

The Huntingdon Gleaner

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Notes of the Week.

With praiseworthy promptitude Mr Mitchell made the financial statement of the province on Thursday. It showed increased revenue and also an increase in expenditure beyond the estimates of last year of over a million dollars. The income was close upon 9½ millions, the expenditure was some \$200,000 more, giving an apparent balance of \$211,000. This does not include the outlay on good roads, which is treated as a separate account. Mr Mitchell stated that there had been spent on good roads 14 million dollars, of which 9 millions had gone thru the hands of the municipal councils, and 5 millions paid directly by the government on the King Edward, the road to Quebec and the one to Sherbrooke. Of the last loan for roads about half a million dollars is still on hand. The present intention of the government was to make another loan, so that the work of stoning the roads may continue. The net debt of the province now stood at 31 million dollars, which with the present income, the province could carry without difficulty. Mr Mitchell's estimates for the coming financial year, were nearly equal, 9½ million dollars. It was a plain, straightforward statement of how the province stands and altogether satisfactory apart from the large increase in ordinary expenditure. Before more money is spent on roads, a conclusion should be come to as to the plan of how they are to be constructed and provision made for keeping them in repair. As the Gleaner has repeatedly stated, macadam is not satisfactory and much of the money spent has been lost by imperfect workmanship and material.

Manitoba undertook to erect a magnificent pile of public buildings and let the contract to Thos. Kelly & Sons. Before the work had proceeded far it was seen the estimate was going to be far exceeded and that the Kellys were scampering the work. With a change of ministers came an investigation, which revealed, that the work already done had swallowed the money set aside for it, the contractors had fraudulently changed the specifications. The estimate of the architect was, that over a million dollars had been paid for which the province had no value, indeed, worse than none, for the foundation was insecure and would have to be rebuilt. Kelly fled to the States, fought extradition, fought every attempt to bring him to trial. The government persevered and surmounting all the obstacles clever lawyers raised, got him before a jury which found him guilty of robbing the province. There were exceptions and appeals which ended in the verdict being upheld. On Saturday he was brought up for sentence and given 2½ years in the penitentiary. The evidence showed, Kelly had not pocketed all his unlawful gains, but that a large portion of them had gone to the managers of the Conservative election fund. His lawyer, in pleading on Saturday for a light sentence, declared Kelly "was the victim of a system of long standing, and for which society at large was responsible; a system which had been tolerated and approved by a large section of the public, of providing campaign funds for the political parties out of government contracts." Should Kelly turn King's evidence, certain politicians will be sent to keep him company.

The German submarine Deutschland, having taken as much nickel and rubber as could be packed into her hold, sailed for Germany on Friday morning. In the darkness two tugs pulled her out of the dock and accompanied her until she reached the open sea. On getting clear of the coast, the submarine dropped the hawser by which she was being towed and started to go on her long voyage by her own power. Whether due to bad steering, or to the darkness, neither of the tugs showing lights, the submarine hit one of the tugs, upset it, and she went to the bottom carrying 5 of her crew. The blow had started the plates of the submarine's bow and she went back to London to be repaired. No sooner had she docked than the owner of the tug put a seizure on her for the value of the lost boat and the relatives of the drowned sailors did likewise.

The correspondence relating to the dismissal of General Sam Hughes from the Dominion cabinet has been made public. It is tediously long and deals with a great many points of little interest outside militia circles. The trouble began in the Premier or-

ganizing a council in England to take charge of the Canadian troops, following it by appointing a cabinet minister to advise and decide questions without waiting for orders from Ottawa. Sir Sam took offence at these encroachments on his authority and said so in terms that the premier could not tolerate. As Sir Robert said, Hughes wanted to be absolute and do what he pleased without authority from the government. Doubtless there was friction long before the date of the first letter, the trouble only coming to a head last month. As a soldier Sir Sam ought to have set an example of submission to discipline.

That the war is nearing a crisis is proved by the desperate steps taken by Germany to bring out every available man. A census has been ordered of all men who remain in their homes, giving their ages, physical condition and occupation. When these lists are ready they will be examined and all who can be spared from their families will be required to serve in the garrisons, releasing regular soldiers for the front, or if not able to carry a rifle, be drafted to work in munition factories. There are to be no exceptions, for a job will be provided for every idle hand. In a word the entire male population is to be organized for defence. France is preparing to do likewise. The British parliament still hesitates over conscription. The German plan of increasing its military strength by deporting Belgians and French in the sections under their control excites universal horror. In one town it is stated the entire male population over seventeen was summoned to report at German Headquarters at 8 o'clock one morning in October. The priests, professors, teachers, local officials, members of the Food Commission and the physically defective were dismissed, but 1,200 men, composing twenty per cent of the eligible males, both employed and unemployed, were selected and placed on cattle trucks and started for Germany. Being ignorant at the purpose of the summons the men had assembled without clothing for travelling and without food, and relatives who hurried to the station with food and clothing were refused access to the men, or to be told what place they would be taken. The men are treated exactly like negro slaves, with the further resemblance that they can purchase their freedom by paying the price their masters rate them at, not less than \$250. Women are also taken when female help is needed.

The difficulty of the Allies in dealing with Greece has come to a head, it having been given the choice of either joining them or of disarming their troops and dismissing the German, Austrian, and other hostile ambassadors. The Allies, as everybody knows, has a large army at Salonika which has done almost nothing to carry on the war. This inactivity has been due to the fact, that if it advanced northward the Greek King might send his army to attack them in the rear and cut them from their base of supplies. Before moving they had to be assured of safety. What the Allies have done now they ought to have done six months ago.

Events have not been favorable for the Allies during the week. The hope that the Balkan situation would have been saved by the Romanian and Russian armies winning a decisive victory, has not been realized. On the contrary the German-Austrian forces have had the advantage, and are slowly forcing their way into the interior of Rumania. The situation may be saved by the Allies yet if the setting in of winter does not suspend operations. The Serbians, helped by a column of Russians and a number of French batteries, compelled a strong force of Bulgarian and German troops to leave Monastir, the old capital of Macedonia, and are following up their advantage. This is a great victory for Serbia. In France there has been daily fighting both at Verdun and on the Somme. The Germans on the 15th made an attack in heavy force on the French positions. The fighting lasted until dark, and during the day the Germans made six unsuccessful attacks, losing heavily. On the British front more ground has been won at the Ancre, but a sudden thaw has prevented further advances. The death of the Emperor of Austria, which took place on Tuesday is not expected to affect the war. He was 86 years old and took no part in public affairs.

