

# THE MAELSTROM

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## CHAPTER XI.

### A Lady of Resource.

Gweneth Lyne was a lady with a reputation—or without one. It depended on the point of view. As far back as Menzies could remember she had been a notable figure in the little coterie of amateur criminals who knew no nation and to whom the world is a hunting-ground.

Long, long ago, in the days when bank robbery had been a profitable pastime, she had organized and even planned an executive part in exploits any one of which ought to have made her fortune.

Menzies knew her record almost by heart, for she was one of the very few "classic" criminals who brought to bear on an undertaking an ingenuity, enterprise and audacity that had won her through in a score of tight places.

At ten years of age she had assisted her mother and brothers to pick pockets in the West End of London. At twenty she had married Tom Lyne, bank burglar and gun-man. At twenty-one she had effected a particularly daring escape from a French prison.

At twenty-five she had held a pistol to a watchman's head at a bank in Mexico while her companions ransacked the vaults. At thirty she had had probably more experience in every grade of professional crime—short of murder, which is not professional crime—than any person of her own age, male or female.

Opportunities enough, her husband, always too much of a swashbuckler for his trade, was shot in a drunken brawl in Paris at this time. Thereafter she held her way undisputed, always ready to become a partner in any department of the higher walks of crime, from receiving to organizing a bogus bank.

She had, of course met with checks. There were few civilized countries where she had not tasted prison for longer or shorter periods. All that was in the day's work.

It is a myth that there is a distinctive criminal physiognomy. Fifty years or more of crime had left Gweneth Lyne untouched by any outward mark. Hers was a face which none could dream on sight—she had been a handsome woman and was still a comely woman.

The mouth was perhaps a trifle wide and it curved downward at the edges. Her hazel eyes were shrewd, but with the apparent shrewdness of years, not the cunning of the outcast. She spoke softly with a slight drawl, but her voice was the voice of a cultivated woman.

Menzies had recognized her with something of a thrill. Her presence in the combination against him was distinctly unwelcome, for he knew her fertility of resource and her daring. On the other hand, the mere fact that he knew she was with the other side was something gained.

His right hand dropped to his trousers pocket as he followed her, to make sure that the little baton he had placed there before leaving home was in place. He rarely carried a pistol for fear that he might be tempted to use it before it was absolutely necessary. And in any case he had a prejudice against firearms.

She took him into one of the two small front rooms of the house and pulled up the blinds to admit the now growing daylight.

He observed "The Stag at Bay" and a "View of Naples" on the vivid yellow-green wall-paper, and it needed not the faded worn horsehair Victorian furniture, the pile of books on a table in the window, to tell him that Gweneth had had no hand in furnishing the house. She had the virtue of taste, at any rate, and probably the place had been taken already furnished—and for a purpose. He wondered whether its purpose had been entirely fulfilled or not.

"Sit you down, Mr. Menzies," she said briskly. "It's early hours for a call, but I guess you've got some reason at the back of your head. You'll have some breakfast. I'll go and see about it and make myself tidy."

The detective's broad figure blocked the doorway. He smilingly shook his head and with one hand behind him felt for the key. There was none in the lock. He jerked a chair toward him and his foot, placed it against the door and sat down.

"No breakfast for me, Gweneth," he said. "And you look very charming as you are. Suppose we talk."

She made a graceful gesture of resignation and sat down, her hands in her lap. "I guess I wouldn't poison you," she said.

"Aren't you a deportee, Gweneth?" countered the man. "Surely my memory isn't playing me tricks. Wasn't an order of deportation made against you—let me see—six years ago now?"

She faced him placidly. "You've got a good memory. What are you going to do about it?"

"Mind if I smoke?" he asked. "Oh, nothing much. I needn't tell a lady of your experience it would have been wiser to stay where you belong."

"See section four, vagrancy act eighteen hundred and twenty-four," she laughed. "That's it, isn't it? Oh, I've been there before. You can't alarm me any by talking. And Menzies knew the astute old lady was trying to make him lose his temper.

He lifted his clay pipe from his lips. "I've always admired your talents, Gweneth," she rose and swept him a mocking courtesy—"and we've been pretty good pals—business apart."

"Lord bless the man!" she cried. "Is this a proposal? I do believe he's making love to me." She shook a well-manicured finger at him. "I warn you—I might accept you."

He grinned appreciatively at the thrust, but shook his head reprovingly. "I'm out for business, Gweneth. Let's cut out the funny business and get down to hard tasks. If you won't listen I'll have to take you along, that's all."

