The Step on the Stairs

By ISABEL OSTRANDER

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

Professor Semyonov replied blandly: "The policeman on guard outside Miss Shaw's door happened to be an old acquaintance. He helped me to open the small skylight in the main hall which led to the roof. From there I descended the fire escape to the window of Miss Shaw's studio and found her huddled up in a bare, hard chair in a slumber that I fear was not a normal one, for a small dame of tablets was beside her. I went through the entire attic, examined the pitifully few fragments and other things and found no paint or other stains, nor any evidence save soap.

"Climbing farther down the fire escape past the windows of my own apartment, I came to those of my neighbor, Henry Griswold. His dreams must have been deep. He smiled as I looked at him and made sounds in his throat like those of an exultant dog over a bone. And mentioning dogs, that stuffed monstrosity which holds the place of honor in his sitting room was the only object in the whole apartment that gave any evidence of having been cleaned in the last decade, and I found it redolent of various chemicals, among them also a strong odor of turpentine."

"The dog!" muttered Barry. "The old stuffed dog!"

"When I had completed my search there I felt as I had come. That portion of the fire escape ends on the floor below, as you know, on the skylight of Mrs. Vane's studio [illegible]

[illegible]

not yet heard what you may have to tell me, my friend, but the turpentine I did find, and in a most unlikely place," he observed. "You forget that horrible stuffed dog in the apartment of Henry Griswold."

"No," responded Sergeant Barry thoughtfully, "I [illegible] the dog."

CHAPTER VIII.

[illegible]

"It seems fairly evident, then, that Miriam Vane, the portrait painter, was born only a few years ago." He remarked when the detective finished. "I wonder who inhabited that splendid body before that and what havoc she wrought in the lives of men and women?"

"Undoubtedly the buried a past of some kind, but as I told the chief, it need not have been a discreditable one." Barry's matter-of-fact tone was in sharp contrast to the dreamy, almost mystic note which had come into the Russian's voice.

[illegible]

Then his glance traveled to the rifled desk and he found his voice in a string of oaths which left him panting and mottled of countenance.

"Just a moment, Mr. Griswold," Barry remarked smoothly. "Your apartment was entered and your desk opened by official authority and I think your interview at headquarters with the chief during the last hour must have told you that even you cannot combat it. Who owns the house next door?"

He shot the question so unexpectedly at the angry man that for a minute Griswold blinked. Then he replied with a gasp:

"The Gotham Realty Company."

"Who is the president of it?"

"I am, and I refuse to reply to any further question!"

"But Mrs. Vane has stated to witnesses whom we can produce that you and she knew each other before she ever came here," Barry declared.

"Then she lied!" Griswold cried, his temper rising again. "I never laid eyes on the woman!"

"Mr. Griswold!" Barry asked quickly. "What was that dog's name?"

"Marcus, but we called him Mark for short." Griswold drew himself up. "Now that you have asked your last idiotical, irrelevant question, Sergeant Barry, will you go?"

But Barry seemed not to have heard the furiously uttered request. He still stood stroking the stiffened, drooping ear of the beast and remarked:

"He looks quite lifelike, Mr. Griswold, with that dejected expression. I should not have called him Marcus but Mopus!"

As the name fell from the detective's lips the change in the man before him was instantaneous and hideous beyond all description. His sallow skin turned a sultry gray and he shrunk back and seemed to wither like a mummy that is unrolled.

"Mopus!" It was a mere breath that issued from between the thin, dry lips. "Mopus! She called him that!"

"She?—Who?" Barry's voice rang through the room and then indeed the mummy came to life.

A harsh, choking cry replied to him and Henry Griswold staggered over to the chair by the table and flinging his arms wide buried his face in them.

"My wife!"

(To be continued.)

Living With Our Children

By Pauline Herr Thomas

Said a mother of my acquaintance to me the other day:

"My dear, I can't understand these children of mine. I feel sure I do not excel in the arts of child rearing, but there is one thing I have always prided myself upon and that is the interest that I take in my children's activities. I am never too tired or busy to help Sister with her latest requirements for a school or social affair, Sonny's childish airplane model or his more recent place on the soccer team. Indeed his every interest has had a share in my enthusiasm as great as his own.