ORMSTOWN

Mr. D. J. Greig was buying horses for the French Army on Tuesday of this week. About 125 horses were brought before the inspector on the show grounds out of which 19 were bought. At a representative meeting of

Ormstown Vigilant Society, held in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected Dr. A. McCormick, President, Neil Sangster, Vice-President, Thos. W. Winter, Secy.-Treas. Committee of management: H. W. Elliot, Walter Rodger, Wm. Tait, John McClelland, Chas. Collin and Jas. Carmichael. The idea of this society is to assist in recovering property stolen from any of its members of the value of \$5 and upwards.

HOWICK

Mr West who has been working David Glen's farm on the Tullochgorum concession is vacating his present position and renting the farm of the late James Wilson, near Howick.

Although Mr David Wilson, who bought and occupies the farm previously owned by Mr Cunningham near Allan's Corners, has a reasonable excuse for retaining his sons at home to work his land, still his patriotism led him to raise no objection to the second in his family enlisting.

The village council is determined to prevent snowdrifts on the streets, and has erected snow fences from beyond the G.T. depot to the southern end of the village. The social gathering in the Hall on the 10th inst, netted ten dollars for the Red Cross.

An appeal is again made to Howick vicinity for additional aid to the Patriotic Fund by Sir Herbert Ames. \$1,754 has been raised already and his proposals that it be increased to \$2,500.

J. M. Logan was taken to the General Hospital with a badly lacerated hand. It is feared by the doctors that amputation may be necessary.

ALLAN'S CORNERS

The November meeting of the Ys was held at the home of Mrs John Cullen on Nov. 17. A large number were present, and there are thirty members now. The president, Miss Olive Greig, presided. A paper on "The Evils of Alcoholic Liquors," was read by Leslie Cullen and was much appreciated. Miss Olive Goodfellow sang "Homes in Want and Sorrow." Games was the next item on the program and at ten o'clock the pleasant evening was brought to a close. We were sorry to accept Earl Wilson's resignation as vice-president. Earl has enlisted.

SIE MARTINE

The mild weather of Saturday made many think that the ice on the river would go away. The sudden return of frost has made the ice stronger, and the roads are fine for wheels.

The tender of Lorrain & Dagmault for the construction of a steel bridge near the church in this parish, and accepted by the municipal council, was confirmed by the Department of Public Works at Quebec. The ratepayers will now be called on to vote a by-law for a loan of eighteen to twenty thousand dollars to build said bridge over the floating dock and complete the cement sidewalk to the G.T.R. station.

Mrs Joseph Dubuc who was sent to the asylum on the 5th of this month, died on Friday and was buried Monday. Her husband is sick in Montreal and not likely to recover.

BEAUHARNOIS

A successful free social was held at the manse Friday evening, under the auspices of the W. M. society, when Madame Bieler of Montreal, was present, and delivered a lecture on "Women's Work in France." She spoke principally of her sister's work, and pictured graphically the condition of things among the refugees who are now in Paris, and how her sister was instrumental in bringing together large numbers of families that had scattered, while fleeing from before the Germans. Madame Bieler has made herself responsible for the sum of \$150 a month, for the support of her sister's work, and is giving a great deal of her time in lecturing in different places, to secure this amount. With the use of a map she brought the war situation in France very clearly before her audience. Dr Morison, in a few words, expressed the appreciation of all for the able address. After the lecture several musical selections were rendered by different ones, and refreshments were served as all mingled in social intercourse. There was a very good attendance of the English-speaking people in town.

On Wednesday of last week Miss Elizabeth Hunter, in some unexplained way, fell while in the house, and striking her side against a table, fractured a rib. Altho she suffered considerably, it was not thought that there was any cause for alarm. On Sunday morning, however, she was not so well, and the doctor found one of her lungs congested. She was doing nicely under his treatment, but Sunday afternoon she unexpectedly passed away through heart failure. As she was over 80 years of age, it is thought the shock was too much for her. She had enjoyed life up to its close and had no appearance of being so old as she was. She was esteemed by all who knew her, as her life was a very kindly one. Her funeral took place on Wednesday morning.

The collection taken recently in the Presbyterian church here for the deficit in the budget amounted to \$153.

VALLEYFIELD

On Wednesday evening of last week the first of the series of concerts, held under the auspices of the Presbyterian church management, took place in the new hall. The artists engaged for the occasion were the "Musical Merry Makers", a combination running under the Redpath Syndicate of New York. Each member of the company was a specialist in his and

her own particular branch and the programme they presented was of a high class order and was much appreciated by a large audience.

On Saturday afternoon and evening a bazaar was held in St Mark's Church hall in aid of the organ fund. The hall was beautifully decorated and there was a large display of all kinds of fancy work. Musical selections were given during the evening and a number of side entertainments did good business.

The usual dancing class has been started again for the winter months, and is being well patronized by both English and French.

ROCKBURN

An annual report of the Y indicates much good work done. Liberal donations were made in provisions and money to the Soldiers' Home and Queen Mary's fund. Miss Evelyn Rennie stated weekly meetings were held from January to June during which a large number of socks, quilts, etc. were made from materials purchased to amount of \$33.89.

On Nov. 1st a box was packed containing 20 Christmas parcels, comfort bags, towels and pillow cases. The treasurer, Miss Bertha Rosevear, reported \$110.85 was taken in during the year. Expenditure \$96.35, leaving a balance on hand of \$14.50. The following officers were elected, Hon. Pres. Mrs. Wallace Middlemiss, President. Miss Ada Steele, Vice-Pres. Miss Bertha Rosevear, Treasurer. Miss. Ellen Gibson, Rec. Secy. Miss. Gertrude Middlemiss, Supt. work for soldiers and sailors. Miss Evelyn Rennie, Flower Mission Supt. Miss. Katie Lindsay, Literature Supt. Edith Rennie, Press Supt. Miss. Gertrude Middlemiss.

