



PREVENTS THAT SINKING FEELING

# Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE  
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## CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

"Oh, there, Jimmy! Won't you say good-bye to me?"  
"Why, hello, Mr. Clayton," grinned Stiles as he took the extended hand. "Goin' away?"  
"Holiday can't last forever, Jimmy. I'm leaving for home this afternoon—just getting ready to go to the depot when I saw you. Come on in and join me in a glass of beer for good luck."  
"Nothin' doin'!" The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," recited Stiles, rolling his eyes in exaggerated piety. "No, honest, I can't," he protested as the other pulled on his arm. "I'm on an important message for the boss an' I got to hustle right back to the office."

"Aw, come on. It won't take a minute. I'm in a haste myself to catch the train; but I want to give you a message for—" Robert Clayton hesitated, coughed in slight embarrassment, and looked helpless. "—for somebody you know up at the church," he pleaded.  
Jimmy Stiles nodded in grimacing comprehension.  
"Well, you know how to pick 'em, Mr. Clayton. I'll say that for you. Anne's a mighty swell girl."  
"I've never met a finer one," said Mr. Clayton, looking serious.

"Oh, this town's full of 'em," cried Jimmy generously. "Say, they got a long lemonade they don't make bad in here—sliced orange and a cherry on top. I'll go you one. I guess it won't take a jiff."  
"Good!" cried Clayton, leading the way without more ado into the Jessup. He picked up his raincoat which he had left on a chair near the door, flung over his travelling bag, and carried both with him through the swinging doors into the buffet. Here they found a vacant table and Clayton beckoned a waiter and set his grip and coat on the floor between the two chairs. Stiles dropped the tan satchel alongside the raincoat and grinned across at Clayton with evident pleasure. This was the right way for gentlemen to bid each other farewell, and he helped himself from the other's proffered cigarette case with the air of doing this sort of thing every day.

Neither of them appeared to pay any attention to the man who entered behind them, sat down at the table next the wall and ordered a glass of beer. Patrons were coming and going and the man was just an ordinary citizen entitled to quench his thirst if he so desired.  
The two young fellows chatted and laughed over their refreshments for perhaps five or ten minutes. It was Clayton who finally glanced at his watch and jumped to his feet. He picked up raincoat and grip and shook hands. Stiles picked up the tan satchel and out on the street they shook hands once more. Clayton boarded a street car, and with a final wave of good-will Jimmy Stiles continued on his way.

At a convenient distance the private detective followed. He walked into the Brokers' Bank Building just as the bookkeeper pushed the elevator bell. They went up in the same elevator to the fifth floor, where they got out. The detective, sauntering down the corridor, observed Stiles enter the office of Blatchford Ferguson, Barrister, Notary Public, etc.

With a grunt he turned on his heel and descended to the street, where he lighted another stogie and returned the way he had come. Arriving finally at the offices of the Alderson Construction Company, he was admitted at once to Alderson's presence and reported that the tan satchel had been delivered at its destination without mishap.

As he finished speaking the telephone rang and Alderson lifted down the receiver with a nod of dismissal. The detective's hand was on the doorknob when he turned quickly, viewing with alarm the sudden bewilderment and blank consternation which had crept into the contractor's heavy face as he listened to the agitated voice of J. Cuthbert Nickleby.  
"Brady's man? Yes, he's here now—Sure, I'll hold him—No, not back yet—Sure, I will—Eh? Say, Mr. Nickleby, fer the love o' Mike, what's wrong?—WIA-AT!"  
Alderson wildly jiggled the hook of

the telephone instrument, but Nickleby had rung off. He stared across at the anxious representative of the Brady Detective Agency, his thick, loose lower lip hanging in dismay. For the moment he was bereft of speech.  
"What's the matter?"  
"Ugh? Matter?" echoed Alderson vacuously. Then he pounded the desk with his fat fist while his face grew red. "Matter!" he shouted. "You're a heluva detective, you are! That's what's the matter. The mon—I mean—the papers—in the satchel, you fat-head!—stolen right under your nose!"

## CHAPTER VI. Again the Tan Satchel.

Swearing fervently, Alderson grabbed the telephone and called for Podmore at the Queen's Hotel. A few stammering words of explanation and the phone went dead once more as Podmore banged up the receiver at his end.  
Nickleby arrived first. He strode in through the outer office, leaving a trail of awed employes in his wake. Alderson, who had rushed forward to meet him, fell back a step as the banker entered the private office and banged the door behind him with a force which nearly broke the glass in the partition. He carried in his hand the tan satchel and forthwith slammed it down upon the desk and took to pacing back and forth in speechless wrath. His face was ghastly, his eyes blazing, his mouth drawn down in an ugly sneer as he turned at last upon the dumbfounded detective.

"You—you blithering idiot!"  
"Easy, brother. Keep your shirt on, see!" advised the Brady operative with justifiable resentment. "There ain't nothin' been taken out o' that there grip while I was watchin' it, that's a cinch. Say, 'bo, what was it in, anyways?"  
Alderson caught Nickleby's eye and shook his head in warning. Nickleby stepped across the room, opened the satchel and flung out upon the table a package of blank brown wrapping paper, cut to the size of bank-notes and fastened together with rubber bands. He pointed his finger at it contemptuously.