"And if I do?" she interpolated quickly. "I'm making no bargain. Will you sit tight?"

"I'll be as good as gold," she promised, a demure half smile still lurking about her lips.

Menzies was too old a hand to make the mistake of despising such an antagonist. The woman knew every trick in the game as well as he did. An experience that went back to the cradle, and a cunning and brain power by which the organized detective forces of the world had often been defeated had placed her chief among the very few criminals who can plan and successfully carry out great coups.

On his side, however, Menzies had one factor on which he placed hopes. There is no such thing as honor among thieves. Sometimes there is a community of interests which forces them to keep faith one with another, but very rarely will one run a risk to save another.

The detective had to stir Gweneth to alarm for her own safety—but whether she would allow herself to be alarmed or not was a doubt in his mind.

"Where is Mr. Hallett?" he asked bluntly. "If a person ignorant of the elementary principles of arithmetic was suddenly asked to solve a problem in algebra he might have looked as Gweneth did then. Her air of bewilderment was an education. Had Menzies been less sure of his ground even he might have been deluded. She started at him blankly. "Mr. Hallett?" she repeated. "I never heard of him."

The man's face set grimly and his eyes grew hard. "Or of Reader Lina, or of Errol, or Miss Grey-Stratton, or William Smith?" he demanded.

(To be continued.)

# THE INFLUENCE OF MASTICATION ON MOUTH HEALTH

The only part of your digestive tract that is under voluntary control—control by the will—is the mouth, comprising the lips, cheeks, tongue, teeth and palate.

We can exercise these parts, on the one hand vigorously, or on the other hand indifferently, just as we please.

The infant, nursing, uses these parts with the exception of the teeth, which he substitutes with his gums, and he has to work vigorously for the food he obtains.

This muscular activity produces the necessary flow of saliva to complete mouth digestion, so the succeeding stages may not be hampered by a faulty beginning.

Whether the child be breast fed or bottle fed, he should have to work with his mouth to obtain the food. Spoon feeding is not desirable, as this very important muscular effort is largely abandoned and the flow of the digestive juices diminished.

The appearance of the teeth usually indicates that the child should be given some solid food, and in order to continue the habit of mouth activity and vigor, some of that food should be of a consistency that will make mastication necessary.

Soft pappy foods tend to induce bolting. This may be overcome by having a goodly part of the meal consist of articles of food such as will require vigorous mastication and also by instruction to chew the soft foods.

The child which has been induced from its earliest days to exercise mouth vigor will be less liable to have underdeveloped jaws, irregular teeth, narrow nasal passage, enlarged adenoids and tonsils, providing always that the food was balanced as to the child's needs.

The important consideration in arranging a dietary have been outlined in a previous article of this series, and while a proper dietary is an essential, its beneficence can be not only greatly lessened, but made positively harmful and productive of serious ailments by failure to observe thorough mastication.

The habit of mastication then not only makes the food more digestible for the stomach, etc., but actually has a retarding effect on overeating from which so many of us suffer today.

With proper food and exercise this habit of mastication will in a great measure prevent the contraction of pyorrhea, or as it is called today, periclasia, as well as ulcers of the tongue and cheeks. It will help to keep clean, not only the teeth, but the soft tissues of the mouth, and will prevent the formation of that thick,ropy, sticky saliva.

JUST TRY THOROUGH MASTICATION OF YOUR FOOD FOR ONE WEEK AND JUDGE OF THE RESULTS FOR YOURSELF.

TRY IT ALSO WITH THE LITTLE ONES AND NOTE THE CHANGE.

# OUR WEEKLY STORY

## THE GIVERS

Cynthia Shaw had a bowl in her hand and in the bowl were two eggs. The two eggs constituted the cream of her larder and she had planned to have them for dinner. But she had just learned that old Mrs. Moffat, who lived in the same house, was ailing.

Old Mrs. Moffat was not a particularly pleasant old woman and she often jarred on Cynthia's nerves terribly. If necessity had not destined them to occupy apartments in the same building probably Cynthia would not have had anything to do with her. But Mrs. Moffat was one fact and her sickness was another fact, and as Cynthia all her life had been dealing with facts of a like hard nature she could not ignore them. Mrs. Moffat must have her custard and she would have to give Bessie Abner, who was coming to dinner, something else to eat.

