THE MAELSTROM

BY FRANK FROEST.

Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

"I can't express how I felt. My quick anger against my father was no less intense than his long-nursed hatred.

"We talked long. I finally refused his offer to go back to Canada, and told him that I would never take another penny from my father. He was against that. He argued that it was the least Mr. Greye-Stratton could do for me.

"When he saw I was determined he pointed out the possibility that I might be Mr. Greye-Stratton's heiress, and that to refuse the allowance might embitter him against me." She flamed for a moment into passion. "As if I wanted anything—anything from that man!

"When he left me I scarcely knew what to do—what action to take. I resolved to do nothing. After all, when I was in a colder mood I could see nothing that I could do. I could not or would not attempt a reconciliation with my father. I could not attempt the vindication of my mother. I renounced the allowance, and things went on as they were before—except that I had my brother.

"He went back to Canada and the United States. Now and again I had letters from him. He had a hard struggle to make ends meet."

"Hallett nodded mechanically. Something in her tone made him begin to see the brother in a less sympathetic light. He blurted out the question on the spur of the moment: "He bled—I meant he wrote to you for money?"

She winced. "Yes; he wrote to me for money. A little more than a year ago he was in England again." He has stayed here ever since. He called on Mr. Greye-Stratton and something happened—what I don't know. I suppose there were recriminations, but my brother told me little but that he was now entirely without resources. Mr. Greye-Stratton"—Hallett noted that she persisted in the formal mode of reference—"had cut off all help from him. I don't know if Mr. Menzies has said anything to you about my brother?" She flashed the question at him suddenly.

"Not a word. This is the first I have heard of his existence."

"I ask because he questioned me closely about him. My brother is a hard man, Mr. Hallett, and his outlook on lift is different to that of the ordinary person. Circumstances have been against him. He was driven to find a living how he could. I want you to remember that if he was driven to it. I helped as far as I could, but he had heavy expenses. He signed my father's name to some cheques."

"He committed forgery?"

"Yes. The canceled cheques came into the hands of—some one else, who knew that Dick Errol was my brother. He threatened to pass them on to Scotland Yard and give evidence against Dick unless I paid. Last night there was an appointment made at my flat. The price he needed was greater than I could pay. When he went I followed him. I knew he had the cheques on him and I hoped that I might find some way to get them from him.

"Just before I met you I had appealed to him again. He refused. He had the cheques in his hand. I snatched them to you on the impulse of the moment. That is all, Mr. Hallett."

"But there is somethingg more," he said; "something you have not said."

She shook her head, her lips pressed tightly together. "I have said all I can—all I dare. You helped me, Mr. Hallett, and I have told you more even than I have the detectives. It has been a relief"—she sighed—"to tell any one."

Jimmie was silenced. Yet a score of questions trembled on his lips. Trained to see the weak points in a narration, he could not fail to realize that there were gaps in the story—gaps that needed filling before one could come to full judgment. She had passed no hint of the blackmailer, the man from whom she had the cheques. That he was closely linked with her in some manner he felt.

And then speculation was lost in a rush of pity for the girl, who had been so unwittingly dragged into a maelstrom from which he could see no way of escape. That the man Errol was a scoundrel was certain on her own showing. He glimpsed through her reticence the fresh tragedy that his advent had meant to her life.

Vainly he tried to see for what purpose she was being used. If course Erroll had been bleeding her, but there was something more. It came to him suddenly. She knew the murderer—she had said so. Here was a motive for Errol—a motive more powerful than revenge or passion. She would stand to gain a fortune by Greye-Stratton's death, and Errol would look to dabbling his fingers in it.

Yet this was the man for whom she was playing with fire. He was not very clear about English legal methods, but he conceived that in trying to shield him she was laying herself open to suspicion. He had judged Menzies acutely.

If Greye-Stratton's fortune were to come to her, that detective would leave nothing undone to be absolutely sure that she had no hand in the crime. Points would arise, actions be revealed that would look black against her by the very reason that she had carefully concealed them.

