First London Coffee House

THE first London coffee house was set up in St. Michael's lane, in Cornhill, in or about the year 1652. In the beginning only coffee was dispensed, but soon chocolate, sherbet and tea were

A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Chairman of the House Committee.

Use Manikins In Auto Designing

THE exact physique of the average man, represented by small celluloid jointed manikins, is now being ingeniously used by automobile designers to ensure comfort for driver and passengers.

"MIDNIGHT"

A Mystery Story By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN.

Carroll Lays a Trap For Miss Gresham Which Proves Successful and Involves Her Brother

so that you will be quite convinced who actually was in the taxicab subthat I am not trying to trick you stantiates yours, Gresham. She had into the confession which I am sure followed Warren into the yards to talk to him. She saw the whole afyou will make-" He crossed the room and flung open the door. "Come tair from a distance—and then went back through the waiting room of in, please, Miss Gresham."

The girl entered quietly—then saw which you had placed Warren's her brother. Instantly her manner softened. She stepped swiftly to his side and took his hand in hers.

"Please, Garry—"
"Undoubtedly," retorted Carroll.
"Don't you think so, Leverage?"
"Cresham smiled: a tender affect."
"Undoubtedly," retorted Carroll.
"Don't you think so, Leverage?"
"Sweet thing you know." returned

Gresham' smiled; a tender, affectionate smile.

"Good scout, aren't you, Sis? But glad of it!" tell me," his tone was conversational, who will be the was conversational. The will be the was conversational, who will be the was conversational, who will be the was conversational. The was conversational, who will be the was conversational, who will be the was conversational. The was conversational, who will be the was conversational, who will be the was conversational. The was conversational, who will be the was conversational, who will be the was conversational. The was conversational, who will be the was conversational, which was conversational, which was conversational. The was conversational, which was conversational, which was conversational with the was conversational was conversational with the was conversational was conversational was conversational was conversational was conversational was conversational with the was conversational was conversatio land Warren?" "You didn't!" She flung around on

Warren-"I knew from the first that you didn't do it, Miss Gresham. I know that Miss Rogers spent the night with you. More than that, I know

the identity of the woman in the 'Who was she?" It was Gresham then-and acted peculiarly."

who questioned.
Carroll shook his head. "It doesn't matter who she was, Gresham. "that y We're going to keep her name out house." of this case. She was a woman who loved Roland Warren—and his death saved her from a great mistake. wour laundry," Hazel went on. "I

brother. He knew that Warren was He squeezed her hand. "We alnight to prevent the elopement. Isn't too, I knew that you knew! that so, Gresham?"

when you assured me that my sister of a trial-but you'll get off, don't was not under suspicion-I decided worry! thing." He paused-"And as to that hand-in-hand. Alone again, the two blocks away and walked to the station through Jackson street, intending to cut through the yards and approach the waiting room from the passenger platform. I had no idea that—that there would be—a tragedy. I wanted to reason with Warren; to be shim to save my sixer from sufficient to the save my sufficient to the save my sixer from sufficient to the save my sufficient to the save my sixer from sufficient to the save my suff

ant on-his elopement. "He was walking in the yards as I entered from between the Pullman brought about Miss Gresham's ridibuilding and the baggage room. I culous confession and that which don't know what he was doing there caused me to know that she must -but I spoke to him. He seemed be shielding her brother. As to startled at seeing me. I told him that matter stand-I say Thank God! I knew he was planning to elope-

truth of what I said.

pleasantness. But it grew-rapidly. He cursed me-anyway we had a brief, violent quarrel. He said something about my sister and I struck him. He clinched with me. We were fighting then—and I am a fairly good mine—and he's a good square fellow, athlete. I broke out of a clinch and Of course he will have to know the hit him pretty hard. He reached into his pocket and pulled a revolver. I managed to grab his hand before —you know that he will handle the Mr. Carroll—" he could fire. I got it from him, and case so that Mrs. Lawrence will not as I jerked it away-it went off. He be connected. Irregular-yes. But

"I was afraid then-panicky. I felt don't you?" his body and realized that he was dead. A train had just come into the will. He's another bursts " yards and there were switch engines prehensive that one of their headlights would pick me up. And there are one or two loose ends I want to were some railroad men walking around the yards with lanterns in their hands. There was danger that I was going to be seen—and, had I been, I felt that I wouldn't have a leg to stand on; alone in such a place with the body of a man whom I admitted having shot-

