

# BRITZ OF HEADQUARTERS

By MARCIN BARBER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a scream from Dorothy March in the opera box of Mrs. Missioner, a wealthy widow. It is a cry of alarm when Mrs. Missioner's necklace breaks, scattering the diamonds all over the floor. Curtis Griswold and Braxton Sands, society men in love with Mrs. Missioner, gather up the gems. Griswold insists that what is supposed to be the collection of Maharanes and crushes it. A Hindu expert later pronounces all the stones authentic for the original. Detectives Dummely and Carson investigate. They locate the theft of the original gems accomplished by some one in the house. Miss Elinor Holcomb, confidential companion of Mrs. Missioner, is found in her room. Mrs. Missioner protests that Elinor is innocent, but she is taken to prison. Meantime, in an upstairs mansion, two Hindus, who are in America to recover the Maharane's diamonds, are evidently believed Elinor in possession and slain. Detective Britz takes up the case. He evidently believes Elinor innocent and seeks the cooperation of Dr. Lawrence Fitch, her fiancé, in running down the real criminal. He advises Elinor to seek help from the police. He learns that Mrs. Missioner had the diamonds in Paris with her.

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

As the detective left the office, he could not help a feeling of depression at the slow progress of events. As yet, the intricacies of the mystery were vaguely outlined in his mind. He saw them as a floating mist, heavy with possibilities but charged with delusive signs of beckoning trails that he instinctively knew led to nowhere. He was still treading lightly the mazes of the case. One false step might be fatal, and he preferred to remain in a crouching attitude of watchfulness, ready to spring from cover at the proper moment.

Much as he deplored his enforced inactivity, he nevertheless had faith in the final outcome. A quick mental survey of the case convinced him that the first necessity was to find the maker of the paste stones. Whoever made the duplicate Maharane would surely recall having done so. There were few European firms that could have made the stone. It was doubtful whether any American manufacturer could have turned out a substitute to fool the eyes of Mrs. Missioner, even for a night. It is hard enough to get the compact brilliance of the diamond in a small paste gem; infinitely more difficult is it to manufacture a counterfeit Maharane. Britz knew that whoever copied the cut and luster of that marvelous stone was an expert of high caliber. No faint shimmer of glass could have failed to deceive Mrs. Missioner. The laboratory fire that gleamed from the duplicate was the work of years of experiment, and only in Paris, Britz believed, was the art of manufacturing paste gems sufficiently developed to bring forth a satisfactory duplicate of the Maharane.

Three weeks, at least, must elapse before word would come from Logan. The emissary sent abroad was himself a diamond expert. Before entering the Detective Bureau, he had been a foreign agent of the United States Treasury Department. If the duplicate necklace was manufactured abroad, Logan would find the manufacturer without delay. Britz had faith in his man, and he waited impatiently through three weeks of torment for the first cablegram. It came finally, and he opened it with nervous fingers.

"Missioner necklace manufactured from drawings by three firms. Original never in possession of manufacturers."

Britz let the telegram flutter to the floor.

"I know it!" he burst forth. "They wouldn't have dared to take the original out of the safe without immediately replacing it with the duplicate."

He picked up the message and burst into the Chief's room.

"Read it!" he exclaimed.

The Chief's eyes drank in the words, but his brain failed to grasp their underlying meaning.

"I don't see that this proves anything," he remarked.

"It proves everything," volleyed Britz. "It proves that the thief was a clever draughtsman. It proves that he spent weeks sketching the necklace, stone by stone, and it proves, too, that he went to Paris to have the duplicate made."

"It proves all that," agreed the Chief. "But who had the opportunity to see the necklace a sufficient number of times and long enough to make the sketches? Who but Miss Holcomb?"

"I will find someone who had almost as good an opportunity," Britz returned confidently.

"And if you do, what will it mean?" asked the Chief.

"It will mean something to work on," the detective said.

The next twenty-four hours Britz spent in the quiet of his home, his mind focused on the problem before him, trying to map out his line of procedure. Plan after plan he discarded as worthless. He could have struck out blindly in the hope of stumbling on a trail, but that was not Britz's method. Crime mysteries were to him scientific problems to be solved by scientific means. Step by step he went over the ground already covered, and then sought the outlook with the keen searchlight of his mind.

