

IT MATTERED MUCH

Jeweler's Clerk Discharged Under Cloud, Turns Detective, and Traps Real Thieves.

By CECILLE LANGDON.

An antique ring had been stolen from a jewelry tray in the case under my charge. Goldstein & Co. had acted promptly. I was notified that my services were no longer required. The senior partner of the firm took great pains to inform me that my dismissal carried with it no implication of personal dishonesty. There had been so many such thefts recently, however, that an example of presumable carelessness must be made. Unfortunately they had begun with me.

If it had not been for the stenographer, Miss Lura Vesey, I think I should have packed up instantly to return to my native town, disgusted with Jewelers in general and justly indignant at Goldstein & Co. After I had parted with several good friends among the clerks who honestly regretted my departure, I was surprised to find Miss Vesey at my side, just as I was leaving the place. She was in tears. She placed a sisterly, affectionate hand on my arm in a pleading, sympathetic way that softened me.

"You will not get discouraged," she said.

"Does it matter much?" I jerked out, still wroth at my summary dismissal.

"It does to me," she replied earnestly, "more than you think. It matters to my brother, too, Mr. Winthrop. You found him a good position, and he will be always grateful. If I can help you—"

But I shook my head dejectedly.

"At least let me hear how you get along," she added, and there was a tremor in her voice that inspired me with the idea that I had one sterling friend in the world.

So I promised her, and went on my way. Then my thoughts began to crystallize to some coherency. I set my teeth hard. I clenched my fists with determination.

"I'll see this thing through!" I said to myself—"if it is only to set at rest



"I Am Certain of It."

any possible imputation of wrong doing that may follow me."

You see, I remembered all about that missing antique ring. In fact, I knew the man who had stolen it. At least I thought I did. Aye, I knew him twice! That is a strange thing to say—but even thrice! I mean: disguised. I was sure, as I reflected, that the sleek thief had twice before visited the store on occasions after which articles of value had been found missing.

I am not much of a story teller, but, so look ahead a little, my hard thinking assured me that I might make a good detective. That reflection led to action. I discovered my natural forte, and that is why I have become a secret service man, where I have an easy case about once a year, plenty of time to work on it, and good pay.

My first step was to go to the Jewelers' Board of Trade. That was where they kept the records of the trade, and I knew mine would follow me. The secretary was a bland, bright-eyed old man. I told my story. I also rectified my suspicions. I could see that he was becoming interested in me.

"You think the man who palmed the missing antique ring today is a professional, eh?" he inquired.

"I am certain of it."

"And that you would know him again?"

"I surely would. See here," I cried, "I noticed something peculiar. He did not seem able to raise one hand higher than his chest. He tried to flick away a grain of dust on his cheek and I noticed him wince as though it hurt him. It was a peculiar motion. Besides—his eyes. I am going to find that man," I continued desperately. "I want to clear myself of any possible suspicion."

"See here," said the secretary. "I like your talk. Nobody thinks of suspecting you, for these robberies have become an every-day event. I want to say this, however; if you succeed in running down the gang who are guilty of these systematic peculations, the Jewelers' Board of Trade will pay you a reward of one thousand dollars."

"I'm going to try and earn it," I said, and forthwith started to make the effort. What I first did was to slightly disguise my face. Then I made it my business to visit a regular circle of the big down town jewelry stores.

tered the diamond shop. The woman was chewing gum.

I followed them as far as the window, and noted their every movement. The fashionably dressed woman was shown a tray of unset stones. The man proceeded to eat the apple. She asked to be shown some other gems. Her companion drew nearer to the tray. There was a rapid movement. I could not follow. I saw the woman take her gum from her mouth. Then the man strolled carelessly to the door, tossed the core of the apple into the street, and came back to the side of his companion.

I was after that apple core double-quick. Then as I returned to the window, I witnessed an exciting tableau inside, and stole thither myself.

Apparently the couple had found nothing to suit them and started to leave the store. Suddenly the salesman called to the floorwalker and ran out from behind the counter.

"Two diamonds are missing from the tray," he declared.

