The Step on the Stairs

By ISABEL OSTRANDER

CHAPTER V.—(Con't'd.)

When his door had closed and he was out of the way I rushed up to her; I don't know what I said; I must have been crazy with jealousy and I'm sorry of it all. I do remember, though, quite distinctly, that she turned on me in a cold fury, forbade me ever address her again, and closing her apartment, shut the door in my face. I descended, let myself here almost mechanically, and dropped into that chair you're sitting in, sergeant."

Craig was settling back in his chair, with a gesture to Barry, when the latter stepped forward.

"Mr. Ladd, as I understand it, your apartment here is a replica of the one just above, studio and all. Have you any objection to showing us about?"

"Not at all." In contrast to that of the dead woman's, Ladd's studio was hung with rare tapestries and furnished as luxuriantly as that of a social dilettante, yet its easel upon which stood an unfinished landscape, and the carved refectory table carelessly covered with paint tubes and smeared cloths, showed it to be a workroom no less than hers.

"What color do you call this?" Barry picked up a tube, and squeezing a bit of its contents on the palette, indicated the blotch of reddish brown.

"Burnt sienna," responded the artist, promptly. "I seldom use it—you can see there was none on the palette before—but I always keep a full assortment of colors on hand. It is odd you should have asked me about that!"

"Why?" demanded Barry quickly, for the young man's tone had tensed with some sudden emotion.

"Well, it is just a trivial matter, but over a week ago—the last time, in fact, that Mrs. Vane and I had a chummy little talk in her studio—I advised her to use more burnt sienna with the seal brown to get the proper effect of the wood on the staircase in that portrait she was doing of Mrs. Vansittart, the one before which her—her own body was found tonight."

Barry replaced the tube reflectively on the table as Craig, with an evident effort to emulate his colleague, picked up one of the bottles and sniffed it speculatively.

"That's turpentine," Ladd remarked, and his voice had sunk again to a dull apathy.

"It's funny about this turpentine." Craig still stood by the table. "It's not a cleaning fluid, isn't it? Seems to me I've smelt that odor somewhere else in this house tonight."

"Naturally the studio above is permeated with it." Barry turned away from the window and let the shade fall. "Ladd, if you'll just show us through the rest of your apartment we won't trouble you any more, I think."

Barry marked the artist's bad temper at the last thought. In the hall Craig produced a handkerchief and wiped his ruddy brow.

"Well, John, we've a nice mess to report at headquarters!" he announced in a low tone that the policeman on guard might not hear. "Here's a woman shot dead, and every last tenant in the house except the professor seems mixed up in it somehow, though every one of them have lied and pooched on the rest! Who the devil was this Miriam Vane, anyway? Where did she come from and what were the rest of them to her?"

"I think we can guess what Ladd was," Barry whispered as he led his colleague up the stairs once more. "Just an idealistic young fool who let her play with him like a cat with a mouse to please her vanity and then kicked him out when he became inconvenient. He may have killed her, but I don't think so; I think he would have adored the woman he thought she was, and protected her with his last breath."

"The woman he thought she was?" repeated Craig, pausing on the stairs in astonishment.

CHAPTER VI.

"Where are we going upstairs again for?" demanded Craig. "I've got to report at headquarters, and it's on toward morning."

"We're not going to rouse up Ladd again, then, and ask him to lied about his acquaintance with Mrs. Vane?" Barry bent a glance upon the younger sergeant.

"I'm not," the other announced with decision. "We have young Ladd's word for it that Griswold lied, but neither of them were under oath. They're both under guard and in the morning we'll have them down on the carpet and get the truth out of them."

"That's a good idea," approved Barry. "And while you are about it, you might find out what time little Miss Shaw goes out and let the professor know. I fancy he'll be waiting to hear."

Craig stared.

"Oh, yes; I forget that note you slipped under his door. You said something about porch-climbing and chemistry. You're not putting anything over on me, John?"

"No." Barry smiled.

"I'll put the men on guard outside-wise, so that they won't kick up a rumpus if they see him, like a modern Santa Claus, perambulating the fire escape with his white whiskers waving in the early morning breeze. That note simply asked him to get into the other apartments when he was sure the occupants were gone, and search for traces of a certain chemical compound."