By a process of elimination he tried to sift the real thief from the group

of suspects on whom his mental efforts were concentrated. He was unable to drag forth the culprit. Then he sought to discern the motive for the crime in the action of each possible criminal, but he could come to no satisfactory conclusion.

"More information, more information is needed before the real work can begin!" he murmured.

In his preoccupation he did not observe the door open and the servant show in a subordinate from Headquarters. Not until the visitor spoke did he become aware of his presence.

"Two cablegrams for you, sir," the subordinate said.

The first cablegram aroused no emotions in the detective.

"Have obtained original drawings. Will sail to-morrow with them," the message from Logan read.

He opened the second envelope and read the contents half a dozen times, as if to stamp them indelibly on his mind.

"Drawings for duplicates taken to manufacturer by young woman. Gave name of Elinor Holcomb."

Britz dismissed the visitor, left the house, and hastened to the office of Dr. Fitch. Taking the important cablegram from his pocket, he handed it to the physician. The doctor's eyes lingered on each word. His face paled, his eyes bulged forward, a violent tremor ran up and down his frame.

"This is awful!" he groaned.

"It's great news for you and Miss Holcomb," the detective smiled.

Fitch eyed him in perplexity. The detective met his inquiring gaze steadily, and, slowly folding the cablegram, he said:

"It proves beyond question she had no part in the crime."

"How?" Fitch demanded eagerly.

"If Miss Holcomb had been clever enough to plan the theft, she'd have known better than to go about Paris ordering the duplicates. Also, if she had taken the diamonds, she'd never have permitted one of them to remain in her room in Mrs. Missioner's house. No, whoever stole those gems deliberately tried to throw suspicion on her."

"But who could have conceived such a dastardly crime?" Fitch blurted, a wave of anger sweeping his frame.

"Whoever it was," Britz returned, "either was actuated by enmity toward the young woman, or knew enough about the Missioner household to realize that suspicion would naturally fall on her, and therefore he decided to use her as a cloak to hide his own identity. However, I now have something to work on, something that will produce quick results. Dr. Fitch, you may tell Miss Holcomb that in my calculations she is entirely eliminated from participation in the crime. You may inform her also that the hunt for the thief has begun."

Before the physician recovered from the pleasant shock of the detective's words, Britz was hurrying down the steps.

## CHAPTER X.

### Dorothy March Talks.

Matinee girls in the Forrest Theater differ from their sisters of other New York playhouses in that they are far more serious than anybody in the evening audiences. Caramels, marshmallows, chocolate creams are forbidden by the unwritten law of their cult. The utmost nourishment one of them can allow herself is a salted almond nibbled surreptitiously between decorous little outbursts of kid-glove applause. It is not the sort of gathering in which one would expect to find the busiest sleuth of the headquarters staff, especially with a great diamond mystery on his hands. Yet, on one of those warm January afternoons that make the metropolis wonder if it is being metamorphosed into a winter resort, one of the most interested auditors in the select little theater was Detective-Leutenant Britz, of Manning's staff.

Britz found the somebody he sought when his gaze fell on a slim little figure in the trimmest of dove-colored gowns, sitting in the fifth row off the center aisle. Instantly his last pretense of attention to the play vanished. Keeping his eyes on the gray curves of the girl in the fifth row, he quitted his post at one side of the house and walked slowly to the main exit, whence he watched her until the curtain fell on the first act. Meanwhile, he scribbled on a card, slipped a liberal tip into the receptive hand of an usher, and indicated the object of his interest. When the curtain fell on the first act, the usher hurried down the aisle, and presented the card to the girl in gray.

"If Miss March," read the young woman, "will spare a few minutes to Britz, or Headquarters, she will confer a favor and serve her friend, Mrs. Missioner."

Dorothy gathered her wrap, glasses and program quickly and followed the usher to the back of the theater. The youth led her to the famous detective, whom, though she had heard of him through Doris Missioner, she beheld for the first time.

"You wished to see me?" inquired Dorothy. It was a banal question, and a flush tinged her cheeks as she realized its superfluity could not ex-



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cape the greatest detective in New York. But Britz seemed not to notice it, and the simple directness of his manner put the girl at her ease.

"I took the liberty, Miss March," he said pleasantly, "because I saw you across the orchestra, and I need a short course in social knowledge." His smile robbed the reply of flippancy.

