

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN by ERNEST W. HORNING Author of 'The Amateur Cracksman', 'Raffles', Etc. ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

SYNOPSIS.

Cazalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, toward bound from Australia, dies out in his sleep that Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead, and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Macnair, a former neighbor and playmate. When the daily papers come aboard at Southampton Toye reads that Craven has been murdered and calls Cazalet's dream second sight. He thinks of doing a little amateur detective work on the case himself. In the train to town they discuss the murder, which was committed at Cazalet's old home. Toye hears from Cazalet that Scruton, who had been Cazalet's friend and the suspect for Craven's dishonesty, has been released from prison. Cazalet goes down the river and meets Blanche. Toye also comes to see her and tells Cazalet that Scruton has been arrested, but as he doesn't believe the old clerk is guilty he is going to ferret out the murderer. Cazalet and Blanche go to Cazalet's old home and meet Mr. Drinkwater of Scotland Yard. Cazalet goes with Drinkwater to the library where the murder was committed, shows him a secret passage he knew as a boy, and leads the way through it. In town Toye, talking with Cazalet about the murder, suggests fingerprints on the weapon found in the secret passage as a means of trapping the murderer and succeeds in securing a print of Cazalet's hand.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Cazalet excused himself with decision. He had a full morning in front of him. He was going to see Miss Macnair's brother, son of the late head of his father's old firm of solicitors, and now one of the partners, to get them either to take up Scruton's case themselves, or else to recommend a firm perhaps more accustomed to criminal practice. Cazalet was always apt to be elaborate in the first person singular, either in the past or in the future tense; but he was more so than usual in explaining his considered intentions in this matter that lay so very near his heart.

"Going to see Scruton, too?" said Toye.

"Not necessarily," was the short reply. But it also was elaborated by Cazalet on a moment's consideration. The fact was that he wanted first to know if it were not possible, by the intervention of a really influential lawyer, to obtain the prisoner's immediate release, at any rate on bail. If impossible, he might hesitate to force himself on Scruton in the prison, but he would see.

"It's a perfect scandal that he should be there at all," said Cazalet, as he rose first and ushered Toye out into the lounge. "Only think: our old gardener saw him run out of the drive at half past seven, when the gong went, when the real murderer must have been shivering in the Michael-Angelo cupboard, wondering how the devil he was ever going to get out again."

"Then you think old man Craven—begging his poor pardon—was getting out some cigars when the man, whoever he was, came in and knocked him on the head?"

Cazalet nodded vigorously. "That's the likeliest thing of all!" he cried. "Then the gong went—there may even have come a knock at the door—and there was that cupboard standing open at his elbow."

"With a hole in the floor that might have been made for him?"

"As it happens, yes; he'd search every inch like a rat in a trap, you see; and there it was as I'd left it twenty years before."

"Well, it's a wonderful yarn!" exclaimed Hilton Toye, and he lit the cigar that Cazalet had given him.

"I think it may be thought one if the police ever own how they made their find," agreed Cazalet, laughing and looking at his watch. Toye had never heard him laugh so often. "By the way, Drinkwater doesn't want any of all this to come out until he's dragged his man before the beak again."

"Which you mean to prevent?"

"If only I can! I more or less promised not to talk, however, and I'm sure you won't. You know so much already, you may just as well know the rest this week as well as next, if you don't mind keeping it to yourself."

Nobody could have minded this particular embargo less than Hilton Toye. He saw Cazalet off with a smile that was as yet merely puzzled, and not unfriendly until he had time to recall Miss Blanche's part in the strange affair of the previous afternoon.

Say, weren't they rather intimate, those two, even if they had known each other all their lives? He had it from Blanche (with her second refusal) that she was not, and never had been, engaged. And a fellow who only wrote to her once in a year—still, they must have been darned intimate, and this funny affair would bring them together again quicker than anything.

