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carefully aside and dropped in another which she had brought packed in a case.

She turned a switch. From the horn came a distinct voice.

"Hello. This is Mrs. Burridge. Yesterday I ordered a vase—"

"We'll skip that," interrupted Clare, moving the wire forward on the spool.

"What is it?" asked Osgood, mystified.

"A telegraphone," explained Clare. "An instrument invented by Poulsen, the Danish Edison, by which the human voice can be recorded on a wire or a steel disc by means of a new principle involving the use of minute localized electric charges. I can't stop to tell you the principle of the thing, but I can get a local or long distance conversation, thirty minutes of it in all, on one of these spools."

Several times she interrupted the routine conversations recorded. Then came a soft musical voice.

"Italian," commented Clare, as all listened intently. "and a woman's voice, too."

"Hello," purred the voice in the machine. "Is this Mr. Pierre Jacot, the art dealer?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Jacot. What can I do for you?"

A pause.

"Have you had any offer from Mr. Osgood for La Ginevra?"

"Ah!" prolonged Jacot, in either well-simulated or genuine surprise. "So this is what his curator, Dr. Grimm, meant."

"How is that?" asked the voice.

"He is willing to pay twenty-five thousand for the return of the painting and no questions asked or—"

"Diavolo! It can not be. Fifty thousand—it is the lowest price. It is worth it. It—"

"I should like to see you, madame. Where can I? I will see what I can do and report to you then. It is so much more satisfactory than over the telephone. You can trust me. I will betray nothing."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely! On my honor."

"Then call at the Ritz tonight, about eight. I have not the picture, but I can tell all about how to secure it. I shall be in the alcove of the parlor, alone. You can recognize me by my cream-colored evening gown, and one large American Beauty rose. Wear a rose yourself. Now, remember, no word to the police or, by the saints, it will go hard with you, with all, monsieur."

"Bien. Never fear."

THE telegraphone trailed off into other conversations of no significance.

"That is where I got my first clew which took me up to the Ritz, Billy," remarked Clare, removing the spool which she had been using and substituting the one she had just laid aside which contained the records of what was said afterward.

The second spool bore several hasty business calls, then one from Jacot to Dr. Grimm:

"Dr. Grimm? This is Jacot."

"Yes?"

"They agree."

"For twenty-five? Good?"

"You are to have the cash at midnight. Stand at the corner below Luigi's restaurant—you know where it is?—just off Washington Square? A car will drive up. If a lady leans out and asks, 'Are you waiting for Ginevra?' you are to answer, 'Si, Signora.' Then she will embrace you. The money is to be in a flat package which you are to slip into her hand. 'La Ginevra' will be given to you rolled up in a long brass tube. You understand?"

"Perfectly. I shall be there, to the dot."

"Alone—and no police."

"Exactly."

"Evidently, late as it was," commented Clare, "Jacot returned to his office, shadowed by Dr. Lawson—otherwise Mr. Winterhouse. I suppose he did not trust to the public telephones. His own was the worst he could have trusted, however."

She had set the machine in motion again. There was only a slight pause this time:

"Is this 2330? The apartment of Signor Vaccaro, please. Hello—who is this— Oh, Signora—how do you do? I did not expect to find you here. Is Signor Vaccaro out?"

"Yes, I will take the message."

"I wish I might deliver it in person."

"It is impossible—tonight. Tell me—quickly."



What's Coming?

What will she find on the breakfast table?

Will it be Puffed Wheat or Rice—the crisp, porous grains which taste like toasted nuts?

Will it be these airy wafers, bubble-like and thin? These dainty morsels of which few children ever get enough?

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Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West*
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For Breakfast serve with cream and sugar, or mix with any fruit.

The grains are crisp and nut-like, thin and fragile. They have an almond flavor, due to terrific heat.

There is nothing like them. Never before was grain made so inviting. Never before were kernels exploded to eight times normal size.

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Wherever nuts are good, Puffed Grains are good, and much easier to digest.



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