## New York's "Sleepy Hollow"

USTLING, bustling New York hurries to and from its toil, ignorant of its own little "Sleepy Hollow," which is tucked away in one little unknown corner of Greenwich Village, and is known as "Minetta Place."

# A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Days of Real Sport.

### They Must Tell the Truth

FIGHT Vienna newspapers have been convicted for printing advertisements as reading matter without designating them with the required symbol. The newspapers were fined and the proceeds from the advertising declared forfeited to the governmnt.

# THE STRANGER" A Gripping Story of Love Triumphant Over the Plots of a Master Criminal

# BY JOHN **GOODWIN**

## Philip At Last Learns the True Identity of His Mysterious Friend, Goodenough.

Philip stared up dazedly at the will agree, an important sum of face that looked down into his.

"Goodenough" gasped Philip feebly: "you!"

will agree, an important sum of money, and your wife was robbed of it by blackmailers. From those inefficient thieves I took it—the method

ly: "you!"
Then everything spun around, his senses left him.

CHAPTER XCVI.

But it was a hard material floor that he sat upon, in a bare and dirty room, and a material wall against which his back rested. Then came remembrance and instantly his hand shot to his breast pocket, that had ciates. The combat, Mottisfont, was bulged with the mass of papers he had stowed there.

in an easy attitude upon the mantein an easy attitude upon the manter-piece, where, by the light of a couple of inches of candle, he was attentively reading these same papers that Mot-tisfont had missed.

Philip sprang across and gripped 'What are you doing?" cried Philip flercely. "Give me those!" Goodenough handed them to him

with a curt bow. "I have finished them," he said. "My congratulations, Mottisfont. A unforeseen one. Your conduct of the case is masterly — masterly! With only arrived in London this evening. this in hand there is the soundest hope that you will establish your

wife's innocence and free her. Philip went over the papers swiftly to insure that none were missing, buttoned them inside his coat and buttoned them inside his coat and to judge what the thing meant. It was necessary for me to see you as

an air of one who soothes a fractious the briefs and read them; it saves time and explanation. Those papers

Mottisfont, concern me even more nearly than they concern you."
"In heaven's name, Goodenough." cried Philip, "tell me who you are and what you are doing here! What does it all mean? Your very iden-

it that my most private papers are you in Bailey!
Bailey!

stopped short. Goodenough Goodenough's pushy eyestimes take stopped short. Goodenough ed themselves, and his brooding eyes was looking at him with a faintly met Philip's.

"Will you?" he replied quietly, "but of affection. Philip reddened to the I think not.

"Goodenough," he said, "I beg your pardon. I am hardly myself or I should not have forgotten so soon that but for you I should have dead man. That at least is You saved my life and at the risk of your own. I thought, when you got hold of me, that we were both done for.'

"It had rather that appearance, at the moment," said Goodenough, "It is absurd to speak of thanks in

such a crisis, isn't it? I owe you my life, and beyond that, a debt greater than I can repay," said Philip, and he Goodenough looked at it for a mo-

two strong men, seemed

will carry you at once in medias res honor. Now hear mine. To me also —right into the thick of it. How Joan's security and happiness stand well old Horace puts these things. You got my warning, before I sailed?

it was I who sent it.' "And it was you," said Philip, almost accusing, "who sent me that twenty thousand pounds." Goodenough bowed. "I had that honor. It was, youeven yours."

Then everything spun around, does not matter—and since Joan Motthere was a buzzing in his ears and his senses left him.

does not matter—and since Joan Mottisfont's need of it was greater than mine. I restored it to her husband. He never found wanting. Him alone, I

the dim return of consciousness and the sense of tragedy past everything seemed so unreal that he wondered vaguely if he were dead and had passed into another world.

But it was a hard material for the dim trust."

"Then," cried Philip, "you know the whole facts about those scoundards. I am certain, though I cannot prove it, that Bell and Norman Vaille are the men, and it was they who blackmailed Lady Tallbois.

They were gone!
Philip staggered to his feet and for the first time became aware of the tall form of Goodenough, leaning have come within an age of winning. Hence the affair of the Knayth neck lace—hence the fact that your flat is in ashes, and they are at this moment probably congratulating themselves He smiled grimly at Philip.

