

# The Disappearance Of Miss Griswold

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH  
Copyright, 1915, by George Ethelbert Walsh

I was instantly alert. If the cloak had disappeared it had probably been used to cover Miss Griswold in her hurried and mysterious kidnapping.

"Describe the cloak," I commanded in rather peremptory tones.

"It was a beautiful cloak of blue silk, embroidered with peacocks in gold. It was a gift to me from a friend in China. No such cloak was ever made in this country. My son valued it highly."

"And he couldn't find it anywhere in the house, nor the police either?"

"At a moment of silence I asked meaningly, 'Where do you suppose the cloak is now, Sing Tung?'"

"For the first time his eyes showed change, and an expression of wrath or fear entered his immobile face. He was quiet for a moment and then added:

"It was a magic cloak, they say. My son believed it, but I do not. It was woven for one of our idols in China. There is a story that it shielded a pair of lovers from the vengeance of the authorities, and it was stripped from the idol by profane hands, but its spell and magic lasted. Once on the shoulders of a lover, no harm could befall the wearer. It had the power of shielding—"

"And spiriting away," I interrupted sarcastically.

"The Chinaman's face showed sudden grief and sorrow.

"You do not believe it," he added slowly, "and you distrust me?"

"No," I interrupted, "not you, Sing Tung, but your son. We must find the magic cloak, and then I think we'll find Miss Griswold."

"Yes, if you find the cloak Miss Griswold will be found too."

"It was quite evident to me by this time that the old Chinaman was not concerned in the spiriting away of Helen Griswold, but in his desire to shield his son I thought he would go to any lengths to deceive me. The story of the magic cloak was intended merely as a blind."

The following morning an advertisement in the morning papers offering a reward for any one who could give information about a blue silk cloak with peacocks worked in gold on it brought me several replies. After an hour's study of these I sifted them down to one. This seemed genuine and the others "fakes."

Down by the water front on West street an old waterman assured me that on the night of the disappearance of Miss Griswold he had rowed a couple out to a small schooner yacht anchored in midstream and that one of them was partly concealed by a cloak of the description I gave. It was very dark, but the waterman saw the dazzle of the gold embroidered peacocks in the moonlight.

"Did you get the name of the yacht?" I asked anxiously.

"No, but I heard one of 'em give the order to go up the East river through Hell Gate," was the reply.

thought we had covered our tracks completely. You did—except for that cloak that betrayed you."

"This Chinaman's cloak! Oh, I had to use that to disguise myself. It was spread out over one of those funny idols when I walked out of the room and house. I thought it was beautiful and costly. I intended to return it, but this accident—"

"Your father and mother think some horrible accident has had a serious expression appeared on her face. I know. They must be terribly worried, but we did not anticipate this. I had a letter ready to post as soon as—"

"As we could get married," interrupted my prisoner.

"I am sorry that I have misanderstood," I stammered in some hesitation, "but I—"

"OR, I SEE; YOU ARE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE."

"You may make amends. I promised your parents to return you to them dead or alive and to arrest the perpetrator of the deed. There is no other course for me to choose."

"But we have committed no crime, and you cannot arrest us," Miss Griswold replied sharply.

"No, but you can't get ashore without my assistance. If you will come with me, I will give you time to find a minister, and then if you will go with me my duty has been performed. I might in an emergency act as best man at the marriage."

The mysterious disappearance and return of Helen Griswold did not reflect much glory upon my professional life, for there were circumstances about it which I could not give to the newspapers, and Mr. Bromley, who had determined to marry her against her private wishes, was given to me as much for one who knew very little about the circumstances. Henry Griswold was so overjoyed to receive his daughter back that he was willing to forgive her for marrying the man of her choice, and what is more characteristic of him, he paid my fee without a question after he knew that I had aided and abetted the couple in their clandestine marriage.

**Better Than the Toothpick.**

We are told that the health and prosperity of the teeth are greatly promoted by the prompt use of the toothpick immediately after eating and that this being so only a "Miss Prim" or "Aunt Betty" would presume to object to it. We reply that if this is so the person afflicted should at once repair to the dressing room and, away from the observation of others, should relieve his teeth of their fatal burden. It is advisable, however, that he should employ for the purpose the highly hygienic dental floss. This is pronounced by all good dentists far less harmful to the teeth than the ubiquitous toothpick, which has, as we firmly believe, pushed its way into pretty good society by false pretenses and a species of blackmail.—Leslie's Weekly.