"Miss Greye-Stratton," he said gravely, "forgive me for what I am going to say. I believe it is a crime here to be an accessory after the fact in a case of murder. Do you realize that? Don't you think it would be wiser for your sake—for your brother's sake—to be candid with the police? Believe me, all that you have told me is sure to be known sooner or later."

Her face was irresolute. "You think they will find out? That it will be worse because I tried to conceal it?"

"I do. If you will take my advice—my sincere advice—you will come with me to Menzies now. Understand me. I shall not betray a word of our conversation without your permission."

She placed her elbow on the table and rested her chin in her cupped hands, staring across the room in reverie. Presently she stood up.

"I will thing of it," she said. "I will think of it."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Wedding Ring.

No effective detective organ is dependent on one man. Co-operation is the essence of all successful detective work, exactly as it is in the carrying on of any great business. Scotland Yard will throw a score, a hundred, ten thousand men into an enterprise, if needed be, and every one of them from the supreme brain downward will have an understudy ready at any moment to pick up a duty abandoned from any cause.

No individual is vital, though some may be valuable. Every fact, every defenite conclusion arrived at is on record. There is no stopping, no turning back to cover ground already traversed. The spade work of detection is as automatic as bookkeeping.

That is why Weir Menzies found time to cover the case against the pickpockets he had captured the preceding evening and to return to headquarters to smoke a quiet pipe and consider things in general.

He stuck his feet on a desk, leaned back in his chair and began serenely to go through the reports that had accumulated from every point where information, however remote, might have been gathered on the Greye-Stratton affair.

(To be continued.)

GOOD JOKES

AMONG THE HEIGHTS.

He—Yes, I certainly like good food and always look forward to the next meal.

She—Why don't you talk of higher things once in a while?

He—But, my dear, what is higher than food?

WASTED ENERGY.

Butler—Cheer up, Katie; it ain't your fault that the silver was copped.

Katie, the Maid—I know, but I just got through cleaning it.

ONE HOLE AND THEN ANOTHER

Flim—Life must be an awful bore to Bill.

Flam—Why?

Flim—He's an oil well digger.

VERY HARD

Bing—I heard that your old man died of hard drink.

Ding—Yes. Poor fellow. A cake of ice dropped on his head.

HORRID MAN

She—I never expected to work like this when I married you.

He—You didn't, eh? Well, I figured that you had become habituated to it. You know you worked pretty hard to get me.

NOT ROOM FOR TWO

The Professor—That proposed rocking horse for the baby will take up too much room.

Practical Wife—Nonsense, my dear. Why, you ride your hobby all over the house.

SO WE'VE NOTICED

"Paw, what is an advertisement?"

"An advertisement is the picture of a pretty girl eating, wearing, holding or driving something that somebody wants to sell."

NOTICE!

Hat pins are used by the American customs authorities to prod parcels for hidden jewelry. We hasten to inform our fair fellow subway travelers that we never hide jewels behind our eyeballs.

LOST HOPES

"Auntie, did you ever have a proposal?"

"Once, dear, a gentleman asked me over the telephone to marry him, but he had the wrong number."

The Magic Carpet

Visits to New Worlds

UPPER SILESIA.

Upper Silesia, which constitutes an area in which one of the plebiscites was ordered to be taken by the framers of the Treaty of Versailles, constituted before the war the southern part of the Prussian Province of Silesia, contiguous with Russian Poland and Galicia. Nearly all of Upper Silesia lies within the drainage area of the Oder River, the climate being one of the most equable in Europe. Many censuses were taken to show the predominance of Poles or of Germans in this area, but almost all the figures were open to suspicion of unfairness. The population of this area is estimated today at about 2,225,000, German element being larger in the towns than in the country. There has for a long time been a strong growth of liberal opinion, and Silesian Socialists gave Prussia many anxious hours before the war, but the Silesians, although they had shown hostility to Prussia and to war, took their share in the Great War on the side of the German Empire. Bismarck more than half a century ago declared that the only bond that held Silesia to the Empire was the crown. Upper Silesia was largely Roman Catholic. The inhabitants are noted as farming experts, but it is chiefly for her coal fields and her mineral riches that Upper Silesia is coveted by the two adjoining nations. Sugar refineries, distilleries and glass works have also won fame for this area. Breslau with a population of 600,000 people, is the most important city. The plebiscite becomes a battle for the coal fields rather than an expression of democratic choice by the peoples of two great nations.

