THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Innes, spinster and guardian of Gertrude and Halsey, established summer headquarters at Sunnyside. Arnold Armstrong was found shot to death in the hall. Gertrude and her fiance, Jack Halsey, had conversed in the billiard room shortly before the murder. Detective Jamieson accused Miss Innes of holding back evidence. Caddie Bailey of Paul Armstrong's bank, defaulted, was arrested for embezzlement. Paul Armstrong's death was announced. Halsey's fiancee, Louise Armstrong, told Halsey that while she still loved him, she was to marry another. It developed that Dr. Walker was the man. Louise was found unconscious at the bottom of the circular staircase. She said something had brushed by her in the dark on the stairway and she fainted. Halsey is suspected of Armstrong's murder. Thomas, the lodge-keeper, was found dead with a note in his pocket bearing the name "Lucien Walker." A ladder found out of place despite the sentry. The guards were warned, and in the dark Miss Innes shot an intruder. Halsey mysteriously disappeared. The auto was found wrecked by a freight train. It developed Halsey had an argument in the library with a woman before his disappearance. Jim crook disappears. Miss Innes recalls Halsey said "Walker." The Walkers in turn become held at sword's point of the name of "the Circular." Evidence was served for a trunk that a man, supposedly Halsey, had been bound and gagged and thrown into an empty box car. Gertrude was missing. Hunting for her, Miss Innes ran into a form and fainted. A confidante of Dr. Walker confessed the pair in the conspiracy. He stated that the Circular staircase had been built, that Walker feared her, and that he believed that Paul Armstrong had been killed by hand gripped by "C." Halsey escaped in a drug-induced faint. Paul Armstrong was not dead. Miss Innes discovered secret events to which the Tenders' black treasure was believed to be. Mrs. Thomas, dying, said she killed Arnold Armstrong, who years before had married her sister under the alias of Walker. Lucien Walker was born of the marriage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

At the Foot of the Stairs.

As I drove rapidly up to the house from Cassanova station in the hack, I saw the detective Burns loitering across the street from the Walker place. So Jamieson was putting the screws on—lightly now, but ready to give them a twist or two, I felt certain, very soon.

The house was quiet. Two steps of the circular staircase had been pried off without result, and beyond a second message from Gertrude that Halsey insisted on coming home and they would arrive that night there was nothing new. Mr. Jamieson, having failed to locate the secret room, had gone to the village. I learned afterwards that he called at Dr. Walker's, under pretense of an attack of acute indigestion, and before he left had inquired about the evening trains to the city. He said he had wasted a lot of time on the case, and a good bit of the mystery was in my imagination! The doctor was under the impression that the house was guarded day and night. Well, give a place a reputation like that, and you don't need a guard at all—thus Jamieson. And sure enough, late in the afternoon, the two private detectives, accompanied by Mr. Jamieson, walked down the main street of Cassanova and took a city-bound train.

That they got off at the next station and walked back again to Sunnyside at dusk was not known at the time. Personally, I knew nothing of either move; I had other things to absorb me at that time.

Liddy brought me some tea while I rested after my trip, and on the tray was a small book from the Casanova library. It was called "The Unseen World" and had a cheerful cover, on which a half-dozen sheeted figures linked hands around a headstone.

At this point in my story, Halsey always says: "Trust a woman to add two and two together, and make six." To which I retort that if two and two plus X makes six, then to discover the unknown quantity is the simplest thing in the world. That a houseful of detectives missed it entirely was because they were busy trying to prove that two and two make four.

The depression due to my visit to the hospital left me at the prospect of seeing Halsey again that night. It was about five o'clock when Liddy left me for a nap before dinner, having put me into a gray silk dressing-gown and a pair of slippers. I listened to her retreating footsteps, and as soon as she was safely below stairs I went up to the trunkroom. The place had not been disturbed, and I proceeded at once to try to discover the entrance to the hidden room. The openings on either side, as I have said, showed nothing but perhaps three feet of brick wall. There was no sign of an entrance—no levers, no hinges, to give a hint. Either the mantel or the roof, I decided, and after a half-hour at the mantel, productive of absolutely no result, I decided to try the roof.