"With four children I think I might have been excused occasional lapses. Yet, I tell you, I have never flagged in my interest in one of them, down to seven-year-old Peggy. Do you wonder that I am bitterly disappointed when after all my effort my boys and girls do not come to me with their difficulties or triumphs as they should? They never open their hearts as I had hoped they would.

"Sister rushes off to work or pleasure with little or no explanation, offers even less upon her return, and, upon my solicitation, gives it very reluctantly. Only yesterday, I had to read the local newspaper to learn of Sonny's victory in the park tennis tournament. I simply can not understand it all!"

At this point there was a commotion [illegible]

[illegible]

It Pays to Specialize

[illegible] 600 varieties of apples, it is said, have been cultivated at the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa in the first thirty-five years, . . . but there has been no haste on the part of [illegible] British Columbia has learned the desirability of specializing on a few standard varieties of apples—varieties that suit our soil and climate and the demands of our market. The 400 varieties developed at Ottawa we are likely to leave severely alone. The place for them is an experimental farm until such time as it is demonstrated that some one of them is of such outstanding merit that the orchardist can afford to neglect it no longer.

How to Wear 'em

Not every woman blessed with a fat purse can wear well the clothes she can buy. It takes posture and grace and a certain air, which is as mysterious as the mooted "It." This "air" may be inborn, or acquired by experience and intelligence and familiarity with wearing good clothes and mingling with others who do the same, or by a certain confidence in self or freedom from self-consciousness which give ease of bearing.

Do not let your good clothes hang in the closet until they get out of style. Trot them out in the open once in awhile when you go down town on an errand. This will help give you the habit and air and know-how which enable you to wear good clothes well. To wear your clothes well is as much a study as to select them well.

A Spring Blurb

Gone are our garish galoshes,
Out of date with old Winter's sloshes.
Fleet ankles we fling!
We skip with new freedom ecstatic,
Like famous wee lambs, acrobatic.
It's spring! It's spring!
Give heed to the glad hurdy-gurdies.
They rival the blythe little birdies,
Which sing—like everything.
Up! Out! Indoor life be eschewing;
From rigid routine be skidooing.
It's spring! It's spring!

PHILOSOPHY

Philosophy is the art and law of Life, and it teaches us what to do in all cases, and, like good Marksmen, to hit the white at any distance.—Seneca.

What New York Is Wearing

By ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern.

A printed crepe silk in Patou tan printed in balloon motifs in chartreuse green whose extreme feminity makes it a popular choice for Spring as well as for immediate wear.

It's youthfully becoming in moulded silhouette, with godets inserted in the circular skirt to contribute flattery to hem.

It shows directoire influence through swathed effect of waistline, shirred sides.

The flared cap sleeve is [illegible]

Style No. 3424 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Chiffon, sheer cottons and georgette suitable.

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At the Movies

"Why didn't you buy a catalogue, mummy,'

"Hush, dear.'

"Mummy, there is a refreshment room.'

"Hush, dear.

"Oo, mummy! There is that calendar Aunt Ellen gave you at Christmas, and you put it in the fire.

"Hush, dear.'

"Mummy."

"Jimmy, darling, you must be quiet!"

THOUGHT

Men have been bred in a land with men able in arts, learning and knowledge manifold. this man in one, this in another, few in many, none in all. But there is one art of which every man should be master, the art of reflection. If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all? To what end was man alone, of all animals, endured by the Creator with the faculty of self-consciousness? But you are likewise born in a Christian land; and revelation has provided for you new subjects for reflection and new treasures of knowledge, to be unlocked by him who remains self-ignorant. Self-knowledge is the key to this casket; and by reflection alone can it be obtained.—S. T. Coleridge.

BLESSINGS

God has been good to me. To tell in part demands new words
His gracious power in so many ways
Has blessed me through long years of happy days.
I have not eloquence to voice His praise;
I can but say with grateful heart "God has been good to me!"

New Shirts From London

Elusive Collar Stud is Held Fast in False Front in Companion Piece to Waistcoat Without Back; Holes for Collar Buttons Remain Fore and Aft.

London.—Although Britons pretend to be the most conservative of the world's inhabitants, London, as "the man's town," must, perforce, be as fickle in the matter of masculine fashions as Paris is with those of women.

When Prince of Wales, the late King Edward gave Saville Row a shudder by creasing his trousers along the side. King George has continued this sartorial oddity. The King also fastens his four-in-hand tie with a gold ring instead of a knot. The innovations of the Prince of Wales are echoed all over the world.

