A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Neutral Hazardist

Royal School Masters

PRINCE MAX of Baden is said to have started a boarding school. Louis Philippe taught mathematics at a school in Switzerland during the early years of his exile.

"MIDNIGHT"

A Mystery Story By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN.

The Detectives Discover That Warren Had Made All Plans To Leave Town For Good

back to headquarters, and from there woman answered the summons, and to the coroner's office, and accom- Leverage address I her: panied by that dignitary to the undertaking establishment where the body was being kept under police guard.
Nothing had yet been touched. The "Yes." inquest had resulted in a verdict of yesterday."
Death by violence, inflicted by a "Oh, th revolver in the hands of a person started inside,

Carroll again ran through the their faces. man's pockets. In a vest pocket he discovered what he sought. He took the trunk check to the Union Station, and through his police badge secured muscular figure of Cartwright, the trunk check to the Union Station. checks with the baggage-master, and learned that the trunk had duly gone that all was well, and resumed his New York. He left orders for it vigil. At that minute the door to be returned to the city.

From there he went to the office

of the division superintendent, and promptly closed the door again, left a half-hour later, after an ex-change of telegrams between the Leverage looked at Carroll, the train for New York, which in-formed him that the drawing-room "The landlady says he's out, Cartengaged by Warren had been unoc-cupied, nor had there been an at-"Bum steer, chief! The bird's there tempt on the part of anyone to secure possession of it. Also, that the only berth nurchased on the train had en at a small-town stop about 4

O'clock in the morning.

Obviously, then, the person who was to share the drawing-room with Warren, and for whom the second force, and ticket had been bought, had never knows it. boarded the train. The trail had in the taxicab.

It was not until 2 o'clock in the afternoon that Carroll returned to headquarters. He found Leverage ready with his report.

"For one thing," said the chief, "there isn't a doubt that Warren was getting ready to leave town -

Leverage checked over his list. "First, he had sublet his apartnent. Second, he had with eleven hundred dollars in cash. Third, he left his automobile with a dealer here to be sold, and did not place an order for any other car.

And fourth—" Leverage paused impressively.

'Yes-and fourth?" "He fired his valet yesterday!" CHAPTER VII.

The Valet Talks. There was a triumphant ring to Leverage's statement that the dead man's valet had been discharged at some time during the 24 hours which immediately preceded the killing.\ It was as if his instinct recognized combination of circumstances which could not be ignored. Carroll looked

up interestedly.
"Have you talked to this fellow?" "No. I figured I'd better leave that phase of it to you; but I'm having him watched. Cartwright is on the Right now the man is at his boarding place on Larson street." rroll started for the doo

"Let's go!" he suggested, lacon-It was but a few minutes' drive from headquarters to the boardinghouse of Roland Warren's former valet. Carroll parked his car at the curb, and inspected the place closely from the outside.

There was little architectural beauty to recommend the house. It was a rambling, dilapidated, twostory structure, sadly in need of paint and repairs, and bespeaking occupancy by a family none too well blessed with the better things of

No One Need Buy Cuticura Before He **Tries Free Samples**

From the ticket office, Carroll went | door and rang the bell. A slatternly "We wish to see William Barker.

> "William Barker?"
> "Yes. I believe he moved here "Oh, that feller! The

While they stood waiting, Leverage access to the baggage-room. The plainclothesman, shivering in the trunk was not there. He compared partial shelter of an alley across the

opened and the woman reappeared. "He ain't home!" she said, and Carroll looked at Leverage and superintendent and the conductor of age crossed the street and interro-

> -l'll bet my silk shirt on it! Leverage recrossed the street, and reported to Carroll,

"You're pretty sure Cartwright has the straight dope?" "Sure thing," said the chief, "He's one of the most reliable men on the

doubled back again to the woman There was a hard, calculating light in the taxicab. between a soft, friendly blue and a steely gray. Finally, he looked up

> "About him sendin' word he was out when we know he ain't?" "Exactly.

> 'Pears like he didn't want to discuss the affair with us." "He don't know who we are."

knows the valet of a murdered mar is going to be quizzed by the police. "Good! Come on."

and turned it. Then he stepped into the dingy reception hall, followed by the city's chief of police.

keeper appeared in the doorway, her eyes flashing antagonistically. age turned back the lapel of his coat and disclosed the police badge.
"Listen here, lady," he said, in

voice whose very soft is brooked no opposition; "that bird Barker is here, and we're going to see him Police business! Where's his room?" The woman's face grew ashen. "What's he been doin'?" she quavered. "What's he been up to

"What's he been up to before

Swear to Gawd I don't! He just come here yesterday an' took a room Paid cash in advance.' "He's in his room, ain't he?"
"What if he is? He told me to tell anybody who comes along that he was out.

reassured Carroll, "provided you keep your own tongue between your Now, take us to Barker's

The boarding-house keeper led the way up a flight of dark and twisting stairs, along a musty hall. She

trying to listen at the keyhole—"
His manner made it unnecessary

TEA is good tea

and particularly good in the ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY, fine to the taste and





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For Sale By The Hydro Shop

"Wait a minute," she said, crossly, and shut the door in

force, and when he says a thing, he

What's your idea, Eric?"

