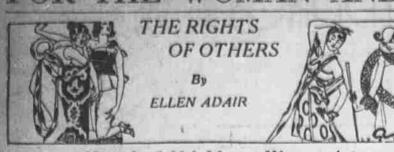
FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOME-PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS



How the Selfish Man or Woman Acts

tion of "Rights," and "Personal Liberty" strange to note how many people do utterly ignore the rights of others.

If only some of the women-and men, too-who wish to set the world straight home, the world would certainly be a would move a little to right or left? more pleasant and harmonious place.

Speaking of the rights of others, I witnessed a curious sight only the other day. It was at a railway station, and in front of the ticket office stood a large and resolute lady, arguing lengthily with the official at the little window. Behind her stood a line of 10 anxious, impatient men, all literally twitching with eagerress to buy their tickets and catch their respective trains.

But the large and resolute lady didn't care a scrap whether they caught their trains or not. Not she! She only wanted to prove her arguing ability to the man at the window. The subject of her peroration was a very trifling one. It dealt with certain railroad and time-table reforms she desired to instil into the official mind. The man behind the window wasn't paying any attention to her, either, He even told her in no uncertain tones to move on. But the argumentative one observed with joy that the 10 good men and true behind her in the line were all literally hanging on her words. So she made the most of the situation. She was asserting herself, and the experience was a peculiarly happy one for her.

Two of the men in the line missed their trains through her loquacity, and thereby lost contracts involving thousands of dollars. And this was all due to the woman's utter disregard of the rights of others.

The lamentable thing is that cases of this particular sort occur every day. At any railroad station you will see a similar tableau enacted. And no one takes any action in the matter.

Utter disregard of the rights of others happens every day in trolley cars, too.
Men and women alike are careless in this or her own rights, and when it is indeed a case of the "weakest to the wall," let us determine that the getting of our own themselves, and, not content with one rights shall not involve trespassing on the rights of others. For no happiness ever came from usurping the privileges to the right or the left. They don't care | selves.

In these assertive days when every- | a scrap how crowded the car may be, for where we hear the talk turn to the ques- have they not secured to themselves ample room? What does it matter to them and "Self Development," it is curiously that the tired old lady or the weary salesgirl returning home after a hard day are wistfully regarding the empty space which is "not quite" big enough to afford to keep yolk and white apart, as the a seat, but which could easily be made would realize that reformation begins at | big enough, if only the selfish occupant

> Once in a London motorbus I heard a most salutary lecture delivered on this very subject. It was delivered from the conductor's platform, too, and in no uncertain tones. The irascible old gentleman who bawled it at the heads of the occupants of that bus must have been a regular platform orator:

> "God bless my soul!" he shouted, as he stood at the end of the awaying vehicle and contemplated the row of calm, complacent faces inside. "You people in there ought to be ashamed of yourselves! There you sit, every man and every woman occupying space enough for two persons, and as rigid and stiff as a row of Egyptian mummies! Nothing short of an earthquake could make you budge an inch! Disgustin' behavior! Talk about the rights of others, indeed! Practice what you preach! Move up, I say, move

And they did move up. Their faces were a study. Yes, they were furious. But the lesson was a much-needed one.

The woman who talks too much is always heedless of the rights of others. For she is too egotistical to care about them. The sound of her own voice is the only melody for which she truly cares. It is the right of every one to have her full share and part in general conversation. But the talkative woman upsets the bal-ance of things and boldly usurps the conversational privileges of others.

Generally speaking, in any company or gathering of people it is the right of every one to express his or her views and to have a say in general talk. The too-talkative person, then, is actually steal-ing the rights of others.

In these days of competition and keen two, utterly refusing to budge one inch and the dues of those weaker than our-



PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Eventuary Landau prices of \$1 and 50 cepts are awarded.

