Advertising Card Which Is a Toy

RITISH manufacturers are distributing an advertising card so painted on one side that when properly folded it becomes a toy model of their regular automobile bus.

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MIDNIGHT"

A Real Detective Story Told By a Master of Fiction With Mystery and Romance

OCTAVUS **ROY COHEN**

Garrison Gresham Calls On Carroll and the Murder Story Is Again Discussed In Detail.

what I did, you would have kissed night."

CHAPTER VI. Regarding Roland Warren.

For a long time after Evelyn departed, Carroll remained seated, puff- going. ing amusedly on the cigar which followed his matutinal cigarette. Time had been long since the detective had come in contact with so much youthful spontaneity, and he found the ex-perience refreshing. Then he rose, and would have left the spartment for headquarters, but again Freda announced a caller.

"Another young lady?" questioned "No, sir. It bane young feller."
"Show him in."

The visitor entered, and Carroll found himself gazing into the level eyes of a slightly disheveled and obviously excited young man of about 28 years of age. The man was slight of stature, but every nervous gesture bespoke wiriness."
"Are you Mr. Carroll?"

Gresham-Garrison Gres-

"A-a-ah! Won't you be seated?" "Yes. I came to have a talk with Carroll seated himself opposite his

caller. Then he nodded. "You came to see me? 'About the Warren case.' "You know something about it?"
"Yes!" The young man seemed to bite the word. "I do."

"You're in charge of the case, aren't

"You've seen this morning's pa-pers?" "I have." "Well, they're rotten-absolutely

rotten. They don't say it in so many words, but the impression they create is that my sister Hazel was the woman in the taxi who killed Roland Warren. It's a damned lie!" The young man was growing more the driver's knowledge.

Carroll put out a restraining hand.

-it was a pretty rotten impression to create; but I shall see that all doubt is removed from the mind of the could have happened," said the chief public when this afternoon's papers create; but I shall see that all doubt is removed from the mind of the appear. I have just learned that one croaked that bird Warren and your sister has an iron-clad alibi." "You have already learned that?"

Gresham leaned forward eagerly "What makes you sure-that she did not-was not-"Suppose I question you-if you have no objections.'

"Fire away." night last night?

sides your family there?? "Yes," replied Gresham, showing rprise at Carroll's evide

ledge of facts.
"Who?" who has had what I believe you call Russian roubles that he'd

"But I do. I have just had a visit from Miss Rogers, and she told me exactly what you have just repeated; so I'm pretty well satisfied that your sister had nothing whatever to do with the affair. I will take pains to

see that this evening's papers make that quite clear."

cause annoyance or inconvenience cleared her; and then her brother where it is unnecessary. And Miss came right along afterward, red-hot

is always delightfully refreshing.

The coolness of the mountain top is in

every glass. So easily made --- Try it.

For Woodenware use

Old Dutch

The soft flaky particles clean thoroughly.

Old Dutch saves

time and work

all through the house.

"Because," she flashed, "if you had impossible for your sister to have been 19 years old when I told you been anywhere except at home last

"Evelyn's considerable of a brick, in spite of the fact that she's more or less minus in the upper story. And now, if you're really satisfied, I'll be

The two men walked to the door together. They were about of a height —Carroll slightly the heavier of the

"You've no idea as to the identity of the woman in the taxicab, have you, Gresham?"

Have you?" "None whatever; though I fancy something ought to develop in the near future. The city is discussing

it pretty freely?"
"The town's wild about it. They don't understand anything. It's tough on my sister. Hazel is only a kid, and I think she was in love with Warren. Well, good-day, Carroll." He extended a firm hand. "And any time I can be of any help-

"Thanks, Gresham." Five minutes after Gresham's de-parture, Carroll was in his car, head-ed for the police station. He turned the case over and over in a keen analytic mind which had been freshed by a night of untroubled

There were a good many features about it which puzzled him consid erably. While he had not expected that the trail of the mysterious midnight woman would lead to the fiancee of the dead man, the sudden dissipation of that as a clue rather threw him off his balance. He had reached the end of the trail almost before setting foot upon it.