HEMMINGFORD

Complaints have recently been numerous that a "blind pig" was to be found on the back bush road, near where the swamp road is being stoned, and another being Harrington and Sherrington. Last week Officer Fisher, hearing that these men were getting their supplies at Champlain, N.Y., and forgetting to pay the duty thereon, made investigations and seized eight gallons of high wines.

Russel Keddy has joined the dental department of the army.

HUNTINGDON VILLAGE COUNCIL

Met Monday evening, absent Small and Will.

Mayor—What about the little boiler?

Dupuis—I spoke to Eben Henry and told him we were thinking of purchasing a boiler. Mr Kelly then advised me to wait a while.

Kelly—George Munro said he saw by the Gleaner we were thinking of purchasing a boiler to thaw hydrants. He suggested an electric machine, that it would be more convenient. I asked him to get prices.

Mayor—Did you get them?

Kelly—Not yet.

Mayor—I have a letter from the Canadian Fire Underwriters, asking me to see that our fire apparatus be put in good shape for the winter.

Dupuis—At Kit Lefebvre's, the sewer is broken and should be repaired.

Mayor—The road committee had better look into the matter and have it attended to.

Crawford—That crooked pole at the O'Connor building, is it to be removed?

Mayor—I asked them to change it.

Dupuis—They changed it today. Mayor—Saturday night Mrs W. McDowell complained to me about the slot machines in the village. It appears her boy, who is only eleven years old, has been putting money in them.

Dupuis—We don't know what power we have over the machines. I saw some sort of license on one of them.

Mayor—I would ask the secretary to write to the department of inland revenue and ask if they are within the law, and if so, if license has been paid on the machines.

Mayor—We have a letter from the Northern Electric Co. quoting prices for 100 watt lamps.

Kelly—Speaking with Mr Dunn, he said the price of lamps at present was high, and as he intended to re-arrange the lamps, put some new brackets and replace the old ones, we would do well to wait. I think it a good idea, winter is not a dark time of the year.

Mayor—Did you find out anything about our authority over selling bread?

Secretary—I couldn't find anything in the new code, but it is in the old one.

Mayor—I asked Mr Philips to make enquiry at Quebec, and he said he would.

At the previous council meeting this conversation took place—

Dupuis—Has Mr Herbert Cunningham a license to sell feed in the village?

Secretary—I think you had better get a lawyer's opinion about selling from a car.

Dupuis—I would be in favor of making a test case of this, and then the people would be satisfied.

Small—Was he asked to pay?

Mayor—Yes, and he said he would not pay until he had to.

At the meeting of Monday the subject was brought up again—

Mayor—In regard to the license for selling feed off the car, I think Mr Cunningham is liable under the new code to take one out.

Dupuis—Let us pay a lawyer to collect it. I do not think any one in town will object. In fact I think they would like to see it collected.

Moved by Kelly, seconded by Dupuis, that the Mayor and Secretary have the advice of a lawyer with regard to collecting license for selling from a car on track, or any other place in the village.

ST ANICET COUNCIL

Met on Nov. 6. Absent Thos. Quennville, Neil O'Hare was appointed Special Officer over the water course running north of the Finean road, to see that it is cleaned out from a certain 24 in. pipe opposite David Moriarty's to the east as far as needed. On motion of J. T. Dupuis, seconded by Oscar Quennell, Avila Caza was appointed councillor to finish the term of John Leahy.

On motion of Ed. Cosgrove, seconded by J. T. Dupuis, the sec. was authorized to advance the contractor for cost on the cedar creek sold by James McGibbon, special officer.

On motion of Oliver Dupuis, seconded by Ed. Cosgrove the bill of costs for carrying on the work according to provision of Process verbal of the Coffey water course, sold by James McGibbon, special officer to the amount \$191.25 be approved and paid, and that the Sec. Treas be authorized to collect the same for the interest parties.

The following bills were ordered paid: Graveling on Dundee road \$274, repair of road and cleaning ditch \$200, County rate \$232.78, interest to government for good road loan \$2,827.37, J. O. Clement for plank \$8.95, J. G. Laurendeau, K. C. for advice \$6.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

I got a few shrapnel wounds and am now in England, or Blighty as they call it, but I won't be here long for my wounds are healing rapidly. I am not very optimistic about the prospects of an early victory. It is all very well to talk about the drive on the Somme but I was very much disappointed to see what a short distance has been gained. We went there from the Ypres salient and were in camp at Albert a week before we took our turn in the trenches. The British have held Albert for a long time, and it is near there the drive started; even yet the Germans can drop shells into Albert. So you see we haven't advanced very far, six or seven miles. Really it is a sight worth seeing the Somme battle field. Nothing green is left the ground is simply one sea of shell holes, the villages are levelled completely and only stumps are left where trees have been. It must have required an enormous amount of shells to do the damage that has been done. I believe the British are superior in artillery, aeroplanes and the kind of men, and if we were on the defensive, as the Germans are, nothing would ever move us. But it is easy to understand why we advance so slowly. The biggest difficulty is bringing up supplies. Everything is used from Motor Trucks down to Pack Mules and men with tow lines. The Germans are continually shelling the roads making it hard to get within miles of the front, and when it comes to the final act, going over and taking Fritz's trenches, a few men with machine guns come almost wiper out a battalion. We were very fortunate in a little attack we made the day I got my wounds I don't know how the Huntingdon boys came out, as I left at night and haven't heard much since. The advance was about a mile in width the 57th being on the extreme right. I think our width was about six hundred yards, the 102nd on our left and the Imperials on their left. We had been in the trenches five days. It was first rainy, and then quite frosty, so we were cold and wet and miserable. I guess no body cared whether they were killed or not. The trenches were mud to the knees and we were caked with clay from head to feet. But at 12 noon on Saturday we were all ready to go over the parapet and at 12.06 the artillery opened up on Fritz's trench about three hundred yards away. That was the signal for attack, so we crawled over and started at a slow walk. I only saw one man who looked frightened and he was an officer. Everybody else walked along as cool as could be till we got as close as was safe from our own shells. Then we lay down to wait for our barrage to cut off the German supports, and I can tell you the time seemed long, lying there with the Germans watching us and firing at about a hundred yards off. But as soon as we started and rushed for them they gave up and came out with their hands up. I am a bomber and it was our job to drive the Germans away on our right. They fought rather better there and kept us throwing bombs all afternoon. It was fortunate that Fritz left lots of bombs in the trench as our own soon ran out, but we used theirs against themselves and kept them off. About four o'clock they tried to come up with a flag and stretchers, but there seemed too be to many of them to take a chance with, so we fired on them. Then they attacked us again and were still hard at it when I left. But we had a good defence made by that time and lots of men and they didn't gain anything. Altho that trench didn't cost us much in lives, we weren't the first who tried for it. I noticed, while we were going over, lots of dead men lying facing that trench, brave fellows who had fallen in some earlier try for it. A fellow either goes crazy completely or else he gets so hardened that nothing moves him. The first time I saw men blown to pieces, it was one day a shell dropped on our cook house and killed five or six, it made me shiver. Around Courcellette the air is stinking from bodies rotting; the ground is covered with dead men lying with their rifles in their hands and their equipment on. I have walked over bodies in the mud, and in the trenches here and there a white hand or face is showing through the mud; yet it didn't bother me. I have seen legs and arms and bits of entrails lying

