

Perhaps Rubber Houses Next

RUBBER vulcanized by a patent process in Lincoln, England, and said to be the lightest solid substance known, will make the building of rubber houses possible.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

Innoculate Chickens Against Disease

A county farm agent in New Jersey has vaccinated 8,000 hens with a serum, protecting them against chickenpox, croup, tanker and pneumonia. The serum did not interfere with laying.

"MIDNIGHT"

A Mystery Story
By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN.

Carroll Begins To Quiz Warren's Valet and Finds Out He Is An Intelligent Chap

"We came here to talk with you, Barker," he said, frankly. "We don't know a thing about your connection with this case; but we do know that you were with Roland Warren, and therefore must possess a great deal of information about him which no one else could possibly have. All we want is to learn about this tragedy—what you know and what you think."

Barker raised his head. For a long time he stared silently at Carroll.

"I don't know who you are," he remarked at length; "but you seem to be on the level."

"I am on the level," returned Carroll, quietly. "My name is David Carroll."

"O-o-o-h! So you're David Carroll?" The query was a sincere tribute.

"Yes, I'm Carroll, and I'm working on the Warren case. I don't want to cause trouble for anyone, but there are certain facts which I must learn. You can tell me some of them. No person who is innocent has the slightest thing to fear from me. And so—Barker, if you have nothing to conceal, I'd advise that you talk frankly."

"I ain't got nothin' to conceal. What made you think I had?"

"I don't think so. I don't think anything at this stage of the game. I want to find out what you know."

"I don't know nothin', either."

"H-m! Suppose I learn that for myself? I'll start at the beginning. Your name is William Barker?"

"Yes. I told you that once."

"Where is your home? What city have you lived in mostly?"

"The man hesitated."

"I was born in Gadsden, Alabama, if that's what you mean. Mostly I've lived in New York and around there."

"What cities around there?"

"Newark."

"Newark, New Jersey?"

"Yes. An' in Jersey City some, and Paterson, and a little while in Brooklyn."

"You met Mr. Warren where?"

"In New York. I was valet for a feller named Duckworth, and he went and died on me—typhoid; you c'n find out all about him if you want. Mr. Warren was a friend of Mr. Duckworth's, an' he offered me a job. We lived in New York for a while, and then we come down here."

"How long ago?"

"Bout four years—maybe five."

"What kind of a man was he—personally?"

Carroll watched his man closely, without appearing to do so. He saw Barker flush slightly, and did not miss the jerky nervousness of his answer—that or the forced enthusiasm.

"Oh, I reckon he is all right. That is, he was all right. Real nice feller."

"You were fond of him?"

"I didn't say I was in love with him. I said he was a nice feller."

"Treated you well?"

"Oh, sure—treated me fine."

"And yet he discharged you yesterday?" Then Carroll bluffed. "Without notice."

Barker looked up sharply. His face betrayed his surprise; showed clearly that Carroll's guess had scored.

"How'd you know that?"

"I knew it," returned Carroll. "That's sufficient."

Barker assumed a defensive attitude.

"Anyway," said he, "that didn't make me sore at him, because he gave me a month's pay; and that's just as good as love, ain't it?"

"Ye-es," Carroll guessed it. "Carroll hesitated. Did he pay you in cash?"

"Yeh—cash."

"Again Carroll hesitated for a moment, while he lighted a cigarette. When he spoke again, his tone was merely conversational, almost casual. "You've read the papers—all about Mr. Warren's murder, haven't you?"

"I'll say I have."

"What do you think about it?"

"Again that startled look in Barker's eyes. Again the nervous twitching of hands.

"Whatcha mean, what do I think about it?"

"The woman in the taxicab—do you think she killed him?"

Barker drew a deep breath. One might have fancied that it was a sigh of relief.

"Oh, her? Sure! She's the person that killed him!"

"He knew a good many women?" suggested Carroll, interrogatively.

"He got along pretty well with them."

"H-m! William Barker nodded. "You said it then, Mr. Carroll. Mr. Warren—he was a bird with the women!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Carroll Makes a Move.

