Machine-Fed Rattlesnakes

IGHTEEN thousand snakes, many of them rattlesnakes, are kept at Snake King Farm, Brownsville, Texas. They are fed by machines on a mixture of meat and eggs.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

Movie of a Man Reviving a Day of His Youth.

BUNCH

HAS SAME TROUBLE

AS IN BOYHOOD TO

DETACH ONE FROM

DOESN'T GO OFF AND

RETURNS CAUTIOUSLY

TO ASCERTAIN CAUSE

OF FAILURE TO EX-

FEELS THEM AND

LONGS TO FIRE

AT FIRST SPUTTER

BEATS HASTY

RETREAT

ONE OFF

Fish Carries a Flashlight

OF all the varieties of fish the torchfish is one of the queerest. Upon its nose, and erect upon a short stem, it has a small organ which is phosphorescent, and will glow at the will of the fish.

"MIDNIGHT"

A Mystery Story By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN.

Carroll Is Convinced That Both the Young Greshams Know More Than They Have Told

'You're right, Leverage. If Spike case. I am convinced that both the is innocent, he's not undergoing any enormous hardship. But if his story is untrue in any particular—then it is probably entirely false. And since they showed it clearly when they we cannot understand how that body got into the cab or where the murderer went—we've got to hold on to Spike. Meanwhile, we both believe we know that either Naomi or her

"You said it, David. Now, next on the list we have Barker. What about him?"

"I don't like Barker particularly," said Carroll, frankly. "He hasn't what you would call an engaging personality. Not only that, but we have agreed that he knows a great deal about the case which he hasn't told—and doesn't intend to tell, unless we force him to it. But we'll less we force him to it. But we'll age—a perfectly-knit thing—if we go back to him later—he's too imoortant a link in the chain to pass ald Lawrence and his wife." tver casually when we're trying to hit on a definite course of action.

Leverage did not take his cue immediately. He sat drumming a heavy

ing, David Carroll. Remember, I wanted to stick that bird behind the bars the first day we talked to him—when we first knew he was ly-

Yes—but we wouldn't have gained anything—then. Perhaps now the time is ripe to try some of the third degree stuff. But let's take up the others. My little friend, Miss Evelyn Rogers, for instance."

"Good Lord, no! She hasn't that much on her mind. And if we man-age to solve this case, we can thank her. That little tongue of hers wags at both ends—and out of the welter

of words that drip from her lips — I've managed to extract more inforof words that drip from her lips—
I've managed to extract more information than from every other source we've tapped. I've been awfully lucky there—"

"He was the most surprised person in the room!"

"And you're thinking," suggested the chief, "that if he had actually had a hand in the murder of Warren that must be the dear a clibit that

pliments—that's what you are."

Carroll grew serious again. "I think we're safe in eliminating Evelyn Rogers from our calculations except "Yes. Perhaps."

"Yes. Perhaps."

"Perhaps." of information. Which takes us to her friend-Hazel "And Garry Gresham. You say he

"They both acted mighty peculiar," agreed Carroll. "One of them, I'm sure, knows something about that case—has some inside dope on it. "More so than you think, Eric." And the one who knew has told the other one—the affection between "Count the facts against her as we them is something pretty to look at,

You think one of them is in on their information touches someone pretty close to them. That's obvi-ously why they pleaded so hard with me to call off the investigation."

"M-m-m — They're pretty good friends to the Lawrences, aren't

they?"
"Yes—with Naomi Lawrence, anyway. I don't believe Gerald Law-rence is especially friendly with anyone. But the Greshams and Mrs. Lawrence are pretty intimate." "And you believe that the alibi Miss

fore replying. When he did speak it was with obvious reluctance: "I hate to say so, Leverage—because I like Evelyn Rogers, and I took an instant liking for both Hard Carton and I took an instant l liking for both Hazel Gresham and her brother. But there seems to be something wrong about it. I do think that Evelyn Rogers believed she was her sister visit at the home of Hazel that truth—but I'm not so sure like her sight Warren was

Constipation

Flatulency

Diarrhoea

went-we've got to hold on to intimate with Naomi Lawrence-and n."
You said it, David. Now, next on this case. Events dovetail too per-

Remembering, of course, that his visits to the Lawrence home have a certain degree of significance."