"Do you dare to insinuate that we took them?" blustered my man.

"The idea!" sniffed the woman, scornfully magnificent in her queenly scorn. "You must submit to a search," said the clerk firmly.

"You shall suffer for this indignity!" cried the man.

They accompanied the salesman, who was joined by a lady clerk, to retiring rooms. I gilded up to the spot where they had stood at the counter. I slipped my fingers along the under edge of the show case.

The two suspects came out of the retiring rooms threatening but triumphant. The missing gems had not been found.

"I shall start a suit through my lawyer at once," said my man, and moved towards the counter against which his umbrella rested.

"Wait," I said, and blocked his way. "Examine that," I added, extending the apple core to the astonished clerk. "And that," and I handed a wad of gum to the floorwalker.

"What does this mean?" inquired the salesman vaguely, and then his eye rested on a sparkling eye of light imbedded in the fruit. At the same moment the floorwalker discovered the second gem in the gum, which the deft woman swindler had stuck on the under rim of the counter, where I had found it.

The man turned red, then white. The woman fainted. I telephoned the Jewelers' Board of Trade. Its secretary appeared in person, then the police. The short-arm man willingly confessed to the trifle of the antique ring.

Goldstein & Co. offered handsome apologies and an increased salary. However, with the one thousand dollars I followed my natural bent, became a secret service man, as I have already told, and married that pretty, sympathizing stenographer, of course. (Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

CROWNING AN AFRICAN KING

Civilized Rulers Would Not Enjoy This Ceremony in Way of Coronation.

The customs of savage people make up in curious picturesqueness what they lack in dignity. Contrast, for instance, their ceremonial with the coronation of a British king or the induction of a President Wilson into office.

The king was chosen from among the people by the elders, and he was selected for his wisdom. The ceremonies of his enthronement were such that he required not only wisdom, but also courage, physical strength and a superb digestion. The man's first intimation that he had been chosen by the elders was an onrush of the entire tribe—not to do him honor, but to abuse and insult him in every possible way.

They would hurl opprobrious epithets at him, curse him, spit upon him, pelt him with mud and beat him. For, they said, from this time on he could do all these things to them and they would be powerless to retaliate. It was their last chance!

They also reminded him of all his failings in graphic and minute particulars. If the king survived this treatment, he was then taken to the former king's house, where he was solemnly invested with the insignia of the kingly office in the shape of a silk hat. No one except the king was permitted to wear a silk hat.

Following the inauguration ceremony, the people came and bowed before the new king in humble submission, while they praised him as enthusiastically as they had reviled him. Then he was fed and feted for a week, during which time he was not permitted to leave his house, but had to receive guests from all parts of his dominion and eat with them all. These ceremonies ended, he turned to the comparatively easy and commonplace duties of his kingly office. This custom, like many others, has passed away under the influence of civilization.—Robert H. Milligan's "The Fetish Folk of West Africa."

Trial by Beak.

Dorothy was a particularly well-bred child, and her faults were few; but if she had one, it was perhaps an excess of fastidiousness as regards her food. This trait her fond mamma was ever at great pains to eradicate, so that on one occasion when she observed the young woman gazing with suspicion on an egg, she hastened to reassure her.

"My child," she said, "that egg is perfectly good; and remember that many a little girl would be thankful for what you leave."

This remark did not seem to convince the child of the good quality of the egg in question, but she nevertheless proceeded with its negotiation with commendable fortitude.