"Instead of the legal papers which were in that satchel when it left this office, there's what we found when Ferguson and I opened it. Now, explain that, will you? No, wait! Phone your chief to come over here himself at once; I think he'd better hear what you have to say. What's your name?"  
"McCorquodale. An' I takes no lip from nobody, see!"  
While the man was at the telephone Jimmy Stiles knocked on the door to report that he had delivered the satchel safely to its destination. It was an amazed youth who was yanked unceremoniously into the room by the coat-collar while the irate Nickleby glared forth anew. He took hold of the bookkeeper's shoulders and was shaking the frightened young man in speechless fury when Podmore came in.  
"Here here, leave him alone!" he commanded sharply as he stepped between them. "What crazy nonsense is this, J. C.?"

No fuss or fury about Hugh Podmore in time of stress. It was Podmore's way to turn calm and cold and calculating in proportion to the extent to which any given crisis disturbed him. The news which had reached him over the phone from the inherent Alderson had been grave enough; but he was much the coolest of the three most vitally concerned in this mysterious miscarriage of carefully laid plans. The first thing he did was to have Alderson clear the outer office of stenographers and junior clerks. He sneered at the afternoon, and began at once to question the bookkeeper and the detective who had followed him. The two recitals agreed in every particular.

Podmore at once despatched the detective to the Union Station at Nickleby's ear to find Clayton at all costs and arrest him if he would not come otherwise.  
"Tell us all you know about this man, Jimmy. Take your time," advised Podmore kindly. "No occasion to get scared stiff."

Stiles said he had not known Clayton very long—just a few days, in fact. He had met him for the first time last Sunday at All Saints' Mission, where Jimmy was an usher. On Monday night there had been a social gathering of the younger members of the church in the Sunday School and Clayton had attended that. I seem to enjoy himself. He had made friends with everybody quickly and seemed to fit in so readily that he had been accepted without question by everybody, from the pastor down. He was an American who had come north to visit relatives and was on his way back to Philadelphia. He expected to return shortly, he had told Stiles, and might decide to locate here permanently. He was in the hardware business, somewhere near Philadelphia.  
"All right, Jimmy, that will do. Now better wait outside till your friend arrives. It all seems straight enough so far as you're concerned," and Podmore closed the door on him with a smile

of encouragement; for young Stiles looked as if he needed encouragement. "You've scared the wit out of him, J. C. That won't get us anywhere," he reproved when the three were alone.

"I don't trust anybody—"  
"Wait," commanded Podmore with upraised hand. He stepped over to the table quickly and closely scrutinized the tan satchel. Finally he drew attention to the triangular mark which he had scratched on one end with his pocket-knife. "It's the satchel O.K. Now, who opened it?"  
"Ferguson. I gave him the key, as you suggested, and he opened it in front of me. And so help me, that stuff there was all that was in it. The money was gone. I tell you I never felt so much like a fool—" Nickleby broke off with an oath, still smarting under the jibes which at the moment Ferguson had levelled at him, and between which the President of the Interprovincial had writhed in humiliation. "Somebody took that money out on the way over, Podmore."  
"N—of necessarily, J. C.," said Podmore judiciously. "Wait, now. Think: man, were you there when Stiles—?"  
"—course I was."  
"—when Stiles handed the satchel to Ferguson? Did you see him do it?"  
"Why—no, not exactly. I was out in the general office when the kid took it in to Ferguson. What are you driving at?"  
"Talking to anybody out there?"  
"Yes, I ran into McAllister, of the Recorder, and I was so surprised at the editor of that yellow sheet there—well, he got quizzing me about one or two matters."  
"How long after Stiles left you before you joined Ferguson?"  
"Oh—five minutes, maybe. Why, what's all that got to do with it?" He regarded the look of triumph upon Podmore's face with some astonishment.

"It's as clear as daylight to me, J. C. In that five minutes almost anything might have happened. Many of the world's greatest events have happened in less than that. Hasn't it occurred to you that the package of money might be removed from the satchel and the paper substituted in Ferguson's office? The lock might have been sprung, you know."  
Nickleby stared, his heavy eyes narrowed in a frown of thought. Then

he slapped the table with his open palm. "By—!" he ejaculated.  
"I'm inclined to fancy the whole thing is a cleverly arranged scare which those fellows have chosen to throw into us in order to protect themselves," went on Mr. Podmore, nodding with satisfaction at his own logic. "You can understand that, surely. If I am guessing correctly, they have succeeded in providing a fine denial of the fact that there ever was such a thing as our contribution to the Campaign Fund."  
"I told you!" cried Alderson excitedly. "The Hon. Milt said he wouldn't have anything to do with it. He said we'd contribute at our own risk, didn't he?"  
Nickleby rounded on him.  
"Shut up, you jackass!" he ordered angrily.

