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**Lost—One Collar Button**  
By BOYCE COLLINS

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WNU Service

ROBERT WEBER was dressing to go out for the evening. Whether he would go to a first-night at the theater or to one of the popular hotels where he could dine and dance the evening away, he hadn't decided. "D—n!" he exclaimed suddenly when his collar button eluded him in the traditional manner just as he was carefully fastening on his collar. Robert spread the evening newspaper painstakingly on the floor and started his search for the missing button. Under the radiator he found dust, some burnt matches and nothing else. After further research he found a square opening around the base of the steam pipe where it entered the room. This half-inch space was exactly where a lost collar button might be hiding, Robert decided.

And there was something gleaming in the shallow hole. Robert fished around with a knife blade. He brought the gleaming object to the surface and carefully carried it to the bureau. "I'll be d—d!" Robert uttered out loud. But it wasn't his missing collar button that he had found.

Instead it was a diamond ring that Robert had unearthed from a dusty setting. It was a woman's ring. "Someone has been missing this, I'll bet. Now for the collar button and I'll be satisfied," murmured Robert as he went back to his excavating. But before he had stooped to a squatting position his foot hit something. He turned around and there was the collar button smashed flat.

Robert didn't mind altering his plans. He put a business suit on instead of his tuxedo.

He knocked at the landlady's door before he left the house.

"I was just wondering, Mrs. Turnbull, who lived in my room before I moved in," said Robert. "I found a book there—" he had a book under his arm, a modern novel.

"Oh, that Miss Blossom must have left it—I don't believe she wanted it. She was always losing things—she lost her diamond ring right there in the room the very day she moved out."

"I suppose she left her new address," ventured Robert.

"Well, yes, she did. She couldn't afford to pay the rent here so she got a cheaper room with a Miss King on Amsterdam avenue."

With this information, Robert decided to dine by himself. After a sumptuous meal he proceeded to the new home of Miss Blossom.

"Miss Blossom, yes, sir. She lives here. Here's a gentleman to see you, Miss Blossom," the maid said and led him to a small living room where someone was playing the piano. The playing stopped. A woman arose and said to Robert, "I'm Miss Blossom."

Robert was surprised to find the woman facing him somewhere around forty years old and not particularly pleasant to look at.

"I came to inquire about a diamond ring that you had lost."

"I never talk to reporters," snapped Miss Blossom. "And besides I found my diamond ring in my trunk when I unpacked here."

"Well, do you happen to know who occupied the room before you took it? I found a diamond ring there last night and I'm anxious to return it to the owner."

"A Miss Towers had the room—Miss Elsie Towers—and she works in the Uptown Savings bank."

The Uptown Savings bank—his own place of employment! And Miss Towers was secretary to the president!

As he left Miss Blossom's home, Robert decided to forego pleasure and return to his room for a good night's sleep. The next morning the alarm clock awakened him an hour earlier than usual. Robert jumped out of bed and spent the extra time making sure that he would look his best at the bank that day. In hopes that Miss Elsie Towers breakfasted at Mrs. Turnbull's, he was in the dining room by seven-thirty. Half an hour later in came the one girl he was looking for, and she appeared more beautiful than Robert had ever seen her.

As soon as he finished his breakfast he mustered up courage and joined Miss Towers at her table. He asked her tactfully if she had lost a ring. She was surprised and said that she had—a diamond ring that her father had sent her for Christmas last year. She didn't know what could have happened to it. It had vanished and she had been greatly upset about it.

That was Robert's chance and he took advantage of it.

Mrs. Turnbull from the cashier's desk noticed the pair intent in conversation. She didn't miss anything. "These young folks beat Old Harry," she told a friend later. "Strangers one day and engaged the next. He giving her a ring so soon!"

So the elderly matron wasn't surprised a few months later when Elsie displayed a large solitaire diamond set in platinum and she dined at the boarding house with Robert Weber. But she was curious about something that Robert took from his pocket and showed to Elsie. What was it that made them laugh and then suddenly appear so devoted to each other? If Mrs. Turnbull's eyesight had been a little better she would have noticed that the minute object which Robert took such good care of was a flattened collar button—the one thing that had been responsible for his romance with Elsie Towers.

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Perhaps "there's no fool like an old fool" because he has been at it longer.

One is never too old to learn, and that may be why so many keep putting it off.

Vaudeville is only 100 years old, but most of the jokes seem more ancient.

Political fences should have cushions on top, so as to be comfortably straddled.

Lily—Sy yo' done mortgaged our li'l home.

Mose—Jes' temporarily Honey, 'till de mortgage am foreclosed."

Registration Official—Where were you born?

Girl—Nebraska.

Official—What part?

Girl—Why, all of me, you sap.

The taxi came to a halt. The fare descended a trifle uncertainly and proceeded to search

his pockets slowly.

Sorry, old man, he said finally, but I haven't a bean!

Seeing the driver was not taking it too well, he added:

That's the position, old man, and you know you can't get blood out of a stone.

No, agreed the driver, rolling up his sleeves, but what makes you think you're a stone?

Cabbage for sale, at \$1.25 per cwt.—Leonard Thomas.

A singer declares that music students never commit suicide. But the neighbors often feel like it.

One advantage of being a bachelor is that he doesn't have to pay for his own birthday and Christmas presents.

It is said that most girls close their eyes when being kissed, and from the looks of most men we don't blame them.

