have to be made to the public."
"But if my husband did it—"

"In that event, it will be impossible

"And if he didn't do it?"
"Then you will be safe. But," fin-

who did. I have followed every pos-

ow of suspicion attached to anyone

ence knew a good deal about it—and the obvious method was to order

Lawrence's arrest and make him prove an alibi. But such a procedure

was impossible in view of his deter

mination to protect Naomi's name, to

He was greeted at headquarters by

palling dearth of local news, and the Warren story had been long since

played beyond the point of public interest. The readers, explained the

reporter, were growing tired of the-

jecture. They wanted a few facts.

definite to give out yet.

Warren?

ty-four hours.'

Carroll shook his head, "Nothing

The reporter was persistent. "You

"You think you know who killed

Carroll, his mind still busy with

Naomi's story, answered casually. "I believe I do. That is just a belief,

chance that there will be important

"If anything at all happens, it will

Lawrence's lips. When

developments within the next twen-

of secrecy he told Leverage the en-tire story as he had heard it from

finished Leverage slammed his hand

Leverage glanced keenly at his

"No-o. Not yet. He may not have

"if he didn't and Barker didn't-who

Carroll shook his head hopelessly.

"Let's wait a little while longer,"

CARROLL HAS SOLVED WARREN

MYSTERY.

Identity of Clubman's Slayer Known
to Famous Detective.
Will Make Arrest Within 24 Hours.

Sensational Developments Promised

view with Reporter for The Star.

It all came back to Carroll now

The eager reporter, the news-hunger,

his non-committal statements. He read furiously through the story. It

proved to be one of those newspaper

masterpieces which uses an enormous

number of words and says nothing. Carroll was quoted as saying only what he had actually said. It was

the personal conjecture of the report-

er writing the story which had given spur to the vivid imagination of the

what are you going to do: deny

"No!" snapped Carroll-"I can't. He

hasn't misquoted a single line of what I said. It just makes things—makes

'em mighty embarrassing."

He sat hunched in his chair star-

Instantly the mind of the detective

leaped to the tragic figure of Naomi Lawrence. "She wants to see me?" he questioned.

"Show her in." He motioned

Carroll is here."

headline writer.
"So now," questioned Leverage-

by David Carroll in Exclusive Inter-

Something definite, eh?"

on the arm of his chair-

believe I do. That is just a belief, mind you. But there is an outside

have made no new discoveries at all?'

"Well-I'd hardly say that." "Then you have?"
"Yes," answered Carroll frankly, "I

# A Magazine Page For Everyone

#### A Thrush Which Dives

THE English brook-hunting dipper is an oddity—a thrush which has become a waterbird. Deeper it thrust its head into the water seeking beetles until it became a diver.

## "MIDNIGHT"

A Mystery Story By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN.

### Carroll and Leverage Talk Over Naomi's Story But Find Themselves Still Very Much in the Dark

"The man who did the actual shoot- you have helped me tremendously. ing," he said quietly—"have you the And to know, also, that I shall probslightest idea as to his identity?" "No." Her manner was almost in-

different: the strain was over - she was hardly conscious of what she was saying. "He was smaller than Mr. Warren-a man of about my husband's size-

She stopped abruptly! Carroll's gaze grew steely—he made a note of sible trail and unless guilt can be pression of horror in her eyes. but your husband's size!" he

CHAPTER XXL Carroll Decides. moment she was silent. It

was patent that she was groping des-perately for the correct thing to say. And finally she extended a pleading -don't think that! "What?" "That it was-was my husband. He

"Why not?" "Anyway—it is impossible. He was in Nashville. He didn't get home un-

til morning." Carroll shook his head. "I hope he can prove he was in Nashville. We have tried to prove it, and we cannot.

And you must admit, Mrs. Lawrence, an interview. There had been an apthat had he known what you planwould have had the justification of the unwritten law—"
Her eyes brightened. "You think,
then—that if he did—he would be ac-

"Yes. More so in view of your story that there was a fight between the two men. That would probably add self-defense to his plea. How-

ever, I may be wrong in that—"
"You are indeed, Mr. Carroll. My
husband — isn't that kind of a man. And even if he had done the shootfrom me for this length of time. He

would have given a hint—"
"No-o. He wouldn't have done that. If he shot Warren he would have been afraid of telling even you. She walked to the window where she stood for a moment looking out on the dread December day. Then she turned tragically back to Car-

"You are going to arrest me?"