All suggestions abould be addressed to Etlen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Events Landau, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of 21 has been awarded to L. M. B., 761 South dist street, for the fol-owing suggestion: When separating eggs-if a funnel is placed over a tumbler and the eggs broken into it one at a time, it is easy white runs down in the glass and the yolk may be tilted out of the top.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Lucia Noble, Ocean City, N. J., for the fol-lowing suggestion: To break ice in a sickroom simply put

a piece of ice in a towel (or napkin) and press a flower or shawl pin into it; it will break off smooth and clean, without a particle of trouble. Keep it covered afterwards. Never break ice by pounding it in a napkin or towel with a hammer. It wastes ice and cuts the material.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. I., B. Tilton, 4521 North 19th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Before putting new ticking on feather pillows, take a piece of white soap, dip it in water, then rub the soap over the wrong side of the ticking. You will then never be bothered by the feathers working out through the ticking.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. Culp. 824 Clifton avenue, Collingdale, Fa., for the following suggestion: I saved many steps since my husband

put castors on my kitchen table. I can move it easily wherever I want it. In dishwashing I put it near the sink and cupboard-in baking and cooking and put-ting up fruit, near the stove and so on.

Evening

How calm-how beautiful comes on The stilly hour, when storms have gone, When warring winds have died away And clouds beneath the dancing ray Melt off and leave the land and sea Sleeping in light tranquillity.

—Thomas Moore.

The Shadow Rose

A noisette on my garden path An ever-swaying shadow throws; But if I pluck it strolling by, I pluck the shadow with the rose.

Just near enough my heart you stood To shadow it—but was it fair In him, who plucked and bore you off, To leave your shadow lingering there's

Moving Pictures.

Mrs. F. E. Lowrey has sailed for Li-beria, where she will take a trip into the wilds of Darkest Africa, taking moving



A GOWN OF SATIN AND CHIFFON

Scoop out fresh tomatoes, break an egg

Delicious I omatoes.

For the Stepladder.

If the stepladder slips, paste a piece of into each and season well. Strew with old rubber over each support; this will crumbs and a bit of butter and bake a not only prevent a fall, but it will protect the floors.

A Pretty Frock

son, which meets once every three weeks said Jane, "and I'm coming round to be and heard all the news of the neighbor- you make a perfectly stunning govahood. Just why we style these luncheons got a good idea from an old-fashie literary is somewhat of a mystery! Six picture I saw in the salon the other and girls who had just left college started and on my way home I saw some the idea, and asked me to join last fall.

At first I was really afraid that it was going to be too dreadfully highbrow, so I day present for you, for I know you told them they must never call upon me | birthday comes somewhere in the sec for a speech or an essay or anything of that wort.

I needn't have been so unduly alarmed, for these luncheons are only excuses for meeting together and talking endlessly on every sort of subject under the sun. The latest engagement, the last word in French millinery, the new style in gowns. the filrtatious propensities of Bobby Soand-So, and the matrimonial troubles of Mrs. Somebody Else are leading themes. But I must confess that I enjoy these little luncheons. Apart from the interesting gossip (and every woman is in- to go with it, so I took him at his wide terested in gossip, whether she pretends and led him at once to my milliner's we to the contrary or not), I always like to | selected a hat of burnt brown hemp, con hear about the new styles in clothes and ered with gold lace and rosebuda. It is to see what the girls wear.

"You are the luckiest girl under the shades of my new gown exactly,

I have just been to my Literary Lunch- | sun to be going South just now, Doron quisits satin going for a mere song I bought it as a sort of early bles three weeks."

Jano is really very artistic, and the blue and tan frock is a perfect dream True to her word, she came around an the material, and we started to work at

The skirt is of mustard yellow things over a tan satin underskirt. The sin is corded, and has the popular flare, The bodice is of peacock plue satis, very short, and with a lace collar.

When Uncle Joe saw the gown, he day clared that I must have a suitable by exceedingly pretty, and tones in with the

Fashion Forecasts

for the Spring Toilette

The spring fashions are the subject of much conjecture just at present, when every one is preparing for the coming of Lent, and Easter follows so closely Some early straw hats have already made their appearance, but these cannot be looked on as indications of the real spring fashions. They are the exceptions which prove the rule.

It is reasonably certain that we shall wear short coats and wide skirts, unless fickle Fashion changes over night. The fickle Fashion changes over night. The military influence, suggested in the winter is a certainty in the spring models. Epaulette and braided effects predominate on the short jackets. The high waist line is quickly going out, however. The short jackets are only variations on the old boxcut style. The straight lines have a severely chic style to them which no amount of trimming can imitate.

The new gowns all have a flaring skirt,

The new gowns all have a flaring skirt, and most of the materials used are taffeta, silk coverts, gabardines and poplins. The button craze is another noticeable phase of the early styles. Buttons of every possible color and shape are being utilized, old-fashloned ones of heavy pearl predominating on the more exclusive models.

troubled further in the matter."

