Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Close Quarters.

Brennan, Night Editor of the Recorder, scribbled a two-column head, folded it in with a sheet of "flimsy," dropped it into the dumb-waiter box and yanked the string that shot it aloft to the composing room. He reached for his long scissors, snipped off a fresh piece of the typewritten C.A.P. report, fastened it with a daub of paste to a sheet of copy paper and marked it for a single-column "box," Page 1. The whistle blew in the speaking tube at his elbow and he answered the foreman's questions while scribbling his initials to the slip which a newly arrived messenger boy from one of the telegraph companies was holding flat for him.

"Phone, Bren," called Chic White, Sporting Editor.

Brennan took down the receiver as a reporter laid a wad of new "copy" on the desk and hurried out again. Then Brennan opened a drawer in his desk and took another bite out of a ham sandwich before tearing the envelope from the newly arrived telegrams.

Up until now things had been very quiet all evening, so quiet that the lay out of a decent front page was a problem. The Chief had gone home early to night and had passed on his way out to ask Brennan how the news was breaking and instruct him to "don't let anything down." If there was anything that McAllister detested it was a thirty-six point head on a twelve point item.

"Kerr! Jackson! Brock!" The typewriter in the city room clicking and the three reporters jumped. They crowded to the doorway as Brennan gave his instructions.

"The Chief on the phone and told him for me, Jackson, you here at the desk and keep down to a couple of sticks. Kerr,"

He glanced at his watch as he ran for the stairs. It was ten minutes to one. Up in the composing room over the forms with the foreman asking questions, "killing" good "stories" with rapid clearing space for the big "wrap" which the Recorder had been waiting months for. "Come and they don't come," came Jackson's voice as he took the speaking tube.

"Tell him!" cried Brennan from the top of the National Council, Jackson."

Brock hurried down the hall to McAllister's office. Kerr was there with his hat on and left no doubt as to when he'd be back. Jackson.

"Where then."

"Gone home, sick, and mighty sore."

"Pardeau? What? Then he's delegated! Then he told him to run the show over the 'phone. The Chief never stuff a story on the first page."

He scanned the copy they had turned to listen to talking to the Lawson residence. Nagandaw Nathaniel Lawson was no bond either.

He fiddled with the stem of his pipe for a moment. He was in a quandary. He had been taken into McAllister's confidence, of course, regarding this graft exposure story and been nursed along so carefully. The cuts to illustrate it were lying in McAllister's desk, he knew. It was unlike the Chief to leave no word of his whereabouts. What should happen on this of all nights! No doubt they'd locate him after a bit; but in the meantime—? It was nearly one o'clock and Cristy Lawson's wire brooked no delay.

There was only one thing to do—go ahead on his own initiative. Brennan went into McAllister's private office and closed the door while he talked to the Chief of Police on the private line. He came out hurriedly, called Kerr, and went down in the elevator to the waiting taxi. Next to Pardeau, Kerr was the fastest shorthand man on the staff.

A detective at the Central Police Station to pick up a couple of plain-clothes men who were waiting for them and the taxi sped through the almost deserted streets at breakneck speed heading for the waterfront.

A few minutes later the harbor patrol launch was streaking across the inlet waters of the bay. It threw a white that curled and widened, and it danced the broken reflections of the harbor lights.

The Honorable Milton Waring ushered them into the library with a weight. He was quite calm as he cleared away the blueprints and invited them to find seats.

"You are just in time, gentlemen, to witness the end of the comedy," and he pressed a button beneath the edge of his desk as he spoke. "Pass around the cigars, Blatch, like a good fellow—Well, upon my word!"

"Arrest that man!" cried Ferguson, springing after J. Cuthbert Nickleby, who had made a dash towards the French doors which opened on the verandah.

"It's all right, sir. I've got him," assured one of the detectives who was waiting without for some such move. As he came through the doorway the click of the handcuffs were quite audible to the startled group within the room.

"What's the meaning of this, Warring?" shouted Nickleby, his face distorted with rage. "Are you trying to frame something on me? Take off these bracelets, damn you!"

"I'd advise you to sit down, Nickleby, and keep quiet. You are under arrest and you'll know all about it in a few minutes. Ah, good evening, gentlemen, I'm afraid there aren't chairs enough to go around; but make yourselves at home please."