around, and two bodies completely naked, stripped by concussion of a shell, I suppose. Really the power of modern explosives is terrible. But there are also fine sights to be seen some times too. If the Americans could only spend one night near the firing line on the Somme they would see greater fire works than they will ever see at home. The artillery never seems to stop. One doesn't notice it much during the day, but at night it is just a continual roar. We spent 27 days in the trenches at St. Eloi, across the canal from hell 60. It was no fun, as the trenches are very close there and there was always the danger of a raid or gas attack, but it was a safety first job compared with the Somme. Your Brother.

WALTER MILLAR

Well, it is just a week to-day that we made the raid and captured a long wanted trench in which advance you no doubt have heard two of our boys were killed, Bob Henry and Pete Begm. I did not see Bob get hit but I saw Harry Johnston get it, and I was in the same shell hole when Pete got hit. He was wounded just a little below the shoulder. I put a bandage on the wound and stopped the blood, I thought he would be all right. We had to make another advance so I had to leave him, little thinking he would die. We lost quite a few men, but we took the trench where so many other regiments had failed. It was nice to see the Germans coming with their hands up above their heads, yelling "mercy comrade". Just now we are a few miles behind the firing line getting rested up. Add. Hastie and Cecil Murray are in the Machine Gun section and they are all right. I have seen Wilbert Parcell, Herb. Partridge, Clarence Cluff and Bob Gardner since I came here. Clarence is only about half a mile from us and I was down to see him the other night. I have seen Jerry McDonald a couple of times and I see Tom McDowell nearly every day. Walter.

HOW A TANK HELPED

In describing the fighting at Eucre on the 13th Nov. a correspondent of an English paper writes: It was in the advance upon St. Pierre Division that there occurred the most strenuous of the fighting which took place south of the river. Here a tank entered into the battle ahead of the infantry attack. If ever one of these mechanisms falls into the hands of the Germans I suppose it will be impossible to describe the apparatus, but that seems unlikely. The tank is very thoroughly qualified to take care of itself. This one lurched and courted into action with the characteristic gait of the beast that undulating belly crawl, which to me always suggests a vast, wounded reptile. Upon the lip of a shell hole it remained, and the Germans, taking it for stuck and helpless, swarmed out to meet it with rifles and hand-grenades.

A hand grenade bursting against a tank makes a pretty firework, and upon all accounts it is a pity that those inside cannot see it. Probably they never know when it happens. Upon the occasion, at any rate, the merely human who they were not fought. His Majesty's ship Land Rover, which over her name was, for two lively hours, during which the tank showed to the Germans only its toad-complexioned carcass of inviolate steel and the spit of its guns, and then when they were due, up came the infantry and the fight was over.

UNDERGROUND LABYRINTH

St. Pierre Division was already known to the British as the site of that remarkable underground labyrinth, which the intelligence officers christened "the tunnel." The village stands or stood upon a shelf of upland above the little brook of the Ancre, and below it the ground broke toward the stream. A perpendicular bank of clay some twenty feet high, showed toward the water meadows on the river side, and into this the industrious German burrowed wonderfully.

His trenches were on the lip of the bank and under them he burrowed a vast refuge whose plan resembles roughly a capital "T." The stem of the "T" is a gallery three hundred yards long, fully eight feet high and four feet wide neatly timbered in, traversed in methodical zigzags in order to increase its proportions without adding to its length from end to end, electric lighted. From the main galleries there branch minor passages leading to chambers where beds and bunks are fitted and where an enormous deposit of various stores have been discovered. Some of those chambers are so close to luxury that the walls even are papered.

The labyrinth is connected with the trenches above by broad flights of steps. The hole is so deep that it is not only proof to the impact of the largest shell, but the very barrage is inaudible from its chambers. Hither, when the squall of shell fire burst over the trenches the garrison could be hurried below under a roof of twenty feet of earth, and here, when the intelligence officers came to explode, was the chief treasure. The electric light system had been disconnected when the British exploring party arrived. Search and examination had to be carried out with torches.

The electric torches of the explorers flared here and there till at length they found what they were looking for. Here twenty feet deep, and scores of yards in the stuff gallery, was a mine of machine guns. They had been driven from their squatting place in the open by the thrash of British shells and carried hither for safety. It is probable the plan was to bring them up at the critical moment and flog back the at-

tack with them, but the British barrage prevented that. Twenty mine officers and 1,300 men were made prisoners in and around the positions of St. Pierre Division.