You see, I couldn't even prove the contemplated elopement. Late that evening I had received an anonymous telephone call from a man telling me if I wanted to save my sister a good deal of unpleasant gossip, I'd meet that midnight train as Warren was eloping on it with some other woman. But the man who gave me this information cut off before telling me the name of the woman. I didn't know it then-and I don't know it now.
"I knew I had to hide Warren's

body: not that my killing was not justified on the grounds of self-defense, but because I would not bring my sister's name into it—and also because even if I did, there'd be no of it. Of course that makes it improof of the truth of what I said.
"I dragged his body into the shad and so, if you tell me the entire truth, ows between the two buildings. Atlantic avenue was deserted. At the lantic avenue was deserted. At the curb I saw a yellow taxicab and notion with this case I'll know that the lantic avenue was deserted. At the lantic avenue was deserted avenue was deserted. At the lantic avenue was deserted avenue was de curb I saw a yellow taxicab and no- tion with this case I'll know that ticed that the driver was in the res- you have leaked-and I'll get you if taurant across the street. I concived the idea of putting the body in the taxicab—I knew I wouldn't know which side my bread is butter-

morning I read of the case in the papers and I have followed it closely since. I knew you were ostensibly on the wrong track and as a matter of self-preservation I determined to keep my mouth shut unless it happened that the wrong person was accused. Had you charged someone else with the killing I assure you I would have come forward. But meanwhile—not even knowing the identity of the woman in the taxi—there seemed no necessity for running the risk. There was nothing save my own word to prove self-defense, you see."

The said," returned Carroll grave-ly—"that I am just the cutest man just the cutest "I did it. Then I left. The next morning I read of the case in the Mr. Carroll—it must have been Mr. Warren case?"

papers and I have followed it closeGresham."

When I told

Warren case?"

"Tell me, Da

"Of course not," returned Carroll, "There is now," said Carroll. Hawith equal assurance. "You did! And zel started eagerly and he smiled the station and called the taxi in

"Then Garry will be freed?" cried

"Surest thing you know," returned the chief heartily. "And I'm darned Garry faced his sister. "How did

"Not at first, anyway. But, if you Carroll—"Don't believe him. I shot little after eleven o'clock that night and seemed excited. You came to "I was thinking then," explained

> "Then you came home again a little after one o'clock. You waked me

> "I was reassuring myself," he said "that you really hadn't left the

There's no necessity to ruin her life, found a revolver in your drawer. is there?" "How did you know—it was Garry hadn't even the read the papers about the who did the shooting?" asked the the—killing. But later, I remembered it. I went back to look for

The young man turned back to the

The young man nodded. "Yes. When I went to your apartment the

awhile before saying any- Sister and brother left the roon night-I parked my car a couple of detectives faced each other. "You

beg him to save my sister from suf-detectives don't admit it. It is the fering which I knew would be attend-wild-eyed reporter with the vivid imagination whom we can thank for this solution. It was his fiction that

"Garry Gresham will undoubtedly "Much to my surprise, he immediately got nasty. He seemed to want to get rid of me. He told me it was none of my damned business what he be known—but that is a comparation of the compa was doing. He even admitted the tively trivial thing, unpleasant as it for Miss Gresham. That was the first hint of un-most of all-I'm glad because Naomi I called up Mr. Gresham that night Lawrence's name will not be dragged

"How will you work that, David?" attorney is a pretty good friend of mine—and he's a good square fellow. Of course he will have to know the entire story; and it is a certainty that he will believe it. And when he does you believe he can-and will-do it,

"You bet your bottom dollar he

clear up. tered the room.

It's a small thing when a man has thought he might be strung up." "Who killed Warren?" questioned the detective.

"Yes-but I'm asking you."

warn you about right now, Barker. You're the only person except the chief here, and myself, who knows that Mrs. Lawrence is connected with that Mrs. Lawrence is connected with the case. I want her name kept out shamelessly to Carroll's end of the wandered-close to the hedge, slipped possible to arrest you for blackmail-

be seen doing it, and it would serve ed on."

the purpose of causing the body to "Good. Now I'm telling you that

pression changed. "If it wasn't her.

body.