"Why not? And o long as there is sought Eric Leverage. Under pledge believe your story, Mrs. to keep your name clear miserable mess, I shall

do so."
"But if you arrest my husband—"
"I have no intention of doing that, "But if you arrest and the city when the shooting occurred. I am not in favor of indiscriminate arrests. In this case, they can do nothing but harm."

"You are very good," she said softly. "I didn't imagine that a description."

"You're right—How about Bartestive."

"So does see I'm a bum "Gerald Lawrence, or I'm a bum guesser," he stated positively.

"Looks that way," admitted Cartellar if Lawrence is the man there will be no way on earth to keep Mrs. Lawrence's name out of it."

"You're right—How about Bartestive."

"Some of us are human beings, Mrs. ker?"
Lawrence. Is that so strange?" She did not answer, and for several Mrs. Lawrence. She believes that minutes they sat in silence — each intent in thought. It was Carroll who intent in thought. It was Carroll who

"Do you know William Barker?" friend.
"Barker? Why, yes—certainly. He

"I know it. Have you seen Barker done it..." "Well," sizzled the chief of police,

willed?"
"Yes." He could scarcely distinthe devil did?"
Garroll shook
"I don't know,
those two men did." "Yes.

"Was your husband at home on lessly in the air." either occasio

"No."

"Why did he come here?"

She hesitated, but only for the fraction of a second. "It was Barker who was driving me to distraction. He knew that I was the woman in the should be supported by Mrs. Lawrence, we must suspect one of the two men involved. And if you are sure it wasn't Barthe taxicab. He really believes that I killed Mr. Warren. He has been "Le

blackmailing me."

"A-ah! So that explains his visits, solutely sure of my ground." and his plentiful supply of money?"

"Yes. Oh! it was shameful — that
I should be so helpless before his decase again from the beginning to its "Yes. Oh! it was shameful—that I should be so helpless before his demands. It didn't matter that I had nothing to do with the killing—it was enough that I had to pay any price to keep my name clear of scandal. Looking back on the affair now, Mr. Carroll—I cannot understand my own weakness. But I felt that I owed it to my husband and my sister to proto my husband and my sister to pron scandal at any cost factory.
And it was about an hour later

of money—"
"I see." Carroll rose. "I want you to understand, Mrs. Lawrence, that

"Exactly. We know that one of 'em did the shooting. We've covered this case from every angle, and if

and I have paid Barker a good deal





### **OUICK PUDDINGS AND CUSTARDS**

Save time, trouble and of package. Boil for a min-ute—and serve. Equally delicious, hot or

Puddings Chocolate, Cocoanut, Tapioca Custards mon, Vanilla, Arrowroot, Nutmeg, Almond, Plain At all Grocers.

MeLAREN'S INVINCIBLE de by McLARENS LIMITED

#### Dictation Dave By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper you shouldn't let the barber put Smelladora on you hair when you get it rebobbed take a let-ter to The Advanced College of Automotive Engineering, Rear End, Michigan. Gentlemen: You certainly do write a smooth

a vear in the automobile repair business and be somebody of importance in my community and there are times when it certainly is encouraging to think that somebody

so far away as you are has so much confidence in me paragraph.

You are probably right where you say there is nobody needs thorough instruction in the science of automative angineering. ably succeed in keeping your name out of any disclosures which might motive engineering more than I do as it is the one walk of life where the zest and exuberance of youth are at their best advantage but most of our trouble comes from the zest and exuberance of the 18-year-old member of the family whose natural ished the detective seriously, "if your husband didn't do it—I don't know optimism leads him to try and bear Tommy Milton apostrophe s track records with a 5-year-old car on country roads and if you think your fastened on either your husband or Barker, there isn't the faintest shadcompiled by the world's fore-scientists on international else. It will make things very difficombustion engines will get the During his ride to headquarters young man interested in staying home long enough to fix the car right Carroll was busy with his thoughts. He was worried about the possible including your free wooden model complicity of Gerald Lawrence in crank shaft and the shooting of Warren. He was more mission you can let me know what than halfway convinced that Lawr-

Yours for community importance THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM

t will cost

disappeared-and in a minute, the door opened and a woman entered Carroll sprang to his feet with an a reporter for one of the two evening exclamation of surprise.