Fifteen minutes later Cynthia carried the custard upstairs to Mrs. Moffat's room. The old woman lay on the lounge huddled in blankets and the fire was not very good.

"What you got there?" she demanded. "Something for you to eat," replied Cynthia.

"I don't want anything to eat." "Oh, yes, you will when you see what I've got. But I'm going to fix the fire first." Cynthia began at the stove and soon had it radiating a cherry warmth.

"Ain't you going out to sew today?" asked Mrs. Moffat.

"No. Mrs. Downs had to go away today. It's too bad, for she'll have to wait her turn now. I haven't another idle day for four weeks, so I've asked a friend in to have dinner with me."

"And I'll warrant you've brought the best of your meal up to me," said old Mrs. Moffat. "Do you know, Cynthia, you'll never get ahead in this world if you don't stop giving away everything you've got?"

"Nonsense!" Cynthia laughed. "I don't have anything to give that amounts to anything. I wish I did have." Her sweet eyes grew wistful. "I can't think of anything nicer than just having all you want to give, not money, but things—eggs and canned peaches, and warm clothing, and flowers. People want things more than they do money, for money can't always buy such. Now you let me bolster you up so you can dip into this. I'm not going to stay to see you eat it, but I expected you to eat every mite."

"Why, it's custard!" exclaimed Mrs. Moffat, peeping into the bowl. "I don't know when I've seen any custard before. Cynthia, I don't know what you'll ever get for this except a good feeling in your heart."

Cynthia, however, did not have a very good feeling in her heart as she ran downstairs. She did not know what in the world she was going to get for Bessie's dinner. She hadn't a bit of money in the house, and she never went in debt. She had rather a troubled hour or two before Mrs. Abner appeared.

"I got a birthday box from my folks this morning, Cynthia," the pale grave little widow said, "and I've brought some of it over to you. Knowing that you live alone, and don't have much time to cook, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind a small addition to your dinner." The addition consisted of some big red apples, hickory nut cake, and a block of delicious looking headcheese. In consequence the meal was a perfect success.

"Pirnie Scott is going to be married to-night," Bessie said as she was helping Cynthia wash the dishes. "Seems to me I never heard of anything so foolish in my life. They haven't got a thing to be married on except love, but that don't provide clothes and fuel and shelter. Here we are in the dead of winter, too. Pirnie hasn't any sort of an outfit, and yet they're going to keep house. I gave her some towels. I didn't have much to give her. And the rest of the neighbors are doing what they can. You haven't got anything?"

"Yes, I have," said Cynthia promptly. "I'll give her a couple of my blue plates."

"Your mother's dishes!" Bessie protested.

"Well, I don't need a whole dozen. She can have them as well as not. And you can take her a jar of my cucumber pickles. I wish they were something sweet," she ended, with her odd little smile.

"I never see how ready you always are to give," Bessie sighed. "And yet it don't seem to make you any poorer. You stay just about so."

"I like to give," Cynthia said. "Some thing, though. You don't get anything out of it."

"Well, does a miser get anything out of saving?" retorted Cynthia, as she polished a pair of blue plates and set them aside for the little bride-to-be.

At that instant came a loud rapping on the floor above. Bessie started. "It's only old Mrs. Moffat. I'll run up and see what she wants," Cynthia said.

"I guess it must have been the custard," Mrs. Moffat said. "I don't know when I've tasted anything so good. Set down a mite, Cynthia. I know you've got company, and I won't keep you more'n a minute." She kept her hands clasped tightly together as she went on. "I got to thinking over what you said—about you wishing you had things to give away. I'd never thought of that kind of giving. I'd always felt that giving meant money, and of course I never had that to give. I'd never thought of giving things, like you said. But when I got to meditating on it I saw how it could be and I found I had quite a few things that I could give. So I'm going to begin by giving you this." Suddenly she unclasped her hands and held out to Cynthia on her dark palm a cameo brooch set about with faded pearls. Cynthia gave one glance at it and drew back.

"Now don't say you won't take it," pleaded Mrs. Moffat childishly. "If you knew how bad I want you should take it. It's a beginning, don't you see? If you don't take it maybe I'll never get up again to give away another thing. And I want to. I've been a taker all my life and now I want to try the other way. It's made me most well just to think of it. Come now, Cynthia."

"But that makes me a taker, too," Cynthia said, half laughing, half crying.