"I didn't," she answered quietly. Garry, "that maybe you were elop-ing with Warren."

"The minute you confessed," answered the detective quietly, "I knew that you were doing it to shield someone. You could have had no possible motive for shielding either of the other two men under suspicion. I knew that it must be your brother. He knew that Warren was the source of the results of the source of the source of the results of the results of the source of the results of the source of the results of the results of the results of the source of the results of the revolver—just why, I don't know—and it was gone. I questioned you about it a couple of days later, and you denied that you had ever had a revolver—in the revolver—just why, I don't know—and it was gone. I questioned you about it a couple of days later, and you denied that you had ever had a revolver—in the house. And I knew then, Garry—I knew that you had done it."

He source of the revolver—just why, I don't know—and it was gone. I questioned you about it a couple of days later, and you denied that you had ever had a revolver—in the house. And I knew then, Garry—I knew that you had done it."

about to elope with another woman, ways did know more about each that it would cause you intense mis-ery. So he went to the station that Little Sis? Because at that moment,

morning after the killing, it was for "We'll have to hold you, Gresham. the purpose of confessing. But then You'll have to go through the form

bloomin' human it hurts."
"And now—" said Carroll, "I want to chat with William Barker. There

Barker was very humble as he en-"You're free of the murder charge."

stated Carroll promptly, "but we may hold you for blackmail."

Barker heaved a sigh of relief. "I ain't objectin' to that, Mr. Carroll.

"Don't you know?" came the sur-

"I suppose you're driving at some-thing new," retorted Barker, "but-I safe." think Mrs. Lawrence shot

the discovered at some point other has that at which the shooting oc-than that at which the shooting oc-durred.

Mrs. Lawrence did not shoot War-ren. Who did?"

"I don't know—" Suddenly his ex-

I TRIED T' SELL SOME HEN-AIGGS T' A LADY DIS MAWNIN' BUT SHE LOW DE WEATHER DONE GOT TOO HOT T' BUY AIGGS FUM FOLKS WHUT

Hambone's

Meditations

By J. P. Alley.



happy as she was going to be if Mr. Warren done as he was plannin'. So and told him everything but the wobust up the elopement. I went to the station to make sure that Mrs. Lawr-

Mrs. Lawrence get into the taxi and sure that Jimmy Skunk didn't. And found out the next morning that Mr. Warren's body was found there—of

course I couldn't help thinkin' like I did, could I?" "I suppose not. You're a skunk, Barker—and I hate to let you go. But if the chief is willing I'm going to do it—because your hide isn't worth Mrs. Lawrence's good name. Now

get out!"
"I'm free?" questioned the man eagerly.
"How about it, Leverage?"

"Sure," growled Leverage. "You're the boss, David." Immediately as Barker left the room Carroll turned to the telephone and called a number.

"Who's that?" questioned Leverage.
"Mrs. Lawrence," answered Car-

he watched Carroll's eager face he "She didn't," answered Carroll. saw an expression of consternation "And there's one thing I want to cross it. Carroll covered the transmitter with his hand-

Leverage chuckled - then listened "Yes-yes, this is David Carroll-

ters as soon as she comes in, will you?-Uh-huh!-the Warren case has "Yes, sir, I do-thankin' you, sir, I ended-and that's what I wanted to sharing it with his friends. The tell her—I only did my best—Yes—
Oh! say—"
The receiver clicked on the hook.

The receiver clicked on the hook.

The receiver clicked on the hook. receiver clicked on the hook. Carroll was grinning as he turned back to his friend—

when I told her I had solved the

Peter Watches Anxiously As Old Man Coyote Hunts For Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

GOING ON PROUND HERE

TONIGHT JIM

HOUSE

Peter Rabbit was satisfied that neither Reddy Fox nor Mrs. Reddy had caught Danny or Nanny Meadow Mouse. But Danny and Nanny had disappeared, and all Peter's efforts to find them had failed.

o find them had failed.

"Somebody has caught them," declared Peter. "Somebody must have caught them. Perhaps it was Old Man Coyote. I wonder why I didn't think of him before. He must be the one. Hello, there he is now!"

