

Blueberries Nearly An Inch Across

A testing plantation at Whitesbog, N.J., about 25,000 blueberry hybrids have now been fruited. Many of them have produced berries three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and one of them almost an inch.

"MIDNIGHT"

A Mystery Story
By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN.

Carroll Begins To Suspect Evelyn's Sister Was the "Woman In the Case" For Warren

For instance, there was her constant repetition of the fact that Ronald Warren had been a frequent visitor at the Lawrence home. That might mean nothing—it might mean great deal. Certainly it was indicative of a close friendship between the dead man and the members of the household. He paid little heed to the girl's protestations that Warren had been in love with her. No, in the ways of the rising generation, Carroll yet knew that no man of Warren's maturity had unshared his affections on a girl who lacked several years of womanhood. The dead man had been too good an epicure in femininity for that.

At Carroll knew that in that house another woman: Naomi Lawrence—Evelyn's sister. And while Evelyn had dismissed the sister with words, Carroll remembered the girl had described her as "not so bad-looking," and had said that Mrs. Lawrence fancied when Warren called at the house was calling on her.

There, too, was the matter of the dead Lawrence to be considered. Evelyn insisted that Gerald was an

"old crab," and also that he was of an exceedingly jealous disposition. If that were true, then his jealousy, coupled with a possible intimacy between Mrs. Lawrence, and Warren might have been ample motive for the taxicab tragedy.

It was rather puzzling. Carroll's mind leaped nimbly from one mental trail to another. He held himself in check, afraid that his deductions were proceeding too swiftly. He was acutely conscious of the danger of jumping too avidly on this single tangible clue which had come to him after four days of fruitless search. There was danger, and he knew it, of attaching untoward importance to a combination of circumstances which under other conditions might not have excited him in the slightest degree.

It was there that the case bewildered him—and he was not slow in confessing his bewilderment. Up to this moment there had been no palpable dearth of physical clues—things upon which a line of investigation could be intelligently based. And he knew that now something had turned up, and he must watch himself lest the circumstances assume unreasonable and unwarranted proportions.

The sombre outline of police headquarters bulked in the night. Carroll motor, and entered. He found Lawrence in his office and settled at once to a discussion of developments. But when he would have spoken of the age cut him off. Leverage had news—and Leverage was frankly proud of the fact that he had news.

"Regarding Barker," Carroll hitched his chair forward eagerly. "Yes."

"What is it?" "Yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock William Barker went to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Lawrence. He was in the house eighteen minutes."

"Why wasn't this told me last night?" "Cartwright didn't think anything of it. He included it in his report, which was turned in to me this morning."

"Why did he think it was unimportant?" "Said he thought Barker was probably looking for a job."

"He doesn't think so now?" "No-o. That is, he has changed his circumstances make an investigation worth while. You see, just a few minutes ago Barker went to the Lawrence home again. This time he was there four minutes."

"Does Cartwright know who was at home at that time?" "He thinks so. He says a maid let Barker in and that apparently Mrs. Lawrence let him out. A young girl whom Cartwright believes to be Mrs. Lawrence's sister—dressed just as Barker was leaving. She was in the car with some man—but he didn't get out. Then, just a minute ago, Gerald Lawrence reached home. So the idea is that Mrs. Lawrence went alone with the servants when Barker called."

"And yet he only remained four minutes?" "That's what Cartwright phoned. Leverage paused. "What do you make out of it, Carroll?"

"Off-hand," answered the youthful-looking detective, "I'd say that Barker had called to see Mr. Lawrence."

"Why?" "Well, suppose—Lawrence was home on the occasion of Barker's first visit—do you know whether he was?"

"No. I asked. Cartwright doesn't know. Couldn't stay, you know—because he was under orders to follow Barker. Tonight he was sent to see Barker and he watched the Lawrence house."

"Good. If it is so that Lawrence was at home when Barker called yesterday evening and Barker then remained eighteen minutes; whereas this afternoon, when we know that no one but Mrs. Lawrence was there—and he remained but four minutes—it is fairly reasonable to suppose that he was calling to see Mr. Lawrence."

