The Step on the Stairs

By ISABEL OSTRANDER

CHAPTER I.

Professor Semyonov, the celebrated chemist whose profound knowledge of toxicology had more than once been placed at the disposal of the authorities in the solution of crime, tugged at his bushy white side-whiskers and gazed at Sergeant John Barry from the Homicide Bureau

The professor's head with its shock of white hair nodded slowly and his shrewd eyes twinkled.

"You tell me that there is now calmness upon the waters? No crime of more importance than the average petty misdemeanor engages the attention of your bureau? Is that why you have honored me tonight with an unexpected but most welcome call, and in your civilian clothes?".

"You've got me, Professor Semyonov!" The detective laughed again frankly. "There's no crime wave threatening to break over us that I know of, but a rather curious case has come to our attention at headquarters."

The roll of distant but approaching thunder broke in upon his words.

"We are going to have a storm." The professor rose from his chair and waddling over to the windows pulled down the shades. He moved with astonishing rapidity and vigor.

"I do not like to watch it approach; it fills me with a sense of suspense of foreboding. It is the electricity in the air, I suppose. You shall tell me all about your case, but first you must see my apartment. My laboratories are quite on the other side of the city, you know, but here on this old square where the aristocracy of forgotten generations lived once upon a time I find the absolutely different atmosphere which brings relaxation."

Barry followed his host through a spacious, old-fashioned dressing room and bath to the bedroom at the back.

Here, too, the professor paused to pull down the shades and then opening a door at the right displayed a modern kitchenette.

"This house, you perceive, must once have been a family mansion but it has now been made over, an apartment to each floor," Professor Semyonov explained. "A shop of hammered brasses and other atrocities occupies the street level, a young gentleman whom I do not know has but lately arrived on the second floor. His apartment is larger than mine, however, for an extra room is built out over the strip of garden but the extension ends on the floor above his in a studio with a skylight. It is occupied, that third floor, by a woman who paints portraits, Mrs. McGrath tells me.

"The fourth apartment, that directly below mine here, houses a crotchety gentleman with no ear for music; he raps on his ceiling when I play my violin at unseasonable hours.

"Above me in an attic studio lives one of the feminine freaks peculiar to the neighborhood in its declining years; a smocked, thin, wraith-like creature with bobbed hair and a pointed chin. She might be 20 or 40, and it is understood that she writes for the eccentric little magazines which spring up sporadically here-a'out. So now, my dear sergeant, you are acquainted with my home and its surroundings. What do you think of it?"

He chuckled as he led the way back to the living room and Barry followed, at a loss what to reply. The professor was known on three continents, his scientific discoveries had made him rich; he might have lived in solitary state in a house of his own, or occupied the most expensive bachelor apartment in town. Why had he chosen to hide himself away in such dingy dreary quarters.

"You seem to be mighty comfortable, Professor Semyonov." The detective spoke as heartily as he could and he almost laughed outright.

"That is the point!" he exclaimed. "I say that you were surprised when you come, but my wants are simple and here, you see, I am just a queer, old foreigner named Semyonov, who mind his business and goes his way in peace; I am not Professor Semyonov, the chemist, to whose laboratories all the world comes. No one knows of my abode except a few like yourself to whom I have given my address, and I am undisturbed. But now you must tell me about your case. Is it an affair of poisoning?"

Before Sergeant Barry could reply another flash of lightning as keen as a knife thrust swept beneath the edges of the window shades and for an instant dulled the electric lights into an angry orange glow.

Professor Semyonov started, then shrugged.

"That was nearer, eh? I am as bad perhaps as a hysterical housemaid, but does it not seem as though the very atmosphere waited for the breaking of the storm?"

"It is like the report of guns!" The professor pulled his worn, gorgeously-hued dressing gown more closely about him as he sank once more into his chair. I have heard them in my own country many years before the late war and the memory of them is with me always. But let us forget the storm if we can. The case you mentioned, is it murder?"