MORE FIGHTING ON THE ANCRE

With the British Armies in France, Nov. 18.—British and Canadian troops won a battle in a snowstorm this morning. Advancing on both sides of the river Ancre in easterly and northerly directions they soon took about 500 prisoners and established a new line on both sides and at the edge of the village of Grandcourt, for the possession of which severe fighting continued through the day. The attacks from the south were made before day-break, while a stiff wind sent blizzards of snow into the faces of the British soldiers as they pushed down the slope towards the marshes along the Ancre. It was the first snow of the season, following two days and nights of intense dry cold, which hardened the swamp of No Man's Land after nearly three months of constant rainfall, thus giving the attacking infantry a firm foothold on the frozen ground. They advanced nearly a quarter of a mile on a three-mile front to the German position south of the villages of Grandcourt, Petit Miramont and Pys, and occupied the trench without great resistance, except south of Grandcourt, where the batteries and machine guns holding the sunken Pozieres road checked the British. Elsewhere the German trench was virtually destroyed by the preparatory bombardment, the surviving Germans, including Saxons, formerly surrendering thru their officers who met the British as they came over the ruined parapet. Parties of British bombers advanced to the next German line which is the last on the south side of the Ancre, raised the position and returned to the trench previously captured, which by now had been consolidated. Infantry detachments, working up the river bank from the western end of Grandcourt, got a footing in the ruins and craters and took the lower end of the main street paralleling the Ancre, of which the Germans hold the remainder. Today's successes give the British command of ruined villages, fortified farms, and other strong German points in the Ancre Valley. In the opinion of a staff officer, the German positions south of the Ancre are virtually untenable as they are unable to bring up supplies and reinforcements, while the only available road is under bombardment. Prisoners taken—who were suffering from cold and exposure because of the lack of food due to the line of communications having been cut by the British guns, said they had received better food on the front line, when it was possible to get supplies, than when they were resting because of the policy of the German staff in trying to make duty in the front trenches the attractive end.

A British chaplain, while searching the battlefield of the Ancre for wounded hidden in the shell craters during the British advance, accompanied by a few soldiers came upon an isolated trench containing nearly 400 Germans who promptly surrendered. The chaplain ordered the men to file out upon the open ground preparatory to passing them back with an escort, when the German officer, seeing the small size of the force to which he was surrendering, tried to rally his men and overpower it. He was about to kill the chaplain when a British infantryman shot him dead, whereupon the other Germans again held up their hands and shouted their eagerness to be made prisoners.

At the war front a party of cooks were on their way to open a new army kitchen when unexpectedly they were met by a detachment of Germans. The cooks hid behind some brush and shouldered their pots and pans, while the Germans mistook for weapons and the head cook went out and demanded their surrender. The Germans thought they were armed, and threw down their arms, which the head cook collected. Then to the intense chagrin of the Prussians, the party of cooks, armed with the German rifles, came out of ambush and proudly marched two hundred prisoners back to the French lines.

London, Nov. 17.—The people of London awoke this morning to find walls all over the city displaying huge official posters exhorting Englishmen to pray daily for their country, for their soldiers and sailors. Admiral Beatty's words are displayed prominently—"Until a religious revival takes place at home, so will the war continue." They are followed by General Sir Wm. Robertson's message—"A serious determination on the part of the Nation to seek Divine help would undoubtedly furnish valuable help to our soldiers and sailors." The poster ends with the following words, printed in large type—"Will you join those who every day at noon, and at family prayers at home, pray for our country, our sailors and our soldiers?"

In an address by the Rev. Mr. Shatford who has returned to Montreal after being 18 months at the front, he began by showing his steel trench helmet, specially devised for diverting bullets. Before their adoption it had been found that 90 per cent of the British casualties were men suffering from head wounds, since their heads stuck over the trench parapets and the Germans hit them. Since the adoption of the steel hats, the number of head wounds had dropped to a decided minority so that they were a great life saver. He showed the difference between the French, English and German helmets. The French

were light, artistic, and not bullet proof. The British helmets illustrated their safe characteristics, and were not artistic, heavier than the French, but kept bullets away. The German helmet was twice as heavy as the British, designed to protect the neck also, and was a coarse rude unbecoming thing, characteristic of their type. One peculiar feature of the war, he said was that the French and British seemed to have swapped dispositions. The French had become quiet, serious, purposeful soldiers, full of national intent. The British Tommies, just as brave, were, on the other hand, gay and debonair, full of cheer, and song as they went forward. The change was probably due to the fact that France itself was invaded, while the British were driving the enemy from French and Belgium, not British territory.

PROHIBITION AS A WAR MEASURE

London, Oct. 31.—If Great Britain is ever won over to the principle of prohibition, I believe it will be on the ground of efficiency and national economy rather than on the ground of morals. The capitalists and great employers seem to be gradually inclining to the French view that liquor must be regarded as an enemy not so much to the individual as to the race. This impression was gathered from conversations with foremen and heads of the great industrial establishments which we recently visited. There are perhaps two northern cities which stand out prominently in regard to hard drinking—they are Glasgow and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Newcastle I was told the weekly drink bill runs to \$100,000. The people are, of course, enjoying unusual prosperity, and no one in the city who wants work is unemployed. At Glasgow the question came up in conversation with one of the directors of the Fairfield Engineering Co., who when asked whether he would welcome prohibition, said it would be a fine step. Notwithstanding the restrictions of the Central Control Board, he said, many of their workmen were drink-sodden all the week. Capt. Bean, the Anzac Eye-Witness, questioned the value of the much vaunted rum tot, and gave some instances of the degradation of officers on the field through the liquor habit. At Vickers, Ltd., at Barrow-in-Furness, I found the secretary of the company also favored prohibition. Men earned good money, he stated, but squandered it on Saturday and Sunday and very often failed to appear at work on Monday. A list of direct losses published in The Times, is most formidable. Dr Addison, M.P., declares that on August 31, 1915, only 15 per cent of munitions machinery was working night shifts, when all should have been thus employed. A thousand troops were delayed in Southampton 24 hours on their way to the front on account of a drunken fireman. The First Lord of the Admiralty has received a report from the Captain-superintendent of the Clyde district to the effect that men were bringing or smuggling liquor into the yards in bottles, that prohibition of the sale of spirits and of bottles in public houses was necessary to get a full output of work, that the amount drunk by war workers and shipwrights was much greater than before the war, and that the construction of vessels was delayed through workmen absenting themselves on account of drink and high wages. A deputation of shipbuilders to the government urged that there should be total prohibition, during the period of the war, of the sale of excisable liquor, as an emergency war measure, not only to public houses, but to private clubs and licensed premises, so as to operate equally for all classes of the community. From transport officers reports are emphatic. In twenty of the most critical weeks of the war 26 ships were delayed off the south coast, resulting in a total loss of thirty-four days, almost entirely through drink. Firemen went on board drunk, making it impossible to get up a full head of steam, thus endangering the lives of thousands of troops by making their vessel a target for submarines. The desertion of two transport crews is also charged to drunkenness. The direct losses have been under consideration by the Parliamentary War Savings committee. According to its report immediate action with regard to materials, such as barley, wheat and maize, are used in Britain for the manufacture of beer and spirits. As beer and spirits are almost valueless as food, and can only be classed as luxuries, all this grain is lost for food purposes. If this grain were available for food both for man and beast, the prices of bread and meat would be lowered. The use of this grain is evidently as important as the prohibition of the waste in the milling process which makes flour

Here is a cheap breakfast food and one more healthy than can be bought should anyone feel disposed to try it, let him take notice—Get some good clean wheat (Fall, if possible) and boil it for 1 hour the day before, then drain thoroughly. Next morning put it in

THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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CHAPTER III.