"I think you're right, Carroll." "I'm not at all convinced about that. But if we're proceeding along lines of pure logic, that is the answer."

"How about the man who drove up with the kid sister?" "Carroll smiled. "I'm sure he had nothing whatever to do with the murder."

"Good Lord! I didn't think he had. But still, he may have been a friend. Tonight he was sent to see Barker and he watched the Lawrence house."

"That man was all right. I know that."

"You know?" "Leverage was incredulous."

"Yes," Carroll grinned. "I was the man." "You? Holy sufferin' mackerel! Sa-a-y! What's the chicken I seen you with downtown, Lawrence's sister-in-law?"

"Yes, Miss Evelyn Rogers. And Good Lord Leverage, how that girl can talk! She holds all records for conversational distance and speed. She talked me dumb!"

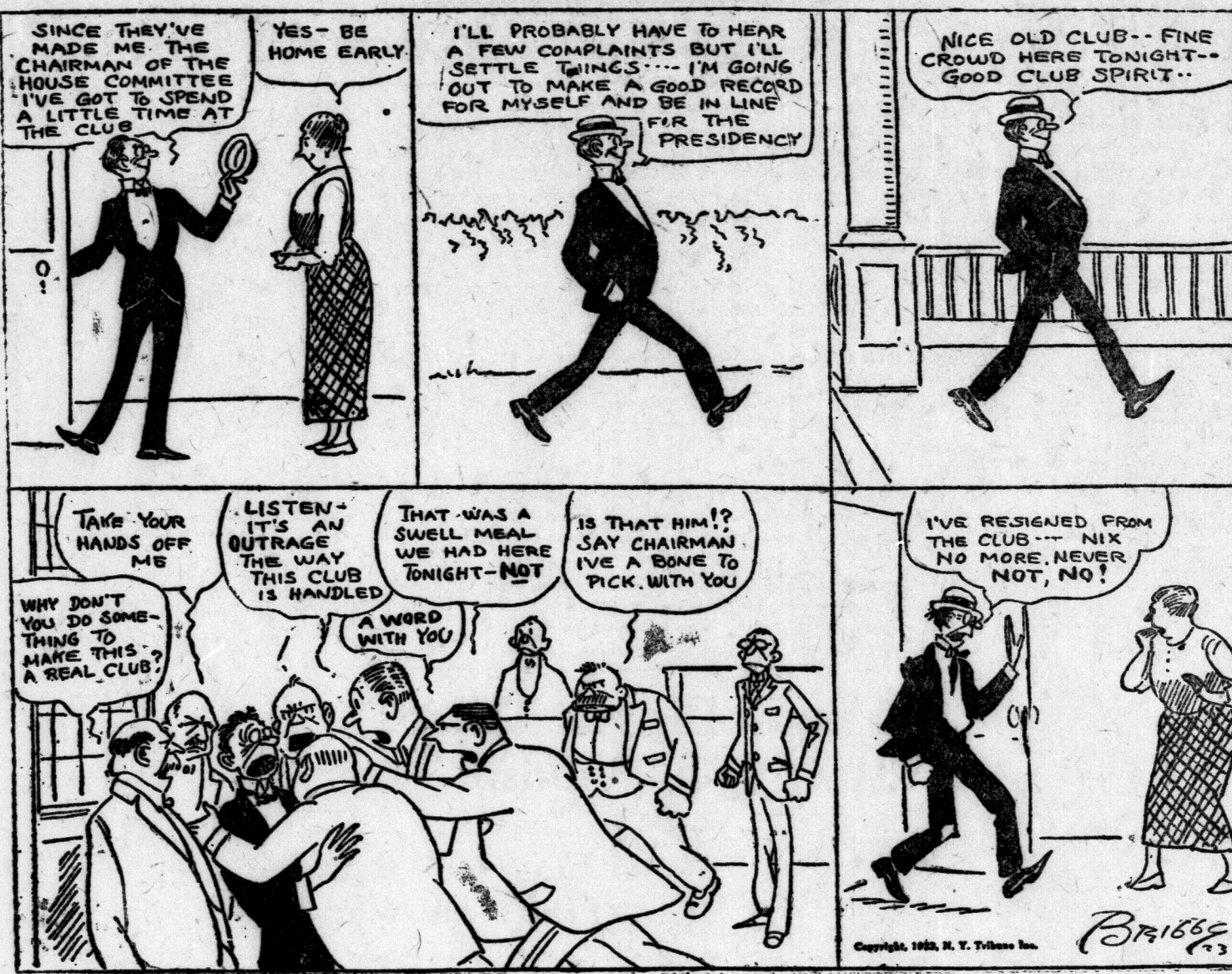
Leverage was staring respectfully at Carroll. "If you were the man who was with her, David—you must have seen Barker when he left the house."

