

severe slash across the right wrist.

vanced age the shock had at once

overcome him, preventing an outcry.

press for the present time at least. I

did not know who she was, where she

I lost patience at the unceasing ques-

Daisy sniffed in an injured manner,

and glanced at Mr. Dibdin, who looked

at me as if he considered me very

"I guess we have a right to talk

eyes, especially if it's awfully queer!"

she murmured plaintively. "At least,

you heard her say, 'Keep it! Keep it

I had actually forgotten that cry of

distress, temporarily, in the ensuing

turmoil! Daisy certainly hit me amid-

ships, and that time I knew the an-

swer.
"You must think we're mind-read-

ers!" I retorted. "Now, I can't waste

any more time talking. I must finish

that indexing. Thank goodness I got

it nearly done before this rumpus hap-

I sped down the side aisle to my

desk. But oh, my work! Where was

it? Where were those neat piles of

classified cards? On the floor, in the

But there was no time for wondering

why, or even for vexation. Scooping

hem all up as fast as I could, I made

for the desk, only to find a note stuck

between two of my reference books.

"I am ordered to the rear; other

wise, to go this afternoon and buy

from two old ladies, whose grandfa-ther was a bishop, his professional H-

brary (date about 1840) 'at a reason-

"I have one final request. I had no

time this morning to tell you that Mr.

Roberts has just given Nancy the po-

sition he promised her. She is here.

therefore; Miss Wilkes is in charge.

Would you add to your innumerable

benefits, and go some time or other

and speak agreeably to my ill-fated

Poor Peter!I would do better than

that, I resolved, recalling the pretty

young vision with the chestnut hair

whom I had seen entering that morn-

ing with Miss Wilkes. I decided to

eat, not work, even for Mr. Darrow's

nephew; I would take Nancy Burton

ith me, in celebration of her first day

in business. I stuffed all the cards

into a drawer; and went in search of

Through the open door of the steno-

graphic department came Miss Wilkes'

"Don't forget that nice dark blue

erge we were talking about, dear. To-

forrow, dear, and not more than eight

As I walked in, I heard the reply

inches off the floor. That will be all

to those observations. It was a faint

yet distinctly audible snort proceed-

ing out of the straight, chiseled nose

netallic accents, in exhortation:

now, dear."

"PETER."

It read as follows:

able figure."

nisle, everywhere except on the desk!

for me! Now, is it ridiculous to won

cruel and rough.

der what that meant?"

finally snapped at Daisy Abbott.

when the alarm was given.

SYNOPSIS

The doctor thought that at his ad-On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, White-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the stope. He had been unconscious some time

CHAPTER III

The Slippers For one instant all five of us, Pe ter and the three clerks and I, were baralyzed: then with one accord we olunged down the main aisle, Peter in the lead, when out from the law-book alcove dashed the girl in the long black fur cape. Her face was ghastly, her eyes wide with terror. Next second, she and Peter both came to a half so violent that she nearly lost her balance. Stumbling heavily, she clutched at a table, shrieked: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" and crashed to

the floor in a faint. Peter rushed around the table to her; Mr. Dibdin gave a loud whoop for Mr. Riggs, and dashed toward the law-book alcove. At that moment the elevator cleared the second floor in its descent, bringing down Mr. Case. He at once helped Peter carry the girl to his private office. I snatched up my telephone and summoned Miss Wilkes. Then I turned down the aisle again to see if I could be of any further use in the rear, but I went on tiptoe and only a little way; in a hush that had succeeded the confusion with awful suddenness, Mr. Dibdin and Mr. Riggs were carrying the limp figure of the old white-bearded gentleman out of the alcove. His right side was toward me, his right hand dripping with blood. At this moment Ulysses came rushing open-mouthed down the rear gallery stairs, full on the scene.

"Hey, there! Watch the shipping room door until I get an ambulance! shouted Mr. Riggs to him, making off to a telephone.

Ulysses obediently disappeared. 1 turned and hurried down the narrow right-hand aisle along the wall, pas shipping-room door, toward Mr. Case's office. Again I was where confasion prevailed.

Mr. Case was not there. On the threshold, Peter was fidgeting distractedly. Inside, the unconscious girl lay on an old leather lounge. As I darted into the office, through which the frosty air was pouring from a window some one had actually thought of opening, Peter stopped me.

"Constance," he whispered, "that's that girl!"