"But we'd only just left Miss Shaw's apartment; we hadn't seen either Griswold's or Ladd's then!" Craig exclaimed beneath his breath. "You don't suspect her, John?"

Barry smiled, but a trifle dryly.

Barry waited until the younger sergeant's footsteps had died away in the quiet night air and then turned to the guard.

"Doane, do you know who I am?"

The patrolman nodded.

"All right," Barry broke in. "I take it that your orders tonight, Doane, are to keep guard outside the apartment here in which the woman was shot unless you hear any suspicious sound within, or see something which you think should be investigated. Is that so?"

"Right, sir," Doane responded.

"Very good. You're going to see and hear something suspicious within five minutes, and that something is going to be me! Understand?"

"I don't, sir," Doane replied. "But what you say goes. You mean you want to have another look around the place? I've orders not to let anybody in, but as long as you're taking the responsibility, the lock's smashed and I can't see every shadow in this dark hall."

Barry pushed open the broken door, which swung drunkenly on its hinges, and entered the perfumed, littered living room, where he found his way to the wall switch and turned on the opalescent lamps.

The little writing desk was open, its profusion of papers scattered on the floor, and the drawers of an almost priceless Chinese cabinet had been forced. Approaching the latter, Barry observed that its contents were mainly scraps of drawing paper on which tiny figures had been scrawled, each with a few deft lines, and picking one up he whistled softly.

It was a miniature caricature, cruel in its sharply defined character delineation, of pompous, good-natured Theodore Vansittart, husband of the woman whose unfinished portrait stood on the easel in the studio, and glancing over the others, Barry found like caricatures of several people prominent in the social and political life of the city.

He was turning away from the cabinet when he noticed something which it was obvious that the detectives had overlooked; a small compartment at the top, with a handle formed by a tiny red-gold dragon, remained undisturbed.

Barry tugged at the little dragon but it was immovable, the single gilt eye above its snout-like nose seeming to wink mockingly at the futility of his efforts. Something about that eye and the curious formation of its socket gave the sergeant a sudden inspiration and taking a blunt pencil from his pocket he pressed sharply upon the globule of gilt as upon a bell button.

Instantly the dragon turned inward as upon a spring, the front of the compartment dropped forward on noiseless, unseen hinges and the interior of the small, secret space was exposed.

Mentally congratulating himself that Doane had elected to remain outside, Barry drew forth the contents of the compartment in both hands and carried it carefully to a small table. It was evident enough at last that somewhere beneath the hard, surface brilliancy and devilishly clever, bitter humor of the dead woman there had lurked a humanly sentimental regard for episodes in her life that had vanished from the sophisticated present, for here beneath his hands were clearly mementos of the past, the foolish, faded objects, meaningless to anyone else, which every woman treasures until memory ceases to have value.

A faded blue satin ribbon, stiff and yellowed at the edges, held a knot of crumbling brown sprigs which must once have been flowers; a torn scrap of real lace, discolored now, and too rich in quality for a graduation dress but it might have been a bit of a bridal veil or christening robe once upon a time; a lock of short, curling hair, matted and red-brown; a battered gold locket without initial or inscription; an empty cartridge of .44 calibre, and a small snapshot, alike faded and discolored and half torn across as though someone had started to destroy it and then thought better of it.

Taking up the faded snapshot he examined it closely. Its faint lines showed the figure of a tall, slender girl clad in a light-colored gown which made it stand out against what appeared to be a mass of shrubbery in full leaf. At her side and reaching to above her knee was a blurred object resembling a huge dog, but the outlines were so indistinct that its breed could not be determined.

(To be continued.)

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.—Daniel Webster.

The London Conference has at least succeeded in reducing its aims.

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WRIGLEY'S is good company on any trip.

It's delicious flavor adds zest and enjoyment. The sugar supplies pep and energy when the day seems long.

In short it's good and good for you.

ISSUE No. 13—'30

Serpent Mounds

By Della McClure

When summer comes everyone wants to be out of doors. All June we longed for shady trees and sparkling waters. By July we could stand it no longer so fled to the cottage.

Our cottage was on the north side of Rice Lake not far from the Indian Reserve of Hiawatha — Laughing Water. Near us, on the edge of the lake, was the Serpent Mounds, an ancient Indian burying ground.

