The STORY of the MISSING SUIT CASE. By George Barton. By George Barton. By George Barton. Barrel for the field about tween them feel on the flat desk. Barrel fold interest until the confidence at the field in the compiler in the face to frighten him. the reception of the visiting card with Barrel fold instant confidence at these forms with the compiler of John "And when you put the visiting card with the confidence at these fold instant confidence at these fields."

(Copyright, 1908, by George Barton.) HE reputation and the future career of a promising young American diplomat depended upon the solution of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of his suit case. The newspapers were full of it at the time; but none of them ever learned the

inside facts, and they are now presented

in their entirety for the first time. The incident upon which the story hinges can be briefly summarized. Francis Lane, consul general to the Flora Islands, had been summoned from his post to appear at Washington to answer charges of gross favoritism, if not corruption, in the management of his office. The charge had been made by the powerful Consolidated Cocoanut company, and although Lane was absolutely innocent of wrongdoing the corporation had managed to make out a very plausible case against him.

By rare good fortue Lane got possession of a black-covered letter book belonging to a rival company which furnished a complets vindication of his official acts. He packed it in his suit case with some personal belongings, and during the voyage over never let it out of his sight. He held the suit case in his hand when the Capricorn reached its dock. When the gang plank was lowered be hurried on to the wharf, and the first person to greet him was Helen Thomson, his flances. The sight of her bright brown eyes and blushing cheeks threw the young diplomat into an ecstacy of delight. Involuntarily he dropped the suit case and rushed over to great the girl. The next minute he turned to pick up his valuable piece of property. It was gone -had disappeared as completely as if the wharf had opened and swallowed it.

Lane, frantic at his lose, hurried to the custom house and told his story to Barnes, the chief inspector. When he had concluded Barnes set back in the revolving chair in front of the flat top desk in his office and carefully scrutinized a fly that was slowly making its way across the decorated ceiling. From the intensity of his glance it might be supposed that the fate of nations depended upon the certainty with which the insect made its journey. But although Barnes' eyes were on the fly, his thoughts were elsewhere. It was simply one of the methods he employed to concentrate his mind and to regulate and quicken his mental processes. Presently the chief turned to Lane and said abruptly: "Might I ask what passed between you

and Miss Thomson?" "It was purely personal."

"But what was it?"

The diplomat hesitated for a moment, then spoke unreservedly: "She said John Buckingham, her guar-

dian, was opposed to my engagement with her. She said he was a very positive man, and I said I could be very positive, toowhere she was concerned." "Haven't you even a slight clue to the theft?" asked Barnes, musingly.

Lane laughed frontcally. "One of the inspectors said he saw a man leave the wharf with a suit case." "What was he like?"

"He didn't know, except that he had on a red cravat and wore a long rain coat." After a long silence the chief said, in-

"Come see me this afternoon; there is nothing you can do just now."

Once outside Lane started in the direc tion for the purpose of calling or Miss Thomson. Arriving at the brown stone residence, he handed his card to the gravefaced butier. Presently that functionary returned with the reply that Mr. Buckingham, as the guardian of Miss Thomson, was "aware of the fact that Mr. Lane was at present under a cloud, and in view of that fact would respectfully request that Mr. Lane discontinue his visits and acquaintanceship with Mr. Buckingham's

The unexpectedness of this blow made Lane guep for breath. He was instantly filled with resentment against John Buckingham. What right had that person to treat him in such a scurvy manner? He would return and have it out with him like a man. Sober second thought, however, convinced him that he was under a cloud and that a careful guardian had a perfect right to look after the interests of

Early in the afternoon Lane returned to Barnes' office flourishing a letter. "I've just received this at my hotel." he said, excitedly. "Possibly you can make something out of it; I can't."

Barnes examined the letter carefully. on a plain envelope, which was free from any other printed or written matter. mark of the canceling machine indicated that it had been mailed at the main post office at 6 o'clock the night before. side the envelope was a round brass check and a plain bristol board visiting card The metal check was numbered and had imprint of the package room of the Grand Trunk Railroad station. The card had on it in old Gothic type these words:--

JOHN SMITH.

Barnes paid very little attention to the check, but looked so long and earnestly at the bit of pasteboard that Clancy, his assistant, who stood near by, was moved to say, with some show of impatience "I don't suppose you'll get any informa-

"Who knows?" said Barnes, slowly shaking his head and speaking more to him-

"Why, that's not the name of any per-son," persisted Clancy, determined to wave the thing sside. "That's only an ad-

"Precisely," replied the chief in his careful, measured tones. "That's what makes it valuable to me at this time, This brass check is for Mr. Lane's suit case. The thief is returning it to him in a spirit of bravado. As he was about to mail it he noticed this sample card lying on his desk. That prompted him to be witty as well as aged to take a mental photograph of the courageous, so he enclosed the card with roomthe check, and there you are."