Say, what a funny affair it was when you came to think of it! Funny all through, it now struck Toye; beginning on board ship with that dream of Cazalet's about the murdered man, leading to all that talk of the old grievance against him, and culminating in his actually finding the implements of the crime in his inspired efforts to save the man of whose inno- cence he was so positive. Say, if

that Cazalet had not been on his way home from Australia at the time!

Like many deliberate speakers, Toye thought like lightning, and had reached this point before he was a hundred yards from the hotel; then he thought of something else, and retraced his steps. He retraced them even to the table at which he had sat with Cazalet not very many minutes ago; the waiter was only now beginning to clear away.

"Say, waiter, what have you done with the menu that was in that tontack? There was something on it that we rather wanted to keep."

"I thought there was, sir," said the English waiter at that admirable hotel. Toye, however, prepared to talk to him like an American uncle of Dutch extraction.

"You thought that, and you took it away?"

"Not at all, sir. I 'ppened to observe the other gentleman put the menu in his pocket, behind your back as you were getting up, because I passed a remark about it to the head waiter at the time!"

CHAPTER IX.

Fair Warning.

It was much more than a map of the metropolis that Toye carried in his able head. He knew the right places for the right things. He gazed critically at his boots. He was not so dead sure that he had struck the only man for boots. There had been a young fellow aboard the Kaiser Fritz, quite a little bit of a military blood, who had come ashore in a pair of cloth tops that had rather unsettled Mr. Toye's mind just on that one point.

Captain Aylmer had said he would like to have Toye see his club any time he was passing and cared to look in for lunch. He had said so as though he would like it a great deal, and suddenly Toye had a mind to take him at his word right now. The idea began with those boots with cloth tops, but that was not all there was to it; there was something else that had been at the back of Toye's mind all morning, and now took charge in front.

Aylmer had talked some about a job in the war office that enabled him to lunch daily at the Rag; but what his job had been aboard a German steamer Toye did not know and was not the man to inquire. It was no business of his, anyway. Reference to a card, traded for his own in Southampton Water, and duly filed in his cigarette-case, reminded him of the Rag's proper style and title. And there he was eventually entertained to a sound, workmanlike, rather expeditious meal.

"Say, did you see the cemetery at Genoa?" suddenly inquired the visitor on their way back through the hall. A martial bust had been admired extravagantly before the question.

"Never want to see it again, or Genoa either," said Captain Aylmer. "The smoking-room's this way."

"Did you say you were there two days?" Toye was cutting his cigar as though it were a corn.

"Two whole days, and we'd had a night in the Bay of Naples just before."

"Is that so? I only came aboard at Genoa. I guess I was wise," added Toye, as though he was thinking of something else. There was no sort of feeling in his voice, but he was sucking his left thumb.

"I say, you've cut yourself!"

"I guess it's nothing. Knife too sharp; please don't worry, Captain Aylmer. I was going to say I only got on at Genoa, and they couldn't give me a room to myself. I had to go in with Cazalet; that's how I saw so much of him."

It was Toye's third and separate independent attempt to introduce the name and fame of Cazalet as a natural topic of conversation. Twice his host had listened with adamant politeness; this time he was enjoying quite the second-best liqueur brandy to be had at the Rag; and he leaned back in his chair.

"You were rather impressed with him, weren't you?" said Captain Aylmer. "Well, frankly, I wasn't, but it may have been my fault."

"I was only going to ask you one thing about Mr. Cazalet," Toye said, "and I guess I've a reason for asking, though there's no time to state it now. What did you think of him, Captain Aylmer, on the whole?"

"Ah, there you have me. 'On the whole' is just the difficulty," said Aylmer, answering the straight question readily enough. "I thought he was a very good chap as far as Naples, but after Genoa he was another being. I've sometimes wondered what happened in his three or four days ashore."

"Three or four, did you say?"

And at the last moment Toye would have played Wedding Guest to Aylmer's Ancient Mariner.