The graves had been made with a certain style in serpent-like rows and covered over with earth.

By day the Mounds seemed a very prosaic place and it was hard to connect them, or the Indians from Hiawatha, with any romance.

I visited the place one night when the whole countryside was flooded with moonlight. In front of me the lake lay like a silvered mirror dotted with the dark silhouettes of the islands. Behind me the grove, in which the mounds were, resembled a fairy wood. The shadowy clouds in the moonlit sky looked like the ghosts of lost romance.

I thought, as I stood there, of nights long ago when this had been the red man's country.

Suddenly I heard the call of the loon come across the lake. As I looked at the path of the moon on the water I seemed to see a phantom figure paddling a canoe. The moon path led into the shore below me. On came the canoe silently gliding toward the land.

Hearing the slight rustle I turned and a figure seemed to slip out of the shadowed grove down to the water's edge and send back an echoing cry to the silent paddler.

As I watched, the figure took definite shape and was now standing straight and tall an Indian maiden.

Nearer came the canoe and when it reached the shore an Indian brave sprang out. The maiden held out her hand and together they glided into the grove.

I could see their faces quite plainly in the bright moonlight. They were not the hard cruel faces of the savages but had a shining tender look upon them.

How long they remained in the shadow of the grove I do not know, but when they passed me going down to the water's edge their faces had lost the shining appearance and seemed to be filled with the sorrow of parting.

The brave pushed his canoe out again into the moonpath on the lake and the maid held up her hand in the gesture of farewell.

Just then a cloud rolled over the moon, causing momentary darkness, and when it had passed off the figures had disappeared. From behind me came the faint sighing of the night wind and from far across the lake I heard the call of a loon.

(Miss McClure is a student under the Extension Department of Toronto University, conducted by John M. Elson, well known journalist and author, and this is her first story in print.—Editor.)

Export of Alcohol

Calgary Tribune: Canada is taking very seriously about shutting down on the exportation of "likker" to the United States. It would be a good thing for Canada, for then everybody that likes champagne or beer would have to go up to Canada to get it and spend a lot of money on railroads, hotel bills, and post cards, beside what they pay for their drinks. About the only way to scare Canada into having a heart is to talk about annexing it. The one big bugaboo that stalks around Canada day and night and all the year around is annexation by the United States. Start a lot of talk about annexing Canada if she shuts down on letting us have "likker" and the Canadians will rush down to the boundary line with a quart bottle in one hand and a tin dipper in the other and pour us out all we want. Not that we want to annex Canada—far from such. Where could we drive for autos when we want to be free from shoppers and reformers and bandits and hijackers and prohibition officers with their roaring shotguns, if Canada was under the same laws that have been smeared over the U.S.A.? No, Canada is our land of refuge, our oasis in a dreary desert, our sanctuary.

Canadian Pacific Enterprise

More than $50,000,000 is to be expended by the Canadian Pacific Railway this year on new equipment, new branch lines, and the improvement of existing roadbeds and rolling stock, the directors were told by Mr. Beatty, the president.

This announcement, coming at a period when serious unemployment problems face the Dominion in all the large cities, is calculated to stimulate public confidence.

Of the total sum about $14,500,000 is for equipment and $2,500,00 for an hotel program.

MAN'S CHARACTER

The gifts of wealth, place and position, ease and luxury, are dispensed with a good deal of caprice, but nobody ever heard that a character was got by chance. The gifts of fortune are often taken away as rapidly as they came, but everybody knows that strength of soul and mind and personal nobility are possessions which survive the external circumstances of life. Each man is "the captain of his soul."

COURAGE

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,
For God's great purpose set apart,
Before whose far-discerning eyes,
The future as the present lies.
—J. G. Whittin.

ADVANCEMENT

He only is advancing life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—Ruskin.

The surest protection against failure is never to attempt to do anything.

The Dipping Hem

Endorses Snug Hips and Lingerie Collar

BY ANNETTE

A fascinating black silk crepe reveals chic femininity in Alencon lace collar with jabot frill at front. The lace is repeated in cuffs of fitted sleeves that are trimmed with buttons to elbow.

The fitted shaped band through hips achieves the lengthened line so important to slenderness.

The dipping points of skirt contribute further slenderizing effect.