"I did." "The face of the chief showed his disappointment. "That's what I get for thinking I had a real surprise up my sleeve. You sit back with that innocent kind of a face and let me spill all the dope—and then tell me perfectly matter-of-factly that you knew it all the time. How'd you ever get wise to the thing, anyway?"

Carroll was honest. "No thanks to my sagacity, Leverage. One of those pieces of bull luck which I have always contended play an enormous part in solving crime. In the first place, Evelyn Rogers came to me the day after Warren was killed to assure me that Miss Gresham had a perfect alibi. This afternoon she loosened me and dragged me into an ice cream place because she wanted to prove

A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Chairman of the House Committee.



LAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. F. Alley

DEYS NEAP O' MEN GOT
BULL-DAWG COURAGE
BUT DEY AIN' GOT NO
KOSSE-SENSE 'WID IT!!



to some of her school companions that we were really friends." Carroll chuckled. "I quaffed freely from the fountain of youth—and enjoyed it awhile. Then I got bored stiff. Took her to the movies—she invited me—and did it only because I've passed beyond the years of adolescence and didn't know how to crawl out of it. After which—because it seemed the proper thing to do—I volunteered to ride her home in my car. And it was then that I saw Barker leaving the Lawrence home. So you see, Leverage, my knowledge is the result of pure accident—and not at all the fruit of keen perception."

"Well, anyway—Carroll: you knew! And that takes the edge off what I told you."

"Not at all," returned Carroll seriously. "For while what I discovered is perhaps valuable—that combined the fact that Barker has been there more than once before; and that on his first visit when Lawrence was probably at home he stayed nearly five times as long as he did when we know that Lawrence was not there—that is of help—or ought to be."

"What do you think of it?" "Carroll hesitated. "I don't know what to think, Eric. I'm afraid I'm thinking about it more than I have any right. We've been so long with anything to work on, that we're liable to let this bit of information throw us off our balance. But of course we'll look more deeply into it."

"How?" "Again Carroll chuckled. "Our little friend, Miss Rogers, is suffering from a large case of hero-worship. I'm afraid. And when I saw Barker leaving her home—I immediately made an engagement to call upon her tomorrow night!"

"You call on that kid—?" Suddenly Leverage lay back in his swivel chair and gave vent to a peal of raucous laughter. He banged his fist on the arm of the chair. "Oh! Boy! That's the snappiest yet. David Carroll paying a social call on a 17-year-old kid! Mamma! Ain't that the richest—?"

Carroll made a wry face. "Needn't rub it in. It's bad enough, anyway. And—growing serious—I'm hoping to meet Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. They ought to prove interesting."

But Leverage could not tear himself away from the sheer humor of the situation. "What the devil you and her going to talk about? Fox-trot steps? Is the camel walk vulgar? Frigid dances? Next week's basketball game? Sa-a-y! David—I'd give my chances of heaven to be hidden behind the door."

So would I, said Carroll, wryly. "Above all things," counseled Leverage, with much severity. "Don't you go making love to her!"

Carroll reached a muscular hand across the table. His sinewy fingers closed around a glass paperweight. He held this poised steadily. "One more crack out of you, Eric, and I'll slam this against your head. You're a pretty good chief of police—but you're a rotten humorist."

