastors, military instructors, officers of every rank and every grade—never let them forget it."

Mr. Cobb continues:  
Even more illuminating were his views with regard to the position of Germany in Europe before the war began. He admitted that for years, by the neighbor-peoples, Germany has been feared and distrusted. This, he insisted, was not Germany's fault, but a result of a distrust born of envy and malice among deteriorated and decaying nations for a land which so far as Europe, at least, was concerned, was the mother of all the virtues and all the great benevolent impulses of the century. He denied that Germany had ever been overbearing or threatening; denied that anything except jealousy could lie at the back of the general suspicion directed against Prussia, not only by aliens but—before the war began—by Bavaria and by Saxony as well.

"Germany," he said to me one day, "has earned the right to rule this hemisphere; and Germany is going to rule it. When we have conquered our enemies, as conquer them we shall—when we have implanted among them our German institutions and our own German form of government, which surely we shall do—they will, in succeeding generations, be the better and the happier for it. They will come to know, then, that the guns of our fleets and the rifles of our soldiers brought them blessings in disguise. Out of their humiliations will spring up the benefits of German civilization."

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# Redpath SUGAR

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# Good Night Stories

THE TALE OF WARRUGA.  
Once upon a time Queen Fairy called Bright Eyes to her side and handing her a box, bade her to hide it in the mountains.

"Be very careful," she said, "and guard it with your life. Above all things don't lift the lid or it will be a sorry day for us all," warned Queen Fairy.

Bright Eyes took the box and started on her mission. She had not gone far when she met West Wind. He asked what was in the box, and Bright Eyes replied that she didn't know, for Queen Fairy had told her to hide it. He tried to coax her to open it, but Bright Eyes refused.

"Surely, just peeping in, won't hurt anything," said West Wind. Making up his mind to see what the box held he invited Bright Eyes to play. Thinking there was no hurry, Bright Eyes set the box down, for she dearly loved a frolic.

"I'll close my eyes. You run and hide, and then I'll find you," said West Wind. When Bright Eyes was out of sight West Wind lifted the lid and looked on his face she ran quickly to open it, but Bright Eyes refused.

"I made you open that lid," she exclaimed. "I have wanted those Smoke Imps for years."

Bright Eyes, wondering where West Wind was, peered from behind the cloud. When she saw the queer look on his face she ran quickly to open it, but Bright Eyes refused.

"What has happened? Where is my box?" she cried, and West Wind told her he had lifted the lid and that the Smoke Imps had escaped.

"If there is anything I can do to right my wrong, command me, but don't punish Bright Eyes," he begged, and as a result of his pleading Bright Eyes was set free.

"It was Warruga, the witch of trouble, who wanted the Smoke Imps to cause trouble in the world," said Queen Fairy, "but I held them captive in the box I wanted you to hide in the mountains. It's too bad West Wind released them, but as it can't be helped now we must go at once into the fields and do what we can to relieve those in trouble."

Then Queen Fairy drew aside the curtain that hung between Fairyland and the earth, revealing stormy seas over which were borne the roars of great cannon. It seemed as if the whole earth were at war. Queen Fairy and her fairy host entered the battlefields to bring comfort to the wounded and dying.

West Wind waited Bright Eyes across the ocean to a peaceful nation where she entreated help. Queen Fairy finally was successful in capturing the Smoke Imps. She imprisoned them in the box and carried them back to Fairyland, where she always keeps close watch over them, so that the Smoke Imps never again can fall into the power of Warruga, the witch of trouble.

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COWAN'S  
81 Colborne Street "The Blue Front Store"

ENTIRE WHEAT BREAD.  
To 1 cupful of scalded and cooled milk add 4 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1-2 teaspoonful salt and 1 cake of yeast softened in 1-2 cupful of liquid (milk or water); add 4 cupfuls of entire wheat flour; knead; let rise in a temperature of about 70 degrees; cut down twice; shape into a double loaf; bake light.

CURRENT BREAD.  
Sponge three yeast cakes in a cup of water, putting a teaspoonful sugar and a dash pepper into each; add 2 cupfuls of flour; rub 8 ounces lard and four ounces butter; add a tablespoonful salt, a tablespoonful citron, 1 pound each of currants, raisins, sugar and 1 grated nutmeg; mix with milk instead of water.

CREAM TARTAR BREAD.  
Two cups flour; 1 large tablespoonful butter, 1 even teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Milk enough to make very soft dough. New Process flour will take cup or more; St. Louis flour less.

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