Thus far he had refused to allow

himself to be worried by the strangest feature of the case—the appearance of the dead body in a taxicab which according to the driver's story could not have been other than empty was always easy to explain the disappearance of a person from an automobile; but he figured it was pat-ently impossible to enter one without

He reached headquarters and clos-eted himself with Leverage. They I quite agree with you, my friend plunged at once into a discussion of that phase of the case.

woman was ridin' in it. The other is that he slipped into the cab and she killed him. While I ain't jumpin' on no set ideas. I have a hunch that the last one is right." "Why?"

"Because the other-that idea of puttin' a dead body into a cab with-out the driver knowing it—it just naturally ain't possible. "At home."
"Then you are quite convinced Leverage, that Walters did not know

anything about it?"
"Now, say, Carroll, that's putting "Who?"

"Evelyn Rogers spent the night with her. Evelyn's a 17-year-old kid but I'm betting Liberty bonds against but I'm betting Liberty bonds against a crush on my sister. They were to-gether in that house from 10 o'clock the case. Nobody that's in on a murslipped somewhere if that had been last night, or earlier, until this morn-ing. And if you don't believe that sticks his bean as close to a noose as Walters' would be if he's not tellin' the truth!

> 'Sounds reasonable, and vet---"I'm surprised at you suspectin'

'I don't suspect him." "But you said-

"We can't overlook anything — now, there's nothing to tie to but that's what I said. It's what I was Spike Walters." Gresham rose. A load seemed to driving at, anyway. So far, Walters is the only tangible clue we've had to have dropped from his shoulders.
"That's white of you, Carroll!

appreciate it."

Im giau you're naming it, is the only tangible clue we've had to work with. As I told you, the Hazel Gresham trail died a-borning. The appreciate it."

Leverage, fervently. "And as you are, the discovery that Yowler the Bob Cat could climb a tree as well as the could that for a second or two Rogers told me, with great attention over the insinuations against his sisto detail, just why and how it was ter in the papers. As matters stand



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS By J. P. Alley

KUNL BOB LOS' MONEY WEN HE SOL' DAT OLE SECON'-HAN' AUTO; BUT DEN, HE DONE GOT TWO MONT'S RIDIN'-EN WALKIN' - OUTEN IT!!



"A little general inquiring. can help me on that. For one thing, I want to get hold of every bit of longer safe. With a cry of fri dope I can regarding Warren-who he was, where he came from, what he did, the size of his bank deposits, his business connections, his social life, and especially every morsel of gossip that's ever been circulated about him in connection with wo-

"H-m! You think this dame was

"I want it all. I'm afraid this is going to resolve itself into a contest of elimination. The city is buzzing about the case today, and it ought to be pretty easy to get hold of a world of gossip concerning Warren's love affairs—provided he had any. Everybody's concerned over the identity of that woman, and every man Warren has ever been mixed up

with, even in the most innocuous way, is going to be dragged into the ase."

Carroll made his way from headquarters direct to the consolidated railroad ticket office. He introduced himself to the chief clerk and stated is business. The other showed keen interest.

"The tickets were sold to him in this office, Mr. Carroll. This young down twice as fast as he had come ny young chap who bustled forward importantly, proud of his temporary made a first big branch he came to. Just as Mother importantly, proud of his temporary made a first big Carroll smiled genially at the skinspotlight position "You sold some tickets to Roland

Warren? "Yes, sir." "Day before yesterday." "You are sure it was Mr. War-

"Two tickets and a drawing-room in No. 29 for New York—due to leave the total state of the total transfer of the transfer of the total transfer of the transfer of the total transfer of the transfer of the total transfer of the transfer of the total transfer of the transfer of the total transfer of the total transfer of the total at 11:55 last night."

and a drawing-room? Or was it one quick enough. She forgot that she "It had to be two. We can't sell a drawing-room unless the purchaser has double transportation."
"You delivered both the can't sell and the desire to get right close to Mother Bear.
"You delivered both the can't sell and the close to mother Bear. "You delivered both tickets to him

"Yes, sir-gave them both to him."

DICTATION DAVE By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper take a letter to the happened to the water comma and I

of the Supremacy Emporium has be made a home.
been received period paragraph.