I am not fond of a height. The few occasions on which I have climbed a step-ladder have always left me dizzy and weak in the knees. The top of the Washington monument is as impossible to me as the elevation to the presidential chair. And yet—I climbed out on the Sunnyside roof without a second's hesitation. Like a dog on a scent, like my bear-skin progenitor, with his spear and his wild boar, to me now there was the lust of the chase, the frenzy of pursuit, the dust of battle. I got quite a little of the latter on me as I climbed from the unfinished ballroom out through a window to the roof of the east wing of the building, which was only two stories in height.

Once out there, access to the top of the main building was rendered easy—at least it looked easy—by a small vertical iron ladder, fastened to the wall outside of the ballroom, and perhaps 12 feet high. The 12 feet looked short from below, but they were difficult to climb. I gathered my silk gown around me, and succeeded finally in making the top of the ladder. Once there, however, I was completely out of breath. I sat down, my feet on the top rung, and put my hair-pins in more securely, while the wind bellowed my dressing-gown out like a sail. I had torn a great strip of the silk loose, and now I ruthlessly finished the destruction of my gown by jerking it free and tying it around my head.

Luckily, the roof was flat, and I was able to go over every inch of it. But the result was disappointing; no trap-door revealed itself, no glass window; nothing but a couple of pipes two inches across, and standing perhaps 18 inches high and three feet apart, with a cap to prevent rain from entering and raised to permit the passage of air. I picked up a pebble from the roof and dropped it down, listening with my ear at one of the pipes. I could hear it strike on something with a sharp, metallic sound, but it was impossible for me to tell how far it had gone.

I gave up finally and went down the ladder again, getting in through the ballroom window without being observed. I went back at once to the trunkroom, and, sitting down on a box, gave my mind, as consistently as I could, to the problem before me. If the pipes in the roof were ventilators to the secret room, and there was no trap-door above, the entrance was probably in one of the two rooms between which it lay—unless, indeed, the room had been built, and the opening closed with a brick and mortar wall.

The mantel fascinated me. Made of wood and carved, the more I looked the more I wondered that I had not noticed before the absurdity of such a mantel in such a place. It was covered with scrolls and panels, and finally, by the merest accident, I pushed one of the panels at the side. It moved easily, revealing a small brass knob.

No Trap-Door Revealed Itself.

It is not necessary to detail the fluctuations of hope and despair, and not a little fear of what lay beyond, with which I twisted and turned the knob. It moved, but nothing seemed to happen, and then I discovered the trouble. I pushed the knob vigorously to one side, and the whole mantel swung loose from the wall almost a foot, revealing a cavernous space beyond.

I took a long breath, closed the door from the trunkroom into the hall—thank heaven, I did not lock it—and pulling the mantel-door wide open, I stepped into the chimney-room. I had time to get a hazy view of a small portable safe, a common wooden table and a chair—then the mantel door swung to, and clicked behind me. I stood quite still for a moment, in the darkness, unable to comprehend what had happened. Then I turned and beat furiously at the door with my fists. It was closed and locked again, and my fingers in the darkness slid over a smooth wooden surface without a sign of a knob.

I was furiously angry—at myself, at the mantel-door, at everything. I did not fear suffocation; before the thought had come to me I had already seen a gleam of light from the two small ventilating pipes in the roof. They supplied air, but nothing else. The room itself was shrouded in blackness.

I must have dozed off. I am sure I did not faint. I was never more composed in my life. I remember planning, if I were not discovered, who would have my things. I knew Liddy would want my heliotrope poplin, and she's a fright in lavender. Once or twice I heard mice in the partitions, and so I sat on the table, with my feet on the chair. I imagined I could hear the search going on through the house, and once some one came into the trunkroom; I could distinctly hear footsteps.

"In the chimney! In the chimney!" I called with all my might, and was rewarded by a piercing shriek from Liddy and the slam of the trunkroom door.

I felt easier after that, although the room was oppressively hot and enervating. I had no doubt the search for me would now come in the right direction, and after a little, I dropped into a doze. How long I slept I do not know.