As for this last payment to Vertigan,

English police would once again bestly themselves. They would want to know

why this money was being paid.

his victim.

Accessories of Dress



The accessories, or the lack of then at the right time, go to make or martis toilette. The new high collars are en ceedingly popular, and several deap are sketched above. These can easily carried out at home, and in velve batists will look very effective. Very be-coming are the collars and the of fur lined with satin that can be finished silk-bows or ends of either satin or fur, as There is quite a

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPING II By CLAVER MORRIS, Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor" II

CHAPTER XXXIII—(Continued.)
He bowed and walked away. Lady
Wimberley watched him until he had
disappeared in a crowd of people, and
then, looking round, she saw that a tall,
shabby man, with a white face, was
standing a few yards away from her
and regarding her with interest. She ed her parasol and shut him out from

w minutes later Joan returned with

the book.
"Oh, he's gone, has he?" she said.
"Yes, dear—he had to go. We will leave the book at his hotel."
Joan looked at her mother suspiciously.
Then she said:
"Mother dear the part time you two."

'Mother, dear, the next time you two

want to get rid of me—"
"Oh, Joan, don't be silly. Do you think I wanted to be left alone with Mr.

Joan did not pursue the subject any further. Her sharp gray eyes had al-ready found out that her mother not only

disliked but feared the man who had lately been science master of Harptree. She was also aware that from the day they had first met Vertigan at Nice, her mother, whose health up to that time had apparently derived benefit from the warmth and sunshine, had grown rapidly

warnth and sunshine, had grown rapidly worse, and was now looking more iii than when see had left England.

"When are we going home, mother?" she said after a pause.

"Not yet, dear—not just yet. Many girls would be giad to be here—out of the fogs and cold of England."

"Are we going head for the we going back for the London

No. dear-I don't think that in any case we shall go to London."
"It is so dull here-I have nothing to

"You have plenty of friends, Joan—there are lots to see and do."
The girl stared sullenly out at the blue see, and then, after a long slience, she

said abruptly:
'Mother, dear, isn't it rather hard luck on father-our being away from

Lady Wimberley colored, and then her face grew very white. Joan's heart face.
beat very quickly. She had suspected the truth. Now she knew it. There you are unhappy—can't you tell me what

CHILDREN'S

thanght and thought about his may are is always the way, the more be rank it he higger the trouble graw. Acre many a thought a point at his legar the trouble graw. Acre many a thought with this feed-to-be darked "I'm going out He-

Duffy's Tumble

had been a quarrel between these two-something so serious that her mother could not live in the same house as her husband. Well, it would be her duty to bring them together again. She thought the matter over again as

she brushed her hair that night. It seemed to her terrible that her mother, who seemed at last to have found happiness after so much sorrow, should have had so little of it, and find her life once more shadowed by pain. There was no serious illness—she had cross-questioned the doctor about that herself. It was merely a nervous breakdown, the result, no doubt, of mental anxiety.

no doubt, of mental anxiety.
"I must do something to help them," she thought. "If I only knew what had happened! One feels so helpless when one does not know."
There was a knock at the door and her mother entered the room. Lady Wimberley was still in her evening dress, and her dark har was circled with a hand of dis-

dark hair was circled with a band of dia-She seated herself in an arm-"I want to have a talk with you, Joan,"

"And to have a talk with you, joan, she said rather nervously—"about what you said this morning."
"What was that, mother, dear?"
"About your—your father. I have been thinking over what you said. He ought not to be left alone—for so long. Would you like to go back to Harptree?"
"And leave you here, mother?"

"And leave you here, mother?"
"Yes, dear; I should have to stay. I am not well enough to stand the English winter. But you hate being here, and it cruel to keep you here selfish of me."
"Oh, mother; I couldn't leave you."
"Why not? I'll wire to your Aunt
dith. She'd like to come o't here. She'd Edith. be only too glad if I paid all her ex-

penses. Joan tied a pale blue ribbon round the end of her plait of hair. Then she came to her mother's side and kissed her. "Mother, dear," she whispered. "I-I want you to come back with me—now—

to Harptree."

"No, Joan—that is impossible."
The girl knelt down by her mother's side, and resting her hands on her mother's knee, looked up at the pale, thin face.