From the hallway they filed into the library—McAllister, of the Recorder; President Wade, of the Canadian Lake Shores Railway; Nathaniel Lawson, ex-president of the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company; Timothy Drexel and another director of the same concern. Detective Sainsbury from Headquarters and Parsons, official court stenographer, brought up the rear with Pardeau, star reporter for the Recorder. Their faces were serious and their entry partook of the solemnity of a jury brining a verdict into court.

A brief whispered colloquy with his editor quickly smoothed the perplexity from Brennan's face. McAllister had picked up Pardeau on the street and had sent a belated message to the office. It was a big "story" that was breaking and he ordered Brennan and Pardeau back to their desks with instructions to hold the galleys till he arrived shortly. Kerr could handle the present end of it. He waved his hand impatiently and focussed his undivided attention upon what was transpiring.

A silence had fallen upon the crowded room and as the Honorable Milton Warring allowed his gaze to rove upon their tense, expectant faces he smiled reassuringly. He began with an explanation of the circumstances leading up to the present situation. It was not merely to adjust Interprovincial Loan Company affairs by the exposure of its official head that he had brought them together. His integrity as a public servant had been questioned and there were certain features that in the interests of clean government required official enquiry. He was prepared to move for the appointment of a royal commission to investigate and report upon conditions vitally affecting financial institutions, election laws and other matters. It was something with which he had concerned himself seriously for several years, and it was partly to prove his theories in this connection that with the assistance of Mr. Blatchford Ferguson he had taken advantage of the situation which had developed in the affairs of the Interprovincial. As a result of their investigations they stood prepared to prove gross mismanagement, falsification of the returns required by the Federal authorities, misuse of trust funds for private ends, attempted corruption of government officials, et cetera.

The Honorable Milton was frank in his admission that during the recent orgy of speculation into which the discovery of new mineral wealth had led the public, he had become personally involved. He was only human and the general excitement had induced him to make several disastrous investments which had left his personal affairs in a precarious tangle for a time. But it was an ill wind that blew nobody good. The financial crisis through which he had passed had brought him in touch with J. C. Nickleby, and it was not long before his eyes had been opened to the unscrupulous methods that were being followed by the president of the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company. He had called in his learned friend, Mr. Ferguson, and as a result of their consultations it had been decided to make a few experiments in high finance with the object of uncovering the whole system.

To this end they deliberately had cultivated Nickleby's confidence. It was apparent from the first that the man was utterly devoid of common honesty. It was his idea that government graft was an established method of revenue and he seemed to be obsessed with the belief that no Minister of the Crown would allow his oath of office to interfere with the acquisition of personal wealth. As their relations had ripened he had grown bolder and had organized a construction company with the object of using his "connection" to swing certain tenders for public works into the graft column. Nickleby had felt so sure of himself by this time that he even had proposed a contribution of $50,000 to the party campaign funds in return for "privileges." He had been told quite plainly that he would make such a contribution at his own risk. Nevertheless he had gone ahead with it on his own initiative. The money had mysteriously disappeared between the office of the construction company and its destination; it had never reached the party exchequer.

Which brought the Honorable Milton Waring to the point of paying high compliment to the editor of the Recorder. He bowed to McAllister. He had never before quite realized, he said, what a debt all lovers of clean government owed to the press. No man with designs upon the public treasury could go very far without some journalistic watch-dog on his trail, and it was so in the present instance.

The Alderson Construction Company had aroused the suspicions of Mr. McAllister shortly after it became active. In some way he had learned of the proposed campaign fund contribution and, as it turned out, it was due to the zeal of a Recorder reporter that Nickleby's contribution had been intercepted and photographed. It had then fallen into the hands of Mr. Benjamin Wade by accident and Mr. Wade had deposited the $50,000 in trust, pending proof of ownership.

A few days ago Mr. Wade had come to him with these facts and also to warn him that the Recorder was preparing to accuse him of being implicated with Nickleby and Blatchford Ferguson in a certain doubtful real-estate transaction. Not until then had he realized the risk which Mr. Ferguson and he had assumed in attempting to follow their own line of investigation in secret. The possibility that the hunter might in turn be hunted—and quite legitimately hunted on the face of it—had not occurred to them. They had taken Mr. McAllister into their confidence as soon as they realized the extent of his knowledge, and only his patience and co-operation had enabled them to carry their investigations to fruition.

The real estate transaction in question had been planned by Mr. Ferguson for the purpose of quieting suspicion in the mind of Nickleby. It was a case of fighting the devil with fire; for had Nickleby not believed that he was dealing with men who were as greedy as himself they would never have succeeded in uncovering the evidence they were after.

