

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

"And how goes the battle, Crispy? Who won the latest bun fight?" smiled Wade by way of making conversation. "Have you persuaded your father?"

"Indeed I have not," interrupted Crispy with an exaggerated pout. She looked directly at Ben Wade and frowned, as if the subject were one about which she would rather not be teased even by an old family friend of long and intimate standing. "It is too mean for anything! If, as Mr. McAllister has been good enough to intimate, I am capable of big successes in newspaper work, is it right to hold me back from the necessary experience? To hear Daddy talk you'd think I was a little child."

"Crispy!" reproved Nat Lawson quietly.

"But I ask you, Mr. Wade, is it fair?"

"Your father knows best, my child. He probably had good reasons."

"I do not approve of you working on the night staff. I must ask you not to refer to this matter again. We will not discuss it now, please."

"Allow me to give you another cup of cocoa. Mr. McAllister?"

"Thank you, but I must be getting along," said McAllister, glancing hurriedly at his watch. "I have stayed later than I intended, thanks to the side-tracking of your railroad president."

"I'll run you down to the office in the car for that," laughed Wade, also rising. "I'm going out of town for a couple of weeks, Nat; but the next time I see you I expect to have some news that will interest you. And I'll give it to you in advance of publication."

He slapped McAllister on the shoulder and they bade their host and hostess a jovial adieu.

But once Wade's limousine was speeding down the street the magistrate fell strangely silent. He passed a cigar to McAllister and lighted one for himself. For fully five minutes he did not speak a word. He listened in a preoccupied way to the editor's opinion of the new city parks by-law and to that gentleman's surprise interrupted him finally by a statement entirely irrelevant.

"Crispy Lawson is a remarkably clever young woman," he said, gazing thoughtfully at a little electric light in the roof of the car.

"For once I can agree with you entirely," nodded McAllister, flashing a quick glance at the other's upturned face.

"I don't blame her for getting sick and tired of writing your pink-tea items. Why don't you give her a chance at bigger game?"

"You heard what her father said?"

"I did. I want to make sure that you did too."

"Whatever you like," snapped Wade. "There are some jobs that even a clever woman has no business attempting, that's all."

"Why talk in riddles, Ben? What's on your mind?"

"This wonderful graft exposure which you are planning to spring on an unsuspecting public. He rounded on McAllister and looked at him gravely. "How much of it have you told Nat?"

"I have said nothing about it to anybody," replied the editor, plainly puzzled. "Why?"

"My advice is to keep right on saying nothing about it. The less you say the less you'll have to take back."

"We'll see about that in due course," chuckled McAllister. "Do I look like a fool?"

"Appearances are often deceptive. I once knew a fellow who got so slick at gumshoeing that he sneaked up on his own shadow and made a fool of himself."

"Got married at high noon, perhaps?"

"Mac, seriously, I want you to promise me that you won't spring anything without giving me twenty-four hours' notice. It's an unusual request, I know; but I ask it in your own interests. There was no mistaking the earnestness with which he spoke, and McAllister stared at him.

"You have some inside information to justify it?"

"Yes. I cannot tell you the details just now. I warn you that if your paper attempts the so-called exposure which you have in mind without my co-operation you'll regret it bitterly. I can help you and will be glad to; but only on condition that you warn me when you are ready. Do you promise?"

The limousine had stopped opposite the Recorder building and McAllister alighted slowly. Then he reached in through the open door and shook hands.

"All right, Ben. You're the doctor," he decided.

"Good. You can count on me, then."

As a starter I can promise that the photos of the Alderson Construction Company's missing campaign-fund contribution will be delivered to you personally to-morrow night. I'll look you up when I get back in a week's time, Mac. Good-night."

McAllister remained standing at the curb till Wade's car swung out of sight around the corner. Then he struck the pavement with his cane, for it irritated him to be so completely surprised. Wade knew! How much did he know? And how in under the sun—?

"Pyed!" he grunted. "Devil take the man!"

He turned slowly and entered the building to his night's work.

CHAPTER VIII.