"I confess, I did not foresee this," he added, "that house is a death trap. It is old and dry; a few cans of petrol among the stores of paper the basement-and there you are. did not think they would choose such crude means. Those men are my

you, Mottisfont? I sailed for the States, and on the voyage news of this infamous poisoning charge reached us by wireless. I returne from the Azores, for I was well able "I don't know what you are driving at." he said. "What does it all mean:
You took those papers from me\_!"
"I will apologize, if that is what you want." replied Goodenough, with an air of one who southes a fractions. child. "You were in no condition to of which I should have made a better offer them to me, you know. I took job than you did. At climbing I have not may could in the two homispheres." not my equal in the two hemispheres A vulgar accomplishment but a use ful one. Then came the fire—and what you have been pleased to call the rescue. Thus we come up to date and I have put the facts in your

"There is one you have left out does it all mean? Your very identity is a mystery to me and always has been. Who are you?"

"Your landlord, I believe," replied the stranger.

Philip stared around him at the bare room and the closed door.

"You are wondering where you are now in a room on the upper floor, at a considerable distance from the considerable distance from the

now in a room on the appear of the a considerable distance from the distance from the distance from the distance you landed in. There is no "You!" answered Philip with swift the light 1. place you landed in. There is no danger of the fire spreading to this building and not much, I should say, of our being disturbed unless the salvage corps searches the place. I took the liberty of carrying you here, for it is necessary that we should say few words to each other."

"You!" answered Philip with swift determination. "You are the link I wanted to complete my case. You, who can prove Vaille's connection with it—you, who can throw the final light of truth on all that remains dark! I have not dared to "It is indeed!" said Philip hotly.
"What brings you here at such a time and for whom are you acting in this black business? And how comes it that my most private responses to the proof. But now I've found you, be very sure that tomorrow I will have you in the witness how I will have

Philip's jaw stiffened, his eyes be

came hard.
"But I say yes!" he answered. "! will have your testimony. It may be that your own hands are not clean. What is it that you fear?

unknown to me. But there are su- Lord Tallbois of Knayth." for me to appear in court. And I

will not do so."

Mottisfont stepped hearer to him saved my life, but even that "Goodenough." I shall set on one side. You will not escape me. Whatever the consequences to yourself, you will have to Goodenough looked at it for a moment.

"I wonder." he said under his breath, "whether you would do that —if you knew what you have shortly to learn?"

Suddenly stretching out his long arm he took Philip's hand in a tight grip. As they looked each other in the eyes a swift touch of sympathy, as between two strong men seemed.

Quences to yourself, you will have to bear them, for you are necessary to me. That's final. Listen. For me, before heaven and earth, only one thing counts—my wife's safety and her innocence. My own liberty of life: of these, or a fundred other things, do not weigh a straw in the balance. I consider only the woman I love and defend."

The tall man nodded.

The tall man nodded.
"An admirable confession of faith, "And now," said Goodenough, "I Mottisfont, and one that does you He recoiled from the man in sheer lill carry you at once in medias res honor. Now hear mine. To me also horror. alone. For that I strive: life means nothing else to me. To lift her from the slough that holds her I would the slough that holds her I would philip. "Now, I see very clearly give my neck without a second's hesitation. I go further than you, I vould sacrifice any life that stood in the path if it would help her-yes,

KUNL BOB AX ME EF I THINKS IT GWINE DO HIM ENNY GOOD T' GO T' CHUCH NEX' SUNDAY-WELL, IT NEVUH HAVE!

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. P. Alley



Philip drew a sharp breath as he stared into Goodenough's face. "Who are you?" he cried; "enough of this mystery! You do not leave

this room till you have told me!" "The time has come for you to hear it. I will tell you what I would tell "Let us choose our phrases," said it. I will tell you what I would tell Goodenough. "Fear is a thing quite no one else living—honest man. I am

and to do with a madman. Surely like the angels they are! Goodenough was insane? And yet, as looked into the speaker's eyes, a

companion quietly; "you are laughing voices of the children! rp enough to recognize the truth Henry—That's it exactly! T sharp enough to recognize the truth Henry—That's it exactly! Think when you hear it. My birth name is how much happier you'd be if they William Tallbois, later known to the were your own children. Witham Tantons, later known to the police as Jim Carcy. And as Sergt.

Le Mesurier of the foreign legion I Henry—Yes, dear. You know I member, we're to be marriam believed to have fallen in France.

Worship you and want you to be my children will be different!

Laura—No. no! I—I'v not hunt me down, since it does not dream that I exist. Yet I stand beore you in the flesh. I am Joan's

Philip's face went deathly white

CHAPTER XCVII. The Riddle Answered. "I believe you," at last muttered hillp. "Now, I see very clearly

The man remained silent. Ther was a pause.

"And I have only this to say," con tinued Philip hoarsely; "it is not to be supposed that you can feel shame. One can but wonder how providence allows such human devils as you to exist. It makes me sick to think I am in the same room with you!" A spasm contracted the older man's features. He bowed his head. "All that," he said gently, "is per-fectly true. I offer no defense, Mottisfont. If there is a hell beyond

# THE ETERNAL OUESTION

family of my own some day— Laura—I can't understand people darlings!

