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A Magazine Page For Everyone

How to Start the Evening Wrong.

World's Most Exclusive Club

THE Jockey Club of London is probably the most exclusive club in the world. It was in 1750 that the club first took authentic action in racing matters, and since then its code has gradually

"MIDNIGHT"

of Fiction With Mystery and Romance

OCTAVUS **ROY COHEN**

It was nearly two miles from the

village to Clarissa's home. She had

all the groceries deposited on her

she explained her profession.

"And I thought you were some

When he did come to see her he told her more than that he was the son of

one of the members of the firm that

ran the chain of stores in small towns

monition that in this particular vicinity he was going to find the only girl in

"And-have you found her-yet?"

Clarissa decided that he had, and it

was not long before she had to sell out

her marketing profession to a young

(Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Maga-

Just naturally

To Spike's Amazement, His Mysterious Passenger Disappears Competely from the Taxi Cab

He pulled up short before her.

Without leaving the driver's seat, will be reached for her suitcase and put it beside him. The woman — a young woman, Spike reflected—

Young woman, Spike reflected—

The match spluttered and went of the spluttered and spluttere across the long viaduct which marks dingly dark.

the beginning of East End avenue.

He settled himself for a long a. 1

unpleasant drive. To reach 981 East for the car sheds at East End. Then five miles straight in the face of the ened

a rich fur thing of black and gray—
her handbag, her whole demeanor—
all bespoke affluence. She had probably been visiting at some little town
ably been visiting at some little town had come down on the accomthere to meet her. Anyway, Spike murder. found himself too miserable and too cold to reflect much about his pas-

He drove in a head wind. The taxicab? sleet slapped viciously against his windshield and stuck there. The patent device he carried for the purpose of clearing away rain refused to work. Spike shoved his windshield up in order to afford a vision of the asphalt ahead.

And then he grew cold in earnest. the seemed to freeze all the way through. He drove mechanically, becoming almost numb as the wind, He lost all interest in what he was

Suddenly he clamped on the brakes. It was a narrow squeak! The end of the long freight train rum.bled on into the night! Spike hadn't seen it; only the racket of the big cars as they crossed East End avenue, and then the lights on the rear of the caboose, had warned him.

He stopped his car for perhaps fifteen seconds to make sure that the crossing was clear, then started on again, a bit shaken by the narrow escape. He bumped cautiously across the railroad tracks.

The rest of the journey was a gightmare. The suburb through which he was passing seemed to have congealed. Save for the corner lights, there was no sign of life. The roofs and sidewalks glistened Occasionally the car struck a bump and skidded danger-Spike had forgotten his passenger, forgotten the restaurant, the coffee, the weather itself. He only unbearably cold.

Then he began taking note of the houses. There was No. 916. He looked ahead. These were houses of the poorer type-the homes of laborhandsomely-dressed woman such a poor neighborhood-

He came to a halt before a dilapidated bungalow which squatted dark-ly in the night. Stiff with cold, he reached his, hand back to the door on the right of the car, and with difficulty opened it. Then he spoke:

"Here y're, miss. No. 981! Still no answer. Spike clambered stiffly from the car, circled to the curb, and stuck his head in the door.

'Here, miss-Spike stepped back. Then he again

'Well, I'll be--"

The thing was impossible, and yet was true. Spike gazed at the The woman had disappeared! The thing was absurd-impossible had seen her get into the cab at the Union Station. There, in front the car, was her suitcase; but -disappeared complete -vanished without leaving a sign. Snike found a match and lighted it.

Holding it cupped in his hands, he peered within the cab. Then he recoiled with a cry of horror.

For, huddled on the floor, he dis cerned the body of a man!

CHAPTER II. The Suit Case Opened.

The barren trees which lined the broad, deserted thoroughfare jutted starkly into the night, waving their menacing, ice-crusted arms. The December gale, sweeping westward, shricked through the glistening branches. It shrieked warning and horror, howled and sighed, sighed

Spike Walters felt suddenly ill. He forgot the cold, and was conscious of a fear which acted as a temporary anesthesia. For a few seconds he stood staring, until the match which he held burned out and scorched the flesh of his fingers.