"Fancy!" said Dorothy. She was so utterly at sea as to the detective's purpose she could think of nothing else to say save: "I fear you have sought a poor teacher."

"Well, I don't know now," Britz returned, looking at her with respectful admiration. "You see, you're a society girl, and I know nothing of society, and there's something I want to know—something I ought to know."

"If there's anything I can tell you, Mr. Britz, I'll be glad to do so," Dorothy volunteered. "Especially if it will help you to find Mrs. Missioner's diamonds."

"I'm not sure it will," said Britz. "It may, however, save me from seeking them in the wrong place. You seemed to enjoy the play, Miss March."

This shift of subjects was so abrupt that if Dorothy's breath had not already been coming in catches, she might have gasped. It was evident that the detective was more original than society men. She wondered absently if the type was worth studying.

"Why, yes," her hesitating answer came. "I believe it's considered one of the best hits of the season. Very elevating, you know, and—well, different."

"Modern, Miss March?"

"It has two periods. The first deals with the life of today, the second harks back to the early Victorian period with, I understand, an abrupt return to the present."

She was chatting quite easily with the detective now. Had she been reared in Mulberry street instead of on Murray Hill, she could not have felt more natural.

"Now, this society subject—by the way, Miss March," Britz switched again, "is there as much difference between social life then and now?"

"Oh, a great deal, I should say. Her eyes twinkled. "Of course, I cannot speak with authority—from personal observation."

"I wouldn't ask you to tell me anything about Ward McAllister from personal observation, Miss March," said the sleuth. His gallantry on occasion was the wonder of the Central office.

Dorothy looked alarmed. Could it be that great detectives wasted time on compliments, too? But a side glance at the detective's serious expression reassured her. It was manifest even to a debutante he had no idea of making an impression along that line. She laughed frankly and looked at him again in the friendliest way.

"I know you don't want to ask me about anything so recent as the Spanish war," she said, "now, do you?"

"Candidly, I don't," he rejoined. "To tell you the plain truth, I don't know exactly what I wish to ask you now how to ask it, but I have an idea you can help me, and I am sure you will for Mrs. Missioner's sake."

"And Miss Holcomb's?" asked the girl eagerly. "She, too, you know, is a dear friend of mine."

"And Miss Holcomb's," answered the headquarters man warmly. "Let me say, too, my dear young lady, as one old enough to be your—your—"

"Don't say my brother, Mr. Britz," interposed Dorothy mischievously. "I—I—well, I don't really see how I can be a sister to anybody else." She felt impelled to treat this strangely natural man naturally—she, who despite her inexperience, could freeze presumption with a glance, felt that way. It was a tribute to his adaptability.

Britz laughed. "Miss March," he said with more heartiness in his tone than had colored it in many a day, "if I were not so busy, it would be a delight to be an elder brother to you. But I guess you're not interested in my imple-

and we were talking of the play."

"Oh, yes, the play's the thing," Dorothy countered with keen relish of the situation. If subtlety was his intention, she would show him what a woman—Dorothy was all of nineteen—a woman could do. "I never would have supposed," she added, allowing herself full measure of mischief, "that a famous detective could be a matinee man."

Britz winced. His ready good nature parried her shafts, however, and it was with the same slow smile that he replied:

"Does the author reconcile the manners of the two periods, or, is the piece one of those problem plays that leave everything to the audience? You see, Miss March," he went on, "Mulberry street gets to Broadway occasionally."

"I don't know, Mr. Britz," she tried to recall the advance notice of the production. "This is the first time I've seen it. I dare say the playwright has bridged the gap somehow."

"It's a wide gap to bridge," observed the detective thoughtfully. "From reading nineteenth century novels, I should say it would be hard for the writer to hold interest with such a groundwork for his plot. Things were so different 50 years ago."

"Exactly what my grandfather says," Dorothy retorted, fun flashing in that misgiving face. "But we'll know soon how the author has succeeded," she added. "The orchestra is bearing the end of this selection."

"Even their amusements were different," mused Britz. "Instead of golf, tennis, autoing, yachting, they had archery, croquet, sketching and square dances—I don't suppose anybody in society sketches nowadays, Miss March?"

"I'd hardly say that," she replied. "There are a few talented men—"

"And many women—"

"Oh, almost all women are more or less artistic," said Dorothy with conviction. "But one must not be unjust to the men on that account."