Leverage chuckled grimly. 'You're coming around to my way of think-"Gerald Lawrence probably lied when he said he didn't leave Nashville until the 2 a.m. train.

"He may have. One thing which impressed me about Lawrence was this, Leverage—when the man started bucking me he thought he had a perfect alibi. He was supremely confident that I was going to be completely nonplussed. It was only after I had questioned him closely that he Leverage chuckled. "Go to it, David. You know more about that kid than I ever will—or want to. Ain't suspecting her of being the woman in the taxi, are you?"

"Good Lord, no! She hear's the."

"Yes—?"
"The significant fact is this," explained Carroll-"when he made the liscovery that his alibi was no good -he was the most surprised person

"Tuily lucky there—"
"Don't talk like a simp, David—
tain't luck. That's your way of
working. And because there isn't
anything flashy about it—you call it
luck. Why, you poor fish—there
isn't any other men is the caretain the middle of warries that would have had an alibi that
would have been an alibi?"
"Just about that. Get me straight, chief—I would rather believe Lawrence guilty than any other person—except, perhaps, Barker—with luck. Why, you poor fish — there isn't any other man in the country who'd have the common sense to do what you did—to know that it would be a sensible move."

"Some day, Eric," grinned Carroll, "Tm going to throw you down—Im going to flunk on a case. And then you'll say to my face what you must often have thought — that I'm a lucky, old-maidish detective."

"G'wan wid ye! Fishing for compliments—that's what you are."

"Except to be pretty darn sure pliments—that's what you are."

-"Except to be pretty darn sure

"Yes. Perhaps."
"Perhaps. Ain't yo "I'm not sure of anything. I haven't one single item of information save that regarding the one person whom I would prefer to see left clear."
"And that is?"

"Mrs. Naomi Lawrence." "Things do look pretty tough for

"Count the facts against her as we know them; irrespective of their "First, she is a beautiful woman, Yes, I think so. And I think that twelve years younger than her hus-

domestic life. Second, she was very friendly with Roland Warren. Of the sake of ary course, Miss Rogers fatuous belief sume that she that Warren was crazy about her is would be back that night. If that is pure rot; he called at that house to the case—we are also forced to besee either Gerald or Naomi Law-rence. We must admit that the lister about it. chances are the woman was the person in whom he was interested. Third, in substantiation of that belief

we know that he frequently gave her left the ho presents. It doesn't matter how valuable the presents were—he gave appeared— Rogers established for Hazel Gresthem. That proves a certain amount

telling the truth—but I'm not so sure Gresham on the night Warren was that her dope was accurate. Just killed. Her husband was supposed where the inaccuracy comes — I haven't the least idea—but I'm not letting my likes and dislikes stand in the way of a sane outlook on the

Children Cry for

MOTHER! Fletcher's Castoria is a harmless Substitute for

Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially

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YOU GOES T' A PICNIC EN GITS FULL O'CHICKEN EN LEMONADE ON DE IN-SIDE, EN FULL O'TICKS EN CHIGGERS ON DE OUT-SIDE!!

Hambone's

Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

FIRECRACKERS!

WHAT BOYHOOD

MEMORIES ARE

STIMULATED !!

LIGHTS IT IN

BACK YARD

WITH CIGAR



alone until morning. Therefore, for the sake of argument, we will assume that she know her husband

"Fifth-we are fairly positive that she packed a suitcase the morning before the murder, that the suitcase left the house that morning and that which would hear. So instead of calltwo days later it mysteriously re-"Yes," interrupted Leverage, "and

we know that Warren was planning to make a trip with someone else!" "Exactly!"
"Which makes it pretty clear," finshed Leverage positively, "that Mrs.
"Which makes the woman in the

CHAPTER XVII.

