

THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

ILLINOIS WOMEN PLANNED A RIOT

Ready to Make a Disturbance in Case Bill Was Killed.

MEMBERS WERE IN IT

Present Speaker Was to Be Deposed and New One Chosen.

Special to The Toronto World.

CHICAGO, June 19.—A thunderbolt was thrown into the victorious forces of Illinois suffragettes tonight when a signed statement detailing the history of the fight for votes for women in the Illinois Legislature was made by Mrs. Elizabeth K. Booth, one of the leaders of the suffragette lobby at Springfield, in which she told of a riot that was planned in case an attempt was made to kill the measure by "gavel" rule.

The statement became public prematurely, and as Governor Dunne has not yet signed the bill its friends are trembling for its fate when news of the proposed militant tactics reaches the governor. In her statement, Mrs. Booth says:

"Our leaders advised us there was only one way to prevent the killing of our bill by 'gavel rule' if the Speaker saw fit to do so, and that was to inaugurate a riot. Our friends seized the suggestion and at once organized for a riot. The men who were to start the riot were selected. Those who were to stand on their desks and shout 'roll call' were picked. The men who were to rush the Speaker were chosen. The present Speaker was to be deposed and a new one elected."

The winning suffragettes have been priding themselves that their victory was obtained by "womanly" methods, and many of them tonight are expressing indignation at the statement, but no one denies it.

Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCullough, one of the leaders is among those who are fearful the revelation may have influence with Governor Dunne. The statement has practically divided Chicago suffragettes into two camps.

The Pioneer's Opportunity. The full summer service of the Niagara-St. Catharines Line is now in effect between Toronto and Niagara Falls, through the Garden of Canada, and the speedy, comfortable steamers Dalhousie City and Garden City are making four round trips daily except Sunday, across Lake Ontario, a pleasant sail of little more than two hours.

The management report that they still have a few good dates open for picnic engagements, but their service is even more popular than in previous years, and it will be advisable to make early application in order to avoid possible disappointment.

The attention of intending picnicers is specially directed to the improved facilities at Port Dalhousie for an outing of this kind, which together with moderate rates and frequent service, makes it one of the most suitable spots available to residents of Toronto.

ON YOUR HOLIDAYS.

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Fill out the attached coupon and forward, together with 20 cents, to The World Office, Toronto, and we will send you The Daily and Sunday World for two weeks and will change your address as often as you desire.

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WOMEN'S SECTION

Daily Fashion Talks BY MAY MANTON

A FASHIONABLE EVENING BODICE

SHAPED sleeve frills, suggestive of the angel idea are to be noted on many of the newest and smartest bodices. This one is extremely charming and includes that feature although it is so constructed that in place of the frills, plain sleeves can be used if something simpler is wanted. There are three suggestions made in the illustration. Each is distinctly different from the other, yet all are good and each is a possibility of the design. We are wearing a great many one-sided effects just now and on the figure, the right side of the bodice is made of lace while the left side is made of chiffon. The transparent fabric over the handsome trimming makes a very beautiful effect but, for simpler occasions, the simpler treatment will be wanted. The shirred guimpe that can be finished either with or without a yoke is unusual and pretty and the close-fitting sleeves joined at the drooping line are among the most fashionable features. There is a lining over which the various parts are arranged. The closing is made at the back.



THE VIOLET

The sweet violet of Old England (Viola odorata) is the parent plant of the many single and double varieties that glorify and perfume our gardens from April's earliest warming days. By assiduous cultivation, plants have been produced whose blossoms are remarkable for the immense size, for the depth and individuality of their coloring, and for their rare and subtle fragrance.

Most of these varieties are entirely hardy and quite easily managed in any ordinary garden bed. Indeed, it is not at all difficult, especially in moderate climates, to have healthy blossoms of some description, from the open garden, all the year round—straight through autumn, in the sunny stretches of winter, and in countless numbers from beds blue with them in spring. This, of course, with the help of hotbed and cold frame.

The commonest of our native violets is Viola cucullata, the ordinary blue violet. Found roaming here and there and everywhere along our roadsides, embowering meadows, lowland and upland, climbing up steep hills and down shady ravines, hiding coyly in cool nooks and corners beside brooks and streams, its bright blue blossoms are dear to the heart of every little child, on the hunt for wild flowers, almost before the last traces of winter have vanished. Rich in color, abundant in blossom, it is, however, not so strongly fragrant as other varieties. The clean, refreshing green leaves, heart-shaped, saw-edged, are folded inwards when first put forth, and the five-petaled, bluish-purple, golden-hearted, are surely too familiar for more detailed description.

The horned violet (Viola cornuta) is a tufted perennial with diffuse stems, hybrid forms are the bedding violets for the florists, exceedingly easy of cultivation, and blooming luxuriantly all thru the summer.