Yours for comfortable baths, Well sir make that well gentlemen Miss Hopper well gentlemen the first week I had your blessing of the age

Torrid Zone Water Heater Company, had a man from the gas company come and inspect it who looked at Hot Springs, Ark. Miss Hopper is your heater and then took a slant that irony or sarcasm? Gentlemen at the gas meter and said it was wonderful dash which didn't give us much bathwater but on closer ing letter asking me to tell you frank- ination I find it is marked Hot Water ly how do I like the Torrid Zone Heater on the nameplate and while Hot Water Heater which you installed in my cellar last month and if water fine the Byron beverage we get stated in my cenar last month and it water one the syron beverage we get so will I now consider distributing through our pipes is cold so if you this blessing of the age that makes have any good cold water heaters in homes out of houses to the clientele stock my house is still waiting to

THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM.

week I had your blessing of the age in my house I was puzzled some to account for the fact that after I lit better move from Hot Springs, Ark. the gas on it very little if anything to Cold Water, Mich.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

An angry mother few can face; Avoiding her is no disgrace.

-Yowler the Bob Cat

she could that for a second or two she just clung to her branch and stared down with unbelieving eyes. longer safe. With a cry of fright she turned and scrambled up, crying all the way. Up and up and up she went until she was in the very top of that tree.

Yowler the Bob Cat. Yowler was nervous. He kept stopping every few feet to listen and to lock anxiously for signs of Mother Bear. He felt sure that that little Bear was lost, "True enough! Well, I'll get you what dope I can."

should near that little Bear's tries she would come in a hurry. How Yowler did wish that little Bear would stop crying!

Now, Littlest Bear was so small When Mother Bear reached the that she could climb up where the ground she waited for Littlest Bear. that she could climb up where the top of that tree was very slender and small. There she hung on with the claws of all four feet, and cried as only a frightened little Bear can cry. Yowler didn't dare climb quite where she had left Brother and Sister where the way to where she had left Brother and Sister where where the way to where she had left Brother and Sister where where the way to where she had left Brother and Sister where where where where the way to where she had left Brother and Sister where wh cry. Yowler didn't dare cumb quite where she nad left Brother and list high enough to reach her. He was too big. He stopped just a little below be almost stepped on them. low her, and tried to think of some almost stepped on them.
(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

low her, and tried to think of some way of making her let go.

Suddenly there was an angry "Woof, woof" just below, and the sound of great claws digging into the trunk of that tree. One glance down was snough for Yowler. There down was enough for Yowler. There was Mother Bear coming up that tree at a rate that was astonishing one so big! One look was enough. Yowler started down, and he went He ran out on the first big made a flying leap and caught a branch of the next tree. There he

hung for a moment, vainly trying to pull himself up on it. Then he slipped and dropped. Fortunately for him there was a big branch just be-low him, and this one he succeeded in holding onto. He pulled himself "Yes, sir. I have known him by up on it, and then with a screech of rage and disappointment he climbed "About the tickets—what did he who is a long time."

"About the tickets—what did he instant he reached the ground.

You should have seen Littlest Bear down from that tree and disappeared

She promptly started down the tree herself. After her scrambled Littlest Bear as fast as she could, and she

was whimpering again. But this time



You should have seen Littlest Bear a society sort?"

"Probably. He was undoubtedly going away with her; and a man of his stamp doesn't often elope with a should hear that little Bear's cries should hear that little Bear's cries she would come in a hurry. How that is the way she felt just then.

"Peter Rabbit

Piles are usually due to straining when constipated.

Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative - so cannot gripe. Try it today.

A LUBRICANT-NOT A LAXATIVE



my reply from Aunt Samantha to Dibb's table. Tess about the Liberals and the "Good ev Tess about the Liberals and the "Good evening, Mr. Langdon," O. T. A. I hope that Aunt Samantha she said coolly, for she did not o easily. In my humble opinion this is the very time that the women of Ontario should interest themselves in the big issues of the day, and the O.T.A. is a big issue in spite of the fact that there are those politicians who argue otherwise.

It is regrettable, in fact, that the women are not taking the interest women are not taking the interest.