Paris, however, always has laid claim to being the correct place for men to buy their shirts. After improving waistcoats to wear with evening clothes by removing the back, London tailors thought they had done enough in the interests of change. The shirtmakers here thought differently.

Cartoonists no longer will be able to lampoon the ubiquitous dress shirt stud. It will not fall out any more, once it is in, unless it is bitten off. The shirtmakers have invented a dress shirt which buttons down the side, instead of fastening at the front. The buttons begin at the neckband and travel along the shoulder and down the side.

A dummy front opening with stud holes is provided to conform to convention, and the idea is to insert the stud once and for all before climbing into the shirt. The neckband also opens at the side, although the holes for the collar buttons are in the usual positions.

Although Englishmen continually "grouse" about the tyranny and discomfort of stiff-front dress shirts, they have not shown any great desire to get away from this stately form of armor. Even the American coat-shirt, with its peculiar advantages, is a long way from being generally [illegible] to prove that the majority [illegible]

Pussy Willows

The sun is setting in cold splendor, irradiating the brown earth with a haze of gold. Buds are beginning to swell on the twisted boughs of old trees, and the lawns and meadows are gathering that misty faint green sheen that speaks of some new impulse at the roots of things. Children are passing the door with pussy willows in their hands, those straight, slender branches with knots of gray plush scattered along them. They are sleepy looking and downy-soft, and remind one of young birds that have just put on feathers, of baby chickens and tedding ducks. They are the earliest of Spring's infants [illegible]

[illegible]

MASTERY

[illegible]

"We are living at a time when every one [illegible]

No other Orange Pekoe can equal this in flavour

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

'Fresh from the gardens'

London Beautiful

London, I heard one say, no more is fair,
London whose loveliness is everywhere,
London so beautiful at morning light
One half forgets how fair she is at night
London as beautiful at set of sun,
All of your beauty change no single grace,
My London with your sad mysterious face.
—Richard Le Gallienne, in "New Poems."

"Both failure and success are equally exhilarating and dangerous."—Christopher Morley.

HOPE

Hope is the most beneficial of all the affections, and doth much to the prolongation of life, if it be not too often frustrated, but entertaineth the fancy with an expectation of good; therefore they which fix and propound to themselves some end, as the mark and scope of their life, and continually and by degrees go forward in the same, are for the most part long-lived, insomuch that when they are come to the top of their hope, and can go no higher therein, they commonly droop, and live not long after. So that hope is a leaf-joy which may be beaten out to a great extent, like gold.—Bacon.

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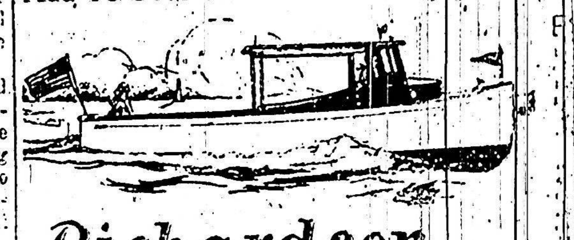

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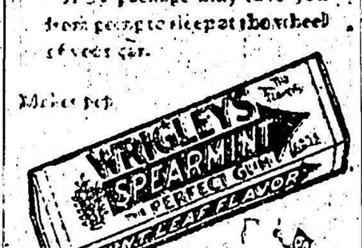

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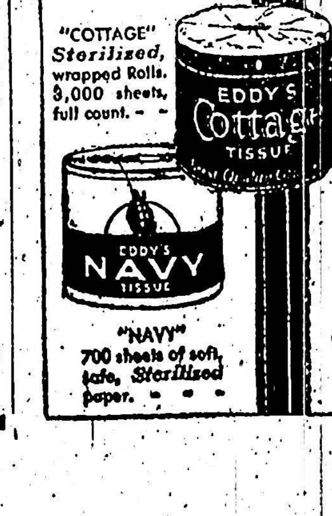

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This is the twenty-[illegible] of weekly health articles [illegible] the Canadian Social Hygiene [illegible]

Parents of to-day are [illegible] lucky in the fund of [illegible] edge they have at their [illegible] to the feeding and care [illegible] dren. In these days [illegible] health advice, disseminated [illegible] literature, and [illegible] tres, there is [illegible] sickly children [illegible] disease. [illegible]

[illegible]