Barker Accuses. The men looked at each other in ilence for a minute. Leverage was sorry for Carroll—sorry because he knew that Carroll was disappointed that the boyish detective had hoped against hope that the trail would lead to some person other than the flaming creature who was Gerald Lawrence's wife.

It was not that Carroll had become infatuated with her. It was merely that he liked her—liked her sincere-

that he liked her—liked her sincerely—and was sorry for her.

The conclusions to be inevitably reached from the premise that Naomi was the woman in the taxicab were none too pleasant. In the first place there was the matter of morals involved. It had been pretty well established that the dead man had planned a trip to New York with the since are planned a trip to New York with

which had been found in his pockets at midnight that night.

Then there was the circumstance of Mrs. Lawrence packing her suitcase and taking it, or sending it, from the house during the day—and its reappearance a couple of days later. It also explained her willings and the night spend the night spend to the night s from the house during the day—and its reappearance a couple of days later. It also explained her willingness that Evelyn spend the night with Hazel Gresham. Knowing that she, Naomi, was going to leave her home before midnight, she had not wanted her youthful sister to spend the balance of the night alone—and so had sent her to the house of a friend. That much was clear—"It's hell!" burst out Carroll.

"You said it."

"Suppose she was the woman in the taxlored—and its mother on their way to the drug store. "Come on, Peter. I'm and his mother on Peter. I'm the first on the head."

The lay own to the lay down the subjected to abuse as is the ching stomach. If his eyes are overworked they rebel instantly. The bloodshot membranes, the twitching lids, swollen and dark, the pain comes swiftly on the heels of the offence. Ears will stand no abuse. Neither will hands or feet or teeth. Their protests are quick and loud.

Peter went to the pantry and Mery served him generously. He waddled down the shaded streat and met Tom and his mother on their way to the drug store. "Come on, Peter. I'm its retreat, meekly taking everything that comes to it hour after hour. It sends up a faint remonstrance. It grumbles gently. It seems troubled and restless as one in distrance. It grumbles gently. It seems to be a subjected to abuse as its the ching take. The grawlle ask. The grass felt soft and cool for awhile, but not for too longs. He went to be one awhile, but not for too longs. He went to be awhile, but not for too longs. He went to be awhile, but not for too longs. He went to the path take. The while, but not for too longs. He went to be awhile, but not for too longs. He went to the path take. The protest are the feels of the offen

taxicab—?"
"Yes—suppose she was; it doesn't
prove that she killed Warren?"
"No—but it proves something a
good deal worse, Leverage. It proves
that she was going to elope with
him."

"We don't know anything. But there is a certain logic which is ir-refutable—and, confound it! man—

The Little Lost Grouse Wanders Farther and Farther Away From the Anxious Old Mother Grouse By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Often it is a lot easier to do the

wrong thing than the right thing. Now. as a rule, if a person is lost the wisest thing to do is to stay right in one place. But that usually is the hardest thing to do. The result is that the one who is lost usually wanders on and on and makes a bad matter worse. It was some time before the timid little Grouse who had flown in the opposite direction from that taken by her mother and brothers and sisters when they had been frightened by Reddy Fox understood that she was lost. As soon as she had come down to the ground she had hidden, and there she had remained motioniess for a long time. At first she had thought nothing of it mother. She had been taught to lie still until mother called. And more than once she had been a long time before she had heard the welcome sound But by and by she realized that never

had it been so long before. She began to wonder why mother did not call. Still, being an obedient small person. she remained motionless right where she was. But at last she realized that with her bright little eyes looked in for mother. direction. No one was to be It was very still there in the softly. There was no answer. She

came out of her hiding-place. Everything about her was strange. more. She knew that if mother answered, and she knew that there might be other and unfriendly ears

Now, that was the wrong thing for her to do. You see, without knowing it, she started out in the wrong direcon. The further she went the more frightened she became, and the faster she ran. All the time she was run-Lawrence was the woman in the ning further and further away from mother and brothers and sisters. She was getting further and further the sound of mother's