"Just the same," grinned the chief. "I can see that this joke is on you! And now—what?"

To Be Continued.

DICTATION DAVE

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper take a letter to Miss to devote as much as twenty minutes Elizabeth make that ELY not ELL to radio the communication marvel of Miss Hopper Miss ELYzabeth Emer—the age we believe the book you son Teacracker. Erudition, New want is How to Understand What Hampshire. Dear Miss Teacracker—

It Does It by Professor Frequent C. Your letter stating that you have Teoner and if we may make a suggestion be elected secretary of the gestation it would be a fine idea for Erudition Attainment Society and you buy your brother one of our that you have been asked to give three stage sets which in addition to a twenty minute talk at the next having four things you turn on the meeting on radio the communication front of it will get Pittsburgh and wonder of the age and will we please then you could use it to conclude send you a book from which you can your talk with a practical demonstration—no change that Miss Hopper—stratton a complete description of a book on which you can base your which you will find on page three talk and what should your kid of the enclosed radio catalog provided brother do to get Pittsburgh on his of course Pittsburgh was broadcasting crystal set which has an aerial 25 when you got to that part of your feet long two receivers and a box speech. with three things you turn on the Tours for the communication margin of it has been received. Paravel of the age. THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM. Per D. D.

The CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Three Little Bears Have a
Lovely Time Digging For
Peter Rabbit.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The three little Bears felt quite put out over having been so badly fooled by Mrs. Grouse, and they wanted to keep hunting for the baby Grouse. It wasn't so much that they wanted to catch those babies to eat as it was that they wanted to get even with Mrs. Grouse. Mother Bear had said that it would be useless to hunt for them, but probably the three little Bears would have hunted had not one of them caught sight of Peter Rabbit. That put all thought of the baby Grouse out of their heads.

Peter had been sitting all the time close to a hole under a big old stump, and had seen the whole performance. It had tickled him greatly to see how cleverly Mrs. Grouse had fooled those three little Bears. How Peter did admire Mrs. Grouse for her smartness. But even more he had admired her bravery. You know, it took real bravery to fluff along the ground just barely out of reach of those eager little Bears. Peter always admired Mrs. Grouse, but never as much as he now did.

It was Littlest Bear who spied Peter, and with a squeal she started for him.

A kind of a game. When Mother Bear began to dig, the three little Bears danced about, and got in the way, and were as excited as three small people could be. They didn't doubt for a minute that now they would catch Peter Rabbit.

The next story: "Peter Hears a Welcome Sound."

THE FORMIDABLE BEE ARMY.

A hive of bees is a thoroughly organized fighting unit and no animal small enough to enter a hive is likely to come out alive. If after the invader is stung to death, the body is too heavy for the bees to drag out they cover it completely with wax for sanitary reasons.

ON "CANADA'S NATIONAL HOLIDAY," TRAVEL "CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS."

Domination Day, Canada's National Holiday, is looked forward to with eagerness by young and old alike as a welcome holiday, providing respite from work in the heat of the summer, and providing excellent opportunity for recreation travel.

This year Dominion Day Holiday falling on a Monday, affords an especially alluring holiday. Tickets good going Saturday and Sunday are valid for return up to and including the following Monday night.

The prolonged week-end is also particularly advantageous to those going out of town, affording splendid opportunity to visit friends or to holiday in one of Canada's many beautiful and varied summer resorts reached by Canadian National Railway.

Canada's National Railway traverses the choicest territory in the Dominion, and serves her great National Playgrounds.

In addition to the operation of complete summer service, which will be effective as from June 24, extra trains, also extra equipment on regular trains, will be operated to accommodate our patrons, so that travelers for the National Lines are assured pleasurable travel comfort.

Adv.

CHARMING MODEL IN CANTON CREPE



AN UNIQUE COSTUME.

