

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THE DARK CLOSET

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n came to Mr. Gubb. Mr. Gubb, seated in his desk char te a schoolmaster, held in his hand ne of the pamphlets (Number four) the School of Detecting's Corre-pondence Course, and his nephew, paminondas Smits, sat on a strong ooden box before him, a look of deep loom on his face. But a few days be ref. Epaminondas had come down for means or foul; and if they can try. He was so fat that his clothes arn to be a tailor. He was a fat ty. He was so fat that his clothes a forehead was fat; he was fat every-here; he was co fat the did not dare ta na ordinary chair. The coming of Epaminondas had en a surprise, for Mr. Gubb had not sen a surprise, for Mr. Gubb had not a arrived, Mr. Gubb welcomed had to be welcomed had not welcome an unfor-the vice because he was con study the was con fat he did not dare the vice weak of the did not dare my factory to watch it night and day. "Mister Hablington, sir." he said, the vice weak owas (mister Hablington, sir." he said, the vice weak con for the vice weak (mister Hablington, sir." he said, the vice weak (mister Hablington, sir." he added to Epaminondas, "stand up!"

arrived, Mr. Gubb welcomed hir un uncle should welcome an unfoi utely fat nephew. For some tim Gubb had felt the need of a Wat

ed of some one to express unboun surprise at his wonderful working

ick Ho

"If you go down celtar," said Mr. called Philo Gubb, and in a fe "errykina, "and look around, you"h tes the graat detective was a hd a lot of boxes, and some of the Tasteless laboratory. hem are marked "Tasteless Anticat" temedy.' All you have to do is driak have been robbed! Bottles o

e at all. It tas Will you do it?" get fat again?" asked

sitt

Mr. H. of it?

"Down cellar," said Epaminondas. For the first two or three days of Epaminondas's incarceration Mr. Gaub risited him each morning, but atter that, being engaged on an interesting job of paperhanging as well as a neat bit of detective work, he received Epaminondas's reports by telephone. "Yes, sir," said Epaminondas. Epaminondas frank Mr. Hablington's Tasteless Anti-fat with unremitting that Epaminondas shrank like a dry that Epaminondas of the truth when I say that Epaminondas frank like a dry that Epaminondas of the truth when I say that Epaminondas frank like a dry that Epaminondas frank like a dry that Epaminondas of the second to melt inside of his skin and disap pear as in thin he masmiled a colrg sponge. The dolds of fat seemed s o melt inside of his skin and disap sar as if by magic. In three weeks H e was so thin he resembled a col-a hysed toy balloon stuck on a lead. hencil, for his skin hung in folds. Re-word of his weight, he felt like a wubble of air; he felt as if he could mmp over a church without touching g e steeple.

of the building. He questioned Mr. Hablington regarding the front door, and when Mr. Hablington had assured him that the front door had remained blocked exactly as he had left it, the mystery was complete. The reader of this episode in Mr. Gubb's detective career knows how the bottles of Tasteless Tonic and Mr. Hablington's formulas got out of the dark closet: to Mr. Gubb and Mr. Hable

nine ' was l

ST. JOHN

lack charmeuse with overd lack tulle with pearl and the on the corsage. Mrs. A. W. silver. Mrs. Ambrose or costume of black net

Mrs. D. Dullin, Frink, Mr. and M lee, Mr. and Mrs. F. C Mr. and and Mrs n McDonald, Mr. , Capt. and Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mr. and Mr. Mrs. ald McAvity, Mr



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Then carefully he dropped bo ttle after bottle upon his iron cot.

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 dollars means—ten thousand lemon
 get thin while you are in that shop,

 pies! And all you have to do is get
 and then you can get fat again before

 us four or five bottles out of that brick
 you have to come out. You won't have

 closet in the back room of this shop—
 to work. Ten thousand lemon pies!

 and any old papers you find lying
 Think of that!"

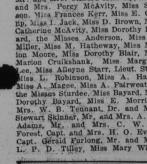
 "Ht's locked," said Epaminondas be eating pie.

Sister

bother and keep our mouths shut, about what we've does. Notified to be a correct, we are more the provided the both a substitute, the provided base of the second as the second asecond the second as the second as the second as the s

measurements of his face when order-ing Disguise No. 68, and the Supply Bureau had sent him a beard several sizes too small, so that when it was hooked over his ears, the mattache portion would not fit beneath his nose (Continued on page 18.)

it of, unlocked the iron bar and turn-ed the combination lock. The iron door of the black closet swung open, and Mr. Hablington uttered a cry of anger. Three cases of Tasteless Ton-ic stood, one above another, immed-iately in the doorway, and an empty, case stood near. With trembling hands Mr. Hablington examined the sheft and found his formulas gone. He ignored Epaminondus absolutely. In a lemp he reached the telephone and



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ore Bread and