



Memorial Day

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"His rest shall be glorious."—Isaiah xi, 10.

I wonder if, where the soldiers rest,
In the last long sleep of all,
At the inn which only holds one guest—
In that narrow, silent hall—
I wonder if they can hear today
All the children as they come,
And the ringing notes that bugles play
And the rolling of the drum.

I wonder if, where they fare afar,
They can see the flag that flies
With the glory-gleam of the stripe and star
As it flutters in the skies;
If they may not look back to us today
While the trumpet calls resound,
And the lily white and the rose we lay
On the myrtle covered mound.

I wonder, too, if they hear us tell
In the tones of love and pride,
How they lived for us; how they fought and fell;
How they marched away and died;
If they do not gaze with their happy eyes,
And their rest is not more sweet
When the mellow songs of the bugle rise
And the drums serenely beat.

God rest them well! for a country's trust
And a country's hope and fame
Are shrined for aye in their hallowed dust
And surround each soldier's name!
God rest them well! If today they come
And can see the hearts of us
Beat glad in tune with the throbbing drum,
Then their rest is glorious.



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SOLDIER GOT HIS SHIRT

It was just after the battle of Shiloh that William C. Phipps met the man who was to live and has lived ever since in his memory as "his silent partner," says the Indianapolis Star. Here is the story as Mr. Phipps tells it:

"Somewhere that man is probably living today—he was hale and hearty appearing. I don't know him and never did know his name, but I'll bet he is the big man of the community where he lives. I'll bet every person that knows him is his friend.

"You see, it happened like this: After the fight at Shiloh most of the boys—or a good many of them at least—had lost all they had in the way of equipment, extra clothes and such things. A good many were wounded. I was wearing a bloody, torn shirt and I wanted another—wanted it bad, too. I went out to forage for it. I hadn't left camp very far behind when I saw a fellow chopping on a log—getting firewood, evidently. I started toward him and he kept chopping on. I got closer and



finally stopped near him and watched him. Chop-chop—he kept right on—didn't seem to see me.

"Then I said to him: 'Partner, look here; see my shirt. I'm looking for another one. You don't know where I could get one, do you?'

"He had stopped as I started to speak and when I finished he raised

"Did I take that shirt? Well, I guess I did. That fellow was my silent partner, and he is yet. No, I never met him again. I looked back as I started for camp and he didn't seem to hear me when I thanked him. Just kept chopping on that log—chop, chop."

Mr. Phipps has a peculiar distinction. He has a grave on the Shiloh battle field which for a time was marked with a rough slab bearing his name and the number of his regiment. Comrades picked up the mutilated form of a man they believed to be him and buried it after the battle, to the surprise of the soldier who passed and saw the slab thrust into the mound. It was near the spot where he had been wounded and, too weak to correct the mistake, Mr. Phipps says, he looked at it silently a few moments and passed on.

Short, But Impressive.

Here is the tersest Memorial day sermon that was ever preached. A Kansas old soldier was asked the other day for an early day Kansas Memorial reminiscence. Tell me something that has heart and color in it, he was asked.

"Oh, I don't remember any," he answered. "I might if I thought it over. Just the other day I was going over the roster of my post. There are still twenty-five members. Thirty-seven members are out in the graveyard."

man to do cavalry duty on foot for six months all over east Tennessee and carry a Sarytrog trunk wid a dozen changes of suits wid him? Tell me that, now."

The colonel saw the humor of the situation and ordered Smith to go finish his washing.

Keeping Clear of Danger.

"If you want to keep yoh conscience puffedly easy," said Uncle Eben, "it's a good idea never to trade horses 'or s borrey an umbrella."

HIS WARDROBE WAS LIMITED.

"Canada Smith's" Unique Explanation for Falling in Line Wrapped in a Poncho.

A funny incident of the war is told by a veteran living at Huntington, who served in Company D, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio. His company had tramped all over east Tennessee, taking the place of cavalry, as part of the fourth corps, after the battle of Mission Ridge in 1862. In

the company was an Irishman from Canada known as "Canada Smith," who settled down one day to wash his clothes. He had them all in the boiler and was wrapped only in his poncho when "long roll" sounded. He grabbed his gun and soon was in line. When the colonel discovered the whole company roaring with laughter he demanded an explanation of "Canada Smith."

"Holy smoke, colonel," burst out the irate Irishman, "how in h—ll do youse and the government expect a

man to do cavalry duty on foot for six months all over east Tennessee and carry a Sarytrog trunk wid a dozen changes of suits wid him? Tell me that, now."