"It looks darn funny to me, Car-roll! 'Pears like he didn't want to

"He can guess pretty well. Any guy with a head on his shoulders

Carroll put a firm hand on the knot

At the sound of visitors, the angular frame of the boarding-house

I didn't know you was cops. Oh. I hope there ain't nothin' goin' to ruin the reputation of this place! There ain't a woman in towr who runs a decenter place than this.' "Nobody's going to know anything."

"There it is, sirs—and—"
"You go downstairs," whispered arroll. "If we should find you

economical in the pot.



Further information, illustrated literature and catalogue will be furnished by your electric shop, or write Moffats, Limited, Weston, Ontario.

LOST

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

I LOVES KUNL BOB MO' BETTUHN A BROTHER --- IN FAC', US ALLUZ GOT LONG TOGETHER JES' LAK TWO CULLUD BOYS!



departed, fluttering with excitement

Carroll nodded briefly. The door was

flung open, and the two men entered. "What the---The occupant of the room leaped to his feet and stood staring, his face gone pasty white, his demeanor one of terror, which Carroll could see he casual observer his weight would have been catalogued at about 140. At a glance Carroll knew that it was

nearer 180. Normal breadth of rather aimlessly down the Lone Lit-shoulder was more than made up for the Path he heard a sharp cluck just by unusual depth of chest. Ready-around a turn in the Lone Little Path. and thigh. The face, clean-shaven, began to hop faster. He knew that was sullen with the fear inspired by voice. It was the voice of an old the sudden entrance of Carroll Leverage; and there was more than a hint of evil in it. As they watched the sullenness of expression was supin the average specimen of masculine hired help.

The man's demeanor was a combination of abjectness and hostility. He was plainly frightened, yet striv-Carroll and Leverage maintained silence. Barker fldgeted nervously,

and finally, when the strain became too great, burst out with:
"Who are you fellers? Whatcha

Carroll spoke softly. "William Barker?"
"What if that is my name?" Carroll's hands spread wide.
"Just wanted to be sure, that's all. ou are William Barker?" 'An' what if I am? What you got

do with that?' Carroll showed his badge. "And this gentleman," he finished, lesignating Leverage, "is chief of

a half whine, half snarl, ain't done nothin'-"Nobody has accused you, yet." "Well, when you bust in on a feller

Carroll seated himself, and Lever-age followed suit. He motioned Barer to a chair.
"Let's talk things over," he sugested. mildly

"Ain't nothin' to talk over." "You're William Barker, aren't "I ain't said I ain't, have I?" Carroll's eyes grew a bit harder. His voice cracked out:

'What's your name?" Barker met his gaze; then the of the ex-valet shifted.

DICTATION DAVE By C. L. Funnell.

at a noon wedding and then go away card period. We assume from your inquiry as to the grooms attire from the date of your letter and from your statement that you have got to go that the wedding is yours and we suggest that while it is perfectly proper to go away in the same high quality

This is a letter to Alfred G. Staple | blue serge suit you are married in This is a letter to Alfred G. Staple
Miss Hopper at East Stapleton Nebraska. Dear Mr. Staple colon paragraph.

Your letter dated August first and plue serge suit you are married in you might just as well plan on two suits because it is a cinch that if your bride can change in time to make that one-thirty you could dress four or five times which many mailed June first stating that you grooms do comma so we are sending need a new suit for a wedding you you samples of our nifty-nile gray in have got to go to and is it proper addition to the blue and suggest that for a groom to wear a business suit you fill out the inclosed measurement

GREEN"

in the same suit without changing as the afternoon train leaves at one suits without knowing what size the thirty and if so requesting us to send you a dark blue serge suit at once have masurements before shipping has been received period paragraph. particularly in the case of groom