As part of thir plan, therefore, they had gone to Nickleby with the proposal that the three of them—Nickleby, Ferguson and himself—form a little syndicate on the quiet to buy up a tract of land on which the Government had its eye as a prospective location for the new Deaf & Dumb Institute. The land had a market value of $100,000 and this sum the Government was quite ready to pay. Nickleby had advanced the loan to negotiate the deal and Ferguson had bought up the land in small lots at sacrifice prices from individual owners for a total of $50,000. The Honorable Milton had told Nickleby that he was acting for the Government; but the cheque with which he had "purchased" the land from the syndicate of three had been his personal cheque. The amount was $200,000. The syndicate's profit, therefore, was $150,000 and this sum they had divided in three, $50,000 each. But Nickleby did not know—nor McAllister, either—that the whole thing had been juggled for a purpose, with the sanction of the Attorney-General, and that the "profits" which had gone to Mr. Ferguson and himself had been thrown back into the deal when the site had been turned over to the Government, which therefore obtained the land at its legitimate market value, $100,000.

No doubt the whole thing had been indiscreet; but by this time both Ferguson and himself had got so interested in the little game they were playing with the salvation of the loan company as the stakes that they had overlooked the surface appearances. The discovery that every move they had made had been watched by the lynx-eyed McAllister had instilled in them a profound respect.

(To be continued.)

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About the House

The Christmas Corner.

"Your garden always is the most entrancing place, Pris. But what's in that little corner over beyond the trellis? Your keep steering me away from it, but it looks altogether too inviting to miss."

Priscilla led the way, and stood aside, smiling, as they passed through the arch. "Well," she said, "what do you think of it, Prue?"

"Of all the queer mixtures!" said Prudence frankly puzzled.

"It's my Christmas corner," said Priscilla proudly. "Your present happens to be growing somewhere else; but my main Christmas crop is here. I can't spend lavishly in money; and last year I spent too much in nerves and eyesight. So this year instead of doing fancywork I'm turning to my garden. Here are the sweet things: lavender and lemon verbena, to fill simple muslin bags for bureau drawers and linen closets; and here are my old-fashioned everlasting flowers—yellow and crimson and pink and purple and white—for winter bouquets and for baskets; and here are a few clumps of my choicest flowers, like those in the main garden, but especially reserved for seed, to put in pretty packets for my gardening friends—"

"I'm a gardening friend!" suggested Prue.

"You'll like what I'm planning for you, Prue,—at least, I do, and I'll disown you if you don't appreciate it!—but you mustn't covet what I'm giving other people, piggy! See, here are sweet herbs: those are for the kitchen-loving contingent—thyme and tarragon and summer savory and sweet marjoram. I love the very sound of the names, don't you? Some I'll dry in bunches, and some I'll make into flavored vinegars, for salads and ragouts. And here are tomatoes—the little plum and cherry varieties in red and yellow to put up whole; they make the gayest and most Christmasy preserves! And over there against the wall is our ancient quince tree; it bears lots of fruit some years, and some people haven't learned yet that quinces make delicious jam. A jar of that, neatly labeled and tied with red ribbons is sure to please anyone who likes goodies. And who doesn't? That's all, I think—at least in the corner. But I'm going to use all my rose leaves and preserve a few of our strawberries whole in jelly. And did you ever see parsley packed between layers of salt in a preserve jar and keeping green all winter? And—O goodness, I was just going to mention what I'm raising for you!"

"Don't! I'd rather be surprised. But if you should slip up on it, Prissy dear, I can assure you I'd be quite contented with any of your other Christmas products. What I really covet, though, is the grand idea of growing them. Why didn't I have the wit to make my garden help out my Christmasing?"

"It isn't too late yet," suggested Priscilla, consolingly. "And I have no copyright on the plan!"

Let's Plant Dahlias.

No matter what you may or may not have in your garden, you must have dahlias if you would have your garden family complete. Flowering as they do in late summer, you will be sure to appreciate them, because your roses and peonies will mostly be over by that time.

Much of the success with dahlias depends entirely on the soil, especially the way it is prepared. Dahlias never take kindly to soil that is too rich. Even on clay soil you can grow the finest varieties of dahlias.

If you want dahlias, plow or dig the ground early. Dig deep, the deeper the better. Do this as soon as the ground is workable. Then let it settle and redig it just before setting out the tubers. If your soil is fertile, use no manure. If the ground is very poor, spread it with manure before digging. You do not need a great deal of manure.