His face was blanched, his hands twitching; he was the image of real fright, far beyond anything I could account for. Badly startled myself, "I did manage to grasp that fact," I retorted tartly. "Get some water, quick, and then go away!"

He vanished, closing the door. 1 went over to the girt. Her hat of soft crimson ribbon had fallen off, revealing shining black hair above clear-cut small, regular features of unusual distinction and beauty. Her lips were blue in the chilly air. Her cape was slipping to the floor; and as I picked it up to wrap around her, consternation halted me. With her well-tailored black cloth dress, she wore black satin bedroom slippers!

Whatever could have brought her to Darrow's so attired? All the events of that crowded morning flashed through my throbbing brain; Ulysses' premonition of disaster-absurd, was t-Peter's narrative; th reappearance, from our law-book alcove, of this leading personality in strange adventures in Richmond with an old law book and its unique treasure among prints, a Colfax bookplate. Then I heard murmurs outside the Following my first instinct, I flung the cape over the helpless girl

and tucked it tightly around her feet. The door opened, and Miss Wilkes appeared with the water, and a bottle of smelling salts, but her admirable efforts to bring the girl to proved wholly unavailing. When clanging in the street announced the ambulance. we summoned the surgeon; after a hasty examination, he decided he would take the girl, as well as the old

gentleman, to the hospital. So the ambulance sped away, leaving our establishment in the limp condition naturally resulting from the edge of the quarry. Fortunately the succession of exciting events detailed | rope was twisted round his wrist. The by this unsarnished record. Gossiping groups stood watching a policeman the unexpected pull, regained its feet taking down stories from eye-witness- and field the boy suspended in midos. but I saw Peter Lowbere. I learned air until rescuers came.

desk, her height and slenderness ac centuated by a bright apple-green knitted frock whose straight lines ceased not less than fourteen inches from the floor, above footgear com posed of as many as three patent leather straps, through which peeped pale-peach chiffon-weight stockings The large blue eyes of the imperturbable face above the round white collar stared as unremittingly at Miss Wilkes as those of a young baby. The red. red mouth was beautifully shaped and firmly closed. Miss Wilkes greeted me with sweet

onging to the tall young lady of

was standing in front of Miss Wilkes'

the short wavy chestnut tresse

"Come in, dear. What is it?" "I beg your parden! Has Miss Bur-

on gone to luncheon?" "I am Miss Burton," swiftly an nounced the apple-green young lady in a clear, shrill voice, transferring her unremitting gaze to my face, "and I was supposed to be gone to lunch a long time ago."

"Then wen't you go with me? My name is Constance Fuller-"I know all about you," said Nancy

Of course the fainting girl came in Burton. "All right, I'll come." for endless curiosity, directed chiefly She was a speedy withdrawer; we at me. But even had I wanted to talk. were on the street in a twinkling. I I knew just two facts about her: cast about for a diverting topic. namely, that Peter had seen her at "Let's go to Ernesto's for lunch! I'm

the Richmond auction, and that she sure you'll enjoy it. They have such had had on black satin bedroom slipgood things to eat!" pers; and these facts I decided to sup-

"And Ernesto is a famous local character. He owns one of the nicest, oddest houses on this island. He not



Stumbling Heavily, She Clutched at the Table, Shrieked, "Keep it! Keep It for Me!"

only has a restaurant downstairs, but he lives in the house, and rents some fleors as apartments." Nancy Nodded.

"How do you think you'll like your work?" I pursued faithfully.

"All right, Say," she broke out suddenly, scattering social amenities to the winds, "if you hadn't come in that minute, I'd have murdered that Wilkes oman! I hate women! Though you," she was pleased to add, "are an exception. Do you know about my stepmother?"

"I have only just heard of your father's marriage."

"There's another woman for you! She said I couldn't be respectable! Listen, Miss Fuller: did you know I

I didn't know whether to laugh of cry, the girl was so pretty and clever ooking and precocious and neglected and at the same time there was a wild streak of humor in her blue eyes that both aroused your mirth and put you on your guard. I compromised with my feelings, and smiled sympathet-

"I know no details whatever about your affairs, my dear, and it is not necessary to tell me any if you don't

want to.' "But I do, I have no one else to tell!" protested Nancy, not to be done by delicacy out of a recital of her exploits, as the rushing late-luncheon crewd hore us down the avenue toward Ernesto's. "It was like this: Last Saturday I eloped with Brandon Tower. He taught shorthand at the business college where I went, and he liked me, and I did like him awfully

Character Shown by Manner of Laughing

"People who laugh heartily may be | ents, while those who laugh withou rusted," said a student of psychology recently. "These people laugh with he eyes and the whole body as well as the vocal cords, and they are usually generous and sympathetic.