THE SUPREME EMPORIUM

HILDISFN? HORS

PETER RABBIT MEETS A PROUD Leverage's hand found the knob, and

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

There's nothing finer than the pride A mother vainly seeks to hide -Peter Rabbit

Peter Rabbit was over in the Green Forest. He was there just out of was fighting to control. Leverage closed the door gently, and gazed at curiosity. He knew he should be at the man upon whom they had called. home in the dear Old Briar Patch. William Barker was not a large But there was so much to see and man; neither was he small. He was one of those men of medium height, whose physique deceives everyone that Peter felt that he just had to save the anatomical expert. To the stay; he was afraid he would miss

something. So it happened that as he hopped mous muscular development of calf Peter pricked up his long ears and and friend. It was the voice of a friend he had not seen for a long time. It

was so long since he had seen that planted by a leer, and then by a mask of professional placidity—the bovine expression which one expects to find Around the turn in the Lone Little Path scampered Peter, and stopped little scamps as they were! No, sir, abruptly. Just ahead of him in the Lone Little Path stood a very trim little person in feathers. Her head was held high and a pair of bright eyes were anxiously fixed on that turn in the Lone Little Path. Very alert she looked. She alert she looked. She was alert. She was ready to take to a pair of stout wings in an instant if need be. "Good morning, Mrs. Grouse,"

cried Peter happily. "I'm so glad to Mrs. Grouse relaxed, and the anxious look left her bright eyes. "So it's you, Peter Rabbit!" exclaimed Mrs. Grouse, and it was clear that was very much relieved.

"Yes, it is me," replied Peter. "Who did you think it was?"
"I had no idea who it was," replied Mrs. Grouse. "I heard you before you came around that bend. am glad it was you and not Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or someone else to be afraid of. Not that I would worry about myself. No, indeed. But when one has a family to think of there is no end to the

worry."
Peter looked puzzled. He scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. He stared all around, this way, that way and the other way. "I don't see that you have any family to worry about," said he. rather testily.

The bright eyes of Mrs. Grouse twinkled. "Of course you don't," said she. "You don't suppose I would keep my family in plain sight when I didn't know who was coming, do you?"

you?"
Mrs. Grouse gave a low cluck, and "William Barker," he answered, almost unintelligibly.
"Very good! Now, sit down, William."

William seated himself with ill-grace. Carroll spoke again, but this time the softness had returned to his tones. His maner approached downright friendliness.

To Be Continued.

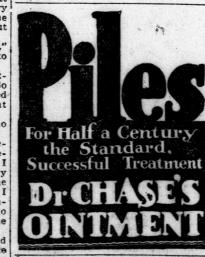
Mrs. Grouse gave a low cluck, and at once, as if by magic, a dozen of the cutest, prettiest babies in all the Green Forest appeared and came running to their mother. It seemed as if they sprang right out of the ground. Peter was so astonished that he just stared in the most foolish way. One instant there hadn't been a sign of them, and the next instant there they were all about him,

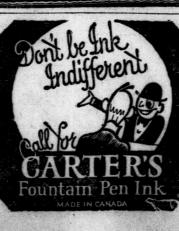


"Good morning, Mrs. Grouse," cried Peter happily.

Mrs. Grouse clucked to them softly. Such a proud mother as she was! Those twelve lively babies slightly lowered. for all the world like fluffy. The coat is one little brown chickens from Farmer Brown's barnyard, only they were with the printed crevery much smaller than any chickens gown and the wide it was no wonder that Mrs. Grouse was proud. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "A Lesson in







COAT AND DRESS MATCH MATCH. By ELOISE.

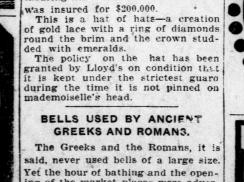
The three-piece suit has been further developed, and now appears for summer wear as a dress and a matching coat, either of which may be worn separately. This costume features a printed crepe gown and a graceful ribbed satin wrap to wear And she had reason to be. Peter with it. The popular chemise lines didn't wonder a bit that she was are followed, and the waistline is

The coat is one of the long slimline affairs tying on the side, it is lined were with the printed crepe to match the with the crepe. The large bow which fastens the coat on the side is also of the crepe. The sand fur collar is a graceful and flattering finishing touch.
Sand silk hose and patent slippers

any occasion of the early summer.

make milady smartly gowned for

At a recent English wedding the of pink roses. The little ones looked as if they had just stepped from the painting of the distinguished artist.



NOVELTIES IN WEDDINGS.

seven attendants of the bride were attired in colors representing the avorite flowers of the bride. The effect was very brilliant. At a similar function there were child bridesmaids who looked charming in Joshua Reynolds' costumes of white muslin with quaint mob caps, blue sashes and bunches

THE HAT OF HATS.