"But," said Con. blankly, "If you get the suit case, the mystery will be solved."

"Possibly. In the meantime, Clancy, take this check, and see what they'll give you for it at the Grand Trunk waiting room,' While they waited for the return of the fleetfooted one, Barnes cleared up some of the loose threads of his investigation. man who had been sent to "spot" the officials and employes of the Consolidated Coccanut company reported that he had been unable to establish any connection between the corporation and the missing case. Another subordinate said he had discovered some men who were long striped ulsters, and others who had on red striped ulsters, and others who had on red which one usually clutches a weapon at cravats, but was unable to find any one the opening of a battle.

said Barnes to Lane as he dismissed the detectives. "You might as well tell 'em to go find the missing link. But some peo- the vacant stare with equanimity. There in a chain. These logs are fastened by a wrinkles.

ple expect us to operate in that way. It's just a tribule we pay to the traditions of the profession."

"But the motive," said the young diplomat curiously, "the motive must count." Get the motive-if you can. In your case it seems self-syldent. Mind you, I don't say it is; but it seems selfevident. This corporation, which has felt the weight of your official hand, desires to get even with you. Of course, they have shrewd representatives in the Flora islands, through whom they are informed of the date of your salling, the steamer you took and the fact that your valuable documentary evidence was in your suit case. Through your gross carelessness the suit case is stolen. Now, assuming that some one employed by the Consolidated Cocoanut company got the valuable bit of luggage, what do you suppose the person would do with it? Carry it to the office of the warehouse of the company? Not at all. It would be taken as far away from these places as possible. Hence the futility of searching about the premises of the com-

While they were talking Clancy bustled into the room with a suit case in his hand. The moment the young diplomat saw it he gave a shout of recognition and delight. He grabbed it and quickly laid it open on a nearby table. Everything in it seemed just the same as it had been when it was originally packed. Lave hurried through it with feverish haste. As he concluded his task his face fell. One article was missing.

It was the little black bound letter book Lane turned to Barnes, but the Chief. leaning back in his chair, was engaged in his favorite recreation of watching the fly cross the ceiling. This calmness irritated the young man.

"The letter book is missing," he snapped. Barnes came out of his reverie, He looked at the speaker with a charitable

tion in my mind whether to send for the suit case at all. Still it contains your belongings, and frequently a new move, no matter how aimless, leads to the suspicion of a clue. But the fellow who has stolen the black letter book wanted to taunt you with the eight of your suit case. He must be a vindictive cuss. He-"

The speaker was interrupted by a faint tap on the door. "Come in," he called.

The door opened timidly and Helen Thomson entered. The half veil did not conceal the unwonted sparkle in her eyes, nor could it entirely hide the fact that she was blushing most charmingly. gave a cry of delight at sight of Lane and exclaimed involuntarily: "I thought I should find you here."

The next moment she could have bitten her tongue for speaking so impulsively, and she hung her head, her face scarlet. Lane, overjoyed, but smarting from the treatment of the morning, replied: "I thought I'd find you at home, too, but

I was mistaken." "What do you mean?" she cried, partly recovering her self-possession. That I called on you and you refused to

She raised her veil and the eyes fiashed

"I never refused to see you-I never knew that you called-I-" instantly. "Then my card was intercepted?" She nodded her head.

The diplomat involuntarily elenched his fist. The girl noted the movement and, lowering her voice, said:
"He proposed to me this morning."

Lane jumped to her side as if he had been catapulted across the room. "What!" he shricked. "That old man Buckingham-

"He's only &" interjected Barnes. The interruption dampened the young man's powder. He did not finish his denunciation of the guardian. He turned to her with a query.

"You-you-" he began "I refused him, you silly goose," with a happy smile. He felt like hugging her. He contented himself with fresh denunciations of Buck-

ingham. Barnes interrupted the verbal "Give me forty-eight hours to my own

An hour later the chief began exploring the financial district. He spent the remainder of the afternoon there. The next The name and address were typewritten the principal printing and engraving establishments of the city. At dusk he returned to his office and said to Clancy:

"I want you to go out with me tonight. I'm going to make a call on one of our prominent citizens.