"Yes; you see, he knew these German boats waste a couple of days at Genoa, so he landed at Naples and did

his Italy overland. Rather a good idea, I thought, especially as he said he had friends in Rome; but we never heard of 'em beforehand, and I should have let the whole thing strike me a bit sooner if I'd been Cazalet. Soon enough to take a hand-bag and a toothbrush, eh? And I don't think I should have run it quite so fine at Genoa, either. But there are rum birds in this world, and always will be!"

Toye felt one himself as he picked his way through St. James' square, and to obtain for the asking, at another old haunt, on Cockspur street, the latest little time-table of continental trains. This he carried, not on foot but in a taxi, to the Savoy Hotel, where it kept him busy in his own room for the best part of another hour. But by that time Hilton Toye looked more than an hour older than on sitting down at his writing-table with pencil, paper and the little book of trains; he looked horrid, he looked distressed, and yet he looked crafty, determined and immensely alive. He proceeded, however, to take some of the life out of himself, and to add still more to his apparent age, by repairing for more inward light to a Turkish bath.

Now the only Turkish bath, according to Hilton Toye's somewhat exclusive code, was not even a hundred yards from Cazalet's hotel; and there the visitor of the morning again presented himself before the afternoon; now merely a little worn, as a man

will look after losing a stone an hour on a warm afternoon, and a bit blue again about the chin, which of course looked a little deeper and stronger on that account.

Cazalet was not in; his friend would wait, and in fact waited over an hour in the little lounge. An evening paper was offered to him; he took it listlessly, scarcely looked at it at first, then tore it in his anxiety to find something he had quite forgotten—from the newspaper end. But he was waiting as stolidly as before when Cazalet arrived in tremendous spirits.

"Stop and dine!" he cried out at once.

"Sorry I can't; got to go and see somebody," said Hilton Toye.

"Then you must have a drink."

"No, I thank you," said Toye, with the decisive courtesy of a total abstainer.

"You look as if you wanted one; you don't look a bit fit," said Cazalet, most kindly.

"Nor am I, sir!" exclaimed Toye. "I guess London's no place for me in the fall. Just as well, too, I judge, since I've got to light out again straight away!"

"You haven't!"

"Yes, sir, this very night. That's the worst of a business that takes you to all the capitals of Europe in turn. It takes you so long to fit around that you never know when you've got to start in again."

"Which capital is it this time?" said Cazalet. His exuberant geniality had been dashed very visibly for the moment. But already his high spirits were reasserting themselves; indeed, a cynic with an ear might have caught the note of sudden consolation in the question that Cazalet asked so briskly.

"Got to go down to Rome," said Toye, watching the effect of his words.

"But you've just come back from there!" Cazalet looked no worse than puzzled.

"No, sir, I missed Rome out; that was my mistake, and here's this situation been developing behind my back."

"What situation?"

"Oh, why, it wouldn't interest you! But I've got to go down to Rome, whether I like it or not, and I don't like it any, because I don't have any friends there. And that's what I'm doing right here. I was wondering if you'd do something for me, Cazalet!"

"If I can," said Cazalet, "with pleasure." But his smiles were gone.

"I was wondering if you'd give me an introduction to those friends of yours in Rome!"

There was a little pause, and Cazalet's tongue just showed between his lips, moistening them. It was at that moment the only touch of color in his face.

"Did I tell you I'd any friends there?"

The sound of his voice was perhaps less hoarse than puzzled. Toye made himself chuckle as he sat looking up out of somber eyes.

"Well, if you didn't," said he, "I guess I must have dreamed it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Did I Tell You I'd Any Friends There?"

and kill the patient. If a mosquito of the right species imbibes them the whole cycle is repeated and they are ready in about ten days to infect someone else. If, however, they be imbibed by a mosquito of the wrong species they quickly perish. Why they can develop and unite and again develop in the blood of only certain mosquitoes has never been explained satisfactorily. The mosquitoes of the subfamily Anopheles are the only ones that can carry malaria. Those of the genus Stegomyia are the carriers of yellow fever, the process of which is similar.—New York World.