Henry-I'm glad the rector didn't come with youand the Sungay School tendent, but at the last minute they it back there. Henry-Well, I can't say I'm sorry.

I'll have you all to myself after we start the children playing—here we Laura-Come, children, pile your packages under this tree. Run along now and show what little ladies and gentlemen vou are!

Henry-Yes, you're out in the country now and you can play just Laura-Isn't it wonderful here with

the shady willows, the running brook, the little lake, and the chil Henry-By jove! It's like heaver

being out in the beautiful country with you all alone! Laura-Isn't it heavenly-and a Philip's first conviction was that he the dear little children playing around Henry—You are always thinking of the children. It's time you were dreadful tremor of doubt ran through thinking of yourself—your future—him.

Laura—"My future?" Why, I "I do not offer you proofs," said can't imagine my future without the

Laura-Oh! This is all so very

Henry-Yes, my wife! Laura-Oh-Oh-It's time to call

the children for lunch! Henry-Here they come now

Kitty-Well Grace and Jim stuck Laura-I invited both the rector their fingers in it to get the berries and the Sunday School superin- and it was all smashed, so I just left

> Henry-Now, it's all right! Don't children will be children! Laura—But I can't imagine happened to the little darlings to make them do such dreadful things!

Laura-Here comes a man-Oh, I ope nothing's happened! Farmers-Say! onsible for that blankety-blank lot about the song of a robin when all of hoodlums? Laura-You-you mean the chil-

ren? Why yes, where are they? Farmer-"Where are they." W Why they've let all my chickens loose and unhitched the old mare, and-Laura-Impossible! Farmer-And now I caught 'em

down at the creek tryin' to drown the calf! Get 'em away from here and be quick about it! Henry-Weil, here we are-home

again at last. Do try to forget the Laura-Oh, it's been terrible! never knew children could be like

Henry-Don't worry, dear! Renember, we're to be married and our Laura-No. no! I-I've changed my mind-at least for the present. I-I seem to have lost interest in chil-Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger Company.

BOXER GROWS SULKY. By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

A sulky person is a boré; Nothing less and nothing more. -Old Mother Nature.

covered the real reason why they been his old home. Ye had been turned out of their old all the blame on them.

misery you have brought upon others!"

"And that also," murmured Goodenough.

"Of whom," continued Philip, his voice pitiless as steel, his eyes fixed at the other's face in loathing, "your daughter is the victim and the sacrifice. Joan's only fault is that she must own you for a father. You, who left her without even a name! You, who left her without even a name! You, who dishonored her mother and threw the child adrift to bear the burden!"

(Copyright, 1922, by King Features Syndicate.)

I leads to anger, to sulkiness, there. If ever I catch them I'll make the most, and they fine sulkiness. If ever I catch them a lesson. I guess they'll teach them a lesson. I guess t

was jealous anger. He felt that he and Woof-Woof had been very badly treated in being sent out in the Great World to make their own way. They hadn't, you know. They were that he was a very much abused big enough to take care of them- young Bear. He thought only of him-Boxer, the young Bear who, with his twin sister Woof-Woof had been sent out to make places for themselves in the Great World, had discovered the real reason why they had been turned out of their old

Henry—I love little girls and boys.

Laura—On, had the salad—where is it?

I'll be frank with you, Laura—I'm had the salad—where is it?

Nellie—It fell in the brook, Miss is a robin singing just the sweetest Laura, so I fed it to the cows!

Laura—I can't understand people known don't love children—the little who don't love children—the little do! Kitty, what did you do with the window as I am writing this letter.

Laura—oh, dear! What shall I window as I am writing this letter.

Song you ever heard outside my was limitless and their enthusiasm and ill-spending vanished. The Mrs strawberry shortcake I gave you to Do Aunt Nannie's lilies stay in the ignorance. If they had known accurcarry?

Clares, the Miss Lanes and many and all winter, or do you plant which they were daring the control of the came crowding about Jennie in the came crowding about Jennie in the control of the came crowding about Jennie in the came crowd

them every year? TRUE BRETON. They had come, seen and spent in Suppose you ask Aunt Nannie hope of a distant victory, never voice stayed with her. Mar

BOX

A Rattle-That's All.

been asking me how to plant them worry. They had enough to eat-and and so on, but I am just as ignorant as the rest of you about them-and also just as curious. Aunt Nannie's description of them sounded perfect-ly lovely, didn't it? But I shall be questions as to church affiliations or Henry—By the way, where are able to have a look at them when hey? There's not one in sight! the photos of the gardens begin to come in. Indeed, it is nice to hear robin, True Breton, and right now Are you two re- it is hard for me to imagine anything

I can hear is the rattle of a type writer Now, About Painting.