At 8 o'clock that night Barnes and his faithful satellite hovered about the neighborhood of a three-story brown stone house on the avenue. Having satisfied himself that a light was burning in the library, the chief, followed by his assistant, mounted the steps of the house and pushed the electric button. The well trained butler who responded to the call ushered them into the reception hall and solemnly accepted the card which Barnes handed him. Giving the man time to reach the top flight of stairs, the chief whisperingly directed Clancy to remain where he was, while he swiftly and noiselessly followed the servant. On reaching the landing he hard the murmur of voices in the library. There was a scraping sound as of a chair or bit of furniture being moved and all was slient again. Barnes did not hesitate. A handsome portiers covered the doorway leading to the room. The chief thrust it aside and stalked into the library. The servant on his way out almost collided with the newcomer. Barnes murmured something incoherent about thinking he was expected to follow the man upstairs and in the momentary play of words man-

It was a long, narrow apartment, plainly furnished. In the center of the far end, before a flat top deck, sat a squat looking. smooth faced man, who did not appear to be either young or old. He had expression less blue eyes, which stared stoadily at emotion. His large, bald head was covered with the merest fring of faded brown hair position, and a mouth curled in a sarcastic smile suggested cunning. His double chir sank in the folds of a white collar and the chief's card in one fut little hand, while the stubby, blunt fingers of the other grusped a pen with the intensity with

This was John Buckingham, retired busiress man, stock market manipulator and guardian of Miss Helen Thomson, He never moved those lustreless eyes from his unabashed visitor. Barnes bore booms, which are logs facened together pug dog's face? Because it is full of

hurled at the intruder.

What do you want here?" together before replying. He did not concluded his narrative by snying:underestimate his task. It would not doto be beaten by this man with the for-

was nothing in the face to frighten him. the reception of the visiting card with Barnes felt instant confidence at these. The key to the man's power was in his "the compliments of John Smith," and unmistakable manifestations. But he was pudgy hands. Presently be spoke, and then, to his astonishment, Mr. John Buckwhile the tone was querulous the words, ingham leaned back in his chair and gave misplay might spoil the game. He waited coming in short, jerky gasps, were fairly vent to a series of very loud and very disagreeable chuckles. Barnes had been standing all this time. Now he quietly Barnes pulled all of his mental faculties slid into a chair opposite Buckingham. He

"And that black letter book is still miss-

fencing with a clever man, and a single for Buckingham's response. There came that disagreeable chuckle again. The reply was almost languid in

"If you're quite through with this non-

sanse I'll bid you good night." "Not quite. By the way, you wear a

to you with the compliments of John "And when you put the visiting card in

"That's what I said." "Well, then, it seems to me-if such a get John Smith

"I have him." 'You bave!'

"Where?" And the voice was loud and commanding. The chief arose from his chair and walked but

the envelope with the baggage check you sealed your own fate. Any man of ordinary discernment could see that it was a bright person will condescend to take a bit specimen of card and type sent out by an of advice—that what you want to do is to engraving and printing house. The only traits required to trace it were industry and infinite patience, and I flatter mysolf that I have both. I visited the establishments of sixteen printers today. Some had type like this and some had cards like this; not until I struck the sixteenth man did I find the combination of card and type. He readily recognized it as one of a number of samples he had sent out during the week. He had a list of ten persons to whom the samples were mailed. When I saw your name among the number I didn't bother with the others."

"Very clever," said Buckingham, with the characteristic curl of the lip. "But there is nothing about it to show that I have this this wonderful letter book." "Oh, you have the book all right," chuckled the chief.

"Well," with a sudden burst of anger, "even if I had you don't suppose I'd be fool enough to keep it on the premises, do you?" During this unexpected show of feeling Barnes' eager eyes had been searching the apertment. Finally they rested on several rows of shelves, filled with books, by the side of the flat top desk. A little three-step footstool, such as are found in libraries, was on the floor next to the shelves. At the sound of Buckingham's voice died out, the chief took a hurried stride and walked up the three steps of the stool. Before his companien realized what he was doing, he reached up to the fifth shelf and from between two volumes of Macaulay's essays pulled out a thin, black, official looking document.

It was Frank Lane's letter book. "Yes," said the chief triumphantly, answering Buckingham's query. "You were fool enough to keep it on the premises. For a normally shrewd man you have committed all kinds of blunders. Why, you even directed me to the hiding place of this little book."