Modern Child's Idea.

Little four-year-old Betty had listened to mother's story of the Christ child. She had been deeply interested and when daddy came home she proceeded to relate the story to him in her own animated fashion. Mother called from another room:

"Where did mother say the little Christ child was?" Betty, annoyed at the interruption, called back: "Oh, mother, he was out in the garage being born."

Maine Relic Recovered.

One of the side plates of the battleship Maine, which had been imbedded in the mud at the bottom of Havana harbor since 1898, was recently brought up by the anchor of the American steamship Esperanza.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

INFECTS THE BLOOD

Why the Bite of a Mosquito Causes Malaria.

Scientists Have Definitely Ascertained Cause of the Disease—Only Preventive Is Complete Extermination of the Pest.

What happens in your blood when a malaria mosquito bites you, and what happens in a mosquito's blood when it sucks that of a person who has malaria, is well illustrated in the accompanying diagram, taken from "Insects and Man," by C. A. Ealand, M. A., formerly principal of the East Anglian College of Agriculture, just published in America by the Century company.

Let us suppose that a female mosquito has just imbibed a drop of blood from an infected man; along with the blood, and in the blood corpuscles, several exceedingly minute reatures known as gametocytes pass into the stomach of the insect. (See cut A.) These blood parasites are not all of the same size, the smaller ones, known as microgametocytes, carry out male functions, while the larger macrogametocytes may be regarded as females. These two forms of the same parasite pass through certain changes (B and C), and eventually unite (D). The single organism thus formed becomes a wormlike, moving creature called a vermicle (E).

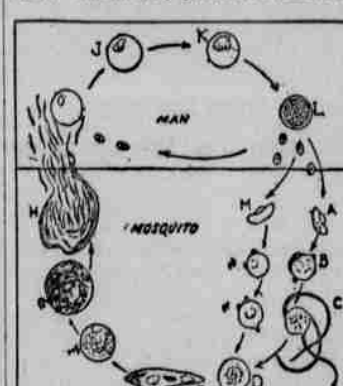
The vermicle penetrates the walls of the mosquito's stomach and passes to the external muscular layers, where it grows rapidly and its nucleus becomes much divided (F and G) until it is merely a sac filled with many rodlike bodies known as sporozites. The sac bursts and liberates these sporozites into the mosquito's body cavity (H). About ten days after the meal of infected blood these sporozites are in the mosquito's salivary glands, ready to infect the first human being the insect bites.

When the mosquito punctures the skin countless numbers of these minute sporozites are injected into the wound. They instantly attack the red corpuscles of the blood, each entering a corpuscle, where it quickly loses its elongate form and assumes that of a signet ring (J). This changes form until it has divided up into a multitude of tiny organisms known as merozoites (K and L).

The corpuscle is now dead or dying, and it soon bursts, setting free the multitude of sporozites into the blood stream. These again attack the healthy red corpuscles, and the process of destruction is repeated.

As the original sporozites attack the red corpuscles at the same moment, and as their development takes a certain time, usually about forty-eight hours, they are all liberated simultaneously. This process is repeated over and over again in a rhythmic cycle, and every time the red corpuscles burst and liberate the merozoites the chill that is so characteristic of malaria comes on. This usually takes place every forty-eight hours, the intervals being filled with more or less severe fever.

If no mosquito comes along to suck the blood of the infected patient the germs of the malaria are finally destroyed by the antitoxins of the blood—or by quinine, which effectively kills them—unless they prove too numerous



WOOL IN PLACE OF COTTON

Comforts Filled With the Former Material Are Much Lighter Than Those Generally In Use.