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THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROY WATKINS
CO. 1918 BY BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.
Miss Innes, spinster and guardian of Gertrude and Halsey, established summer headquarters at Sunnyside. Amidst numerous difficulties the servants deserted. As Miss Innes looked up for the night, she was startled by a dark figure on the veranda. She passed a terrible night, which was filled with unseemly noises.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"There's going to be a death!" she wailed. "Oh, Miss Rachel, there's going to be a death!"

"There will be," I said grimly, "if you don't keep quiet, Liddy Allen."

And so we sat there until morning, wondering if the candle would last until dawn, and arranging what trains we could take back to town. If we had only stuck to that decision and gone back before it was too late!

The sun came finally, and from my window I watched the trees along the drive take shadowy form, gradually lose their ghostlike appearance, become gray and then green. The Greenwood club showed itself a dab of white against the hill across the valley, and an early robin or two hopped around in the dew. Not until the milk-boy and the sun came, about the same time, did I dare to open the door into the hall and look around. Everything was as we had left it. Trunks were heaped here and there, ready for the trunk-room, and through an end window of stained glass came a streak of red and yellow daylight that was eminently cheerful. The milk-boy was pounding somewhere below, and the day had begun.

Thomas Johnson came ambling up the drive about half-past six, and we could hear him clattering around on the lower floor, opening shutters. I had to take Liddy to her room upstairs, however—she was quite sure she would find something uncanny. In fact, when she did not, having no the courage of daylight, she was actually disappointed.

Well, we did not go back to town that day.

I warned Liddy not to mention what had happened to anybody, and telephoned to town for servants. Then, after a breakfast which did more credit to Thomas' heart than his head, I went on a short tour of investigation. The sounds had come from the east wing, and not without some qualms I began there. At first I found nothing. Since then I have developed my powers of observation, but at that time I was a novice. The small card-room seemed undisturbed. I looked for footprints, which is, I believe, the conventional thing to do, although my experience has been that as clews both footprints and thumb-marks are more useful in fiction than in fact. But the stairs in that wing offered something.

At the top of the flight had been placed a tall wicker hamper, packed with linen that had come from town. It stood at the edge of the top step, almost barring passage, and on the step below it was a long, fresh scratch. For three steps the scratch was repeated, gradually diminishing, as if some object had fallen, striking each one. Then for four steps nothing. On the fifth step below was a round dent in the hard wood. That was all, and it seemed little enough, except that I was positive the marks had not been there the day before.

It bore out my theory of the sound, which had been for all the world like the bumping of a metallic object down a flight of steps. The four steps had been skipped. I reasoned that an iron bar, for instance, would do something of the sort—strike two or three steps, end down, then turn over, jumping a few stairs, and landing with a thud.

Iron bars, however, do not fall down-stairs in the middle of the night alone. Coupled with the figure on the veranda the agency by which it climbed might be assumed. But—and here was the thing that puzzled me most—the doors were all fastened that morning, the windows unmoored, and the particular door from the card room to the veranda had a combination lock of which I held the key, and which had not been tampered with.

I fixed on an attempt at burglary, as the most natural explanation—an attempt frustrated by the falling of the object, whatever it was, that had roused me. Two things I could not understand: how the intruder had escaped with everything locked, and why he had left the small silver, which, in the absence of a butler, had remained downstairs over night.

In the afternoon a hack came up from Casanova, with a fresh relay of servants. The driver took them with a flourish to the servants' entrance, and drove around to the front of the house, where I was awaiting him.

"Two dollars," he said in reply to my question. "I don't charge full rates, because, bringin' 'em up all summer as I do, it pays to make a special price. When they got off the train I sez, sez I: 'There's another bunch for Sunnyside, cook, parlor maid and all.' Yes—si—summers, and a new lot never less than once a month. They won't stand for the country and the lonesomeness, I reckon."

But with the presence of the "bunch" of servants my courage revived, and late in the afternoon came a message from Gertrude that she and Halsey would arrive that night at about 11 o'clock, coming in the car from Richmond. Things were looking up; and when Beulah, my cat, a most intelligent animal, found some early catnip on a bank near the house and rolled in it in a feline ecstasy, I decided that getting back to nature was the thing to do.

While I was dressing for dinner, Liddy rapped at the door. She was hardly here yet, but privately I think she was worrying about the broken mirror and its augury, more than horses 'or s borrey an umbrella. She was holding something in her hand, and she laid it on the dressing table carefully.

"I found it in the linen hamper," she said. "It must be Mr. Halsey's, but it seems queer how it got there."

It was the half of a link cuff button of unique design, and I looked at it carefully.