The expressionless eyes gave no sign of intelligence. Barnes continued: "You were looking at the book when I came in the house. You might have destroyed it and possibly ruined this young man; but the same fatuity which induced you to send back the suit case and to enclose the visiting card also prompted you to hold on to this book and to gloat over the mere possession of it. When your servant came upstairs I followed him, and I heard the scraping sound of the footstool when it was moved next to the book case in order to permit you to conceal this valuable bit of property on the top shelf. The more haste the less speed. I have eyes, and when I came in the room used 'em, and it didn't require any wonderful amount of brains to know that a shabbily bound book of this kind was out

of place between two aristocratic looking

copies of Lord Macaulay." Buckingham dropped his eyes. He was nearing the end of his rope. He looked up presently with the air of a man about to plead for mercy. But those eloquent hands told a different story. They twitched nervously, opening and closing repeatedly. Barnes was standing by the side of the footstool. Buckingham approached him with an air of great humility. Suddenly the fat hands shot out and the stubby fingers closed about the neck of the customs official. Just when Barnes was becoming purple in the face the villain gave ove and threw him, head over the footstool, where he lay all in s heap on the floor. Buckingham grabbed his hat and hurried down the stairway, two steps at a time. In the hallway he met with an unexpected obstruction, Something glistened ominously in the dimlight, and something cold, touching the tip of his nose, sent a shiver down his spinal column. The ever faithful Clancy was back of the shining barrel, and when he spoke it was through his closed teeth:

"If you dare to move I'll shoot, and if I

There was a convincing earnestness about these words. While Buckingham was thinking them over Barnes, deeply mortified at having been caught unawares, slipped downstairs and deftly fastened a pair of handcuffs upon the wrists of his late antagonist.

"Here!" he shouted. "You are John It did not take long to prove the gulit of The astonishment that accompanied this Mr. John Buckingham. When he first prompted the charges of the Consolidated company against Lune he was actuated solely by business motives; but when he discovered that the young consul general Buckingham's hands unloosed themselves and hung limply by his side. His face was engaged to his ward his aim became showed no emotion. When he spoke it was vindictive as well as mercenary. He had gone to the wharf to get a clandestine look at the man who was his personal and "Sure; you have betrayed yourself by business rival. He noticed the jealousy with which Lane guarded his suit case, shrewdly guessed its contents, and when the young man rushed over to greet Helen, Buckingham, on the spur of the moment, conceived the idea of stealing the bag. It was a bold act, but he was a bold man and succeeded. He jumped into a waiting cab, and for want of a better direction ordered the man to drive to the Grand Trunk railway station. On the way there he broke the lock of the suit case and abstracted the letter book. Strapping the bag up again he deposited it in the package room of the

> His first idea on reaching home was to destroy the book, but he became deeply interested in the letters and thus, fatally for himself, postponed its destruction. The possession of the brass check suggested some sport at the expense of his victim. He put it in a typed envelope and, just as Earnes had surmised, noting the John Smith visiting card on his desk, slipped that in the envelope also.

Buckingham's arrest proved to be a fortunate thing for Helen Thomson in more ways than one. While publicly pretending to lead the life of a retired merchant, he was secretly a confirmed stock market gambier. He became heavily involved, and in order to tide himself over a crists began to use the money he held in trust for the girl. His proposal of marriage had been made to Helen purely for the purpose of covering up his financial transactions. The failure to ruin young Lane and his own detection uncovered all of his other delinquencies. The guardianship, foolishly arranged by her father with a man he had only known in a business way, was termin ated just in time to save the remainder of

Helen's little fortune. Three weeks later, while Barnes sat in his office indulging in day dreams, the doorway was darkened by a very attrac-

tive young woman and a stylishly dressed young man. "Let me speak to him," said the girl, two pink spots glowing on her smooth

cheeks. 'No, Helen," protested the young man, laughingly. "I think I should do it."

Barnes greeted his visitors warmly and then raised his hand to command silence He spoke like a man who has made a sentous decision.

"You needn't speak. I know what you're going to say. I haven't done it for forty years, but I'll make an exception in this case. I'll promise to dance at your wed-

And he did,



Suddenly the fat hands shot out and the stubby fingers closed about the neck of the customs official

chief adopted his most caressing tone. He would spar for points first and later, if

need be, reply with body blows. but I wanted to know if you would aid me a little government investigation in which I am engaged?"

The blue orbs wandered feebly in the direction of the card that was still clutched in the strong hand. Again the words, short, sharp and crisp: "You're in the wrong shop; I know noth-

ing of customs. "But let me tell you my story." Without waiting for his assent Barnes went on and rehearsed the theft of the All the time he watched the face of the instant the stubby fingers on the other

man before him. It betrayed merely a

My First Pants

By Ernest Arundel, age 8 years, 1018 North

Twenty-first street, Omaha, Neb.

I want you to all know about the first time

I ever wore pants. One day when I was

about 2 years old, my mamma, papa and I

were in Wymore, Neb. There were some

young men at the hotel and they wanted

to play a joke on my papa, so they got

the landlady to let them have her little

boy's pants and they put them on me, also

papa coming up the road they sent me to

ourse I cried and lay on the sidewalk until

he stooped down to pick me up, for he

was the pants that knocked me down.