THE ROUND TABLE

"WHERE WE MAKE FRIENDS OF BOOKS."

It is a matter of legend that the "tired business man" reads detective stories for mental relaxation, but it was left for a tired business woman to discover that it is much more refreshing to write them than to read them. Mrs. Lee Thayer is an artist who has won marked sucess with her brush. In addition she is a keen business woman, for she and her artist husband have organized and direct an agency for the selling of artists' works. This is an exacting occupation, for it requires not only artistic ability but critical faculties of a high order and sound business acumen. At the end of a full day Mrs. Thayer found herself as fatigued, as much in need of relaxation as the busiest man and she found it in writing detective stories for the entertainment and amusement of her intimate circle of friends. Finally she ventured submitting one to a publisher. It was immediately accepted and won her enviable recognition as a mystery story writer. Several others followed and now her latest book, "That Affair at 'The Cedars,'" is just off the presses.

Bety Austin is the heroine. In the opening chapter we find her absolutely dumfounded by the return of her lover, reported missing and later killed in action. She, believing him dead and realizing that her heart was buried with him, married to please her mother. Raymond Austin was very good looking and very wealthy. That is the best we can say of him. He is found dead with a bullet wound in his head and suspicion immediately points to Billy Wainwright, the returned man.

The clever young Irishman who, as detective, looks after the case finds several people who may be implicated. George Hull, the father of dead Alice whom Raymond Austin had dishonored, is found with a bullet hole in his shoulder.

Frank Baker, who loved Alice, disappeared at the time of the murder.

John Austin, needed money and would inherit part of his brother's estate.

Bety was abused and hated her husband, she might have been goaded to commit a frenzied act. And then there was a stranger, a queer looking character who appeared suddenly and might have been guilty of anything.

Peter Clancy gathers up all these loose ends, tangled and knotted and weaves them into the intricate pattern of solution. And the reader has never an idea which is the guilty one until the very last chapter.

You will find the book intensely interesting and will be delighted at the cleverness displayed in working out the plot.

Sherlock Homes was a piker compared to Cleek of Scotland Yard, the detective in "The Riddle of the Mysterious Light," by Mary E. and Thomas W. Hanshew. This man Cleek certainly is a wonder. Any time he's called in on a case to help out his superintendent, he just takes a quick look around, scribbles a note of instruction to his superior, throws himself careless and graceful-like onto hs unsuspecting victim, clicks the handcuffs together, and walks nonchalantly away.

The book is entertaining enough for anyone who likes lots of action, with a murder or two thrown in for good measure in every chapter. Good detective or mystery stories really are good; but some of the stuff that's written nowadays is so foolish as to be almost ridiculous.

This book is a collection of short detective stories, with Cleek the hero of each. Cleek must have been a reformed Apache, judging from the manner in which all other Apaches get after him. The opening chapter tells of a terrible time he had in their den in Paris, after being spirited away in an airplane from London. What it has to do with the rest of the story the reader must judge for himself.

There's too much sameness about every episode in the thrilling adventure of this man Cleek. Someone is murdered, some valuable jewels stolen, Cleek is called off from a holiday to unravel the mystery, he disguises himself as a dub, gets the facts while others are thinking about the case, and then throws himself on the murderer before going up the river to spend an hour or so in a boat with his best girl. It's all too easy for him.

Someone must have got hold of the Canada Cement Company's book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Cement," because in one episode someone built a room in which to keep his diamonds, and the walls were six feet thick, of solid cement. Even the ceiling was six feet of solid concrete. Some room. But that didn't make any difference to Cleek. He got into the place and unravelled the mystery in about four seconds.

