The Knight Who Could Not Kneel

BY EDGAR WALLACE.

Author of "The Four Just Men," "The Secret [illegible]se," [illegible]

(Continued from Last Week.)

"Run over by a motor bus or something?" asked Joyson.

"An adventure," continued the enthusiastic Daniel, "which in the flash of an eye will change my whole status, will introduce me to another sphere of action, change my outlook in life, and all that sort of thing."

"I suppose you will," agreed the other. "I've often thought you'd get married sooner or later."

"Your views on life," said the exasperated Daniel, "are appallingly commonplace."

"I'm a commonplace man," admitted the other placidly, "in the city we deal with realities——"

But Daniel waved him to the devil in one comprehensive gesture. It was not a morning for business. He dealt with two urgent letters, and an hour after his arrival in his office he was returning westward.

A pale sun shone through the misty blue of a London sky, and the branches of the trees which tinged the embankment were just speckled with green. The flower buds in Temple Gardens were yellow with crocuses and daffodils, and there was in the air the electrical magic of spring, and Daniel's heart sang a wild, barbaric song, which careless youth and healthy manhood can alike interpret, and which May Excels might equally have understood. The spirit carried him through the day; it brought in the trail of its splendour, fragmentary visions in which he figured heroically, it enlarged his love of humanity, and brought him for the adventure which would not come, yet which, with every passing moment of time seemed the more inevitable.

He was passing Scotland Yard when a man came hurrying out.

"Sorry," said the stranger disentangling himself.

He was a big, florid man, jovially stern of demeanor, and his attitude of politeness was tinctured with authority.

"Hullo," said Daniel curiously, "where the devil are you going in such a hurry?"

The stranger held out a big hand.

"Mr. Gree, isn't it?" he asked.

"Gree it is," agreed the other. "Is it murder, bank robbery, or the activity of the political world which hastens the laggard feet of law?"

Detective Superintendent Mosser smiled.

"I am trying to catch 1.18 for Newbank," he said.

They had met on more occasions than one, for it was part of Daniel's business to check the circulation of illicit bonds which were at that time in circulation in Europe, and such work brought him into touch with the heads of the police department.

"And what is happening at Newbank?"

The detective explained. A new hospital was to be opened by His Royal Highness the Prince of Midlothian. His Highness journeying down from Yorkshire would stop at Newbank Station, would receive an address of welcome from the Mayor and Corporation of Newbank, would press an electric button which would open the door of the new hospital at Canbury—a town five miles away.

"And you will be there—how wonderful," said the admiring Daniel. "I suppose nothing would happen if you failed to turn up."

The genial police officer smiled. Then he groped into an inside pocket.

"It will be interesting in a way," he said, as he pulled out a card, "I mean to an American—you'll see a man knighted—the fellow that gave the hospital—if you'd like to see it I can give you an admission to the platform."

"Is that a ticket?" asked Daniel quickly, "yes, I'd like to go," he went on as he grasped the pasteboard and looked awe-stricken upon its prim surface. "To what does this entitle me? Not to knighthood—gee! don't say it does?"

"It entitles you to refreshments," said the practical servant of law, "you ought to catch the 2.15 to be in time—good morning."

Daniel watched the departing figure, saw it suddenly stop and walk slowly back. There was a puzzled frown on the detective's face.

"Gree?" he said.

"Mr. Gree," corrected Daniel reproachfully.

"I'm not thinking about you—I suppose you're not related to The Gree?"

"I'm him," said Daniel, without regard to the niceties of grammar; "there is only one real Gree, all other Grees being spurious imitations. Look for the Gree label without which none is genuine. I will injunct any unauthorized Gree with great severity—who is The Gree?"

"It doesn't matter," said the unsatisfying Mr. Mosser, and went off with rapid steps, remembering that N. W. R. expresses wait for no man.

Daniel looked at the ticket, then he stole a furtive glance at a little portrait which he carried as near his heart as made no difference.

"If I can't be a knight, at least I can learn how they are made," said he firmly, and after a hasty lunch he boarded the 2.15.

Newbank, in the language of the local reporter, was en fete. It was en fete in italics, and en fete in the black headlines of "The Newbank County Chronicle." Flags were flying in the streets, and the station platform was a blaze of bunting and giltwork. Flowers read and flowers so artfully artificial that you could not distinguish them from real unless you had paid for them "displayed in lavish yet ordered confusion" (I look over the shoulder of Mr. Mansem, reporter-in-chief to the aforesaid "County Chronicle," and quote him word for word as he writes so busily in the waiting room), and the precincts of the little station were alive with notable people in their most notable clothes.

