

MYSTERY OF THE MISSING SHIRT

By A. E. SWOYER

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HERLOCK SHOMES, the great detective, sat, pipe in mouth, idly strumming a banjo. Times were dull in the sleuthing business, and our hero had not the price of a regular meal; no mysterious murders nor clewless robberies sought his mighty brain for a solution. The truth must be told—the peerless Shomes was on his uppers!

"Great days, these, Fatson!" he said, carefully emptying the ashes from his pipe into a bit of paper, and dexterously rolling it into a cigarette. "Great days! No work for me; no annals for you to chronicle (at so much per chronic) for posterity! It seems as if the pleasures of a neat muffled man no longer appeal to the strong-arm man; we are becoming a race of mollycod-dies!" A tear for a moment dimmed the eagle eye of Shomes, trickled gently down his classic nose and lost itself in the stubble of his two weeks' beard.

"Education has done it," replied his friend. "The real brainy criminal has learned that it is easier and more genteel to start a bank than to break into one; while the monetary results are the same. But, cheer up, Shomes, nothing can keep a good man down but a tombstone or a cash register!"

"You are right, Fatson! And even now I feel that in exactly five minutes, by yonder clock, a client, the victim of a dark and awful crime, will come—"

A ponderous knocking at the door interrupted him. Rising, hastily, he set the clock ahead five minutes. "This is the power of deduction vindicated! Right to the minute! Fatson, open the door. It is our client! (Or, perhaps, the landlord for last January's rent," he muttered, aside. "This well I were not seen!")

Before the faithful Fatson could reach the door, it opened, and a tall man, with a huge and shaggy beard, entered and sank heavily into a chair; the latter, not built for heavy sinking, collapsed. The strange visitor continued until stopped by the floor.

"Aha!" said Shomes. "I see that you are the victim of a slight accident! You wonder how I know? These things are easy to the trained mind! Fatson, you remember the interesting little problem of the Emerald Frankfurter, in which this power enabled me to trace a clue the dull wits of the police had not even seen?"

The stranger, who, framed amid the wreckage of the broken chair, had been listening, open mouthed, now rose. "Mr. Shomes," said he, "you are the man I need! Something mysterious and dreadful threatens me! I am a marked man! Last evening—" the trembling tones of this strong man made even the callous Fatson shiver—"last evening, as an evidence of this power, the very shirt was stolen from my back. You, alone, can save me!"

"This is, indeed, a mystery, a case after my own heart. I can see in it the hand of that master criminal, Desperate Desmond, who has thwarted me for years! Our lives are all in danger! But come, tell me the details."

"They are few enough. In the first place, my name is Dalrymple. I run a doughnut foundry, and am fairly well to do. Last evening I dressed carefully to go to the club; I remember my undershirt particularly. It was of the knitted kind I always wear, but new. I spent an hour at the club, and on retiring found the shirt was gone! My outer shirt, vest, and coat were intact."

"H'm!" said Shomes. "You must have been robbed of this—er—undergarment, then, either in your home, at the club, or between the two places!"

"Marvelous!" ejaculated Fatson. Shomes, with the remarkable agility he always showed when on a clew, whipped out a pocket rule and measured the distance between Dalrymple's eyes. Swiftly he entered the results in a large ledger. "This, indeed, Desmond's work!" he muttered. "We must be quick! Mr. Dalrymple, may I have a sample of your whiskers? It is important! Thanks." Snipping off a generous portion of the guest's lack curtains, he turned his back, stuffed them into his pipe and began smoking vigorously.

Again turning to his guest, he shot the question. "Have you dined? No? Good! Then we will accompany you—you must not be alone!"

Dashing to the table, he seized a celluloid paper cutter and placed it in his pocket. "This is a desperate case—we must go armed!" he grunted, with a sinister scowl. "Fatson, call a taxi. And," he hissed, in a tone so low that Dalrymple could not catch the words, "don't get that gink on the corner, you lunkhead! Remember, we hung him up last week!"

