

Zinc Found In Sea Animals

EXAMINATION by Miss H. W. Severy of Stanford University of sixteen denizens of the sea, from shrimps to whales, has demonstrated that all contain zinc and most of them copper.

"MIDNIGHT"

A Mystery Story
By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN.

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

From the ticket office, Carroll went back to headquarters, and from there to the coroner's office, and accompanied by that dignitary to the undertaking establishment where the body was being kept under police guard. Nothing had yet been touched, the inquest had resulted in a verdict of "Death by violence, inflicted by a revolver in the hands of a person unknown."

Carroll again ran through the 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 access to the baggage-room. The trunk was not there. He compared the check with the baggage-master, and learned that the trunk had duly gone to New York. He left orders for it to be returned to the city.

From there he went to the office of the division superintendent, and left a half-hour later, after an exchange of telegrams between the superintendent and the conductor of the train for New York, which informed him that the drawing-room engaged by Warren had been unoccupied, nor had there been an attempt on the part of anyone to secure possession of it. Also, that the only berth purchased on the train had been 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 ticket had been bought, had never boarded the train. The trail had doubled back again to the woman 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 — and for good."

"How so?"
"Leverage checked over his list. First, he had sublet his apartment. Second, he had with him eleven hundred dollars. 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.
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 a 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 job. Right now the man is at his boarding place on Larson street."

Carroll started for the door. "Let's go!" he suggested, laconically.

It was but a few minutes' drive from headquarters to the boarding-house of Roland Warren's former valet. Carroll parked his car at the curb, and inspected the place closely from the outside.

There was a little architectural beauty to recommend the house. It was a rambling, dilapidated, two-story structure, sadly in need of paint and repairs, and occupied by a family none too well pleased by the better things of existence. They proceeded to the

boarding-house keeper led the way up a flight of dark and twisting stairs, along a musty hall. She paused before a door at the far end. "There it is, sir —"

"You go downstairs," whispered Carroll. "If we should find you trying to listen at the keyhole."

His manner made it unnecessary to finish the threat. The woman departed, fluttering with excitement. Leverage's hand found the knob, and 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 was fighting for control. Leverage closed the door gently, and gazed at the man upon whom they had called.

William Barker was not a large man; neither was he small. He was of those men of medium height, whose physique deceives everyone save the anatomical expert. To the casual observer his weight would have been catalogued at about 140. At a glance Carroll knew that it was nearer 180. Normal breadth of shoulder was more than made up for by unusual depth of chest. Ready-made trousers bulged with the enormous muscular development of calf and thigh. The face, clean-shaven, was suffused with the fear inspired by the sudden entrance of Carroll and Leverage; and there was more than a hint of evil in it. As they watched the sullenness of expression he supplanted by a leer, and then by a mask of professional placidity — the bovine expression which one expects to find in the average specimen of masculine hired help.

The man's demeanor was a combination of abjectness and hostility. He was plainly frightened, yet striving to appear at ease.