It must have been several hours, for I had been tired from a busy day, and I waked stiff from my awkward position. I could not remember where I was for a few minutes, and my head felt heavy and congested. Gradually I roused to my surroundings, and to the fact that in spite of ventilators, the air was bad and growing worse. I was breathing long, gasping respirations, and my face was damp and clammy. I must have been there a long time, and the searchers were probably hunting outside the house, dredging the creek, or beating the woodland. I knew that another hour or two would find me unconscious, and with my inability to cry out would go my only chance of rescue. It was the combination of bad air and heat, probably, for some inadequate ventilation was coming through the pipes. I tried to retain my consciousness by walking the length of the room and back, over and over, but I had not the strength to keep it up, so I sat down on the table again, my back against the wall.

The house was very still. Once my straining ears seemed to catch a footfall beneath me, possibly in my own room. I groped for the chair from the table, and pounded with it frantically on the floor. But nothing happened; I realized bitterly that if the sound was heard at all, no doubt it was classed with the other rappings that had so alarmed us recently.

And then—I heard sounds from below me, in the house. There was a peculiar throbbing, vibrating noise that I felt rather than heard, much like the pulsing beat of fire engines in the city. For one awful moment I thought the house was on fire, and

that several people were running up the stairs, and as the sounds approached, I could even hear what they said.

"Watch the end staircases!" Jamieson shouted. "Damnation—there's no light here!" And then a second later. "All together now. One — two — three—"

The door into the trunkroom had been locked from the inside. At the second that it gave, opening against the wall with a crash and evidently tumbling somebody into the room, the stealthy fingers beyond the mantel-door gave the knob the proper impetus, and—the door swung open, and closed again. Only—and Liddy always screams and puts her fingers in her ears at this point—only now I was not alone in the chimney room. There was some one else in the darkness, some one who breathed hard, and who was so close I could have touched him with my hand.

I was in a paralysis of terror. Outside there were excited voices and incredulous oaths. The trunks were being jerked around in a frantic search, the windows were thrown open, only to show a sheer drop of 40 feet. And the man in the room with me leaned against the mantel-door and listened. His pursuers were plainly baffled; I heard him draw a long breath, and turn to grope his way through the blackness. Then—he touched my hand, cold, clammy, death-like.

A hand in an empty room! He drew in his breath, the sharp intaking of horror that fills lungs suddenly collapsed. Beyond jerking his hand away instantly, he made no movement. I think absolute terror had him by the throat. Then he stepped back, without turning, retreating foot by foot from The Dread in the corner, and I do not think he breathed.

Then, with the relief of space between us, I screamed, ear-splittingly, madly, and they heard me outside.

"In the chimney!" I shrieked. "Behind the mantel! The mantel!"

With an oath the figure hurled itself across the room at me, and I screamed again. In his blind fury he had missed me; I heard him strike the wall. That one time I eluded him; I was across the room, and I had got the chair. He stood for a second, listening, then—he made another rush and I struck out with my weapon. I think it stunned him, for I had a second's respite when I could hear him breathing, and some one shouted outside:

"We—can't—get—in. How—does—it open?"

But the man in the room had changed his tactics. I knew he was creeping on me, inch by inch, and I could not tell from where. And then—he caught me. He held his hand over my mouth, and I bit him. I was helpless, strangling—and some one was trying to break in the mantel from outside. It began to yield somewhere, for a thin wedge of yellowish light was reflected on the opposite wall. When he saw that, my assailant dropped me with a curse; then—the opposite wall swung open noiselessly, closed again without a sound, and I was alone. The intruder was gone.

"In the next room!" I called wildly. "The next room!" But the sound of blows on the mantel drowned my voice. By the time I had made them understand, a couple of minutes had elapsed. The pursuit was taken up then, by all except Alex, who was determined to liberate me. When I stepped out into the trunkroom a free woman again I could hear the chase far below.

I must say, for all Alex's anxiety to set me free, he paid little enough attention to my plight. He jumped through the opening into the secret room and picked up the portable safe.

"I am going to put this in Mr. Halsey's room, Miss Innes," he said, "and I shall send one of the detectives to guard it."

I hardly heard him. I wanted to laugh and cry in the same breath—to crawl into bed and have a cup of tea, and scold Liddy, and do any of the thousand natural things that I had never expected to do again. And the air! The touch of the cool night air on my face!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Police Women in the West

Cities of Portland and Seattle Are Said to Have Found the Innovation Satisfactory.

