

STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

The Biebusch Band

Being an Account of the Capture and Conviction of That Notorious Band of Counterfeiters of Which Fred Biebusch Was the Leader.

By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

(Copyright, 1905, by Marion G. Schellin.)

Bridges said that soon after he first became acquainted with Biebusch he met him on a Sunday while the latter was on his way to Sunday school, the old fellow always maintaining an attitude of much apparent respectability in these matters. Biebusch said to him: "Up to this time I have taken you at your word; have you any references?" "Plenty of them," answered "Bill." "Do you know Joe Butts and John O'Brien?" asked Biebusch. Both of these were notorious criminal characters. "Sure," said Bridges, and then proceeded to convince Biebusch that he had such a wide and close acquaintance with noted criminals as to render him fit for initiation into the Biebusch ring. Biebusch thereupon turned him over to Sullivan, showing the great confidence he had in the colored man. From Sullivan "Hoosier Bill" got several packages of half dollars, all in a package, and three rolls of bills of \$100 representative money each. These he "shoved," turning over the proper proportion of the good money received to Sullivan. Thielens, Sullivan and Hargate, however, were not the only members of the Biebusch ring about whom "Hoosier Bill" gave me information. There were William Whalen and Harry Wood, shovers, and John Evans and Mrs. Annie Welch, also shovers, but on a smaller scale.

Bridges was willing to go to St. Louis to serve as a witness against Biebusch if the latter were tried; but in this he seemed to be cut off squarely by the Missouri statute previously referred to as one of Biebusch's chief sources of security, prohibiting convicts or ex-convicts from testifying.

"Hoosier Bill's" information concerning Whalen and Woods merely confirmed what we knew. This pair made headquarters at Boss's saloon, as did Thielens and Sullivan. Gallagher, Kennoch and I had placed ourselves on more or less friendly terms with Whalen and Woods while we were trying to buy "coney" from Biebusch. They had told Gallagher in so many words that "Old Fred" was dealing extensively in counterfeit money and seemed anxious to initiate Gallagher into the secret ring, a plan which had been checked by Biebusch himself.

While the information I received from Bridges was of great value as indicating the personnel of the band and the respective functions of each member, it had not given us any positive proof, and legal proof was all we wanted. It still remained for us to find a way to prove what we knew. In the face of our failure to "rope" Biebusch up to that time it seemed like we would have to start farther back and get some of his subordinates in such a tight place that they would allow themselves to be used as witnesses against their chief in order to save themselves. Informers in criminal cases are of two kinds—voluntary and involuntary. Voluntary informers are usually prompted by motives of revenge or pecuniary gain—more often the former. Involuntary informers are usually the smaller fry in a criminal band who are willing to furnish evidence against the leading criminals under promise they will be leniently dealt with as a reward, but they must first be caught in the toils themselves. Because such principals in big criminal conspiracies at Fred Biebusch, for their own safety, turn over to subordinates the performance of the tangible acts, the subordinates in an extensive plot like a counterfeiting job may be caught and convicted and their places always filled, the execution of the plot not being materially interfered with. When it is recalled that the paramount function of the United States secret service is to protect the currency and bonds of the government, it will be seen how eminently proper it is to compromise with petty crime by a subordinate, if by so doing the authorities can catch the big fellows and stop the perpetration of the one big crime. Therefore an informer who was close enough to Biebusch to be able to furnish convict-

ing evidence against him was what we sadly needed. And let me say now that most effective detective work consists in being able to find the right kind of informers. I know full well that detectives generally are prone to throw a veil of mystery over their work, leaving the impression that some sort of supernatural vision has been brought to bear on the unravelling of the case in point, whereas, when the full truth is known, the solution of the mysterious case is made possible by the most commonplace information secured from voluntary or involuntary informers. That eminent creature of fiction, "Sherlock Holmes," never had to make his case good in a United States court, and if he had he would have needed a great deal of corroborative evidence that only could have come from ordinary, unromantic informers.

