STEALTHY TERROR

APTER V—(CONTINUED)

SAVELED to Hamburg in seppartments, arriving about Here, the problem of om the station I saw Miss ecording to my instructions,

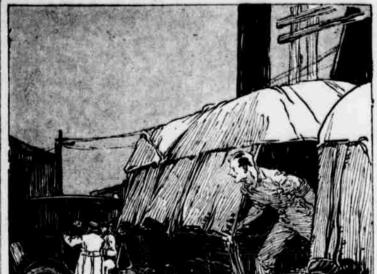
"THE STRANGE AFFAIR IN THE "KEPPELSTRASSE."

"And I could, it was impossible to meet it could not believe winsk! had recovered so soon. The hity shook me a little. It guat be rearrandinarily good to force a rom him; for though he might powered sufficiently to travel I was tree he did not feel well enough to thity. That laugh irritated and to do with Miss Thompson, and been happening during all quart? For a while I wandered a about, a prey to disquietude, it was dusk I made my way the river, and the long dock at of which the Fenella was berthan was still falling steadily, heavy surcharged clouds that the fould be both dark and wet, as a line of railway on one side quay, and a long string of idle when it was dark enough. I into one of them, Each wagen.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT THE KEPPELSTRASSE when it was dark enough. I into one of them. Each wagon to have a tarpaulin cover folded in the floor, prepared for the unsolf some expected vessel. I was sught to draw a few folds of one of over me for shelter. An occab went by, and now and them approached from the direction thy and passed on. It was not been some time sheltering thereade the discovery that all trafficar stopped further down.

I rave little heed to this, that it was the practice to fling rary harrier across the quay and tanding passengers show their Nevertheless. I judged it might to get a closer look, and so, was completely dark. I stole to the side of the young Englishman, which, it is presumed, was received from his coming into contact with the dock wall in his leap for liberty, and which accounts for the fact that no trace of him could be found in the search that immediately followed his escape. It is regretted that his death is likely to deprive the general public of any further light on a strange affair that roused considerable interest and curtosity."

Then the case would be closed, and then they would be satisfied. There was a neatness in the grim humor of it that was not without its appeal to my manual rounded off, and poetic, as my own work in getting them to steal the packing case that held the witness to their counded off, and poetic, as my own work in getting them to steal the packing them to steal the packing the the barrier. He was evidently, and admy wagon on the Hamburg quay. I can only say that I did so this.



It may seem strange to some that such thoughts should occupy me as I lay in a damp wagon on the Hamburg quay. I can only say that I did so think. What, however, I saw as I lay there, with the rain gathering in little lochs on the sheet above me, was that I must be up and doing if I would escape this obituary renown.

order, sir."

I crawled my way back over the guess that! Do you suppose for a whim of yours?"

I crawled my way back over the wagons. Once I almost jumped and ran for it when my foot slipped on a lat some one seemed to step rain-sodden buffer and sent an iron

...

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

SERVICE SERVICE SERVICE PROPERTY SERVICE SERVI

THE YELLOW GOWN

LUCY ERROLL, with frightened eyes bome and take off that gown or you shall be arrested."

Shamed as she was, Lucy felt a spark which she shared with her chum, Dorthe shop in which she sat all day, stitching on the gowns which were subing on the gowns which were subsequently to be displayed as Parisian ing girls? Could she picture the thrill,
importations in the windows.

portations in the windows.
"Lucy!" exclaimed Dorothy, as, the of it had given her?

The shouts of war are heard afar.

The shouts of war are heard afar.

And I must leave my honnie Mary.

Heavens! How the words of that song chimed to the thoughts that eclosed in my head. The pier o' Leith! Ay, that was it; but would I ever see it?

Out there in the dark, at the end of the quay wall, lay the heat that would arry me safe enough; but between me and that homelike boat there was just to narrow line of white-painted hurdle across which I could see no way at all.

And, standing there with water tumbling noisily on the pavement from the overflowing gutters on the house roofs it was strange how that most drunken and ununeful voice within should fill me with such a feeling of homesickness as touched the point of desolation. I am ashamed to say it, but for a moment I was almost unmanned.

"Damn the fellow!" I cried angrily.

"Damn the fellow!" I cried angrily.

"Damn the fellow!" I cried angrily.

"Out there in the dark, at the end of the dark of the ward her; she lad not known that was a patron.

"Young woman, I know you and I know that gown you are wearing;" sampped Mrs. Cramer.

"I've heard of such things happening." continued Mrs. Cramer, growling more and more indignant as she thought over the insuit. "But—upon my word. I never dreamed that such a thing could be possible with Worth's, Do you know what I am going to do, young woman?"

"No, ma'am," stammered Lucy.

"You will tomorrow," said Mrs. Cramer, now red as the wattles of a turkey rooster. "I'm going to have you discharged. And now you'll go straight

She had brought it home from Mrs. Cramer guess, she who spent her

Lucy put on the gown, and when it was on she looked at herself in the party of the she let be she had tamed the Glant and price of the she let be she had tamed the Glant and burner in amazement. A pretty girt, she proved that she looked stunning in the new that she looked stunning in the new let be read fall upon her shoulder, and the happy tears this blushes, of Tom Martin, her sweet-forgotten.