SAT there, with a crowd of children paddling on a raft outside the window, and Molly Maguire, next door, hauling the morning's milk up a pail fastened to a rope, her doorway being too narrow to admit the milkman's boat, and I told him the whole story.

"Humph!" he exclaimed, when I had finished. "It's curious, but you can't prove a murder unless you can produce a body."

"When the river goes down we'll find the body," said I, shivering. "It's in the parlor."

"Then why doesn't he try to get away?"

"He is ready to go now. He only went back when your boat came in."

Mr. Holcombe ran to the door and, flinging it open, peered into the lower hall. He was too late. His boat was gone, tub of liver, pile of wooden platters and all.

We hurried to the room the Ladys had occupied. It was empty. From the window, as we looked out, we could see the boat, almost a square away. It had stopped where the street being higher, a doorstep rose above the floor. On the step was sitting a rascally yellow puppy. As we stared Mr. Ladley stopped the boat, looked back at us, bent over, placed a piece of liver on a platter and reached it over to the dog. Then, rising in the boat, he bowed, with his hat over his heart, in our direction, set down calmly and rowed around the corner out of sight.

Mr. Holcombe was in a frenzy of rage. He jumped up and down, shaking his fist out of the window after the retreating boat. He ran down the staircase, only to come back and look out the window again. The police boat was not in sight, but the Maguire children had worked their raft around to the street and were under the window. He leaned out and called to them:

"A quarter each, boys," he said, "if you'll take me on that raft to the nearest pavement."

"Money first," said the oldest boy, holding his cap.

But Mr. Holcombe did not wait. He swung out over the window sill, holding by his hands, and lit fairly in the center of the raft.

"Don't touch anything in that room until I come back," he called to me, and, jerking the pole from one of the boys, propelled the raft with amazing speed down the street.

The liver on the stove was burning. There was a smell of scorching through the rooms and a sort of bluish haze of smoke. I hurried back and took it off. By the time I had cleaned the pan Mr. Holcombe was back again in his own boat. He had found it at the end of the next street, where the flood ceased, but no sign of Ladley anywhere. He had not seen the police boat.

"Perhaps that is just as well," he said philosophically. "We can't go to the police with a wet slipper and a blood-stained rope and accuse a man of murder. We have to have a body."

"He killed her," I said obstinately. "She told me yesterday he was a fiend. He killed her and threw the body in the water."

"Very likely. But he didn't throw it here."

But in spite of that he went over to the lower hall with his boat, feeling

every foot of the floor with an oar, and, finally, at the bay window, looked up at me as I stood on the stairs.

"There's something here," he said. "I went cold all over and had to clutch the railing. But when Terry had come and the two of them brought the thing to the surface it was only the dialing room rug, which I had rolled up and forgotten to carry upstairs!"

At 120 Mr. Holcombe wrote a note and sent it off with Terry and, borrowing my boots, which had been Mr. Pitman's, investigated the dining room and kitchen from a floating plank; the doors were too narrow to admit the boat. But he found nothing more important than a rolling pin. He was not at all depressed by his failure. He came back, drenched to the skin, about 3 and asked permission to search the Ladys' bedroom.

"I have a friend coming pretty soon," Mrs. Pitman said. "A young newspaper man named Howell. He's a nice boy, and if there is anything to this I'd like him to have a look at his paper. But I have been having some arguments about circumstantial evidence, too, and I know he'd like to work on this."

"Give him a pair of Mr. Pitman's boots for his own wear, and while he was changing them the telephone rang. It was the theater agent, asking for Jennie Brice."

"You are certain she is out of the city?" some one asked, the same voice as in the morning.

"Her husband says so."

"Ask him to come to the phone."

"He is not here."

"When do you expect him back?"

"I'm not sure he is coming back."

"Look here," said the voice angrily. "Can't you give me any satisfaction? Or don't you care to?"

"I've told you I know."

"You don't know where she is?"

"No, sir."

"She didn't say she was coming back to rehearse for next week's piece?"

"Her husband said she went away for a few days' rest. He went away about noon and hasn't come back. That's all I know, except that Mr. Holcombe three weeks' rest that I'd like to get hold of."

The owner of the voice hung up the receiver with a snap and left me pondering. It seemed to me that Mr. Ladley had been very reckless. Did he expect any one to believe that Jennie Brice had gone for a vacation without notifying the theater? Especially when she was to rehearse that week? I thought it curious, to say the least. I went back and told Mr. Holcombe, who had been in the notebook and together we went to the Ladys' room.

The room was in better order than usual, as I have said. The bed was made, and the ordinary, for Jennie Brice never made a bed—but made a way a man makes one, with the blankets wrinkled and crooked beneath and the white counterpane pulled smoothly over the top, showing every bump beneath. I showed Mr. Holcombe the splinter dotted with ink as usual.

"I'll take it off and soak it in milk," I said. "It's his fountain pen. When the ink doesn't run it's a splinter."

"Where's the clock?" said Mr. Holcombe, stopping in front of the mantle, with his notebook in his hand.

"The clock?"

I turned and looked. My only clock was gone from the mantle shelf, and from the moment I missed that clock my rage at Mr. Ladley increased to a fury. It was all I had left of my former gentility. When times were hard and I got belated with the clock happened now and then, more than once I'd been tempted to sell the clock or pawn it. But I had never done it. Its ticking had kept me company on many a lonely night, and its elegance had helped me to keep my pride and retain the respect of my neighbors. For in the flood district only clocks are not plentiful. Mrs. Bryan, the saloonkeeper's wife, had one, and I had another—that is, I had had one.

I stood staring at the mark in the dust on the mantel shelf, which Mr. Holcombe was measuring with a pocket tape measure.