"Laughter is a sure indication of character. The man who laughs in his throat, with an almost straight ace, for example, is generally shrewd and curious, and not always ererscrupulous in his methods.

"'Inside laughers,' whose shaking shoulders express their mirth, are good-natured, and make excellent par-

Goat Saved Boy's Life

By his pet goat a twelve-year-old oy was saved from death in a quarry 40 feet deep at Portland, England. The boy was leading the animal on a 12yard tether when he fell over the gost, although thrown on its side by

a smile are hard-hearted and cruel. People with little jerky laughs are offen of shallow character, and are unable to withstand temptation. They are, however, often mentally brilliant.

"People who laugh explosively and loudly are not the hearty, bluff creatures they are generally believed to be. "The large-hearted souls are those who laugh but rarely, but whose joy s reflected in eyes, lips, and face."

Both Ends

An actor was talking about John

"Drew and Richard Harding Davis were friends in their famous youth." he said, "and they often traveled to

"While he was dressing for dinner one evening in Chicago, the young author looked up at Drew and grunted: "Hang it, I can't get these shoes

"'What!' said the young actor, 'Swelle1 feet, too?" "-Detroit Free

because he was so pome and hand-some, though now I hate him. Well, then father met my stepmother at a church fair where she was dishing out oyster stew, and she thought he looked lonely, and so that was that. I couldn't stand her, she picked on me right from the start-said my clothes were immodest, and look where this collar comes to, absolutely to my nose, while the other old cat starts at the other end! Well, Saturday afternoon Bran don telephoned me and asked me to go to the rink. I told him I was sorry, but Peter had just got back from Richmend, and it was his first long trip, so I was anxious to see him right

"Of course Brandon knew all about Peter, and that he was a rare-book buyer for Darrow's, because I had told him. Maybe it did sound a little queer to say I was so anxious to see him; Peter's naturally always off on business. The truth was, when Peter got in that morning, he had been so mad about Malvina, my stepmother, that he just managed to be civil and rush out of the house. Weil, they were married, and it couldn't be helped, so I wanted to smooth Peter down a little-bit if I could, before dinner. But I couldn't say all that over the telephone, and Brandon got fearfully mad because I wouldn't go than your family ordinarily uses. to the rink.

"Then Malvina passed me in the hall on her way to a matinee, and months, when the hens do not lay so said she was going to tell father that well, and prices in the market are I talked incessantly over the televery high? Eggs preserved in waterphone to beys, if I didn't instartly stop. I said, 'All right, I will, which answered both her and Brandon; and the minute sne'd gone, I skipped out and met him on Sixth avenue, and then-" Nancy gave a skip then and there, clutching my arm in excited climax—"he asked me to elope!"

As on a faint, distant beacon of

hope, I fixed my eyes on Ernesto's now just a block down the avenue, one of a massive row of stately granite-pillared houses, built ninety years pefore as homes for a group of New Yorkers who had been distinguished for combining money with brains. Normandy terrace, as the long row vas still called, had been constructed to laugh at the passage of time, though gone were all vestiges of any terrace, and all the graceful winding stoops of a bygone day. Sidewalk and floor space were no longer to be wasted on Manhattan island and all the lower floors of the terrace had been invaded by business. I endeavored to listen patiently to further details of Nancy's narrative, knowing that relief was imminent.

Peter, it seemed, had outwardly borne up nobly under the shock of the news of his father's marriage, had handsomely congratulated both par ties, in fact. Then, under pretext of pressing business, he had bolted out of the living room and down the hall teward his own room, to find Nancy waiting for him in the hall. He had cheered her doleful state with a prom ise to come home early and tell her all about Richmond, and show her the weirdest old bookplate in a book he had picked up there. He then performed the exploit of pitching his suitcase acress his bed and two tables and an armchair, to relieve bis feelings, and fled.

Hence Nancy's desire to soothe him before dinner. She had then confided Brandon Malvina's latest threat; whereupon he, outraged, she could see, by so much persecution, had stopped short under the Sixth avenue elevated with the romantic sug-

"Listen! Why don't you chuck it? Let's elope!"