"Miss Gresham!"
Hazel Gresham nodded. She advanced toward Carroll. Every drop of color had been drained from her cheeks. Her manner indicated in tense nervous strain. Her eyes were wide and fixed-

"I would like to speak to you alon Mr. Carroll." "Yes-This is Chief Leverage, Mis Fresham.

Leverage acknowledged the intro duction and would have left but the girl stopped him. "On second hought, Mr. Leverage-you might re

Eric paused. His eyes sought Carroll's face. Both men knew that something vitality unexpected was about to be disclosed. They waited for the girl to speak-and when she did her voice was so low as to be lmost unintelligible.

"About a half hour ago, gentlemen -I read the story in The Star. I—I " she faltered for a moment, then went bravely on—"I came right down -to save you the trouble of sending for me!"
Silence: tense—expectant. "You Then Carroll excused himself and

aid what?" queried Carroll.

"I came down — to save you the trouble—the embarrassment — of sending for me." She looked at them eagerly. "I have come to give myself

"For-for the murder of - Roland The detective shook his head. "I don't understand Miss Gresham Really I don't. Do you mean to tell me that you were the woman in the taxicab?

She was biting her lips nervously.

ren? "Y-yes-And when I read in the friend. "You are going to arrest Law- paper that you knew who did it - I came right down here. I didn't want to-to-to be brought down-in a pa- little neighbors whom Peter had altrol wagon."
"I see—" Wild thoughts were chasing one another through Carroll's Lark and Bubbling Bob the Bobolink brain. He was beginning to see light, told him of having seen Reddy Fox

You are quite sure that you killed and Mrs. Reddy spending much time "I don't know, Eric. If neither of those two men did, we'll be left hope-Mr. Warren?" "Yes, I'm sure. Why do you doubt me? Don't you suppose that I know whether I killed him? Don't you suppose I can prove that I did it—" know it. The Green Meadows will "Yes—I suppose you can. I won-der, Miss Gresham," and Carroll's

voice was very, very gentle, "if you would wait in that room yonder for a few minutes?"
"Certainly—" She raised her head pleading: "You do believe me, don't Carroll dodged the issue. "I want

Alone with Leverage, Carroll clenched his fist-"If that isn't the most "She's not telling the truth, is she "Certainly not. She couldn't smash

her own alibi if she tried a million He paced the room, walking in quick, jerky steps. Finally his face cleared and he stopped before Levrage's chair.

"I've got it!" he announced tri-

that a knock came on the door. In response to Leverage's summons, an orderly entered. In his hand he car-"Never mind," Carroll was surried an evening paper —
"Just brought this in, sir. Thought charged with suppressed excitement "I want you to do mething for me you and Mr. Carroll might like to -and do it promptly.'

The orderly retired. Carroll spread the paper—then did something very rare. He swore profoundly. His eyes focused angrily on the enormous first page headlines: CARROLL HAS SOLVED WARREN. "Send Cartwright and bring Garry Gresham here."
"Garry Gresham?"

"Yes—the young lady's brother." Leverage was bewildered. "What in the world do you want with him?"
"I want him," explained Carroll confidently—"because Garry Gresham is the man who shot Warren!"

CHAPTER XXII.

The Problem is Solved. Within an hour Garry Greshan appeared at headquarters in the com-pany of Cartwright. The officer left the room and the three men were

Gresham's manner was nervous but he showed no fright. Leverage regarding him keenly, found reason to doubt Carroll's positive statement that Gresham was the person they sought. The young man stood facing

them bravely, waiting— 'Gresham," said Carroll softly "Your sister is in that room yonder She read the afternoon paper — the report that I knew who killed Roland arren. She immediately came here

to give herself up." An expression of utter bewilder ment crossed young Gresham's face. Then he started forward angrily: ing at the screaming headlines and re-reading the lurid story. Again Why are you lying to me—"
"Easy, Gresham—easy there. I am an orderly entered.

