

# The Chronicles of Addington Peace

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## MR CORAN'S ELECTION

(Continued.)

The local was just steaming into the station when a fat, red-faced man came panting out of the booking-office. Peace gave my arm a squeeze as he passed.

"That is Horledge, the chief supporter of Coran's opponent in tomorrow's election," he whispered.

"So you have been making some new friends since I saw you last?"

"One or two," he said, stepping into a carriage.

When we arrived at Brendon, the inspector led me off to an inn in the center of the town. It was a pleasant, old-fashioned place, with black rafters peering through the plaster of the ceiling and oak panelling high on the walls. The modern Brendon had wrapped it about, but it had not changed for three centuries. You may find many such ancient inns about London, which watch the march of the red brick suburbs with a dignified surprise, until one day the bulldozer steps in, and the old coach and horses or white hart comes tumbling down, and a cheap chop and tea house reigns in its stead. We dined early. At half-past seven, by the grandfather's clock in the corner, Peace rose.

"Mr. Coran's meeting does not begin until eight; but I want to be there early—come along."

The platform was empty when we arrived, but a score of people were already on the front benches. We did not join them, seating ourselves near the door. Brendon, or the graver part of it, moved by us in a tiny stream. A few elders walked up to the platform with the air of those who realize that they are something in the world. The clock above them was pointing to the hour when, with a thumping of feet and a clapping of hands, Coran appeared, and shook hands with the white-whiskered old chairman.

It was while the chairman was introducing "the popular and venerated townsman who had come to address them," that the red face of Mr. Horledge came peering in at the door. He stood there for a minute, and then modestly sat down on the bench before us. Peace touched my arm, and we moved along until we were just behind him.

The chairman ended at last, and amid fresh applause, Coran rose and stood gazing down at the little crowd with a benevolent satisfaction. Their respect and admiration was the breath of life to the man. You could see it in his eyes, in his gesture as he begged for silence.

"My friends,"

He had got no farther when Horledge sprang to his feet with a raised hand.

"Mr. Chairman," he shouted. "I have a question to ask the candidate."

There was a slight outcry, a few hisses and groans; but the tide of local politics did not run strongly in Brendon. Besides, everyone knew Horledge. He had the largest grocer's shop in the town.

"It would be better to question him after his speech, Mr. Horledge," protested the old chairman.

"I should prefer to answer this gentleman at once," Coran interposed.

He stood with his hands, clasping and unclasping, before him, but never moved his eyes from his opponent.

There was grit in the fellow, after all.

"It would be simpler if you withdrew," said the red-faced man, shuffling his feet uneasily.

"That your party's candidate might be returned unopposed?"

"Don't force me to explain," cried Horledge. "Why not withdraw?"

"You waste the time of the meeting."

"Very well, gentlemen, I say that Mr. Coran there is no fit candidate, because—"

There is something unsettling in the official tap on the shoulder which the police of all countries cultivate, something which it does not take previous experience to recognize. Horledge's face turned a shade paler as he glanced over his shoulder at the little man who has thus demanded his attention.

"And what do you want?" he growled.

"I am Inspector Addington Peace, of the Criminal Investigation department. I warn you, Mr. Horledge, that you are lending yourself to an attempt at blackmail."

The detective spoke in so soft a voice that I, who was standing by his side, could barely catch the words.

"Bless my soul, you say so?" cried the other.

"I should like a five minutes' talk with Mr. Coran and yourself. After that you may take your own course. Will you suggest it?"

Mr. Horledge did not take long to make up his mind. He told the meeting that he might have been misinformed. If they would permit it, he asked for a five minutes' private conversation with the candidate.

The meeting received the suggestion with cheers. It was something unusual in the monotony of such functions. We walked up the central aisle between a couple of hundred pairs of curious eyes, mounted the platform, and followed Coran into a small ante-room, the door of which Peace closed behind him.

"On June 15 the Brendon Anti-Vivisection society, of which you, Mr. Horledge, are president, received the sum of twenty pounds from an anonymous source," said the little detective.

"Certainly."

"That sum was extorted from Mr. Coran by the threat of revealing the secret which Miss Rebecca Coran told you this morning, and which you verified this afternoon by a reference to the old newspaper files in the British museum."

"I had no idea—this is most surprising. Is it illegal?" he stammered.

"Blackmail for whatever purpose is illegal. Further attempts have been made to extort money. It is because they failed that you were placed in possession of the facts today."

"It seemed a mean trick, anyway," said Horledge, penitently. "I wish I had never listened to the old cat. But, Squaretoes—I beg your pardon, Mr. Coran—I mean our friend here has always been such a model that I thought it rather fun. He can win the election, and welcome, after this."

"That is all, then. I want a word in private with these two gentlemen. Good night to you, and many thanks."

"Great Scot! Inspector, but you

gave me a fright. I hope, Mr. Coran, you don't bear malice? That's all right, then. Good night all."

As he disappeared through the door the elder man dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"This is shocking!" he groaned.

"Oh, Mr. Peace, are you sure it was my sister?"

"There is no doubt at all."

"But what can I do now?" he asked, looking from one to the other of us, with a pitiable expression. "Shall I withdraw?"