There's another fine touch in another chapter. Cleek got out of his limousine and into a railway coach. No baggage, no nothing. His superintendent went to buy the tickets at the "booking office." When he got back to the coach he found Cleek disguised as a French tourist, with different clothing, wig, whiskers 'neverything. Now as Cleek had no luggage, as it would be called there, he must have carried a complete suit of clothes, wigs, whiskers, etc., etc., in his left hand vest pocket or some other handy place. However, he gets away with a lot of stuff like that.

In the final chapter Cleek, sitting in his limousine again—incidentally he must have been some detective to afford a limousine, unless it was part of his equipment—is riddled with bullets fired from an automatic pistol in the hand of the Queen of the Apaches. The reader's sympathy goes out to poor Cleek, who missed all kinds of dangers bullets, knives, etc., through the whole book, only to be riddled with bullets from an automatic.

But it wasn't Cleek at all. He had bought a dead body, painted it to resemble himself sat it in his limousine, and left it there to be shot full of holes, while he went up the river to spend an hour or so in his boat with his best girl.

"The Riddle of the Mysterious Light," by Mary E. and Thomas W. Hanshew. Published by S. B. Gundy, Toronto.

CALENDAR KEPT GETTING AHEAD

THINGS ALL BALLED UP UNTIL JULIUS CAESAR TOOK A HAND.

The method of reckoning time has always been more or less of a trouble to the priests or men of science of every civilization, says Answers, London.

The first standard fixed upon was the lunar month that is the period of about twenty-nine and a half day which elapses between one new moon and the next.

Twelve of these lunar months seemed to correspond in length to the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. And so the year was fixed at 354 days.

Hence the ancients soon found that things were getting badly mixed, and that the seasons did not correspond to the months. In the course of ten years they were more than three months wrong.

Try to Fix It.

So the Greeks and Jews set to work to remedy matters by sticking in another month now and then. They put in seven months in nineteen years and by this rather clumsy expedient managed to keep the calendar fairly straight for the time being.

Julius Caesar was the first man to engage the services of a clever Egyptian astronomer, by name Sosigenes, and with his help set to work to put things straight.

Sosigenes found that the calendar was no less than eighty days out, so Caesar proclaimed that the year which we know as A. D. 46 should have 445 days. It has ever since been known as the "year of confusion."

Made Year 365 Days.

Then he put the length of the succeeding years at 365 days, with the exception of each fourth year, which was to have 366.

Sosigenes worked on the belief that the real year consisted of exactly 365 1-4 days. As a matter of fact, it is eleven minutes less.

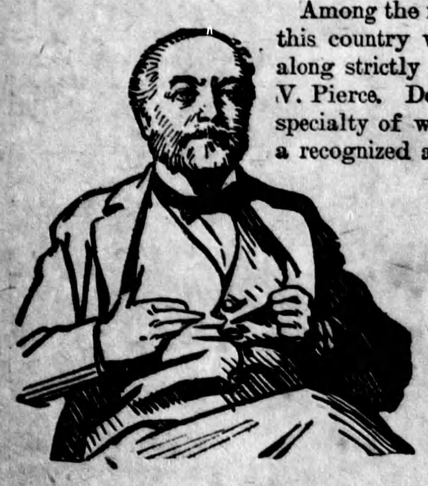
This small error accumulated as years rolled on, and in the year 1582 Pope Gregory XIII published a bull, or edict annulling ten days, so that the day following Oct. 5 in that year became the 15th.

That the calendar might not go wrong again, he ordered that three of the leap years which occur in four centuries should be omitted.

How King George Fights H. C. L.

High prices in England have induced King George to revert to the feudal system of payment with some of his dependents. Henceforth most of the agricultural laborers on his estate will receive all but a small percentage of their wages in goods instead of money. Under the plan they will live rent free and are to receive special weekly allowances of various foodstuffs, as well as tobacco, beer and a clothing allowance. In money they will get only $1 a week each. All but a handful of the workers agreed to accept the King's offer as being a practical solution of the high price situation.