Quickly disguising himself, by turning up his coat collar, the great detective led Fatson and Dalrymple to the door.

In three-quarters of an hour the speeding taxi landed the party at a famous restaurant two blocks away. "Fatson and I will enter first, Mr. Dalrymple," muttered Shomes. "We may not be seen together!"

"Why did you leave him, Shomes?" asked Fatson, timidly, as they hurried into the restaurant.

"Fatson! Fatson! You will never be a great detective. Don't you know that the last man out pays the taxi?"

You would do well to read my monograph upon the subject."

The meal passed in silence, save for the voice of Dalrymple ordering fresh supplies. Like all great men, Shomes sometimes went for days without a meal, particularly when broke; then he ate ravenously. So it was on this occasion. Fatson, being an opportunist, did likewise. Dalrymple watched them with ever increasing respect. "I am glad the other fellow got my shirt," he muttered, as he paid the check.

At the scenes of the crime, as Shomes called them until he could determine which was the scene, the famous sleuth was at his best. Magnifying-glass in hand, he poked and measured everywhere, entering notes in the big ledger which Fatson carried. From time to time he put choice bits of evidence, such as a bottle of Wilson's, a few cigars, and about a quire of the club paper, into his pockets; clews like these could not escape the eagle eye of Shomes.

Finally he rose. "Mr. Dalrymple," he said, proudly, "I know the criminal! No further attempt will be made upon your life tonight! Go home, and tomorrow night I will have news for you! Fatson and I will now retire."

The next day was a busy one for both Fatson and Shomes. The former went about his medical labors in the veterinary department of the S. P. C. A.; the noted sleuth elected to experiment in his laboratory, as cool and collected as if Dalrymple were not compelled by a fiendish crime to wear his extra shirt. He refused to satisfy Fatson's curiosity by any statement other than "Tonight we shall know all!"

The day passed slowly for Fatson. Twice his boss called him down for an abstraction which caused him to inject strychnine into the veins of horses used by members of the society, instead of those of less fortunate equines placed in his hands for a painless quietus. Annoyed by these trifles, Fatson returned, to find Shomes deep in one of those profound chemical researches which would have made him famous in the world of science had he cared to follow such a life. In the present instance, he was trying to make a rye high ball out of wood alcohol and lithia water.

"How's the case?" asked Fatson, cheerfully.

"We haven't had a case for a month, you rummy!" retorted Shomes. The last one we had you fished up when I wasn't around. Got soaked on two bottles, too! Thank you for reminding me of it!"

"I meant the case of the stolen shirt," replied Fatson, hurriedly.

"Oh—that! The crime was committed by a tall, dark, red-headed man, with a scar on his left cheek—a tool of Desmond's! I have checked him here tonight. He thinks to find money and jewels; instead, he will find me!" No one but Shomes could have been so deadly menacing.

The telephone jangled. Shomes tore down the receiver.

"That you, Shomes? This is Dalrymple. Remember that shirt business? Well, we were scared for nothing. It seems that at the club, Smith—he's a trifle near-sighted—thought he saw a raveling on my coat. It happened to be a thread of my shirt, and when he kept on pulling—well, you know what happens when you pull a thread of one of those knitted things! I guess we can call the mystery unraveled!"

"Just what I was about to inform you, Mr. Dalrymple. Herlock Shomes cannot be deceived!"

Hanging up the receiver, the greatest of all detectives turned to meet the admiring gaze of Fatson.

Making of Wall Paper Is Ancient Industry

The history of wall paper goes back quite a distance in the past, for we find Henry IV of France granting a charter to a guild of paperhangers as early as 1569, and going by the precedents established in the case of other guilds, such as the great Cabinet Makers' company, the industry must have been in existence for some time before it was, so to speak, incorporated by the enlightened French monarch. The original example is in the Cabinet de Sully in Paris and dates from the first decade of the Seventeenth century. In the Seventeenth century Chinese paper imported by the East India company had an extensive vogue, but paper made at Frankfurt and Worms in Germany ran it a close race for popularity. Wall paper was a logical development from tapestry and embossed leather wall hangings, through the intermediary stage of painted and hand-printed canvas cloths made in imitation of the richer materials.