Sure enough, there was Old Man Coyote just coming down on the Green Meadows from the Old Pearly of the country of the Coyote just coming down on the Green Meadows from the Old Pearly of the country of the Coyote just coming down on the Green Meadows from the Old Pearly of the country of the Coyote just coming the Old Pearly of the country of the Coyote just coming the Old Pearly of the country of the Coyote just coming the Old Pearly of the Coyote just control of the Green Meadows from the Old Pas-ture. Peter was glad that he was in the dear Old Briar Path and not on his way home. He sat up, the better to watch Old Man Coyote. He wondered what Old Man Coyote was

for. He didn't have to wait long to find out. Old Man Coyote headed straight for the place where Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse had been living when Peter last saw them. When he got there he began to hunt. He ran this way and that way, back and forth, crossing and recrossing his own trail, and covering every bit of that ground. Most of the time his nose was to the ground. Once in a while he would stop to prick up his

ears and listen. Peter watched every move Old Man Coyote made. He understood perfectly what Old Man Coyote was He was hunting for Meadow Mice. There wasn't the least doubt about it, he was hunting for Meadow Mice. He was hunting for Danny and Nachny Meadow Mouse.

"I'm wrong again," muttered Peter. 'Yes, sir, I'm wrong again. Old Man Coyote is hunting for Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse, and of course, he wouldn't do that if he had already "Go ahead!"
"I never seen Mr. Gresham at all at the station. And when I seen I'm sure that Mrs. Reddy didn't. Im now I'm sure that Old Man Coyote didn't. It must have been Redtail the

Coyote.
"I wouldn't tell you if I had," re-"That's right. Always stand by your friends, Peter. I don't think that prose.

The prose themes should be expressed priends, Peter in the prose.

Yours for the victims of love in the Old Briar Patch, but you are quite right in not telling. Don't you want to come out and help me hunt for them?" Old Man Coyote grinned

Presently Old Man Coyote gave up hunting. He trotted over to the dear

"No, thank you," said he (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess) The next story: "Peter Rabbit Rubs His Eyes."

slyly Peter had to grin himself.

Rusty Was Merely "Swiping" Cherries But They Say He Was Born To Be Hanged

By ANGELO PATRI.

"Here, Bud, I bought you a real knife today. Seems to me a boy of gone by that tree. twelve ought to have a knife that is as knife. Look, it has a safety catch and a spring to open it. Mind you, take good care of it."

"O-ee. That's a bird. I guess know what to do with it," and Bud smiled all over his freckled face. Cherries were hanging darkly ripe on Old Man Crawford's trees. Bud, strolling that way on Saturday afternoon, noted their dusky lusciousness through and shinned up and

eat."

proud of his garden and loved nothing better than showing it and ford. "Those rascally boys will steal cherries no matter what I say. You stay here and keep him up there and I'll get Rusty." He came back with Rusty tied to a

stealing just plain every-day stealing and would act accordingly. Things were serious. Bud wished he had

Rusty "r-r-woww-ed" at him a couple of times and then lay down, nose on paws, at the far end of the rope. Hope rose in Bud's breast. Perhaps Rusty would take a nap. Yes, he was napping. His eyes were fast closed and when a fly walked across his nose he just wrinkled it

without opening his eyes.

Bud slipped down to the lowest branch, opened that nice long knife and cut that high-up knot. "Sic 'em, Rusty," he rasped, pointing toward the garden, where a wee pullet scratched under the peonies.
"A-r-r-wow-wow," shouted Rusty and tore into the garden with ten feet of rope whirling behind him, wrapping itself about the peonies and scattering a shower of pink and

green behind it. "Rusty, Rusty, hi there," called Old Man Crawford, but Rusty tore on. So did Bud, and as the vexed garden owner saw him hurtle the he said, "Born to be hanged, that boy, born to be hanged."

And Bud rested easy until toward bedtime he saw Old Man Crawford

coming across the green with a bas-ket of cherries in his hand and a look of decision in his eye. Which was quite what should have happened under the circumstances (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndi-

Dictation Dave By C. L. Funnell.