**Politeness of Children.**

The politeness of children is only skin deep. One cannot help sympathizing with the little London girl who said sleepily to her hostess at a party she had not been old enough to enjoy, "Please, will you tell me which is the lady what's giving this party, 'cause I promised mummy to say, 'Goodby, thank you very much for the nice party, and I can't go home till I've said it, and—' and I do so want to get away from this horrible place!" But one's whole heart goes out to the little boy who, having greatly enjoyed one small insufficient chocolate, was asked sharply, "Well, Johnny, what do you say?" "More," answered Johnny.

**A Stone With a History.**

A stone with a remarkable history is kept at the British naval offices in Portsmouth. In the fifties of the last century it saved a vessel of the queen's navy, the frigate Pique ran ashore on the Japanese coast, but was refloated in what was thought to be an undamaging condition. It proceeded to Portsmouth and was docked, when it was found that the stone had imbedded itself firmly in the planks of the ship's bottom. The stone prevented leakage and had it dropped from its position during the homeward run there is little doubt that the Pique would have been lost.

**Star of the Sun.**

We sometimes see a huge ring or halo round the moon, occupying a space in the heavens so large that ninety moons' breadths would but just suffice to span it. Yet the body of the sun would fill all that space were we approached within 2,000,000 miles of him. Once on his apparent surface were we permitted to travel thereon and with the speed of an express train it would require five whole years of continuous journeying before we could make the circuit of this orb.

**A Man of His Word.**

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

**Good Boys at \$100 Per Year.**

The cost of a school for the development of good boys is thus stated by Eugene Wood in his article, "A School For Boys," in Everybody's.

"It costs the state of Ohio about \$190 a year for each boy. A useful, capable man is worth to society on the average \$10,000. These 11,000 boys cost the state of Ohio, then, say \$2,000,000. Say 7,000 of them were rescued. That is \$7,000,000 recovered to society on the investment of \$2,000,000. It has been figured that every criminal does about \$2,000 damage a year, leaving entirely out of the estimate what it costs to maintain our plant for the detection, prevention and punishment of crime. Each man will be a criminal not less than twenty years. That's \$40,000 damages multiplied by 70,000 boys, or \$280,000,000 damages saved, not counting the cost of the antimicrobial plant. Has it paid to run this Boys' Industrial school at Lancaster?"

"And even if it hadn't paid financially isn't it worth while?"

**Dominick's Loss of Memory.**

Some months ago Dominick Maisonvitch, who had been working in the mines of the Lackawanna company, hurried to Europe to bring over his wife and family and neglected to draw his pay. The other day he returned and, remembering the undrawn money, made application for it. But to the amusement of the officials and his own consternation he could not remember the name under which he had worked. There are few foreigners who are known by their proper names in the mines, for the reason that so many of the names seem to be so similar that it is necessary to give them an English name. Dominick may recall his former payroll title in time. In the meantime he will be known as Mike Smith, although for a time he did think rather seriously of making it Mike Mitchell or Mike Roosevelt.—Scranton Tribune.

**The Parent of Radium.**

If, as the earth, says Professor E. Rutherford, were supposed to have been composed initially of pure radium the activity 20,000 years later would not be greater than the activity observed in pitchblende today. But since there is no doubt that the earth's age vastly exceeds 20,000 years it is necessary in order to account for the existence of radium at all in the earth to suppose that it is continuously produced from some other substance. At the present time it seems most probable that uranium is this parent substance. The observed activity in a good specimen of pitchblende is about what should be expected if the uranium contained in it spontaneously breaks up into radium. Radium itself is continuously transformed into an emanation, which in turn is changed into other types of matter, and there is no evidence that the process is reversible.

**A Home For Wornout Fire Horses.**

If there is any one class of horses deserving of special care and consideration above any other it is surely the faithful animals that serve the public in the fire departments of our big cities. It is gratifying to record the fact that a true lover of dumb animals has risen up in the person of Mr. Nicholas F. Brady, one of the youngest of Wall street's successful men, who proposes to see that these worthy old veterans of the fire wagons are hereafter treated according to their just deserts. Mr. Brady will bear the expense and pension off for life all the horses discarded by the New York department, and they will spend their declining days on a big farm, where rich pasture in the summer and warm shelter in the inclement season will never be lacking.—Leslie's Weekly.