This is an age of novelties. The one deadly insult that can be offered to one is to say they lack originality. The costume pictured above is an unusual one. It is made of black Canton crepe, and the gown is elaborately trimmed with coral beads. The season's latest accoutrement pleated detachable cape is also shown. It, likewise is trimmed with the coral beads. The suit could be developed in any becoming color scheme, and would be a most graceful and unusual suit for a variety of occasions.

ONLY JANITOR APPEARS TO HEAR U.F.O. SPEAKERS

Special to The Advertiser.

Gargill, June 25.—A meeting in the interests of M. A. McCallum, U. F. O. candidate for South Bruce, was billed to take place here Friday, but when the candidate and Mr. McMillan of Seaford, prominent in U. F. O. circles, arrived to address the gathering they found not a soul in the hall except the caretaker. The meeting, of course, was called off, and the two men left immediately to address another big meeting at Mildmay.

For Tired, Stiff, Aching Muscles and as a Rub-down for Athletes

Dr. CHASE'S LINIMENT

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A Wonderful Natural Bridge

A HUGE tree trunk 100 feet long spanning a 60-foot chasm is the greatest wonder of the Petrified Forest. It is known as the Agate ridge and the entire tree is composed of agates, jaspers and chaledony.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A FIVE-AND EPISODE.

By WILL T. AMES.

About the only person in the five-and-ten who had any use for Lou Landers was Bobby McKay, the window dresser.

"Lissun, pe!" said Mame Sloan to the Kaatz girl, who helped her at the candy counter, "she's got a blimp-beap, that one, 'cause she's had two years in commercial. High Gee! Bessie Silver lives on the same block with her, out in Greendale, 'n she says old man Landers ain't 'n a day's work since April. And look at her shoes! The like of that, swelling herself—whatcha know!"

"Ain't it just!" agreed the Kaatz girl, ringing up a dime.

If Lou's rebellious discontent with a lot that compelled her to spend her entire vacation in the five-and-ten made her far less than popular with the other girls, it had the opposite effect on Bobby McKay.

"She ain't any more like this bunch of flaps than money is like the Heineken marks," she decided. It pleased him mightily to see her hold herself aloof. So much so that when he discovered the superior Miss Landers was as boring as her lunch and was crossing over to the corner opposite to eat it in the shade of one of the old elms, instead of patronizing the store's restaurant, Bobby promptly did likewise, though he had to have the lunch put up at the Greek's, being an unattached success-shed room young man.

At first Bobby's device succeeded admirably. The window trimmer of a five-and-ten may, by contrast with the rest of the personnel, be of considerable interest to a lonely, discouraged girl who feels herself above her job, her surroundings and her invidious business companionships. For a fortnight of cozy, friendly days they two ate their lunches in the company, and in company experienced the gripping of a mutual magnetism.

Then, all at once, Lou woke up. Here she was, doing the same thing exactly that her mother had done, in spite of all her desperate determination to do nothing of the kind. Hadn't her mother, at seventeen, fallen head over heels in love with a brisk young joint capital of thirty dollars?

And hadn't they pulled the devil by the tail, so to speak, ever since—few dollars and every once in a while being flat broke, like now? And hadn't she sworn a long, solemn oath to herself never to get caught in that kind of a mess?

It wasn't that Lou had aspirations toward limousines and sables; envy of the rich never entered her head. But she had learned a lesson or two from her parents' higgledy-piggledy existence, and she didn't propose to live her own life with just about one payday between her and her destination.

That's why she was so keen after the commercial course which she felt sure would make her future reasonably secure. She wouldn't have to marry the first happy-go-lucky that came along and start housekeeping on the installment plan if she could finish school and earn a decent salary.

And here she was she repeated, getting moony over a boy who—she had his own word for it—had had to quit school because he hadn't a nickel to go on with and become a 5 and 10-cent window trimmer instead of the electrical engineer he had planned to be. If she let these moonings go on as they had been, pretty soon Bobby was going to think of marriage and so would she! And that would be the end of every chance in the world for both of them.

So that very noon, when Bobby, all broad smiles, lay in wait for her near the door, Lou told him flat that she didn't want him to go across to the common with her that day.