Mile. Sarel, the French actress, just before starting out for the United States, spent considerable money in insuring her wardrobe. One lot alone was insured for \$200,000. This is a hat of hats-a creation

The policy on the hat has been granted by Lloyd's on condition that it is kept under the strictest guard during the time it is not pinned on

BELLS USED BY ANCIENT

GREEKS AND ROMANS. The Greeks and the Romans, it said, never used bells of a large size. Yet the hour of bathing and the opentised daily by ringing bells, and ly have answered the purpose.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

By A. W. Peach. The lights of his car swept a golden hem the powerful motor hummed softly. Richard Wharton's heart was throbbing with more than usual exsmall dark head; and more than once aton turned to her husband, "Will, on a straight bit of road he glanced this child is all worn out with excitement; go down cellar and get a glass of cold milk — that'll brighten her up." been made already for the marriage, rushing away from her irascible turned as far as the cellar door. It father who had promptly and almost was locked. He heard the sound of profanely refused them permission to marry and as promptly refused to "Mother!" he yelled. Scurrying sounds give any reason for his refusal.

ested flight.

And now they were together, wingThe hum of the motor died away.
The cellar door opened, and he looked ing their way through the dusk to into his wife's twinkling face. "Will

reedom.

Many miles down the twilight road.
Nowever, something was happening hat would have given them food for "You come out here!" she pulled however, something was happening that would have given them food for

"A call from Taylor, He says his daughter is eloping with young Wharton, and that they are coming down this road; an' he wants me to stop

"You look out, Will. He will be coming fast, and if you think he will stop just because you holler at him you are mistaken; an' header." nim, you are mistaken; an' besides,

"Now, look here, mother, this ain't none of your business-an' I can stop em!"

As he went out he was a bit puz-zled just how he would do it, but uddenly it dawned upon him that in his shed was an old sign put up by the bridge boss at the time they were

"I guess that will hold 'em up, all right; and there's no way round. I'll get 'em into the house and wait till ol' Taylor comes humpin' up. Kinda hate to do it for the ol' skinflint, but I have to borrer money at his bank each year, an' it'll get me in right with him!" he reasoned with him-

The minutes passed in the that minutes usually do, kept watch down the road. about made up his mind that Taylor was on the wrong track when faint and far down the valley he saw the lifting radiance of coming lights.

Then he heard the low murmur of a many-cylindered engine.

"Here they come—though it's going to be a kind of joke on me if it is somebody else!" he muttered to him-self. Shooting over the crest of the

hill, then leveling out into two great, glowing, blinding eyes, the headlights of the car swept away the night down the road s comin' all rightmust be 'em!" Benton said in some excitement to himself.
Suddenly the lights picked up the

sign, and the car slid to a stop with

squealing brakes, while words of

sharp dismay came from the car.
Benton waited until the man in the car started to step out, then he went "Sorry, young people, but this is as far as you go on this road-

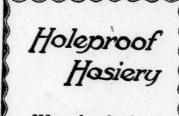
Merle's sweet voice broke in, "Oh, Mr. Benton, isn't there some way we can go around? "Nary a way, miss," he answered The young man sank back in the car seat with a groan. "Here's where a dream goes to smash, honey. Guess

ve better turn around and go back.

won't make you keep your promise

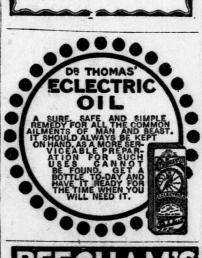
've got you into enough trouble as

"No, Dick. I have a scheme. Mr Benton, won't you take us in and hide us till we can start again—we're eloping! Father will come out this



Worn by thrifty women who want to be stylish, and stylish women who want to be thrifty

MADE IN CANADA





you and Mother Benton take us in?" Benton cleared his throat. The pathway through the night. Beneath girl's wild scheme put them in his

power without a struggle. "Sure we will, lass. Run right up to the house. Run your car in there, Mr. Wharton." When Benton and Wharton reached citement. He could feel against his shoulder the pressure of Merle's Mother Benton's arms. Mother Benton's arms.

give any reason for his refusal.

They had been patient and considerate of him, but when he tried sat down on the cellar stairs, the meant never seeing her lover again, wife had locked him in. What crazy she rebelled, and she it was who sug- stunt was she doing?

hought and fear if they had known him to the porch. The lights of the thought and fear if they had known about it.

Old Mr. Benton, reading his paper while his wife sewed, went to the proch. The lights of the car were fading far down the road.

"Will Benton, your mem'ry is mighty short. Have you forgot that fifty the said grimly to Mrs. Benton:

"Will benton, your mem'ry is mighty short. Have you forgot that fifty years ago I eloped with you when your old dad wouldn't give in?"

'em." him. He slipped an arm around her waist, and together they watched the keen, alert eyes as he drew on his

repairing the bridge just beyond the Mr. Benton drew the sign out, set it in the middle of the road and hung a lantern on each end, so the big letters of the sign, "Bridge Down," could be seen. Then he stepped aside into the shadows and waited.

Whiten, the Teeth

The gum in the red wrapper