



Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER III. "No Matter What Happens!"

At no time had it been Phil Kendrick's habit to entertain, an inflated opinion of his own importance. On occasion he had ridden around the gridiron on the shoulders of idolatrous students; but this modesty had been one of the factors underlying his popularity. Despising conceit in others, he was too prone, perhaps, to take himself to task for those little mistakes which every young man is liable to make from time to time.

It is safe to say, however, that never in all his life had he arraigned himself upon the carpet of his own condemnation so severely as now, while padding across the bay for the second time within the hour. If the McCorquodale incident earlier in the evening had lowered his opinion of his own judgment he was never loath to concede that he had had judgment.

It was of little use to tell himself that it served her right, or that she had dared him deliberately to do what he had done. That did not alter the fact that if he ever met her again—it was not likely that he would, of course, but if he did—somewhere, something—he had created a barrier to her good will which would include all hope of her friendship. His status in her sight was that of a "miserable fish Alice!"

Thus, as a relief to his feelings and in part to keep back by exertion that Phil came home through the fog at headlong pace in a high state of excitement, a veritable bear with a bear's heart. As he lifted the candle to its place in the mantel something projected his memory and by the light of a match he found a dollar bill tucked under one of the cane cushions of his big chair. His first thought was that he had had only right to expect it. The sight of these caused him to let go to restore his peace of mind, and there was little more in the short fudge which he bestowed upon them as he thrust them into his pocket; yet it is interesting that he looked upon them as souvenirs, even while deciding to dismiss the whole matter permanently from his thoughts.

The launch was not back yet, he noted. Well, if Stinson could go to the devil, why it all he cared! He slumped the leather chair and strode up the side-street, this mood carrying it far as the picket gate. His hand was on the latch before he realized that the library windows were blurring through the fog with light.

Had the servants all gone crazy tonight? He went around to the front of the house and with his face between the plates of the verandah railing peered through the French windows. Muttering astonishment, he climbed over the railing, fitted his latch-key noiselessly and swung open the double glass doors that gave direct entrance to the room. The slight sound of his entry passed unnoticed by the Honorable Milton Waring, who continued to lean over his desk completely absorbed in a litter of papers.

But for the heavy odor of stale cigar smoke it would have been easy

to suppose that the fog without had crept into the library. The air was blue. Phil's glance swept the disordered room. Three empty whisky glasses stood on the library table. The butts of cigars and innumerable cork-tipped cigarettes lay smothered in gray ashes that spilled untidily on sunray ash-trays. There was a chair of pinned paper in the open space where a few coats still glowed gold. The desk was covered with packets of folded papers, held together by rubber bands, and loose sheets upon which many figures had been done with the blue pencil which his uncle favored. A stock certificate or two peered from a closed account book.

Phil looked again at the bowed figure, struck by a laxity of manner that was foreign to the Honorable Milton Waring. His thick iron-gray hair was usually so carefully brushed, rumpled on end where his fingers had plowed and held his head while he figured with the other hand. He had removed his collar and tossed it aside impatiently, lay on the floor behind the chair, leaving the tie loose behind his neck and the neck, the end of it twisted over one shoulder. The desk in front of which the intruder stood was outside the older man's line of vision; but Phil could see a flushed cheek, and there was an air of dejection in his uncle's attitude quite out of keeping with former poise.

The subject of these observations reached abruptly for the decanter, a veritable bear with a bear's heart. As he lifted the candle to its place in the mantel something projected his memory and by the light of a match he found a dollar bill tucked under one of the cane cushions of his big chair. His first thought was that he had had only right to expect it. The sight of these caused him to let go to restore his peace of mind, and there was little more in the short fudge which he bestowed upon them as he thrust them into his pocket; yet it is interesting that he looked upon them as souvenirs, even while deciding to dismiss the whole matter permanently from his thoughts.

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the bay to-night. Stinson almost ran down with the launch—missed me by a couple of feet and that's all!" "Stinson? Stinson, do you say?" "Don't mean our Stinson—in our launch? Not our Stinson in our very own launch, Phil?" You surprise me greatly. In the dark like that—How do you know?" he challenged.

Kendrick smiled at the transparency of this attempt.

"I recognized his voice for one thing," Stinson was speeding the party of guests—the three who drank out of the glasses wonder. "Pshaw, you know as well as I do that you sent me that wire to clear the way for this little affair to-night, and you're wishing right now that I was at the bottom of the lake!" But it's all right, Uncle Milt."

His uncle did not laugh. Instead he eyed the younger man from beneath heavy brows that met in a scowl.

"Sherlock Holmes, eh? When'd you start emulating Sherlock Holmes?" he queried. "Been a meeting here—business. Nothing at all, if you say so. Only don't make the mistake of thinking I'm still a muck kid, Uncle Milt. I'd hate to think there was another reason why you have never admitted to your confidence. Did it ever occur to you that perhaps I might—well, sort of dig in and help you in some way?" You and Aunt Dolly have been mighty good to me and I know what I mean," he finished diffidently.

The Honorable Milton Waring's brows unbent. His gaze wandered automatically to the pile of papers on the desk and for a moment he was silent.

There is nothing you can do, Phil," Philip—^{to help?} he said at last, shaking his head slowly, while the old man leaned his head against his uncle's knee.