**Curious Burial Whims.**

The giant coffin in which Magnago, the great singer, was buried the other day was not the first which has inclosed a curious character. There was a miserly Sir Thomas Bancroft, who in old London days heaped up great riches. Even when his time came to die he could not bring himself to give his property away, and so he left his estate to be improved until he should rise again, which he expected shortly to do. He had a window built in his coffin, movable from the interior, and windows and a glazed door to his tomb, and ordered that at frequent intervals these should be opened and himself inspected by the trustees. But the latter had had enough of the gentleman. They built almshouses with his estate.

**Japanese Paper Making.**

The striking point in the manufacture of Japanese paper is the absence of machinery. Everything is done by manual labor. Factories are almost unknown, the industry being carried on in a small way by each family separately. Except where the members of a family are insufficient, there is no labor, and consequently paper making families are less affected by the rise and fall in prices which follow the variation in the demand. Late-ly one or two paper mills have been erected, notably in Osaka and Oji, a suburb of Tokyo.

**The Town Jay Gould Founded.**

Goldboro, Lackawanna county, which was named for the late Jay Gould, who was the founder of the town, he having operated a tannery at that place before he became either rich or famous, is a deserted village. According to the report of School Superintendent Taylor of Lackawanna county, its public school has dwindled to a paltry attendance of fifteen pupils, and its tanneries and sawmills have entirely disappeared.—Philadelphia Record.

**Running the Gauntlet.**

"Running the gauntlet," a punishment supposed to be peculiar to the American Indians, was originated in the British navy. Every sailor in the crew but the offender to be punished was provided with a switch, which he was required to lay briskly on the bare shoulders of the man who did the running between the two lines. The Indians observed the punishment inflicted in Virginia and Canada and copied it as a form of torture.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

**With These Exceptions.**

Landlord—Well, has everything been all right since you've been with us?

"Departing guest.—Yes, only you know that when we came and found no cupboards in our room you promised us you'd put up some books, but you didn't."

"Oh, yes, I forgot."

"And you told us you'd give us a table to ourselves, but you didn't."

"Well, but look here—"

"And you said you'd give us a room where we'd get the ocean breeze, while in fact you gave us one opening against the weather boarding of another house and facing directly away from the beach."

"Oh, well, you—"

"And you said the hotel was on the ocean end of the parade, while as a matter of accuracy it is half a mile from the sea."

"But they all agree—"

"You said the place was orderly and that the table was good, yet we have never been able to sleep at all, and when ever we wanted a decent bite to eat we had to go out after it."

"Well, my dear sir—"

"Yes, with the few exceptions named everything has been perfectly satisfactory, and we shall take great pleasure in telling our friends so."—London Tit-Bits.

**Not the Usual Thing.**

"Chillum is a very original person."

"What makes you think so?"

"He looked me over after my summer vacation without telling me that he never saw me looking so well."—Washington Star.

**A Scheme.**

"So Galley really had to pay Miss Pertman \$100,000 for breach of promise, eh?"

## WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

An interesting controversy has arisen in Washington regarding the date with which the architects for the house of representatives office building have inscribed the cornerstone of that structure. As engraved, the stone bears the date "MDCCCXCV," whereas many of the savants in the national capital claim that it should read "MCMIV," and the plain people are asking why it would not be better to inscribe it plain "1905," so that even members of congress would be able to read the inscription.

Carrere & Hastings, the architects, are said to be responsible for the unique method of Roman notation employed, and they maintain that they have a precedent for this method of indicating the date 1905 in the inscription they placed on the New York Public library. They also claim to have submitted the question to Harvard and Yale universities and to the French institute and to have been supported by the opinions of all three.

**Based on Precedent.**

It is expected that some eminent scholars in congress will have not a few words to say on the subject when they reach Washington, and Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol, seems to appreciate that the end is not yet, although he is determined not to commit himself irrevocably as to his opinion on the subject. Meanwhile the average man is wondering why the superintendent, the congress committee and the architects do not solve the problem by the easy method of going around it and writing the date in plain Arabic figures, which rural visitors could read without hesitation.

John M. Carrere says that the inscription was based on ample precedent, since the Institute of France had some years ago decided that the longer method was the correct one. When a similar question arose in regard to the New York Public library, Mr. Carrere added, the matter was referred to Columbia university, which decided in favor of the longer form.