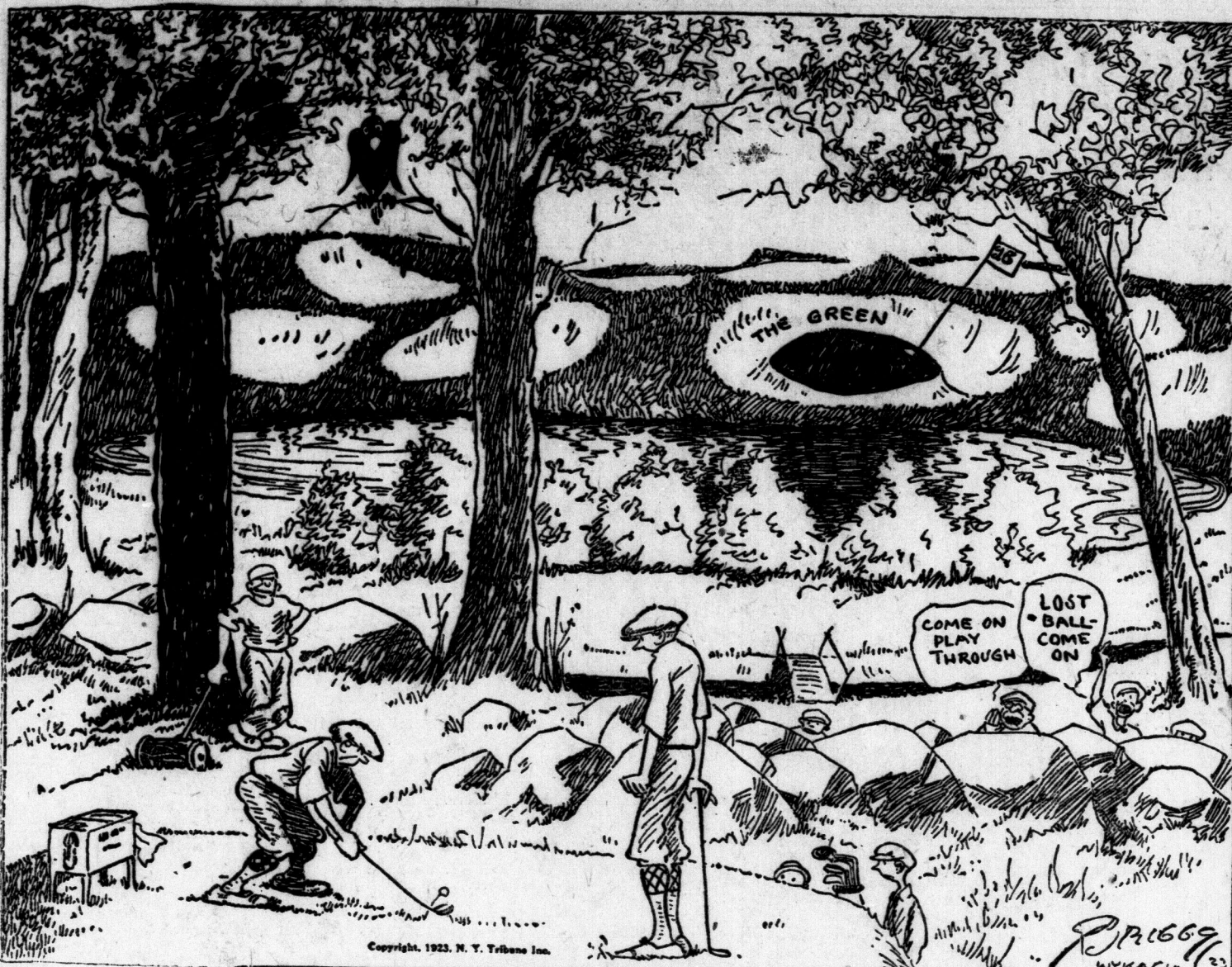
Carroll and Leverage maintained silence. Barker fidgeted nervously, and finally, when the strain became too great, burst out with:

"Who are you fellows? Whatcha want?"
Carroll spoke softly.

"William Barker?"
"What if that is my name?"
Carroll's hands spread wide. "Just wanted to be sure, that's all. You are William Barker?"
"An' what if I am? What you got to do with that?"
Carroll showed his badge.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Neutral Hazardist



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. F. Alley

"I LOVES KUNL BOB MO' BETTUHN A BROTHER —
— IN FAC', US ALLUZ.
GOT LONG TOGETHER JOES!
LAK TWO CULLUD JOES!"



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LECTION DAVE

By C. L. Funnell.

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 mailed June first stating that you need a new suit for a wedding you have got to go to and is it proper for a groom to wear a business suit at a noon wedding and then go away in the same suit without changing as the afternoon train leaves at one thirty and if so requesting us to send you a dark blue serge suit at once has been received per paragraph. 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

blue 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 for one five times which many grooms do comma so we are sending you samples of our nifty-nile gray in addition to the blue and suggest that you fill out the inclosed measurement card period.