"Well, Miss March," and his smile from a younger man would have been called caressing, "we've started with discussion of the play, and we touched on authorship, the founder of the Four Hundred, the war with Spain and a dozen other subjects. Funny how chatter zigzags, isn't it? I was about to say that from all I understand, the society men of today are not as accomplished, even if they are talented, as the beaux of good Queen Victoria's girlhood. Come, now, I'd be willing to bet a box of bonbons you don't know half a dozen men who can draw anything except checks."

"Oh, yes, I do!" she cried pearly. Then, meditatively, "Half a dozen, you say? Do you know, Mr. Britz, I think you win."

"You don't know as many as six?" Britz inquired, as if the fate of empire hung on his winning the wager that as yet was only a hypothesis.

"It's humiliating, isn't it?" she said naively. "But I don't. There are two or three, though—Teddy Lorimer and Mr. Griswold, and that queer little Frenchman, Anatole—oh, you know who I mean?"

"Anatole Daubigny?"

"Yes—he draws the funniest, dearest little dogs."

"And his monkeys, Miss March. Don't forget his monkeys."

"Aren't they simply—simply ravishing?" the girl returned. "And have you seen his newest satire on the Newport set—a lot of apes and baboons and chimpanzees in evening dress sitting at the table with several men and women? 'A Family Reunion,' he calls it."

"Delightful!" said Britz with enthusiasm equaling hers. "I perceive we enjoy a good many things in common, Miss March."

She smiled. It was not every matinee girl who could interest a man who solved world-famous mysteries.

"Isn't it strange!" she said. Then the training of years recalled her to a sense of what she was doing. "I fear we've been very unconventional Mr.



Britz," she said as primly as her prettiness permitted. "But I've enjoyed our little chat very much."

"Which means I must be going," said Britz promptly. "If I'm not to spoil your enjoyment of the mid-Victorian scene, the orchestra has finished speaking its little piece."

"Yes, there goes the curtain," agreed Dorothy, rising hastily. "So glad to have met you, Mr. Britz. I hope I've been of some assistance about dear Mrs. Missioner's jewels. Good-afternoon."

"But, Mr. Britz," she cried, "there was something you wished to ask me—something that was to help you find the diamonds?"

"Some other time, Miss March, thank you," said Britz, smiling. "I won't detain you now. Perhaps we'll meet at another matinee soon, with a longer intermission between the acts. Delighted to have made your acquaintance, Miss March. I know you're in a hurry to get back to your seat. Forrest audiences don't like to be disturbed, you know. Good-afternoon, Miss March, and—thank you so much!"

He had cause to thank her, he believed. For, in her girlish talk, she had given him the first Missioner clue of the week—or, rather, she had extended for him a thread of the mystery that had occupied much of his thoughts from the moment when he received Logan's cable saying the paste jewels were made from sketches. For days, he had sought to learn who among Mrs. Missioner's intimates was artist enough to make such delicate draughts of the diamonds as would be required by an artificer for the manufacture of imitations. With that object, he had ascertained Dorothy's intention to go to the matinee in the Forrest and had gone to the theater to meet her under conditions not likely to interfere with such gentle questioning of her as he meant to do. His veiled interrogation of the society girl had brought forth the fact that Curtis Griswold could sketch—that the clubman was sufficiently master of his pencil to have his skill pretty generally known among his acquaintances. Lorimer and Daubigny, the other society artists he had mentioned, were not, he knew, in Mrs. Missioner's circle.

It was fortunate for Lieutenant Britz, as well as for Elinor Holcomb and Doctor Fitch, and everybody whose hopes hinged on the detective's success in solving the great Missioner diamond mystery, that long custom made him thread the traffic of the city's throbbing artery automatically, for so deeply did the sleuth ponder the possibilities of his newest information that he had several close escapes from taxicabs, private automobiles and trolley cars as he crossed Broadway and bent his steps toward Fifth avenue. The case had cleared a little, but his course was not much plainer than it had been when he dropped into the theater in quest of further knowledge.

"It won't do to call Miss March as a witness," he mused, walking north in the carriage-crowded avenue, with that briskness characteristic of him when his brain was most active. "She

rest, and that when he caused man or woman to be placed in the prisoner's dock, a conviction almost always followed.