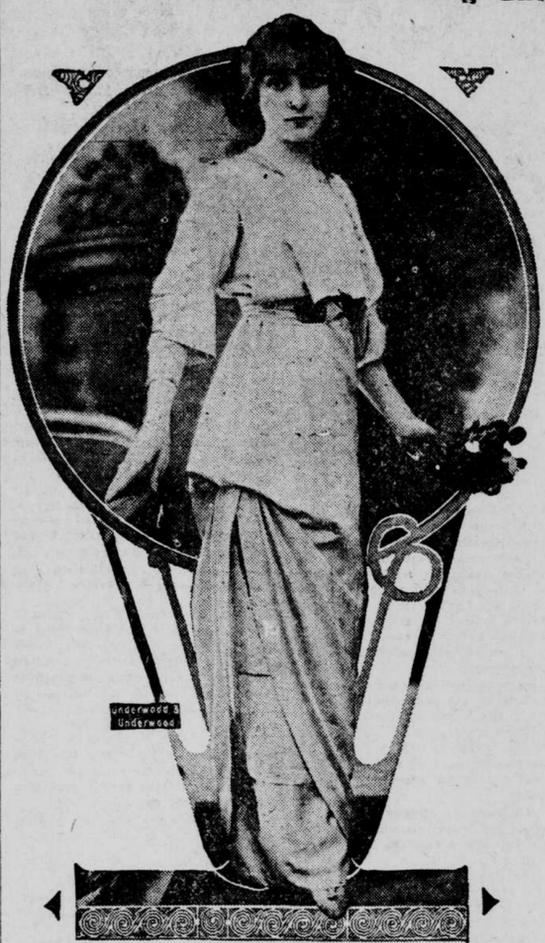
At last, however, she could hold out no longer, and her stern parent was reluctantly obliged to acknowledge that she had been hasty, when Dorothy's piping voice was heard inquiring: "Mother, must I really eat the beak?"

Either Way.

"Papa, what does being disappointed in love mean?"

"Why either marrying or being jilted by the girl you are in love with."

Attractive Gown of Blue Charmeuse for Young Girl



Gown of blue charmeuse with lace vest and square neck. The draped skirt reveals an underskirt with three folds.

VEILING MUST BE PLENTIFUL WAYS OF FINDING PARTNERS

With a Liberal Supply of Material It is Impossible to Get the Proper Effect.

It is poor economy to buy too scant measure when purchasing face veiling. A smartly adjusted veil can never have a skimpy effect, as when the back of veiling is straining at the edges of the veil pin, or when there is not sufficient material left at the ends to be tucked from view. Wide veiling and plenty of it must be used on even a small hat. An excellent idea is to have elastic cording run through the meshes of the veil at the top, being so measured as to fit firmly at the base of the crown. This method avoids the pinning of the veil to the hat brim, which is never a very secure way of fastening it and is difficult to do if the hat brim is stiff, and is apt to leave pin marks in any event. The fulness should be evenly distributed around the crown and the edges of the veil at the bottom caught at the nape of the neck with a veil pin or barrette. The ends are then drawn straight up to the back of the brim and invisibly tucked under the elastic at the crown. When the veil loses its freshness and begins to sag at the chin twist this portion round and round and tuck it under its own surface; this will give trimness to the otherwise untidy appearance.

SMART TAILOR MADE SUIT



A tailor made suit of light suede broadcloth with collar of white crepe, cerise embroidery and black tie. Ribbon drawn through lace and tied in a flat bow at the left side makes an effective trimming.

Some New and Original Ideas Which Intending Hostesses May Find of Real Value.

A correspondent kindly tells of these ways to find partners: "One girl had conundrums written on cards and given to the girls; the answers to these were handed to the gentlemen and they were numbered corresponding with the numbers on the girls' cards; they were told to find who their partners were. Another girl had the girls' names written backward on cards and handed them to the gentlemen and told them to make out who their partners were. Another girl had a small piece cut out of the card; the pieces were given to the girls and the other portions of the cards were given to the gentlemen and they were told to look for the girl who held the card corresponding with theirs. Another put the girls' names on cards and they were put in envelopes and sealed and hid in different places in the parlor."

New Gloves.

Kid gloves when put on for the first time require time. They should be carefully stretched and worked on slowly, care being taken that the finger seams are in their right position always. Button the second button first, after which fasten the first one. Much depends upon the way a glove is put on, not only as regards the fit, but also the wear of the glove. If you do not manage to fasten the top button the first time of wearing you will rarely succeed in doing so afterward, for the glove will have stretched in other directions.

In Pastel Shades.

