

### First Wallpaper In England

THE first building in England to be decorated with wallpaper was Kensington Palace, it is said. The architect employed by George I. made a startling departure by papering "the king's drawing-room."

## "MIDNIGHT"

A Mystery Story  
By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN.

### Leverage Doesn't Believe the Woman In the Taxi Did the Killing In the Warren Murder

She paused before him, figure tensed—  
"Then let me say, Mr. Carroll—that I hope you fail!"

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### The Woman In the Taxi.

From the Gresham home, David Carroll went straight to headquarters. Developments had been tumbling over each other so fast that he found himself unable to sort them properly. He wanted to talk the thing over with someone—to place each new lead in the investigation under the microscope in an attempt to discern its true value in relation to the killing of Roland Warren.

Eric Leverage was the one man to whom he could talk. And, locked in the chief's office, he told all he knew about the case, detailing conversations, explaining the situation as he understood it, reserving his suspicions and watching keenly for the reaction on the stolid mind of the pleading, practical chief.

Carroll placed an exceedingly high valuation on Leverage's opinion—even though the minds of the two men were as far apart as the poles. But Leverage was a magnificent man for the office he held—competent, methodical, intensely orthodox—but typical of the modern police in contrast to the modern detective.

Carroll knew that modern police methods have received a great deal more than their share of unjust criticism. He knew that the entire theory of national policing is based on an exhaustive system of records and statistics. It operates by brute force and all-pervading power rather than by any attempt at subtlety or keen deduction. The former is so much easier as a method. And the combination of the two—keen analysis, logical deduction and plodding investigation—can perform wonders, which explains why Carroll and Leverage worked hand-in-hand with implicit confidence in one another.

Leverage listened with rapt attention to the report of his friend. Occasionally the corners of his large, humorous mouth twitched as Carroll touched on one or two of the lighter phases of his investigation, but Leverage even twitted him about becoming "one of these here butterfly investigators"—but Carroll knew that no word of his escaped the retentive brain of the chief of the city's police force, and that each was being carefully catalogued with true knowledge of its proper importance, that Carroll had been able to determine.

"And so," finished Carroll, "there you are. The thing is in as pretty a mess as I care to encounter. Frankly, I don't know which way to turn next—which is why I wanted to talk things over. Perhaps, between us, we can arrive at some solution of the affair—determine upon some course of action."

"Yes," responded Leverage, slowly—"perhaps we can. Only trouble is there are so many different ways of spilling the beans that we're taking a chance no matter what we do. Answer me this, David: If you had to point out one person right now as the guilty one—which'd you choose?"

Carroll shook his head. "No-o. It might start your mind working along parallel lines to mine of that sort."

"But you can tell me—"

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## A Magazine Page For Everyone

That Guilty Feeling.



### Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

BOUT DE MOS' LONESOMEST  
THING IN DE WORLD IS  
A UN-FINANCIAL MAN  
STANDIN' ROUN' MONGS'  
A BUNCH O' FINANCIAL  
FOLKS!



### The Timid Little Grouse Baby Is Missing After Reddy Fox Has Paid His Visit

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

There is just as much difference between the children of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows as there is between little human children. Some are smarter than others. Some are more headless than others. Some are more disobedient than others.

In such a big family as Mrs. Grouse had there was bound to be a great difference. You remember that there were twelve young Grouse. If Mrs. Grouse could have been sure that all would do exactly the same thing in exactly the same way it would have made it much easier for her. She would have been far less anxious. But she could never be sure just what each one would do in time of danger. She was always fearful that when they took to their wings some might fly too far and get lost.

It happened one day that they were so busy getting their breakfast that Reddy Fox managed to steal almost within jumping distance of them before Mrs. Grouse discovered him. Just in time she saw him. "Fox!" she cried. Those young Grouse knew by the sound of her voice that they were in great danger. Without a second of delay they took to their wings. Away they went up over the tree tops, scattering in all directions. Now one of those young Grouse was more timid than the others. She was so timid that in the suddenness of her flight she flew and flew and flew until her wings would carry her no further. When she came down to the ground she promptly hid. At the time the alarm was given she had been headed in the opposite direction from her brothers and sisters. She had been the first to take to her wings, and, of course, she had flown in the direction in which she was headed. The result was that when

### It Is When the Children Are Stumbling About the House That Their Characters Are Formed

By ANGELO PATRI.