Look at your mirror and see if i ain't bent Miss Hopper. Your left cheek is redder than your right and

letter low after completing the Royal Road course in fiction the story that you wrote about the young engaged girl who falls in love with the minister the day she was to have married her fiance has been returned by eighteen editors in succession and do we think the fault is with the directions given by the Royal Road course which you followed to the letter or with the editors and asking for advice on printed manuscript paper colon paragraph.

Of course we haven't read your frank letter of the began breathlessly. She nodded, and brokenly told him she was spared the necessity of answering. She saw his face change as he looked beyond her.

"Well, if there isn't Bob himself—and he's coming over!" he exclaimed. She looked on with a chill in her heart as she saw the two men hesitate, then shake hands briefly.

"I have just been chatting with on her in the Mays building," Reed said cordially.

Allen seated himself, glancing at Ruth with amused cynical eyes that said, "the same old blunder-ble as you say Miss Draeme may he couldn't buy it anyway and the trouble as you say Miss Draeme may he can be gather in her cheeks, but she was spared the necessity of answering. She saw his face cheeks, but she was spared the necessity of answering. She saw his face change as he looked beyond her.

"Well, if there isn't Bob himself—and he's coming over!" he exclaimed. She looked on with a chill in her heart as she saw the two men hesitate, then shake hands briefly.

"I have just been chatting with on her in the Mays building," Reed said cordially.

Allen seated himself, glancing at Ruth amused cynical eyes that said, "the same old blunder-ble as you say Miss Draeme may he deception. At the end he came to her, put both hands on her shoulders.

His voice was low and steady, but the whole story, not sparing her deception. At the end he came to her, put both hands on her shoulders.

His voice was low and steady but been chatting with her heart as she saw the two men hers houlders.

His voice was low and seam, of the whole story, not spa

mous and there is a bare possibility planned to enjoy it, and moreover he that the stery itself might have something to do with it, but that seems unlikely and so besides enclosing our unlikely and so besides enclosing our likely and so besides e Old Briar Patch and peeped in at Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse, hidden in there?" asked Old Man Coyote.

In the course of the conversation, in which she took little part, she learned some new things and remembered some old. Allen, in his malicious way, took pains to refer to you reading like this in acknowledging receipt of your rejection slip the ing receipt of your rejection slip, the author hopes you will not consider this card any lack of merit in your plied Peter most impolitely.

Old Man Coyote grinned. It was on the whole a rather good-natured grin. "That's right, Peter," said he.

author nopes you will not consider this card any lack of merit in your this card and the properties and the your this card any lack of merit in you

THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM,

Shark Hide for Polishing Wood.
There is apparently no part of a shark that is wasted. A process has been successfully developed which takes away the outer skin of shagrin It has the exact properties of sand-paper of the rough variety. For very fine work on wood polishing, the shagrin of the baby shark cannot be excelled. Underneath, a section torn off reveals one of the greatest properties of the shark hide. This texture is woven and interlaced as if by a machine, and its extraordinary durability is not equalled by any

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE 15.4



THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A MEETING UNEXPECTED.

By A. W. PEACH.

Ruth Ames closed the outer door not tell the truth, she felt, making it plain to Both the making it plain the mak -started down the corridor—and stopped short, as did a tall, hurrySoon, she saw that Allen ing figure going in the same direc- ferring to the old days when tion. She saw his pleasant, keen, won so many victories gray eyes widen and brighten, and his trying deliberately Reed away; and suddenly that she did not want his her. There was nothing to do but He brought to her some strength and comrade

"Well, of all people, Ruth-if seemed very dear and swee "Well, of all people, Ruth—II But he went, with an handshake for Allen, for thousand echoes in her heart look in which his eyes, so but tender, said simply: said with hearty greeting.

He held her hand so long that she started to draw it away-and then he seemed to come to himself. len's grinning face.

'Same old blunderer,

'Same old blunderer, married, while I have been rattling on, but it does seem good to see you. Allen. By the way, Rut make it so?" he demanded You are going home?"

She shook her head. "No-it's-that I shall never marry the Now, it's too far. I am in town for-for quietly. "It was just my foolish pride quietly. "It was just my foolish pride the prior of the prior o

"Then, just for old time's sake, on't you take lunch with me? ob won't care—now," he said, retary to an old and kindly lawyer? kno It was no use; and even as she went along with him, her spirits warming under his cheery good nature, she made up her mind that she would not put him aright.