"This time the femme is cherishing me. You come, too?"

"Who is it?" demanded Forbes, realizing from the manner of the two men that the call was on business.

"Mrs. Delamar, for a fivespot," said Steingall.

And it was!

CHAPTER XIII.

Waverton Shows Fight.

The meeting between Mrs. Delamar and the representatives of the bureau was in the tamest imaginable way. The woman had come to see and to give, information, and, having regard to the caliber of the men opposed to her, it was reasonable to expect that she would fail to achieve her object. She used all the feminine arts save the candor of innocence; but, unhappily for her army, she was the only one that counted with these two clear-eyed detectives.

Clancy, notwithstanding his outspokenness in the train, now elected to emulate the stuffed owl in so far as speech was concerned, and Steingall, hearing all that a suspected person has to say, but putting no leading questions. When Mrs. Delamar found that her effective glances, her sweetly pathetic air, her soft-spoken hesitations were merely being wasted, she tried a somewhat stronger line.

"Of course," she said, "I could not help overhearing what you gentlemen were saying to each other today," she said, coolly enough, "and I had some difficulty in restraining my surprise in front of my fellow-passengers. Why are the authorities in New York interesting themselves in my husband's death? It seems to have arisen from natural causes, and the only strange element about it was the fact that he died in the cutter and was carried out to sea."

"You will hear the medical evidence tomorrow, madam," said Steingall. "I cannot tell you just what conclusion the doctors have arrived at, but I am sure they will greatly modify any views you may have formed as the outcome of the first day's inquest."

Mrs. Delamar—obviously, she had sent her name as Mrs. Kyle—pondered this statement in silence for a few seconds. "You seem to hint at a theory of suicide," she said, wrinkling her smooth forehead as the Mea was bizarre and unacceptable.

"We do not allow ourselves the luxury of theories. We go only on ascertained facts."

"But I, at any rate, can have little of value to tell you."

"I hope you will answer fully and carefully all the questions the district attorney will put to you," said Steingall, after a barely perceptible pause to allow Clancy to break in if so minded.

"If the authorities attach so much importance to the affair as to send all you gentlemen from New York, I suppose I ought to have legal assistance, too," and the low-toned, well-modulated voice grew slightly metallic.

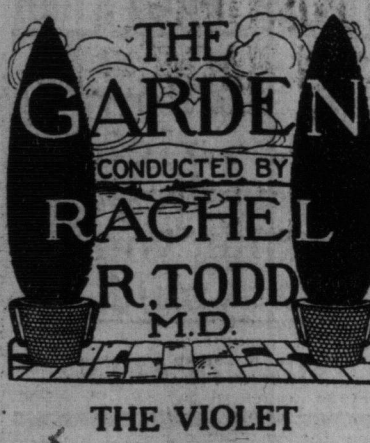
"I think you would be well-advised to avail yourself of the aid of a good local lawyer, madam."

"But, why?"

The words were eloquent of the belief that at last she had driven this saucy aloof-mannered detective into a corner; but Steingall only smiled.

"You are your husband's sole legatee, madam, and consequently the person most closely concerned."

(To Be Continued.)



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PATTERN SERVICE NEWS FOR WOMEN

THE TRIPLE TIE BY A. H. C. MITCHELL

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Things had gone along swimmingly, he flattered himself, until this young man had crossed his path and had nearly met his death in doing so. He acknowledged to himself that he was a little rough in his talk to the fellow that day and Mildred had taken offence. But he had tried hard to "square" himself—to make amends. Had he not sent her flowers? Had he not repeatedly tried to talk with her over the telephone? Had he not tried twice that very night to do so and was he not told that she was "not at home"? Cain was boiling with anger as his thoughts reached a sort of climax. She was not at home to him, it seemed, but she was at home to this stranger. Who was this man? How did Mildred find out who he was and where he lived? There must be some stop to the whole business. And he, Forrest Cain, was the man to stop it. Here was his chance. He would

The car had arrived at the end of the street. To go to the Imperial Hotel a turn should be made to the right, instead of doing this, however, Cain turned to the left and took a direction that would lead out of town. He speeded up the machine to the limit of its capacity, with a vague idea of intimidating the passenger on the rear seat, and the car flew down a hill at a terrifying pace. There was still farther to go, and the roads were wet and slippery, and the car rolled and tossed and skidded in an alarming manner.

Cain had no definite idea in view except to drive a considerable distance out of town and have it out with this stranger. Hitherto his money had enabled him to have his way in everything and he had ridden roughshod over every obstacle that presented itself in his path, so that the fact that he was a sort of demi-god had become firmly implanted in his nature. In the case in hand he did not stop to him. He was blind to the fact that Cain resolved to eliminate this stranger from his affairs. He tried to get more speed out of the car, but at that time the roads were growing worse and worse as they got further out of town. They had passed the limit of electric lights, and except for the rays of the powerful headlights everything was in inky blackness.

