A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Days of Real Sport.

OH-H SKINNAY!

TH' WATER AIN'T

COLD 'ER ANYTHING

C'MON DOWN-

Accuse Circus Elephant of Witchcraft

THE first performing elephant in this country was imported around 1821. After a performance in Rhode Island, the elephant was assassinated on the ground that he was an animal of

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

'MIDNIGHT"

A Real Detective Story Told By a Master of Fiction With Mystery and Romance

OCTAVUS **ROY COHEN**

Miss Rogers Provides a Plausible Alibi For the Dead Man's Financee, Hazel Gresham

erful man-having your name in the ridiculous things!" papers all the time. Oh, I've read about everything you've done! That's how I learned so much about detectiving-or isn't that what you call

"Detecting?"
"That's it. You know I always was incorrigible in making up words when I couldn't think of the right ne. Don't you think it's a lot of sometimes-thinking of just lips. the right word in the right place?"
"Sometimes. But about the Warren

"Oh, yes, certainly! I'm always

"Oh, yes, certainly! I'm always setting off my subject, ain't I?—I mean—am I not? Bother grammar anyway. It's a terrible bore, don't you think?"

"Yes, Miss Rogers. And now—"

"Back to that awful crime again, aren't you? It's simply sugary the way you great detectives stick to one subject. I can do it, too, when I have to. I took some lessons once in power of will—concentration and in power of will—concentration and all that sort of thing. It made the feel wickedly old; but I learned a great deal about keeping my mind on one subject all the time. You know, it doesn't matter what you concentrate on—even if it's only making biscuits, or something messy and domestic like that—it does words, and to store up your mental energy, and all that sort of thing. And all the time I was studying that urse, It was thinking how perfectly dorious modern science is. Just supose Shakespeare had been able concentrate like us moderns can! His plays would have been utterly maris, wouldn't they?' "I suppose they would. And now let's try concentrating on the Warren

"That's what I've been leading up to. You see, I knew Mr. Warren very well. In fact, he was awfully friendly with me. To tell you the strict truth, and absolutely in confidence, I really believe he was in love with me"

"Yes, truly! We women have a way of knowing when a man is in love with us. He used to be around at the house all the time. Of course, he pretended that he came around beause he liked Sis and Gerald-"

"That's Mr. Lawrence. He's my brother-in-law - Sis's hus. nd. nsufferably old-timy. Don't think of anything but business. Used to ook at me through his horn-rimmed glasses and say I was entirely too young to be receiving attentions from a man as old as Mr. Warren; but he didn't know. I'm not young, really, you know. Of course, I'm not 20 yet; but a girl can be under 20 and yet be a woman, can't she?"

'And as intimately as you know—
land—that's Mr. Warren, you know—
for his death; but still it was a line
of course I didn't call him Roland to
of investigation which demanded exbut, then. Sis and Gerald would we disapproved — old frumps! Knowing him so intimately, and Knowing him so intimately, and warmth of his friendly, sunny nature really believing he was in love with in the smile which he bestowed upor me—although, of course, the minute the became engaged to Hazel Gresham I didn't even flirt with him any more not the least little tiny harmless Well, I find it excruciatingly hard to believe that he is dead!"

discover who killed him."
"I know it. That's what I came to see you about."
"So you did. I'd quite forgotten

"You ought to learn to concentrate, Mr. Carroll. It's really ridiculously easy, after you've studied it a little about. Of course, I know you didn't forget, really; but the chances are hat you were interested talking, and Miss Gresham? absolutely failed to remember that "What poor boy?"

Carroll with difficulty concealed

"I see! And now that I've remem bered him again, suppose you tell me what you know about him and the "It's principally about what I read

"Yes, indeed! You're such a won- against newspapers printing such

morning. Why, the way they mentioned Hazel Gresham, you'd have thought that they thought that she was the woman who killed Loland the woman in the taxicab.'

Carroll's eyes narrowed The faint smile still played about his

man she was engaged to?"

about killing someone? That is the most bizarre idea I have ever heard in all my life. Besides, she couldn't have killed him, anyway."

Warren was the finest man in the world, or anything like that. Of course, I do believe he was interested in me, and that made me know him pretty well; but still, he was an awfully nice boy, and I'm sure Hazel was very much in love with him. So you good. It trains you not to waste even if she could have killed him, she wouldn't, would she?"

"I hope not; but you said she couldn't. What do you mean by

"I mean that nobody can be in two places at one time. Although I did read a funny article in the Sunday magazine section of one of the big newspapers, last year, which

"If Miss Gresham had been with Mr. Warren last night at midnightshe would have been in two places at one time?" "Why, yes-and that's not possible:

Rogers? "Think what?"

