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 murder no longer appeal to the strong-arm man; we are becoming a race of mollycoddles!" 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. "Thus 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. "'Tis 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. "'Tis, 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 lace 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 gritted, 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 must 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 then "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 finished up when I wasn't around. Got soused 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 decoyed 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 1599, 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 Sullyat 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 Frankfort 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.

DAIRY

"SWAT THE FLY" TO PREVENT DISEASE

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Flies are one of the worst enemies of man. They breed prolifically and prosper in filth. Their conformation is admirably suited for carrying death-dealing organisms from questionable places which they frequent, to the dwelling places, food utensils, and food of man, says the bureau of dairying, United Sates Department of Agriculture. Flies are a nuisance and anyone who fights them is doing humanity a service.

The female fly is not fastidious about the place in which her offspring are to be born. A manure pile represents the height of her ambition in this respect, and when she has the opportunity she deposits her eggs there in masses. The manure pile reciprocates as an incubator for her young, and in a few days the maggots which hatch from her eggs have developed into full-fledged flies, all ready to start on a campaign of destruction and perhaps death.

The fly is covered with a hairy growth and its feet resemble hairy pads. It probably carries as much filth and as many bacteria on its body, for its size, as anything which lives. No wonder then, considering this point alone, that the fly is an enemy of milk. But this is not all, for the fly is a creature of filthy practices. It sucks its food without fear or favor and then regurgitates it at will. A smooth-surfaced milk utensil may be a handy place for this procedure.

The fly scatters its excreta promiscuously. Its specks may be found on any place it frequents. They look unsightly, but are even worse than they look, because they ofen contain organisms which are decidedly detrimental to health. Is it any wonder that we are besought and urged to "swat the fly"?

No one is more alive to the danger from flies than the milk inspector. His training and his ambition both call for the destruction of this enemy of clean, safe milk. But sometimes he forgets that not all of the producers are familiar with the characteristics and habits of the fly. He thus overlooks an opportunity. He should explain to his dairymen and also to the people who consume the milk why there should be adequate protection from flies. When a full explanation is made to the dairyman about the fly and its habits, he becomes interested in getting rid of manure piles, trash, and other breeding places, and in trapping and poisoning the flies which appear.

Clean Milk Production Brings Back the Money

That season of the year is here when milk is too often returned to the shipper because it is unfit for consumption or has arrived in a sour condition. Flavors and odors in milk result from four causes and it would be well for the milk producer to note these causes and guard against shipping milk which cannot be used, thereby saving a big loss to his business this summer.

These causes are as follows:

1. Internal or physical condition of the cow.

2. Flavors and odors absorbed within the body of the cow from highly flavored feeds such as turnips, onions, etc.

3. Odors absorbed into the milk after production.

4. Bacterial development within the milk while standing.

Control of these four factors this summer will mean dollars and cents in the milk producer's pocket. These things are also very important for the cream producer to consider, as high-quality butter cannot be made from low-quality cream, and if the butter-maker cannot make superior butter demanding a higher price, he cannot possibly give the producer any more for his product.—H. R. Lascelles, field man, Colorado State Dairy Commission.

Dairy Hints

Crossing dairy breeds is like mixing good ink with good water; the value of each is lost.

* * *

Baby calves respond with great susceptibility to care especially during the first few days of their lives.

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The most profitable method of handling dairy cows by the average farmer is to market cream and use the skim milk for bringing up calves and pigs.

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Many farmers begrudge a hen every bite that goes down her neck, and numerous early risers on the farm get up to feed the hogs before daylight to keep the hens from eating with them.

* * *

Poultrymen are finding out that hens will lay as freely without the company of males as with them. This fact permits the lessening of expenses by doing away with the roosters. It is also a fact that eggs that are infertile will keep much the longest.

LIVE STOCK

PURE-BRED STOCK FOR EVERY FARM

Pure-bred live stock on every farm will some day be the rule in the United States. It will come through the use of registered sires; then the addition of registered females, and finally by the weeding out of "pedigreed scrubs."