**A New Counterfeit.**

Chief Wiltke of the United States secret service has announced the discovery of a new counterfeit ten dollar United States ("Buffalo") note. It is reproduced on two pieces of paper, between which blue and red silk fibers have been distributed. The counterfeit is fully three-eighths of an inch longer than the genuine. The back of it is a very dark green. It was passed in New York on a subway ticket agent.

**Kaiser's Gift to the President.**

Captain Hebbinghaus, naval attaché of the German embassy, has presented to the president a valuable collection of engravings illustrative of the life of Frederick the Great, the gift of the German emperor. Captain Hebbinghaus, who has just returned from Germany, was also the bearer of a personal message from his sovereign to the president. The president asked Captain Hebbinghaus to thank the emperor heartily for the gift and to acknowledge them in a letter to the emperor. The collection especially appealed to the president because of his study of the life of the great emperor.

**New Civil Retirement Plan.**

Another plan for a retirement system in the government service seems to be taking substantial form. A civil service retirement association has been organized. Its members are not demanding the creation of a civil pension list, for they know congress would not be inclined to grant such a request. What the present organization does want is permission from congress to create a pension fund out of a certain small amount to be deducted monthly from the salary of each clerk. Such a system is now followed in many cities of the country with reference to school-teachers, firemen, policemen and other municipal employees, and many of the government clerks believe there should be no objection to trying it on the larger scale here.

**Civil Service Postponed.**

The number of persons who would be affected by the legislation proposed is surprisingly large. The first civil service regulations, issued in pursuance of the law of 1883, included 13,924 persons, and by March, 1888, this number had been increased to 15,573. Last year the grand total of classified employees was 154,968. The number of excepted and noncompetitive positions was 80,780 and of unclassified positions 49,754. Under late executive orders, however, substantially the entire civil service has been brought either directly or indirectly under the scope of the civil service scheme, with the exception of regular presidential appointments. It is today estimated that there are approximately 287,700 civil service positions under the government, with 4,200 presidential appointments additional, making a grand total of 291,900.

**The Hygiene Laboratory.**

The treasury department recently let the contract to clear a plot of ground, plow and sow in rye for use of the hygiene laboratory. This tract lies to the south of the hygiene laboratory, an experimental institution for investigating the common ailments of man, tropical diseases and surgical problems. The prosecution of this work calls for every manner of experiment, many of them of an unusual character. Guinea pigs, rabbits, occasionally a dog and now and then an old horse too old and infirm for much else are subjects of the experiments. The guinea pig and the rabbit have given the best results in an experimental way, and at present the hygiene laboratory has several thousand of those prolific rodents, to say nothing of sundry rabbits and cats. In the building erected some years ago for that purpose in the rear of the institution. CARL SCHOFIELD.

**Her Little Composition.**

A class was reciting in a school. "Who can give me the definition of a sentence in which the words 'bit-ter' are used?"

"Up jumped a little girl excitedly. 'I can, teacher. The cat ran under the bureau and the dog ran after her and bit her end.'"—

## NEW SHORT STORIES

**Why Mothers Were Not Needed.**

The Rev. Fisher Home Booth of Tenady, N. J., tells the following story of one of New York's prominent clergymen who is noted as a reformer: Recently stopping at a certain western city where Sunday is not very rigidly observed, the New York divine was called upon to address the congregation of the church of a brother ministerial friend.

The New York clergyman was jostled by several intoxicated individuals on his way to church Sunday morning. The theater box offices were selling seats for widely advertised Sunday afternoon and evening performances. The saloons, billiard halls, bowling alleys and shooting galleries and stores were open and doing a large business, no saloon in particular being unusually well patronized by the male inhabitants, in the window of which the visiting minister was shocked to see a large sign prominently displayed bearing the words, "We need no mother here."

When he arose to address the congregation his face was very long and very grave, and in substance—his remarks

ed sadly that he had been greatly pained to note how the inhabitants of the beautiful, thriving western cities deserted the Sabbath day.

"And," he continued severely, "I am grieved to state that for all I have visited a number of towns in the mining region it has remained for me to receive my greatest shock on this beautiful Sunday morning in this lovely municipality of yours. Ah, my beloved hearers, the drink evil is bad enough, but I fear for the future of the town in the window of one of whose largest gin mills is allowed to remain the sign, 'We need no mother here.'"

