

By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Louis Vogel, a notorious criminal, is offered \$5,000 by Lebrun to kidnap Judge Graham, terror of evil-doers. As Lebrun leaves "Silver Damsy" saloon, he is observed by Ralph Charlton of the Department of Justice who has dubbed him "The Gray Wolf." Vogel takes the \$1,000 given him to bind the compact to Stella Lathrop, a country girl he had found starving in the city and befriended. Stella is now earning honest wages in a factory and refuses to marry Vogel unless he gives up his evil ways. She has, however, fallen a convert to Bolshevism. Vogel carries out his pact. Judge Graham lies bound in a shack some miles outside the city. "The Gray Wolf" demands that the judge should let certain prisoners off with merely a fine. Threats of death for himself and torture for his son have no weight with the just Judge. Charlton becomes suspicious of "The Gray Wolf" and Vogel.

CHAPTER V. The Inner Council.

Stella Lathrop was sorely puzzled by the fact that Louis Vogel had not met her in front of Massey's after the meeting of radicals following her refusal to go to the movies with him. Neither had she seen anything of him for several days thereafter. Anxiously she read the daily papers, expecting yet hoping she would not find his arrest "with the goods on," chronicled there with elaborate details. "This is Miss Lathrop," he said, and there was bowing all around. The girl was somewhat confused and embarrassed by thus becoming the centre of attraction, but she quickly regained her poise. With two exceptions she had seen all these people and talked with most of them at the meetings which she had attended.

"You are prompt, Miss Lathrop," he said. The door which had admitted her swung to, a heavy iron bar dropped noiselessly into place and her guide led her to a second door upon which he rapped sharply a number of times with pauses between. It, too, swung open without sound and Stella moved forward into a larger room. About a long table sat perhaps a dozen men and half that number of women. They arose as Stella's guide urged her forward.

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"You will now repeat after me the following oath," continued Lebrun. "I swear to be faithful and true to the mandates of the Inner Council, to cheerfully obey them even at the expense of my life, to give my best efforts to carrying out such plans as it may decide upon, to respond promptly to any calls made upon me by any of its members and, above all, to keep locked in my innermost bosom and to reveal to no one any of the things which I may learn in the Inner Council, so help me God."

"There is something you wish, miss?" he asked, bowing before her. He wrung his hands continually while he watched her closely from behind his thick-lensed glasses. Stella, following instructions which had been given her, touched her mouth with a finger as if slightly in doubt as to what she really did wish.

Laugh It Off.

Are you worried in a fight? Are you cheated of your right? Laugh it off. Don't make tragedy of trifles. Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—Laugh it off. Does your work get into kinks? Are you near all sorts of brinks? Laugh it off. If it's nasty you are after There's no receipt like laughter. Laugh it off.

appeared at the foot of the flight and the bookcase swung to behind her. Stella had not expected just this, but she bravely began her descent. Stretching away from the foot of the steps was a tunnel that led she could not tell where, but she followed it. There was no alternative but to retrace her steps. Perhaps a hundred feet from where the steps had ended she discerned another light in the distance, and beyond it a door barred the way. Nothing had been said to her about what she should do beyond asking the old bookseller for works on the French revolution, and, reaching the door, she paused. Instantly she was conscious that from behind it she was being studied by unseen eyes; an intense light suddenly flashed into her very face, but immediately went out again, and the door swung open. Stella stepped through it and found herself in a small anteroom, confronted by a man whom she recognized as having been a frequent speaker at the open meetings which she had attended.

"What'll the police be doin' while we're doin' the takin'?" Stella was practical and to her the police represented a force that was irresistible. "The police! Bah!" It was the fat man at the foot of the table who answered her. "What did the police do in Russia? In Germany? We will not permit the police to do anything. We will kill them if they try. We will kill all those who interfere with us. Blood! Blood! It will run like water and will be the blood of our enemies. Blood and fire, young woman. That is the way we will enforce our plans. The jails will give up their victims. Prison doors will open for them and yawn for those who oppose us and whom we do not kill."

Inwardly Stella shivered. "He looks and he talks like a butcher," she thought. Outwardly she was perfectly calm and she moved and said: "I get you." Evidently this was taken for endorsement of what had been explained to her. "Are there any questions you would like to ask?" Lebrun put the query to her.