There she called and caned, but of course she got no answer. When her small legs became so

tired that she could run no more, she hid and rested. But just as soon as she felt a bit rested she started on again. For a while she was too frightened to think of eating. But after a while she grew so hungry that she had to stop something was wrong. Mother Grouse and hunt for food. She didn't hunt long never had left her like this before. She As soon as her appetite was partly peeped out of her hiding-place, and satisfied she started on again to look Now, of course, all this time Mother

Grouse had been looking for her. Of She ventured to call course. Mother Grouse did not want to leave her other children, and so they all went together. As soon as she was called a little louder. There was no went back to where Reddy Fox had sure it was safe to do so. Mother Grous-After that she wisely called no rightened them. There she called and been near she would have heard and Finally she made all the other young called, but, of course, she got no answer. by herself to hunt for the lost little Grouse. She actually passed within a few feet of where the lost little Grouse had first hidden. But by that time the little Grouse was far away. Had she remained there she would have been found. So you see she did the wrong thing in trying to find Mother Grouse instead of remaining where she was and waiting for Mother Grouse to find

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess) The next story: "The Little Grouse Finds a Friend."

Isn't It Strange That People Think a Child's Stomach Has No Limitations

By ANGELO PATRI.

porch mat and sighed drearily. "What's the matter, Peter? Feeling the heat? Take a drink of Then he had lunch, followed by

The shrub was a mixture of fruit

"Yes, do." said Tom's mother. "It It was a very warm day and Peter will cool you off." So Peter had a was uneasy. He crumpled up on a tall glass full of soda, with a regular island of ice cream floating about in

more shrub, little cakes, ice water, a lemon ice, cold lemonade, Eskimo pie. planned a trip to New York with someone; there was the fact that he had purchased a drawing-room and two railread tickets—only one of which had been found in his pockets at midnight that night.

Then there was the circumstance of Mrs. Lawrence packing her suitfrom the house during the day—and lits reappearance a counter of the middle, he lay down to the long there was the fact that he had been found in his pockets at midnight that night.

Then there was the fact that he juice, sweetened and iced. It tasted good to Peter. He drank one glassful and asked for another.

"Don't drink too much. It's rather rich," said mother dreamily. It was supper. He needed a doctor.

Isn't it strange that people think that a child's stomach has no limitations? Poor stomach. Is the child tired? Feed him. Is he too hot? Give him a drink. Want to entertain about the middle, he lay down to the

trance. It grumbles gently. It seems troubled and restless as one in distress, but without language to express it. Then comes the rebellion.

Once the stomach turns, it is like all the grim silent forces in the world, relentless, thorough, complete in its action. It has stood for all it can endure. Now beware. The only terms you can make peace upon is a carefully observed contract.

No overtime and no arbitration.

Dictation Dave By C. L. Funnell.

FINALLY LOOSENS

BANG!!

GRAND AND

EXTRA DOUBLE

QUICK RETIREMENT

Miss Hopper here is a letter to fissus Olaf Bustoff, Coalshovel, We have received your letter telling us how your husband's pants which you bought off of page seven of the catalog wore out something fierce in the back and the pants themselves which you sent in to Pennsylvania. Dear Missus Bustoff. hemselves which you sent in to

themselves which you sent in to prove it and in which you demand a new pair or your husband apostrophe is money back.

As you so well put it Missus Bustoff there is no percentage in paying \$3.98 for a pair of pants and having them go all to shreds right off and we had our pants expert except amine them carefully for defects and in the back pocket next the place where the pants went all to shreds our pants expert found a paper of our pants or pants of the threshold of the threshold of the living room expert that the living room expert that it to the louse.

They rose and walked beside Mabel of the living room expert shall be a fair to the living our pants expert found a paper of matches marked Lovey's Lunch which had caught fire and burned the hole and your husband should remember the great words of Napoleon who said never burn your breeches behind you and get him a good silver plated cigar lighter which not alone will protect his pants against damage by fire but will tend to decount of so often being empty when he wants it.

THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM, Per......D. D. Copyright, North American Newspaper Alliance, 1923.)