"I can run right off the porch into the yard!" oried Duffy gaily, and away he

ran!
Across the purch, and with a jump he landed deep in the bottem of the big snewderfr!
He eputtered and reiped, he fought and he kicked, but desper and desper into the drift he senk, till there was nothing to be seen from the perch but the kels where he went in!

Sapriphi, \$255, Clare Ingram Judeon.

CORNER

is wrong—so that I can help you—I do want you to be happy—and you—you look as if you would never be happy again."
"Oh, I hope so, Joan—when my health is better. You needn't worry about me, is Valois. I am in authority. You will

dear."

"But I do worry about you-day and night. Mother, dear, please tell me what has happened. It isn't as if I didn't know something had happened. That odious little man-ever since he has come here you have been getting worse and worse. have been getting worse and worse He frightens you. I can see it."

"Joan, dear, please do not talk non-sense," said Lady Wimberley quietly. "I am ill—that is all."

The girl rose to her feet, as though her mother had repulsed her. She walked to her dressing table and fingered some of the silver boxes and golden trinkets. Then she turned and looked at her mother.

"But who is making you ill?" she said flercely. "This little brute? My father? Who is it? I must know the truth. If

you cared for me at all, you'd tell me."

"It is because I love you so dearly,
Joan, that I intend to keep all unhappiness from your life."

"Happiness? Do you think I can be happy when I see you so wretched?"
"You are talking nonsense, Joan. Now I think you had better go back to England before the end of the week. I will wire to Aunt Edith tomorrow morning. And then—"

her mother was wanted at once. The gendarmes had called and wished to see er. They were now in her sitting room. "The police?" queried Joan. "What is lt. Marie?"

'Indeed I do not know, my lady-indeed "Indeed I do not know, my lady-indeed I do not. The manager would not allow them to come up at first. But you know the way of the gendarmes. They are not to be kept out. They are there in my lady's sitting room."

lady's sitting room."
"I will go and see them at once," said
Lady Wimberley. "I dare say it is nothing. The police out here are very officious."
She made her way into their private

sitting room. Two gendarmes, accompanied by a small man in a black suit and a tail hat, were standing by the table. The small man bowed and removed his hat.

"We are sorry to trouble madame," he said, "but there has been a fracas out-side the Casino and an English gentleman has been killed. Madame has been seen in the company of the gentleman

seen in the company of the gentleman more than once, and we have come—"
is it?" she inquired sharply.
"A M. Vertigan—so we think from letters in his pocket. They know little of him at his hotel, and we wondered if madame would be able—"
"Vertigan," she said in a low voice.
"Mr. Vertigan dead!"
"Yes, madame," said the little man in black, "and we thought perhaps that you

Duffy's

Duffy was a cunning little dog. So white was his hair and so fluffy and curry that he 'looked like nothing in the warid but a great white snowball!

His mistress kept him clean and fine and he was a great pet in the household.

Cuffy, of course, had the best of everything to eat. He had a nice warm place to alway and a soft pillow on the front window all, where he could alt and watch passersby to his heart's content.

But Duffy, like nearity awary other creative in the world, was far from satisfied with his lot. He wanted the very thirs he didn't have.

"What good is it for me to be clean?" he asked himself, "to have plently to eat and a warm place to sleep? What I railly want is freedom! I want to run and get dirly in the streets! This being kept so fine is a parfect nuisasse!" This being kept so fine is a parfect nuisasse!" This being kept so fine is a parfect nuisasse!"

It was all so fresh and white looking. "I don't care if she says I can't go, I'm going!" declared Duffy, and he began to watch for a good chance to slip out. It was not long coming. In a very few minutes a messening boy appeared at the front door, and before the book was signed the back door bell rang! Could any dog ask for a hetter opportunity? Duffy gave a little grunt of satisfaction and slipped through the front door.

"My, Dutship's does seem good!" he said to himself, and he drew a deep breath of the irresh, soid air. "Now for a play!"

He started over to the sage of the porch unisasse!"

And indeed it looked that way.

"I can run right off the porch into the black, "and we thought perhaps that you could tell us something about the gentleman. We must send for his relations, of course, and they know so little of him at

the hotel."

Lady Wimberley looked at the man for Lady Wimberley looked at the man for a few seconds without speaking. Then she swayed a little and put a hand on the table to support herself. The news had come to her as a shock. The death of Vertigan meant so much that she could hardly realize it as yet. But the first thing that had flashed across her mind was that only a few hours ago she had sent round a thousand pounds in notes to Vertigan's hotel, and that in all probability the notes and the letter she

notes to vertigan's notes, and that in all probability the notes and the letter she had inclosed with them were now in the hands of the police.