His jaw dropped-his eyes widened He opened his lips and tried to speak, but closed them again without having red a sound save a choking gasp He tried again, feeling an urge for speech — something, anything, to make him believe that he was here alive - that the horror within the cab was real. This time he uttered

an "Oh. my God!" The words seemed to vitalize him. He fumbled for another match, found it, and lighted it within the cab. It seemed to have the radiance of an

Spike had hoped that his first im pression would prove to be a mere figment of his imagination; but now was no doubting. There, sprawled in an ugly, inhuman heap the floor, head resting against the ore of a man. There was no doubt called you. that he was dead. Even Spike, young ontimistic, and unversed in the ways of death as he was, knew that he was alone with a corpse.

idened to investigate with fear and

the man was of high social station They were obviously expensive "Yes." Her tone was almost curt. clothes-probably tailor-made. The She had her hand on the door han- big coat, open at the top, was flung ble before Spike could make a move to alight. "Drive to 981 East End arenue."

ble before Spike could make a move back. Beneath, Spike discerned a gray tweed—and on the breast of the gray tweed was a splotch, a dark.

stepped inside and slammed the door.

Spike fed the gas and started, whirling south on Atlantic avenue for two blocks, and then turning to his left from the street, were dark, forbid-

End avenue he had to drive nearly he was alone again-alone and fright-

He felt the necessity for action And then he found himself wondering about the woman. Her coatairch fur thing of black and gray—her handbag, her whole demeanor—her handbag, her whole demeanor—with the body. The body was in his with the body. The body was in his

Of course, he knew he didn't do The woman had committed the

Spike swore. He had almost forgotten the woman. Where was she How had she managed to leave the taxicab? When had the man, who now lay sprawled in the cab, entered

He had driven straight from the Union Station to the address given by the woman-straight down East End avenue turning neither to right nor left. The utter impossibility of the situation robbed it of some of its

Spike knew that he must do some thing. He tried to think connectedly unimpeded now, struck him squarely, and found it a difficult task. Near him loomed the shadow which was doing or where he was going. He No. 981 East End avenue—the adcalled himself a fool for having left dress given by the woman when she the cozy warmth of the White Star entered the cab. He might go in the told himself—
there and report the circumstances. Someone there would know who she was, and-but he hesitated.

Perhaps this thing had been pre arranged. Perhaps they would get him-for what he didn't know When a man-a young man-comes face to face with murder for the first time, making its acquaintance on a freezing December midnight be blamed if his mental equilibrium s destroyed

Wild plans chased each other through his brain. He might dump the body by the roadside and run back to town. That was absurd on the face of it, for he would be convicting himself when the body was found. It would be traced to him n some way-he knew that. He was from No. 981 East End avenue. There was something sinister in the unfriendly shadow of the rambling house. He might call the police.

That was t-he would call the police. But how? Go into a house near by, wake the residents, telephone headquarters that a murder had been done? borhood, and identify himself with situated on the outer edge of the crime? Spike was afraid, frankly and boyishly afraid-afraid present, and more afraid of the future.

And yet he knew that he must get in touch with the police, else the police would eventually get in touch He thought then of taking the body in to headquarters but he feared that his cab might be stopped en route to the city and the what I shall do. body discovered. They would never "Hold connection a minute!" believe, then, that he had been bound Spike heard a hurried whispered

groped his way across the icy street coming, and coming fast!" and pressed the bell button on the It was Dan O'Leary, night desk front door of the least unprepossess- sergeant, who was on duty at heading house on the block.

swer. Finally a light shone in the institution on the city's force. hall, and the skinny figure of a man, shivering violently despite the the office of Eric Leverage, the chief blanket-robe which enfolded him, appeared in the hallway. He flashed

"Yes. What do you want?" At sound of a human voice, Spike immediatetly felt easier. The fact that he could converse, that he had shed his terrible loneliness, steadied him as nothing else could have done. He was surprised at his own calmness, at the fact that there was scarcely a quaver in the voice with

which he answered the man. "I'm Spike Walters," he said, with surprising quietness. "I'm a driver for the Yellow and White Taxi Company. My cab is 92,381. I have a man in my cab who has been badly injured. I want to telephone to the

The little householder opened the door wider, and Spike entered. Cold as the house was, from the standpoint of the man within, its loldover warmth was a godsend to Spike's thoroughly chilled body. The little man designated a

phone on the wall, then started neryously as central answered, and Spike barked a single command into the transmitter:

"Police station, please!" "Police?