No slightest move of Warren's evasive valet—no twitching of facial muscles, no involuntary gesture of nervousness, however slight—escaped Carroll's attention; but with all his watchfulness, the boyish-looking investigator was unostentatiously, almost retiring in his manner. And this modest demeanor was having its effect on William Barker, just as Carroll had known it would have, and as Leverage had hoped. Eric Leverage had worked with Carroll before, and had seen the man's personal charm, his sunny smile, his attitude of camaraderie, perform miracles. People had a way of talking freely to Carroll after he had chatted with them awhile, no matter how bitter the hostility surrounding their first meeting. Carroll was that way—he was a student of practical, every-day psychology. He worked to one end—he endeavored to learn the mental reactions of every one of his dramatic personae toward the fact of the crime he happened to be investigating; that and as nearly as possible, their feelings at the moment of the commission of the crime, no matter where they might have been. "It doesn't matter what a suspect says," he had told Leverage once. "Some of them tell the truth and some of them lie. Often the truth sounds untrue, while the lies contain all the earmarks of honesty. It's a sheer guess on the part of any detective. What I want to know is how a man felt when the crime was committed—not where he was; and how he feels now about the whole thing."

"Granted! But when you have facts you don't get yourself involved in important," argued the practical chief of police.

"Granted! But when you have facts you don't get yourself involved in important," argued the practical chief of police.

"Granted! But when you have facts you don't get yourself involved in important," argued the practical chief of police.



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. P. Alsey

DEYS A NIGGUH, UP DE ROAD WHUT FOLKS SAYS IS 'JES, LAK ME;—WELL, DAT NIGGUH, IS GOT A HEAP 'O' SENSE; BUT, HE DON'T FAVOR ME, NONE!!



never tell the truth than have him be reticent and stick to a true story. Leverage's reply had been expressive of his opinion of Carroll's all too uncanny ability.

To Be Continued.

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

All right Miss Hopper we'll write a letter to Missus Steven Stirrup, Luxora, Texas. Dear Missus Stirrup

Excuse my sympathy and satisfaction mix with us as we read your letter telling us how your son Arsenal is confined to the house every afternoon for a week as punishment on account of his having socked his Uncle Woodbridge with a paper bag in the ear full of water and requesting us to send your son Arsenal a complete household for getting socked comma for your son Arsenal for getting shut up

on these buoyant summer days comma and for your son's threatened household and the satisfaction is because we as always are on the alert to only the unusual and have rushed you today complete equipment for your son Arsenal apostrophe amusement consisting of one Wood-land Melody Cuckoo Clock and one Elephant's Cough Air Rifle which you use by hanging up the clock on the wall and giving the air rifle to your son Arsenal and letting him shoot at the little cuckoo every time he comes out which is every half hour between times.

Yours for the Dignity of Uncles.

THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM.

Per D. D.

Obedience you'll find the rule. That first is taught in nature's school.

—Mrs. Grouse.

Peter rabbit was full of curiosity, but he was too polite to ask Mrs. Grouse where her twelve pretty babies had so suddenly appeared from. You see there are certain things which the little people of the Green Forest keep secret, and it is not good taste to ask about them. Mrs. Grouse knew just how curious and puzzled Peter was. Her eyes twinkled as she watched him.

"Aren't they darlings, Peter Rabbit?" demanded Mrs. Grouse.

Peter nodded gravely. "They certainly are," said he. "They certainly are. But how under the sun do you keep watch of so many? They must be a great care."

"They are," replied Mrs. Grouse. "Children always are a great care. Whether there are a few or many. But if they are taught obedience from the very beginning a great deal of worry is avoided. Obedience is the first great law in life. There are no more obedient children in all the Green Forest than mine, if I do say so. I never have to speak to them more than once. You saw how they came the very instant I clucked to them."

Peter nodded his head again. "Yes," said he. "I saw how they came. I didn't see where they came from."

Mrs. Grouse chuckled. "They were right here all the time," said she. "One of them wasn't a foot from where you are sitting. If they hadn't minded perfectly, probably you would have seen some of them. When I heard you coming I told them to hide and keep perfectly still, and that is just what the darlings did. They didn't stop to ask questions. They didn't even stop to see if there was any real danger. The very instant I spoke they minded. They have been out of their shells only a few days, but already they have learned to mind instantly. If they have any questions to ask, they mind first and ask afterward. Would you like to see how well they mind?"

Of course Peter said he would. The twelve babies were scattered about, busily scratching in the leaves and hunting for worms and insects. Mrs. Grouse watched them for a moment or two with eyes that fairly sparkled with pride and love. She started a sharp but low note of warning. It meant, "There is danger! Hide instantly!" At the same time Mrs. Grouse acted as if the world as a whole really had heard or seen something that made her suspicious. For a moment it actually fooled Peter. He kept his eyes on her just long enough to make sure that she was only pretending, and then he looked to see what the babies were doing.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Peter, and in his voice there was such a mingling of astonishment and unbelief that Mrs. Grouse actually chuckled. You see those twelve lively babies, who only a moment before had been running about this way and that way, had disappeared as quickly as if the ground had opened and swallowed them.