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE you have a cold in your head would if make you a little. 13. 11.7.5

20.19 IN yout thToat!



Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

"I know I'm hopeless. Twenty-eight and not a single beau. But I've always been that way. If I know a man's married, afely married, I can take a fancy to him; that is, I can feel he's a human being; but the minute I think he's a bachelor, that he's young, good-looking, that my friends

everything's all up!"

"That's why I asked you to this little dinner with John and me and this Mr. Jones. Rather pathetic person, Mary. He married when he was very young; a wretch of a woman, and she leads him a life. He never speaks about her; he tries to be cheerful." She rose, looked shto the full-length mirror at her slender figure, in orange and satin, and smiled to her own reflection. Mary followed her, and stood a moment staring in at herself too at herself, too.

at herself, too.

It was rather a shame, she reflected, to waste a perfectly new black and silver evening frock on a poor, old married man, and slippers with glittering buckles and a bandeau of silver across her dusky hair.

But, she thought, if the man hadn't heen married she would have here. been married she would have been awkward and shy and uninteresting in spite of her 28 years, in spite of the fact she was the head secretary for the president of the Corinth Stone Works.

ever seen.
"I think the Warrens are wonder-

Are you staying long?"
"Just over Sunday," Mary answered.
"I am, too. It means everything to

him as much as you can, Mary! Make him talk. He's been all over the world; ask him about it and get his mind off himself!"

After dinner they went out into

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

young, good-looking, that my friends are looking at me expectantly, then

ful people," he was saying, "with their easy way of running things. It's always so jolly to stay with them.

Are you staying long?"

Warren still tells the story on herself about her dearest friend, who is now Mrs. Everett Stuart Jones.

(Copyright, 1923, by McClure News-

me to get away and get a rest."
Mary nodded sympathetically. She
understood him. What a shame he understood him. What a shi had such an unpleasant wife! had such an unpleasant wife!

They were deep in talk of the kind of house they would like to build when Mrs. Warren came in.

"Isn't it funny; Mr. Jones says he's keen about Dutch colonial houses, too; he's been telling me the kind—"

"Dinner, children! Mabel Warren said with a ghost of a smile and are said with a ghost of a smile, and as she thrust her arm through her friend's she said softly: "Try to cheer

By the pressure of her hand Mary gave her consent. But during dinner she had very lit-Mabel were held enthralled by the pathetic Mr. Jones, who told stories of Africa, where he had hunted lions; of India, where he had elephant hunted, that held them breathless.

Mary marveled again at his splendid fortitude. She almost hated that wretched wife of his.

THE PATHETIC MR. JONES.

By JESSIE DOUGLAS.

"You don't need to worry, Mary; he's not eligible!"

Mrs. John Warren watched the expression of relief that changed Mary Dale's face unbelievably.

"Thank goodness!" Mary sighed.

"If you knew what it means to me, darling! The very sound of an eligible takes away my breath, and the sight of him takes away my speech!"

"You don't need to explain to me, Mary," Mrs. Warren laughed. "I know it!"

Mary sat down on the four-poster bed in the guest room and smiled very charmingly.

"I know I'm hopeless. Twenty-eight and not a single beau. But I've always been that way. If I know a the sight of have done.

There was a wraith of a moon and the sky was silvered over with stars; all the fragrances of June roses and pinks hugging the garden walks made the air sweet for them.

She caught Mr. Jones' eyes on her again. Once her heart stumbled in most her breast when he said, "You are very lovely in this garden, Miss Dale. You're such a little young thing that amy she him to say it?"

And Mary, who was 28. knew what it was like to have the thrill with him He was married. That settled everything for her; she listened to him eagerly and begged him to go on and asked him questions when he stopped. And after with all that was the most flattering thing the could have done.

They sat at last on a garden.

There was a wraith of a moon and the sky was silvered over with stars; all the sky was silvered over with stars; all the sky was silvered over with stars; all the fragrances of June roses and pinks hugging the garden walks made the air sweet for them.