"Frankly, I don't know." Barry responded. "It is similar to that Tudor affair at Sandy Cove last summer—"

A sudden, sharp detonation burst crackling upon their ears and both men leaped to their feet and stood for the fraction of a second staring at each other. The professor's nervousness had fallen from him and he spoke with the calmness of fatalism:

"There was no lightning. That was not thunder, but a shot! Come!"

The realization of the truth had pierced the detective's consciousness even before his host voiced it and he sprang for the door. As he flung it open, with the rotund figure in the tattered dressing gown close at his heels, he heard unmistakably the sound of hurrying footsteps below and plunged for the head of the stairs.

The narrow hall was but dimly lighted and in the unnatural silence which followed the echo of the shot, their own feet as they clattered down the matting-covered stairs drowned out the lesser sound which had come up to them.

The hallway directly below was deserted and the door leading into the apartment was closed and blank. Professor Semyonov paused to hammer upon it but Barry hastened on downward, his eyes striving to pierce the gloom. Was that a fleeing figure below him or just his own distorted shadow advancing before his reckless descent.

On the third floor he halted. The door of this apartment also, which his host had told him was occupied by a woman portrait painter, was closed, but from the line of the sill streamed a peculiar, bright light like a beam of sunshine. The professor ceased his fruitless efforts and rejoined his companion just as there came a soft thud and then from the street level a violent ringing and pounding.

"Perhaps we were mistaken," Barry remarked. "It might have been a fracas out in the street—"

The professor shook his head decidedly and then pointed to the line of light beneath the door before them.

"Someone is in here, at any rate. We will knock."

Suiting his action to the word, he rapped smartly, waited and rapped again, but there came no response, only the steady glare of that garish light and the banging from the entrance on the ground floor.

Professor Semyonov shrugged and turned to descend still further, but the sergeant grasped his arm.

"That's only someone who heard what we did—the officer on the beat, perhaps—and wants to investigate. Let him wait. If anything is wrong in this house it is behind that door! I'm going to assume responsibility for breaking it in, professor. Stand back!"

The door itself was a massive one but the lock evidently old and flimsy and at his third onslaught it snapped with such suddenness that he was almost precipitated into the apartment.

A single glance sufficed to show the outlines of daintily carved furniture and cushions scattered about in profusion by an obviously feminine hand, but the room was empty and its only illumination was that strange ray of counterfeit sunlight which streamed through an opened door in the opposite wall, a door which led evidently to that studio built out over the strip of garden of which the professor had spoken.

The still, heated air was heavy with a subtle, cloying perfume but mingled with it was a harsh, acrid odor that was not new to the detective and he sprang across to the doorway of the studio and then paused.

Facing him upon a large easel was the portrait of a woman in a gray evening gown poised on the third step of a staircase with one slippered foot slightly advanced and a hand of startling whiteness upon which a huge emerald blazed rested on the dark, polished wood of the balustrade. The painting was only half finished, but it was indicated in broad splashes of color and with the bold, sweeping lines of the cartoonist, which rendered the likeness unmistakable to anyone familiar with the lineaments of those in the city's highest society.

All this Barry took in with one darting glance and then his eyes traveled to the foot of the easel and what lay there. It was the huddled body of a woman with masses of tawny hair scarcely dishevelled by her fall and a spreading stain upon the breast of her paint-daubed smock.

Kneeling beside it he gently raised the head, which rolled backward in his hands and the curiously long, narrow, half-opened eyes stared up suddenly into his with a dull, unwinking gaze.

"Dead!" the professor announced beside him. "She was at work when the shot pierced her breast. See, her thumb is still thrust through the palette and the maulstick and brush have but just fallen from her hands."

(To be continued.)

Wandering Minds

Do not read a word beyond this sentence unless you have a desire to increases your power of concentration. If you are going to read on, say to yourself right now, "I am going to hold my thoughts from all diverting influences while I read this article. I shall squeeze the last drop of meaning from every word. If the door slams, if some one moves near me, still I shall whip my thoughts along the path of these words."

Now go back and read the first paragraph again—slowly, thoughtfully. You can attain a mastery of your mental processes. You can gain the power to snap your mind to a subject and make it stay there.