The pedigree is an index of quality, for "like begets like or the likeness of an ancestor." But pedigree is not absolute proof of exceptional quality—not in the United States, it isn't, says Farm and Breeder. It can be made so in time, and breeders are urged to bring that day to pass by culling every animal whose individual characters and the chances of passing them on to its offspring do not match up with its royal lineage.

In the past there has been great reliance on the herd book. Animals have been sold for reproductive purposes because they carried the blood of popular sires and dams. Many of them should have been sent to the block. It is bad enough that less than 10 per cent of the live stock in the United States is pure bred; it is worse for the breeding industry that short-sighted men see only the dime in front of their nose and not the dollar a few years off.

In Europe the culling of animals for breeding purposes is much more rigorous than in our own land. Over there pedigrees carry a guarantee of individual excellence, because it has been the custom among breeders to register only outstanding animals. That's what we will come to in America. A pedigree should stand not only for the presumption of inherited characters and prepotence; it should also represent high quality in the individual. Some day "pure-bred live stock on every farm" will indicate high-class farming in fact as well as in theory.

It Is Quite Economical to Let Swine Pick Corn

In this age of efficiency, when everyone is trying out labor-saving devices and economical systems, you may have overlooked the fact that in handling corn you may simply open the gate to the field and let the hogs help you in your work. Under the old system every ear of corn had to be handled at least three times. The ear is first pulled off the stalk and thrown into the wagon. Then it is thrown from the wagon into the crib. After that the basket is filled at the crib and the corn carried to the hog-pen.

The hog not only reduces the number of handlings but eliminates them completely. All that is necessary is to open the gate and drive the hogs into the field. They clean up the corn with less waste than if it were harvested by men, and they also spread the manure over the field.

In sections where the seed will mature, cowpeas, or soy beans, sown broadcast through the corn at the last cultivation, produce a large quantity of feed in addition to the corn. The beans, being high in protein, balance the ration and make almost an ideal feed for hog fattening. The hogs eat not only the beans themselves, but much of the green vines. Rape is another excellent crop to broadcast in the corn at the last cultivation to help out the sum total of hog feed. In some instances it may be advisable that a part of the field be set off by a temporary fence and the hogs not allowed to cover too much ground at one time.

Health Hints for Live Stock in Summer Months

During the summer months one of the most important factors in maintaining the health of live stock is to see that they have plenty of pure drinking water. Overheat or sunstroke may be avoided, especially during harvest time, if the horses are watched closely and watered two or three times during the hottest periods of the day.

A small quantity of water in a pail given to the team will increase the amount of sweating. Evaporation of moisture from the body acts as a cooling agent. The small amount of trouble involved in getting plenty of water to work animals will be repaid by their ability to stand more work.

A good supply of pure water is just as necessary for cattle and hogs as for work horses during the hot weather. Where young and adult cattle are pastured together, the young ones are sometimes skimped on water on account of being crowded away, and the water riled and muddied by the larger animals. In some instances this can be avoided by increasing the tank space and having more water available when the herd comes to drink.

Culling Sheep Flock

As the lamb crop gives the best return it is given the first consideration when culling. A good type is most desirable. Cull out the ewes with weak backs or saddle backs. Ewes with long legs, shallow body and weak constitution are off type.

When it comes to wool production all sheep that produce light, frowzy wool, lacking density, or those producing wool with too much variation in the size of the fibers should be removed from the flock

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Die at Heine's Grave.

Heinie, famous German poet, lies buried in Montmartre cemetery. His tomb is the mecca of many love-sick French people. Police records show that every year at least twenty suicides are committed at his grave by unlucky lovers. This year, the number having exceeded the usual average, the police have decided to station a policeman at the grave to prevent young people from taking their lives there.

Wisdom in Choice.