"Never you mind, sir," Spike told the householder. "Hello! Police! he called to the operator There was a pause, then Spike

"This is Spike Walters-Yellow and White Taxi Company. I'm out at No. 981 East End avenue. There's a dead man in my cab!'

became suddenly alive. "A dead man? "Who is he?" "I don't know. That's why

Spike controlled himself with an "Don't you understand? He has "The devil you say!" replied the

voice at headquarters, and the little householder chimed in with a

A Real Detective Story Told By a Master

NOW FOR A NICE COZY EVENING AT WELL MILLICENT WILLARD WHAT IT'S A FINE LITTLE HOME ISN'T IT VAS THE NAME OF HOME -- A RAINY NIGHT LIKE THIS THAT LEADING MAN AND A GOOD! WHO PLAYED IN SARAH FROM SYRACUSE" BOOK - OH WHY THAT WAS CAW TAHT -H-HU-LET ME THINK-THAT WAS -- UH AND SO THE EVENING WAS IRREPARABLY RUINED! OH DEAR IT WAS MISH WE I KNOW IT AS I KNOW IT AS I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SOMETHING COULD WELL AS ANY-WELL AS I KNOW ASK ME TO REMEMBER LINE 'LEE' THINK THING -- WHY Y OWN NAME NAMES --- I CAN'T OF IT WASN'T ANDERSON- HENDERS I'VE GOT IT QUIT TRYING TO IT ? REMEMBER THIS CHARS NAME THE I CAN'T GET MY RIGHT ON THE END OF MY TONGUE MIND ON MY

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS By J. P. Alley

DE MO' MONEY HIT TAKE T' KETCH A HUSBAND, DE MO' HE AIN' V'UTH IT.



for headquarters.

Almost before he knew that he had the voice barked back at him: "Stay at a decision, Spike had where you are-couple of officers

ng house on the block.

For a long time there was no anDan O'Leary was a good deal of an hopped excitedly from his desk into of police.

on the porch light from inside and heavy-set, bushy-eyebrowed indi- ished as she deserved to be. grabbed a salute from thin air.

O'Leary was never long at coming to the point. Leverage looked up. littlest fish, and so, too, did the boyish, clean-shaven young man with whom he was play-

I hopped right in."

chief, phlegmatically. there, Carroll-dead to rights!" O'Leary was a trifle irritated at the cold reception accorded his news. "Ye ain't afther understandin', said slowly. "It's murder that has been done this night."

"H-m!" Carroll's slow, pleasant

Still, Littlest Bear tagged along be-

drawl seemed to soothe O'Leary. 'Murder? "You said it. Mr. Carroll."

Leverage had risen. It was plain to be seen from his manner that the chess game was forgotten. Leverage was a policeman first and a chessplayer second—a very poor second. His voice, surcharged with interest, cracked out into the room. 'Spill the dope, O'Leary!"

The night desk sergeant needed no second bidding. In a few graphic words he outlined his telephone conversation with Spike Walters.

Mother Bear didn't wait. This fact angered Littlest Bear still more.

"It's because she doesn't care about rsation with Spike Walters.

Before he finished speaking Lever age was slipping into his enormous overcoat. He nodded to Carroll. "How about trotting out Carroll smiled agreeably.

"Thank goodness, my new coupe has a heating device, chief." That was all. It wasn't David Carroll's way to talk much, or to show any untoward emotion. It was Carroll's very boyishness which was stepping into a case before the prin-cipals knew he was there, and of

DICTATION DAVE

By C. L. Funnell.

graph.

