

# REALITY TERROR

By JOHN FERGUSON

shouting away down the road. It did not amuse me. Sitting on the earth among the bushes, I pondered moodily on my present desolate condition and dangerous future prospects.

**CHAPTER IV**  
BEYOND Peter Dunn I had only the merest acquaintances in Berlin. Still there was a small number of fellow countrymen, not to mention some young Americans whom I had run across and whom I trusted to find that the bond of common country, or at least a common blood, counted for something. This was what I wondered about, wondering as I sat on the damp earth, my head on my knees, my hands holding the blue socks that were black enough now. Would the fine, fervent nationalities, so often expressed at our festivities in national songs, wake up to the pitch of practical help?

This doubt on my part will, I know, move any Aberdeen Scotsman who has borrowed this book to an expenditure of generous indignation. Let me explain that every continental capital has its complement of British subjects belonging to the scallywag class. They do not prey on the natives. Their

farer, and I had to agree with myself as to what character I had best assume, that of a tramp or of a debauched playster. My clothes were very nearly bad enough for an outfit, but my chin was not. On the other hand, the rest of my outfit was not for every one, while the beggar has only attractions for the police.

**Strange Helpers**  
I decided for the less conspicuous part of an outfit of the streets, and, with the help of some that green, moody coating of that gathers on tree trunks, I made my face and hands look as if they had not been washed for a month, and were now reconciled to it.

At the first big street I had to cross a disconcerting experience awaited me. Two men standing on the refuge in the center, seemed speaking suddenly to my approach. A common fault with my approach. A common fault with the other patient before they were up with me, a piece of money was thrust into my hand.

When I pulled round the corner the cab had sufficiently slowed down to give me half a chance of not breaking my neck. I got the door and slammed the door shut on the opposite side. Opening my door, I got out, while he was freeing himself to go for the other door. In an instant I was across the pavement

victims are fellow countrymen, and their lay is a plea for financial assistance, on the ground of common nationality; a man of very powerful one it is, quite irresistible to a Scot.

**What to Do With the Taxi**  
The assured manner had a brief exclamation. It went out of me like the heat of a burst football when at the moment I had been called suddenly to attention. This was as good an understanding as any I had come across. The woman had seen the man for drink, in my hatless and homeless condition, and the man's eyes with which he stared at me confirmed the impression. She had a haste to shut the door in my face, the moment I was in, and I was to be gone for long.

When the fact that she was abroad at that hour, alone, and evidently unaided, I went to meet her. If only I had had a hat to raise in salutation! She did not, of course, hear me.

**How to Get Through College**  
The cook of the sorority house, exhausted and emaciated, dragged herself into the employment office.

**The Mob Approves**  
The old priest watched him with a serene face. He knew the struggle that Manning had gone through, and he knew that the rajah would not be over-pleased at this dramatic ending of all his plans for carrying out his idolatrous empire in the heart of India.

**The Dreadful Moment**  
The palanquin stopped. The curtains were drawn back, and Manning stepped out and entered the grotesque temple, walking on a path strewn with flowers.

# THE DAILY NOVELETTE

The Moment's Judgment

By ALFRED DENNISON

**CHAPTER III**  
A Message From the Sky  
(The King of the Wild Geese calls Peggy to the Northland to help him find the Beautiful Stranger, with whom he has fallen in love after rescuing her from a Mink. In the previous chapter he tells Peggy of his romance and of the Beautiful Stranger's capture from the approaching band of Geese.)

I would have fought the world for the Beautiful Stranger," declared the King of the Wild Geese, continuing his story. "Indeed, I was particularly eager to do battle with Rusty Face and his band of flocks. But the Beautiful Stranger urged me to escape.

**The Only Hope**  
Manning had a shrewd idea of what was brewing in Bundapur. He had, in fact, had a frank talk with old Muzur, who showed him the priest's use of the old king, because the priest's word alone could decide the issue.

**Alice Kent and the Day's Work**  
The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail  
By MARTHA KEELER

**CHAPTER I**  
It was a chilly evening in our northern town New England June. Grandfather had sent for me to join him in the living-room. Reluctantly obeying, I found him standing by the mantelpiece, warming his hands at the grate fire. He curtly informed me that hereafter I was to help him in "the factory."

**CHAPTER II**  
I drew a long breath. "No, sir; it isn't all," said I.

# "DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

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The King was so nervous he couldn't stay still

"They will kill you," she pleaded, and I do not want them to kill you. The tender look in her eyes as she said this caused me to yield.

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"What good will that do you if she marries some one else? We've got to find her."

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