"Nonsense," said the little detective, firmly. "Fight your election and win it, sir; and the best way to begin is to go back and tell them all about it."

"Go and tell them? Go and tell the meeting?" he cried.

"Yes. They'll like you all the better for it. Do you suppose there is no human nature in Brendon? Are you going to keep this miserable scandal hanging over your head all your life? If you stick to politics some one is sure to rake it up. Be a man, Mr. Coran, and get it over now."

"I will."

He had got to his feet, his eyes set with a sudden determination. He stretched out his hand to each of us, turned about, and marched out of the room like a soldier leading a forlorn hope against a fortress. As the door slammed behind him, Peace looked at me with an expression in which sympathy and humor were oddly mingled.

"Take my word for it, Mr. Phillips," he said, "many a reputation for desperate valor has been won by a less sacrifice."

It was not until after two days that I heard the arguments by which the inspector had worked his way to a

first. She told the secret to Horledge, who was, you remember, one of her brother's chief opponents in the election, out of sheer feminine spite. I suspected the man would attempt something at the meeting on Friday night. My suspicion was correct, as you saw.

"And the election?"

"He won his seat on the council. I think he deserved it, Mr. Phillips."

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MODESTY NOT STRONG POINT

Both Schopenhauer and Auerbach Had Excellent Opinion of Their Place in the World.

Schopenhauer, the great German philosopher, afforded one of the most remarkable examples of self-complacency that has ever been known. His naive eulogiums on his own productions are almost beyond belief. In writing to his publishers of his work, he says: "Its worth and importance are so great that I do not venture to express it, even toward you, because you could not believe me," and he proceeds to quote a review "which speaks of me with the highest praise, as the greatest philosopher of the age, which is really saying much less than the good man thinks."

"Sir," he said to an unoffending stranger who watched him across a table d'hote, where he acted the part of the local "lion" habitually—"sir, you are evidently astonished at my appetite. True, I eat three times as much as you, but then I have three times as much mind!"

Auerbach, the German novelist, also had a great appreciation of his own powers and work, and many stories are told of the obtrusive way in which



conclusion. They form a good example of his methods.

"It was evident," he said, "that the blackmailer knew Coran's character, his position as regards the election, and the details of his house and grounds. Those facts suggested a relative or close personal friend. The theory that it was a relative was strengthened by the newspaper cutting. It was not a thing a casual acquaintance would be likely to keep by him all these years."

"From Coran I learnt that he had had differences of opinion with Miss Rebecca. In my conversation with her she spoke bitterly of his refusal to subscribe to her society for the prevention of vivisection. She returned to the subject several times, mentioning the financial difficulties in which the local branch, of which she is the secretary, was placed. Those facts impressed me."

"Before Appleton arrived last night I had carefully searched the summer house. In a corner of the woodwork I discovered a note from Miss Emily. The place was the lover's letter box. Indeed, I had been expecting that young gentleman's appearance long before he came. I did not, however, tell this to Mr. Coran when he pressed for an arrest. It would hardly have been fair on the girl. I do not imagine that they will find the old gentleman so stony-hearted after tonight. As for the young man, in the inquiries I made concerning him, I found nothing that was not straight and honest. I put him out of the list at an early date."

"Who the person may have been that listened at the window I cannot say; but I conclude it was Miss Rebecca. She certainly did not attempt to carry off the parcel."

"This morning I discovered that an anonymous donation of twenty pounds was sent to Miss Rebecca's society the day after the first successful attempt at blackmail. I kept an eye on the house, and shortly after midday she walked down to Horledge's shop. He is the president of her society. They remained for some time together, and then Horledge took a train to London. I followed him to the newspaper room in the British museum. Things were becoming plain."

"I have no doubt that Miss Rebecca guessed who we were from the

he displayed his vanity. A German writer says of him: "Every year Auerbach visits three or four fashionable watering places, at each of which the following episode occurs at least thirty times. The novelist indulges in small talk with the little children of the natives, and invariably ends the conversation thus: 'Knowest thou who has been talking with thee? Behold Auerbach! Tell that at home!'"

Good Conversation.

I heard someone planning a luncheon lately, and she said she'd selected her topics—what the people would talk about. She said she intended to "keep the ball rolling." Not a dull minute. Everything spicily and sparkling and bubbling. Talk about one thing and then about another. Ring the bell and change the course. Press the button beneath the table and bring on your spicily story, as the maid brings on the salad. Lord! Lord! what a luncheon that must have been! Who, alas, can be spicily to order? Or bubble or sparkle or be brilliant or even bright? These gifts are of the gods. Sometimes we are and sometimes we are not, but it's a cinch that none of us are brilliant when we try to be. Good conversation consists in talk spontaneous. It has its source in a full mind and a full heart. Do I hear some one saying, "And in a full glass?" Ah, but even the full glass brings out in talk only the native wealth or poverty of the talker. I'm sure that must have been an awful luncheon.—New York Press.

Success.

At a luncheon in New York the topic under discussion was the arrest of Mayor Lunn and the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey of Schenectady for street speaking during the Little Falls strike.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., without praising or blaming either the two men or the strike that they advocated, gave utterance to an epigram that every young business man would do well to paste above his desk.