The Sword in Japan

The sword is closely connected with Japan's history. The legends of the country declare the sword-blade to be possessed of a soul, which by tradition was in feudal days corrupted or converted into the general thought of the sword as "the soul of the samurai," according to the Japan Advertiser.

The Japanese old blades themselves, authorities state, are unrivaled even by Damascus or Toledo blades.

Railroad's Wise Move

Taking a tip from the glass-bottomed boats running to Catalina island, off California, a railway company in Romsdale, Norway, has fitted its coaches, running through scenic regions, with glass roofs. This enables the tourists to see the towering mountains in comfort from their seats and has increased tourist traffic considerably.

IF L'ENFANT COULD RETURN—



L'ENFANT'S GRAVE IN ARLINGTON



WASHINGTON, ABOUT 1800

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

OULD L'Enfant return; could he revisit this earth after a hundred years—often one feels that Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos owe it to some men to let them leave for a brief moment—that bourne whence no traveler returns—to see the outcome of their work on earth.

And if Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, artist, engineer, architect, soldier of the American Revolution and intimate of Washington and Lafayette could revisit us, no such return would seem to have more dramatic possibilities. For it was this brilliant and temperamental Frenchman who planned the capital city of the United States of America, apparently destined to be the most beautiful city of earth. Yet he died broken, discredited and embittered, believing his great work doomed to certain failure. For generations his remains lay in an unmarked and unknown grave. Indeed half a stick of nonpareil will contain his whole career as commonly set forth in an encyclopedia:

L'Enfant, Charles Pierre—Born in Paris in 1755; studied engineering, architecture and art and was a lieutenant in French army; 1777, came with Lafayette and entered Colonial army; 1779, promoted to captain in engineers; 1779, wounded at Savannah; May, 1780, taken prisoner at Charleston and exchanged in November; assigned to engineering on General Washington's staff; 1783, commissioned brevet major; designed badge of the Society of the Cincinnati; laid out Washington; declined professorship of engineering at West Point; died June 14, 1825.

So runs the brief notation. Let us read between the lines.

General Washington noted the young Frenchman's efficiency, had him commissioned major of engineers and took him into his official family. Washington as President used him on government work in New York and Philadelphia. When congress in July of 1790 passed an act establishing the "permanent seat of government of the United States" and turning over direction of the job to the President, L'Enfant wrote Washington, saying in part:

The late determination of congress to lay the foundation of a city which is to become the capital of this vast empire offers so great an occasion of acquiring reputation to whomsoever may be appointed to conduct the execution of the business that your excellency will not be surprised that my ambition and the desire I have of becoming a useful citizen should lead me to wish to share in the undertaking. The plan should be drawn on such a scale as to leave room for the aggrandizement and embellishment which the increase of the wealth of the nation will permit it to pursue at any period, however remote.

President Washington, under the act, appointed three commissioners:

Mythological Hero

In Greek mythology, Briareus was a giant with 100 arms and 50 heads. He was the son of Uranus and Gaea, and had two brothers, Gyges and Cottus, giants also. According to the most ancient tradition, Briareus and his brothers conquered the Titans when they made war upon the gods, and secured the victory to Jupiter, who thereupon thrust the Titans into Tartarus and appointed Briareus and his

Gen. Thomas Johnson and Daniel Carroll of Maryland and Dr. David Stuart of Virginia, September 8, 1791, these commissioners, with Thomas Jefferson, secretary of state, and James Madison, met and named the territory "Columbia" and the city "Washington." They also approved L'Enfant's plan. But when the commissioners asked for the final draft that they might have it engraved and published L'Enfant made emphatic refusal on the ground that speculators would use it to purchase the best locations in his "vistas and architectural squares and raise huddles of shanties which would permanently disfigure the city."