The cities of the west are never afraid of innovations, says the St. Paul Dispatch. This is one explanation of the existence of police women in Portland and Seattle. The other explanation must be found in the fact that these cities have discovered that police women are needed in the business of maintaining order and solving problems of order in the large cities. The old theory that men are the criminals and must be policed by men is giving way before the fact that there do appear from time to time women criminals, and especially before the fact that women can be saved before crime fixes them permanently in its possession.

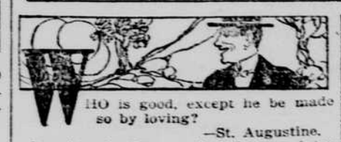
In Portland there is a woman on the police force who has done efficient work in connection with the Young Women's Christian association—another vital factor in large towns in the ordering of the city. She had also accomplished much as a probation officer. Having served her term in these, the woman was ready when Portland decided that it required a police woman. She is a regular member of the department, with the same recognition shown to men. In Seattle there is also a police woman, although her appointment is temporary—during the Alaska-Yukon exposition. In all probability, however, Seattle will find this one police woman of such value that she will be retained.

Worried Over His Trousers.

The humors and tragedies of New York East side life are delineated by Frank Marshall White in an article in Harper's Weekly. Master Jacob Rosenberg, eleven or twelve years of age, was suffering from a broken leg. "His supreme agony came, however, when Dr. M. ripped up one side of the juvenile trousers with a pair of scissors to make room for bandages. 'My new pants! My new pants! He's cutting my new pants!' Jacob shrieked, and almost wriggled himself out of the grasp of the policeman and the driver in his efforts to prevent the mutilation of his raiment. All the way to his home in the ambulance the boy bewailed his mangled trousers more than he did his broken leg.

We think that preachers ought to say more about hell fire and brimstone; people are feeling altogether too easy about themselves.

The KITCHEN CABINET



WHO is good, except he be made so by loving?

—St. Augustine.

Laughter is the sun that drives winter from the human face.

—Victor Hugo.

Palatable Liver.

Lamb's or calf's liver is not a dish to be despised. The common method of serving it fried with bacon is very appetizing if well cooked; but one likes variety even in serving liver.

Try this way and see how choice a dish it is: Fry three slices of salt pork until brown, lay in the liver and sear well on both sides, then put into a covered baking dish with a few potatoes parboiled, a few carrots and an onion that has been fried brown in the pork fat. If you have a little broth or stock pour it over the meat and vegetables, if not use boiling water, cover and cook for several hours until the vegetables are tender. Serve in the casserole. Season when the dish is about half cooked.

Another nice way to serve liver is to wrap a piece of bacon around each piece of liver after seasoning well and rolling in flour then bake in a hot oven until the bacon is crisp. Turn once during the cooking. Liver with curry sauce is another way to add variety to its serving. Cook the liver as usual, adding a bit of onion to the fat for flavor. Remove the liver and add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a half teaspoonful of curry powder and a cup of stock. Strain over the liver and serve with rice.

Things Worth Knowing.

When a stitch is dropped in a fine silk stocking which will cause "railroading" wet the place to arrest any further damage and then it will go no further and the place may be darned when the stocking is removed. Stockings that have been dipped in water and dried before wearing will not be so apt to drop stitches.

Try using varnished paper as covering for shelves; it is easily wiped and kept clean.

To clarify fat, add a raw potato cut in small pieces to the fat and allow it to heat gradually. When the potatoes are well browned remove them and strain the fat through a cheese cloth.

The potato absorbs any odors and collects some of the sediment, the remainder sinks to the bottom of the kettle.

"I LOVE the smell of apples when they're getting streaky red,
And I love the smell that crinkles from an old time posy bed;
The earthy spice of new plowed fields is e'enmost sublime,
But there ain't no smell that ekals the smell of picklin' time."

There are so many good things to prepare for the winter that it is hard to choose when one can have but a few on account of the expense. Those fortunate enough to possess a good garden may be independent of the markets.

Pickling Time.

There are so many good things to be prepared in the fall that the housewife who has not a well-stored fruit closet may well feel that she, like the butterfly, has idled the summer hours away, and the winter will find her with bare shelves. Most housewives have old and tried recipes that have been handed down from mother to daughter, so that those need not be repeated.