"Griswold, Sands, All, Blodgett—" The names presented themselves to the sleuth's mind in that order as he hastened along with no particular place as an objective—merely walking to stimulate his mental process. It always brightened Britz to pass the panorama of fashion in Fifth avenue. It was with an almost fatherly feeling he glanced at the rich, the debonaire, the gay sauntering along the sidewalks or rolling in automobiles and carriages up and down the asphalt. The safety of their wealth, sometimes of their very lives, depended on the vigilance, courage and efficiency of himself, and of the few men like him on the police force of New York. So far as the rank and file of the department were concerned, those care-free sons and daughters of opportunity might be at the mercy of the ablest birds of prey in the human flock. It was because Britz and his compeers worked and watched and waited so patiently, so devotedly, so ceaselessly, that fashion and finance, coquetry and commerce, could bask in the sunshine of metropolitan prosperity.

A dark-blue limousine standing at the corner of Forty-fourth street caught his attention. For a moment he studied it as he slackened his pace. Then he stopped short, retraced his steps, crossed to the east side of the avenue, and, through the windows of a waiting cab, trained his gaze on Sherry's fashionable restaurant in front of which the costly automobile stood. Dimly, through the filmy lace curtains, he saw the figures of those lingering over afternoon tea, with a few early diners. He could not distinguish their faces, but something in the bearing of a woman at the first window held his glance. Then a waiter, moving silently about the table, chanced to part the curtains with his elbow, and in the momentary gap between the folds of film Britz saw the blonde beauty of Mrs. Missioner, and the clear-cut features of Curtis Griswold.

Britz settled himself to wait. The cabman, whose vehicle he was using as a redoubt, looked at him inquiringly, but the detective fished out of his pocket a fat cigar with a scarlet-and-gold band, and in a moment he and the cabby were chatting amiably. The headquarters man had not loog to wait. Before the cabman had gone far into discussion of the current political crisis, the door of the restaurant across the street was swung open by a boy in many buttons, and Mrs. Missioner appeared on the threshold. She was followed closely by Griswold and, after a moment's pause to gladden the heart of the much-buttoned youth by a man the watching detective was somewhat surprised to see—Bruxton Sands.

"Home," said Mrs. Missioner to her chauffeur. Britz could not hear the word, but he read it from her lips. He saw the widow step into her limousine, saw Sands and Griswold follow, saw the chauffeur throw his clutch, saw the big car glide swiftly south to wheel for a northward trip along the avenue. Before the automobile reached a turning point, the detective sprang into the cab, whispered an address to the driver, and added in a low tone:

"Double your fare for speed."

The cabman lashed his horse and, knowing his craft, threaded his way through the traffic so quickly that in a short time he was several blocks ahead of the limousine. All the way up the avenue the race continued, Britz well in the lead. At the Fifty-ninth street entrance, the automobile swung into the park, but the cabman urged his horse straight up Fifth avenue, and so great was the gain made by the short cut that a few blocks further north he dropped his fare in front of a mansion of imposing splendor, touched his hat in acknowledgment of a generous fee, and was bowing eastward, halfway to Madison avenue, when the Missioner car reappeared from the park's Seventy-second street gate.

"You at least can stop for a minute of gossip," said Mrs. Missioner over her shoulder as she preceded Sands and Griswold into her library. "Finance and club affairs can wait a little while, and—oh!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Scientific Butler.

Science in its more awful forms is not confined to schoolboy bowlers. One of the witty Canon Angler's stories—quoted in Mr. E. V. Lucas' delightful anthology of letters, entitled "The Second Post"—proves it.

At a country house party a maid was dressing a guest's hair.

"I hope, Parker," said the lady, "you are comfortable in your place?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," the maid replied, with great warmth. "The society down stairs is so superior. The butler leads the conversation."

"He is a refined man," she continued, with rising enthusiasm. "Indeed, quite scientific. He has been telling us all about evolution, and we quite understand it now."

"He says," the maid concluded, earnestly, "that we are all descended from Darwin."—Youth's Companion.

Reserved for Onions.

The vegetable board in a certain kitchen has a big round O buried on one side of it. This is the space used for peeling and mincing onions. A wooden spoon is the best spoon in the world for stirring most foods in cooking, but it should never be used where there is high seasoning or onion seasoning, as the wood retains flavors. The grater used for onions should be washed in cold water. Few housekeepers realize the great absorbing qualities of cold water.