She could remember how coldly and briefly she had rejected him, how proudly she had told him that was another-Bob Allen. To that she was trying to forget. She would see to it that they did not meet again.

She could not, however, resist the temptation to study him as he

she could not, however, resist the temptation to study him as he faced her in the hush of the restaurant, where they lunched. There they lunched the staurant is she is here, isn't she? It was Barton. If she spoke he would find her; if she kept silent, he would go, for the office boy knew no taurant, where they lunched. There were faint touches of gray at his temples, and his face was stronger than it had been five years before, but his eyes, except for flashing moments of keen insight, were the same good-natured eyes that had smiled at her haughty self in old moments of quick temper. In his frank way, under her

In his frank way, under her questioning, he told her of his life, a busy and vigorous one that involved dealing with all kinds and classes of men; and she knew then cheek is redder than your right and take a letter to Miss Marilyn Dreeme, Sleepy Hollow, New York. Dear Miss Dreeme.

We have been sympathizing with you ever since we read your frank letter how after completing the Royal so have since we read your frank letter how after completing the Royal so have been sympathized to suddenly. "Here, I have been chatting about myself. Ruth, even if you are Mrs. Allen to everybody else, you are still Ruth to me—how is Bob and the—"

Read course in fetion the story that She felt the color gather in her

Peter watched every move Old Man Couldn't buy it anyway and the trouble as you say Miss Dreeme may be either with the Royal Road course she knew better. She was fearful During the five years of the English Hawk or Hooty the Owl. Of course, caught them. Knowing who did it won't bring them back. Just the mous and there is a bare possibility planned to enjoy it, and moreover he

licious way, took pains to refer to her as "my wife" now ond then. Reed gave little evidence of his inner thought but she caulty for the state of th thought, but she could see that he was wondering, as he used to wonder, how she could have loved Bob Allen.

The three immense reservoirs a few miles south of Bethlehem, known as Solomon's Pools, had been out of repair for several hundred

these themes should be expressed in finer; the other was just the same with a mean disregard of the sensibilities of others—the very thing that bilities of others—the very thing that through a tunnel cet through the -handsomer if anything-but marked of supply for these pools is over thre

go. of that

always will."
She stared through tea at Al-That was rich-his callin u Mrs. "I have told you many s. Bob.

I have always loved you

that made me let Barton believe what "Then, just for old time's sake, won't you take lunch with me? Bob won't care—now," he said, she caught the faint note of forgotten dreams and hopes in his voice. She hesitated. How could she tell him that, after all even after the elopement, she had not married Bob Allen, that she was a section that made me let Barton believe what he did. I am sorry now."

His handsome face clouded. "It does beat me. You would marry him in a minute!" he grunted. "That chap! And he doesn't want you!"

"I would marry him," she answered, hurt and realizing sharply that made me let Barton believe what he did. I am sorry now."

His handsome face clouded. "It does beat me. You would marry him in a minute!" he grunted. "That chap! And he doesn't want you!"

"I would marry him," she answered, hurt and realizing sharply that made me let Barton believe what he did. I am sorry now." knowing she was Mrs. Allen. "I have been a fool, Robert. Now I must

All that afternoon she could not keep

her mind. The next morning she took up the routine of her work with a feeling of despair, debating wildly at times some

one by the name of Allen there.

The quick voice of the lad answered "I don't know anyone here by that name; there's a nut by the name of Allen chasin' in here all the time," and in his voice was a hint of dislike.

A hush fell in the other room, and then Barton spoke, and there was a new note in his voice that made Ruth's heart pound faster.

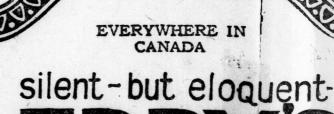
"What is the name of the young lady."

"What is the name of the young lady.
working here?"
"Thanks, sir."
She knew Barton had tipped the boy.
"Her name is Miss Ruth Ames. I'll tell her. What's

Ruth swayed to the door. "It's all right," Jimmie. I'll see him."
Barton came in, and she closed the door of the office, and stood with her

During the five years of the English occupation and Zionist activity in years. Two of them now have been

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