For the last year or two the shops have shown an article of bedding which, though in use in many farm homes, had not been familiar on the counters. This is the wool-filled comfort, that is destined to take the place of the cotton-wadded comforters. Now however, as well as the completed comforts, there are to be had in many shops sheets of carded wool with which to make up these comforts at home, covering them with silk, satin, or patchwork.

The sheet wadding comes in three weights, all having the same dimensions—72 by 84 inches. The lightest contains one pound of wool. It is designed as filling for a crib quilt and to be folded over into half size. The next heavier weighs two pounds, while the heaviest weighs three pounds. Ready made wool comforts can be bought at various prices, from about \$4 according to the thickness of the wool and the quality of the covering.

Many housekeepers now prefer wool-filled comforts to those filled with down, since the wool-filled comforts never "shed" as down puffs will after usage. They are especially desirable for children and for elderly persons, since they are warm but not heavy. A three-pound wool comfort weighs about half as much as a full sized woolen blanket.

Steen makes an excellent covering for wool comforts. A flowered center, bordered with a plain color, is especially attractive. It can be knotted with silk or quilted in any fancied pattern.

KEEPS WHIPPED CREAM FIRM

Method That Will Do Away With a Great Deal of the Trouble That Sometimes Bothers Cooks.

Heavy whipped cream, if allowed to stand, is apt to become watery and thin at the bottom of the bowl, the sugar having the tendency to separate in the form of a weak sirup. This is especially true if the cream was not very heavy before being whipped. To remedy this, to every pint of whipped cream soak a scant tablespoonful of granulated gelatin in enough cold water to barely cover it, until it is soft. Then add a small half teacupful of boiling water and stir until the gelatin is completely dissolved, after which add three-quarters of a cup of sugar and whatever flavoring you intend to use for the cream. Turn this into a cold bowl and beat with an eggbeater until it is white like marshmallows and begins to become firm, and just as soon as it has reached this point, but before it has commenced to grow stringy, beat it by spoonfuls into the cream, which has already been beaten stiff.

This will increase the bulk of the whipped cream and will not only sweeten and flavor it, but will keep it firm for any length of time. Care must be taken not to use too much gelatin lest it taste of the latter and make a sort of Charlotte russe mixture instead of the whipped cream desired.

New Way to Serve Steak.

Perhaps you have grown tired of the usual way steak is served. If so, try this. Buy a good thick one, either sirloin or porterhouse. Season slightly with pepper and salt, and broil until it is moderately brown. Have prepared enough chopped parsley and white onion to cover it. Dot it thickly with dabs of butter and bake in a quick oven for five minutes. The onion, parsley and butter sink into the meat, the parsley absorbing the strong flavor of the onion. Once a steak is served in this manner, the usual fashion of serving it will seem tasteless.

Baked Beef Roll.

Take one pint of finely chopped cold roast beef and add one-half cupful of fine bread crumbs and two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of onion juice, one scant teaspoonful of mixed parsley, a grating of nutmeg and a dash of white pepper. Mix thoroughly, shape in a roll, wrap in buttered paper and bake half an hour, basting frequently with melted butter and hot water. Serve hot with brown or tomato sauce or slice cold as desired.

Chicken and Mushrooms.

A delicate dish for a dainty lunch or a meal for an invalid is a combination of chicken and mushrooms prepared in a casserole. The mushrooms are fried in butter very lightly, then a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a scant cupful of milk is poured in and cooked until creamy. The mushrooms and cold chicken are packed into the casserole in alternate layers and the creamy sauce poured over. The dish is set in the oven until the contents are heated through evenly.

Croque Corn.

Butter a baking dish and cover the bottom with a layer of fine bread crumbs. Then add a layer of canned corn, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt, and dotting over with bits of canned pimento. Cover with crumbs, then repeat till corn is all used. The top layer should be of crumbs. Dot the top with butter, and fill the dish with milk. Bake 45 minutes.

Mashed Potatoes.

Mashed potatoes will be fluffy if one-half teaspoonful of baking powder is added to the milk put into them.