Style No. 233 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

It's an opportunity to have a stunning dress at just the cost of the material and a few hours of your time.

Later for Spring it can be made of flowered chiffon as the smartest afternoon and evening fabric.

Purplish-blue chiffon is most charming for immediate wear with the collar of lace or of self-fabric.

Paquin red chiffon is decidedly chic for immediate and later wear.

Lanvin green silk crepe with eggshell crepe, Patou tan crepe marocain, Royal blue Alencon lace, printed crepe silk in dark green tones and canton crepe in navy blue are only a few of many lovely ideas for its development.

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.

Col. Barker, V.C.

Now, he, who in the battlefields of air,
Scathless and hero many a stirring combat came,
Till half a hundred victories crowned his name,
And valour's proudest cross was his to wear;
He, who, in those broad battlefields, did dare
Death, winged with shot and shell and flying flame,
Here, under peaceful skies, with the selfsame
Heroic poise of soul, soared, unaware
That death had shipped with him in his last flight,
The doom he could not strive with struck him down.
So passed the many-laurelled hero; he
Abides forever on the shining height,
With those brave sons of starry-bright renown,
And heroes of the earth and air and sea.
—J.C.M.D.

Too Far and Too Fast

New York Evening Post: Commissioner of Police Whalen is going too far and too fast in making a list of what he calls Communist agitators and organizers and then giving their names to their employers, so that they may be fired from their jobs. One case of injustice in such a "combing out" might turn a whole factory force against the authorities. The mere consciousness that such a threat hangs over them might well unsettle an entire plant. Are not the labor unions going to be restive under it? Are not the Communists' attorneys already trying to twist this police attack on Communism into a police attack on labor? There is no crisis justifying this extreme action of the Commissioner. He is doing wrong and doing it unnecessarily. He could hardly do more if Stalin were embarking a Red army from descent upon our coasts.

"Yes, Willie, when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock it was dreadfully cold and they suffered terribly."

"Why didn't they go to Florida for the winter?"

Woman's Dream Of Happiness

By Henry Ford

Many old cop who think their working day are over are making a great mistake. They don't realize what they can do—women as well as men. Only a few days ago I found an old woman of ninety-three who was anxious to be of some use. I said: "Isn't there something she can do?" Then we found something for her to do, something that would keep her busy and occupied and happy.

I should be sorry to see the day come when old people left industry. I don't care how old they are, they have something others haven't—they have experience, the most precious thing in the world.

I know an old man who, in Mr. Edison's youth, taught him telegraphy. When he was old and seemingly useless, he went to Edison for something—anything—to do. Instead of giving him just anything Edison put him to work at a nice inventive problem.

He protested it was far beyond him, but in the end he invented a set of simultaneous alarms which had been requested. And he thought he was finished.

The Quickest Way to Die

One thing that keeps old people fit is dancing. It is fine for them. It gives them exercise. I have known old people who were so timid and conscious of their age that they were sure they couldn't dance. With much urging they got up and could hardly move their legs, but once the embarrassment wore off they started having fun. Now they dance and dance and dance.

If you are old, don't sit still. That is the quickest way to die.

Keep active. Old people should try and apply their experience, instead of taking it with them on a shelf.

When I look forward to old age I look forward to but one thing—that is to be chock-full of doing constructive things, to be active, to do somebody good. That is the only happiness.

Everyone is looking for happiness, and it is always somewhere else. People forget they are living in the present. They cannot live in the past or the future. If you are interested in what you are doing now you cannot help but be happy. That is the only kind of happiness I know.

Women always want to know how they can be happy. On way is to have interesting ideas, but I find usually that ideal love is the happiness women long for and dream of.

The Great Power of Lasting Love

Love is a conglomeration of everything on earth. That is why it is the greatest thing on earth. It has more elements than anything else. That is why it is so long—it is covering as expressed in the rebuttal of two people toward each other.

It is a great attraction. Yet there is something deeper behind it, and that is love. It is the possessive instinct, yet the more it goes, and love remains, it is only for that goes and love remains.

Love is more than a passion or a dream—it is dynamic force. All it does is for its object. Between a man and a true woman it creates the perfect [illegible] personality of the two.