Old Mrs. Moffat's eyes sparkled. There are people who have the right variety of fowls, who house and

# POULTRY WORLD

WEED OUT THE FLOCK  
(J. Harry Wolsieffer in Philadelphia Record.)

September is here, and with it comes growing weather. The dog days of summer have passed, which is always more or less depressing to poultry as it is to the human being. Many flocks start off full of promise early in the season only to be held back during the summer months. Culling the flock is in order at any time, but the important culling comes at the so-called close of the growing season, which starts this month. The early hatches have as a rule been culled, but no harm will be done if they are carefully looked over again, and all pullets or hens that do not show the desired quality should be rejected and sold on the open market. The slow growing chicks, pullets or cockerels should be eliminated as soon as possible from the late hatches, which have now developed enough to see what they will be. Later on they will have to be gone over to cull those that most breeders leave as doubtful. Culling is not a hard job, but few poultry-raisers make a good job out of it for the simple reason that they do not cull close enough. Many poultry-keepers know better, but that everlasting "quantity" creeps in and warps their judgment.

Cockerels are culled fairly close as a rule, but on many farms everything that is a female is retained in hopes that a few eggs may be received during the winter months.

The idea that many still retain, that all pullets will lay a fair quota of eggs, is not true. Cull pullets can never make good producers even if labeled utility and the feeder of such a flock will find out at the end of the year that with the continued high cost of feeds and labor the balance will be on the wrong side of the ledger. The flock that has been checked, due to lack of proper care during the rearing season, is often forced by feeding to early maturity. But as a rule they never attain the standard size, or do they even stand up during the year as egg producers. The payers are those chicks that came from good parent stock, incubated and brooded properly and then given good care and feed during the growing season. Even such a flock will have its percentage of culls, and the quicker they are disposed of the better it will be for the poultry-keeper. Close culling is not practiced as much as it should be, even in the up-to-date poultry plants. The fear that many pullets will be disposed of that would make egg producers is ever uppermost in the poultry-keeper's mind, and it makes him take a chance, one that seldom makes good, yet is persisted in each year with the result that each season the poultry-raiser is carrying over a large percentage of pullets, and sometimes hens that are not paying the feed bill, and the only reason that a balance can be shown on the right side of the ledger at the end of the year is the good performance of a part of the rest of the flock. Close culling of pullets will not harm the pocketbook of any poultry-keeper. Better have one or two poultry houses empty than full of star boarders and there are too many of this kind of chickens in the country to-day.

There are thousands of undersized pullets in the growing that will never amount to anything as money-makers. There are many pullets that came from the best of stock that are but culls to-day, due to faulty management. And no matter how fine the stock is, if it is not properly developed, is safer sold as market poultry.

The price of eggs will again be high this winter, but the figure will not go high enough to warrant the keeping of fowls that will not produce a fair number of eggs, nor will the price of fresh eggs ever go to a figure that will warrant the keeping of poor producers. Get rid of the culls. One can tell them by their slow development, undersize and general appearance. The average flock can be culled 30 to 50 per cent, and not be harmed. The up-to-date poultry-keeper would perhaps cull from 20 to 30 per cent, but never less for that is about where the general average would run. It takes nerve to cull properly, but if one wishes to get on the winning side take no chances, but cut the flock down to where the poultry-keeper can see only good-sized specimens, standard in time and fowls that have come up to the required mark without undue forcing. From such a flock good results can be attained.

IS THIS YOUR TROUBLE?

There are people who have the right variety of fowls, who house and

feed them properly, and yet who cannot obtain eggs in the winter because their fowls are too old. It seldom pays to keep hens for laying after they are two and a half years old; but what they will not give a profit, but a greater profit. A great many poultrymen who make a specialty of winter egg production keep nothing but pullets, disposing of the one-year-old hens before it is time to put them in winter quarters. The champion of the girls' poultry clubs of Mississippi keeps nothing but pullets.

Early hatched pullets, if properly grown, ought to begin laying in October or early in November and continue to lay through the winter. Yearling hens seldom begin laying much before January 1 and older hens not until later. It is the November and December eggs that bring the high prices. The laying breeds should begin laying when about from five to six months old, general purpose birds at six to seven months, and the meat breeds at eight to nine months.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.  
(H. Armstrong Roberts in London Free Press.)

About the only ventilation some chicken houses receive in cold weather is when the attendant opens and closes the door at feeding times. No amount of dry fresh air ever proved harmful to fowls, provided it was free from drafts. If the openings in the house, such as windows and doors, are kept on one side, preferably the south side, since that is the least exposed wall, there will be little likelihood of drafts.