"You are sure you didn't take it away yourself, Mrs. Pitman?" he asked.

"Sure? Why, I could hardly lift it."

He was looking carefully at the oblong of dust where the clock had stood. "The key is gone, too," he said, busily making entries in his notebook.

"What was the maker's name?"

"Why, I don't know. I never noticed."

He turned to me angrily. "Why didn't you notice?" he snapped. "Good God, woman, do you only use your eyes to cry with? How can you wind a clock time after time and not know the maker's name? It proves my contention—the average witness is totally unreliable."

"Not at all," I snapped. "I am ordinarily both accurate and observing."

"Indeed?" he said, putting his hands behind him. "Then perhaps you can tell me the color of the pencil I have been writing with."

"Certainly. Red." Most pencils are red, and I thought this was safe.

But he held his right hand out with a flourish. "I've been writing with a fountain pen," he said in deep disgust and turned his back on me.

But the next moment he had run to the washstand and pulled it out from the wall. Behind it, he said, he had found a towel covered with stains as if some one had wiped bloody hands on it. He held it up, his face working with excitement. I could only cover my eyes.

"This looks better," he said and began making a quick search of the room, running from one piece of furniture to another, pulling out bureau drawers, drawing the bed out from the wall and crawling along the baseboard with a lighted candle in his hand. He gave a shout of triumph and finally reappeared from behind the bed with the broken end of my knife in his hand.

"Very clumsy," he said; "very clumsy. Peter, the dog, could have done better."

I had been examining the wall paper about the washstand. Among the ink spots were one or two reddish ones that made me shiver. And seeing a scrap of note paper stuck between the board and wall, I dug it out with a hairpin and threw it into the grate, to be burned later. It was by the merest chance there was no fire there. The next moment Mr. Holcombe was on his knees by the fireplace, reaching for the scrap.

"Never do that under such circumstances," he snapped, fishing among the ashes. "You might throw away valuable—Hello, Howell!"

I turned and saw a young man in the doorway, smiling his hat in his hand. Even at that first glance I liked Mr. Howell, and later, when every one was against him and many curious things were developing, I stood by him through everything and even helped him in the worst of his wanderings more than anything else in the world. But that, of course, was later.

"What's the trouble, Howell?" he asked. "Hitting the trail again?"

"A very curious thing that just happened on."

"Mrs. Pitman, this is Mr. Howell, of whom I spoke. Sit down, Howell, and let me read you something."

With the crumpled paper still unopened in his hand, Mr. Holcombe took his notebook and read aloud what he had written. "He left before me now: 'Dog meat, \$2, boat hire—that's not it. Here. Yesterday, Sunday, March 4, Mrs. Pitman, landlady at 42 Union street, heard two of her boarders quarreling. A dog and a boat. Man's name, Philip Ladley. Wife's name, Jennie Ladley, known as Jennie Brice at the Liberty Stock company, where she has been playing small parts.'"

Mr. Howell added, "I've heard of her," he said. "Not much of an actress, I believe."

"The husband was not an actor, out of work, and employing his leisure time in writing a play," said Mr. Howell.

"The Shaberts were to star him in this," I put in. "He said that the climax at the end of the second act—"

Mr. Holcombe shut his notebook with a snap. "After we have finished going over this, let's have the events of the morning, and I'll recall the incident of the burned pillow slip. He made a note of it at once and grew very thoughtful."

He left me, however, at the police station. "I'd rather not appear in this," Mrs. Pitman, he said apologetically, "and I think better along my own lines—not that I have anything against the police; they've done some splendid work. But this case takes the events of the morning, and the police department deals with facts. We have no facts yet. What we need, of course, is to have the man detained until we are sure of our case."

He lifted his hat and turned away, and I went slowly up the steps to the police station. Living as I had, in a neighborhood where the police, like the poor, are always with us, and where the visits of the patrol wagon are one of those familiar sights that no amount of repetition enabled any of us to treat with contempt, I was uncomfortable until I remembered that my grandfather had been one of the first mayors of the city and that, if the patrol had been as bad as the police, that case, too, would have been usually ended.

next room heard nothing. Mr. Pitman was up and down until 1 o'clock, when she closed off. She heard no unusual sound.

"At approximately 2 o'clock in the morning, however, this Reynolds came to the room and said he had heard some one in a boat in the lower hall. He and Mrs. Pitman investigated. The boat, which Mrs. Pitman used during the flood and which she had tied to the stair rail was gone, having been cut loose, not untied. Everything else was quiet, except that Mrs. Ladley's dog had been shut in a third story room."

"At a quarter after 4 that morning Mrs. Pitman, thoroughly awake, heard the boat returning and, going to the stairs, met Ladley coming in. He muttered something about having gone for medicine for his wife and went to his room, shutting the door. It was his usual attention, for the dog ordinarily slept in their room."

"What sort of a dog?" asked Mr. Howell. He had been listening attentively.

"A water spaniel. The rest of the night or early morning was quiet. At a quarter after 7 Ladley asked for coffee and toast for one and on the next morning this said that his wife was not playing this week and had gone for a few days vacation, having left early in the morning. Remember, during the night he had been out for medicine for her. Now she was able to travel and, in fact, had started."

Mr. Howell was frowning at the floor. "If he was doing anything wrong, he was doing it very badly," he said.

"This is where I entered the case," said Mr. Holcombe. "I roved into the lower hall this morning to feed the dog Peter, who was whining on the staircase. Mrs. Pitman was coming down, pale and agitated over the fact that the dog shortly before had found floating in the parlor downstairs a slipper belonging to Mrs. Ladley and under a knife with a broken blade. She maintained that she had the knife that night upstairs, that it was not broken and that it was taken from a shelf in her room while she dozed. The question is, then, why was the knife taken? Who took it and why? Has this man made away with his wife or has he not?"

Mr. Howell looked at me and smiled. "Mr. Holcombe and I are old enemies," he said. "Mr. Holcombe believes that circumstantial evidence may probably hang a man. I do not." And Mr. Holcombe, "So, having found a wet slipper and a broken knife, you are prepared for murder and sudden death?"

"I have more evidence," Mr. Holcombe said eagerly, and proceeded to tell what he had found on the night of the murder.

