

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

STEALTHY TERROR

By JOHN FERGUSON

CHAPTER III. (Continued)
THE STORY THIS FAR
Abercrombie's young Scotch step-son...

self—for this she declared was the one form of conversation that could be managed as a monologue...

When I heard that she had been taken from Otto Henochel in the restaurant...

more perhaps than I had ever in boyhood wanted to explore the inside of a toy drum...

When I got up I took out my watch. It was 2:30. Daylight would be here before long...



"Come," she cried. "No need to walk or run; come in here. I live here."

CHAPTER IV—(Continued)
FROM the other side of the big empty square came the far-away sound of running feet...

Well, thought I, I was determined to remove myself. I can get out when I like...

"You can't do better. I've handled dozens of men in your fix. Look here, you owe society a grudge. The world has robbed you of name, fortune, the best years of your life. Pay them back. I offer you the chance."

THE DAILY NOVELETTE
The Last Years
By EDNA DEANE MERRIAM

"You can't do better. I've handled dozens of men in your fix. Look here, you owe society a grudge. The world has robbed you of name, fortune, the best years of your life. Pay them back. I offer you the chance."

A Perennial Wheeze
One of our most respectable magazines last week fell for the first party who asked: "Where is the Second Presbyterian Church?"

LARRIMORE'S TRIUMPH
Tomorrow's Complete Novelle
LARRIMORE'S TRIUMPH

"CAP" STUBBS—It Certainly Was
IF YOU DON'T LET ME SHOOT THAT GUY, I'LL GO HOME!

WELL I WILL GO. WELL WHY DON'T YOU? GEE, AIN'T HE GONNA KILL ME BACK? WELL, IF THAT WUZ'N' MY BEST FRIEND I EVER HEARD OF!

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY "THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER."

A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER IV

Captured by the Bandits

(Previous chapters have told of the love of the King of the Wild Geese for the Beautiful Stranger, and of how, with Peggy and his dog, he goes in search of her, hoping to find her before she becomes the unwilling bride of the leader of the Blue Geese.)

EASTWARD flew the King of the Wild Geese and his flock until Peggy, looking down from her airplane, saw a large body of water ahead of them.

"Why, there's a big lake!" she cried. Father Blackfoot, who was flying just ahead of her, gave a chuckling honk.

"That's not a lake," he said. "That's old Daddy Ocean himself." "Gracious me!" exclaimed Peggy. "Have we come so far?"

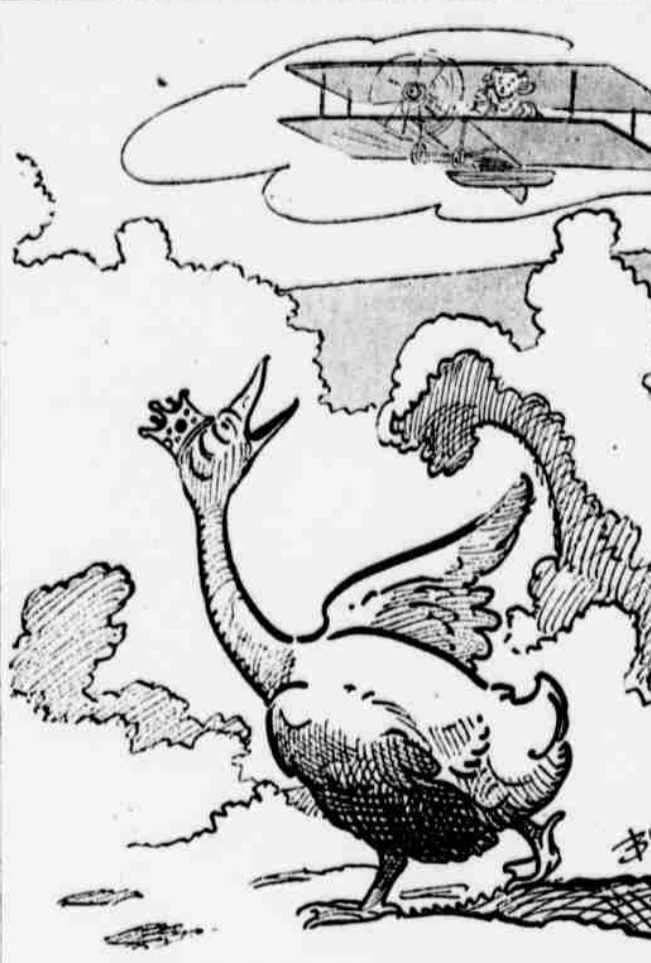
"There's Labrador below," replied Father Blackfoot. "Now I shall find my beloved," honked the King happily.