Peter blinked foolishly, and he looked very shamed. "Jan't that

The Children's Hour

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Obedience you'll find the rule. That first is taught in nature's school.

—Mrs. Grouse.

Peter rabbit was full of curiosity, but he was too polite to ask Mrs. Grouse where her twelve pretty babies had so suddenly appeared from. You see there are certain things which the little people of the Green Forest keep secret, and it is not good taste to ask about them. Mrs. Grouse knew just how curious and puzzled Peter was. Her eyes twinkled as she watched him.

"Aren't they darlings, Peter Rabbit?" demanded Mrs. Grouse.

Peter nodded gravely. "They certainly are," said he. "They certainly are. But how under the sun do you keep watch of so many? They must be a great care."

"They are," replied Mrs. Grouse. "Children always are a great care. Whether there are a few or many. But if they are taught obedience from the very beginning a great deal of worry is avoided. Obedience is the first great law in life. There are no more obedient children in all the Green Forest than mine, if I do say so. I never have to speak to them more than once. You saw how they came the very instant I clucked to them."

Peter nodded his head again. "Yes," said he. "I saw how they came. I didn't see where they came from."

Mrs. Grouse chuckled. "They were right here all the time," said she. "One of them wasn't a foot from where you are sitting. If they hadn't minded perfectly, probably you would have seen some of them. When I heard you coming I told them to hide and keep perfectly still, and that is just what the darlings did. They didn't stop to ask questions. They didn't even stop to see if there was any real danger. The very instant I spoke they minded. They have been out of their shells only a few days, but already they have learned to mind instantly. If they have any questions to ask, they mind first and ask afterward. Would you like to see how well they mind?"

Of course Peter said he would. The twelve babies were scattered about, busily scratching in the leaves and hunting for worms and insects. Mrs. Grouse watched them for a moment or two with eyes that fairly sparkled with pride and love. She started a sharp but low note of warning. It meant, "There is danger! Hide instantly!" At the same time Mrs. Grouse acted as if the world as a whole really had heard or seen something that made her suspicious. For a moment it actually fooled Peter. He kept his eyes on her just long enough to make sure that she was only pretending, and then he looked to see what the babies were doing.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Peter, and in his voice there was such a mingling of astonishment and unbelief that Mrs. Grouse actually chuckled. You see those twelve lively babies, who only a moment before had been running about this way and that way, had disappeared as quickly as if the ground had opened and swallowed them.

Peter blinked foolishly, and he looked very shamed. "Jan't that

"Aren't they darlings, Peter Rabbit?" demanded Mrs. Grouse.

Peter nodded gravely. "They certainly are," said he. "They certainly are. But how under the sun do you keep watch of so many? They must be a great care."

"They are," replied Mrs. Grouse. "Children always are a great care. Whether there are a few or many. But if they are taught obedience from the very beginning a great deal of worry is avoided. Obedience is the first great law in life. There are no more obedient children in all the Green Forest than mine, if I do say so. I never have to speak to them more than once. You saw how they came the very instant I clucked to them."

Peter nodded his head again. "Yes," said he. "I saw how they came. I didn't see where they came from."

Mrs. Grouse chuckled. "They were right here all the time," said she. "One of them wasn't a foot from where you are sitting. If they hadn't minded perfectly, probably you would have seen some of them. When I heard you coming I told them to hide and keep perfectly still, and that is just what the darlings did. They didn't stop to ask questions. They didn't even stop to see if there was any real danger. The very instant I spoke they minded. They have been out of their shells only a few days, but already they have learned to mind instantly. If they have any questions to ask, they mind first and ask afterward. Would you like to see how well they mind?"

Of course Peter said he would. The twelve babies were scattered about, busily scratching in the leaves and hunting for worms and insects. Mrs. Grouse watched them for a moment or two with eyes that fairly sparkled with pride and love. She started a sharp but low note of warning. It meant, "There is danger! Hide instantly!" At the same time Mrs. Grouse acted as if the world as a whole really had heard or seen something that made her suspicious. For a moment it actually fooled Peter. He kept his eyes on her just long enough to make sure that she was only pretending, and then he looked to see what the babies were doing.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Peter, and in his voice there was such a mingling of astonishment and unbelief that Mrs. Grouse actually chuckled. You see those twelve lively babies, who only a moment before had been running about this way and that way, had disappeared as quickly as if the ground had opened and swallowed them.