It is mighty hard to kindle a fire you have allowed to get close to the dying stage. There are a few live coals. If you shake down the fire you're almost certain to shake the life out of them. Building on ashes is risky work. You may succeed, and again you may not. You poke a few splintered sticks up through the dead, you start a little blaze, you cautiously feed it with a few heavier bits, you grow desperate and put on a shovel of coal. It lies blackly discouraged, and you heave a long sigh and prepare to do your overalls and clean the furnace out and begin anew. If only—

I always think of that furnace when I hear a mother lamenting "I can't do a thing with him. It's fight, fight, the whole time! I'll have to send him off to boarding school or somewhere. He's got to be taught some time. He does not listen to me." I'm almost certain that when that boy was a little fellow creeping about the house his mother said, "Dicky, pick up your blocks," and then let it go at that. When she fell over the blocks later in the day she groaned at the child's carelessness and picked them up herself. I can picture her standing at the door calling, "Dicky, come in now. It's time for your nap," and I can see Dicky thumping down on the lawn and yelling himself red in the face with "No! I don't want a." "Well, in a little while then," and she shuts the door. She may remember it again, but she likely won't, or if she should, she says "I can't give him his nap. He makes such a fuss about it that it tires me out." After a few years of this the fires of respect and obedience burn low indeed, and Dicky needs nothing but force, and then only for the time it is employed.

Now begins the re-lighting. Mother calls on the teacher. "I don't like this report card one bit. What is wrong with him?"

"He doesn't pay much heed to what is said to him," says the teacher. "After all, one can only direct him, and it is very difficult to teach him." So a daily report card is sent home. A weekly report follows that. A tutor is called in the scoutmaster takes a hand. The athletic man "takes a special interest in him." The principal interviews him. The term ends. He is left back. There's nothing for it. The furnace will have to be cleaned out and a new fire started. It's ill lighting a darkened hearth! Think of that when the children are very little and you have their full training in your own hands. It is when they are stumbling about the house that their characters are formed. Attend to it!

The school receives only what you send there. It can develop, but it cannot create. If you send a headless, undisciplined child, the school may be able to return a thoughtful, disciplined one to you. But the chances are very slim. Child training begins and ends at home. School but carries on. (Copyright 1923 by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

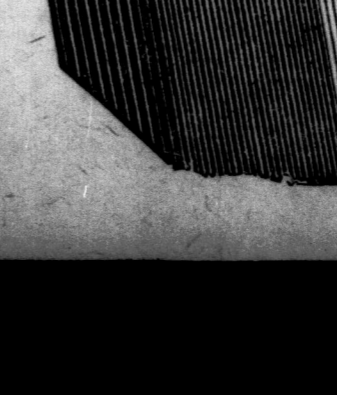
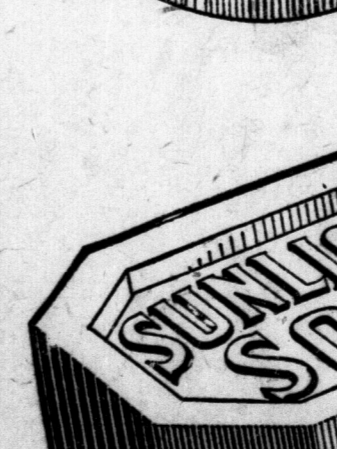
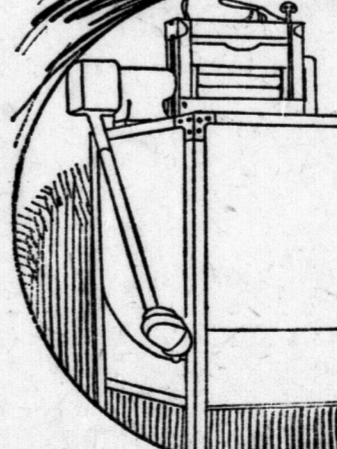
### Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper if you was to wind those bracelets with elastics they wouldn't rattle so this letter goes to Miss Eugenia Ellington Gush, Progress Point, Ill. Dear Miss Gush: It certainly is gratifying to note that after you read in the Ladies' Magazine about these new bracelets, you have been careful not to wear it in the rain with a pair of our Fire Chief slippers, but in this season of strawberry festivals we recommend our Permanent Pink which matches the average strawberry and thus can be freshened up by rubbing over once with a berry too soft to put on the plate.