In this predicament I fixed on Whalen and Woods as the two men who most easily could be forced into a tight corner and who, once cornered, would be the most likely to sacrifice their superiors in crime to save themselves. So all my energies were bent in this direction. The men were communicative to those they trusted, fond of drink and of not overmuch intelligence. Woods was known as the husband of a woman who ran a boarding house of questionable character in Venice, Ill., just across the river from St. Louis. Whalen was engaged to be married to a young St. Louis woman whom he afterward married. I mention these details merely to show that these men were approachable at more points than the other members of the band.

It required some time to accomplish my purpose, but the time came when I felt safe in revealing my true identity to these men and in showing them the trap into which they had walked. They found themselves face to face with imprisonment on one hand and turning against Biebusch on the other. They chose the latter alternative. These negotiations were conducted, of course, with the utmost secrecy and it was stipulated that they in no wise were to change front toward any member of the Biebusch crowd. Mrs. Woods, through her alleged husband, was also enlisted on the government side and produced one bit of information which later proved of much value—that in the Chester, Ill., penitentiary was one John Mitchell, alias Jacobs, a former intimate of Biebusch, who probably would be able to give the authorities desired information.

Mitchell, it seemed, was in Chester for the cure of the same habit that had brought "Hoosier Bill" to Joliet—that of getting his own horse confused with those of other people. He had boarded with Mrs. Woods' narrative. He was working so thoroughly that he was the work of his coming to naught in the courts, as so many efforts to "settle Old Fred Biebusch" had done. Thielens, Sullivan, Hargate, Evans, Mrs. Welch and the others were shadowed or "piped," in the vernacular of the department, with some good results. A continued watch was kept on Boss's place. This surveillance, for one thing, resulted in our catching Evans and the Welch woman passing counterfeit money in small amounts. I was thoroughly satisfied this money came from dies made by Hargate, and, for the purpose of proving it, caused the arrest of Evans and Mrs. Welch and tried hard to get them to tell where they got their supply of money. Although they were the smallest duns in the Biebusch puddle, they stubbornly refused to give us any information whatever as to where their supplies came from. The system of "piping" also revealed the fact that Hargate was handling 25 and 50-cent pieces only. So far as the minor members of the ring were concerned, the net was being drawn around them in a satisfactory way, but Biebusch was still well outside of it. The solution of this great difficulty, at last came through Whalen, who, after being enlisted on our side, one day met in Boss's saloon a stranger from southeast Missouri. The two became well acquainted, the stranger confiding his criminal history and desire to handle "coney." It is unnecessary here to relate the details of the deal which was consummated between Whalen and the stranger, whereby the latter was to "rope" Biebusch. Suffice it to say that this deal was carried to a successful close, the wary Biebusch at last being drawn into the net he had sedulously avoided for so long.

The facts as here related, with many circumstantial and corroborative details I believed justified the making of arrests. Fred Biebusch had moved from his Stoddard street residence to a place acquired by him through foreclosure of a \$2,500 mortgage 5 1/2 miles west on the Olive street road. It was a well-known tavern called the Seven-Mile house. Deputy United States Marshals Wheeler and Soest and I left the Lindell hotel in a carriage about five o'clock one afternoon in October, 1878, and drove to the Seven-Mile house where we arrived at dusk. There was a water trough in front of the house, and as I stepped out of the carriage to check the horses so they could drink, Biebusch stepped out of the house, bare-headed.

In the dim light he did not recognize me, and I am doubtful if he would have known me had the light been good, as he had never seen me, except in the disguise of a river man at the Boss saloon. Wheeler and Soest remained in the carriage. Biebusch made a pleasant casual remark about the weather, and as he did so I stepped up to him and laid a hand on his shoulder. "You are my prisoner," I said, "and you will please make no noise." I pushed him firmly toward the carriage and into it, where the deputies immediately handcuffed him. His wife, a woman nearly as old as he, had come out of the house, and, seeing her husband being taken away, began to cry piteously. Her mother's sobs attracted a grown daughter, who came running to the porch and did what she could to comfort her mother.

(To Be Continued.)

His Condition.
Mrs. Brown—I wonder if the new order of things will reform Mr. Luschel to any extent? He's married, I understand.
Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, he's a benedictine now.—Philadelphia Press.