The commissioners had no means of raising money except by the sale of lots. They carried the situation to President Washington. So before long Secretary Jefferson wrote to Major L'Enfant that the President, "having received necessary evidence" of his refusal to accept or obey orders issued by the commissioners of the federal territory, had instructed him to say, "your services are at an end." L'Enfant hastened to see Washington, but found the President's decision final.

Now the real George Washington had considerable temperament of his own, the popular conception of his character to the contrary notwithstanding. He was dominant and impatient by nature and had a fierce temper. But he had himself under perfect control. An illuminating paragraph concerning Washington's attitude toward the "artistic temperament" is found in his letter to the commissioners of November 20, 1791:

Men who possess talents which fit them for peculiar purposes are almost invariably under the influence of untoward dispositions, or a sordid pride, or possessed of some other disqualification by which they plague all those with whom they are concerned; but I did not expect to meet with such perverseness in Major L'Enfant as his late conduct exhibited.

L'Enfant never did hand over his completed plan. He kept it hidden till the day of his death.

L'Enfant's discharge became effective March 1, 1792. The President appointed Andrew Elliott in his place. Elliott produced a plan in close imitation of L'Enfant's. It was published and widely circulated. The commissioners went on with their work.

President Washington directed the commissioners to recompense L'Enfant for his work. The commissioners deposited to his credit 500 British guineas (more than \$2,500) and notified him that they had deeded him a lot "near the president's house." He indignantly declined both money and lot. He conceived himself mistreated—sacrificed to the greed of speculators. He saw the fading of his dream of a beautiful city.

brothers to guard them. Other legends say that Briareus was one of the giants that attacked Olympus; he was buried alive under Mount Aetna as a punishment. According to Homer, this giant was called Briareus by the gods, and Aegion by men.—Kansas City Times.

Ancient American Town

The marvelous archeological discoveries of Pueblo Grande in Nevada have been followed by the discovery of another ancient American city in the same state at the head of Forty-

L'Enfant returned to Philadelphia and did some architectural work. In the War of 1812 he was appointed to construct Fort Washington on the Potomac. After this L'Enfant lived chiefly with his friend Dudley Digges, Esq., at his fine mansion house, Chelton Castle, near Bladensburg. He haunted the halls of congress, importing representatives and senators for "adequate compensation for his services."

As to his success with congress there are several stories. One is that congress never gave him a cent. Another is that in 1800 he filed a claim for \$95,000 and was finally granted \$2,500, which was seized by a creditor. A third is that in addition to the grant of \$2,500 he was in 1810 given \$668.00, with interest from March 1, 1792.

L'Enfant died at the age of seventy. Apparently he had no relatives. It is said there is no authentic portrait of him in existence. Certainly his death caused no public concern. He was buried under a cedar tree at Chelton Castle. And for just 84 years his unmarked grave was left to the care of nature.

Along about 1800 Washington had another "renaissance," under congressional auspices. Somebody hunted up the original L'Enfant plan—and lo! it was by far the best. So congress, as far as possible, unscrambled the scrambled L'Enfant eggs and went back to his plan. It was also decided to make public recognition of L'Enfant's genius and services.

L'Enfant's remains, located after long search, were taken April 23, 1909, to the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. There they lay in state, as have the remains of presidents who have died in office and those of the "Unknown Soldier." President Taft and Jules Jusserand, the French ambassador, headed the dignitaries who attended the services. The funeral cortege made its way up Pennsylvania avenue and on to Arlington, the national cemetery. Internment was made on a prominent knoll in front of the Washington-Lee mansion. In 1911 was dedicated the memorial herewith shown.

Today new plans have been made for the beautification of Washington. A magnificent memorial bridge, typifying the complete union of the North and South, will cross the Potomac. An ornate highway will lead from the capitol, by way of the Lincoln Memorial and past the L'Enfant memorial, to the amphitheater in Arlington.