Daniel, feeling terribly commonplace amidst such magnificence, had the foresight to hunt up the reporter.

"Say, Bud," said Daniel dropping his hand upon the scribe's shoulder, "put me wise to the programme."

Mr. Mansem, a fierce young man in gold-mounted spectacles glared up at his interrupter.

"You'll find the program in the paper," he jerked his head to an open sheet on the table.

"Son," said Daniel gently, "before I became a degraded financier I was a newspaper boy—just like you; doing stunts at three cents a line, and never failing to describe a straw-yard blaze as 'a holocaustic and terrifying conflagration.'"

Mr. Mansem looked at him with a new interest.

"It's a hospital five miles away—eccentric sort of devil built it—there he is."

The waiting room opened out into a smaller room into which only first-class passengers were admitted (so said the laconic legend on the door) but through the glass panels of which the occupants of the common or third class room might view their betters without extra charge. The smaller saloon was beautified by the addition of palms and flags. There was too a draped pedestal, and on that was the electric switch with which, by the pressure of his august finger, his Royal Highness would unseal the distant hospital.

The solitary occupant of the room at that moment was a shy-looking man with ragged whiskers and an antiquated frock-coat who looked horribly ill at ease.

"I'm about the only person here who knows him," the reporter went on. "He hates this business—a sort of recluse, y'know, but immensely wealthy."

"Is he the man who is to be knighted?" asked Daniel keenly.

The reporter nodded.

"He doesn't want to be," he said simply, "he just told me he hates the idea of kneeling—he has rheumy knees or something."

Didn't want to be knighted! Daniel raised his eyes to heaven. Here was a gentleman—for a gentleman he was undoubtedly, despite his whiskers—who had an opportunity for which Daniel would have cheerfully paid one half his fortune.

There he stood, that impious man, with honor hovering above him, and didn't want—

"I'm going to have a chat with him," said Daniel resolutely.

The reporter looked alarmed.

"Be careful, Gree is an awful bear——" he began.

"Gree?"

Daniel gasped.

"Don't tell me his name is Gree—what is his front name?"

"Dan Gree," said the other.

In two strides Daniel was across the room. In two more he was through the door and confronting the confused philanthropist.

"My name is Gree," he said rapidly. "I believe we're related—one of my ancestors emigrated to England at the time of the Mayflower; he didn't wish to be mixed up with the Pilgr[illegible] Fathers—how are you?"

He shook hands desperately with the elder Gree; he talked him silent, giving his namesake no chance to disclaim relationship.

The antiquated Mr. Gree found himself on terms of confidence before he realized that he had even met this pushful stranger.

"I wish I could get out of it," he said, apropos of the coming trial. "I can't tell you how horrible I feel; I hate crowds—I think I shall faint—when he comes. Besides I can't kneel," he rubbed his knees aggressively. "I've got a twinge of rheumatism, and I shall look like a fool—oh, confound it!"

"Remember," said Daniel solemnly, "that your cousin is by you to help you up—and if you only introduce me to His Royal Highness I shall ask no other reward for my service."

From outside came the far away "bang!" of a fog signal. In this simple and inexpensive manner did Newbank salvo royalty.

"My heavens!" said old Gree fretfully, "here comes that d—— train."

He looked round hopelessly for some means of escape. There was a door giving way to the station courtyard, and the key was in the lock.

"I can't stand it!" wailed the recluse. "I didn't expect this when I built the infernal hospital. I can't kneel—and I won't kneel!"

He tried the door furtively snapped back the lock and peered cautiously forth. The courtyard was deserted, for the public had chosen places of vantage where they might secure a better view of majesty. . . .

His Royal Highness, a tall, agreeable young man, stepped out from his saloon, and listened with the utmost gravity whilst an agitated town clerk read an address of welcome, which clearly indicated that Newbank was one of the loyalest, true-hearted and most noble townships on the Red Map, that the coming of His Royal Highness was something in the nature of a phenomenon which would at once place Newbank in the forefront of the world's cities, and solidify that empire upon which the sun never sets if it can possibly avoid the necessity.