There is a difference of opinion as to the time to plant dahlias. Some successful growers say, set them out as early as possible in the spring. Others say, wait until July. Personal experience tells me that it is impossible to keep the roots in good condition when you set them out so late. The end of May seems to be the proper time. Set them four to six inches deep—no deeper. In order to leave room for future development, set them from two to four feet apart each way. Allow but one stalk to the root. Cut off all others.

By all means plant a few of the cactus varieties. They are the huge, shaggy kinds that closely resemble chrysanthemums. Their colors are unusually beautiful. All cactus varieties have vigorous constitutions, so do not hesitate to plant them.

Just before frost, lift the tubers. Place them in a sunny corner of the porch until the soil about them is dry. Then shake it off and place them on a closet shelf until spring, when you can plant them in their old location in the garden.

Ruth's Family.

"It's all very well to talk about life's being rich and full," said Sara Crandall, "but if you had no family at all,—no relative in the world nearer than a second cousin,—you wouldn't like it much yourself."

Ruth Lawton looked at her friend thoughtfully. "I haven't," she said at last.

Sara stared incredulously. "Ruth Lawton, what do you mean?" she cried. "Why, ever since I've known you you've been talking about your grandmother and your little brother. I can't tell you how homesick you made me feel when you invited me to share the good things your grandmother sent you. And your little brother—"

"I am adopting a family," Ruth interrupted, smiling in a half-merry, half-wistful way. "Grandmother and Billy are the only ones I've acquired so far; of course no one expects families to grow in a minute. But I have in mind one or two other persons whom I hope to have as relatives soon. I understand how you feel, Sara. I spent a miserable wasted year pitying myself; then I suddenly realized that if it were a new gown or a new position I wanted I'd go to work and get it; and I asked myself why I should not also go to work and get a new family. I'd been sitting there crying when all the while there were thousands of other lonely people in the world, and many of them were worse off than I, who am young and strong and able to make friends."

Sara's eyes were wide open.

"As soon as I realized that there were other lonely persons," Ruth continued, "I realized that I had missed a whole year of having a grandmother. I had known Grandmother Barrett all my life at home and used to run in to see her a dozen times a week. She had three children then. Now they're all dead except one son, who is in the navy. So grandmother and I adopted each other. As for Billy, he was in my Sunday school class. He is an ambitious little fellow, but there is no one at home to help him; his people can't appreciate the value of an education. But Billy is working for one. I'm going to be mighty proud of him one of these days."

"And who is to be your next relative?" Sara asked.

Ruth hesitated. "Next I want a—a sister," she said. "If I had a sister I think that she and I could adopt Poncita, the most adorable little three-year-old Spanish baby that you ever saw. She is in the day nursery at the mission, for her mother has to work. Some one should make clothes for the child and teach her things that her mother has neither time nor knowledge for, and—" Ruth's voice faltered.

Sara saw the appealing look in her friend's eyes and leaned forward. "O Ruth!" she exclaimed. "Would I do? Could I be your sister? Would you teach me how?"

"Would I!" Ruth cried. "O, Sara, would I!"

Increasing Fish Tribes.

Improved methods of handling and hatching the eggs of the whitefish are showing such results that this exceedingly valuable finny species is now steadily gaining numbers in the Great Lakes. The work has been highly systematized, and is being conducted by the United States Fisheries Bureau in co-operation with our own Canadian authorities. The scale on which the artificial propagation of the whitefish is being carried on may be judged from the fact that in the year 1921 the Fisheries Bureau hatched 540,000,000 eggs and planted 420,000,000 young "fry." Thanks to this work, the whitefish supply in the Great Lakes has been increasing ever since 1917. It is helped importantly by a new interest which the lake provinces and States are taking in the matter, and which is evidenced by the framing of laws for the protection of the whitefish and the regulation of the size of mesh allowed to be used for seines and traps. If the mesh be not too small, the little ones, which have no commercial value, can get away and have a chance to grow big.

Still Shocked.

First Rooster: "What's the matter with that black leghorn hen?"

Second Ditto: "Shell shock. Ducks came out of the eggs she had been sitting on."

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Grocers Were Grossers.

Many of our modern trade names have curious origins. The costermonger, for example, was in the old days a costard-monger. He hawked a kind of fruit called the costard. The word "monger" means a seller, and is still found in iron-monger, fish-monger, and so on.

