

GROCERS EVERYWHI

eford, Feb. 3 .- On Friday d a "social evening," at the home William Babcock, who, with his

and games by the juniors. The gifts cloth, a twenty-six piece silver table not look up at once, obviously think-

ed Mr. Babcock and family much

Buys Cheese Factory. Toledo, Feb. 3 .- Bert Ladouceu xon's Corners. This is one of the argest factories in this district, being up-to-date in every way. There is also a large dwelling house atached to this. Bert and his helper oft Monday to start making cheese at this factory runs the year round.

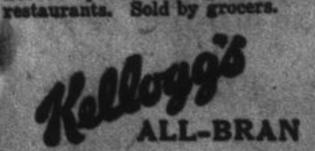
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Llear I he Fores Of Impurities With

REAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

By Ernest Lync

He hung up the receiver. "Your

There was a knock at the door.

"Mooney," aswered the detective.

Fogarty poured himself a stiff

room, because I didn't go to the theatre that night. It might sound like a funny alibi to you, but I

swear I gave that ticket away Mon-

He paused. "All right," enapped Mooney, "who did you give it to?"

"Mooney, I gave that ticket to

tently. Fogarty's words were like a

couldn't have been a woman that

Fogarty emptied his glass, his

hand a trifle unsteady. "Here's all I know about it, Mooney," he contin-

red. "Monday afternoon I happened to be passing the Paragon Theatre

and I went in and got my ticket for

the show that night. Ordinarily I call

for it in the evening just before the

show starts, unless I'm ordering an

"But I went in and got the ticket

and looked around at the billboards

in the lobby. It was a pretty good

show, so they said-a musical com-

and something turned up-I'll tell

you about it later-that made it

impossible for me to go to the show.

I was thinking of turning in the

ticket to the hotel porter when I met

this woman, Olga Maynard's her

name. I got to know her when she

here. I knew she was down on her

nuts about the stage. Got ambi-

the ticket. That's the last I saw of

you just showed it to me."

a good singer."

her and of the ticket, too, until

"How well do you know this May-

"I've been out with her on a cou-

"Where is she working now?"

"She isn't working. At least

"What's the matter with her that

"I don't know, Mooney. Maybe

"Is she crooked?" asked Mooney.

"I can't tell you that, either.

Personally, I'd always thought she

she might have got mixed up in some kind of scrape or other. I'd

be willing to bank on her myself."

Fogarty pulled a little black leather book from his pocket: He thumb-

ed its pages and then held it open

Does That Cough

rible cough that I could not get rid
of, and my doctor told me that I had
a slight touch of bronchitis. Nothing
I took seemed to give me any relief
until I got a bottle of

to bad colds or coughs to keep a bottle of this remedy in their homes all the

Stick On

Your Lungs?

"Here's her phone number and

"You know what I mean, Fogarty.

"No. Fogarty!" he cried.

"No thanks, not just now."

and cracked ice and departed.

"No. I don't drink."

toward the bottle.

day afternoon."

anyway?"

HENRY BAND, middle-aged credit, Hello-Mr. Blaine? er of a department store, at Mooney talking-a friend of Tom dinner with his family, is reminded Fogarty's. Tim's in a little trouble. that the following day is his son, I want to know from you when was JAMES RAND'S 27th birthday. the last time you saw him. You did, Jimmy, as he is called, announces he eh? What night? . has planned a theatre party for the When did the game break up? . . family, which includes his mother What am I drivin' at? Ask Tom, and sister, JANET. He intends, also, he'll tell you."

most a religion with him. When, the night of the party, he falls to put

While they are wondering, one rings. Jimmy answers it. is the police. Henry Rand's body has found in a room at the Can-

Jimmy goes to the hotel. His faer is in a gas-filled room that had been registered for by H. A. Jones of

Police believe it is sucide. Jimmy esn't agree. A woman's handkerhief is found in the room.

CHAPTER IX.

Mooney turned the knob and slipevening a presentation was made to ped quietly into the room with Rand at his heels. They closed the door Over forty were present, music and behind them and stood facing Fog-

of a beautiful linen table a letter from its envelope, and did

the family. Mr. Fletcher The utter silence in the room nham read an address and made made him turn his head. He saw Mooney and Jimmy. The letter drop-Mr. and Mrs. Babcock replied ef- ped from his grasp. He jumped to a - few well-chosen his feet. "Who the hell are you?"