To Polish Oak Floors.

To look well a hardwood floor must be kept in good condition. Oak floors should be polished once a week. First sweep off all dust and wipe thoroughly clean with a duster. Apply a polish made of two ounces of beeswax and one ounce of hard yellow soap; add enough turpentine to cover. Allow this to stand by the side of the stove until dissolved, stirring now and again. This must be rubbed in well and the floor then polished.

Honey Candy.

Put half a pound of honey into a saucepan, add half a pound of sugar, one tablespoonful of cream and a dessertspoonful of cold water, then mix and stir well. Allow to stand for one hour. Put over a moderate fire and cook, stirring gently until it is stiff enough to pull. Pour into buttered tins. When cool enough to handle, pull and cut into small pieces.

Cheep Squash Pie.

Here is a cheap squash pie recipe: One cup squash, one-quarter teaspoon of salt, three-quarters cup boiling milk, one-quarter spoon of cassia, ginger or nutmeg, whichever you prefer (it almost always use a little rose water for flavoring squash pies), one-half cup sugar, one egg, well-beaten. One pie.

Cowboy Graham Gams.

One pint sour or buttermilk, one teaspoon soda. Stir well. Add one-half cup sugar, one cup flour, one-half cup corn meal, two cups graham flour, one-half cup molasses, one teaspoon salt. Bake 30 to 40 minutes in gem pans.

## NOVEL APPLE FEAST

DELICIOUS FRUIT AS BASIS OF ENTIRE MENU.

Breakfast or Luncheon With Rosy-Cheeked Fruit in Chief Role Gives Hostess Chance to Exercise Ingenuity.

While our delicious apples still remain a delicacy in contradistinction to the household standby they were later in the season, the apple motive can be used as the basis of an entire menu with piquant success. For instance, the entertainer who loves to seek out the unusual in even her lesser affairs might arrange an apple breakfast, in which the rosy-cheeked fruit plays chief role. With a slight difference in the hour appointed, such a function becomes an apple luncheon, but there is a freshness to the former name which is attractive, and then at this time of year the cooler earlier hours are frequently chosen.

Whatever the hour decided upon, the invitations can be extremely pretty. Prepare them in this way: Have heavy linen notes sheets for them, and at the head of each sheet put in water color a spray of leaves in Kates Greenway style, with one rosy apple pendant therefrom. Below each apple bough could be a quotation about the fruit. It adds to the effect if this quotation is written in red ink and fancy lettering is employed.

Lunch cloths with a design of apples are easily embroidered by the needleworker, or they can be obtained in the shops, and one of these, when practicable, makes such a pretty touch in the decorations.

For this centerpiece, have a charming, old-fashioned epergne piled high with the fruit of the occasion, and some pretty foliage of the apple tree. It is effective to have apples of a different color on each tier, beginning with the tiny lady apples, alternating if these are obtainable at the time, on the top of the dish.

Have strings of red and green apples crossing each other, suspended above the table, and for place cards have rosy apples cut from art paper and colored, or apple bonbonnières filled with candies can have conventional place cards of small size tied to their stems with ribbon.

At an apple feast given about this time last year the first course was a fruit salad served in porcelain apples, the red and green of which added a very charming note to the scheme. Where these are not available, the natural fruit can be cut in half and used as cups. When the "lid" is added the effect is that of a whole fruit on the plate.

Let the principle course of the menu, which may be either chops, beefsteak or an omelet, come to the table decorated with bacon and fried apples. With any one of these French fried potatoes would be appetizing, and hot biscuit or toast with butter.

The salad might be a combination of pineapple, with grapes and bits of apple, served in apple baskets, or in green apple forms of crepe paper, over a "board."

With this pass the coffee, cream cheese (having a few walnut meats stirred into it), and toasted crackers.

Special Johnny Cake.

Here is a Johnny cake that my mother used to make, writes a contributor to an exchange. You will see there are no eggs in it. The women of today use more eggs than are needed. Father used to tell her to make the cakes so they would be thin. They are good for the children with butter and syrup. One teaspoon soda, two cups sour milk, one teaspoon salt, three-fourths cup of flour, and then mix with Indian meal until it is thick as sponge cake. In making corn cake use the kind that is used by poultry men. First stir it, then do not use old sour milk. Milk two days old is old enough. Sour milk makes the best corn cake and doughnuts.

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