White light from the sun may be broken into the colors of the rainbow by passing it through a glass prism. The same sunshine, concentrated by a shaped glass, will set a fire to blazing.

Your thoughts, regulated by a wise will power, may turn to beauty unbelievable, or concentrated upon a life problem, may light the world with ideas and wisdom.

Are you following the thought of these sentences? Did your imagination cause you to visualize a hand holding a glass prism to a ray of light admitted to a darkened room?

The person who has gone for years fixing habits of flighty thought of vague thought, of shallow thought, cannot expect to change overnight. The invalid does not expect to become a champion athlete in twenty-four hours. We know from physical experience that we must put in hard training for many months before we can bring our muscles to strength and co-ordination.

Do you want to generate more nearly your full brain power? Have you nerve enough to be a hard taskmaster with yourself?

The first step toward concentration is desire. The amount of concentration you achieve depends entirely upon the strength and continuance of desire.

If you are in earnest, ask your librarian for simple books on mind training talk occasionally to energetic, forward looking friends, and calmly study yourself.

Exercises such as follow will help you achieve concentration.

1. Each week read a non-fiction article in a high grade magazine. Read slowly, following last week's suggestions on permitting each word to "explode" its full meaning.

2. Attend a lecture or sermon each week. Work with your mind until you can listen from beginning to end with no slack in your attention.

3. Each day write an interpretation of a difficult paragraph or sentence. For example: What is meant by the saying, "Inattention is voluntary feeble-mindedness."

Match Your Complexion

With blue eyes, all shades of blue are appropriate ranging from navy to light blue, and depending on the fairness of the skin. For variety, choose plain navy, plain vivid blue, and checks figures and stripes of all sortss in which blue appears. Green may usually be worn with blue eyes, especially a blue green.

The brunette, with brown hair and eyes, will choose browns, from the dark seal shade to light tans. These may run into rusts and reds and may be used in plain colors or in combinations.

Medium complexions or mixed types, as those with brown hair and gray-blue-green eyes will prefer blue-green or gray-green shades in their clothing. They will not make a mistake with navy green or black-and-white outfits. They have a wide range of choices from which to select. They are wiser however, if they make one color theirs for the season and stick to it, thus giving the outfit the ensemble effect.

LIFE IS GOOD

All life is good. "God is light and in Him is no darkness at all." All life is light, and joy, and gladness, and illumination. And when it seems the reverse to us it is because we have gotten "off the track," as people sometimes say, and the phrase is expressive We have missed the way.

A GRAND CATHEDRAL

Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divisely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendours.—Hawthorne.

Caller—"Let me see, I know most of your folks, but I have never met your Uncle George. Which side of the house does he look like?" The small boy in the family—"The side with the bay window."

A critic declares that the average modern girl looks terribly simple. But we often she's simply terrible.

The Thrift Habit

Just because the late Edward W. Bok picked up and took home a stray potato, and because a friend didn't bother to save the strings from opened parcels, Mr. Bok is now successful, famous and well off financially, and the friend is only a clerk in a department store. Of course, Mr. Bok, who told the story in Collier's, does not mean that the potato and the string actually determined only one's future. But he insisted that the habit of thrift and economy in connection with the small affairs of early life is likely to lead on to fortune. He told another anecdote in this connection:

An investment opportunity of the kind which comes only once in a lifetime was recently offered to a man. He went to a very close friend with whom things had not gone well, and said to him: "You take this chance. It will fix you and your family for the rest of your lives. I don't need it. I have saved. I am fixed.

After a week the friend came back, and said he would have to let the chance pass him by. He would give no explanation, and he refused assistance. "No," he said. "It was coming to me. It is a life-lesson that I must accept."

What was Back of it? He had not sufficient liquid funds or securities for a loan, and the banks did not consider his account sufficient to justify the venture.

Thrift doesn't mean, being penurious or close, says Mr. Bok, "but it does mean not to live up to an income, no matter how small that income may be." As the former editor of the Ladies' Home Journal again turned to reminiscence.