She caught Mr. Jones' eyes on her again. Once her heart stumbled in most her breast when he said, "You are very lovely in this garden, Miss Dale.

She caught Mr. Jones' eyes on her again. Once her heart stumbled in most her breast when he said, "You are very lovely in this garden, Miss Dale.

She caught Mr. Jones' eyes on her again. Once her heart stumbled in most her breast when he said, "You are very lovely in this garden, Miss Dale.

Sh

the jungle. Take risks. Rough it and live very close to the heart of things."
"How did you know?" Mary said suddenly. "All day long I walk in a musty office and I stare out of grimy windows at roofs and buildings and other windows, and sometimes I think I would give anything just to see something of life—"

something of life——"
She stopped all of a sudden. She had been talking altogether too eagerly and too honestly to go back on words, but—but, somehow, she had gone too far. He wasn't interested in what she wanted to do after all, or in her life. He had one woman in whom he was interested above all. The pause threatened to engulf

them. When she looked up she saw that he was looking down, straight into her eyes, with those splendid dark eyes of his. His voice made her catch

her breath.
"I suppose the Warrens have told... you something about me?"
Mary nodded.
"I've only been back a little while,

Stone Works.

As she went down the hall slowly and stopped a moment at the nursery door, where John Jun., curled in his little white crib with his cherubic face rosy with sleep. Mary sighed. It was all very well to be secretary to the president, but there were other things.

"I've only been back a little while, and it is extraordinary to me to find someone so refreshingly fine and simple and true. No, don't stop me," he said eagerly. "I know that I'm doing a peculiar thing telling you the first might I meet you that you are the one woman—"

Mary stood up. Her heart was

things.

Still thoughtfully she went down the stairs admiring the mahogany banister rail and the charmingly decorated hall, the bowl of June roses on the console table.

Mry stood up. Her heart was thudding terribly. Unconsciously she pressed both hands against her heart. "But—have you forgotten your wife?" she whispered. "Oh, you mean all that

the strip of moonlight toward them.
"Perhaps you don't know it, but

And in spite of her denials, Mrs.

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EVIDENCE showing the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the ills of women is constantly being published in this paper. The strongest recommendation any article can have is that borne by the persons who use it. Once ill with ailments that caused suffering and despair, but now restored to the joys of health, from a grateful heart multitudes of women write letters of appreciation to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. cf Cobourg, Ont. Such evidence of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the ills of women should induce every suffering



Dreco Helps Whole Family

The McLachlan Family of 64 Regent Avenue, Toronto-husband, wife and son-find Dreco a wonderful aid to better health.

"I feel better than I have for months," says Mrs. J. McLachlan. "The first of this year I was attacked by what I took for rheumatism, it did for my son. Since his return

and get up and down stairs as easy as ever before. I get up in the mornings feeling fine and have lots of energy. My food digests properly and my bowels are delightfully regular.

ed by what I took for rheumatism, the pains were so severe all through my limbs, making it impossible for my son. Since his return from overseas he had not known a day free from gastritis. His entire system was run down and he was unable to get any nourishment from his food. Regardless of how careful he was, food would not digest. It felt like lead in my stomach and gas would form and press my heart, causing shortness of breath. ortness of breath.
"But I'm simply feeling like a new thing agrees with him and he is person again and can move around ginning to feel his natural self again.

Dreco is a reliable household remedy for its success in relieving all disorders of the digestive system. Compounded of herbs, roots, bark and eaves, it acts on stomach, liver and bowels and benefits health generally. It contains no mercury, potash or habit-forming drugs, and may therefore be taken with perfect assurance. Dreco is being specially introduced in London by Standard Drug, Limited, and is sold in all their stores in London, St. Thomas and Woodstock. It is also sold in other cities as follows: Chatham-W. W. Turner; Sarnia, Ingersoll's Drug Store; Stratford, Nasmyth & Harwood; Galt, R. W. Meikleham; Ingersoll, A. L. Law; Ridgetown, D. H. Stewart; Bothwell, Bothwell Drug Store; Lucan, H. S. Stanley, and by a