Well Miss Gush you being a leader of style in Progress Point we are reasonably sure you have a red hat in fact we had confirmed by this reference to our record and we can match the red hat you sold pretty nearly anyway if you have been careful not to wear it in the rain with a pair of our Fire Chief slippers, but in this season of strawberry festivals we recommend our Permanent Pink which matches the average strawberry and thus can be freshened up by rubbing over once with a berry too soft to put on the plate.

Yours for rainbow feet  
THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM,  
Per.....D. D.



### A Natural Born Concert Master

WILLY FERRARO has been brought out abroad as a musical prodigy. He is said to have a remarkable knowledge of music and to have been born with a soul for music.

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### BLAME THE FIRE LIGHTER.

By JANE OSBORN.

Marjorie Peters had hurried home from school that afternoon, for just as she was leaving her small apartment after lunch the parcel-post man had come with a package for her. She had met him in the hall and had just time enough to hurry back up two flights of stairs with the package, unlock the door and slip it into the front hall. To have stopped long enough to see what the package contained would have meant tardiness at afternoon session.

So Marjorie changed her mind about keeping Bobby Smith and Tommy Taylor in late, and as soon as the children had fled out of the room at 3 o'clock she turned the key in her desk drawer and hurried out of the room, down the school corridor and off to her little apartment as fast as possible.

So she had a full half-hour to open the package and examine its contents before Grace Baldwin—also school teacher—returned.

"It's a Cape Cod fire-lighter," Marjorie explained, holding up the brass tankard and torch. "You know—you keep kerosene oil in here and keep the torch soaking and then when you want to light a log in your fireplace you don't need any paper or kindling. Just set the torch under the log, light the torch and let it burn. The heat from the flame starts the log burning."

"And we haven't any fireplace, either," replied Grace. "No," sighed Marjorie, "but you see, when I specified a Cape Cod fire-lighter I didn't know what rents were asked for apartments with fireplaces. I'd hoped we could have one. You see, it was last year when I was off at my aunt's summer place in Massachusetts, and we had a bet."

"I said I wouldn't be engaged by November of this year and she said I would—so we bet an embroidered apron and a Cape Cod fire-lighter, and—"

"But it isn't the first of November," said Grace. "It's only the first of October." Marjorie looked vexed. "Doesn't it amount to the same thing?" she demanded. "How in the world could I be engaged when there's no one to be engaged to, and you know yourself that people don't meet other people here in this city. So last week I wrote my aunt and told her I'd won the bet and she might as well pay up. Really it is lovely, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Grace rather slowly. "What can we use it for? If we took the torch out it would do rather nicely for maple syrup—that is, if either of us used maple syrup." "Don't be absurd!" warned Marjorie. "We're not going to use it at all until we can use it for a fire-lighter."

Meantime the Cape Cod fire-lighter, untied, rested on top of Marjorie's bookcase. Thus two weeks passed. Then Marjorie saw an advertisement in a Sunday paper of "open fireplace apartments" in the very house where she and Grace lived.

"The rent for that apartment is \$10 a month," he said—Marjorie and Grace paid \$60. "The party that rents it is anxious to get out—and his lease expires the first of November. But we won't let it go for a dollar less than \$100—sorry. We can get that much on account of the fireplace. Please if you like them, but I'd rather sit in front of a radiator myself."

She asked the agent if she might look at the apartment, and he referred her to the janitor, who had the keys. The janitor told her that the "party" hadn't moved out yet, but that she could look at it. He—"the

party"—didn't get home until 7 o'clock. The janitor himself was going away that afternoon. If she wished to look at the apartment that afternoon, no harm would be done and she might have the janitor's key.

Of course, said the janitor, that was a little unusual letting people have keys like that, especially as the apartment was still furnished—but still—Marjorie took the hint and gave the janitor a half dollar.

The hall door creaked a little as she opened it and a little more as she closed it behind her. It was a little entrance hall with three doors leading to three rooms. She opened one—obviously a coat closet.