"That Miss Gresham was not with Mr. Warren at midnight last night?"
"Why," answered Evelyn Rogers, simply, "I know she wasn't-that's

"Yes, indeed-beyond the what-'ou-call-'em of a doubt."

with new interest. Out of her chat-ter he had at last gar**ne**red one important fact. His mind, trained to seize upon the vital, and instantly ally, you know.

yet; but a girl can be under 20 discard the inconsequential, clutched the bit of information and turned it over. From the first, Carroll had "And as intimately as I knew Ro-fiancee might have been responsible scouted the idea that the dead man's his face. Not that he didn't want me amination, and his pretty young visitor was maki He injected all the ly simple. warmth of his friendly, sunny nature

with that piece of information, Miss

ard to believe that he is dead!"

"He is—quite. We are trying to knew Hazel, of course—could even imagine her killing anyone, and least of all an adorable boy like Roland. She was so much in love with him!"

easy, after you've studied it a little Naturally, she's all broken up this we made some waffles downstairs—
bit. Now, if I had been you, and you morning, because her wedding date Hazel has just bought a perfectly Littlest Bear, from a branch halfway

"Where?"
"At her house."

"And you are sure she was there all night??"

enough, isn't it? "You suppose so."

"You suppose? My goodness, gracious! Don't you know?"
"Well—yes. If you're sure——"
"Why, my dear Mr. Carroll, we

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"As what, for instance?"

"That thing they had in there this

"You don't think she was?"
"Oh, Mr. Carroll! Please, please,
don't be so irresistibly absurd! Why
in the world should Hazel kill the

"And, besides, what does she know

"Why, not?" "Even if she'd wanted to,

couldn't; and I'm sure she didn't want to. Not that I think Roland

so, of course, she—"
"What makes you think that, Miss

"How do you know that??"
"It's very simple," she explained, "She was with me all casually. night.'

Carroll gazed at the girl before him

"You have helped me tremendously

Rogers."
"I don't see how, particularly. No "Of course, I haven't the pleasure of Miss Gresham's acquaintance."

"Of course not. You'll have to meet her, though. She's a darling! forgotten what you came to see me gone smash, and she really was terabout. Of course, I know you didn't ribly fond—"

"Of course! We slept in the same ped—and that's certainly proof

in the papers this morning. Really, Mr. Carroll, there ought t be a law

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DE TROUBLE WID MOS' O' FOLKS, WEN DET MAKES UP DEY MIN' T' GO BACK EN STAHT ALL OVER AGIN' DEY DON' WANTER GO MO'N BOUT HALF-WAY BACK!

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. P. Alley



a quarter before twelve. At 10 o'clock darling aluminum electric waffle "You say you spent the night with waffles—all crisp and everything. And that tree as she started to scramble you know, when you use aluminum, up than she felt safe. She had never iron. It makes the most toothsome you don't need any grease; so that makes the waffles much nicer. I'm getting horribly domestic since Hazel became engaged, because she

is learning-"And after you made the waffles?" "And after you made the walles! Seen Mother Bear do.

"Oh! After that we went upstairs to her room, and put on our kimonos, and had a heart-to-heart talk. I can't tell you what we talked about, that Littlest Bear was too small a seen to have wandered your far from because sometimes—well, it was atrociously risque—as women will,

to it that the newspapers correct any impression they may have left that come down. That is, she didn't inmend to impression they may have left that come down. That is, she didn't intend to come down for a long time. She meant to stay up there so long that if that dreadful fellow who had her who chould be that

roll?"
"Enormously."
"Well, I wonder—you know, I'm just fiendishly anxious to be helpful in the world—I wonder if you'd let miserable she became and the more me help you some more?"

that tree, she had plenty of time to think how lonesome and miserable she was. The more she thought about it, the more lonesome and miserable she became and the more she whimpered and cried.

Now it happened that, shortly af-"Would you, really?"

DICTATION DAVE

Behavior Publishing Company, De-portment, Massachusetts. Gentlemen and I never have any trouble choos-

Your letter asking me do I know what to do when a charming matron because of the completeness of my dence and accuracy which only complete knowledge of social custom can this county could sell some of these give to a man and will I take a set of the customs and judging by some of the customs we get select by give to a man and will I take a set of the duestions we get asked by our Behavior Booklets on free trial the questions we get asked by our as been received paragraph. doesn't know what to do when he gets invited to dinner by a charming ners,

Miss Hopper, take a letter to the whether she is a matron, a U. F. O. ing my suit tie and overcoat with confidence and accuracy which is not have met once asks me to dinner t 8 o'clock and could I choose my uit tie and overcoat with that confi-For your information any man who loesn't know what to do when he

oman whether he has met her once THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM,

Old Man Coyote sat at the foot of a tree and giared up at Littlest Bear.