His Royal Highness expressed the extraordinary pleasure it gave him to step out of his saloon and meet the bald-headed representative of a free and enlightened borough. He didn't say so in as many words, but he probably thought as much.

"I am sorry we are late, Mr. Mayor," he said, as entirely surrounded by the municipality he made his way along the platform. "Mr. Gree is here, I understand?"

"I am told so, your Royal Highness—" twittered the mayor "but—very shy man—this is the saloon, your Royal Highness—"

"It is a pity I cannot visit Newbank," said the prince, "but the train is late. . . . is this the electric button? thank you—" he laid his hand on the switch. "I have pleasure in dedicating the Gree Hospital to the service of humanity, and I declare the Hospital to be open."

He pressed the button, and simultaneously the thunder of guns on Newbank Common announced the completion of the ceremony.

The prince looked round with a smile and beckoned his plumed aide de camp.

"Mr. Gree?" he asked enquiringly, and a dozen voices whispered urgently "Mr. Gree!"

A young man rather pale but immensely self-possessed pushed his way to the front. A chief reporter and a certain detective superintendent who saw him stood hypnotised into inaction at the sight.

"Will you kneel, please?" smiled the Prince.

Daniel sank on one knee upon the velvet cushion that had been thoughtfully placed for the purpose. A sword glittered over his head, the damasked blade touched his two shoulders lightly.

"Rise up, Sir Daniel Gree," said His Royal Highness.

He shook hands with the new knight, uttered a few pleasant things and made his way back to his saloon, leaving Detective Mosser staring helplessly at the pale but triumphant young man."

"Gree!" he gasped.

"Sir Daniel—if you please," said the new knight sternly.

". . . The strange error by which the wrong Mr. Gree was knighted," said the "Newbank County Chronicle, "has been rectified by the bestowal of a baronetcy upon the founder of the Gree Cottage Hospital. The acolade having once been given is irrevocable, and the young Sir Daniel Gree is free to enjoy the title of Knight Bachelor."

Daniel read this with infinite scorn.

"Knight Bachelor!" he said. "We'll show 'em."

He was speaking to the future Lady Gree under the approving eyes of her father.

(The end.)

FLYING PARSON'S AIR DOG PUPPIES TO HELP RELIEF FUND

Lieutenant Belvin Maynard, the Flying Parson, winner of the great U. S. Air Derby from New York to San Francisco and return, is again in the limelight. His famous air mascot, Trixie, the first dog to fly across the continent, has pups. The pups are to be auctioned, the proceeds to go to the Near-East Relief Fund. The picture shows the Flying Parson's two little girls, Rosalind and Evelyn, with Trixie and her puppies.

Helps for the Housewife

SAVING SAUCEPANS.

Saucepans being very expensive just now, it is well worth a little care and attention to preserve those we have. Many a saucepan which is thrown away might have been saved, and the money spent on a new one kept for other purposes in these days when money does not go far, had the owner been in possession of a few simple hints.

The most common way of spoiling saucepans is by burning them. Saucepans which have been burnt should never be filled with soda water, as, although it does remove the burn, it also makes the saucepan liable to burn again next time it is used.

Do Not Use Soda.

To clean a burnt saucepan fill it with salt and water, leave for a few hours, then bring slowly to the boil. The burnt particles will then come off without any difficulty, and there will be no after ill-effects.

When your enamel saucepans get holes in them, do not throw them away. Either buy saucepan menders—the little patches, fastened over the hole by means of a nut and a screw, or mend the saucepan yourself in the following way:

Round the edge of the hole—about a quarter of an inch round—lightly chip away the enamel, leaving the iron showing, both inside and out. Scrape the iron thoroughly bright, and tin it with a soldering iron. Then hold the saucepan upside down, putting one hand covered with a cloth inside, and hold so that you can drop rather a large dab of solder, leaving a lump inside and outside. When cold treat this as a rivet and burr over lightly.

The patched place will last longer than the rest of the pan. An aluminum saucepan which is past mending can be renewed in this way. Get a layer-cake tin (one to fit tightly) and place in the bottom of the saucepan, and you have an entirely new bottom to the pan.

To remove cocoa stains from table cloths and serviettes, wash in cold water first, and then boiling water should be poured through until the last vestige of the stain is gone. For spots made by coffee or tea, boiling water poured through will prove efficacious.

RINSE CLOTHES WELL.

