

THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Wednesday's Daily.)
They whirled away to Magerston Road, where Hallett gladly avail himself of an offer of hospitality that would enable him to eradicate most of the taces of the night's adventure.

The chief inspector was waiting for him by the time he had finished a bath and a shave and made an energetic attack on his clothes with a brush. He also had changed. Flushed and cheerful, he looked more like the churchwarden than ever by contrast with his late appearance.

"No need to hurry, Congreve won't have finished yet awhile and a bit of breakfast won't do you any harm. Let me introduce Mrs. Menzies. And here's Bruin. Shake hands with Mr. Hallett, Bruin. He fondled the dog for a moment. "He's a rascal. Tried to spoil my garden yesterday, didn't you—you wicked old sinner? Come and have a look at my patch, Mr. Hallett. It's not big, but I do fatrly well with my roses."

Menzies was quite capable of making himself a bore on the subject of gardening and it was with something of relief that Hallett at last received the signal for breakfast. It was difficult for him to understand how easily the detective could detach himself from the case to the consideration of hum-drum domestic matters. He hinted as much. The other man grinned.

"Wait till you're married, my boy. Seriously, though, I never talk of business when I'm at home and never think of it if I can help it. I do all my worrying on duty. Some men let a case get on their nerves, and then they pause to dissect it. You've got to regard your work quite apart from your personal feeling. Every C. I. D. man has sent some awfully charming people to jail—people they liked, too. There was one of ours on a murder case who found that the murderer was a friend of his—a man in a good position. It broke him all up."

"Who?" queried Jimmie. "The murderer?"
"No; the officer. Of course, he might have put the circumstances before the chief and left the actual arrest to some one else. But he preferred to carry it on himself. The man was hanged."

"What happened to the detective?"
"That's the point I'm getting at. He couldn't forget it and every time he handled thereafter he let his sympathies go out to the crook he was following. He wanted to be judge and jury and make sure a man was guilty before arresting him. He suffered from temperament. It doesn't do. Pass the toast, please."

"I suppose I'm dull," said Jimmie apologetically. "You wouldn't hold a man if you weren't sure he was guilty?"

Menzies placed down his cup. "You bet I would, though," he said emphatically. "There's some people ought to be arrested on general principles—Gwenie, for instance. All a police officer's got to do is don't care whether he's a constable or a superintendent—is to have a reasonable suspicion to act upon. Of course, if he's dead sure, so much the better. But it's for the court to make certain."

"You're a newspaper man?"
He went on, folding his serviette. "If you get a beat and put it before your paper you may be annoyed if they're foolish enough not to run it, but you're satisfied you've done your part. The same with me. I get my evidence and my prisoner and I've done. Personally it doesn't matter to me what happens. If a fat-headed jury acquits a prisoner I'm confident

is sorry I'm maybe scornful of their understanding—that's all."
"That means there's human nature, even in a detective."
"Sure," laughed Menzies. "I think we'll get a move on."

The steady search of Mrs. Lyne's house was still progressing when they returned to Ludford Road. A number of fresh detectives had arrived to help Congreve, and they found Haldon Foyle stretched lazily out in one of the horsehair chairs in the sitting-room. He rose and shook hands with Jimmie.

"How are you, Mr. Hallett? I got your report, Menzies. Nothing much doing, so I thought I'd drop down and have a look at things." He drew the chief inspector a little aside. "I didn't think you would have let Gwenie get one in on you. She complicates things. The commissioner isn't pleased."

"It's against me, sir, and that's a fact," agreed the other ruefully. He made no attempt at excuse. "The bed, too, was a chaos of burnt papers which had broken under the efforts of the two men to move them intact. The superintendent and the chief inspector halted by the door. With infinite delicacy one of the constables lifted a sheet of burnt paper from the grate and placed it in a kitchen sieve. This he held over a steaming kettle on the oil-stove while his companion, a transparent sheet of paper on which gun had been thinly spread, in his hand, waited anxiously. The burnt paper softened rapidly and the gummed sheet was dropped upon it."