French Pickles.—Reject the seeds from six green peppers, cut the stem end from one peck of small green tomatoes and pare four medium-sized onions; chop separately. Chop two tablespoonfuls each of mint and nasturtium seed; sprinkle with one cupful of salt and let stand 24 hours. Mix one cupful of grated horse radish with two tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed, one tablespoonful each of pepper corns, ground cinnamon and sugar, one-half teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, mace and ginger. Add to the vegetables, cover with vinegar, cook slowly for four hours, seal hot in pint fruit jars.

Plum Catsup.—Boil the plums with as little water as possible until soft, rub through a colander, and to every five pounds of pulp add two and a half pounds of sugar, a cupful of vinegar, and a tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves. Boil half an hour, stirring steadily, and seal boiling hot.

Chow Chow—Take two quarts of small green tomatoes, 12 small cucumbers, three red peppers, one cauliflower, two bunches of celery, one pint of small onions, two quarts of string beans, one-fourth of a pound of mustard seed, two ounces of tumeric, one-half ounce each of cloves, allspice and pepper, and one gallon of vinegar. Prepare the vegetables, cut them in small pieces, cover with salt and let stand 24 hours and drain. Heat the vinegar to the boiling point with the spices, add the vegetables and cook them until tender.

Peach Mangoes.—Rub the down from firm, large peaches, cover with strong brine, and let stand for two days; drain, cover with cold water and stand 30 minutes; wipe and with a sharp knife remove a small piece from the side, take out the stone and rub the cavity with a little celery seed. Make a filling with one cupful of chopped sour apple, one tablespoonful each of white mustard seed and grated horse radish, one teaspoonful of mace and half a teaspoonful of ground cloves. Fill the peaches, replace the piece cut out, tie securely, and stand in jars cut side upward. For every quart of vinegar add one cupful of brown sugar, and one-fourth teaspoonful of cayenne; bring slowly to the boiling point, skim carefully, pour over the peaches, seal and in ten days they will be ready to use.

'TIS beauty that doth oft make woman proud,
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis government that makes them seem divine.

—Shakespeare.

Pickles Like Mother Used to Make.

The following are old and tried recipes which are never quite outclassed by the new and up-to-date pickles:

Green Tomato Pickles—Slice one peck of green tomatoes into a jar, put a layer of tomatoes, then a few slices of onion, using half a dozen onions, sprinkle with a cupful of salt and let stand 24 hours, drain and add one quart of vinegar and choice of spices; cook until the vegetables are tender. When cold add a tablespoonful of ground mustard mixed with a little vinegar.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles—Cut ripe cucumbers in halves, cover with water, allowing two teasponfuls of powdered alum to each quart of water. Heat gradually to the boiling point, then let simmer for two hours on the back part of the range. Drain and chill in ice water. Make a sirup of two pounds of sugar and a pint of vinegar, with two tablespoonfuls each of whole cloves and cinnamon tied in a cloth. Remove the cucumbers and put in a stone jar; pour over them the boiling sirup. Scald the sirup three successive mornings and pour over the cucumbers. Sweet pickles of different kinds may be prepared from the following recipe: Take 3½ pounds of brown sugar, a pint of vinegar and seven pounds of fruit. Spicing is varied to suit the taste. Always put the spice in a small muslin bag, then it may be removed if the pickles are too strong with spice. Most people like one part cloves to two parts cinnamon for spicing. Crab apples are delicious pickled in this proportion; also pears and peaches.

Pickled Onions—For those who like pickled onions here is a good recipe: Select small silver-skinned onions, put them in a brine, after peeling carefully. Let stand three days in a brine that will float an egg. Drain and put in a jar, making a layer three inches deep; sprinkle with horse radish, cayenne pepper or chopped red pepper, cinnamon and cloves; repeat until the jar is full. Take vinegar to cover, add a cupful of brown sugar to a quart and pour boiling hot over the onions.

WHEN we say we have not time for anything, we usually mean that we have not inclination for it. It is significant that most persons find time for what they are bound to do."

Helpful Hints.

Closely woven goods require less starch to stiffen.

All fats except mutton can be used in cookery; that may be used for salves and soaps.