Clerk McHenry, aroused, led a procession to the room, relates the Chicago Record-Herald. From behind the bathroom door came the sound of splashing and grunting. As the timid group stood there, a couple from Santa Barbara, Cal., occupants of the room, brushed by, and the woman flew for the bathroom. The amazed spectators saw her lift a weird-looking creature with long whiskers and shining body from the tub and begin to pet it. Then she turned and laughed.

that some time before a peddler had complained to him that the minister's wife had given him counterfeit notes for vegetables. This had happened often enough to convince even the thick-witted peddler 2 was not a coincidence and he told his troubles to the policeman.

The "shadow" carried on his investigation in the steps in which Mrs. Thomas traded, and several instances of the passage of bogus silver pieces were found. I therefore decided some one should be selected to gain the minister's confidence, and almost as quickly decided that the one should be Woods. Before long the two were doing business together, Sullivan having been the intermediary. Woods and Sullivan planned to go to his house on one occasion for counterfeit money, but the preacher objected to the place of transfer. He also objected to the plan of meeting Woods in Boss's saloon, because the church of which he was pastor was so close to the saloon that members of his congregation might see him entering or leaving the drinking place. It was arranged, therefore, that Woods should attend night services at the Morgan street church whenever he wished to make an engagement with the minister, and they could select a meeting place while the preacher ostensibly was exhorting the sinner Woods to repent of his evil ways and become a Christian. It was one of these occasions I described in beginning this narrative.

Woods reported to me that he was on such terms with Thomas that he could secure "coney" from him without delay at any place appointed. It was still necessary for us to place ourselves in position to corroborate the statements of Woods, and in order to do this there must be a witness to one of these transactions. Woods was instructed to make an engagement with the preacher to deliver to him a package of counterfeit money at the customary meeting place near the "Rock" church, and a few nights after the meeting I have described in Grand avenue between the preacher and "Harry" I became a witness to one of these deliveries, being stationed so that their every move might be observed.

The operations of the secret service related up to this point had covered months. I determined to do the work so thoroughly that he was the work of his coming to naught in the courts, as so many efforts to "settle Old Fred Biebusch" had done. Thielens, Sullivan, Hargate, Evans, Mrs. Welch and the others were shadowed or "piped," in the vernacular of the department, with some good results. A continued watch was kept on Boss's place. This surveillance, for one thing, resulted in our catching Evans and the Welch woman passing counterfeit money in small amounts. I was thoroughly satisfied this money came from dies made by Hargate, and, for the purpose of proving it, caused the arrest of Evans and Mrs. Welch and tried hard to get them to tell where they got their supply of money. Although they were the smallest duns in the Biebusch puddle, they stubbornly refused to give us any information whatever as to where their supplies came from. The system of "piping" also revealed the fact that Hargate was handling 25 and 50-cent pieces only. So far as the minor members of the ring were concerned, the net was being drawn around them in a satisfactory way, but Biebusch was still well outside of it. The solution of this great difficulty, at last came through Whalen, who, after being enlisted on our side, one day met in Boss's saloon a stranger from southeast Missouri. The two became well acquainted, the stranger confiding his criminal history and desire to handle "coney." It is unnecessary here to relate the details of the deal which was consummated between Whalen and the stranger, whereby the latter was to "rope" Biebusch. Suffice it to say that this deal was carried to a successful close, the wary Biebusch at last being drawn into the net he had sedulously avoided for so long.

George Eliot, describing Dorothea in Middlemarch, says: "Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters." If you look at some favorite picture of the Madonna, by Raphael, you will see the sort of hand that Dorothea had. Such hands can be peacefully crossed in one's lap, or, if busy with the pen or the needle, they still retain their feeling of calmness.

"It was all very well for Dorothea to have had those statuesque hands," exclaims Marjorie, "but just fancy that she had been in my case, and had dishes to wash, beds to make, and sometimes pieces to iron. Although I am a school-girl I have to help my mother with the housework, and kitchen work spoils a pretty hand." I am aware that many girls think just as Marjorie does about this. I have even known girls who shirked household tasks and allowed tired mothers to grow more tired instead of trying to ease their burdens, simply because they feared to ruin hands of which they were vain. You would never do this, I am sure, you girls who are reading this talk.