But, what have I done? protested the dismayed Bobby.

"Not a thing, Bobby," Lou answered, "but I'd rather not."

Bobby was twenty. Bobby was in love. Bobby built sand castles and, naturally Bobby sulked and proposed to show his independence. So he sauntered over to the common by himself, rather grandly ignoring Lou and sat himself down on the next bench but one to hers, to eat his lunch, just by way of showing how little difference a gay more or less made in his young life.

Also he picked up a newspaper that some predecessor had left behind and buried himself in it as he abstractedly ate his sandwiches. He pretended not to look at Lou and Lou actually didn't look at him—for quite a while. When she did, she witnessed an extraordinary thing.

Bobby was on his feet, anxiously looking first in one direction, then another, all about the common and the adjacent street, busily seeking someone—and obviously it wasn't Lou, for she was in plain enough sight.

A man arose from the bench on which Bobby had been sitting and started to move leisurely away

Bobby, instantly abandoning his survey of the neighborhood, started after the man, put himself in front of him and said something. The man made a threatening gesture, whereupon Bobby, still holding the newspaper in one hand, with the other seized the lapel of the stranger's coat.

After that the action was like a speed-camera film chase. The stranger smashed Bobby in the face, tore loose and dashed headlong down the dozen yards or so of park path to the street, across the sidewalk and into the roadway. Bobby, on his feet again quicker than he went down, was close behind. People stood stock still and watched, open-mouthed. Lou, aghast, was conscious only of a sick fear.

From street to a traffic plague spot at times. A three-ton truck, momentarily stalled, had halted three trolley cars and a flock of motor vehicles of all kinds. As the fleeing stranger essayed to dart through the jam a shabby runabout, squirming ahead, without hope of ultimate thoroughfare, blocked his path completely. The man found himself two paces from the curb, in a cul-de-sac with the flying form of Bobby almost at his heels.

Lou saw the stranger turn, saw even from that distance that his face was like the face of a snarling dog, saw a white hand whip behind him, saw the flash of steel, saw a great dab of red spring from nowhere and take the place of Bobby's face. Lou felt that she would never get her breath again—as though she were being smothered.

There was a rush of people and the shrilling of a whistle, a blur of blue uniforms, a tossing and flinging about of arms and legs in a little vortex. Dimly Lou caught a fleeting glimpse of Bobby, white as a ghost where he was not crimson, with a policeman holding him up and of a whirling from that two other policemen gripped and menaced as they rushed it through the jam to the patrol box on the corner.

"Bobbie!" cried Lou. But the cry was no more than a whisper and was drowned by the roar of the ambulance. Bobby took his way in, the balance they took him away in.

At the hospital that evening they let Lou see Bobby, for he had made a special request that if by any chance a girl named Lou, it could be called she should be admitted, and the doctor had said the long, deep wound at the edge of the hair wasn't very serious.

"I had just read in that Chicago paper," explained Bobby, "that there was a \$2,500 reward for this Bolvick kidnaped the 'Chains' kid, and his picture was in the paper. Then I happened to look up—and there was his nibe, sitting right there; and his name wasn't in the paper. Say, Lou, I was up in the air. I couldn't see a policeman and he was leaving. So I just had to nail him. If I stopped to think, maybe, I wouldn't have done it—it might have seemed silly. But you don't know how much I wanted that money, Lou—for the car, for the school—and well, for you. So I went after him; and somehow I managed to hang onto him till the cops came. I never knew I was cut up till I began to wobble after they had him. All I kept thinking about was twenty-five hundred dollars—and you. Because you aren't the kind of a girl to waste yourself on a five-and-ten window dresser, Lou."

Then all Lou's wisdom went glimmering. "Oh, Bobby!" she trembled; "it will be wonderful, of course, and we've oceans of time. But I—I wouldn't care—now—if you were always going to be a window trimmer—or a window washer; so there!"

A man arose from the bench on which Bobby had been sitting and started to move leisurely away

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