"Sit down, Fogarty." and displayed his badge. "Nobody's going to start any rough stuff as long as you behave yourself. "You fresh dick, I'll have you busted for this!" The veins in Fog-

arty's fat neck swelled. His face turned several shades redder. "All right," answered Mooney, ever hear of Henry Rand?" The lit

'Never heard of him." "Henry Rand of Grafton?" pursued Mooney, his eyes still on the

other's fact. "No." Fogarty shook his head "What's the game?" he asked an- was singing in a cabaret in town

"Just this, Mr. Fogarty. A man luck—she'd lost a couple of cabaret by the name of Henry Rand- this jobs for some reason or other- and man's father here," indicating Jim- I asked her if she could use the my-"was killed in a hotel in Graf- ticket. who gave the name of H. A. Jones tions, I guess. Anyway, she took of New York. That man, by the way had red hair," he said.

"What's this, a frame-up?" Fogarty gave a contemptuous laugh. "How well do you know this "You'll have to come closer than nard woman?" asked Mooney.

"I'm not through yet," continued ple of parties. Not very well, I guess. Mooney. "In the room where the I met her in a cabaret." murder was committed they found a woman's handkerchief and the stub of a theatre ticket. Here's the she wasn't when I talked with her ticket, Fogarty." He extracted the stub from his wallet and tossed it on the chair in front of Fogarty. "See she can't hold a job?" You say she's if you recognize it."

Jimmy watched the big man intently as he picked up the yellow they got something on her. Maybe ticket stub and examined it. "By it's just tough breaks. I don't know."

ticket, all right. In just that fleeting instant Jim-my told himself that his search was to go beyond Fogarty. This man, he decided, was not the murderer of his father. But undoubtedly he held was a pretty square shooter. But

hand for the stub. "Sure it's your ticket, Fogarty. And here's some Monday night and the man who held it was in the Canfield Hotel in Grafton Tuesday night. Fogarty, you weren't in your room here Tuesday night. Where were you?"

Fogarty was sweating. He mop-ped his forehead with a huge hand-kerchief. "Tuesday night," he re-peated. "I know," he exclaimed, his eyes lighting. "Tuesday night I was out playing poker with some of the boys. In the Horseshoe Club. The game didn't break up until nine in the morning. I stopped to get something to eat and then came back here

and went to bed." "We'll check that story right now," said Mooney. "Rand look in the phone book for the Horseshoe Club and give them a ripg. Who with with you?" he asked Fogarty. "Tell him to ask for Alec Blaine,

He lives at the club. If he isn't there one of the porters can tell

like to speak to Mr. Alec Blaine, please, if he's there. He turned to Mooney. "He's there. They're ring-hold remedy for the past 37 years. please, if he's there. He turned to

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per address," he said. He shifted uncomfortably on the bed. Mooney turned to Jimmy, "We'll We won't call her up." He picked of the woods yet yourself." the chair with the stub. To Fogarty she did," he said. "She said she he said, "Can you tell me whether was going to Grafton the next day

"Come," called Fogarty. A bell boy deposited a tray bearing ginger ale Fogarty shook his head. "Did she use this kind of per-Fogarty opened a bureau drawer fume?" Mooney persisted. and pulled out a bottle. "Have a

drink, Mr .- say what's your name. "Fogarty," Mooney's voice was "Mr. Rand?" Fogarty turned to sharp, like the crack of a whip, England and Wales last year. Jimmy, with a gesture of the hands

"you're holding back something. Out with it!" "Wait a minute, Mooney." It was apt to find the dowry unsatisfac-Jimmy. "Fogarty, did she say any- tory. thing to you about going out of

brows knit in a frown. ret a cab and go up there, Rand. snapped Mooney. "You're not out up the handkerchief, which lay on | Fogarty turned to face him, "Yes,

this is the Maynard woman's hand- to look for a job." (To be continued).

Very Low Birth Rate. London, Feb. 4 .- The birth rate in "Couldn't tell you, Mooney." Fo- England and Wales last year was the garty barely glanced at the hand- lowest ever recorded there except in kerchief. He stared out of the war years of 1917 and 1918. Last year the birth rate was 18.3 per 1,000. The death rate was 12.2 in

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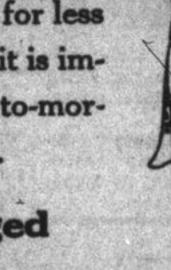
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