They must have driven all of half an hour and were a good fifteen miles from where they started when Cain, spying a road that branched off to the left, turned into it. Up to this point Gordon Kelly, in the back seat, had been asleep, but for all Cain knew, but the car had not travelled during the last half hour, and before he gave evidence that he was very much awake.

With spring as light as a panther he vaulted over the back of the front seat and landed lightly beside Cain. Reaching down he switched off the magnet, pulled out the plug and dropped it into his coat pocket. Almost instantly the motor stopped and the car came to a standstill.

CHAPTER VIII.

Reaching down to the coil box, Cain discovered the plug was not there. "Where's that plug?" he demanded, fiercely.

"I have it in my pocket," replied Kelly, quietly. "Something is likely to happen pretty quick but I don't know just what it is, I thought I would be on the safe side and take it with me."

"Who are you?" cried Cain.

"I will tell you who I am, but first I want to know if I am talking to a crazy man, a fool, or a joker," answered Kelly. While he was speaking he was fumbling in his pocket. He now drew forth a match which he lighted and held up to the other's face. Cain blew it out almost as quickly as it ignited, but Kelly had seen enough.

"Oh, you're the Deerys' chauffeur," he observed calmly. "I saw the man, who nearly ran over me the other day. Well, did your employer tell you to drive me out here, or did you do it on your own hook?"

"I'm not a chauffeur," exclaimed Cain, hotly. "I'm a friend of the Deery family, and if you want to know, I brought you here on my own hook. What are you going to do about it?"

"You are certainly a queer sort. What is your object? Is this hold-up game, or what?"

"Rob you? no!" shouted Cain. "I can buy and sell you a million dollars in a little while, and I thought I might as well try it. I stood for it as long as you have been driving me along, but now I'm tired and I want to go home."

"I can't figure you out at all," said Kelly in an even voice. "I'm not much used to city ways and I thought at first you'd be a little more orderly. You're a little drive, tho it is a mighty queer night for it. I stood for it as long as you have been driving me along, but now I'm tired and I want to go home."

"What were you doing in Deery's house tonight?" he asked.

"I was invited there, but I was moved as if to struggle out of his seat behind the wheel of the automobile."

As quick as the stroke of a cat Kelly shot up his right hand and his fingers closed on Cain's collar with the strength of a vise. With the same movement he jerked Cain's head down to the floor of the car. He sent his left foot crashing thru the side curtains, which had been fastened on to exclude the rain, and thus clearing a passage, as it were, he jumped to the ground, dragging the struggling Cain after him like a sack of meal. Cain fell in the muddy road with a splash, still holding his man by the collar, Kelly, ankle deep in mud, hauled him around in front of the car and deposited him there in the full glare of the searchlights.

"Now we can see what we are doing," he remarked, and in spite of the effort he had made to drag a man of Cain's size, his respiration was hardly above normal.

Cain scrambled to his feet, and with a vile epithet rushed at his antagonist. But Kelly, who had a reach like Bob Fitzsimmons, simply put out one hand and Cain ran blindly into it and stopped short.

With one powerful blow Kelly sent the other man reeling backward, and, losing his balance, Cain fell with another splash in the mud. In two jumps Kelly stood over him.

"There's only one thing to do to a man like you," he said. "Get up."

Cain lay motionless, blinking up at Kelly as tho he had just awakened from a bad dream.

"Get up," ordered Kelly again.

Just as Cain refused to move, so, reaching down, Kelly inserted his fingers in the collar of his foe, and yanked him to his feet. Then, turning him around, and facing him up the road, Kelly stepped back one pace and delivered a solid kick in Cain's nether region.

(To Be Continued.)

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A. LEVY, 260 YONGE

NO OTHER WAY

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"I am not quite sure yet that he is a villain," said the chief inspector. "The Waverton case has taken on a few peculiar kinks during the last fortnight, and it may have a twist or two left in it."

"Yet, if Waverton is Scott, he has committed offences enough already to keep him in Sing Sing for the rest of his natural life. Queer how we sympathize with him. Ah, here is Forbes!"

Mrs. Delamar might have seen Waverton either at New York or on arriving at Atlantic City, but she gave no sign of the knowledge, if she possessed it. She was driven to one of the large hotels, found a telegram awaiting her there, went to her room, dressed, and dined; then donning hat and cloak, she telephoned to the police station, and went out.

Hence it happened that a small concave of officialdom at another hotel was interrupted by a waiter.

"Mr. Steingall," he enquired.

"Yes," said Steingall.

"Lady to see you, sir."

"Ah!" He exchanged glances with Clancy.

"Boujours cherchez la femme!" laughed the latter.

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