When I earned 50 cents per week, I saved five cents of it. It was the principle that I respected; it was the habit that I formed. To-day I am just as careful to turn out an unnecessary electric light, even in a hotel, as I was in early days not to light the lamp a moment before it was actually necessary.

And besides the effect on one's own mentality, it is important to create an impression of thrift:

A wife mentioned to her husband the care with which a certain young man, a friend of the son of the house, always turned off every light when he left his room, and how punctilious he was in the little things about his room and the bathroom. The husband said nothing. But when the boy was graduated from college he asked him to come into his business—in which he is now a partner.

There are few acts of conduct so small that they go unnoticed. There are few so lowly and humble that the eyes of some one are not upon them. It is hard to believe this, but it is so.

Lemon Pie

To make a lemon meringue pie filling, mix a half cup of sifted flour and one and one-fourth cup of sugar in the top of a double boiler and add a cup of boiling water, stirring constantly, then add a half cup of milk. Cook this mixture over hot water until thick and smooth, stirring continually. Add gradually the yolks of three eggs and the white of one, beaten together. Add a half tablespoon of butter, the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one. When the mixture is cooked until it drops in thick sheets from the spoon, cool it and pour it into the baked pie shell.

To make the meringue, add four tablespoons of sugar and a quarter teaspoon of salt to two stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat this mixture and cover the pie. Bake in a slow oven for twelve minutes, or until a delicate brown.

Prevent Diphtheria

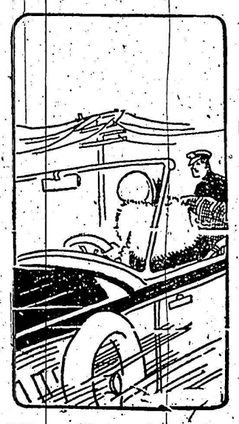
Diphtheria is a very serious disease, causes great inconvenience in isolation, and leaves bad after effects, such as paralysis, heart and kidney diseases. About one school child in six has it, somewhere along his career. The dread disease may be prevented by a vaccination, which is harmless. It consists of several shots under the skin, of a substance which builds up a resistance to the disease. If your child has not been immunized, better attend to it at once.

Building Hint

When building a home, remember to have a window in the clothes closets. This will provide ventilation and avoid the musty odor so likely to prevail in a closet, and will air out the clothing which has been worn. The light of such a closet will discourage moths, and incidentally, it will be easier to find what you want, in such a closet, and the closet may be kept in better order.

THE WEAVER

He dropped the shuttle, the loom stood still,
The weaver slept in the twilight grey;
Dear heart, he will weave his beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day



"What a girl does when she is pursued is usually around sixty."

The Peace Tower

(The Houses of Parliament, Ottawa)

O finger of radiance, touching a star—
Bright column of silver, upreaching afar—
May all the wide world hear the sound of thy bells
And echo the gladness thy carillon tells!

Bells of Ottawa—ringing—singing—
Over the starlit plain—
Bells of Ottawa — ringing — bringing—
Joy to the world again!

O grant us thy faith, dispelling our fears—
O grant us thy hope, which has lived through the years—
O grant us they love Let thy bells bravely ring,
And grant us their peace—that we too, may sing!

Bells of Ottawa—ringing—singing—
Over the starlit plain—
Bells of Ottawa — ringing — bringing—
Peace to the world again!

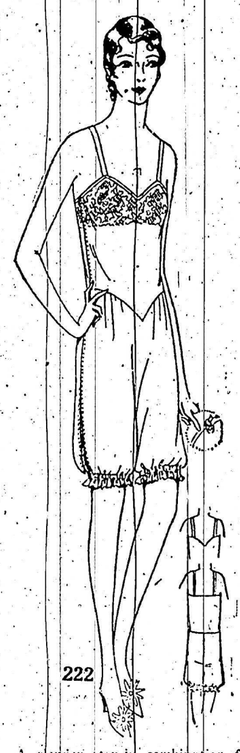
O'er mountains, in beauty, thy swift chimes are heard—
They ring, silver-clear, like the song of a bird.
By the voice of thy chimes may the nations be drawn.
O grant them to hear the true notes of the dawn
Of peace on the earth—and good will toward men.
O ring it, ye chimes—again—and again!
"Peace on the earth!"—more precious than gold—
"And good will to men!" — the sweet story of old.