A Trip to Bayfield, Wis.

saw rafts of floating logs held together by

I was in Bayfield for two weeks last

By Mildred Cane, Age 10 Years, Council threadbare,

The unwilling host yawned openly to signify that the interview was becoming wearying. Barnes showed no ennui. leaned across the table, and, lowering his voice to make it more impressive, said: "Buckinham, I want you to give me Frank

Lane's letter book!" The chief waited anxiously for the effect of his words, but the flabby face opposite him was a perfect mask. Those stupid eyes had a look of blind innocence. The curl of the lip was unchanging. But the hands! Barnes could have shouted for joy. His startling request scarcely came from his lips when Buckinham's left hand twitched convulsively and the card he was holding fluttered to the floor. At the same

hand became nerveless and the pen be-

be over 300 feet long. One nice, bright day

called the Barker, a fishing boat, to the

island was called Devil's island. It has a

blown by machinery every twenty second

on a foggy day, and can be heard for

Conundrums

Why does an ill-fitting dress resemble

the coat and vest. When they saw my farthest island out on the open lake. This

meet him. Now, when my papa walks natural dock of red stone, which is as

along the street he always thinks hard and level as a floor, where the boat lands.

doesn't see anyone. He tan into me and of There is a fog horn on this island which is

thought he had hurt someone else's little miles around. There is also a lighthouse

boy, and you don't know how surprised he there. We picked blueberries, which grow

was to find it was his own. He carried me wild there. There is an Indian reservation

back to the hotel. I asked my mamma to just above Hayfield, which we visited one

put my dress on again, for I thought to day. This is called Redcliff.

Bayfield is on Lake Superior. I lovers? When rejected.

very becoming red cravat."

The upper lip curled. "There are ten thousand men in this town

wearing red cravats." "You are still a stockholder in the Consolidated Cocoanut company." "No news in that-to me."

"But you tried to keep it secret." "Did 12" "Yes, and you made the corporation file the charges against young Lane. It cost with less energy than before.

yesterday." "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed!" snapped Barnes, in danger

me three hours of my time to find this out

The cynical smile about the other man's mouth deepened. "You say this-this suit case was returned

Building a City Indoor amusement for children When it is cold and rainy and the little

ones are tired of playing nursery games the leadpencil let them try their, hands at building a city. Yee, building a CITY. Now, don't look incredulous, for it can be done, and in one day, too.

Supply yourself with all the empty asteboard boxes you can find about the house, a pair of acissors that your mother has thrown out of her work basket (they'il do to cut pasteboard and paper.) a tube of library paste, your box of watercolors and a soft leadpened. Then set to the public buildings, such as stores, a

The architectural designs should be first





PASTEBOARD HOUSES

When are needles like garments? When on the pasteboard box sides, cutting out When are manuscripts like disconsolate carefully and putting together with thin paper and paste. All doors and windows

colors. Some of the buildings should be made to resemble bricks, stones, boards and shingles may be brought into shape with A large table in the center of the room will answer for the city's site. If the

Buckingham's stare was a simulation of

"When you decided to send the suit case

back you made a mistake," said the chief.

thoroughly begin tinting with the water-

quickly to the other side of the desk. We

clapped his right hand on the other man's

exclamation could not be mistaken.

"You seem positive."

your sense of humor."

"Yes," repeated Barnes, "I have,"

shoulder.

Smith!"

have as many hills as desired by laying small pillows about the table and cover ing with a bed spread, smoothing it over the ups and downs made by the pillows to give a good surface on which to place

church, a courthouse, a schoolhouse and a library, grouped about it, Arrange the residences along streets opening into the public square. On account of the uncertainty of the "pillow ground. it would be more satisfactory to keep the table surface flat and hard for the city site, then there will be no danger from a carcless little hand or arm resting against the hollows below. An illustration accompanies which will

give an idea of a pasteboard city that was 'builded by little hands." MARY GRAHAM.

Hidden Name Puzzle

one-syllable word, the initial letters of said words-if written in the order in which they come-will spell the name of a once great man. Judge not, lest ye be judged.

If you would find life worth the living. earn your daily bread. Look for truth and beauty and you will A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow The fool will risk his hard-earned money on games of chance,

Sing from your heart and the angels will hark to the melody. Go over the hills-not round them-if you would see the world beautiful. Do not put off till tomorrow that which

should be done today.



must be cut and completed before joining the four sides of a building. The roof