Where are some of our artistic friends among the Boxites? A Drumboxite writes to ask if anyone can enlighten her on "French Pen Painting," or could let her see a sample of firmly tied down to such mundane things as postage stamps and addressed envelopes to be of much assistance in a case like this, but I am sure someone will help us. I am sending you the lily seeds, Drumboxite, and would be more than pleased to have the datura and Rose of Sharon seeds.

We have plenty of morning glory. "The Bride's Trousseau." Have any of the Boxites a copy o "The Bride's Trousseau?" equests have been sent in for this and yet no one seems able to supply it. With June in the offing, I expect I shall be having a great many pros-pective brides writing to ask me what are trousseau necessities, so readers, if you have any regard for Cynthia Grey and her peace of mind you will send me the list.

Stranger. Stranger neglected to inclose he address, so I cannot forward the seeds she asked for.

the more sulky he became. He felt

the grave it can be no worse than I have endured here. If I have sinned, I have suffered to the uttermost frontiers of suffering. It is very just."

"You!" cried Philip fiercely. "What does it matter what you endure? I am thinking of the suffering and the ing that can take possession of enters!"

"And that also," murmured Good"And that also," murmured Good"Mother Bear. There were new babies there. Yes, sir, there law babies there. Yes, sir, there law babies there. Boxer's nose was out of joint, as the saying is, instead of being pleased, he was igalous.

"It's all their fault," he kept muttering to himself, as he provided about in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go very near the old windfall. "It is all their datout in the Green Forest, always taking care never to go ve

# THE DAILY SHORT STORY

"He'll be meeker—now we wo-men vote," Mrs. Clare flung back, with a toss of her head.

sions so expanding and expensive?"
"I do declare it seems to me the church ought to look into this." Mrs. Clare hedged. Said Miss Lane: "How could it-

when the Macklin crew don't belong anywhere?" After a breath she went on: "Not even to a club; and they can't be boycotted-raise nearly they eat, and pay cash for all

"I wonder—couldn't the grand jury—can't it abate nuisances?" Mrs. "I've thought of that, but Tom, my

brother, says somebody must com-plain first—and swear to the complaint—so there you are."
"Goodness knows there's plenty to
complain of if half we hear is true,"

Mrs. Clare sighed.

"True! Of course it is trouble in proving it," from Miss Lane, millitantly. "I know, by trying it. Looked through my field glass and saw on canned stuff," Kit Peg strangled a sob in those three girls in breeches—streak-ed over to their fence—and behold, every one of 'em was snug in a bungalow apron—as trim as you please. They ride straddle; but so many town gals do that nobody minds it much Same way with overalls and caps there were two ways out—Joe would when they're milking—only they take her and her burdens with joy if when they're milking—only they needn't have 'em white—that's too

the fellows come," Mrs. Clare chimed in. "That's what gets next to me the Eavesdropping of village gossip let in. "That's what gets next to me the hardest—seeing grown-up men and women fighting little white balls all up hill, down dale, over the pasture. Twould serve 'em right if the cows got after them and scared 'em into got after them and go

"I pray the Lord they get their come-uppance—somehow," Miss Lane said fervently. "I always put my trust lives after the opening prayer. A voice

Laura—It was good of you to come with me today.

Henry—Here they come now. Children, get the lunch packages to-with me today.

Henry—It's just the opportunity I've been looking for to spend a spring day in the country with you.

Laura—Yes, and you'll enjoy being with my Sunday School children—they're such sweet little dears:

Henry—Here they come now. Children, get the lunch packages to-with my Sunday School children—they're such sweet little dears:

Henry—Here they come now. Children, get the lunch packages to-with my Sunday School children—they're such sweet little dears:

Henry—Here they come now. Children, get the lunch packages to-beaten. Dear Miss Grey,—I areceived my badge today, and was so delighted with it that I just had to sit right box when we started! And now—Willie—Yes, m'am, but Freddie bet me I couldn't eat more than he could and those are all that are left—but I won!

Henry—Here they come now. Children, get the lunch packages to-beaten. Dear Miss Grey,—I areceived my badge today, and was so delighted with it that I just had to sit right down and write a letter to tell you. Willie—Yes, m'am, but Freddie bet me I couldn't eat more than he could and those are all that are left—but I won!