"Young lady out there," he announced, "who wants to know if Mr.

not lying to you."

He saw Garry's eyes dart to the door behind which the sister was seated. "What did she give herself up for, Carroll?" killing Roland Warren."

Gresham took a firm grip on him-elf. "She didn't do it," he stated positively. (To be continued)

When a Feller Needs a Friend.

MOTHER'S HAIR CUT

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

met for news of Danny and Nanny

couldn't help from thinking about them. Danny and Nanny were two

others besides Carol the Meadow

"They caught Danny and Nanny.

later that Reddy Fox came prowling

along the edge of the dear Old Brian

Patch. He saw Peter safely sitting

The Green Meadows will

hunting on the Green Meadows.

same again.'

one had given them a thought.

one knew anything about them. No ber!'

Reddy and Mrs. Reddy Fox Deny

Having Seen Anything of Danny

and Nanny Meadow Mouse

Peter Rabbit asked everyone he Meadow Mouse lately?" he inquired.

Meadow Mouse, and not a thing did torted angrily. "You know I haven't

he learn. No one had seen them. No and you know why, you big red rob-

PEAHS LAK IE GENTMAN WHUT'S DE MOS' POPULOUS IS DE ONE WID DE "FREE WHISKEY!"

grew more and more worried. He stood that chuckle. He thought Reddy couldn't help from thinking about was chuckling because he had caught Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse That is where Peter was Reddy was chuckling to see gentle Peter Rabbit so angry. "I haven't the least idea why you haven't seen Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse, unless it is for the same reason that them," replied Reddy. that I haven't seen "It is!" retorted Peter. "And that reason is that either you or Mrs.

Reddy have caught and eaten them.' "Wrong, Peter, quite wrong," re-plied Reddy. "I wish it were true, but it isn't. Goodness knows, we've never be the same again. No, sir, the Green Meadows will never be the It was just at dusk a few evenings tried hard enough to find them. hought you might know s about where they are, and so that is why I inquired.
"I don't believe you!" declared "What you believe or don't believe

grinned. "Have you seen Danny

Then Peter found his tongue. "You

know very well I haven't," he re-

Reddy chuckled. Peter misunder-

doesn't make any difference." replied Reddy Fox. "Facts are facts, and truth is truth. It is both a fact and the truth that I came down here tonight especially to look for Danny Meadow Mouse. Do you suppose I'd waste my time looking around here if I knew he wasn't here?"
"Well, he isn't here?" snapped
Peter. "He isn't anywhere around in
this part of the Green Meadows. If you haven't caught them, probably Mrs. Reddy will tell you where they

"I wish I could," said another voice. And there was Mrs. Reddy, peering into the tangle of brambles at Peter. "I've already wasted a lot of time looking for them. It must be that someone else has been smarter than we. Come on, Reddy, it is no use wasting time here."

Reddy and Mrs. Reddy started off. Peter watched them. As they crossed the Green Meadows he could see that they were hunting just as usual. "They must have told the truth," thought Peter. "What can have be come of Danny and Nanny Meadow

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.) success, for Peter's eyes are too soft to ever look very angry. Reddy Fox Old Man Coyote." "Peter Watches

### "Can't You Dig Up a Vacation Job For Your Children—Honest-to-Goodness Work?"

By ANGELO PATRI

'Must I he carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease While others fought to win the

in his favorite place, under a thick tangle of brambles. "Good evening,

Peter," said Reddy, in his pleasantest

ing. Don't you want to talk a walk

Peter didn't say a word, but he did

his best to glare angrily at Reddy

Fox. That glare wasn't much of a

tangle of brambles.

Or sailed through bloody seas?" if I can take it easy," says the "regular fellow, boy and girl, in the stu-dent body, elementary or college. Someway the idea that working hard for something is not "the thing." To be truly of the hour one thing." To be truly of the hour one must but dip into the spring, flutter one's wings and warble a glad song more done. Are you working at your "Mercy me," thrills one young lady.