Difficult as it is to tell you what

your trouble is by mail comma our of your farm hands has made the mistake of filling the boiler of the stationary steam engine comma which took five hours o get upesteam comma smelled like

Miss Hopper, take a letter to Mr. something other than water period W. Corncutter, Cornucopia, New | If the hard yellow substance which Dear Mr. Corncutter, colon your stationary steam engine blev aragraph. Out of its safety valve tastes like
Your letter telling about the peculiar action of the stationary steam it smells like rice pudding burning engine which you bought from us also smells like custard burning we which you say took five hours to get believe comma and this belief is up steam comma smelled like rice borne out by your statement that pudding burning comma and which when you pulled the whistle cord your blew a couple of pounds of hard yel- stationary steam engine did not substance out of the safety whistle but moved comma we believe valve has been received period para- that someone has filled your stationary steam engine with milk.

Yours for milk in the milk cans THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM,

Per...D. D. P period S period. The engine we sold you is a stationary steam engine not a stationary cream engine

which blew a hard yellow substance (Copyright, 1923, by North American

SULKY LITTLEST BEAR RUNS

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. No one loves a sulky face, For such there'll never be a place.

-Mother Bear.

Littlest Bear was the most abused little Bear that ever lived. At least that is what she thought, or pre tended to think. Right down in her heart she knew better. She knew that she wasn't abused at all. She Chief Leverage, a broad-shouldered knew that she had simply been punpeered through the glass door. Apparently reassured, he cracked the board, annoyed at this interruption to think themselves abused when of a game which had been in progress unexpectedly they are punished. It since 10 o'clock that night. O'Leary was just so with Little Bar. So Littlest Bear sulked and sulked

"Scuse my botherin' ve, chief, but as she tagged along after Mother there's hell to pay out at the East Bear and Brother and Sister. Brother but Littlest Bear had had only the littlest fish, and that was hardly

"I hate them! I do so. I hate quite out of breath, and until her them!" said Littles Bear to herself. ing chess.

"An' knowin' that Mr. Carroll was Of course, she didn't do anything of playin' chess with ye, chief-an' him them!" said Littlest Bear to herself. playin chess with ye, there all make herself think she did. "I'll go For that matter, big Bears way off where they will never see me say you did!" commented the phlegmatically. "I have you carroll—dead to rights!"

way on where they will be again, and then I guess they will be sorry," she continued. "Yes, sir, I'll run way, way, way off. I'll run way. way, way, off where they'll never see me again. Perhaps Mother Bear will he hunt and hunt and hunt, and she'll small Bear, and she was very

> hind. It was one thing to say that she would run away, and quite another thing to do it. But she kept She tried to make herself believe that Mother Bear was walking too fast. Mother Bear was walking fast, but Littlest Bear could have kept up without any trouble if she had want ed to. She kept expecting Mother Bear to wait for her, as Mother Bear had been in the habit of doing. But

> me any more," grumbled Littlest
> Bear to herself. "She don't care
> what becomes of me. If she did, she
> would wait for me. I'll run away. I Littlest Bear sat down. Mother

Bear and Brother and Sister were out of sight. Littlest Bear waited a few minutes to see if Mother Bear would come back. Mother Bear did-n't. Littlest Bear started off in an-other direction as fast as her short Carroll's very boyishness which was legs would take her. She actually his greatest asset. He had a way of was running away. Yes, sir, she

She didn't pay any attention to with the terrific cold of the night. Householder chimed in with a could not quite bring himself to touch the body, but he did not need to move it to see that murder had been done.

The clothes told him instantly that

The could not quite bring himself to touch the body, but he did not need to move it to see that murder had been done.

The clothes told him instantly that

The could not quite bring himself to touch the body, but he did not need to move it to see that murder had been done.

The clothes told him instantly that

The could not quite bring himself to touch the body, but he did not need frightened squeak.

"Yes," repeated Spike, painstakingly in a manner which savored where she was going. There was not at all of flamboyance. A quiet man was Carroll, and one whose detailed in that foolish little man was Carroll, and one whose detailed in the touch the body, but he did not need in with a following it in a manner which savored not at all of flamboyance. A quiet man was Carroll, and one whose detailed in the find the



Littlest Bear waited a few minutes to see if Mother Bear would

Then she climbed a tree.