Originally the grocer was a grosser, a man who sold things by the gross, or a wholesaler; no one knows why his name should have changed in spelling. When we speak of a wholesale grocer, we are really saying the same thing twice.

Tailor is a French word meaning one who fits the figure. Draper is also French; it comes from the word drap, and means a dealer in cloth. Mantle-maker, originally Mantua-maker, is Italian. Cloaks were fashionable in the town of Mantua, and were called after it. Milliner, originally Milanier, stood for a dealer in goods made of Milanese silk and straw.

The most puzzling word is haberdasher, which has baffled many people and produced all kinds of weird explanations. The haberdasher was formerly a pedlar who went round to fairs selling ribbons, buttons, and other small articles, which he carried in a sack. His name comes from two old words—hafer, meaning oats, and tasche, a sack.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Cases of so-called "suicide" among animals are stated to be due to colic, the severe pain causing horses and other sufferers to throw themselves about in agony.

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EVEREST ASCENT MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE

BLOOD PRESSURE TO BE RECKONED WITH.

Rarefied Atmosphere at High Altitudes is Almost Insuperable Obstacle.

Can a human being e[illegible] highest altitude on earth?

This unanswered question is the greatest obstacle between [illegible] Mount Everest expedition [illegible] in the opinion of Colonel Bu[illegible] of last year's expedition; [illegible] lory, climbing member of [illegible] and Sir Francis Younghusband, president of the Royal Geographical Society, where a full volume on the [illegible] tion was issued recently.

"No scientific [illegible] oldest or physically [illegible] can tell whether [illegible] own efforts can [illegible] 29,000 feet above [illegible] Francis Younghusband [illegible] stress [illegible] quintuplet [illegible] difficult [illegible] this year [illegible] actual [illegible] Everest, [illegible] least [illegible] selected [illegible] overcome [illegible] they met [illegible] a very difficult [illegible] ed with such [illegible] of between [illegible] nine thousand feet. We [illegible] that it is [illegible] such high [illegible] body to make [illegible] lift itself up [illegible] ground." Colonel Bruce [illegible] found that [illegible] the party reached [illegible] height a hundred [illegible] pass "he to a[illegible] life at height [illegible] Bruce, "but [illegible] 18,000 feet [illegible]

[illegible] says Mr. M[illegible] [illegible] which they [illegible] capable of g[illegible] of from 18,000 [illegible] limit of this [illegible] plication of [illegible] that they may [illegible] much higher. There is [illegible] show they may [illegible] through eating [illegible] meals and [illegible] vitality up to 23,000 [illegible] that after [illegible] spent at that height, [illegible] sufficiently adjust itself [illegible] still the greater difference [illegible] mal atmospheric pressure [illegible] higher. At all events [illegible] provide proof.

Too Hot in the Tropics.

"Our greatest enemy, [illegible] on, was not at all the [illegible] show. The work was [illegible] first reason but it was [illegible] on at a slow pace.

"The heat was a difficult [illegible] In the glacier furnace the [illegible] became steam, which covered [illegible] with a clinging garment from [illegible] no escape was possible and, for [illegible] being protected by the [illegible] rays, we seemed all the more [illegible] noned because of them.

"The atmosphere is [illegible] the last degree. To [illegible] few minutes was to be [illegible] come by inertia, so difficult [illegible] once the machinery had [illegible] lost momentum, to heave [illegible] tion again."

Tree Planting in Dominion Forests.

Planting trees and [illegible] in Dominion forest reserves [illegible] for two purposes: first, to [illegible] area with some desirable [illegible] which has become extinct through [illegible] extinct through removal [illegible] gone by; and second, to [illegible] as to the best methods of [illegible] seeding, the rate of growth, [illegible] experimental plantings [illegible] increased during the year [illegible] mately 58,000 Scotch pine [illegible] and white spruce seedlings [illegible] plants were set out in two [illegible] plots aggregating about [illegible] A large part of the planting stock was furnished from the Forest [illegible] Station at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, and the remainder came from small nurseries established on various reserves. In addition to the above, nineteen experimental plots covering approximately twenty-five acres were sown with seventy pounds of tree seed, about evenly divided between white spruce and jack pine. Annual Report, Director of Forestry, Ottawa.

Unbelief.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

Lemberg, the Polish town, is said by the Poles to be theirs, Lwow; by the Ukranians, Lviv; by the Russians, L'vov; and by the French, Leopol. Lemberg is really the German form of the name.