In my humble opinion this is the drinking weak, cheap tea.

Jim Langdon looked at her humorously. The phonograph was playing "Three O'clock in the playing "Three O'clock in the word in the word in the word in the steps of the boarding house. "When are you gotherwise in the boarding house. "When are you gotherwise in the boarding house. "When are you gotherwise in the boarding house. "Next week." Suddenly the voice grew tender. "I don't want to go have a playing the table, positively casting ready in the spring, could you—word in the steps of the boarding house. "Next week." Suddenly the voice grew tender. If I have everything ready in the spring, could you—word in the boarding house. "Next week." Suddenly the voice grew tender. If I have everything ready in the spring, could you—word in the boarding house. "Next week." Suddenly the voice grew tender. If I have everything ready in the spring, could you—word in the boarding house. "Next week." Suddenly the voice grew tender. If I have everything ready in the spring, could you—word in the boarding house. "Next week." Suddenly the voice grew tender. If I have everything ready in the spring tender. The phonograph was playing?" asked Alicia.

In the phonograph was playing?" asked Alicia.

In the phonograph was playing?" asked Alicia.

They had reached the steps of the boarding house. "When are you go?" asked Alicia.

They had reached the steps of the humorously. The phonograph was playing?" asked Alicia.

They had reached the steps of the humorously. The humorously. The phonograph was playing?" asked Alicia.

They had reached the steps of the humorously. The humorously. The humorously was playing?" asked Alicia.

They had reached the In my humble opinion this is the drinking weak, cheap tea.

women are not taking the interest that we expected after they secured prunes at Jim's ger cookies in the franchise. If they would show the proper interest at this time they would soon learn that the "wet" interests have been led to believe that they have something to expect from Howard Ferguson and the Censervatives if they win at this election— that there might be something for them on the Christmas tree.

It is propaganda like this that we are encountering and we should all strive to overcome this attempt to undermine legislation that has stood

the test of the past four years.

Does Tess realize this in her enthusiasm for the U. F. O.? LOUISE M. OWEN. P. S.—Here is an appropriate sentence I noticed in a newspaper: "People rule well only when they guided by divine precept, and sidetrack selfish class ideas."

am afraid you have not given Aunt Samantha quite time to answer the letter from Tess. I have no doubt that she will reply through the Mail-Box, particularly since she will have read by this time that in spite of the withdrawal of the women at the first nominations, the Liberals of London have nominated Miss Isabel Armstrong as their candidate And Tess what do you think of this further development?

Superstition and Brides.

Dear Miss Grey,-Some time ago there was a reference made to super-stition in the Mail-Box, and I have been thinking ever since then that I would send in a letter about wedding superstitions which I read in an old ook. They are interesting, although don't think nowadays people pay very much attention to things like that. Green used to be considered very unlucky, and I remember read ing in the English papers a while ago or two. Then without a word Mother that there was a great hubbub over a prominent society wedding in which not only the bridesmaids, but the bride were dressed in Nile green. So far I haven't read of any disaster following them. I was married in gray, and they say "married in gray, you'll go far away." I am living in the house I was married in, and I didn't even go away for a honeymoon, and have only been on one trip since then, and that only as far as Niagara

It is said that if a bride marks her inen with the initials of her fiance the will never use it as his wife. It s also supposed to be unlucky if her fiance sees her wearing any part of her trousseau before her wedding day. Of course, you know that the girl who bride's bouquet will be maried within a year, but to put on a oride's veil, even in fun, is supposed to be very unlucky. To carry a piece of wedding cake in the pocket of your ess is a sign that you will be a ride before the dress is worn out. And, of course, if you place wedding cake under your pillow you will fream of your future husband. I did nis from an early age till I was maried (at 27) and it didn't work once MRS. ALWAYS-INN.