Year. And, Lucy—"
There was no possibility of misinters be if we had tamed the Glant and burner in the subject of the same of the she let be read fall upon her would have been more patriotic."

Between Lucy and Tom

There was no possibility of misinters be if we had tamed the Glant and burner in the subject of the same of the same in the subject of the same in the subject of the same in the same

"Put him down as a brass fin-

"I never used to believe that old

The Bedding

isher, sir," he said.

story about the straw that broke the camel's back, but now I do." "How's that "

"I slept on it last night,"

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" By DADDY

THE INVISIBLE FAIRY

a complete, new adventure each week, teginning Monday and ending Saturday.

been crowned Princess of Birdland, and has had several encounters with the Ginnt of the Woods, is one of which she has aided the Wild Geese in banishing him.)

CHAPTER I Peggy Vanishes From Sight

"Lucy!" exclaimed Dorothy, as, the parkage opened, revealed inside a magnificent gown of yellow satin, covered with lace. In fact, it was such a gown as could not have been bought imported or not, for less than \$100.

"Well, it's that old Mrs, Cramer's!" enapped the girl. "And I'm going to wear it to the church social dance to might. She'll never know and, anyway, after the trouble she'd made me about that old gown I feel it's nort of half mine".

Dorothy looked with awe and wonder. The dance over, Tom led Lucy to a state the gown, and then at Lucy seat beneath an overhanging paim.

of it had given her?

The Change

Before she could answer, however. Tom was at her side, and Lucy was conscious that the band had begun to play again. Tom offered her hik arm and the two gilded away. And Lucy was conscious that the band had begun to play again. Tom offered her hik arm and the two gilded away. And Lucy was conscious that the band had begun to play again, tom offered her hik arm and the two gilded away. And Lucy was conscious that the band had begun to play again, tom offered her hik arm and the two gilded away. And Lucy was conscious that the band had begun to play again. Tom offered her hik arm and the two gilded away. And Lucy was conscious that the band had begun to play again, tom offered her hik arm and the two gilded away. And Lucy was conscious that the band had begun to play again, tom offered her hik arm and the two gilded away. And Lucy was and the wo gilded away. And Lucy was conscious that the band had begun to play again, tom offered her hik arm and the was rewes. The evening paper told of battles in France, where American soldiers were trying to beat the Germans with guns and bayonets and of battles on the field of battles on the flew on the field of battles on the flew of battles in France, where American soldiers were trying to beat the Germans with guns and bayonets and of battles on the flew of battles in France, where American soldiers were trying to dot of the Germans with guns and bayonets and of PEGGY lay in the hammock reading the war news. The evening paper

The dance over, Tom led Lucy to a first at the gown, and then at Lucy. Seak beneath an overhanging palm.

But she said nothing Dressing herself, she went out to a friend's apartment, leaving Lucy alone.

Between Lucy and Tom

Lucy put on the gown, and when it There was no possibility of misinter.

The dance over, Tom led Lucy to a live in wise it wise it wise it wise it wise in life if I were as big as the Giant of the Woods—1 could do as much work as two men.

This thought led to another. "May-



"What nonsensical poetry the indge does compose." sighed Peggy. Nevertheless, she splashed and dashed a bit of the perfume from a tiny hole in the tip of the acorn.

The effect was most surprising. She had suddenly vanished from her own sight. Hands, feet, body were gone. They were all really there—she could feel them—but she couldn't see them. Bob Olink laughed.

"You see, Judge Ow's poetry isn't so nonsensical after all." he chirped. "What's happened?" cried Peggy.

"You've taken a sniff and a splash of Camoudiage Perfume, and as long as the odor lasts you will be invisible to humans, although not to birds and beasts. Are you ready to start for Birdland."

"But how can I get there?" asked Peggy.

Out in the street a farmer started the engine of his motortruck.
"That farmer goes past our woods on his way home," cried Bob Olink."
"Hop on his truck."
"Peggy raced for the street and property is not the farmer's legs she gave it a push. The response was a sudden, bawling on his truck."

Peggy raced for the street and property is not get the farmer's legs she gave it a push. The response was a sudden, bawling on his way home," cried Bob Olink. "Hop on his truck."

"Gosh," he muttered to himself, as he bedin't know how she truck was going to get off. The truck was he didn't dare jump. The truck was coing so fast she ddin't dare jump. It was very narrow and the water jumple. It was very narrow and the water such as going so fast she ddin't dare jumple. It was very narrow and the sate of such in the farmer to stop he'd way coic coming from no-where and would drive all the farter.

Why not stop the car herself? All she had to do was to push some kind feel them—but she farmer to stop he'd way and the farmer to stop he'd way and the farmer to stop he'd way from her own she didn't dare jump. The such cared at a voice coming from no-where and would drive all the farter.

Why not stop the farmer to stop he'd way to eliminate the farmer to stop he'd way every narrow and the water such cared to either squared to either square

"'A sniff and a whiff of this acorn
Will make you as if you'd ne'er been born."