Peter blinked foolishly, and he looked very shamed. "Jan't that

"Aren't they darlings, Peter Rabbit?" demanded Mrs. Grouse.

Peter nodded gravely. "They certainly are," said he. "They certainly are. But how under the sun do you keep watch of so many? They must be a great care."

"They are," replied Mrs. Grouse. "Children always are a great care. Whether there are a few or many. But if they are taught obedience from the very beginning a great deal of worry is avoided. Obedience is the first great law in life. There are no more obedient children in all the Green Forest than mine, if I do say so. I never have to speak to them more than once. You saw how they came the very instant I clucked to them."

Peter nodded his head again. "Yes," said he. "I saw how they came. I didn't see where they came from."

Mrs. Grouse chuckled. "They were right here all the time," said she. "One of them wasn't a foot from where you are sitting. If they hadn't minded perfectly, probably you would have seen some of them. When I heard you coming I told them to hide and keep perfectly still, and that is just what the darlings did. They didn't stop to ask questions. They didn't even stop to see if there was any real danger. The very instant I spoke they minded. They have been out of their shells only a few days, but already they have learned to mind instantly. If they have any questions to ask, they mind first and ask afterward. Would you like to see how well they mind?"

Of course Peter said he would. The twelve babies were scattered about, busily scratching in the leaves and hunting for worms and insects. Mrs. Grouse watched them for a moment or two with eyes that fairly sparkled with pride and love. She started a sharp but low note of warning. It meant, "There is danger! Hide instantly!" At the same time Mrs. Grouse acted as if the world as a whole really had heard or seen something that made her suspicious. For a moment it actually fooled Peter. He kept his eyes on her just long enough to make sure that she was only pretending, and then he looked to see what the babies were doing.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Peter, and in his voice there was such a mingling of astonishment and unbelief that Mrs. Grouse actually chuckled. You see those twelve lively babies, who only a moment before had been running about this way and that way, had disappeared as quickly as if the ground had opened and swallowed them.

Peter blinked foolishly, and he looked very shamed. "Jan't that

"Aren't they darlings, Peter Rabbit?" demanded Mrs. Grouse.

Peter nodded gravely. "They certainly are," said he. "They certainly are. But how under the sun do you keep watch of so many? They must be a great care."

"They are," replied Mrs. Grouse. "Children always are a great care. Whether there are a few or many. But if they are taught obedience from the very beginning a great deal of worry is avoided. Obedience is the first great law in life. There are no more obedient children in all the Green Forest than mine, if I do say so. I never have to speak to them more than once. You saw how they came the very instant I clucked to them."

Peter nodded his head again. "Yes," said he. "I saw how they came. I didn't see where they came from."

Mrs. Grouse chuckled. "They were right here all the time," said she. "One of them wasn't a foot from where you are sitting. If they hadn't minded perfectly, probably you would have seen some of them. When I heard you coming I told them to hide and keep perfectly still, and that is just what the darlings did. They didn't stop to ask questions. They didn't even stop to see if there was any real danger. The very instant I spoke they minded. They have been out of their shells only a few days, but already they have learned to mind instantly. If they have any questions to ask, they mind first and ask afterward. Would you like to see how well they mind?"

Of course Peter said he would. The twelve babies were scattered about, busily scratching in the leaves and hunting for worms and insects. Mrs. Grouse watched them for a moment or two with eyes that fairly sparkled with pride and love. She started a sharp but low note of warning. It meant, "There is danger! Hide instantly!" At the same time Mrs. Grouse acted as if the world as a whole really had heard or seen something that made her suspicious. For a moment it actually fooled Peter. He kept his eyes on her just long enough to make sure that she was only pretending, and then he looked to see what the babies were doing.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Peter, and in his voice there was such a mingling of astonishment and unbelief that Mrs. Grouse actually chuckled. You see those twelve lively babies, who only a moment before had been running about this way and that way, had disappeared as quickly as if the ground had opened and swallowed them.

Peter blinked foolishly, and he looked very shamed. "Jan't that

"Aren't they darlings, Peter Rabbit?" demanded Mrs. Grouse.

Peter nodded gravely. "They certainly are," said he. "They certainly are. But how under the sun do you keep watch of so many? They must be a great care."

"They are," replied Mrs. Grouse. "Children always are a great care. Whether there are a few or many. But if they are taught obedience from the very beginning a great deal of worry is avoided. Obedience is the first great law in life. There are no more obedient children in all the Green Forest than mine, if I do say so. I never have to speak to them more than once. You saw how they came the very instant I clucked to them."