"Where was it? In the bottom of the hamper?" I asked.

"On the very top," she replied. "It's a mercy it didn't fall out on the way."

When Liddy had gone I examined the fragment attentively. I had never seen it before, and I was certain it was not Halsey's. It was of Italian workmanship, and consisted of a mother-of-pearl foundation, encrusted with tiny seed-pearls, strung on horsehair to hold them in. The center was a small ruby. The trinket was odd enough, but not intrinsically of great value. Its interest for me lay in this: Liddy had found it lying in the top of the hamper which had blocked the east-wing stairs.



"I Was Roused by a Revolver Shot."

with the Sunday golf crowd. Mr. Bailey had not been hard to persuade—probably Gertrude knew why—and they had carried him off triumphantly. I roused Liddy to get them something to eat—Thomas was beyond reach in the lodge—and paid no attention to her evident terror of the kitchen regions. Then I went to bed. The men were still in the billiard room when I finally dozed off, and the last thing I remember was the howl of a dog in front of the house. It wailed a crescendo of woe that trailed off hopefully, only to break out afresh from a new point of the compass.

At three o'clock in the morning I was roused by a revolver shot. The sound seemed to come from just outside my door. For a moment I could not move. Then—I heard Gertrude stirring in her room, and the next moment she had thrown open the connecting door.

"O, Aunt Ray! Aunt Ray!" she cried hysterically. "Some one has been killed!"

"Thieves," I said shortly. "Thank goodness, there are some men in the house to-night." I was getting into my slippers and a bath-robe, and Gertrude with shaking hands was lighting a lamp. Then we opened the door into the hall, where, crowded on the upper landing of the stairs, the maids, white-faced and trembling, were peering down, headed by Liddy. I was greeted by a series of low screams and questions, and I tried to quiet them. Gertrude had dropped on a chair and sat there limp and shivering.

I went at once across the hall to Halsey's room and knocked; then I pushed the door open. It was empty; the bed had not been occupied!

"He must be in Mr. Bailey's room," I said excitedly, and followed by Liddy, we went there. Like Halsey's, it had not been occupied! Gertrude was on her feet now, but she leaned against the door for support.

"They have been killed!" she gasped. Then she caught me by the arm and dragged me toward the stairs. "They may only be hurt, and we must find them," she said, her eyes dilated with excitement.

I don't remember how we got down the stairs; I do remember expecting every moment to be killed. The cook was at the telephone upstairs, calling the Greenwood club, and Liddy was behind me, afraid to come and not daring to stay behind. We found the living room and the drawing room undisturbed. Somehow I felt that whatever we found would be in the card-room or on the staircase, and nothing but the fear that Halsey was in danger drove me on; with every step my knees seemed to give way under me. Gertrude was ahead and in the card-room she stopped, holding her candle high. Then she pointed silently to the doorway into the hall beyond. Huddled there on the floor, face down, with his arms extended, was a man.

Gertrude ran forward with a gasping sob. "Jack," she cried, "Oh, Jack!" Liddy had run, screaming, and the

two of us were there alone. It was Gertrude who turned him over, finally, until we could see his white face, and then she drew a deep breath and dropped limply to her knees. It was the body of a man, a gentleman, in a dinner coat and white waistcoat, stained now with blood—the body of a man I had never seen before.

CHAPTER IV.

Where is Halsey?

Gertrude gazed at the face in a kind of fascination. Then she put out her hands blindly, and I thought she was going to faint.

"He has killed him!" she muttered almost inarticulately; and at that, because my nerves were going, I gave her a good shake.

"What do you mean?" I said frantically. There was a depth of grief and conviction in her tone that was worse than anything she could have said. The shake braced her, anyhow, and she seemed to pull herself together. But not another word would she say; she stood gazing down at that gruesome figure on the floor, while Liddy, ashamed of her flight and afraid to come back, drove before her three terrified women servants into the drawing room, which was as near as any of them would venture.

Once in the drawing room, Gertrude collapsed and went from one fainting spell into another. I had all I could do to keep Liddy from drowning her with cold water, and the maids huddled in a corner, as much use as so many sheep. In a short time, although it seemed hours, a car came rushing up, and Anne Watson, who had waited to dress, opened the door. Three men from the Greenwood club, in all kinds of costumes, hurried in. I recognized a Mr. Jarvis, but the others were strangers.

"What's wrong?" the Jarvis man asked—and we made a strange picture, no doubt. "Nobody hurt, is there?" He was looking at Gertrude.

"Worse than that, Mr. Jarvis," I said. "I think it is murder."

At the word there was a commotion. The cook began to cry, and Mrs. Watson knocked over a chair. The men were visibly impressed.