Alas for Peter's brotherly sacrifices! incy, flattered, excited, and eager to leave home, fell promptly in with the proposal to depart for Atlantic City within an hour, where, she naively implied, she seemed to have an Im pression that this attractive young nan would marry her.

Mercifully at this point we passed between the clipped box-trees beside Erneste's door, and were greeted rapturously at the door of the restaurant by Ernesto himself

I had known this worthy Gencese ever since my salary could afford him, but had yet to hear anyone address him as "Mr. Sansoni," though his gray hair, dignified bulk, and stately official manners rendered him mere than impressive. Like a dreagnaught convoying a chaser and a cruiser he led us down the wide blue and-white-tiled hallway.

"Not for ten days have you been here!" cried Ernesto to me with alnost theatrical reproach, pulling out chairs at a table just inside the door.

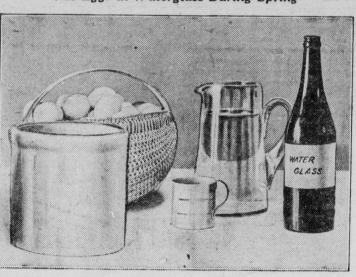
'You have forgotten Ernesto's!" "I never could do that." I averted with simple truth, "but we've been s busy I've just been grabbing sand wiches at the drug stores every day. "My God! that's fierce!" "cried Ernesto in fluent idiom, truly shocked, and he recommended frantically the day's special, which neither Nancy nor I opposed, as it included duck, chops, steak, mushrooms, peas, potatoes, beans and spaghetti, all in a secret-formula sauce, served on a still occup a romper permitting a mystical but highly important blue diaper as well as one which is attract-

"Still, lots of business is good," he able. admitted. "I wish I had it."

I glanced inquiringly around the oom, where the number of obviously entented patrons seemed to contracing bankruptey.

"My third-floor tenant leave two explained woefully. "Everybody say 'Thass notta nize place to live, 'way downtown. I wanta live uppin the Brony I lovea the subway! Izza nize place,' bristled Ernesto; "nize cheap flat, nize furniture, nize and quiet at night! Nobody want!" TO BE CONTINUED)

Put Eggs in Waterglass During Spring



What You Need in Preserving Eggs.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economi If you have chickens it is quite probable that during the spring you will have a good many more eggs Why not save some of these surplus eggs for use in the fall and winter glass solution will be good for all purposes for the table and for cookery after six or even ten months, if properly put down.

Three simple points must be observed: The eggs must be absolutely fresh, when they go into the preserving solution-right off the nest or one day old is best; never more than two days old. Every egg should at all times be completely immersed in the solution, at least two inches below the surface.

Get several large stone crocks- paper.

three to five-gallon size, according to your needs—and put them in the cel-lar or other cool dry place where they can remain undisturbed until all the eggs are used. If a jar is moved after the eggs are in it some of the eggs may crack and spoil, which would affect the entire crock. Clean the crock you are ready to

use thoroughly. Scald it and allow it to dry. To prepare the waterglass solution add 9 parts of water that has been boiled and cooled to one part of waterglass (sodium silicate). which can usually be purchased at drug stores. Stir well and fill the crock with the solution. Put the eggs into the crock very carefully, from day to day as they are gathered. If any of the solution evaporates more should be mixed in the same proportion and added. Very little evaporation will occur, however, if the jar is covered with a tight lid or waxed

ROMPERS FIT FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Gives Freedom of Movement and Protects Underwear.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.) From the time that a baby begins to creep he needs rompers, both to rmit unimpeded freedom of movement, and to protect his underwear from the soil which he invariably accumulates on his tours of investigation. Until children are six or eight years old rompers will be constantly orn for play and on ordinary occasions, by both boys and girls. The romper is the child's overall. It cuts down laundry and at the same time allows the child to play in the way that is natural for best development.