Peter nodded his head again. "Yes," said he. "I saw how they came. I didn't see where they came from."

Mrs. Grouse chuckled. "They were right here all the time," said she. "One of them wasn't a foot from where you are sitting. If they hadn't minded perfectly, probably you would have seen some of them. When I heard you coming I told them to hide and keep perfectly still, and that is just what the darlings did. They didn't stop to ask questions. They didn't even stop to see if there was any real danger. The very instant I spoke they minded. They have been out of their shells only a few days, but already they have learned to mind instantly. If they have any questions to ask, they mind first and ask afterward. Would you like to see how well they mind?"

Of course Peter said he would. The twelve babies were scattered about, busily scratching in the leaves and hunting for worms and insects. Mrs. Grouse watched them for a moment or two with eyes that fairly sparkled with pride and love. She started a sharp but low note of warning. It meant, "There is danger! Hide instantly!" At the same time Mrs. Grouse acted as if the world as a whole really had heard or seen something that made her suspicious. For a moment it actually fooled Peter. He kept his eyes on her just long enough to make sure that she was only pretending, and then he looked to see what the babies were doing.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Peter, and in his voice there was such a mingling of astonishment and unbelief that Mrs. Grouse actually chuckled. You see those twelve lively babies, who only a moment before had been running about this way and that way, had disappeared as quickly as if the ground had opened and swallowed them.

Peter blinked foolishly, and he looked very shamed. "Jan't that

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

By W. Irving King.

Charlotte Crawford was the daughter and only child of Squire Crawford, president of the local bank at Masonville. She was pretty enough to be the heroine of any story and just as sweet and good as she was pretty. Moreover she was in love with Addison Douglas, although she had known him only six months. It seemed to her and it seemed to Addison, as if they had always known each other.

"Addison," said Charlotte one night, "I do wish you would trust me a little more. If you love me as you say you do, why will you not tell me why you came to Masonville. Of course, I know that you are not my cousin—father admitted that—but what is it that you are concealing from me?"

"Charlotte, dear," replied Addison, "for just a little while longer I must ask you to trust me. I can't tell you all just now."

"But you don't trust me," said Charlotte.

Addison sighed. "I can't explain," he said, "but you will trust me just a little longer."

"Yes, dear," said Charlotte. "How can I help it?" And that little matter was settled for the time being.

They changed the scene. It was a dark, rainy night as the "enforcement officers" waited impatiently for the boat which was to attempt to land a cargo of illicit "hoose" at the end of the old road which led down to the long-deserted wharf.

There she comes, said one of the officers and the sound of a motor-boat was heard out on the black, rain-swept water, approaching with all her lights out.

"We've got 'em," chuckled one of the watchers. But even as he spoke from neighboring headland a rocket shot up into the black sky and the sounds of the motor-boat began to recede.

"They're on," cried the chief of the party. "The launch is lively! Into a launch which had lain hidden in a neighboring creek for just such an emergency, the men tumbled and the chase was on. Out into the bay and then up a long, narrow arm which penetrated far into the land they followed the run-boat, steering by the sound of her engine—in the dense darkness and rain it was impossible to see the object of their pursuit."

Soon after entering the arm of the bay they lost the sound of the motor-boat's engines. They stopped and listened intently. Several little creeks branched off between heavily wooded banks.

"I hear 'em!" cried the chief at last. "Here, give me that wheel. And up one of the dark, narrow waterways they sped. Presently close aboard, they made out the bulk of the run-boat. "Hands up, we've got 'em!" cried the chief, and his men leaped ashore. But the only reply was the sound of a motor truck being madly driven away into the night. The run-runners had worked quickly in transferring their cargo and themselves. The motor-boat was practically empty. Still the run-runners escaped and Addison Douglas was seen entering the house of the Widow Leeds, where he boarded, at that moment with a heavy and suspicious looking bundle under his arm.

Georgia Macomber, who went out nursing and was returning from an all-night vigil, saw to the door.

When later in the day all Masonville was talking of the run-running episode, which had quickly such matters get abroad in seaside towns—Georgia contributed to the general gossip her early morning discovery. "Wait a minute," said Addison, "I had been convicted at the bar of public opinion as a run-runner and a boot-legger."

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe a thing you see in the newspapers nowadays."

Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Charlotte and Addison were married and went to live in New York, where he now runs a private detective agency. The newspapers had a detailed account of the whole affair, but Georgia and the Widow Leeds shook their heads and said, "You can't believe