Podmore's eyebrows arched a trifle at this admission. Already he had surmised something of the kind. The Honorable Milt was nobody's fool, he knew. For the matter of that, neither was Hugh Podmore.  
"They'll be expecting us to keep our mouths shut and let things take their course," he continued, choosing to ignore the interruption. "The money's not lost, Alderson. They'll keep on swearing up and down that they haven't got it, of course; but that's just the coy way in which these things are handled. It's my opinion that the sacrifice of that million bags of peanuts up the elephant's trunk will ensure a good performance when the circus starts."  
(To be continued.)

## About the House

A Novel Means of Entertainment.  
Try giving a Phonograph Party. Either secure the loan of a good machine, rent one, or perhaps there is already one in the building where you expect to stage this festive time.

Each person attending the party is requested to bring as an entrance ticket, one phonograph record. These records will be merely shown at the entrance, the one who brings them holding hold of them so that they will not get mixed up. Have a table near the phonograph and on this place the familiar figure of the dog which "Knows His Master's Voice." There should be some store in town which will loan you one of these hollow plaster casts. Get as big a one as possible. Into this hollow space slip a Klaxon automobile horn, connect it up with a dry battery and a push button. Button and battery can be dropped into a convenient drawer in the table.  
When the party is ready to start, let someone go round with a basket of lead pencils and slips of paper. The slips of paper should be about the size of a large page of pad paper. The guests can use their records as a backer to write upon.

One person must officiate as phonograph operator. From time to time he will press the push button in the drawer quite casually, then the dog will emit growls and barks, to the great delight of the audience. The operator will also have a pencil and paper. When the concert begins it will be announced that each having a record will come forward separately as indicated, permitting the record to be put into the machine where it will then be played on both sides.

All those in the audience are to guess the name of the melody or song selection as the case may be. Every one will write upon his slip of paper the number of the record and the guesses as to what it contains in order. For example, Record No. 1, "Tipperary" and "Over There." Record No. 2, "Blowing Bubbles" and "Mother Machree,"—and so on down the line. Anyone who cannot guess what is being played will write the number of the record just the same and will draw one or two straight lines to indicate a blank; or, may write "don't know," and will go on with the correct record number from that point.

Of course, it will be a point of honor and will be so announced at the beginning, that no one will reveal the names of the selections on the records which they bring. Each one will remain at the front of the room until his record is played, and will then slip it into the cover and take it back to his seat. The chief operator will keep a correct list of numbers and titles so that there will be no chances of records getting mixed up. The owners should write their names on each package and then later these can be laid in a convenient place.  
From time to time the dog will bark to keep himself in mind, especially if there is too much buzzing or talking to interfere with hearing what the machine is rendering.

When all of the selections have

been heard, those having a list will sign and pass to the left so that every one will be correcting someone else's guesses. Then the operator will read the correct list, giving first the record number and the names of the selections in the order in which they were played.

The three making the nearest correct list of guesses will come forward and stand on the right side of the room, and the three making the lowest list of correct guesses will stand on the left.  
The awarding of the prizes will now take place. These will be presented in the nature of a "take off" which will cause a laugh. Those making the best showing will be awarded in order, a mouth-organ, a jewsharp and a small whistle, while the three making the lowest guesses will each be presented with a dog biscuit. By this time everybody will be ready for refreshments and those present are sure to declare that they have had an unusually happy evening.

Candies for the Party.  
Bittersweets—An attractive variety of candies may be made by dipping sweet fruits in bitter chocolate. Use for this purpose dates, citron, candied orange peel or crystallized fruit. Melt unsweetened chocolate in a double boiler. Keep the chocolate just warm enough to prevent solidifying. With a silver fork drop pieces of fruit into the chocolate. See that each piece is completely coated, then remove to waxed paper to harden.

Walnut Brittle—Boil one cup corn syrup until it crackles in cold water. Pour over one-half cup broken walnut meats placed in a greased tin. When cold break into pieces.  
Honey Pecan Rolls—1 cup strained honey, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup boiling water, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 cup chopped pecans.  
Boil the honey, butter, water, soda, and cream of tartar till it forms a ball when dropped in cold water. Boil the mixture ten minutes before testing for the ball. Add the pecan meats, and pour on a buttered platter. When cool, roll up tight; then slice across with a sharp knife.

Dishes for Cool Days.  
Delicia Squash—2 cups cooked mashed squash, 1 1/2 cups boiled rice, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon chopped onion 6 tablespoons crumbs, 2 beaten eggs, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper.  
Mix the squash, milk, rice, egg, and seasonings together. Place in a but-

tered baking dish, sprinkle bread crumbs over the top, and bake in a medium oven forty minutes.  
Potato and Onion Escallop—6 medium sized potatoes, 3 small onions, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1 1/2 cups hot milk, 6 thin slices bacon.  
Butter a casserole, put in a layer of thinly sliced potatoes then add a thin layer of sliced onions, and season with salt and pepper. Add another layer of potatoes and onions with seasonings, and repeat until all are used. Then pour on milk, and cover the top with the slices of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven at least one hour. Remove cover a few minutes to brown.

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