So if Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant about the year 1835 could roll away the memorial above him and from his vantage point near the "Unknown Soldier" look out upon the magnificent vista ending in the permanent seat of government he planned for the United States of America—

Mile canyon and about thirty miles east of Beatty. A great deal of very interesting pottery has been revealed and some of it promises to be quite as valuable as that found at Pueblo Grande. W. M. Harrington, who is conducting the investigation, says it is his opinion that the city flourished 2,000 years ago and had been in existence for at least 1,000 years before that. Eighteen tombs have been uncovered and from them have been taken a number of pieces of jewelry of cut pearl and turquoise.

Community Building

Financial Value in Beauty of Building

Architectural beauty has as real a commercial value as structural strength or material excellence. Over the rugged stonework of steel and brick the architect evolves an adornment the beauty expressing fittingly the character desired.

It is this beauty of design, combined with a carefully planned utility which makes buildings desirable, not only in the eyes of the owner, but in the regard, as well, of those upon whose opinion the commercial value of a building depends.

Men pride themselves upon homes which, in their quiet beauty, reflect their owner's station in life. The building of commerce, designed along lines of refined prosperity, is, for the very character and beauty of its design, a desirable place in which to locate. The hotel which best expresses an inviting and generous hospitality, wins patronage through the appeal of attractive appearance.

The architect, by virtue of his training and talents, understands the meaning and application of architectural design. Only he can bring out the beauty so much desired.—Chicago Evening Post.

All Business Helped by Improved Homes

Business men and trade organizations, not directly allied with the building industries, are now taking active steps to educate the public to own and properly furnish their homes, as they realize that a demand for better homes means not only prosperity for the builder, but also added business in many retail lines.

The advantages of this far-seeing policy are many. In the first place the householder becomes a permanent factor in the growth of the city. He is actuated to greater industry and wise economy. His trade, also, belongs to the community in which he resides. He is an asset to every retailer, and a patron to be cultivated. A nation of home owners would be a nation of stable, conservative citizens. One of the chief considerations in thus promoting the cause of home ownership is to discourage unwise extravagance on the part of the owner and systematize his outlay for maintenance and upkeep so that his debts do not become burdensome.

Attractive Shrubbery

Shrubbery planting on small places assumes three forms—the plantings at the foundation of the house, plantings in angles of walks, drives and property corners next to the public sidewalk, and the large shrubbery borders designed to give privacy and serve as screens. The shrubs used in the foundation plantings and angle plantings are generally of the low type, with perhaps a few medium height shrubs and evergreens used as accents where window arrangement would permit. Care should always be taken that material used in a foundation planting will not grow so large that it will shut out light and air. Spiraea Anthony Waterer, spiraea Froebel, dentzia gracilis, hydrangea arborescens, snow berry, Japanese barberry, Indian currant and Regel's privet are a few of many shrubs which would be safe to use in such a planting.

The shrubbery borders as a rule require the use of all three types of shrubs—namely, the low, medium and high forms. The two lower types are generally used in front of the taller group to serve as a transition from the front to the back of the border. Many times, however, the taller varieties are allowed to stand out boldly in front or on a point to serve as an accent.

Plea for Garden Cities

America, like European countries where the evils of urban overgrowth make themselves felt with equal or even greater force, is now confronted with the necessity of squarely facing a situation which in reality constitutes the greatest menace to our civilization. Can the garden-city idea be transplanted into American soil? Does it not conflict too violently with the hyperindividualistic tendencies of American economic life? If such is the case, would it not be possible to realize in America garden cities of a somewhat modified but nevertheless effective type?

This, it would seem, is well worth taking into consideration. It would serve the purpose of achieving what city planning alone, as applied to the great cities in existence, is incapable of doing—namely, effectively relieve the population pressure of the overgrown cities and improve a housing situation none too good.—New York World.

Name "Carved" in Grass

About seventy-five years ago the owner of a farm at Phippsburg, Maine, spelled his name on the grass of a hillside by sprinkling wood ashes. The letters are several feet high and read "S. H. Rogers." In the spring when the new grass is coming up fresh and green, the letters are particularly distinct and can be read easily a long distance away. It is said that only twice since the letters were originally made have they received a fresh coating of wood ashes.