Bears always feel safer in a tree seem to feel safer in a tree. So lit-tlest Bear climbed a tree where she found a comfortable seat in a crotch and prepared to take a rest. did. You know she was still a very She was asleep almost before she had had time to wonder if Mother Bear

The next story: "Littlest Bear Is

Oxford's Ancient Recipe For Wassail. Oxford claims to have the original

recipe for wassail bowl, used cen-turies ago: Put into a bowl half a pint of Lisbon sugar (probably ordinary coarse sugar, such as we had in war-time) and pour on it one meg and some ginger into it; add four glasses of sherry and five additional pints of beer; stir it well a corner at the back of the meeting and sweeten to your taste; let it stand covered for three hours, then stand covered for three hours, then put three or four slices of bread, cut thin and toasted brown, into it, and the drink is ready for use. It is the way the women acted in the "big the shape of his hands and had caught tents" of the chief. But there's just this thing about the London women the drink is ready for use. the drink is ready for use. It is only fair to the Elizabethans enjoyed this drink to say that their beer was probably very different from the beverage served under that name nowadays.

Think of the hundred and one little



Aunt Samantha back again after a the things that have to go to the villong, long silence. I guess you will take the children's shoes to the cob wonder what has got me started. It's bler. All this for a quarter, only reading all the election news in the

I see the London Liberals are meeting this evening. Thursday, to nom- ers will reap the benefit. Do you see inate a candidate. I do hope they Aunt Emily? will put up a good temperance man "It seems to back Mr. Wellington Hay who has dear And it costs so little party to support the O. T. A. and en- vou. jority of the people call for a refer- make a "st of the persons who she all the years I've worked to and explained her purpose. make this province a safe and happy | Inside of four weeks she had more

place for women and children, and most break my heart to see things wives on her list. slip back to the way they were beare away ahead of what they were daily.
before, and what they will be if Fer-

in the country, why I don't belong going?" to the U. F. O. Well, it's just like The call a confirmed democrat. I be-lieve in everybody having a square deal and equal chance at running affairs, provided them I have deserved. I fear," explained. "I hope you won't man affairs, provided them to be a fair to be a fa onest. I don't think it's fair for farmers to want to run the governnent, any more than I would think not but she could not see how any it was fair for doctors or lawyers. new manager could make himself as Say, wouldn't there be a nice hubbub if the ministers all got together and said they should run as a party and said they should run as a party for parliament because they didn't tesy was the object of every clerk. think the churches were getting a On Monday Clarissa began h think the churches were getting a hought they were entitled? Well, that's the way I feel about a

farmer government, or a farmer-labor overnment, as they call it. Its isn't fair all round. I see women are running in the

election in Toronto, and I hope they will get there, too. Sakes alive, there's 10 o'clock striking, and I've got to be up at 5 in the know when to stop when I get started on politics, prohibition, or tatting patterns. He started calling me Samantha, on account of my taking the part of Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers when they were fighting way to her shabby jitney standing at for the vote in the old country before the war. I got back by nicknaming him Josiah, which, of course, sn't his real name any more than Samantha is mine. Fortunately, he's there was a better one at Liberal, too, though I noticed signs through with that, though, since Drury made up with J. J.

Well, good-night, Cynthia and Box-AUNT SAMANTHA. And now we're almost ready for another letter, Aunt Samantha, to tell

us what you thought about Thursday night's meeting, from the account in the paper. Cynthia Grey popped into who They are staunchly Liberal-hearted their and they're firm behind the O. T. A., and they're willing to think politics from the word "go," but they are just "womanly" enough women to prefer to be "wanted" rather than "want." They are willing to work like Trojans for the Liberal cause, but they aren't going to try to take their places inside the big council tent until they are very sure that the me run them—and you—home and see that this goes to the garage for "big chiefs" want them. But in the meanwhile they're going to work, work!

"It was purely business," Clarissa way in which to support myself. I insisted. "Perhaps you'd let me come to see shall not let my mind rest until it you some evening and explain to you just what the business means to mecomes to me with a bright and promjust why I am taking personal charge of each store in turn to find out its Aunt Emily was a little old-fashrequirements. Would you be interioned, but she did believe in concen-Clarissa nodded. "I'd love to know."

aunt with whom she was living in the suburban town "I know I can find a kind?"