If clothes are not rinsed carefully after washing, white fabrics soon will acquire a faint yellowish tinge. This yellow cast is brought out when heat is applied in the form of an iron. The discolor is much like a scorch in appearance, but not in habit. A slight scorch is easily removed, but clothes yellowed by soap never regain snowy whiteness.

The mission of laundry soap is to remove dirt by a process of disintregation. When the dirt is dissolved the action continues on the threads of the material. The life of cotton or linen is materially shortened by allowing soap to stay in the meshes of cloth.

WHEN BUYING HATS.

When buying a hat, it is more important that you should choose one that is becoming than one that is fashionable.

Some women never seem to do this and go on wearing hats which do not suit them with the least concern in the world, apparently having the faculty of looking at their hats and faces in the glass quite disjointedly.

There are women of mature years whose cheeks are sagging heavily who wear their hair painstakingly marcelled and netted and drawn rather severely away from the face. They forget that this mode topped by the severely smart brimless hat adds years to their appearance.

Sallow or brown skinned women frequently make mistakes in selecting hats of color that accentuates the yellow and sallow tones of their skin. Especially fatal are the so-called henna and mahogany tones that have persisted and are appearing again in spring millinery. For this type of woman the best selection is usually black or some shade of blue—barring, of course, the very light blue. Certain shades of purple seem to counteract the sallowness, too. And white hats in summer may be worn usually to good advantage by these women.

Often the very tall, small faced women make the mistake of wearing hats that are very broad, feeling that in so doing they detract from their attenuation. Often a well fitting small hat would be a better selection, as it tends to add character to the small face.

TOM MOORE *stars in Goldwyn Pictures*

Star in Goldwyn Pictures. Now playing in "Duds"; to be seen soon in "The Great Accident."

BOOK REVIEWS

BY ELINOR MURRAY.

"THE LINE'S BUSY," by Albert Edward Ullman. Published by The Ryerson Press, Toronto.

The popularity of the breezy, slangy letter-story is not diminishing. "You know me, Al," started it, and "Dere Mable" helped it along. Now comes Goldie, who writes her friend Myrtle all about the funny, tragic, romantic things that happen around the switchboard in a big New York hotel. Goldie herself is evidently very good looking. She doesn't say so, but you know how one could guess that about a hotel telephone operator. And she sure is a good sport, warm-hearted and generous and ready to lend a helping hand any time. She manages to straighten out several love affairs, bring happiness to a fond parent, prevent more than one "crook" from making successful touches on some of her friends and finally find her own happiness. The yarns are naturally written with a delicate spice of humor and a dash of shrewd philosophy that make them genuinely good reading.

"WE NEED THE BUSINESS." Being the Letters of Citron, Gumbiner & Co. By Joseph E. Austrian. With illustrations by Stuart Hay. Published by The Ryerson Press, Toronto.

"All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages," seems a needless announcement for Mr. Austrian's excerpts from the correspondence of a firm of waist manufacturers. It couldn't be translated into foreign languages; indeed, it is a question if it could be translated into a language that would be intelligible to a large portion of the people. But for anybody anywhere who has any familiarity with the garment trade, it ought to be a fountain of uncontaminated joy.

Mr. Austrian can hardly expect to escape comparison with immortal Potash and Perlmutter, but he has nothing to fear from the comparison. Philip Citron, Solomon Gumbiner and their partners and employes are persons quite as much alive and quite as entertaining. There is no particular plot, and the book is very short; it begins with a letter from Mr. Citron to Mr. Gumbiner, in which he expresses some gloomy views:

"By the way, Sol, get acquainted with the word 'intriguing.' Use it in your selling talk with the high-grade store trade. It's the latest swell model in the language line. This word must have been born especially for the waist trade. It means a mixup, entanglement of complexities."

And ends with a letter announcing that the year's profits are $52,000. The intervening correspondence is a very entertaining comment on competitors, trade conditions, rival salesmen, lady buyers and every other aspect of the ready-to-wear industry, together with bits of information about the personal problems of the firm.

UNEASY STREET, by Arthur Somers Roche. Published by The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto.

A recently discharged army captain, Rodney Baird, stopped in New York to enjoy the New Year's eve festivities. He met a wealthy young chap he had known overseas and was introduced to expensive cabarets and luxurious methods of enjoying life. He had a hundred and some odd dollars

JOE MARTIN — JOE HAS BIG IDEAS WHEN IT COMES TO PETS