While we have in emergencies sent suits without knowing what size the customer was we always prefer to have measurements before shipping particularly in the case of grooms for as you so neatly put it Mr. Staple it is the little details which go to make a mans wedding stick out in his memory.

Yours for the afternoon train,
THE SUPREME EMPORIUM.
Per D. D.

The CHILDREN'S HOUR

PETER RABBIT MEETS A PROUD MOTHER.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

There's nothing finer than the pride A mother vainly seeks to hide.

Peter Rabbit was over in the Green Forest. He was there just out of curiosity. He knew he should be at home in the dear Old Briar Patch. But there was so much to see and so much going on in the Green Forest that Peter felt that he just had to stay; he was afraid he would miss something.

So it happened that as he hopped rather aimlessly down the Lone Little Path he heard a sharp cluck just around a turn in the Lone Little Path.

Peter pricked up his long ears and began to hop faster. He knew that voice. It was the voice of an old friend. It was the voice of a friend he had not seen for a long time. He was so long since he had seen that friend that he had begun to wonder if anything could have happened to her.

Around the turn in the Lone Little Path scampered Peter, and stopped 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 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 see you!"

Mrs. Grouse relaxed, and the anxious look left her bright eyes. "So it's you, Peter Rabbit!" exclaimed she. "I was so glad to hear from you. Mrs. Grouse, and it was clear that she 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. I 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, in like this —"

Peter looked puzzled. He scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. He stared all around this way that 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 don't know who was coming, do you?"

Mrs. Grouse gave a low cluck, and at once, as if by magic, a dozen of the cutest, prettiest bunnies 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.

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.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

By A. W. Peach.

The lights of his car swept a golden pathway through the night. Beneath them the powerful motor hummed softly. Richard Wharton's heart was throbbing with more than usual excitement. He could feel against his shoulder the pressure of Merle's small dark head; and more than once on a straight bit of road he glanced down to catch the curve of her cheek. They were eloping — rushing away to the great city, where plans had been made already for the marriage. They had been patient and almost profusely refused permission to marry and as promptly refused to give any reason for their refusal. They had been patient and considerate of him, but when he tried to drive Merle into an agreement that meant never seeing her lover again, she rebelled, and she it was who suggested flight.

And now they were together, winging their way through the dusk to freedom.

Many miles down the twilight road, however, something was happening that they had not counted on.

Old Mr. Benton, reading his paper while his wife sewed, went to the telephone, and when he returned, he said grimly to Mrs. Benton:

"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 'em."

Mrs. Benton watched him with keen, alert eyes as he drew on his coat.

"Come fast, and if you think he will stop just because you holler at him, you are mistaken; an' besides, Wharton —"

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

As he went out, Will he was a bit puzzled just how he would do it, but suddenly it dawned upon him that in his shed was an old sign put up by the bridge boss at the time they were repairing the bridge just beyond the farm.

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.

"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 old Taylor comes humpin' up. Kinda hate to do it for the oil skiffint, but I have to borrow money at his bank each year, an' it'll get me in right with him!" he reasoned with himself.

The minutes passed in the way that minutes usually do, and he kept watch down the road and he had 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-cylindred engine.

"Here they come — though it's going to be a kind of joke on me if it is somebody else!" he muttered to himself.

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.

"Whew! He is comin' all right — must 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 up.

"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 briefly.

The young man sank back in the car seat with a groan. "Here's where a dream goes to smash, honey. Guess we better turn around and go back. I won't make you keep your promise. I've got you into enough trouble as it is."

"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 road and go back, and then we can —"

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NOVELTIES IN WEDDINGS.
At a recent English wedding the seven attendants of the bride were attired in colors representing the favorite flowers of the bride. The effect was very brilliant.

THE HAT OF HATS.
Mlle. 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.

BELLS USED BY ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS.
The Greeks and the Romans, it is said, never used bells of a large size. Yet the hour of bathing and the opening of the market-places were advertised daily by ringing bells, and it appears that small ones would scarcely have answered the purpose.