"Success," said Mr. Rockefeller, "knows no eight-hour law."

Motor Measure.

First Motorist—How far did you drive last night?

Second Motorist—I did seventeen road houses.

## FOR THE WARM DAYS

NOW IS A GOOD TIME TO FIX UP PORCH FURNITURE.

Demands a Little Time and Trouble, But Effect is Well Worth While—Best Method of Staining New Articles.

It is time to get out the porch furniture. This sounds like a task easily accomplished, but in reality it entails a good deal of work. The furniture cannot be just lugged down from the attic or up from the cellar and deposited as it is on the veranda. It must be cleaned and freshened up. Some of it needs a new coat of stain or enamel, some of it needs new cushions. Perhaps it must be replenished, and that means careful shopping.

To begin with the cleaning, this can best be done out of doors, with a garden hose and plenty of hot water. For each chair have a pailful of hot suds, softened with borax. Apply this to the seat of the chair with a stiff whisk broom, and scrub it about vigorously. Then scrub the back, sides and under part of the chair in the same manner. Dash whatever suds remain over the chair, and then rinse it with plenty of fresh, clean water from the hose. Clean tables and all other pieces of furniture in the same way, and let them dry out of doors in the sunshine, or else near a fire.

The cleaning process described may brighten the furniture sufficiently so that no additional stain or paint is needed. If the furniture does need a fresh dressing apply the finish decided on without scraping off the old paint. The result will not, of course, be perfect, but it will be sufficiently good to make the time saved seem worth while. Most porch furniture is hardly valuable enough to spend hours over with sandpaper and paint removers.

New furniture should be carefully stained or enameled. It can be bought, of course, already colored, but as the price of most articles is a dollar less when they are uncolored, and the work is easy to do and pleasant any cheap, it can advantageously be done at home. Enough varnish, enamel or stain for a chair or moderately large table costs from 15 to 25 cents.

Many decorators now give willow furniture a dull instead of shiny finish. To accomplish this apply a flat finish oil stain. Put it on evenly, and allow the first coat to dry before putting on a second.

If the stain is not dark enough when it has dried a second coat can then be put on without danger of cloudiness, stickiness or thickness.

Another way to get a dull finish is to put on a varnish stain and rub it in as you put it on with a cotton cloth. This method makes the stain dry dull.

### Salad Francais.

Chop fine a bunch of parsley, two shallots and half a dozen anchovies. Lay them in a bowl and mix with them salt and mustard to taste, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and a gill of vinegar. Str all well together and then add, two or three at a time, some very thin slices of cold roasted or broiled meat, not more than three or four inches long. Shake the slices well as they are put in the dressing. Cover the bowl closely and let it stand for three hours before serving. Served garnished with parsley and some slices of the meat, with a little fat on them.

### Cheese Cake.

Take two quarts sour milk, pour into a cheesecloth bag and let drip 24 hours, after which time turn it into a dish and season with salt, adding one cup thick cream. Then add one cup sugar, four eggs, one tablespoon melted butter, one-half cup cream or milk and currants. Mix ingredients well and bake in a deep pie plate lined with rich puff paste.

### Lemon Toast.

Take the yolks of three eggs, beat them well and add one and one-half cup sweet milk; take bakers' bread (not too stale), and cut into slices; dip them into the milk and eggs and lay the slices in a spider with sufficient melted butter, hot, to fry a nice, delicate brown; take the whites of the three eggs and beat them to a froth, adding a half cup of white sugar; add the juice of one lemon, beating well, and serve over the toast as a sauce and you will find it a very delicious dish.

### Lyonnais Potatoes.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a spider, add one tablespoonful each of minced onion, vinegar and water; fry until the onion is tender; now add one pint of diced cold boiled potatoes and stir until somewhat browned; add one level teaspoonful of parsley and serve.

### New Weapon.

Binks had an idea. Taking the phonograph horn he attached it to the vacuum cleaner. "Now," said he, "let your flies come on!"



## SAVING THE ITALIAN BABIES

Maternity Insurance in That Country Has Greatly Reduced Infant Mortality.

Italy joined in 1902 the few European states which have established laws for the better protection of women working in industrial occupations after confinement. This law prohibited women from working for a month after confinement, but contained no provisions about the collecting of funds from which the expenses could be defrayed. For this reason regulations were generally disregarded, and women went back to work as soon as they were able to do so.

At the end of April, 1912, a new law came into force. All women in industries between fifteen and fifty years

of age belong now to an obligatory maternity insurance fund. The employer pays the dues of 20 to 40 cents a year, and is allowed to deduct half the amount from the wages. These dues, together with fines of employees for violation of the law and a government subsidy, makes it possible to give in case of confinement \$3. It does not make any difference whether the woman is married or not. Mother and child are thus taken care of for at least one month after the birth of the infant. The Italian law requires, further, that a factory with more than fifty women workers must provide a decent room in which mothers can attend to their babies and nurse them. Frequently, large factories have a kind of day nursery with a trained nurse in charge. Infant mortality has been greatly reduced among industrial workers.—The Survey.