Bells of Ottawa — ringing — bringing—
The glorious story retold—
Bells of Ottawa—ringing—singing—
The same sweet story of old!
—Ida Gertrude Everson, in Christian Science Monitor.

Attractive Undies

Chic Parisienne Chooses Her Undies With Greatest Forethought for Slimness

By ANNETTE



A slender step-in combination, for your new frock of moulded waist and hipline, that will add to the effect of slenderness:

The fitted brassiere has the i[illegible]ant scalloped outline to wear with frocks of deep V-neckline or with the chiffon frock with deep yoked sheerness. It can also be made with straight upper edge for sports wear. It just hugs the figure, shaped with deep point at front to keep the flat hipline. It opens at right side.

The knickers have elastic inserted through casing at knees forming ruffled edge, and are opened at side from waistline to knees. They are stitched to the brassiere, fitted with darts at either side of front, with soft gathers at back.

They are easily made and at a worth-while saving.

Style No. 222 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 34, 36, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Peach crepe satin with deep shade ecru lace is very effective.

Crepe de chine, ninon, georgette, rayon novelty crepes, batiste, sheer linen, voile and flat silk crepe suitable.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Tartare Sauce

The housewife who serves a salad daily is often at a loss to vary the salad dressing. The family tires of dressings, served too frequently. For something extra nice, try this;

Add to one pint of mayonnaise a finely chopped shallot, a quarter cup of each of gherkins, olives and capers, and two tablespoons of finely chopped parsley. Add a cup of whipped cream just before serving.

Worrying over past mistakes paves the way to permanent failure.

The quality of Salada is the only premium offered

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

761

For the Woman Reader

Little Sisters

Many good women are doing a wonderful work by being "Big Sisters" to girls who are having a struggle. Who are the "Little Sisters" and what are their problems?

They are the girls who come from broken homes, who have no supervision or guidance from parents; or they are girls whose parents are too ignorant to give them wholesome guidance, or too indifferent to observe what is happening to their daughters. Perhaps the father or brother is a degenerate and makes vicious demands upon them. Perhaps the mother or older sister is immoral and the girl cannot look to them for help. The bad name these relatives bear shuts the poor girl out from good society and she is condemned to the company of those who will lead her astray.

The girl may meet constant friction in her home and attempt to get out of that atmosphere, so leaves home. She may have an overbearing father or an unreasonable mother, who makes life at home unpleasant for her.

Many parents fail to realize that this is a changing world and they try to hold their daughters to the kind of life they lived. "I had to quit school at twelve years of age and go to work. What was good enough for me is good enough for Mary," says one mother. Perhaps the girl's mother dies—these are the pitiful cases, for a mother is the natural protector of a girl. With no mother, she is placed around in this home and that, and she becomes unstable and irresponsible.

Her father or her mother may be in prison. She may be the victim of an older man. She may have no natural opportunity for recreation or education or to learn a trade. Both parents may work away from home and she be permitted to run the streets. In the other hand, she may be so closely supervised that she has no chance to associate naturally with girls or boys of her own age. This may lead to her immorality when she arrives at the "boy-struck age."

There are many of these underprivileged and harassed "Little Sisters" and the woman who finds such a girl and gives her love and leadership and an opportunity to make good will likely be able to save a soul.

Mixing a Cake

To "cream" the shortening means to mash and beat it with a fork until it has the texture of thick cream. The sugar is then added and you continue creaming the mixture until it is light and fluffy.

A small amount of sifted flour and baking powder should be added to the creamed mixture, before the milk is added. This prevents separation, which would make the cake course grained. To insure a fine grained cake, beat the mixture after each addition of flour and milk.