Womenkind of love, and think that love automatically brings happiness. That is a kind of selfishness. No one is happy unless he is doing something all the time—I mean doing something physically. It does no good to sit back and think about things and "be" set. You must set your thought in motion. Though without activity of thought encourages discontent, it is a blind ally to the spirit.

The Lazy Kind of Tiredness

We have had too much emphasis on thinking and not enough on action as the result of thinking. If people think and do not act, they want to sleep. They get tired easily, and think something is wrong with them. I can tell that kind of tiredness. It is the symptom of a dragged person. When people are tired, when they fail for circumstances, yet the fault is not need a lot of sleep, they really need less sleep and more activity. They blame life or their jobs in themselves, and the remedy too. No one ever became unhappy except by his or her fault. That holds true for emotional disturbances as well. To live fully in the present—in any given present—is the greatest happiness and experience I can think of. And that happiness is in reach of every willing person on earth. That's all there is to it—the trouble. Is, it's too simple.

Three Cigarettes a Day

Cigarette-smoking is still greatly on the increase, both in England and in America, according to the latest figures. Americans, it is stated, smoked 119,038,841,560 cigarettes last year—13,000,000,000 more than in 1928. This averaged more than 1,000—or three per day—for every man, woman and child.

This average of 1,000 per head of the total population is roughly the figure for Great Britain and Northern Ireland also. In a recent estimate, based on an assumption that three-quarters of the total tobacco consumed in 1928—141,725,821 lbs.—was in the form of cigarettes, Mr. A. P. T. Sperling, editor of the Tobacco World, gave the number of cigarettes smoked in the year as 33,293,990,560. Although this is vastly below the American figure, relative to population, it is about the same.

"For the twelve months ending last December, the total tobacco consumption in this country was 147,831,767 lbs., compared with 141,725,821 for 1928, and 138,159,900 for 1927. There has been a rapid increase since the war."—The Observer.

TRUE COURAGE

True courage is not incompatible with nervousness, and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.—Henry Van Dyke.

You will like the flavour of this Japan Green Blend

"SALADA"

(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Garden Fails If Based on Chance Ideas

A good way to go about the planning of the garden is to think of it from the house outward. How, for instance, does it look from the living room window, and how do you reach the garden; is it from a piazza off the living room, from a porch at the end of the house, or must you walk from the door across a stretch of drive and around the corner of the house?

If the garden entrance can be located to one of the main outlooks from the house—placed, for instance, opposite the door from the sun parlor or in line with the main window of the living room—it will fall into what is a natural line of sight for the eye and the result because it is easy to follow will be pleasing and gratifying. The mistake of disregarding the relation of the garden to the house is very often made because the owner thinks of the two separately.

The location of the garden is decided upon, the space bisected and the design made about this central axis regardless of its relation to the house with the result that viewed from the porch or living room it may be set annoyingly off centre with the line of sight, or make an inharmonious angle with the house. It is far more important to have this relation of house to garden right than to have the space within the garden itself divided symmetrically. In fact the latter consideration is of no importance at all because planting may be so arranged as to disguise almost any discrepancy and balance very nearly any irregular shape.

The First Consideration

The first consideration as a matter of convenience is naturally the relation of the garden to the living room, and this point being decided upon the garden should be designed in relation to it. If a lily pool is to be the point of attraction about which the garden is developed, it should be placed so that it will be seen to the best advantage from the living room. Where a garden is to be entered from a piazza or porch it is well to have a vista through the garden to a point of interest at the end, such as a sundial, a bird bath, a pool, a statue or a vase. Where a garden is to be entered from the end of the house, a path should lead directly to the garden, and it should be so placed that it will be seen to the best advantage from the living room. Where a garden is to be entered from a piazza or porch it is well to have a vista through the garden to a point of interest at the end, such as a sundial, a bird bath, a pool, a statue or a vase.

SETTING OF HOPE

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The light of our life is gone. Shadows of night fall around us and the world around us but a dim reflection—a cloud, a passing shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The heart withdraws into itself. Then silence and the mystery of life.

THE PAST

We are close who [illegible] from all their past, who [illegible] would fain begin all over again [illegible] life seems one long failure. But we must learn, you must learn [illegible] you, that the only way to [illegible] your path is to [illegible] it.—Phillips Brooks.

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They wait for their headache "wear off."

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