Aboard the Private Car, "Obaska."

For many years self-repression had stood high in the estimation of Hughie Podmore as a thing worth cultivating. He had first learned the value of it in many a clandestine game of poker, which he had condescended to play of a Saturday afternoon in a corner of the deserted common-room. In those days of his early newspaper experience the ink-daubed denizens of the "ad-alley" had paid with hard-earned wages for many a fancy vest and expensive cravat which the paper's star reporter had worn with such aplomb. And when he had adventured afield into wider pastures more in harmony with his talents, where the cards were not soiled nor the air pungent with printers' ink and benzine, he had taken with him a tendency to quiet tones of speech and quietness of movement.

Being a believer in rubber-heels and a cool head, therefore, the secretary to the President of the Canadian Lake Shores Railway went about his duties with his customary assurance. After the first excitement of his startling discovery had passed there was nothing in his manner to indicate the fires which burned within. To one who knew him well, perhaps, it might have seemed that for the two weeks which followed the mysterious disappearance of the tan satchel he was a little more restrained in his talk, and a little more alert in movement. Beyond this he gave no indication of the keen disappointment and mortification that possessed him.

It had been the biggest stake for which he had yet played. He had stacked the cards with particular care till, so he had thought, all element of risk had been eliminated. But for this his natural caution would have deterred him from the attempt. What he had completely overlooked was the possibility that some one else might decide this was any man's money who was clever enough to acquire it. Figure as he might—and he had spent hours in deep thought—even his keen mind had been unable to solve the situation to his satisfaction. Somebody had stepped in front of his nose in spite of the most elaborate precautions.

Who had done this, and how? It had been done so cleverly that not a single clue as to how he had done it was left for Podmore to work on—once he had proved beyond question that Clayton had not double-crossed him. Clayton had taken the first train for Chicago; but not before Podmore had third-degree him into abject fear. No, Clayton had had no hand in it; that was certain, and with that once established, the identity of the arch-thief remained a mystery which baffled investigation—especially when the situation called for the utmost circumspection.

It was a problem which Podmore was forced to solve without consulting anyone. He could not go boldly to his supposed partners with his discovery; for thereby he would reveal to them that they had been deceived, and they would be very careful what he did, Mr. Hughie Podmore realized—very careful indeed. For this mix-up held many possibilities for personal misfortune. In fact, the situation suddenly had become fraught with positive danger.

There were moments, therefore, when the cautious Mr. Podmore felt qualms which though not born of a troubled conscience, were nonetheless disagreeable. Conscience in the case of Hughie Podmore, if it had ever existed, had been a stunted affair which because of its long inactivity had given up the ghost. Its place had been pre-empted by Argus-eyed regard for all matters affecting the preservation of the safety of his own skin. And Hughie Podmore was well aware that a large contribution to campaign funds by a construction company would be a matter of immediate suspicion among opponents of the Government if it became known. Such things had got people into trouble before this. It had been one of the things which had landed the famous Honorable Harrington Rives in jail—and others who were involved.

Hughie Podmore knew all about that strenuous period of political chases. Twelve years ago he had been an eager-eyed young reporter with a large appreciation of newspaper sensations. His skill at ferreting into hidden recesses by unsuspicious methods had made him a valuable man for a paper which was willing to ignore certain time-honored traditions of the press. Under editorial stimulus Hughie had blossomed forth among the flowers of the journalistic profession as a yellow chrysanthemum.

"Mum" became the word wherever Hughie showed himself. His reputation finally had estranged him into other fields of endeavor.

Those had been the days! If only he said Rives had been working together! If he had been managing Rives' campaigns there would have been no crude mistakes to land the "people's idol" behind the bars, Waring or no Waring. He would have

seen that every dainty dish was properly cooked before it was set before the King, its inner rawness safely covered, done up brown. By all means let there be lemon filling, but smothered in a beaten white purity that would pass the public censor! Under his management there would have been no tangible evidence to show that favored contractors, bidding upon public works, had been secretly advised that their tenders were too low, and instructed as to the amounts to which it was safe for them to raise their new tenders; there would have been no evidence of election contributions from these favored contractors for the amounts thus squeezed out of the public treasury.