Different types of rompers are needed at different ages, and as their ac tivities become more individualized, for boys and girls. Rompers for those wearing diapers, for instance, should permit an easy change and conceal year-olds should be designed to aid them in learning to dress without



Rompers for a Child From One to Two Years Old, Buttoning Down the Sides and Across the Back.

help, by having buttons where they can be easily reached. During the "in-between" period, when accident ive with other undergarments, is avail

The illustration, which was made by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, shows a good type of romper for duct Ernesto's implication that he was a child from one to two years old. It has fullness through the width to allow freedom of movement, but no weeks ago, I cannotta renta the flat!" light bands around the legs. Elastic leg-bands are not advised for any rompers. To prevent the trouser legs on this romper from slipping down below the knee, they are made short. The cloth leg bands are sufficiently bends over. The back portion opens with powdered sugar and serve.

down the legs as well as across the back, in case the child is still wearing diapers. This romper can be made from one straight piece of goods folded through the crotch and the

shoulders. Soft smooth materials such as gingham, cotton charmeuse, cotton crepe, sateen, prints and fine broadcloth, are among the most suitable fabrics for rompers for very little children. As a fresh garment will be put on almost every day, the rompers must stand a great deal of laundering. For very special occasions one or two pongee rompers might be made.

TWO RECIPES FOR **COOKING ONIONS**

There Are Many Different Ways of Serving Them.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture,) The humble onion becomes almost an aristocrat during the spring months when vegetables are few in number and limited in variety. There are many good ways of serving them, They may be boiled and creamed baked whole, cut in half and stuffed, scalloped with peanuts, glazed or made into a rich and tasty soup. The recipes below are from the bureau of home economics.

Glazed Onions.

10 medium-sized 2 teaspoonfuls melted butter 14 cupful sugar

Peel the onions and boil whole in salted boiling water until fairly tender, from 20 to 30 minutes. Mix the sugar and butter together and spread over the sides and bottom of the baking dish or pan. Drain the onions and place them in the pan and bake in a moderate oven until brown, increasing the heat toward the last. Water cooks out of the onions, and the browning process is rather slow, but when finished they should have a rich brown glaze.

Onion Soup.

teaspoonfuls Pepper Toast

3 cupfuls meat broth 4 tablespoonfuls flour 6 medium-sized onions, chopped 2 tablespoonfuls cold water

Cook the chopped onions in a small amount of water until tender. Then add two tablespoonfuls of fat from the meat broth or the same quantity of butter and let the onions cook down in this until they are yellow. Mix them with the meat broth and thicken with the flour and cold water, which have been well blended. Cook a few minutes. Pour the soup into bowls or soup plates, place on top a round or slice of toasted bread, and sprinkle grated cheese on top. Serve at once.

Chocolate Waffles Are

New in Many Households New to many households is this ecipe for making chocolate-flavored waffles. The waffle-iron, whether elec tric or iron, is managed in the same way as for any other waffles.

2 cups sifted soft 3 tablespoons butwheat flour 2 eggs 4 cup sugar squares chocolats, unsweetened 1 teaspoon salt unsweetened

14 teaspoon vanilla Mix the dry ingredients, then add the milk and the egg yolks. Melt the butter and chocolate and add to the batter. Lastly fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Have the waffle wide to slip up the leg at least 5 iron hot enough to cook the waffles inches above the knee when the child quickly. As soon as baked, sprinkle

The BABY



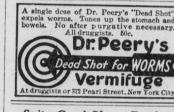
Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!





Spitz Good Sheep Tender

The Pomeranian sheep dog, better known as the Spitz dog. is bred in countries as a house pet, small and useless. But in its own home on the shores of the Baltic this dog is the local sheep tender. He has a foxlike face and very long hair. In color he ranges over a wide scale, but black or white is most common, and the average weight is about eight pounds. The Spitz stands cold weather much better than warm.

Purpose of all religions is to make men better; none should be under

Man sets up the drinks and the

24 Hours Ends

A"common cold" may result in grippe A "common cold" may result in grippe or flu. At the very first sign, go to a drug store and get a box of HILL'S. Take promptly. HILL'S breaks up a cold in 24 hours because it does the four vital things at once—stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels and tones the system. Red box, 30 cents.

HILL'S Cascara - Bromide - Quinine



FINNEY O WHAT IS UT YEZ

THE FEATI A GUY THAT WOULD THROW VAN AUTO SP

HEY BUD, WH THE IDEA? GET HOLD AND QU STALLING -

WHO'S WHO SEE THE LEADING CITIZEN! HE WALKS WITH A STRUT! HE FEELS

MPORTANT!

OVER IN THE NEXT COUNTY THEY NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

The Clancy Wonder

PERCY L. CR