"How you goin' to keep people from findin' out about all this ahead of time?" she asked. "If we're to have all these people with us when the time comes we've got to let 'em know beforehand, ain't we? How do we know some of 'em ain't goin' to turn squealer and tip off things? I know I'm green and all that and I suppose you've figured this all out. But I want to know, too."

"Quite right, sister," answered Lebrun. Stella wished he wouldn't call her that. She had no sisterly feelings toward this man. His face recalled to her, like it had to the government agent, the face of a cruel, rapacious wolf. "But those whom we will use as our instruments do not know the details of our plans. They are secret with the Inner Council. I, as its president, am in touch with the presidents of the Inner Councils of other cities. We get our orders from the council of presidents. Local details are left with us. We carry out orders and plans to fit conditions. But outside of this council no one knows what those plans are. We tell the mob just what we want the mob to know. We tell them what we hope to bring about, but we do not tell them how we are going to do it. Is that clear?"

Stella nodded. A big light was beginning to break upon her. She did not need to ask further questions to enlighten her as to what was the real object of this Inner Council. Loot, robbery, riots, murder—all of them were permissible to bring about realization of the Council's plans. Lebrun had mentioned Russia. Stella knew a little of what was taking place there. In the factory where she worked she had heard several Russian girls talking and she had gained some idea of the turmoil which involved that country.

But of the Bolsheviks and what they stood for she was ignorant. She had eagerly attended radical meetings and listened to speeches predicting that a new day was dawning for the people of the lower classes and had approved, but murder and robbery had never entered her head as the methods by which it would be brought about. With sudden realization it burst upon her that it was to these very things that she had pledged herself. Her soul turned sick within her and while she appeared to be paying attention to the routine discussion going on around the table she heard not a single connected sentence.

(To be continued.)

have understood all of the words he used, but she had gained the ideas which he wished to convey.

"How are you going to do it?" she inquired. "People ain't goin' to stand for it."

At once a babel of talk ensued. Each one seemed to be trying to explain to her in his or her own way how the end was to be accomplished. Lebrun held up his hand for silence. "It is not to be expected that you would grasp the full breadth of the plan at once, sister," he said. "You must absorb it by degrees as you learn the work of the Inner Council. You say people will not stand for it. They must stand for it. Under our glorious banner," he waved a hand toward the red flag adorning the wall, "we will gather in such force that no resistance will be great enough to overcome us. Throughout the country our agents are at work, quietly teaching the doctrines that will rally to our standard all of those who do not belong to the ruling classes. The whole strength of the Industrial Workers of the World, the Bolsheviks, the anarchists, the majority of the Socialists, those who are dissatisfied with conditions, the returning soldiers and sailors who gave up jobs to enlist and returned to find there were no other jobs for them, the foreigners with these ideas already instilled into them—all will flock to join hands with us when the day arrives."

"Money? We have money. Our Russian comrades have sent to help us with the fight millions taken from the strong-boxes of the rich. Among ourselves we have raised other millions. Oh, there will be plenty of money to start. After that, we take what money we need, take it from the banks, from those who have it; wherever we find it we will take it."

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About the House

With Basin and Towel.

The face that the class gave Miss Rachel was beautiful; but Hetty had stayed away when they gave it to her. She felt she could not be present, since she had contributed nothing toward the gift. With no money how could she contribute? Nevertheless, no girl in the class loved her teacher as Hetty loved her.

And now Miss Rachel, with her lovely smile and her sweet voice, was going far away.

Slow tears welled up in Hetty's eyes as she washed the supper dishes and set them in orderly rows upon the pantry shelves. She was a thin little girl with soft brown eyes and thick braids of hair that fell below her waist. Old Mrs. Barton had urged her mother to cut them off; so much hair took her strength, the old lady said; but Hetty's mother had shaken her head; Hetty was strong enough, and her hair was her one beauty.

As Hetty carried the last cup into the pantry she stood there a moment, reflecting. Miss Rachel was going away. Was there not something she could do for her? And then, as she stood in the dusk of the little pantry and pressed her tear-filled eyes with her hands, the answer came.

Miss Rachel heard a timid knock at her door and lifted her head from her packing.