EYE FOLLOWS SPOKE

Explanation of Seeming Phenomena of the "Movies."

Why Wheel, as It Revolves, Seems to Retate Backwards—Illusion That Has Puzzled Many Is Really a Simple Matter.

Every person who has gone to the "movies" has probably noticed when there is a picture thrown on the screen which involves the rotation of a wheel having spokes, such as those on a buggy or an automobile, that as the wheel first starts to rotate it appears to revolve in unison with the rest of the picture, but as it gains speed it suddenly appears to rotate backward, rapidly at first; then it slowly stops, turning, although the vehicle gains in speed. It then seems to rotate forward slowly, but not with the speed of the rest of the vehicle. The film manufacturers have not been able to eliminate this unfortunate illusion. Many explanations have been heard, but they seldom approach the right one.

The moving picture is based on the fact that the retina of the eye retains the vision for a small fraction of a second. A moving object seen on the screen in reality is a series of pictures projected with such rapidity that the retina of the eye still has the vision of one projection when the next appears. Thus the picture appears to move. In the case of a revolving wheel the eye follows the spokes. To make the ex-

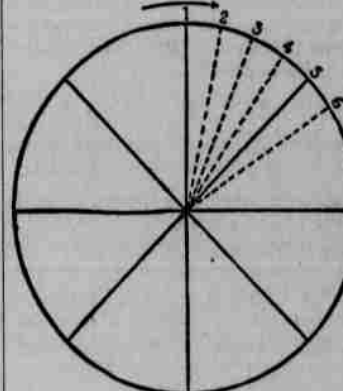


Diagram Showing Why Wheels Turn Backward in Movies.

planation as simple as possible the top spoke will be considered, and its subsequent positions and phenomena analyzed.

When the wheel starts to rotate to the right, as shown in the diagram, the top spoke in the picture will be in position No. 1.

If the second picture shows the spoke in position No. 2 the wheel will appear to be rotating in unison with the rest of the picture. If, however, the wheel is rotating rapidly enough so that the second picture shows the top spoke in position No. 4 it will appear to the eye that the next spoke, which was in position No. 5 in the first picture, has moved back to position No. 4, and the wheel appears to be rotating backward.

When the wheel rotates so fast that the camera catches the second position of the first spoke in the first position of the second spoke, the wheel will show no rotation at all, though the vehicle still moves.

When the wheel rotates so fast that the second position of the top spoke will appear in position No. 6, the wheel will appear to have rotated from positions Nos. 5 to 6. This appears as a slow forward rotation.

When the wheel rotates so that the second position of the top spoke is in position No. 8, the wheel may appear to be rotating backward.

The fact that the illusion springs from the very fundamental phenomenon of all "movie" work, explains why manufacturers have been unable to eliminate it. Probably, for that matter, they will be unable to eliminate it in the future, so the porrerse wheels seem determined to stay with us so long as we have movies.—From the Illustrated World.

"Hungry Sam" Has Retired.

"Hungry Sam" Miller, who for years has been the terror of those in charge of church suppers, and who became famous throughout this part of the state for his gastronomic feats, has announced his retirement from heavy eating, says a Bloomburg (Pa.) dispatch to the Philadelphia North American.

In his own words: "It don't agree with me no more to eat 144 fried eggs at once."

When "Hungry Sam" appeared at any supper where "all you could eat" was served, those in charge gave up hope of making the affair a financial success, for he liked to eat until everything in the place was cleaned up.

Miraculous Recovery.

Several months ago a Belgian was struck by a dart dropped from a German aeroplane. It went right through his head vertically and between the two sides of his jaw, coming out under the chin. It was a clean cut. The man was treated in a London hospital and recovered. He is in London today, perfectly well, and has had no symptoms except once a slight fit.

After the Money.

Mrs. Nokoyne—Please buy me a new hat. It will set all my friends to talking.

Mr. Nokoyne—Yes, and it'll set another bill collector walking.