Fresh eggs make the most delicate cake, but an egg will not beat successfully until it is at least three days old. Do not beat the egg whites until ready to use them or the air will escape from the bubbles. The whites should be beaten until they will hold up in peaks; but not dry, it should [illegible]. Fold the egg whites into the cake will not be as moist as into the [illegible]er. If the yolks are used, beat them until thick and lemon colored. If a whole egg is used, add it to the creamed shortening and sugar, and beat the mixture w[illegible]

Barnum Suc[illegible] Rules

While [illegible] through [illegible] recently [illegible] across a succe[illegible] written by P. T. Barnum. [illegible] dated A[illegible] 19, 1852, addr[illegible] "Business [illegible] for Young M[illegible] T. Barnum," and the cod[illegible] follow:

"1—Se[illegible] the kind of bu[illegible] suits your natural inclinatio[illegible] temperam[illegible]

"2—Le[illegible] your pledged wor[illegible] sacred.

"3—W[illegible]ever you do, do it [illegible] your m[illegible]

"4—So[illegible]: Use no d[illegible] intoxicating [illegible]sors.

"5—Le[illegible] one predominate [illegible] not too [illegible]inary.

"6—Do [illegible] scatter your pow[illegible]

"7—Em[illegible] proper employe[illegible]

"8—Ke[illegible]se your busine[illegible] Do not hide [illegible] light under a bushel.

"9—Av[illegible] extravagance, and always live con[illegible]bly within your income, if you c[illegible] so without absolute starvation.

"10—D[illegible]t depend upon oth[illegible]

Forest Silence

Not here [illegible] fleet hare dives
Into this [illegible]less wood,
Not here [illegible] gray grouse hide[illegible]
In velvet [illegible]ltitude.
I am a fo[illegible] where no doe
Bends [illegible]ward to the water's brook
My hillsides are a place of snow
My trees [illegible] dark as ink.
Not here [illegible] lyric bird
Plays his enchanted lute,
No leaping fish are here,
No fall of rosy fruit.
Once was this brain alive
With wing and song,
Once did the laurel thrive
Before the days grew long
O forest, close your eyes,
The winter creeps,
Death comes without surprise
And even the woods must sleep
—Harold [illegible] in Contemporary V[illegible]

Shepherd's Pie

Prepare mashed potatoes [illegible] line a baking dish with a [illegible] these put into the center [illegible] meat and leftover gravy [illegible] with salt and pepper. Cover with another layer of mashed potatoes [illegible] bake until brown on top.

OUR DUTY

Let us do our duty in our [illegible] our kitchen, in the market, the [illegible] the office, the school, the home [illegible] as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle [illegible] knew that victory for mankind de[illegible]pended on our bravery, strength [illegible] skill. When we do that, she has [illegible] of us who are serving in [illegible] army which achieves the [illegible] the world.

A [illegible]lity of [illegible] is [illegible]able and [illegible]

In the new pound package

Christie's Graham Wafers in the new one pound package, are famous for their crisp freshness. Delicious, nourishing — good for everybody. Also sold in bulk.

Christie's Biscuits

The Standard of Quality Since 1853

Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted.

They let a cold "run its course."

They wait for their headaches to "wear [illegible]

If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meanwhile, they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Aspirin tablets always offer immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. If pain persists consult your doctor as to its cause.

Save yourself a lot of pain and discomfort through the many proven uses of Aspirin. Aspirin is *safe*. Always the same. All drug-stores with complete directions.

BAYER ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

Canada the G[illegible]

Great Interest is Taken Country as to the U[illegible] Solution of Nation Prohibition in the

The Wa[illegible]gton [illegible] the interest of Pro[illegible] there should be an [illegible] patrol of 10,000 [illegible] 3,000 miles of [illegible] tween Canada and [illegible] has resulted in [illegible] in comment.

Some Canadi[illegible] the idea. Some [illegible] Yet others exp[illegible] with the United [illegible] tion problem.

The [illegible] An [illegible] there [illegible] patrol [illegible] 3,000 [illegible] has [illegible] in [illegible]

"It is an [illegible]