"That's the last, sir," commented one of the operators. "The rest is too broken up to be handled." He indicated the grate with a gesture. The chief inspector moved to the bed and took a seat upon it. Haldon Foyle lit a cigar.
"There are two or three check-book counterfoils not quite destroyed," went on the man and picking them off the coverlet he handed them to Menzies.
"Very well," said Foyle. "Mr. Menzies and I will go through these things now. You can come to photograph them later on."
As the expert vanished Menzies gingerly turned over the charred leaves of the check counterfoils. "Gwenie made the most of her time," he observed, "but she seems to have been too much rushed to make a complete job of it. These are on the same bank as Greye-Stratton's."

"Same checks?" asked Foyle.
"Halt, you may be able to tell us that." What are these other documents?"
It is a peculiarity of burnt paper that it often shows up quite clearly any writing that was upon it before it had been consumed. Menzies wrinkled down his nose at the pasted-down portions that had been rescued. Some pieces were almost complete, some had broken and twisted under the process of restoration so that it was a matter of difficulty to

follow the eccentricities of the writing which in some cases, stood out dirty-gray, in others brilliant black and still again pale black.
"Listen to this," said Menzies. He read slowly, with pauses here and there to indicate where a word was indecipherable:
"We are all right for the time being, and if . . . can be handled we shall be all to the good. You know some of them, and it might be worth a shot, as it would simplify things. It's no good tackling M., but a couple of hundred with some of the others ought to go a long way. You can dig the money out here. Hallett is most dangerous just now. He absolutely must be settled if we are to pull off the game. That's up to you, as I'll have to keep below the water-line. Better not write to me, but if you can get in touch with Cincinnati, pass me a word. Don't trust C too much; he is . . . The rest of the letter is gone," finished Menzies.
The superintendent sucked his cigar thoughtfully. "That's Cincinnati Red," he commented. "You'll want to rope him in. He's been in London for three months or more." "I'll have that seen to at once," said Menzies. "The rest of the letters can wait a little."
Foyle scratched out his hand for the blackened epistle. "Pity the wretches who have to keep it. The chap who wrote this thinks a lot of you, Menzies. He thinks you're above gruff. I wonder if Gwenie has been trying to buy up any of our men."
"The letter's probably been written this last day or two. There's been no time yet. I'll pass the word that whoever is tackled is to bite."
"There might be a chance," said Foyle. "And I'll tell you what, Menzies, I'll bet you a thousand pounds to a penny that the gentleman who's so anxious to keep his head under the water-line is Stewart Reader Ling."
"No takers, sir," said Menzies smilingly.
But Hallett, could he have heard, would have smiled, for this man, Stewart Reader Ling—a name all ready secured deep in his memory—was, according to the certificate

SIDE TALKS

OF RUTH AND CONSUM

A THIN EXCUSE

There are some people who seem to place their hopes of Heaven in other people's failure to keep true to ideals.

A queer depository, isn't it? And to my mind about as safe as a cardboard box would be for a safely vault.

Perhaps you don't at once recognize the type I mean.

I mean the sort of person who explains his failure to become a Christian by pointing to some of the people who profess to be Christians and don't do the name any honor.

"What do I want to belong to the Church for?" he will say. "Look at Mr. M. Did you ever see such a saintly fellow? And he's a deacon. No, thank you. I've no use for such hypocrisy."

She Might Be Glad If She Didn't Gossip.
Or a woman will say, "When I hear some of those Ladies' Aid women gossiping I'm glad I don't belong to any Church."

As if that were any thing to boast about. She might be glad if she had delivered her official reproof. Only she feels she has a license to do so because she has never been willing to place the restraint of a public pledge to higher ideals upon herself.

Not to fall below ideals because you haven't any is no particular credit. That's No Reason You Shouldn't Try

Because people who profess to be Christians aren't all they should be, doesn't justify you one bit for being afraid to even try.