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

of life, the hardships due to having aunt's front stoop, and then and there

"But," she was explaining to the horribly rich person who would not even know that I existed," said the

the world.

asked Clarissa,

"Have I?"

woman in the town.

CLARISSA MARKETING PROJECT. that Clarissa accepted the offer.

tration, and if Clarissa seemed a trifle absent-minded in the next few days it was because she was searching the realms of possibilities for her own material future, and her aunt sympathized with her mood.

By RUBY DOUGLAS.

Clarissa Hurd was experiencing, for

the first time in her twenty-odd years

an insufficient income and no training

suburban town, "I know I can find a

in any wage-earning work.

ising idea."

"I have it-I have it," she almost shouted one afternoon as she dashed in at the back door, letting in a flood of red sunlight from the fast-disappearing disc of fire. Aunt Emily was getting supper-

they still had supper, as did many others in the surburban settlement, where the men folks came home at noon from factory or store for noonday dinner.
"You might be going in for the

movie business the way you are gyrating around," dryly remarked "No, Aunt Emily—not yet. I'm going to turn this old jitney that father

ing to turn this old lithey that lattice left to me as his only bequest into a means of making a living."

Aunt Emily was curious. "How so?"

"I'm going to start a little profession of my own—house marketing. Most of the people up here in this settlement have to go on the trolley car to ment have to go on the trolley car to the village to market. It costs them fourteen cents for carfare, but they have often told me it pays them to go for their things even then. And in the new shops in the village there is no delivery, but the groceries, meats and vegetables are marked far below those sold in the stores that have a delivery system and a tele-

Clarissa was growing enthusiastic she felt her aunt's understanding

of her project. "I propose to go to the neighbors. one by one, and tell them that I will call at their homes every morning of twice a week as they see fit, and get Inside the Big Tent.

Dear Cynthia Grey,—Well, here's I'll take the laundry, collars and all all the time and trouble saved for the housewife. I'll get the best of attention from the stores, and the custom-

"It seems like a feasible idea, my come right out plain and pledged his that car, and pa takes care of it for

thought would appreciate her ser-Yes, I'm a White Ribboner, and vices. One by one she called on the than half a dozen families a day on a better one for the men, it would al- an average, and numbered 40 house

fore. Essex County, where I live. Clarissa did most of her ordering, she has had a lot of unpleasant notoriety was well liked, as much for her has had a lot of unpleasant notoriety was well liked, as much for her about boot-legging and that sort of charming personality as for the thing, but let me tell you conditions business she brought to the shop

"Miss Hurd, we are having a nev guson and his "beer and wine" and manager in here next week." said "abolish the O. T. A." backers get in Mr. Andrews, the young man who had been taking care of her Clarissa's face fell. "Oh, are you

The young man blushed. "Yes. this, Cynthia, I guess I'm what you'd have been made manager of a chain. "They have promoted me faster affairs, provided they have the in- the lack of my personal attention to telligence and common sense and are your orders keep you away from the store."
Clarissa assured him that she would

young Mr. Andrews. The place was clean, everything was fresh and coursquare deal in the country and the day's work with a big list of orders ninisters all the wages to which they contrary to custom. She sat down or the wooden stool and got out marketing list and pencil.

"Have you been served?" she heard voice at her elbow ask. She turned to look into warm golen brown eyes and a smiling face. He was a stranger.
"No—thank you. Not yet." The

young man took the place opposite her at the counter and filled her order uickly, with a quick understanding of the new stock. He was manager, Robert Underwood. He was the new "I'll have the things put in your car, madam," he said when the order

was ready. Clarissa thanked him and led the the curb.
Mr. Underwood looked at the car

s if he quite understood that was merely the service car and that haps many. No one would be making such a big order if she owned only this ragged-looking jitney. Clarissa thought she understood the expression and decided to have a lite fun playing the grande dame to

store manager. she made him think she For weeks was a wealthy young woman, quit out of his class, he had decided. With eservations he referred to his own

One morning when they were loading Clarissa's big order into her old

tire was flat. "Oh, dear," she sighed. "And thes groceries are late now."

Robert Underwood came quickly to her rescue. "I happen to have my car

sity that she be on time so important