Another door opened into a room lined with books—a small room with a desk and a winged chair by a table. It was probably the third room that contained the open fireplace. Marjorie was about to close the door to proceed to the third door, when something—some one moved.

It was from behind the wings of that chair a fire with paper stretched himself drowsily and rubbed his eyes. Obviously it was the "party" who occupied the apartment.

Marjorie stammered something about keys and then when she opened the door and saw the fire, she thought she was sorry as soon as she had done so that she had mentioned the lighter.

"It's quite all right," said the man, "and I'm glad you woke me up. I'm not usually home in the daytime, but I brought some work home from the office, thinking I'd have a quieter place here—and I must have fallen to sleep. If you want to see the room with the fireplace, by all means—take a look," the man went on, now wide awake, and ushering Marjorie into the next room.

"What better one can do with a fireplace here in the city, I don't see. I've bought some wood, have it stored in one of the hall closets—but you can't start a fire with paper and wood, and there's no place to split wood in an apartment. What do people do for kindling—have to go out to the corner store and buy it, I suppose?"

"That where a Cape Cod fire-lighter comes in," said Marjorie. And that was the real beginning of the romance. The man, Dawson Hill, noticed then as Marjorie looked up at him that she had just the kind of clear blue eyes that he had always admired.

He wanted to see her again, and here was a good chance. He asked whether he might borrow the fire-lighter, and before Marjorie had gone he had been arranged that she and Grace should bring the fire-lighter the first really chilly evening and they'd try it. In the meantime they'd buy the kerosene, and in the meantime, too, Marjorie suggested that Mr. Hill come and call. It seemed only a courteous thing to suggest after having been so rude as to enter his apartment so unceremoniously.

Mr. Hill called the next night, and the following night it seemed so chilly that he rang the bell at Marjorie's apartment and asked her if she and Miss Baldwin would not come and try the fire-lighter.

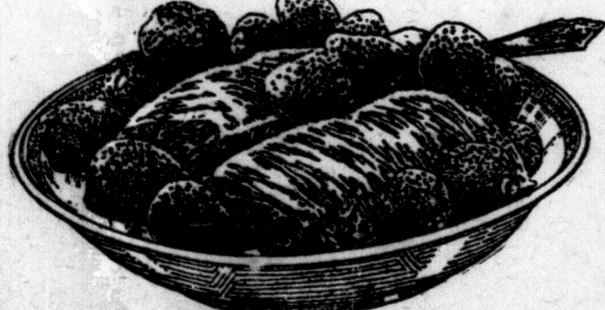
This all happened about the middle of October. Two weeks later, on the last day of the month, Marjorie's aunt received a package from her niece. It contained a Cape Cod fire-lighter, but not the one she had sent.

A letter reached her the same day. "This is not the same fire-lighter," it explained, "because we want to keep that one as a memento. But I've lost my bet. The fire-lighter did it. His name is Dawson Hill."

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## For the Summer days

Light, wholesome, satisfying—all the meat of the whole wheat cooked by a process that makes it 100 per cent digestible—topped with red-ripe strawberries, or other fruits and served with cream. You might eat a full course dinner and not get as much real food as you get from two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with berries. Contains just enough bran to keep the digestive tract clean and healthy. Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-eat—a wife-saver in the Summer days.



### TRISCUIT

is the Shredded Wheat cracker—a real whole wheat toast—eaten with butter, soft cheese or marmalades.

## Shredded Wheat

With strawberries or other fruits



### Yes Betty I can meet you at 10 o'clock!

"Since I started using Sunlight Soap I find I can get my clothes beautifully washed with my washing machine in fifteen or twenty minutes. Isn't that wonderful? And my clothes are such a beautiful color too."

How do I use Sunlight? I pare half a cake or so of Sunlight in very thin slices, into the hot water in the washing machine, stir it up into a lovely rich suds, then pop in the clothes, and let Sunlight and the machine do the work! Then the rinsing—and the clothes line. Really Betty—washing clothes with Sunlight is good fun—it's all over in less than an hour."

Sunlight's unusual value comes from the skilful blend of pure, rich coconut and palm oils. These are the best soap making ingredients that the world produces.

The purest laundry Soap in Canada—Sunlight

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