"Madame is ili," said the little man in black. "It is a terrible blow. I have no doubt. Pour out madame a glass of wine, Jules, and then you two take yourselves off downstairs and wait for me."

One of the gendarmes poured out some port into a tumbler and gravely handed it to Lody Wimberley. She smiled as she refused it and seated herself at the table. The gendarmes departed and she was alone with the little man in black. "He was a great friend of yours with"No, no-but still-the news of his then I came and listened outside the door, I to trace the notes. Can you give us the

"I am a detective, madame. My name is Valois. I am in authority. You will please answer my questions."
"Certainly, M. Valois. What do you wish me to tell you?"
"Who is this gentleman?"
"He was a teacher of release and a

"He was a teacher of science and chem-Your husband's name, madame?"

'John Erleigh.' "And the name of the school?"
"Harptree." "Do you know of any relations?"

"I do not. But, perhaps, if you wire to my husband he will be able to inform

you."
"I will do so, madame. But you yourself know nothing?"
"Nothing of the relations."
M. Valois stroked his small black mus-

"The name of Vertigan is familiar to us," he said after a pause. "We have received instructions from the London police to watch him and report his movements. They say he is a dangerous character." Lady Wimberley smiled, "I should hardly think he was that," she said.

"So it appears, madame, and we were warned that he might be annoying you, There was a knock at the door and Joan opened it. A maidservant said that her mother was wanted at once. The greedom, Have you suffered any angendarmes had called any wished to see Well. I do not like the man, but, as

he used to be at Harptree, I have been forced to be civil to him. What have the London police against him?" "Oh, that, madame, is our affair."
"Who killed him?"

"Who killed him?"

"Oh, it was a drunken brawl, madame, so far as, we know at present."

"The murderer is in custody?"

"No, madame, I regret to say that he is not. There was a dispute over some meney at the Casino—a stake of five louis that won. It was continued outside, or so we think, and the other man escaped us. But not for long, madame—not for long—we have a description of him. I will wish you good-night, madame—and thank you for your information."

The man took his departure, and Lady

you for your information."

The man took his departure, and Lady Wimberiey drank some of the wine from the tumbler. Her hand trembled and the glass chinked against her teeth. She wondered if Vertigan had turned to his hotel to get the notes before he had gone round to the Casino. She could not, of course, have asked the detective any questions on that matter and she did not quite see how she was going to find out. Any inquiries at the hotel would excite suspiction.

"If the letter is still there waiting for

"If the letter is still there waiting for him," she thought, "it will fail into the hands of the police."

And, moreover, it would probably fall into the hands of the police in any case, for very likely Vertigan had not destroyed it. She did not see what she could do to prevent her name from being mixed up in the affair. She rose from her chair and paced slowly up and down the room. She wondered why the detective had been to see her. The reason he had given could not have been the real one. If, as he had said, they had been asked by the London police to watch Vertigan he would have known that the London police could give him all the information he came to ask. No, he had come to find out something

him all the information he came to ask. No, he had come to find out something else-perhaps about those very notes and the letter. He had saked no questions. He had merely come to watch her face when she received the news.

There had been nothing very much in the letter after all-merely a few lines saying that she did not intend to supply him with any more measy. But it was enough to put the police in possession of the truth. It was no good telling them that Vertigan was a friend of here and that she had been making him a friendly lean.

Then the door opened and Joan came into the room.
"Nother four," she said, "what has happened? I did not know they had gone. I wattan hill I could wait no longer, and BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY READING TERMINAL MARKET Stalls ont 615-619 Filters, 1936-4867

come in. What is the matter?" 'Mr. Vertigan has been killed, dear,"
Lady Wimberley replied.
"Oh, how terrible." It happened outside the Casino,

and, hearing no voices, I thought I could

and they came round here to see if I knew the address of any of his relatives. I could not tell them, so they are wiring "Oh, how dreadful, mother, dear," she said, but later on, when she was alone in her bedroom, she actually smiled. She was glad that her mother could never meet Vertigan again and look at him with

those frightened eyes of hers.