Superstition is popularly supposed belong to the dark ages, Mrs. Alvays-Inn, but most of us have a little of it tucked away in our minds somewhere. I notice that where there is a ladder placed across the sidewalk the city, to every one person who walks under it, there are ten who walk around it. Have you heard this one?—that the bride should wear "Something old and something new, something borrowed and something

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

As usual, Alicia was day dreaming. although the hour was six in the evening and she was seated at Mrs.
Dibb's boarding-house table. Alicia then, something in his eyes as he watched her, changed her mind. other places, other climes at willother places, other climes at will—just now she had forgotten the busy office where she was a tireless worker, forgotten the little home in the country, where her parents lived the country, where her parents lived the country where her parents lived to the country where the country where the country where the country where her parents lived to the country where the c peacefully and frugally, forgotten the dubious tabledth by forgotten the Un in her she answered. dubious tablecloth before her, the

chine rolled away to make room for another with two servants in front. Alicia allowed her rich sable cloak to slip a little from her shoulders as she walked across the strip of rubber matting that led straight into the fairyland of the hotel. Glimpses of crystal electroliers, which the lights turned into fountains of speaking the straight into fountains of speaking the straight and the straight into fountains of speaking the straight into str of crystal electroliers, which the lights turned into fountains of sparkling icicles, vistas of softly lighted alleys, where richly dressed women moved to and fro with dark-clad men, then the sound of an orchestra, stringing soothingly in the tearoom. If the windows of shops, ablaze with priceless flowers, all seemed tantalizing to Alicia as they walked toward the humbler amusement. If the windows of shops, ablaze with priceless flowers, all seemed tantalizing to Alicia as they walked toward the humbler amusement. stringing soothingly in the tearoom. Jim Langdon was interesting in Here in the exquisiteness of pale gray and rose colored walls, rose-shaded lamps, and soft clash and tinkle of silver and glass—there she would be led to a seat. Here she would order tea, made before her eyes in a silver pot, brewed to perfection—perhaps scones, or toast or waffes. Diamonds would flash upon her hands, she would bow graciously to hands one men and socially promi-

Alicia came out of Here was the boardwith a start. inghouse table, and little Bobby in Waco."
Wren was wailing for a second "So I sh proffered them to Bobby, who chuckled gluttonously as he ac- "Not so splendid, the ing a gracious smile when she slipped back into her day dreaming, and went on smiling a gracious smile when she slipped back into her day dreaming. ing, and went on smiling graciously at gallant men and lovely women, and the orchestra was playing, play ing, "Three O'clock in the Morn-

"Oh. Miss Wakelev!" The pleasant voice was at her elbow, not in the phantom tea-room of the Goritz, but at Mrs. not in the phantom teahasn't concluded to give up the fight want to be reminded that she was nibbling stale ginger cookies and

ger cookies in the silver "basket." and the last of her day dreams fle away, for happiness had come to hot biscuits.

ing to do? Don't tell me you have an engagement."

"Well,---" hesitated Alicia, think-"No, I have nothing to do," she

Up in her own room Alicia sighed as she combed her shining hair into

a golden mist and then coiled it deftly and fastened it with amber pins. She aging tea.

Where was Alicia?

Alice Wakeley was alighting from her limousine in front of a fashionable hotel on the avenue. There were two men in front as the machine rolled away to make room with a furry hat on her golden hair.

He was unusually guist as the machine rolled away to make room with a furry hat on her golden hair.

handsome men and socially promiher. "My Uncle Miles died last week.
He was good enough to remember
"Prunes! I want more prunes!"

"Prunes! I want more prunes!" dandiest little farm up Waco way.

"How nice for you-my people live "So I shall be leaving the city next helping of prunes. Her own were untouched, and Alicia dreamily "Leaving New York? Giving up "Not so splendid, that position. It's all right, but it keeps me in

"What are you going to do?" i quired Alicia faintly. "Going to Waco-chicken farm only an hour from the city, and I can breathe once in a while! I shall "Oh!" Alicia felt ver

weak. To lose Jim Langdon — he would probably fall in love with one of the Waco girls, perhaps her own cousin Edith, who was blonde and pretty—she did not want Jim for a cousin-in-law. Gone was her dreaming-the phantom life she ha led among the fashionables. Suddenly, she was panic-stricken.

They had reached the steps of the boarding house. "When are you go-

was her soft answ

hot biscuits.

"Ummmh!" murmured Jlm as he (Copyright, 1923, by McClure News helped himself. "It's a great night paper Syndicate.)

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