And it is furthermore greatly to your discredit to persistently judge any movement by those who disgrace it instead of those who honor it.

In my morning paper the other day I noticed that the Executive Committee of the Russian revolution posted a proclamation condemning acts of violence supposed to be committed by revolutionists. "Only madmen or enemies of national liberty are capable of such revolting acts," it said. "The Russian revolution, which might have meant the placard, and went on to appeal to the people to prevent a repetition of such acts, remembering that the high ideals for which they stand might be judged by them."

Why Not Judge The Cause by Those Who Honor It
Every cause from Christianity down has within its ranks those who disagree in one way or another.

To judge the cause by these few is like judging a beautiful garden by a few weeds.

And to think that you are excused from pledging your heart to the ideals for which any great movement stands, because some who have pledged themselves fail, is the pettiest and most childish form of self blindfolding.

shown him by Menzies, the lawful husband of Peggy Greye-Stratton. (Continued in Friday's Issue.)

ECHO PLACE

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
The Echo Place Bowling Club entertained the branch Institute of North Brant last Thursday. A crowded house and a pleasant time was the result in one way or another.

The Echo Place Bowling Club held their annual opening last Saturday at Mr. Hall's home. About thirty-five were present.

Mrs. R. Blanchard, city, visited Mrs. Murray Smith last Friday. Miss Mae Neelands, of Toronto, visited her sister Miss R. Neelands, Principal of Echo Place School.

Misses Helen and Marie Smith spent Sunday in the city, the guests of Mrs. F. Curtis.

Mrs. Geo. Smith, Miss B. Smith and Miss Beattie Smith spent Tuesday in the city.

MOUNT VERNON

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
Mrs. Fred Sturges spent a few days last week visiting relatives at Hagersville.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch. Secord spent Sunday week with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. MacDonald.

Young people's League was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Fowler on Monday evening. Led by Fred Ludlow. Topics were taken by Misses Etta Leggett and Mae Sturges and Mr. Ed. Norris.

Miss Eva Newstead of Brantford is visiting her relatives here.

Miss Birkett, of Brantford, spent a couple of days last week with Miss B. Perrin.

Miss Etta Leggett spent a day last week with Mae Sturges.

CASE BROKEN.
Washington, June 13.—The Interstate Commerce Commission's decision in the proceedings brought by the Chicago Board of Trade, against Trunk Line railroads, upholding rates on grain products from Chicago to Buffalo, and New York, for export, was re-opened to-day to receive further testimony.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

CREAM SALAD DRESSING.

Two eggs, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 of cream, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon mustard. Beat 2 eggs well, add the sugar, salt and mustard, then the vinegar and cream. Place the bowl in a basin of boiling water and stir until about the thickness of rich cream. If the bowl is thick and the water boiling all the time it will take about 5 minutes. Cool and use as needed.

SALAD DRESSING.

One-half cup vinegar, 1-5 cup milk, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 lump of butter size of walnut, a little pepper, yolk of 3 eggs or 1 whole egg.

POTATO AND BEET SALAD.

Boil 3 white potatoes, cool and slice and place in centre of salad dish. Mix in a little finely graded onion. Mince finely 3 beets and place around them. Take 1 hard-boiled egg, press yoke through a sieve and put over potatoes, and the white over the beets, and pour over the following dressing. One teaspoon sugar, 4 tablespoons melted butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and cream together, and add 1 cup milk, and boil up by placing dish in hot water. Beat 3 eggs and add 1-2 cup vinegar and 1 scant teaspoon mustard, a little salt and pepper. Stir into boiling mixture until thickens. Cool and use.

CABBAGE SALAD

One egg, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 3 tablespoonfuls cream, 2-8 cup vinegar (if no food sour, it so, use part water), 3 tablespoonfuls melted butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper.

Set in a dish of hot water to thicken, and use when cold. As much cabbage as it will take up. Chop the cabbage as fine as desired.