"Come in," she said in her sweet clear voice, and Hetty entered. Miss Rachel smiled at her.

"Good evening, Hetty," she said.

Hetty smiled faintly. "Good evening, Miss Rachel." Then for a moment she paused. "I felt so sorry," she began tremulously, "because I couldn't give anything toward buying the beautiful vase that the rest of the girls gave you. But I didn't have any money."

Again she paused a moment, then continued: "But, Miss Rachel, none of the girls love you more than I do. I love your hands, your eyes, your smile, and the way you fix your hair, and your clothes, and everything about you. So I've come to-night to ask whether you'll let me do something for you, something I can do and something I want to do very much. I've come to ask you, Miss Rachel, if you'll let me wash all your clothes before you go away. Mother says I wash beautifully."

Miss Rachel looked at Hetty—at the thin little face, lighted by its wistful eyes, and at the small rough hands fingering so nervously a fold of her dress.

"But, dear," she said in a trembling voice, "I don't want you to wash my clothes."

Hetty threw both arms round her. "Dear Miss Rachel, I've cried every night for a week because I couldn't give anything toward the vase. You won't go away and make me feel I've done nothing! Don't you see that I want to have a part in you; and if you won't let me do this, I can't. Please, Miss Rachel."

Seeing that Hetty's heart was set upon it, Miss Rachel let her have her way, and a few minutes later she crept down the stairs with a big bundle in her arms.

Two days afterwards Hetty brought back the clothes, snowy white and beautifully ironed. Miss Rachel was to go away the next morning. Hetty removed the cloth, and Miss Rachel saw them in all their sweet, clean freshness.

"Dear," she cried, gathering the little figure into her arms, "what lovely clothes! How can I thank you? It is not everyone that is willing to give himself with basin and towel as the Master did."

Hetty looked into the dear face. "And have I," she asked, "really given you something, even though I didn't have any money? O Miss Rachel, I wanted you to know!"

Miss Rachel nodded. "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee," she quoted softly. Then she paused and added, "Child, child, you have given me more than anyone."

A half hour later when Hetty took the empty clothes basket down the stairs her thin little face was softly smiling.

"Basin and towel," she whispered. "Oh, I'm so glad Miss Rachel said that!"

Two Labor-Saving Devices.

One of the handiest tools that I have on cleaning days is a wire mopstick, which, by the way, was purchased for a small sum. The wire on the stick was covered with heavy felt material, being very careful that all sharp edges were thoroughly covered. Over this I put a piece of a worn-out blanket, sewing it securely to the felt. When ordinary dusting is to be done, I put a dustless duster over the padding, fasten it to the mopstick and proceed to dust in the usual way. The long wooden handle of the mopstick enables me to dust the out-of-the-way corners, and surfaces almost out of reach; I am able with this device to dust picture moldings, ceilings, corners, tops of windows and doors and other high places. It saves time and labor, and I never have to use a chair or ladder as was necessary formerly.

The other handy device is a piece of ordinary rubber hose which has been

a great help on wash day. By the use of this hose which is six feet in length, I have saved myself many steps and a tired back as well. I can fill my wash tubs with cold water, which saves carrying and lifting it, and also gives me time for many other necessary duties that invariably occur on wash-day.

Child's Account Book.

In this era of Canadian extravagance, why not teach our children the value of money? Try giving them a certain amount each week for duties well performed, increasing it to cover certain extra tasks, not enough to give them the impression that you are paying them wages, but a stipulated sum. Impose a small fine out of the allowance for duties neglected or forgotten.

Have them keep an account book, and credit themselves with all they receive, and charge themselves with all they spend, and balance the book once a month. Encourage them to save the nickels and dimes until they amount to dollars, with which they can start a bank account or buy something they wished for, instead of spending every nickel for foolish toys or too much candy to impair their digestion. This first business training will be of benefit in later years.

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Still Made a Noise.

An Italian fruit dealer was caught in the railroad yards in his Ford truck. Becoming excited, he killed his engine, stopping the truck on the track, from which it was knocked by a switch engine. Next day a friend asked him if the car was badly damaged. "Yes," replied the Italian, "he pretty bad smash up." "Did it damage the engine very much?" "No, I think not. De horn he stilla blow."

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