"Not any member of the family?" Mr. Jarvis asked, when he had got his breath.

"No," I said; and motioning Liddy to look after Gertrude, I led the way with a lamp to the cardroom door. One of the men gave an exclamation, and they all hurried across the room. Mr. Jarvis took the lamp from me—I remember that—and then feeling myself getting dizzy and light-headed I closed my eyes. When I opened them their brief examination was over, and Mr. Jarvis was trying to put me in a chair.



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"You must get upstairs," he said firmly, "you and Miss Gertrude, too. This has been a terrible shock. In his own home, too."

I stared at him without comprehension. "Who is it?" I asked with difficulty. There seemed a band drawn tight around my throat.

"It is Arnold Armstrong," he said, looking at me oddly, "and he has been murdered—in his father's house."

After a minute I gathered myself together and Mr. Jarvis helped me into the living room. Liddy had got Gertrude upstairs, and the two strange men from the club stayed with the body. The reaction from the shock and strain was tremendous; I was collapsed—and then Mr. Jarvis asked me a question that brought back my wandering faculties.

"Where is Halsey?" he asked.

"Halsey?" Suddenly Gertrude's stricken face rose before me—the empty room upstairs. Where was Halsey?

"He was here, wasn't he?" Mr. Jarvis persisted. "He stopped at the club on his way over."

"I—don't know where he is," I said feebly.

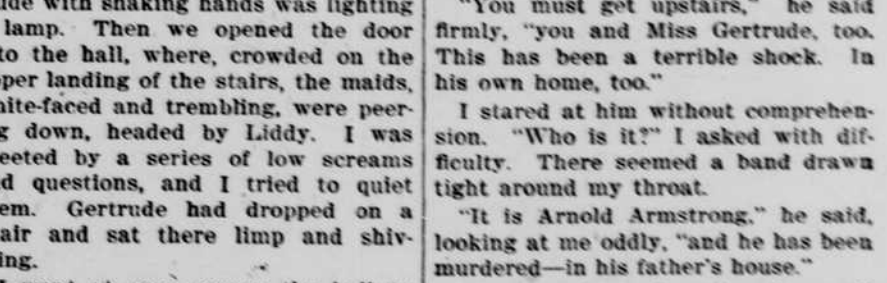
One of the men from the club came in, asked for the telephone, and I could hear him excitedly talking, saying something about coroners and detectives. Mr. Jarvis leaned over to me.

"Why don't you trust me, Miss Innes?" he said. "If I can do anything I will. But tell me the whole thing."

I did, finally, from the beginning, and when I told of Jack Bailey's being in the house that night he gave a long whistle.

"I wish they were both here," he said when I finished. "Whatever mad prank took them away, it would look better if they were here. Especially—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Fair Exchange No Robbery

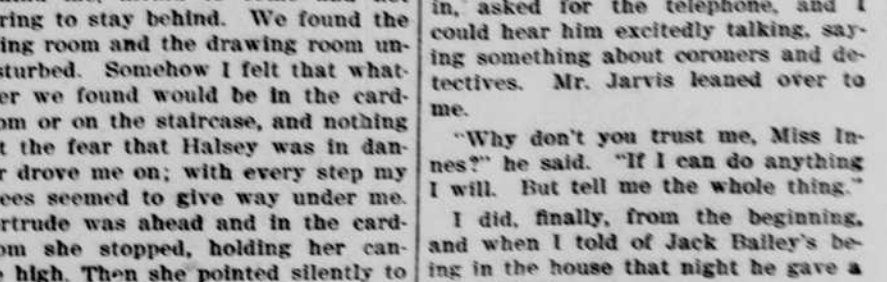
Rumania Gets Our Sweet Corn and Gives to Us Her Little Melons.

America's sweet corn as been traded for Rumania's little watermelons. Horace G. Knowles, ex-American minister to Rumania, who is soon to start for his new post as minister to Nicaragua, consummated the transaction in the interest of good living.

When Mr. Knowles found the melons about the size of a grapefruit, growing in the Carpathian foothills, he realized that it would be just the thing to serve individually in America. He obtained a quantity of the seed

and transmitted it to the department of agriculture. The little melons have been cultivated with success at the government experiment stations in those regions where huge American melons are grown.

Having gained this desirable delicacy from Rumania, Mr. Knowles was anxious to repay the gift. He noticed that the people were utter strangers to sweet corn. Accordingly he obtained seed for this product from the department of agriculture, hired several plots of ground himself, and instructed the Rumanians in its culture. —Philadelphia Inquirer.



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