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RALSTON WHEAT CEREAL

The Hot Cereal Children Love to Eat



(Continued from Page 90)

I'm exceedingly fond of Scotch woodcock." He patted his holster. "But don't forget Little Caesar, here. If you find yourselves getting any bright ideas, remember he's a great deal quicker on the trigger than you are." He rang the bell by the door. "Kay, you will say, 'Set an extra place at the table. Our guest is staying for dinner'; and that is all you will say, my dear child. No winks, smirks, leers or signals of any kind. Do we understand each other?" The French doors opened.

"Set an extra place at the table, Storm," said Kay, like a well-trained parrot. "Our guest is staying for dinner."

"Very good, miss." Storm returned indoors.

"Well, *dolce far niente*," said Tommy, raising his glass.

"Speak English, little guy, and stick to it!" snapped the gunman. Then, recovering: "To your very good health."

Of his own accord Tommy took the chair at the head of the table. "Since Mr. Hammond is out, I'll play host, if you don't mind."

Stanley came next. "Not that I'm of a suspicious nature," he explained, "but I think I'd just like to keep my eye on that pantry door." He held back the chair on his left, courteously, indicating Kay.

Gwladys chose the farthest seat from him. Her ringless fingers shook and she kept declaring, at intervals, the uninteresting fact that she couldn't possibly choke down a morsel.

Joel still managed to preserve his attitude of repressed fury and strength only waiting for the right moment to strike. Came the Scotch woodcock.

As a name, Stanley may have liked it, but when presented to him in physical form, it was clear that the gentlemanly robber knew not of what he ate—at all events, he gave a slight start at the first mouthful and then pushed his plate away in disgust.

Next on the menu was a thick cream of chicken soup. Stanley evidently knew the old work-from-the-outside-in rule and grasped the right implement unhesitatingly. Someone, however, had forgotten to tell him not to blow. A small thing, perhaps, considering the amount of veneer he had acquired, but in this case it was particularly unfortunate, as the soup was already iced.

"Surprise, surprise!" said Tommy.

But Stanley didn't like it very much. "Had me mind on something else. Er—that is, my thoughts were otherwise engaged."

Gwladys announced that she couldn't possibly choke down a morsel.

"Tell me," inquired Tommy, "now that we're all pals, was it you who pulled that Rivermore job down on Long Island?"

Stanley was weighing a silver spoon in one hand, meditatively. Without looking up, he said:

"Do you like to talk about work after business hours, my friend?"

"The retort admirable! . . . But just this one thing, old boy. Are you what we poor readers of detective fiction would call a 'Lone Wolf'?"

Stanley chuckled. "If you really must know, Storm is one of my men. Martha and the housemaid, my 'molls'; and the gardener, Dominico, an excellent lookout man."

Kay had to reassure the Auchinclosses hastily. "He's ribbing you, darlings. Ribbing. They've all been with me for years." She turned to Stanley: "You did do a nice reconnoitering job, though, didn't you?"

He shrugged modestly.

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