It has become quite a fad to have the combinations, corset covers, petticoats, gowns, etc., in colored batiste to match the costumes with which they are to be worn, or else to harmonize with the decorations of the boudoir, particularly in the case of gowns and petticoats. The trimmings are usually lace of the shadow or val variety. Cluny, baby Irish and venise are used on gowns and petticoats. This fad will probably continue until hot weather arrives, at which time there is nothing better than white.

Summer Living-Room Rugs.

Rugs are a problem, summer or winter, but particularly in the summer we long instinctively to get rid of those with a deep velvety surface. One of the best summer rugs made of wool, appropriate on that account for all seasons, is the homespun rug. The weave is flat, without a nap, and the colors are very soft and cool-looking. These rugs cost from three to three dollars and a half a yard, according to the color and quality.—Harper's Bazar.

Care of Jars.

When emptying fruit cans or jars of any description, wash them clean at once before putting them away, says the Commoner. Put the lid away with the jar, and is the rubber is good put that away with the can or jar, though when you fill the jar again you should use a new rubber. For many things which may be put in the jars the old rubbers will serve, as they will not need to be airtight.

Hang Up Blouses.

To keep blouses fresh and unrumpled screw five hooks into a piece of broomhandle about two feet long. Opposite the middle hook fix a large screw-eye through which the bar may be hung from a small pulley attached to the cupboard or wardrobe ceiling. Slip the blouses on clothes hangers, slip one on each hook, and pull the whole up into the empty space in center of cupboard.

"THE CLIMATE OF WESTERN CANADA."

AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN CANADA'S IMMIGRATION.

A letter dated February 2, 1913, published in a "People's Voice" column in a Swedish paper, while dealing with other conditions in Canada, such as grain yield, social conditions, etc., says: "We have had fine weather until New Year's, when some snow fell and it was cold for a few days, but during the past few days we have lovely weather again." The writer, who lives near Davidson, Sask., says they got from 30 to 35 bushels of wheat per acre, 60 bushels of oats and about 20 bushels of flax. All homesteads are taken in the vicinity, but wild land can be bought at reasonable figures. Word from Alberta gives the information that up to the 22nd of February there were eighty-four and a quarter hours of bright sunshine, but that did not come up to the corresponding month of 1912, when the meteorological department registered 120 hours for the 29 days.

February was exceptionally fine all through, but 1912 went one better, and was a glorious month. However, taking the weather generally throughout the northern hemisphere, February has been marked by serious and severe disturbances resulting in heavy storms, bad weather and low temperatures in many other parts.

The coldest temperature this week occurred on Tuesday morning, when the thermometer registered 23.5 below, and the coldest Wednesday was 11 below. During the last fortnight of February 9 and 8.7 hours of bright sunshine spread its glorious rays over Edmonton, and this out of a possible total of about ten hours is something to talk about.—Advertisement.

Almost the Speed Limit.

"No man is a coward to himself," said the Civil War veteran, oratorically.

"At Chattanooga, one of the men in my company left early in the action, and no one saw him till after the battle, when he appeared in camp unharmed and unabashed. Some of the boys accused him of running away, but he wouldn't admit it.

"I only retreated in good order," he declared.

"I heard of the matter, and a few days later I asked him if he had any idea how fast he had 'retreated.'"

"Well, I'll tell you, cap'n," he said. "If I'd been at home, and going after the doctor, folks that see me passin' would have thought my wife was right sick!"—Youth's Companion.

HANDS ITCHED AND BURNED

Abbotsford, Wis.—"My son had eczema on his hands for about one year. The eczema started with a rash. His hands were so sore he could not close them, and when he wet his hands they hurt him so he could hardly wash. His hands itched and burned just terrible and if he would scratch them, they would break out into sores. He could not get any rest or sleep, and his hands looked quite bad.

"We had medicine and salve and it kept getting worse all the time. I got some Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after washing his hands with the Cuticura Soap and putting some of the Cuticura Ointment on two times a day and tying cloths on them for about six months they got well and have not broken out since. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured him entirely." (Signed) Mrs. Lawrence Kiehl, Feb. 13, 1912.

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