Look at them. When'd I ever

get through that?" "But you must have known that you had that report to make. Why haven't you prepared for it?" asks

"No time, no time, mother darling That stuff would take an age, I'll Or sailed through bloody seas."
"Yes, why not? Why take it hard get by somehow."
"Look it up in "Digested Readings." drawls sister from her pillowed nest on the couch. Saves all that read-

history?"
"Yes. Mr. Hartley says if I don't

"Tomorrow I have to hand in a report on the "Idylls of the King." get a better mark this month, he'll flunk me. I can't see any use in this stuff." "Are you taking notes as you read?

#### Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.



help you to know what to study and give you a chance to review quick-

"Oh, that's too much work. All

that writing.' "Bring me your book and I'll see what you've learned. Let's see. Rights of citizens. Suffrage. What

"Oh, he won't ask us that. That's on, he won't ask us that. That's in the fine print. All I got to know is the big print. Ask me that."

What these young citizens need is the knowledge that work is bound up in anything that they will ever hope to accomplish. Work that demands a steady, close application to the job in hand until it is finished. Work that calls for a bent back and a nose pointed toward the center of interest, and held there until the last move is made and the answer stands out clean and clear whether it is an equation cleared or a patch of potatoes

If the youngsters have left school this June with a glossed over job and the "flowery bed" idea, can't you dig up a job for them that will point toward honest-to-goodness work? Vacation need not be empty (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate



Best of all Fly Killers 10c per Packet at all Druggists, **Grocers and General Stores** 

### THE DAILY SHORT STORY

By Martha McCulloch-Williams. Blurred through the hush of

"Zaccheus he, did climb a tree, His Lord and Mars-ter for to

se-ee!" change that tune, Mammy, I'll come that she must speak with him priout there and murder you.

"I ain't no-ways 'feared," Priscilla etorted. "You caint spaar me—not ontwell you'se safe married. Whoelse in all de worl' gwine bake cake an' make tater custards, and cheeseeben de King?

pappy don't git no peace ob his life. feller days gwine tie."
wid all de runnin' back and fo'th; all
Next day was no de strange hawses eaten up his corn and fodder, all de scalawags warin' out his fine Turkey carpets, and habbin' ter tell sombody two-three times er week: 'No! You cain't marry my darter! I'm er Chrischen I hope, an' I ain't got de heart to let ye try ter do whut's past mortal man; make her know whut she wants and how she want it fer a week, much less a life-

demanded giggling. Through the window she saw mammy's plump shoul-ders heaving. Tilts such as this brought joy to both of them.

excuse not to make me the finest basket of all at the reunion. How'd you like it if I said I wouldn't take any at all? I've a great mind not to take a scrap to eat. Then I can go with—anybody I please."

""Search You'll please."

I may wait to see me start I you like.

An hour passed. Richie began to fidget. She wanted to be late enough to make her arrival a sensation, but not so late as to be smothered in not so late as to be smothered in the country."

with—anybody I please."

"'Spech You'll please ter ride wid Tom-Bob Wimberly," mammy commented serenely: "An' I lay he won't go dar widout good rations. Wants um ter match dat dar fine new kyar he done bought him. All I got ter do is tell him: 'Marse Tom-Bob I done sign my han' ter de hes' dinner ever blease—"

to make her arrival a sensation, but not so late as to be smothered in the ruck of the tag-rag-and-bobtail from everywhere.

Once she started to the telephone, but paused half way, and flung herself down upon the broad hall divan, saying pettishly: "Mammy—I believe I'm hungry. Get me something blease—" sign my han' ter de bes' dinner ever went ter dis here reunitin' crowd'— an' he'll take all I fetch out—an' glad breakfus," Mammy commented, but without stirring from her seat on the

knife with which she was peeling fruit for drying and waddling within.
"Yo pappy'll bust up de whole combobberation rudder'n to hab you ride

up in de face ob all yo kin wid dat dar scalywag."

"He won't know it—in time," Richie pouted, Mammy grunted: "I knows. Dat's ernough," then softening.
"Babe, don't you go be ugly. Lisseh at me. Pete Mason got a fine outait me. at me. Pete Mason got a fine out-side—dat I ain't denying—but inside gedly. he's rotten. Sooner'n hab you trust yerself wid him I'll telefoam Marse Tom-Bob ter shoot him. Dis ain't "Twus becasse dey done tooken

Tom-Bob ter shoot him. Dis ain't foolin' needer—hit's de word wid the mark on it. So you be good."