"Doctor," whispered his ministerial friend, tugging at his coat tail as a smile spread over the congregation and there was an audible titter from the rear pews, "they are exhibiting a new incubator in there."—New York Times.

**Towel Was Dune Brown.**

Senator Pettus of Alabama on a bright April morning was defending the government's bestowal of seeds upon the farmers.

"Those who oppose this custom," he said, "are ignorant of the farmer's work and of the farmer's needs. They are as ignorant as a little Alabama girl of whom I heard the other day. 'This little girl's mother handed her a damp towel.'"

"Minnie," she said, 'take this towel into the kitchen and hold it in front of the fire until it is dry.'"

"Yes, mamma," said the child, and she threw the towel over her shoulder and departed.

The mother continued her work, she forgot all about her daughter. Ten or fifteen minutes passed.

"Then there sounded from the kitchen a clear young treble voice.

"The number of persons who would be affected by the legislation proposed is surprisingly large. The first civil service regulations, issued in pursuance of the law of 1883, included 13,924 persons, and by March, 1888, this number had been increased to 15,573. Last year the grand total of classified employees was 154,968. The number of excepted and noncompetitive positions was 80,780 and of unclassified positions 49,754. Under late executive orders, however, substantially the entire civil service has been brought either directly or indirectly under the scope of the civil service scheme, with the exception of regular presidential appointments. It is today estimated that there are approximately 287,700 civil service positions under the government, with 4,200 presidential appointments additional, making a grand total of 291,900.

**His Memory Failed.**

Richard Golden, star of "The Bad Samaritan," says that he once traveled with a company whose property man was a Scotchman with a weakness to indulge in liquor occasionally notwithstanding a sincere devotion to religious principles and a compliance, however perfunctory, with his ideas of worship and reverence. On one occasion he arrived at home very late, undressed with considerable difficulty and knelt down beside his bed, muttering incoherently.

"What's the matter, John?" asked his wife. "Are ye no feeling well?"

"Am feelin' a right," said John, "but a canna mind a wired o' me prayers."

## Gems In Verse

**Waiting For The Train.**

Placed old lady, reading a book,  
Another, who's fussy, to judge by her look;  
Man with a suit case, who can't find his train,  
Official on duty bored to explain;

Restless small boy a-squirm like an eel;  
Proud college widow with eyes that don't beg;  
Man from far west, with a tapping feet hat;  
Grandma and basket containing her cat;

Hunter with dogs going two ways at once;  
Dutchman with bundles, who wheezes and grunts;  
Two colored gentlemen, rigged out to kill;  
Boy with big water-can, coolers to fill;

Small girl, an immigrant, green shawl on head;  
Nursemaid in picture hat, purple and red;  
Man with a 'phib and a pirate night wear;  
Girl at a mirror arranging her hair;

Lady, too stout, munching apples with zest;  
Freshman with bulldog and fancy silk vest;  
Two politicians, both talking too much;  
Sweet, bright eyed child, with a smile—  
"Can she be?"

Tall modern beauty, blooming as Hebe—  
"While in the world," whisper women,  
"can she be?"

Widow, deep mourning, face marble white;  
Jovial drummers a-grin with delight;  
Baby in arms, the most recent arrival;  
Otagonian, latest survival;

Girl doing sum and a pirate night wear;  
I, in a corner, writing this verse;  
Hissing of steam pipes, loud clanging gong;  
Rumble of freight cars bumping along;

Youth in the news stand, manners blase—  
"All aboard!" My train—I run away.  
—Tudor Jenks.

**Hard Times.**

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count  
As many tears.

While we all weep sorrow with the poor,  
There's a song that will linger forever  
In our ears.

Oh hard times, come again no more!  
Oh hard times, come again no more!

While we seek mirth and beauty and  
muscle light and gay  
And see 'em trail forms fainting at the  
door;

Though their voices are silent, their  
plaining looks will say:  
Oh, hard times, come again no more!

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who  
tells her life away  
With a warm heart whose better days  
are o'er;

Though her voice would be merry, 'tis  
sighing all the day.  
Oh, hard times, come again no more!  
—Arthur Unknown.

**Alone.**

I miss you, my darling, my darling!  
The embers burn low on the hearth,  
And still is the voice of the house  
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;  
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,  
The winds past the lattice moan,  
The midnight chimes out from the  
minster,  
And I am alone.