FROM CONSTIPATION



Be not too sure of anything, Lest rude awakening it may bring. .
—Littlest Bear. Old Man Coyote sat at the foot of

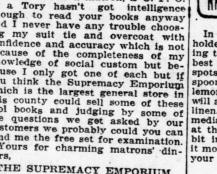
up the tree, glared down at Old Man Coyote No sooner had her sharp little claws caught in the bark of seen Old Man Coyote before, somehow she had known that he couldn't climb. So she glared down at him, pushed out her upper lip and went "Woof, woof" just as she had seen Mother Bear do

because sometimes—wen, at a frequency and wait for Littlest Bear to mearby and wait for Littlest Bear to come down, but he knew that if still sitting up talking, and you had your kimonos on??"

"Yes and—oh, you just ought to crepe the full threats at Littlest Bear, he cover and—oh, you full threats at Littlest Bear, he cover and cover was on the ground bear of the crepe that the came that th

"Yes; just about then."
of nothing else. She was too excited to be lonesome. But after he from that tree. She didn't intend to come down. That is, she didn't intend to come down for a long time. headquarters; so if you'll excuse chased her up there should be hid-me—" ing somewhere near he would grow Evelyn Rogers rose and stood be-fore him. Her prefty little face was that tree, and she knew she wouldn't re him. Her pretty little face was that tree, and she knew she wouldn't feel safe on the ground. Having nothing to do but sit there in that tree, she had plenty of time to

Now it happened that, shortly af-ter Old Man Coyote disappeared, an-



your letters more exactly. To Tiger Lily. I am sending you some crochet patterns this morning, Tiger Lily. Thank you for the mite and the new

Dear Opal,-Was this by any chance the verse you were looking for? I am sorry that this is all I can print of it: 'We may live without poetry, music

We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may

He may live without learning-what is knowledge but grieving? He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?

without dining?"
This all seems rather cynical, but, after all, quite true, doesn't it? The writer is one Owen Meredith. I hope I have happened upon the right selection.

No Jewish Feast,

I am informed that there is no

and she was in a tree. And then Littlest Bear received a dreadful shock. Yowler the Bob Cat had shelter places made by nature, as in started to climb that tree, and was caves, but when the progress of man coming up quite as easily as Littlest Bear herself had climbed it! (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.) had reached its Neolithic period a form of human architecture was developed, and it had much in commo The next story: "An Exciting Moment." with the building methods of burrowing animals. Primitive man went to earth like a hunted fox, seeking FOUND WONDERFUL RELIEF warmth and refuge in pit dwellings. Why he went underground is a mystery which is explained partly by the disappearance of many huge animals which in earlier prehistoric times

of a pit dwelling. Each pit was round in shape, jus Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills like the entrance to a burrow; Constipation is one of the most prevalent troubles the human race is subject to, and is the greatest cause of many of our ailments, for if the bowels cease to perform their proper tunctions all the other organs will become deranged.

mouth was a firm cover of interlaced branches plastered with club and mud. From the bottom a tunnel ran upward to the surface and along it women and men crawled to their pen pit home. Underground houses akin to the Neolithic were built in Germany during the times of Tacitus, the



THE ANNUAL

MERTING OF

THE COMMITTEE

TO INVESTIGATE

AND REPORT

ON WATER

CONDITIONS

older, salts of lemon applied according to directions on the packet, is the best means I know of removing rust-spots. If this is not available, a teaspoonful of salt and tablespoonful of mon juice is effective. The latter will also remove tea stains from table will also remove tea stains from table linen. Cover the stain with salt immediately, if tea is accidentally spilt at the table. Your handwriting is a bit inclined to be "scraggly." Keep it more compact and practice forming "I reckon so," was his cook the papers, Rusty," scoffed on boys.

"I reckon so," was his cook the seven shone queerly.

"Matrimonial paper called

"But Where Is the Man?"

and art;

live without books; But civilized man cannot live without

He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live

would have broken through the roof

went downward for seven feet and "Would you, really?"

"Really."

"And I can come to you any time to class peneared to talk things over?"

She clapped her hands.

"Whenever you get ready."

"That's simply exquisite! You know, Mr. Carroll, I'm just simply crazy about you! I always have been, but I'm more now than everjust hopelessly!"

"Thank you."

"She made her way to the door. Theer she turned, and there was a peculiar light in her eyes.

"Mr. Carroll!"

"Yes?"

"I wish you had been 19 years old just now."

"Why?"

"Why?"

"Out of Man Coyote disappeared and, snortly after Old Man Coyote disappeared and the way and heard the whim-pering of Littlest Bear. A look of eager, hungry interest came into a pair of savage, yellow eyes. Littlest bear leaned over to watch him. She was glad she wasn't exactly after of the constipation and all other troubles caused by it.

Mrs. A. R. Spence, Springhill, N. S., wittes: "I have suffered for some time from constipation, and was advised by a friend to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. After taking a vial of them I have found wonderful relief, and would advise all thoose who are constipated to give them a trial, for I feel sure they will also receive the same benefit I did."