"The lake of Good Hunting is large," warned Father Blackfoot. "It has many wildernesses where the bandit Geese could hide. There it lies ahead of us to the north."

The region was wild and desolate-looking, with rocky, shrubbery-covered wastes surrounding the lake. Peggy feared they would have to search a long, long time for the Beautiful Stranger, and by the time they found her she might be wedded to the chieftain of the Blue Geese.

"If we spread out into a long line we could see over more ground, and it would not take so long to find the Blue Geese," she suggested.

"Wise Princess," honked the King. "That's the very idea." He gave the order, and the Geese, instead of flying in a close V, spread out until they were in a line a mile long.



"I've found her! There are the footprints of my beloved!"

Then it abruptly disappeared into a thick growth of underbrush. The King plunged recklessly ahead. Peggy followed more slowly in her airplane. "Wait! Wait! better be careful!" she warned him, suddenly feeling something was wrong.

Her warning came too late. Even as she spoke, blue forms arose around them and in a trice they were prisoners. Before them stratted a fierce Blue Geese.

"Welcome!" he honked, triumphantly. "You are just in time for the wedding." It was Tusty Face. Behind him cowered the Beautiful Stranger.

(Tomorrow's chapter will tell of a desperate battle in the air and its startling ending.)

Alice Kent and the Day's Work

The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER

THE open break with grandfather, as I discovered before I slept that night, had come before I was quite ready for it in the matter of details, although I had long meditated returning to Bellington as a means of escape from him, and as a stepping-stone to acquaintance with persons who had known and valued both of my parents; also as the first move toward a reunion with Barbara. She was the only living link between me and a happy past. With her I was connected all I longed for in the years to come. Finding the real world so forbidding and life as grandfather's so difficult, I had conjured up for myself life as it might be in an imaginary world, and this all centered around Barbara. Since mother's death there had been no communication from the Blake, but I often read of them in the weekly newspaper to which grandfather subscribed, and second only to the Blakes as objects of my search through the columns of that newspaper was the name of Mrs. Denton, known to me as one of mother's friends in Bellington. Of course, I had not seen her since coming to Letbury; and my early recollections of her personality were too vague to be dependable. But I distinctly remembered playing with her children—two girls of my own age and a boy a few years older—and from the newspaper I gleaned that she was diligent in good works. I now resolved to go to her, make a clean breast of the break with grandfather and ask for her advice. Surely she would aid me in finding means of self-support this summer! At housework I was competent, could cook well enough to suit grandfather, could take care of children, and even Aunt Jane liked to hear me read. If I could earn enough to keep me through the summer and buy next winter's clothes, perhaps in the fall I could find some place to work for my board and go to school. The more I thought of it the more confident I felt that my affairs would change for the better, if only I could reach Mrs. Denton. But how to get to Bellington? I had no money and it was too far to walk. Tossing on my pillow late that night, searching for some way of raising funds, I bethought me of my watch—the one article of value I possessed. It was mother's, a quaint timepiece in a case of rare design which father had given her. I recalled that Helen Earle, who lived across the street, admired it very much; this I was wont to count a compliment, as Helen had already been to New York twice and had seen much jewelry. Her parents were as indulgent as a pair of fairy godmothers (or so it seemed to Cinderella-in bondage to a grandfather), but as yet they had not seen fit to present her with a watch. Doubtless for that reason she was the more covetous of mine. At all events, she often begged to borrow it and was hurt by my refusal to let her take it even for overnight. It had always seemed to me that I could not possibly part with it, but I now perceived that to leave the watch with Helen, whose parents kept her well supplied with spending money, was my only means of making the morrow's trip to Bellington. Very early in the morning I sought Helen, and, vowing her to secrecy, told her of the whole affair. My plan of setting out alone, afoot and penniless, freed her generous soul, and it was with difficulty that I restrained her from rushing pell-mell to her parents with a statement of my needs. Averse to accepting charity, I also realized that to their impartial eyes my determination to go to Bellington might wear the hue of bravado instead of bravery. But I was right in thinking that Helen would welcome the chance of obtaining even temporary possession of the watch, and at last I may never understand that all I would accept in return for loaning her the timepiece was an advance of money against the day when I could redeem my property. Her three months' allowance having been paid but recently, she insisted on transferring almost all of it to me; and with youthful enthusiasm added rosy predictions of my success, she oft-repeated promises that the precious watch should have the best of care.