With such an example of folly to warn him, it was no wonder that the Honorable Milton Waring had told Nickleby and Alderson he would have nothing to do with their proposed campaign fund contribution. Nickleby even to dare such a prettily strong connection with a man who had felt pretty sure of himself to go ahead with the plan on his own initiative.

Nickleby believed that Ferguson had the money now. What would he say if he knew the fact—that the money was really in the hands of some person unknown, some person perhaps who was interested in gathering evidence that would upset the present Government? There was only one thing for Mr. Podmore to do, now that his own pet scheme had failed, and that was to keep quiet as to his own ambitions and stick to the three-handed game which he was supposed to be playing with Nickleby and his henchman, Alderson; for Nickleby was worth trying to.

(To be continued.)

Trees.

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God, There were goodly trees in the spring-time sod—

Trees of beauty and height and grace, To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear, Oak and beech and the tulip rare.

The trembling aspen, the noble pine, The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build in and sing, And the lilac tree for a joy in spring.

Trees to turn at the frosty call And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Wood for the bow, the spear and the sail, The keel and the mast and the daring sail;

He made them of every grain and girth For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then, lest the soul should not lift her eyes From the gift to the Giver of Paradise

On the crown of a hill, for all to see, God planted a scarlet maple tree.

—Bliss Carman.

Imperishable France.

Those who thought that France, "bled white," was doomed to perish, must marvel at the power of the nation to revive.

Returning tourists who have had a good time there naturally see things in a favorable light, but official accounts also are cheerful. For example, Le Temps reports that there were 623,000 marriages in 1920, or twice as many as in the same period before the war; the births were 44,000 more than in 1913, and the deaths 56,000 fewer. That does not make for race extinction; neither does the 88,000,000 quintals of wheat harvested this year in spite of the drought; a crop that compares well with that from a much larger area before the war.

An Interesting Flight.

One of the most interesting flights ever made by man took place recently in Germany in the soaring and gliding competition for motorless flying machines. One of the aviators remained in the air thirteen minutes, "circling, turning and balancing like a soaring bird."

He travelled six miles between start and finish and at one time was at a height estimated to be at least three hundred feet.

The First Savings Bank.

The first British savings bank was started by a woman, Priscilla Wakefield, at Tottenham, near London, in 1789. It was for children, and was followed by one for adults in 1804.

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That's what you pay for it when you buy a suit. What do you get a pound for it when you sell the wool? Canadian wool has to be prepared for the spinner. A pound of wool bought from the farmer is sold from one commission merchant to another, stored in England, sold and re-shipped until eventually it gets back to the mills in Canada at many times the price you got for it. There is no place in Canada to prepare wool for the worsted spinner. Isn't it a shame?

A mill is now under consideration in Toronto, to convert raw wool for the spinner. When wool can be sent direct to the mill for combing and sold direct to the spinner, then the farmer will get the full price. It is of interest to you, Mr. Wool Grower, write Dominion Development Corporation, Limited, 709 Continental Life Bldg., Toronto, and get the full plan.

About the House

Perfectly Baked Bread.

Few housekeepers seem to understand the role which temperature plays in bread-making. In importance it ranks with good flour and yeast. Although many housewives experience difficulty in having dough rise well on a cold, windy day and note the rapidity with which it grows light in summer, they fail to grasp the full significance of such observations. Success or failure seems dependent upon the weather and they do not realize that they themselves may control the matter of temperature.

The yeast used in making light bread is a microscopic, one-celled plant requiring for its growth air, moisture, food and a favorable temperature. It acts upon sugar present in the dough, forming carbon dioxide gas which, in attempting to rise to the surface of the mass, is caught and held by the elastic gluten of the flour. As more gas is formed within the sponge or dough, the gluten stretches and the entire mass expands and becomes "light."