To Be Continued.

"To Be Continued.

"To Be Continued.

"To Be Continued.

"To Would man Coyote disappeared and the way and heard the whim-pering of Littlest Bear leaned over to watch him. She was glad she wasn't exactly after the looks of those eyes, but she wasn't exactly after the looks of those eyes, but she wasn't exactly after the looks of the constipation and all other troubles caused by it.

Mrs. A. R. Spence, Springhill, N. S., wites: "I have suffered for some time from constipation, and was advised by a friend to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. After taking a vial of them I have found wonderful relief, and would advise all those who are constipated to give them a trial, for I feel sure they will also receive the same benefit I did."

To Be Continued.

"West" Alook of the first made sure that the other organs will become deranged.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

THE WIDOW'S WAY.

Rusty Peters tousled his glorious ripples. Of course Mr. Peters did not hoof beats on the trail beyond know that his hair might be termed "glorious" or that it rippled. If he had suspected such a thing he would you ask me," retorted Smith reminisimmediately have mounted his horse cently. and galloped into Red Creek to the barber shop. Rusty was handsome and quite innocent of that knowledge,

The ranch house up there under the Rusty. chestnuts was bathed in red light that burned a crimson flame in her windows that faced the setting sun. the open trail, only to halt suddenly Down at the messhouse the cowboys at a new barbed wire fence that cut had finished supper and were sitting off the trail.

"The dickens," ejaculated Rusty,

mailsack on the ground. "Here, Tony, take that up to the boss, will you? I haven't had any grub yet." He disappeared within the house, while the man called Tony picked up the sack and rather good-naturedly led Smith's horse to the corral.

After a while Smith's voice called

from the dining-room. "I saw that new widder woman today."

"Where?" "What does she look like?" "Young or old?"

"Does she want to hire a rider?" "Wait a minute-wait a minute," protested Smith between gulps of offee. "She's young, and pretty, with red hair, and I was introduced to her by the postmaster, and she asked me . Smith appeared in the doorway

glance. His wide mouth was twisted in a mysterious smile, as he lazily rolled a cigarette. "Well?" some one asked "What was the question."

and included them all in an embracin

"Just one question did she ask, very risp and businesslike in her manner Says she to me, 'Do you know a man around here by the name of Peters— Roderick Peters? Mr. Smith scratch-

ed a match. Rusty Peters slipped down from the railing and came forward an eager light in his eyes. "Is that

straight. Smithy?' "You told her my name? "When she asked me if I knew Roderick Peters, I says 'No-ma'm." That's all. I don't."

urned away. "Somebody seen your pictur" the papers, Rusty," scoffed one of the boys.
"I reckon so," was his cool retort. a boys.
"I reckon so," was his cool retort.

"Matrimonial paper called

Rusty grinned sheepishly as he

riage Bells,' or something like that?" "Perhaps," he said laconically, as he lounged away toward the corral. mop of chestnut hair into enticing In a moment they heard the sound of "Now, where is he riding to?" que-

"Into danger-red-headed danger, if

"Imagine Rusty-getting locoed over widder woman "Why, he hasn't set eyes on her

"All the worse for him-pore old Meantime, Rusty's little horse was skittering down the slopes and scuffing up the hills, galloping madly on

surveying the new fence. This was undoubtedly the work of the widow corner of the building and flung a who had bought the adjoining ranch. mailsack on the ground. "Here, Tony, She was cutting off this right of way.

bronze. The lingering sun cast one

last ray of glory about him Something lifted him out of his bitter thoughts and he lifted his eyes and saw a girl on a horse just beyond the new fence. She was looking at him with wide dark eyes, and her cheeks were aglow with sudden color Her hair was richly red

His hat swept off and hung carelessin his hand. "So-you are here," she said in a soft voice

She nodded. "I knew you were in this part of the country." "Why-out of the whole world did you choose Cray County?" he asked bitterly.
"I didn't." She giggled a little. "You see, Aunt Hortense decided to become rancher on account of my health-I am supposed to be recovering from a am supposed to be recovering love affair." She flashed a mocking smile at him. "Of course, she has done everything to keep us apart-and when she chose a ranch she did not know you were next door-and I did not tell her.'

She smiled joyously. He urged his horse nearer. "Then ou are not a widow?"
"Not yet," she dimpled. "They must

mean auntie " "Bless her heart!" cried Rusty, and then across the barbed wire fence his lips met those of his lost sweetheart. In the distance a stout woman in riding clothes was regarding them

through a field glass. "It is Roderick Peters, it is," she assured herself. "Thank heaven that I've brought them together at last. They must never suspect it for a moment,

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are "heroic measures", over-effec-tive, weakening and griping. The best constipation remedy is the one that moves the bowels without shock to your system, and such a one is Dr. Caldwell's

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