A Successful Man



Among the notable professional men of this country who achieved great success along strictly legitimate lines was Dr. R. V. Pierce. Devoting his attention to the specialty of women's diseases, he became a recognized authority in that line. His work, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," is now in three million homes in this country and Europe. At one time Dr. Pierce represented his home district in Congress.

Fifty years ago last winter, this noted physician gave to the world a Prescription which has never been equalled for the weaknesses of women. Many women in every hamlet, town or city will gladly testify that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did them a world of good.

Another of this great physician's successful remedies is known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and, like the "Prescription," is now sold by druggists everywhere, in both liquid and tablets. The list of men and women all over the universe who have successfully used it for indigestion and as a blood tonic and system builder, makes an amazing total of thousands.

If you desire a cloth-bound copy of a new edition of the "Medical Adviser" by Dr. Pierce, send one dollar to the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. It is a book of 1000 pages of ready reference. For those not within easy reach of professional aid at critical times, and in cases of emergency or dangerous accidents, it is invaluable.

The History of Your Name

WARREN

VARIATIONS—Warnett, Wareing, Waring, Warison, Wasson, Fitzwarin, Fitzwarren, Warner.

RACIAL ORIGIN—Norman French.

SOURCE—A given name; also an occupation.

Here is a group of family names, all of which come from either of two sources; but from which it is impossible to state in the case of Warren, except where the individual is fortunate enough to be able to trace back the genealogy of his particular family to its origin.

Most of the family names in this group are the outgrowths of a given name which was quite widesepread in medieval England, having been introduced by the Normans, but which has become obsolete today as a given name. There are, of course, to be found many men who bear Warren as their first names, but in virtually every case this is the result of the purely modern customs of using a family same as a given name.

The old name, in its Norman form, was originally "Guarin" or "Guerin," but under the Saxon influence it rapidly became softened into "Warin," in which form it fairly crowds the old records. Warnett comes from "Warinot's-son," the "ot" being a diminutive ending. Wareing, Waring, Warison and Wasson all come from "Warin's-son," the "son" being dropped, for the most part, in the course of time. The "Fitz" variations are explained in the meaning of "fitz" as "son of."

Warren, however, often comes from the same source as Warner, which is the mediaeval word "Warrener," "Warener" or "Warner," from "Waren," a game preserve. The warrener was the officer who had charge of these forest wilds and naturally came to be known as "Jackle le Warner;" "Richard de Waren," etc. Sons often followed the same calling as their fathers, and so such names in many descriptive of occupation and became simply family "tags."

BLIND BOTANIST.

Mr. J. G. Wilkinson, the famous blind botanist, lost his sight in his early life. "During all my painting," he said, "I had always been much attracted by trees and plants, so I got Percy Grimshaw to take me to the Temple Newsam woods, outside Leeds to a favorite beech tree there, and I asked him to pluck for me a leaf of it. He did so, and with my tongue I began to touch every part of this leaf, and so got its various details and characteristics throughly into my head, till I was sure I could recognize a beech leaf anywhere. From that I began studying leaves from other trees in a similar manner, until I could pick out any of them at once from the mixed lot you gave me. . . . Now (I hope I may say it with all modesty), there is not a leaf, stem, fruit or flower of any plant or tree in the British Isles which I do not know, and should not be able to recognize immediately I had touched it with my tongue, even if not with my hands."

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Procinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

SCALLOPED FISH.

One and one-half cups of fish, 1 1-2 cups of cold boiled rice, one cup of grated cheese, one cup white sauce. Any kind of fish may be used for this recipe. After cooking the fish, shred it and arrange it in alternate layers with the rice and white sauce in a well oiled baking dish. Over each layer of the mixture sprinkle a layer of the grated cheese to which seasoning (salt and pepper) has been added. Cover the top of the mixture with grated cheese and bake until the top layer of cheese is well browned.

RELIEF AT LAST

I want to help you if you are suffering from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles. I can tell you how, in your own home and without anyone's assistance, you can apply the best of all treatments.

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