Open-front houses and semi-open fronts should be fitted with frames covered with muslin or burlap, which frames can be installed in times of severe storms or exceedingly cold nights; ordinarily they are left open. In this method a circulation of air is obtained through the pores in the curtain material, but not enough to cause drafts.

In long laying houses it is sometimes necessary to partition the roosting compartments in the rear of the building to offset drafts. Such partitions are termed windbreaks, and should extend from the rear wall for the full depth of the roosting compartments.

Lining the inside walls of a poultry house with paper to prevent drafts will accomplish the desired result, but the plan does not make for a clean interior. Dirt and vermin are likely to get between the paper and the walls; thorough cleaning is made impossible, and spraying is ineffective.

ROOFING PAPER ON OUTSIDE.  
A better plan is to put tar paper on the outside of the building. This serves the same purpose of doing away with a need for paint. For single wall construction where greater warmth is needed a layer of felt building paper, put on between the tar paper and the outside surface of the wall produces the effect on the inside of the house—largely prevented in this way.

All poultry buildings should have their roofs carefully inspected before winter sets in, and any weak spots repaired or painted. Leaks are a nuisance and a menace to the health of the birds. Leaks make the interior damp and convert the litter into a muck heap; wet litter is likely to contaminate food and thus start an epidemic.

If patent roofing materials are to be repaired or painted this work should be done when the material is warm. It is quite brittle when cold, and in this state it is likely to break or become damaged under one's foot steps. A coat of asphalt paint, applied as often as the surface of the material shows any signs of deterioration, about once a year, will preserve this sort of a roof almost indefinitely. The paint is non-flammable, and it is readily applied with a whitewash brush.

HENS CEASE LAYING.  
Moving flocks from one house to another, alterations and changes in the housing accommodations, in fact, any departure from the accustomed routine should be accomplished between the disposal of an old flock and the advent of a new flock, or when the flock is in the molt and then non-productive. These opportunities exist now and for the next few weeks.

The reason for this is that fowls are disturbed by new situations, particularly by changes in their living quarters, and are likely to cease laying when so annoyed. Constantly changing about causes loss in the egg yield. Once a hen starts laying, from two to four weeks are required to bring her back. If weather conditions are unfavorable, as in the winter months, she may remain away from the nest for several months.

Pullets reared on free range, housed in small coops, should be transferred to their permanent winter quarters at least three weeks before they are expected to commence laying. They must be broken to their new mode of living, and this "breaking in" process should be brought about in advance of laying, so that once they start nothing will interfere with a regular performance.

It is usually cheaper to buy feed in large quantities. Often from 10 to 30 per cent can be saved in this way. If, however, the feed storage, room or granary is not proof against rats, mice and other pests, the savings affected by purchasing in quantities will be offset by the thievery of rodents.

Rats and mice will make heavy inroads on a bin or pile of sacked grain in a remarkably short time. Aside from what they eat, they soil the grain, which is bad for the birds.

Metal sheathing of some sort makes a bin impervious to rodents, of course, but such material is costly these days. But such material can be saved by sheathing the outside of bins with small mesh wire netting. The writer has obtained ample protection by lining feed bins with tar paper or patent roofing material. Apparently rodents do not like the smell of these coverings, because they seldom gnaw through them.

The aerial mail service between London and Paris has been extended to include two trips a day each way.



# A Man as Young and Strong as his Blood

No man can fight the battles of life and hold his own if his blood is not pure, for rich red blood is what strength is based upon. When you see a strong, vigorous man, who never knows when he is licked, you may wager that such a man has coursing through his veins rich, red blood. Many people have thin, pale blood. They are weak, tire easily, become discouraged quickly, and sometimes feel like giving up the struggle. Such folks need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which is sold by druggists in liquid or tablet form. Contains no alcohol.

CENTRAL BUTTE, S.D.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery for a number of years, and am pleased to recommend it as a blood purifier. I know it has no equal, as I used it for my boy. My neighbors and friends were surprised with the results; in fact, I do not think he would be alive to-day had it not been for the 'Medical Discovery.' I also keep it on hand for coughs, as it differs so from other cough medicines, instead of upsetting the stomach, as most cough syrups do, it is good for the stomach. I only wish I had known about Dr. Pierce's medicines sooner."—Mrs. Percy Wood.

Walker House