It is possible that hard daily labor without intervals of rest may coarsen and enlarge a girl's hands, but few of us are exposed to this danger. With a little care, a girl may work in the garden, may sweep, dust, or, if need be, scrub, and may wash dishes three times a day, and not injure her hands in the least. Gloves may be worn in the garden. India rubber gloves, fitting tightly to the skin, are a good protection against hot suds, and dainty dish washing, which is preeminently a lady's work, is greatly helped by the use of a mop. For pots and pans there is an iron dish washer which is more radical and thorough than a cloth in one's hand. If you are troubled with rough, red or callous hands, if they crack in frosty weather, or the skin peels off, be extremely fastidious about your toilet soap. Wash the hands very thoroughly with soap of good quality, rinse them in tepid water, and be sure to wipe them dry. If hands are always wiped until all the moisture is gone and absorbed by the towel, they will seldom crack. The use of cold cream, well rubbed into the skin at night, especially around the finger nails, softens and whitens the hands, and a good plan for a girl is to slip such hands into a loose pair of gloves. An old pair of her father's or brother's gloves answers admirably.

While I am about it, let me caution you not to wear dress gloves too small for you, or that fit too tightly. Instead of making your hand look smaller, tight gloves exaggerate its size. Gloves should be long enough to fit the fingers comfortably, and should come up well over the wrist. I am rather old-fashioned, and do not like to see young girls putting on their gloves in public. One's outward toilet should be fully completed before one leaves the house. I know of a school where girls receive demerits if they go out to walk or make calls without putting on their gloves first. Every young girl should have on her dressing table a manicure set. This consists of a small pair of curved scissors, a nail file, an orange stick, a chamol polish, and a little box of nail powder. When about to trim the nails soften them by dipping the ends of the fingers into warm soapy water. File the nails first, gently press back the cuticle with an orange stick, rub them with a little vaseline and polish the nails with the chamol. A girl who neglects cleanliness in the daily toilet of the hands and nails is either indifferent to lathing and to the proper care of the body, or else her ear's surroundings have been unfortunate. Ob-

IMMACULATE HANDS

SCHOOLGIRLS SHOULD STRIVE FOR THIS DESIRABLE IDEAL.

Manicure Will Not Harm the Hands in the Least—The Value of Soap of Good Quality—Tight Gloves Exaggerate the Size of the Hand—How to Use the Manicure Set—How to Remove Stains—Avoid the "Fashionable Hand-Shake"—The Cordial Hand-Clasp Better Than the Kiss.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
A pretty hand is desired by every girl.

What is a pretty hand? I suppose we shall agree that it is one which is white and dimpled, with rosy finger tips, nice nails and small joints. Large, obtrusive knuckles, hands that are too thick and pudgy, or too thin and scrawny to be symmetrical, are not precisely beautiful. But so far as the size and shape of our hands are concerned, we have to take them as they come. We are born with the hands of our ancestry, but the care we do with keeping them beautiful, disposed of the opinion that our hands show character almost as unerringly as our faces do, and I think the manner of using them and the general neatness or slovenliness which their owners impose upon them, are apt to be revelations of the inward life.

For instance, there is Amy, a restless, nervous and excitable girl, whose hands are never still a minute when she is awake. She is always clasping and unclasping them, taking up books and laying them down, fussing with her hair or her dress, and showing in unmistakable ways that she has no basis of quietude in her own nature. There is Lucy, who cannot sit beside a friend without possessing herself of the friend's hand, squeezing it and fondling it as one strokes a kitten, and near Lucy sits Fannie, with a yet more objectionable habit of handling everything she sees; objects of art, curios, fans, or other delicate things in other people's houses, or in the shops, articles meant to be looked at, but not intended to be touched. Fannie's way is sure to render her persona non grata wherever she goes.

Some Beauty Notes.

A Little Care of the Looks Is Needed by Every One and Is Wrong to Neglect.

Sensible young matrons who use soap to preserve their hands will do more for washing the dishes; the hands need then never come in contact with dish water and may be kept soft and white, declares Mme. Hebe, in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Another common sense scheme for the preservation of the hands is the wearing of gloves for housework. As a protection against callous spots on the palms a pair of old gloves may be laid aside to wear on sweeping days. Instead of soap and water to wash the face, use a cleansing cream. It will remove dust and dirt, prevent chapping and blackheads, and maintain the skin in a soft and velvety condition.