Put the roast in a very hot oven at first, then after ten or fifteen minutes lower the heat so that it will cook slowly and retain the juices.

When coloring, use a little vaseline on the hands to keep the dye from sinking in and then wash them, using lemon juice to remove the stains.

Bits of dampened paper thrown over the carpet before sweeping will aid in keeping down the dust. Tea leaves are also good and tend to brighten the carpet.

For a long-sleeved corset cover, cut the top off of your worn winter union suits. Such a corset cover costs nothing and is as good looking as one made for the purpose.

When having a roof shingled, save some of the shingles and leave them exposed to the air and sun until well weathered; then when a few shingles are wanted for patching the roof it will not have that patched look.

When the stilletto is lost, try using the orange wood stick, the kind used for the nails. Many workers prefer them to a bone or ivory one, and if lost can be easily replaced. The eyelets made are as smooth and perfect as if made by the stilletto.

Spiced Cucumber Pickles.

Soak medium sized cucumbers for 12 hours in strong salt water. Then scald them in vinegar and pack in jars. Prepare the vinegar with spices and pour boiling hot over them. Use whole spices.

Nellie Maxwell.

The Pipe in Germany.

Among the European smokers the meerschaum and the porcelain bowl find favor with the German, and the rivalry between their respective merits affords a constant topic of controversy among the burghers or youths of the universities. The possession and becoming use of the pipe mark the transition from youth to manhood, and the rauchen rank being assumed, the pipe, which is its recognized emblem and representative, is seldom out of the hand of its owner.

Novel Clock.

A clock that plays soft music not only to awaken a sleeper, but to put a person to sleep, thus reversing the usual function, and one that turns on the lights in a bedroom are recent ideas in timepieces.

All She Wanted Was the Man.

"My wife didn't ask me to sign over my fortune when I married her," said the man in the corner seat. "She was too glad to get me to bother about trifles."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RHEUMATISM

I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your druggist and get a bottle of the RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money.—Munyon

Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

NEED MONEY FOR GOOD WORK

Plans of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

What "a Million for Tuberculosis from Red Cross Seals" will do in providing some of the 275,000 beds needed at once in the United States for consumptives, is explained in a recent bulletin of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. There is just about one bed for every ten indigent consumptives, and if all tuberculosis persons in the country are counted, both rich and poor, hardly one for every 25 or 30. If sufficient hospital accomodations are provided only for those who are too poor to pay the full price for their treatment, fully 275,000 more beds in special institutions for tuberculosis would be needed at once. The immense outlay necessary to provide and maintain so many beds in hospitals, make it imperative, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis declares, that such institutions be erected from public money, either municipal, county or state. In order to get appropriations for public hospitals for tuberculosis, agitation is necessary, and in order to create a campaign of agitation, organization is demanded. But in order that an organization may carry on an effective campaign, funds are needed.

These funds it is proposed to secure in as many communities as possible from the sale of Red Cross seals.

THE RIVAL CAPTIANS.

Chimmie—G'wan, you're no ball player. Yer couldn't ketch a foul if it was moultin'!

Patsy—Gittout, you couldn't ketch a fly if it was stuck on sticky fly-paper till it was dead as merlasses!

Deadlock.

"Who is that man who has been sitting behind the bar day after day?" inquired the stranger in Crimson Gulch.

"That's Stage Coach Charley. He's in a peculiar predicament. He went to town last week and got his teeth fixed. Then he came here, and, bein' broke, ran up a bill on the strength of his seven dollars' worth of gold fillin'. Charley won't submit to havin' the nuggets pried out an' the proprietor won't let him git away with the collateral, and there you are!"

She Probably Could.

Senator La Follette, apropos of certain scandals, said at a dinner in Madison: "These things recall the legislator who remarked to his wife, with a look of disgust: 'One of those land lobbyists approached me today with another insulting proposition.'

"The wife, a young and pretty woman, clapped her hands. 'Oh, good!' she cried. 'Then I can have that sable stole, after all, can't I, dear?'"

A business firm advertises a shirt without buttons. That's no novelty. Many a bachelor has worn them for years.

When It's "What for Breakfast?"

Try

Post Toasties

Serve with cream or milk and every member of the family will say "ripping" good. And don't be surprised if they want a second helping.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.