Salad dressing—Four eggs, 1 tablespoonful mixed mustard, 1-4 cup vinegar, 1-2 cup oil.
In place of oil use butter. If preferred. Beat all together and boil until it thickens, stirring constantly.

Good Night Stories

By Charles Silcock

HOW MR. CROW GOT HIS BLACK SUIT

Once there lived two white crooks near a beautiful peach tree. Every morning Mr. Crow would build a big bonfire in front of their house to smoke out the bad spirits, so he told his wife, Mrs. Peach Tree, that until he until her baby buds threw off their green coats and burst forth in their pink and white dresses, then things became very unpleasant for the peach blossoms. They complained to their mother tree that their beautiful dresses were getting all covered with smoke stains.

Mrs. Peach Tree spoke to Mrs. Crow and asked her not to build her fires until the children had taken off their pretty dresses. Mrs. Crow told her husband and he grew very angry.

"I'll do as I please with my own home," he cried and that evening he built a bigger fire than ever before. The peach blossoms were all dressed for a party and waiting for the winds to carry them away, but their gowns were soon covered with black smoke soot and when Mr. Wind came he dropped them to the ground beneath Mrs. Peach Tree.

"See what you have done!" wailed Mrs. Peach Tree, as the winds rushed through her boughs, and she saw old Mr. Crow thought it a great joke and laughed when he told his wife. Mrs. Crow felt very sorry when she saw the peach blossoms lying under the tree and she flew into the branches to try to comfort Mrs. Peach Tree's grief.

"Mr. Crow is very selfish, but the day will come when he will see his mistake," replied Mrs. Peach Tree, and Mrs. Crow went home.

The next day Mr. Crow was put to bed, for it was washed day and he only had one suit, and that was white and very dirty. Mrs. Crow washed it nice and clean and hung it from a bush in front of the house. Then she went out to find some bugs and worms for supper.

Mr. Crow, thinking it a put-up job not to let him build his fire, waited until his wife was gone. Then he wrapped the bedclothing about him and sneaked out and soon had a big bonfire blazing near the door, forgetting his clothes were on the line. When Mrs. Crow came back from market she found her clothes all covered with black soot.

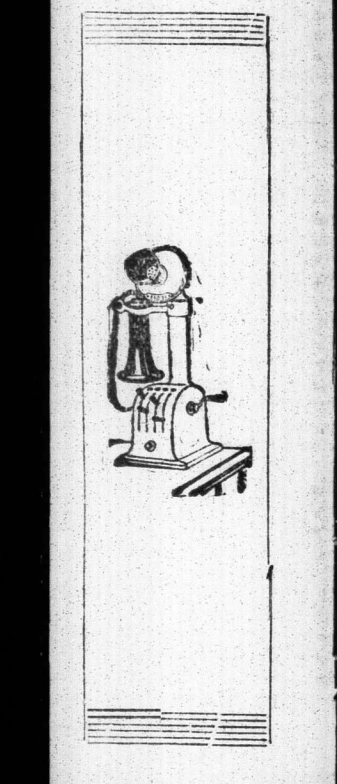
"It serves you right. There's no use having a fire on these nice days," scolded Mrs. Crow.

Of course Mr. Crow was very sorry he had been so thoughtless as to build a fire when his wife had her clothes on the line, but said to say he repented too late, for his white suit was as black as coal and to this day it has remained so. Mr. Crow was broken up by his foolish idea of chasing out bad spirits, so the peach blossoms never had to worry any more about their dresses being spoiled with soot.

Now the children laugh when they see Mr. and Mrs. Crow flying around and call them old black crooks.

FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA
By Courier Special Wire.
Philadelphia, June 12.—Fire early to-day destroyed the garage stable and warehouse of Gemel Brothers, at 121st and Market streets, causing a loss estimated at \$150,000. Fifty automobile trucks were consumed in the blaze.

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