Henry—Here they come now. Children—the lunch packages to-beaten. Dear Miss Grey,—I areceived my badge today. And was so delighted with it that I just had to sit right down and write a letter to tell you. Willie—Yes, m'am, but Freddie bet me I couldn't eat more than he could and those are all that are left—but I won!

Henry—Here they come now. Children—the hency come of the lunch packages to-beaten. The Macklins did not look the part of hardened criminals. Three sisters, slim and worn with teaching, a craft-the opening prayer. A voice minimum when the constable is no use."

The Macklins did not look the part of hardened criminals. Three sisters, slim and worn with teaching, a craft-the provide had not look the part of hardened criminals. Three sisters, slim and worn with teaching, a craft-the provide had not look est, even when pooled, but their pluck

when you write about the seeds, True dreaming that their way and manner Breton. Many of the Boxites have of life trod so hard on the corns of their neighbors' prejudices-cherished, they told themselves, for con-science sake. They had met shyly advances that had seemed to them predilections, and declining flatly to missionary. Peg, youngest of them had said audaciously to that invita on: "Oh, you see, we're such beautiful heathens our own selves we're going to convert ourselves by lying on the grass and looking up to heaven when the sun shines.

had over a choir suggestion. "The rest it. I am afraid Cynthia Grey is too ing as she drove the rickety cultivator through the springing corn clear and sweet as a bird, but something from we're sure after you've tried it, you'll Very young Jennie had had a bird in her throat once-one of

SALVATION BY CALAMITY. the sort that sing gold from the world's coffers. Illness had banished the bird, never to return, said the "I think," Mrs. Clare said, decis- wise ones. But in the heart of wh ively, "something should be done about it."

"So do I; but who'd better do it?"

"So do I; but who'd better do it?"

"So do I; but who'd better do it?"

"So do I; but who'd better do it?" Miss Lane, of uncertain age and temper, countered, acidly. "Constable ugly, slow-spoken, even a thought clumsy but he had been her knight "How do you know?"—from Lirs. clumsy, but he had been her knight since mud pie days—a "parfit gentil knight" in soul, speech and action. "Asked him — flat," Miss Lane sniffed. "He had the impudence to tell me, as a law officer, he was under bond not to do unlawful things."

knight" in soul, speech and action. Helping through all the pinches, around all hard corners, she felt she owed him more than a life's devotion could pay, and knew if the voice could pay, and knew if the voice came back he would never raise his

with a toss of her head.
"I'm not so sure of that," Miss him. A weakling, with yet the power hand prestige of wealth, he had stood ready to open all doors to her, to ready to open all doors to her, but glory. He had also loved her, but selfishly, possessively. As a star he would give her the world for a firmament yet hold her in leash. If he knew there was even a ghost of a bird-voice—she would not let herself speculate further-the bird would never return

Things had gone raggedly from the first—by mid-August they were hardly going at all. Drought had crisped the pastures, drying up milk and revenue, scorching the melons that had promised so fairly, blistering and scanting the orchard fruit yet bringing to flourishing maturity armies of creeping, flying and sucking insects. This just when Joe, Ben and Tommy. their special friends, had come spend vacations and lend willing

"If we feed them it will have to be on canned stuff," Kit said bitterly. Peg strangled a sob into a heavy sigh. Jennie's heart came in her throat-her brain felt as if it would burst. She had thought she knew the full bitterness of failure, but this was worse than that first time. She had been so happy, so hopefulthere were two ways out-Joe would permitted; Maurice would come to her rescue for her asking. But—she "Like the Sunday red jackets when would ask nothing, take nothing while mbering the Sabbath Day to keep better than drowning without a

Hearts of the hardest melted in the other came crowding about Jennie in-

The blessings duly came-the hird to claim her, but found himself too late. She had married Joe out of hand when Peg had dragooned him into prorosing. On top of that had come rain from heaven—not in time to save the crops, but to promise great things for

BELIEVE YOU WILL If you know that just by telephon ing you could obtain a tea so fine that it was the favorite wherever used—a genuine Orange Pekoe—

blended from the tenderest, juicies: their rarest qualities. We believe you'd want to try it just as quickly as you would phone pound package of this very fine tea. or one of the 10e samples; and

praise it even more than we do.-



amine the Seams. You will find that SURPRISE has done its work thoroughly; and the article is truly clean.

# Many men suffer from irrita-

tion of the skin as a result of shaving. With some it assumes a form of exema and becomes most annoying and unsightly. By applying a little of Dr. Chase's Ointment after shaving the irritation is overcome and Barber's Itch and Eczema are prevented or relieved.

CHASE'S OINTMENT

**Used After Shaving** 

**Keeps Skin Soft and Smooth** 

Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto