

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

THE SECRET WITNESS

By George Gibbs Author of 'The Yellow Dove'

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THE STORY THIS FAR

HUGH RENWICK, under secretary of the Austrian Secret Service, is destined to be a witness in the trial of the assassin of Archduke Franz Ferdinand...



Renwick's wrist was caught in midair by a grip of steel.

CHAPTER XI (Continued)
When Renwick reached the garage and talked with the proprietor, a Hungarian whose German was almost negligible...

followed a conflict of bewildering noises, as though night had mercifully fallen upon a chaos of disaster. She sat up and looked around her. A train.

What was she waiting for? Renwick thought that she was waiting for the man in black to appear. But he was not there.

CHAPTER XII
Flight
His visions which disturbed Marinka's sleep and waking bordered in her dreams. And always, as she dreamed...

CHAPTER XIII
The man in black coolly picked up his cotton umbrella from the struggle that had fallen to the ground.

CHAPTER XIV
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CHAPTER XV
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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

"BEHIND THE CLOUDS" BY STELLA WOLEJKO

"I SAW Mr. Arnold in the car this morning," said Ethel Hill to her sister, Ruth.

"Why, yes! he looked across the aisle in the car and seemed to smile, and if my eyesight is not deceiving me, he accented to me, 'I thought she would do her best to be pleasant, for even though he was somebody's husband, he is a gentleman just the same.'"

"Good morning, Mr. Atherton, how did the picnic end? We didn't stay till the end, as we were anxious to get home early."

"I wish I knew of some way of making his acquaintance," said Ethel. "I'm sure he must be a respectable gentleman and worth knowing."

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"THE CRACK IN THE BELL"

A STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

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CHAPTER XXXVIII, Continued

Father McDermott and the Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins lifted their voices in prayer.

"Fellow Philadelphians!" announced the chairman, and something pregnant in his tone but every member on the floor.

"For a moment the house was breathless and then broke into tumultuous applause with shouts of 'Archer! Archer! Three cheers for Jerry Archer!'"

"And," went on Victor, "a man we would rather see here tonight than any other in all the world."

"I recognize," said Victor, looking straight at this man, "Delegate James Mallory, of Kensington, a citizen who has been his whole career a reformer."

"I nominate," began Mallory, waving his hand and greatly excited, "I nominate Jerry Archer for Mayor of Philadelphia on the Real Republican ticket."

"I recognize now," declared the chair, "a delegation from a ward that has been made a rapid convalescence. Two weeks after he was stricken he left the hospital."

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and Victor appreciated this as he let the delegates stand for a moment wondering how the thing desired was to be accomplished.

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"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY THE LAW OF BIRDLAND

A complete new adventure story, beginning tomorrow and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER IV
Judge Owl's Spanking Bee
Peggy, summoned to the trial of the man in black, was accused of stealing a pair of purple stockings.

"CALL the jury list!" ordered Judge Owl. Cat Bird, who was acting as clerk of the court, turned to a roll of jury pads he had in front of him.

"The first juror is Mr. Swallow, formerly Miss Purple Swallow," he announced. "That's all! A person who is in a case can't be on the jury," declared Judge Owl.

"I've got a question," said Blue Jay. "I'm not sure I understand the law. Is it all right for a juror to be a juror?"

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"CAP" STUBBS—He Caught Some Fish



"KETCH ANYTHING WIZ?"



Overhead in the Drug Store



By EDWINA

That you saw just a life, that you are going to get well and that you're going to get well, that you're going to get well, that you're going to get well.

"That's because you're wonderful of all, I'm going to marry you," whispered Jerry, coaxing her to come again into his arms. Ruth snuggled there for an ecstatic moment.

"Oh, I am so—so happy and contented," she murmured. "You know you're just tickled to death with me. That's because you're wonderful of all, I'm going to marry you," whispered Jerry, coaxing her to come again into his arms.

"That will be very forgiving of him," remarked Jerry, drily. "A tiny frown puckered Ruth's brow. 'Now, Jerry, it is uncharitable of you to maintain that satirical attitude,' she admonished."

"All right, I won't then," assented Jerry, somewhat too easily to satisfy her. "That's because you're wonderful of all, I'm going to marry you," whispered Jerry, coaxing her to come again into his arms.

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