"I wouldn't now, not even if I wanted to," Richie cried defiantly. "Til go with him, dance with him—all the time if I feel like it—and snap my fingers at all the Fairs and Conways and Pardridges, and all the rest if they want to look crosseyed over it."

"Was a like you true have der."

"Twus becasse dey done tooken him for work becasse dey done tooken him for which will be ter co'te fer shootin' craps all last Sunday, wid niggers at B'ilin' Spring chu'ch whar de is er powerful pourin' out ob de sperit—"

"How do you know so much!"

Richie demanded, aghast. Mammy stable—recommember dat, honey!" she said: "Now, put on yo' hat—an' pit Pete Mason outen yo head."

For a wonder Richie said obedi-

"Pears like you wus bawned ter make thouble," mammy said, sighing, but her eyes twinkled knowingly once

she was outside. The reunion was the occasion of seven counties in that it brought together yearly the widespreal descend-ants of three pioneer strains that had ome a hundred years back from the outhern seaboard to settle in the blue grass.

A clannish lot-to be of the blood was a letter of social credit—and much more if you did honor to the Pete Mason had a fine presence, the outer seeming of a gentleman, also money in both pockets and a charming knack of spending it without ostentation. Coming from the far southwest, he

had been accepted-with reservation -because of that Fair great-grandnother. Col. Richard Fair, father of wilful daughter, had rather stressed he reservations-all the more pos-

sibly for realizing Mason's surface So far he had said nothing to his August afternoon came Aunt Priscilla's drone:

August afternoon came Aunt Priscilla's drone:

Caughter—time enough to speak when he had tangible cause. His life centered on her—she had cost him daughter-time enough to her mother-naturally her marriage

was a matter of moment.
Young Wimberly had all three strains of the blood, if he lacked the over and over until the reiteration became unbearable. Richie Fair had listened frowning until patience, worn threadhare snapped. She sprang up. threadbare, snapped. She sprang up, stamped her small foot, and cried through the window: "If you don't before Mammy signaled her employer

vately Obediently he followed her to the bottom of the big garden. Even there they talked in whispers, save that once or twice the colonel swore aloud. an' make tater custards, and cheese-cakes, an' cooks tukkey, an' hams an' things, fitten fur de President, er eben de King?

Mammy soothed him, saying in her huskiest undertone, "Nebber you mind, Marse Dick. Leabe all dis when de King?
"Now-my Lawd in heaben! yo' po'
I knows de ropes hetter'n I does de

> Next day was perfect reunion weather—all roads leading to the grove where shade of primeval trees within sound of a big, bold spring tinkling down from a gray bluff was early thronged with merrymakers.

Yet Richie sat upon the piazza, hatless, pretending to yawn, saying over her shoulder to Mammy hovering in the background, "I wouldn't go at "Who's been telling you?" Richie and I know you've got enough to "Marse Dick done tooked de bas-

ket," Mammy flung back.

Richie smiled wickedly. "So he But her question was for so long unanswered she went on impatiently: "I reckon you're trying to make me say something hateful, so you'll have may wait to see me start if you like.

without stirring from her seat on the

"Umph-hunh! But I'm goin' with Pete Mason—one of the family—his great-grandmammy was a half-Fair, the living-room for a last view at he says," from Richie exultantly.

"Be mo'n two words ter dat bargain," mammy said, dropping the knife with which she words the living-room for a last view at herself in the mantel mirror.

She heard rapid footsteps, masculine ones on steps of steps.

line ones, on steps, piazza, polished floors, but did not turn her head until a voice cried excitedly: "Richie! Get your hat! Quick! Sorry you had to wait—but I couldn't get here a minute sooner."
"Tom Bob! Why are you here?

"An' I'll tell you how come him

For a wonder Richie said obedi-ntly: "I will, Mammy." (Copyright, 1923, by McClure News-paper Syndicate.)



like its in wonderful