Kendrick launched his chair carefully and laid a hand on the other's knee. "I'm in trouble of some kind," he said earnestly. "Please don't try to deny it, Uncle Milt. I promised Billy I'd join him next week on his fishing trip, but that's all off if I can be of any use to you. That special course in engineering next fall—that's all off, too, if you need me. It's my duty to help and its duty to let me. We both owe it to Aunt Dolly, don't we?"

A look of apprehension sprang into the tred eyes. He waved his hand swiftly towards the empty glasses. "You must know nothing of all this," he said, not a word. No man dares understand." These business affairs—

His voice trailed again and he looked anxiously for his nephew's acquiescence.

"That goes as a matter of course," said Kendrick. "So far as I am concerned, this little chat with you has never taken place and there's been nobody here except the servants—so far as I am concerned. But is there any danger of anybody—

What would be the object of anybody spying on this particular little scene?" He paused at the quick suggestion which the suggestion aroused.

"What do you know, Philip?" demanded the Honorable Milton Waring sharply. He sat up more sharply. "Why do you ask such a foolish question?" Are you talking at random or

"Very much at random," assured Kendrick hastily. "I was just wondering. Because—Well, it would be the only way anybody who happened to be interested would find out about your meeting, wouldn't it? I don't intend to talk about it as I said before. I thought perhaps if it had anything to do with the political situa-

tion—

Getting Very Particular.

The train stopped longer than usual at the big curve coming into the Irish wayside station. A passenger looked out, saw the guard descend from his van and listened to the following conversation with the driver:

"Guard—What are ye stoppin' for?"

Driver—"Sure, and can't see the

signal is agin' me?"

Guard—"It's mighty particular you're gettin' n'all of a sudden."

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This beer is directed will make a finer home brew than any other material or any brew that you can buy in bottles or kegs. You do not have to add any sugar or substitute Cream of Matt Extract but a better beer than you ever tasted. Pure and strong, it is the best for creating a home brew has a strong and lasting flavor that makes it the favorite and best beer for the whole family.

The All New Wife's Beer is the most interesting work, and very easily made. You make this brew as per our directions: you will have a fine brew.

Drum Stores.

Agents wanted in all territories.

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10 Peel Street, — Toronto, Ont.

For instances—detectives, you know—around election time, I don't pretend to know very much about these things, of course."

"You are fortunate," grunted the Honorable Milton, dryly. "Seems to me you are allowing your imagination to run away with you, young man. Advise you to curb it."

Phil took a long pull at his cigar and studied his uncle keenly as he blew the smoke into the air.

"Do you want to know how I really got this beauty spot this flower of folly?" as you call it?" he asked unexpectedly. "I had a little argument with a fellow leading the pack, of course, a political graftor."

The smile with which the Honorable Milton Waring had welcomed the change of subject faded slowly. He wagged his head in reproof.

"Very foolish of you, Philip—to take any notice of that sort of thing."

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"Grifter, eh? Didn't believe it, eh?"

"Anybody who takes up your political career, Uncle Milt, must respect you," said Phil seriously. "The newspapers are full of stories of hanging outons that are as bad as hanging outons to overlook the men responsible for licking out Rives and his crowd and cleaning up the whole rotten administration. It makes me mad."

And some of them have got the nerve to hint that the present Government is best fitted to do.

The hostess provides the dinner which is usually chicken and biscuits, or some big substantial dish will be relished by all.

A good menu is chicken with rolls, mashed potatoes, cabbage, sauteed turnips, ham and pickles and cake.

The guest part of the day before, such as baking the cake, opening the fruit, cleaning the dishes, making the rolls to be served next day, is hard work to get the dishes ready.

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The hostess also pays to the mill organization ten or fifteen cents each person present. One lady who entertained twenty-five workers counted thirty cents each for the cost of the meal, and found that for seven dollars and fifty cents she had more than thirty dollars worth of finished work to her credit. The ladies quitted their quilts alone that would have cost six dollars, while the quilts for the mistress of the house had been free, the cost of the meal being over.

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About the House

A Profitable Social Gathering.

During the war many pleasant social customs fell by the wayside, but now they are beginning to be restored. Among these is the social sewing that made a pleasant day for the neighborhood, or the club, or the church society, and a very profitable one for the hostess.

Of course, the success of it depends largely upon the ability of the hostess to utilize her spare time getting things ready for a long time before, so that there is no hitch in the work begins until the home late in the afternoon.

The hostess has ready garments for the children, shirts for the men, household supplies, such as sheets, curtains, pillow slips, table linen and dish towels, carpet bags to sew for rugs, aprons, perhaps a quilt to quilt or a comforter to knit, things to make over and the general sewing of the family.

It is to be hoped that many more communities will take it up speedily.

Iceland Short of Ice.

Strange as it may seem Iceland has run short of ice, and urgent requests for immediate shipments of that commodity have been sent to Norway.

Herring fishing, Iceland's principal industry, is in grave danger, as ice is required for packing the fish, which are exported in large quantities. This ice shortage has been caused by an unusually mild winter.

Among the many stories current referencing Mr. Smuts' recent visit to Iceland, probably the most interesting is that one day during his stay he observed a young officer in London soon after the war.

"Let me see," observed the young officer. "One small so many people were there where was it?"

"In South Africa," replied the young officer. "Young and gay, I suppose."

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