"What a funny message," remarked Peggy, but nevertheless size took a sniff of the acorn. To her surprise she found it wasn't a regular acorn, but a hollow shell filled with a rich perfume.

"A splash and a dash, as you'll agree, Will hide you in air so none can see."

"A splash and a dash, as you'll agree, Will hide you in air so none can see."

"What nonseusical poetry the judge does compose." sighed Peggy, Never.

But Peggy didn't know how she

Climbed on the back of the truck just as the machine started off at a smart pace, that the machine started off at a smart pace, the machine started off at a smart pace, the cambridge Peggy was scared, but she had to not quickly. They were now past the Woods of Birdiand and out on a long narrow temporary bridge running across the bayou of the river. Peggy knew it they were in sight of the woods where the Birds had their home. Bob Olink, who had followed high in the air, alighted on the truck just as the machine started off at a smart pace. The Camouflage Perfume hid have recompletely and the farmer paid no attention to her.

Quickly they were out of the city and into the country. Almost before Peggy knew it they were in sight of the woods where the Birds had their home. Bob Olink, who had followed high in the air, alighted on the truck just as the machine started off at a smart pace. The Camouflage Perfume hid have recompletely and the farmer paid no attention to her.

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As the Truck Soud the were had to have the woods were t

But Peggy didn't know how she Peggy ran back across the bridge.

"Gosh." he muttered to himself, as he brought the machine back into the "In tomorrow's chapter Peggy meets the Giant of the Woods again and saves his life.)

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

By MARTHA KEELER Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company,

Then, realizing that, the prop gone on ominous,

private houses thereabouts were gloom-enshrouded too; the breeze rustling through the pines sounded like the crack of doom. Instead of occupying itself of doom. Instead of occupying itself with constructive thinking my mind dwelt on the dark possibilities which might evolve from the break with grandfather, and harked back to the "hand of Providence" (which in Aunt Jane's replied. "Prexy may be a highbrow, but he's a good sport, all right. Most of this college bunch give me a pain, but I'm By EDWINA

perhaps through Mrs. Denton's absen A FTER leaving Mrs. Denton's prempointing out my punishment for disobedience; and instead of viewing my park
bench as a restful spot in which to think
things out, I now found the allence

Then, realizing that, the prop gone on which I had depended, it must promptly be replaced. I turned my steps to a little park nearby and sat down on a bench to think. Bellington was a college town and it was to the campus that unknowingly I strayed. Scated there in solitude I took a long look around. Everything my sight bore witness to the truthfulness of the gardenen who had said, "This burg is a dead one in the summertime,"

Across the green stood three large buildings, and as I gazed up at them it dawned on me that they belonged to the iniversity, of whose closing exercises I had read in last week's newspaper. Not only were those buildings enveloped in the stillness of vacation time but the private houses thereabouts were gloom-

"Prexy?" I repeated. "What a queer

name."
The boy burst into a laugh. "Oh, it ain't his real name. It's Prexy for short. He gets letters that's addressed to President Matthews, of Bellington

he's a good sport, all right. Most of this college bunch give me a pain, but I'm strong for the old man."

Even while the boy was speaking I decided what to do. Without giving myself time to change my mind I hurried up the path and rang the bell. The president himself came to tha door. He was a tall man, spare and a little bent. "Come in, come in," he said and ushered me into a room whose walls were lined with books.

Much abashed, I sank into the first chair I saw. It happened to be a wing

chair I saw. It happened to be a wing chair I saw. It happened to be a wing chair, wide and deep and high; and also very uncomfortable, for my fest didn't quite reach the floor. But having once chosen it I was too embarrassed to make another move. So I sat there, far back in its depths and peered up at the president.

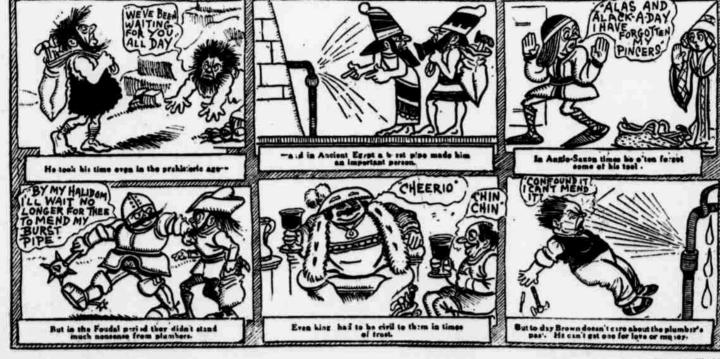
far back in its depths and peered up at the president.

"And what can I do for you?" he inquired with a low bow.

"I don't exactly know." and unconsciously I sighed. "But I need work."

For the fraction of a instant I thought I saw the president's lips twitch, so I started in at once to set him right; being small for my age I was supersensitive. "You see, sir, I came to Bellington to ask a friend of my mother's to help me get a job. But they tall me she has gone away and won't he back till fall."

OH, THOSE PLUMBERS!



When a pipe bursts a plumber is a difficult person to find. A cartoonist, who has evidently suffered, shows some facts about the gentleman's history.

" STUBBS—It Was a Mean Trick!