Like most plants, yeast thrives best at a certain temperature. Although it is quite active between 75 deg. and 95 deg. F., it produces best results at from 80 deg. to 85 deg. F. As the temperature is lowered, the activity of the yeast becomes less until growth ceases at about 50 deg. F. Although inactive below that point, it begins to grow again when a favorable temperature is restored. Above 95 deg. the action of the yeast is lessened by the activity of other organisms present in the dough or by the products of same. At somewhat higher temperatures the yeast is actually killed.

A favorable temperature, therefore, will have much to do with active and healthy fermentation. Furthermore, by regulating the temperature one may control the rising of the dough, hastening or retarding it almost at will. In general, however, doughs should be kept as nearly as possible at the same temperature throughout the process and not subjected alternately to heating and chilling.

But how may the housewife control the temperature of the dough? The simplest way is to provide herself with a "sponge box," which is a simple box or cabinet, capable of holding the dough, and which can be warmed by means of hot water, a hot stone, a small lamp or an electric light bulb.

On an extremely hot day the cabinet may likewise be cooled by means of cold water or ice. The thermometer, by means of which the temperature is regulated, is one of the most important things in connection with the sponge box.

In place of the sponge box a fireless cooker may be used. The principle underlying its construction is that of maintaining the temperature of articles placed within it. If, therefore, a sponge or dough be mixed so that its temperature is correct, then placed inside the cooker, this temperature will be maintained. On a cold day it is well to have not only the liquid but also the flour slightly warmed. The radiator or soapstone of the fireless may likewise be warmed until just comfortable to the touch. In warm weather, especially if the dough is to stand a considerable length of time, neither the flour nor the liquid should be warmed, and certainly a thermometer should be used, for how can one guess accurately by "feel" when the liquid is luke warm? Different individuals vary greatly in their sensitiveness to heat and guesswork may cause great error in gauging the temperature of liquid or radiator.

Two general methods for making bread are practiced largely in this country, the "sponge" and the "straight dough." Each of these may be divided into the short or quick and the long or overnight process, depending upon the amount of yeast used, as well as upon the temperature maintained. Besides using less yeast in their preparation overnight, sponges or doughs are generally kept at a lower temperature than those made by the shorter daytime process. In very warm weather especially the dough is likely to become sour overnight unless it can be kept sufficiently cool.

In order to learn definitely what time is required we will consider some of the recipes for making bread. A popular formula calls for one-half cake of compressed yeast and one cup

of liquid for each "standard" sized loaf of bread, with the requisite amounts of flour, salt, sugar and so forth. If a temperature of 85 deg. F. be maintained throughout the process, this dough should be light the first time in 1½ hours, the second time in 1½ hours. It should then be molded, and after rising in the pans one hour will be ready for baking. Allowing 10 minutes for handling the dough between risings and about ¾ of an hour for baking, the bread should be out of the oven within 5 hours from the first mixing. In practice, therefore, a housewife will find that by beginning at 7 a.m., the dough should be ready for the oven at 11.15, provided it has been kept at 85 deg. throughout the process. At 12 o'clock, when the noon meal is ready, her bread will be out of the oven and no extra fuel or time in the kitchen required for its baking. Should the dinner hour be at 1 o'clock, the dough might be started at 8 a.m. At 80 deg. F. the time for the first rising would be 2 hours, for the second 1½ hours and for the rising in the pans one hour 1½ hours, making a total of 1 hour more than with the higher temperature. Hence if the dough be mixed at 7 a.m. and kept at 80 deg. F., it should be out of the oven at 1 o'clock.

With the overnight straight-dough, less yeast and a lower temperature should be employed than with the quick method. Using 1 cake of compressed yeast for six loaves, and keeping the dough at 70 deg. overnight, it should be quite light in the morning. It should then be kneaded down and molded for the pans and placed where it may be gradually brought up to 85 deg. In 1½ hours at this temperature the loaves should be light and ready for baking.