To remove the cream use a soft cotton towel. Rub gently with a rotary movement until all the cream has disappeared.

Most refreshing in the morning or after a hard day's work is a good toilet water applied to the forehead and cheeks with a soft silk sponge.

An Oily Skin.
An oily skin means that the diet is not what it should be. Avoid all fatty foods, strong coffee and rich viands. Eat fruit early in the morning and drink mineral waters. Green salads are good. Stimulating and astringent washes are needed to restore tone and vitality to the relaxed glands. The use of bay rum, alcohol, camphor and ammonia is to be deplored, as these are all too drying.

Woman's Benefaction.
Mrs. Marlon B. Baxter, for several years employed on the Seattle Daily Times, is at the head of the only free hospital in Seattle, Wash., the hospital ship Idaho. Roger S. Greene and other public-spirited men of the city bought the ship and gave it for the benefit of those too poor to pay for admission to hospitals.

The Thumb's Value.
Various estimates have been made as to the relative industrial value of the thumb and fingers. Two French experts consider that the loss of the right thumb lessens the value of the hand 30 per cent, and the left thumb 20 per cent.; the index finger 10 to 20 per cent., and the middle finger 8 to 12 per cent.

Cabman's Sarcasm.
"Would you mind walking the other way, and not passing the horse?" said a London cabman with exaggerated politeness to the fat lady who had just paid the minimum fare. "Why?" she inquired. "Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit," was the freezing answer.

Wrapper for Baby.
A sweet little wrapper for a new baby is of plain, peach-colored, made without a collar. It has nightingale sleeves, the slits tied with white ribbons at the neck. All the edges are scalloped and embroidered with the buttonhole stitch.

stain, which a lady's hands may be rough or red, but they are invariably immaculate. Clean hands are the hall-mark of a gentleman.

Ink stains may be removed by the use of pumice stone, by lemon juice and salt, or by dipping a sulphur match into rain water and rubbing it on the stain. Fruit stains may be removed by holding the fingers in the fumes of a sulphur match.

Now that I have said all this about beautiful hands, I want to add something else, which is just as important as any of the rest. No hand that is not womanly will ever have a claim to be regarded as charming or exquisite. Womanly hands are those which are engaged in kind offices for those one loves. The girl who is helpful, unselfish, generous and kind, is the one whose hands will deserve most praise.

I must add a word, too, about the cordial hand-clasp. Some girls have a limp, flabby way of shaking hands. They really have no grip. Others go to the opposite extreme, and almost crush a friend's hand when they grasp it. There is a happy medium in this, as in most things. When you meet a friend in the street or at your home, it is very seldom necessary to greet her with a kiss. Almost never should one give another in a public place. The only exception is when friends are separating for a long time or for a journey, such as crossing the Atlantic or the continent. Then kisses are in order. Usually, it is enough to shake hands when one encounters friends or acquaintances, and the hand-clasp should be warm and sincere.

Do not rush to fads in hand-shaking. Several years ago there was a fashion of elevating a friend's hand in a rather abrupt perpendicular way, which had an extremely awkward effect. That style is now obsolete. In your own home do not greet visitors with a mere stiff bow. Offer your hand. You have, of course, the privilege of refusing to shake hands with a person you dislike, or with one of whom you do not approve.

"The hand of Douglas is his own," but one can hardly offer a greater slight than to refuse or overlook a proffered hand.

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IT CURES ALL THE WHOLE LOT.

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GAINING ON THE FAIR SEX

According to This Report Men Will Soon Outnumber the Women.

Frau Gnauck-Kuehne is one of the greatest German authorities on the modern feminist movement, and after mature study and the collection of statistics she has come to the conclusion that the superiority of women in so many European countries is a fact which in the first place is in no sense an evil, and in the second place is rapidly disappearing.

USE CLEANSING CREAM.

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MALARIA???

Generally That Is Not the Trouble.

Persons with a susceptibility to malarial influences should beware of coffee, which has a tendency to load up the liver with bile.

ANTISEPTIC

FOR WOMEN

Why do you call me a worldly man? "What is the most striking feature of the world?" "It's round; but what of that?" "It isn't square, is it?"—Kansas City Times.

3 a Day Sure

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