Mr. Howell listened, smiling to himself, but at the mention of the only clock he got up and went to the mantle.

"My dog," he said and stood looking at the mark in the dust. "Are you sure the clock was here yesterday?"

"I would it might before last and put the key underneath. Yesterday, before they moved up, I would it again."

"The key is gone also. Well, what of it, Holcombe? Did he brain her with the clock or choke her with the key?"

Mr. Holcombe was looking at his notebook. "To summarize," he said, "we have here as clues indicating a crime, the rope, the broken knife, the slipper, the towel and the clock. Besides this, this scrap of note paper contains some information." He opened it and sat gazing at it in his palm. Then, "Is this Ladley's writing?" he asked me in a curious voice.

"I glanced at the slip. Mr. Holcombe had just read from his notebook: 'Rope, knife, slipper, towel, clock.' The slip I had found behind the washstand, said 'Rope, knife, towel, Horn.' The rest of the last word was torn off."

Mr. Howell was staring at the mantle. "Clock?" he repeated.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was after four when Mr. Holcombe had finished going over the room. I offered to make both the gentlemen some tea, for Mr. Pitman had been an Englishman, and I had got into the habit of having a cupful in the afternoon, with a cracker or a bit of bread. But they refused. Mr. Howell said he had promised to meet a lady, and to bring through the flooded district in a boat. He shook hands with me and smiled at Mr. Holcombe.

"You will have to restrain his enthusiasm," Mrs. Pitman said. "He is a bloodhound on the scent, and is baying gets on your nerves just send for me." He went down the stairs and stepped into the boat. "Remember, Holcombe," he called, every well-constituted murder has two motives—a motive and a corpse. You haven't either, only a mass of piling details."

"If everybody waited until he saw his master dead, relying on the testimony of the snuffbox, Mr. Holcombe snapped, 'what would the fire loss be?'"

Mr. Howell poked his boat to the front door and, sitting down, prepared to wait.

"You are warned, Mrs. Pitman," he called to me. "If he doesn't find a body to fit the clues he's quite capable of making one to fill the demand."

"Horn!" said Mr. Holcombe, looking at the slip again. "The 'n' of the 'n' is torn off—evidently only part of a word. Hornet, Horning, Hornor—Mrs. Pitman, will you go with me to the police station?"

"I was rather anxious to go. In fact, I could not bear the idea of staying alone in the house, with heaven only knows what concealed in the depths of that muddy flood I got on my wraps again, and Mr. Holcombe took his notebook and read aloud what he had written. "He left before me now: 'Dog meat, \$2, boat hire—that's not it. Here. Yesterday, Sunday, March 4, Mrs. Pitman, landlady at 42 Union street, heard two of her boarders quarreling. A dog and a boat. Man's name, Philip Ladley. Wife's name, Jennie Ladley, known as Jennie Brice at the Liberty Stock company, where she has been playing small parts.'"

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at the door some one touched me on the arm. It was Mr. Holcombe again. "I have been thinking it over," he said, "and I believe you'd better not mention the piece of paper that you found behind the washstand. They might say the whole thing is a hoax."

"Very well," I agreed, and went in. The police sergeant in charge knew me at once, having stopped at my house more than once in flood time for a cup of hot coffee.

"Sit down, Mrs. Pitman," he said. "I suppose you are still making the best of coffee and doughnuts in the city of Alhambra? Well, what's the trouble in your district? Want an injunction against the river for trespass?"

"The river has brought me a good bit of trouble," I said. "I'm—I'm worried. Mr. Sergeant, I think a woman from my house has been murdered, but I don't know."

"Murdered?" he said, and drew up his chair. "Tell me about it."

I told him everything, while he sat back with his eyes half closed and his fingers beating a tattoo on the arm of his chair.

When I finished he got up and went into an inner room. He came back in a moment.

"I want you to come in and tell that to the chief," he said, and led the way. All told, I repeated my story three times that afternoon—to the sergeant, to the chief of police and the third time to both the others and two detectives.

The second time the chief made notes of what I said.

"Know this man Ladley?" he asked the others. None of them did, but they all knew of Jennie Brice and some of them had seen her in the theater.

"Get the theater, 'Tom,' the chief said to one of the detectives.

Lucky what he learned over the telephone from the theater corroborated my story. Jennie Brice was not in the cast that week, but should have reported that morning (Monday) to rehearsal.

"I have remembered something that I had forgotten," Mr. Howell said. "On Sunday morning the Ladys had a visitor."

"Yes?"

"I had very few visitors."

"I see."

"I did not see him, but I heard his voice." Mr. Howell did not move, but I fancied he drew his breath in quickly. "It sounded—it was not by any chance a woman's voice?"

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Ladley calling me a sea devil in the next room, in reply to this very voice.

But when I got to the top of the stairs it was only Mr. Howell, who had brought his visitor to the flood district, and on getting her splashed with the muddy water had taken her to my house for a towel and a cake of soap.

I lighted the lamp in the hall and Mr. Howell introduced the girl. She was a pretty girl, slim and young, and she had taken her wetting good naturally.

"I know we are intruders, Mrs. Pitman," she said, looking out her hair. "Especially now, when you are in trouble."

"I have told Miss Harvey a little," Mr. Howell said, "and I promised to show her Peter, but she is not here. I think I had known it was my sister's child from the moment I lighted the lamp. There was something of Alma in her, not Alma's hardness or brightness, but Alma's dark blue eyes with black lashes, and Alma's nose. Alma was always the beauty of the family. What with the day's excitement and seeing Alma's child like this, in my house, I felt things going round and circling at the stair rail. Mr. Howell caught me."

"Why, Mrs. Pitman?" he said. "What's the matter?"

"I got myself in hand in a moment and smiled at the girl. "Nothing at all," I said. "Indigestion, most likely. Too much tea the last day or two and not enough solid food. I've been too anxious to eat."

"Leave some of the pie for me to me at once, although I had never seen her before—Lida was all sympathy and sweetness. She actually asked me to go with her to a restaurant and have a real dinner. I could imagine Alma, but I couldn't imagine Lida."

"I have to cook something for Mr. Reynolds," I said, and I'm better now, anyhow, thank you. Mr. Howell, may I speak to you for a moment?"

He followed me along the back hall, which was dark.

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"Yes?"

"I had very few visitors."

"I see."