A doctor who had taken up as his specialty the treatment of skin diseases was asked by a friend how he happened to select that branch of medicine. "There were three perfectly good reasons," replied the physician. "My patients never get me out of bed at night; they never die and they never get well."—Medical Review of Reviews.

To Tell Silver Fox.

It is almost as important to be able to recognize a silver fox scarf as to own one. From a distance, a pointed fox with the white hairs inserted amidst the black looks the same, but in a real silver fox each white hair has a bead of black at the tip, then a band of white and at the base another touch of black.

Little by Little.

The case was that of a street hold-up and as it neared the end the prosecutor said impressively: "You see how the rascal assaulted the plaintiff. How could he go to such a length for the paltry sum of a half-dollar?" "Why not?" came from the back of the courtroom. "Half-dollars soon count up."

Cats Without Tails.

In most Manx cats the tails are represented merely by a tuft of hair without any remnant of bone. This strain is met with in many parts of Russia and there is a very general opinion that it originally came from Japan. Unless the jungle cat, which is a nearly whole-colored species, can claim the position, the ancestry of these Manx-Malay cats is still unknown.

Observations in Rivers.

There are a large number of stations reporting on the daily stages of the rivers, probably from 500 to 1,000, and in addition there are other stations maintained to study the general climate of the country. These are known as co-operative weather observing stations and probably number between 4,000 and 5,000, well distributed over the United States.

Was Said by Jefferson.

The original quotation said of office-holders that few die and none resign, is from one of Thomas Jefferson's letters, as follows: "If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none."

"Chaperon"

The word chaperon is not feminine, although it is generally applied to a woman. It means a hood, and when used metaphorically signifies that the married woman shields her youthful protege as the hood shields the face.

Confounding.

The only time one really envies the illerate is when billboards take his mind from the scenery.—Duluth Herald.

Cause and Effect.

"Do you always think before you speak?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "but not as hard as I am sometimes compelled to think afterward."—Washington Star.

Ended Sunday Pastimes.

Due to the collapse of a large theater on the Sabbath day in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a general prohibition of all Sunday public pastimes followed.

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Cartier, the Pioneer.

The first effort to cultivate the soil of Canada was made by the discoverer, Jacques Cartier, who, in 1541, had an acre of land cleared near where Quebec now stands, and had it planted with turnips, cabbage and lettuce seeds. The first public gardens was Adlam's garden in Halifax, N. C., established in 1753. The present public gardens in Halifax are the pride of the city and the admiration of all visitors.

The Planet Mercury.

Mercury is the smallest planet, and the nearest to the sun. Owing to its proximity to the sun it is difficult to see it with the naked eye. Its mean distance from the sun is 36,000,000 miles, while that of the earth is about 94,000,000 miles. Mercury completes a revolution of its orbit in 88 days; it is about 3,000 miles in diameter; and its mass is only about one-eighteenth that of the earth.

"Higher Criticism"

The higher criticism is a science the aim of which is the determination of the literary history of books and writings. It is called the higher criticism to distinguish it from the related science of lower or textual criticism which has for its object the ascertaining the history of writing as the work of penman and printers.

Disinfect Mouthpiece.

We are all so particular about using individual water glasses, yet the mouthpiece on the telephone is often forgotten. Wipe it once a week with a weak solution of carbolic acid, thereby preventing the spreading of grippe, colds and other diseases.

Cause of Pellagra.

Recent investigations of the United States public health service have demonstrated that pellagra—the disease that was for a long time thought to be caused by eating spoiled corn—is caused by living on an unbalanced food.

Ephemeral but Popular.

Why should the Treasury department be puzzled over the growing popularity of the dollar bill? Everybody who has associated with one admits that it is a delightful companion. —Memphis Commercial Appeal.

English "Jay Walkers"

The Safety First association in England has found that it is almost impossible to get people to obey well-intended regulations for pedestrians.

Australian Women's Banks.

Australia has adopted the American plan of separate banks for women, which are staffed entirely by women.

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