And then she shuddered at her own thoughts. It was surely a horrible thing to be glad a man was dead. Next day all Nice was talking of the murder outside the Casino. The murderer had been caught before daybreak. He was a weedy, degenerate young fellow of about 25, and was known to the police as a man upon whom it was neces-sary to keep an eye. For a year he had hung about the place, gambling in small sums at the Casino, and having appar-

ently no means of livelihood. No money had been found on the de-ceased beyond a few 5-franc pieces. It appeared, however, that he was well-to-

appeared, however, that he was well-todo, and that during his stay in Nice he
had paid nearly a quarter of a million
francs into the bank.

There was no mystery about the affair
at all. Lady Wimberiey had been afraid
that Vertigan's death might have had
some connection with the series of events
that had led up to the kidnapping of her
son. But everything was quite simple that had led up to the kidnapping of her son. But everything was quite simple. The youth, of the name of Welsz, said under examination that Vertigan had snatched up his stake. Outside there had been a quarrel and Vertigan had drawn a revolver. Welsz had fired to save his own life. This story was corroborated by the fact that a revolver of English make, and which had not been fired, was found in Vertigan's right hand. It was not until two days later that the detective called once more to see Lady Wimberley. A

til two days later that the detective called once more to see Lady Wimberley. A look of fear came into her eyes when his name was announced, but ahs had perfect control of her features by the time he entered her sitting room.

"I come to trouble you again, madame." he said, "but not, I hope, for long. It appears that at 7 o'clock on the night of M. Vertigan's death a letter was left for him at his hotel by one of the servants here. It appears that you sent him the letter."

"May I ask what was in the letter, madame? It seems to have been a bulky Lady Wignberley smiled. She thought

true enough.

Lady Wimberley amiled. She thought it better to tell as much of the truth as possible and make no demur about it. "Bank-notes," she replied. "Certain meney was owing to Mr. Vertigan." "Ah, from your husband?" "Yes, and Mr. Vertigan was hard up." "I see—I see. Well, no money was found on Mr. Vertigan, so we presume he lost it at the Casino." "Might he not have put it in the bank?" "He did not do so, madame. We have searched all his truniss. Naither money nor letter has been found." "Then the man who murdered him must have taken it?"

ALL THAT YOU GET HERE IS

W.A.Bender

There were dark shadows in the wannumbers?"
"I-I could find out," she faltered. She sunlit sea.

saw now that she had spoken more of the CHAPTER XXXIV truth than was prudent. By giving the numbers of the notes she would tell the police that she had given Vertigan a

"Glad to be here, Joan?"
"Yes," the girl replied with a laus.
"and glad to see the gray skies and the rain. Oh, the freshness of it all! It's splendid." thousand pounds. No one would believe that that amount was owing to him. "If madame will give us the name of 'It was kind the detective continued, "she need not be

you," said John Erleigh gently, "wo kind of her. I don't know that I ough not to send you back, little girl." Lady Wimberley gave the name of the bank and the detective thanked her. He "Oh, no; mother is all right. Aunt. Edith arrived before I left, you know Mother wrote and told you about Mr. Vertigan didn't them." assured her that her name would not be brought into this unpleasant affair and took his departure, Vertigan, didn't she?" "Yes, dear-a terrible affair-poor fal-When he had gone she seated herself in

a chair and, resting her chin on her hands, stared out of the open window. The shadows seemed to be growing darker but failed. The news of Vertigan's death had taken a great burden from his mind. For the first time for more than two years he had found himself a free way. over her life. The death of Vertigan had apparently removed the greatest danger of all, but even that was not certain. It his wife knew the truth now. It would stand between them always. But the a-cret was safe. However much he him-self might suffer, no harm would come is the school was quite possible that Vertigan had given her husband's secret to one of his accomplices. It was, indeed, probable that he had made arrangements by which is death would not mean the release of

"Did mother tell you-everything?" said "Did mother tell you—everythings the girl after a pause.
"No, dear; she only said that there has been a quarrel in the Casino, and that Mr. Vertigan had been killed outside by a mass who had tried to take his money."
"The murderer has been caught"
"Yes; she told me that." the French detective would at once jump to the conclusion that it was a case of blackmail. He would find out that there had been other payments by tracing the numbers of the notes. The information would be transmitted to Loudon. The

(CONTINUED TOMORROW) Copyrighted, 1914, by the Syndicate News papers, Limited.



ONE OF THE 57