When dry yeast is used the sponge process is the one most commonly employed. Ordinarily such a sponge will be light in 10 to 12 hours. This time, however, is also dependent upon the temperature, which should be between 75 deg. and 80 deg. F. If the temperature of the sponge has been only 70 deg. F., however, fully 13 hours will be required for the mass to become thoroughly light, while at 60 deg. F. 16½ hours will be necessary.

The housewife may, therefore, plan to have her baking operations fit in with her other duties in the home. Mixing, kneading, molding and baking may be so adjusted that they will not conflict with other matters, and the baking especially may be arranged to come during the time that her presence in the kitchen is required for other reasons as well. Nor need she spend the entire morning in the kitchen mainly to "watch the dough."

Knowing the temperature of the dough and the time required for rising, the housewife may calculate just when her dough will need attention.

Dark, close streaks in the crumb of bread are often due to unevenness in temperature during rising. Particularly when a dough has been chilled and fails to rise properly the housewife is tempted to place it where it will become warm rapidly, either at the back of the range or in a pan of warm water. Without the aid of a thermometer it is difficult to gauge the temperature, and there is danger that the yeast cells in that portion of dough most exposed to the heat may be killed. Although blended later with the rest of the dough no expansion of this portion takes place, and close streaks in the finished crumb are the result.

Could the housewife but realize the importance of knowing the temperature of the dough she would not begrudge the investment of a dollar or two in a simple dairy or chemical thermometer. Through its use guess work is eliminated, the operations of bread-making may be adjusted to suit the convenience of the house-keeper, and bread or hot rolls may be provided fresh for any meal. Moreover, the flavor, texture and general quality of the product are almost sure to be excellent.

Oh, Captain!

Young Lady—"Dear me, captain, what do you find for the sailors to do when you are cut at sea? Aren't the men very idle?"

Captain—"No, lady; I keep them busy heaving the sea weeds out of the ocean current patch."



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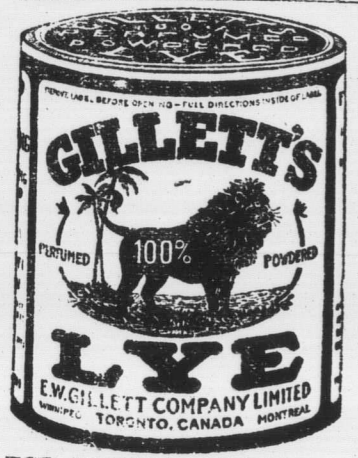
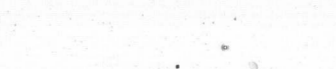
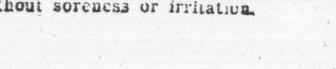
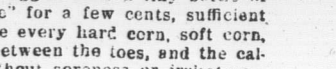
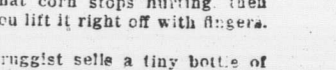
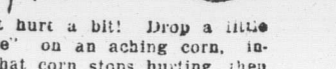
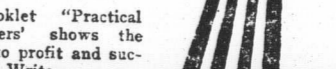
EUROPE AND SOUTH AMERICA TO HAVE ZEPPELIN PASSENGER SERVICE

The project of an aerial line connecting the continent of Europe with the continent of South America by gigantic Zeppelin passenger ships is being worked out in Germany. Doctor Hugo Eckener, one of the chief directors of the Zeppelin works, Germany's most famous pilot, and for many years a co-worker of Count Zeppelin has just returned from a visit to Argentina and Spain.

Dr. Eckener has spent several months in those countries studying routes and landings and assisting in the organization of the company. He says that he found Southern Spain ideally located for a European air harbor and as a port for a trans-Atlantic Zeppelin line. The other end of the line will be near Buenos Aires, where it is declared that weather and wind conditions are very favorable.

He estimates that a Zeppelin with 150,000 cubic metres gas capacity has a speed of 115 kilometres an hour, with forty passengers, can make the trip from Spain to Buenos Aires in ninety hours. One hundred hours will be required for the trip to Europe on account of less favorable wind conditions.

As the peace treaty places almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of organizing and operating air ships from Germany, the organizations will be exclusively Spanish, with Germans in charge of all operations.



ISSUE No. 42-21.