

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

THE SECRET WITNESS

By George Gibbs Author of 'The Yellow Dove'



His wounds had healed and he was permitted to sit in an armchair by the window.

THE STORY THIS FAR... ARCHBISHOP... RENWICK... WINDT... GORTZ...

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued)

WAR had been declared, Renwick would have been given his passports, and would have left the country...

As his mind had grown clearer, the wisdom of his decision became more apparent... He was obliged to see them...

What is your name? Peter Langer. Austrian, if you like I am a citizen of the world... The world is large. From what part of Austria did you come?

Where were you born? I am sorry if it is necessary. I do not remember... I am a wanderer. I wish to see the world...

What was your business? I was a messenger... I do not remember... I cannot, said Renwick, after a pause...

My mind is clouded... I should advise you, Herr Langer... I should advise you, Herr Langer... I should advise you, Herr Langer...

What are your recollections of the evening I have mentioned? I do not know... I do not know... I do not know...

What would you say? I have no inventory for your record? I can say no more than I remember... The magistrate took off his glasses...

What would you say? I have no inventory for your record? I can say no more than I remember... The magistrate took off his glasses...

What would you say? I have no inventory for your record? I can say no more than I remember... The magistrate took off his glasses...

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Planning Opposites By STELLA L. COLE

"DEAR me!" lamented Virginia... "Yes, so," she replied...

Virginia's face burned with embarrassment... "Well, according to my immemorial experience..."

"Thank you," she said simply... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

decision was made. "Yes," she said... "This is the seventh night and not much has happened..."

A young woman with untidy hair, soiled dress and shabby shoes sat in the front row... "I wish I could tell you..."

Virginia's face burned with embarrassment... "Well, according to my immemorial experience..."

"Thank you," she said simply... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

"I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly... "I wish I could tell you," he whispered earnestly...

THE FIRST SHOT

By CORPORAL OSBORNE DE VARILA BATTERY C. SIXTH U. S. FIELD ARTILLERY

CHAPTER XII

Back From the Front

ABOUT 75 per cent of modern war is plain, hard work... That dawned upon me with force before I had been very long in France...

Well, the officer that was wheeled on me for training had brought three trunks of clothing with him from the States... He was some dandy...

The Allies had to put in some mighty hard digs to even up with that forty years of preparation of the Hun... They are bridging the gap fast, and with

couple of silk hats to match. And uniforms? Well, he had enough of them to outfit the staff of a brigade... I hope he paid his tailor bill before he left home...

My officer brought a portable bathtub over with him, too, and every morning before he would command to any drilling he would scramble around in the tub... At the time I fell the scotch against this fellow I used to wish that he'd

After the glass had slipped out of his fingers he would say plaintively: "Ah, fellow, I have dropped my glass, pick it up, please..."

Case of Ground Glass... One day when I dropped it I put my heel upon the thing when he wasn't looking and ground it to bits... I thought then that I would be relieved forever

Some of these officers were so fastidious and Johnny Bull eagerly Bally Sam kicked up his heels... Bally Sam showed his teeth...

When Billy Goat hit the bear, Billy Belgium stopped playing and ran to Peggy's aid... He held the forks of the

When Billy Belgium hit the bear, Billy Belgium stopped playing and ran to Peggy's aid... He held the forks of the

When Billy Belgium hit the bear, Billy Belgium stopped playing and ran to Peggy's aid... He held the forks of the

When Billy Belgium hit the bear, Billy Belgium stopped playing and ran to Peggy's aid... He held the forks of the

I was sent to the hospital, and it felt good to get there... The chow was good and the care was excellent... I spent the Christmas of 1917 in the hospital, and I will never forget that day as long as I live...

I met a chap there by the name of McNiel, from Cleveland, O... He told me that when he first went into the trenches his ambition was to capture a real live, ferocious boche...

The young woman had written something like this to the soldier... "Oh, please capture a boche, so that I can tell all the girls about it..."



American soldiers making friends with French children

Tomorrow's Complete Novelle "CINDERELLA'S SISTER"

At Pr... Who had a gold watch, but he H... He bought seats for a show... But the maid couldn't go... And what he replied must have been...

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY

THE LONESOME BEAR

CHAPTER IV

Brown Bear Dances

When he has seen a silly line at the Blue... Billy Belgium jumped in front of him... He began to play his violin...

Billy Belgium danced the liveliest time he knew... He began to play his violin... He began to play his violin...

The birds had darted for the woods as soon as the bear roared... Billy Belgium danced the liveliest time he knew...

Billy Belgium danced the liveliest time he knew... He began to play his violin... He began to play his violin...

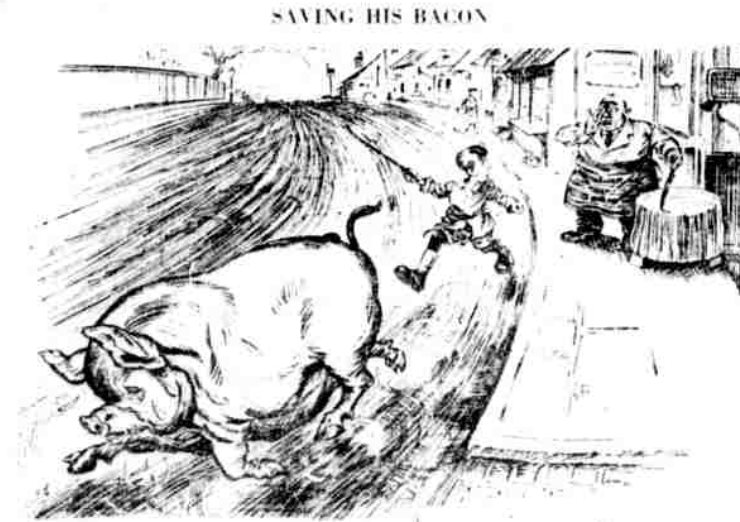
Billy Belgium danced the liveliest time he knew... He began to play his violin... He began to play his violin...

Billy Belgium danced the liveliest time he knew... He began to play his violin... He began to play his violin...

Billy Belgium danced the liveliest time he knew... He began to play his violin... He began to play his violin...



Bang! He landed on the bear full tilt



Anxious Butcher—Here! Don't run it! A-knocking off a coupon every fifteen yards.

"CAP" STUBBS—It Was a Mean Trick

IT'S ROGER... SIX TIMES FOUR IS TWENTY-SIX... AN' IF I WORK ALL SUMMER, THREE MONTHS TIMES TWENTY-SIX IS SIXTY-THREE... YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO NOW?

IT'S ROGER... SIX TIMES FOUR IS TWENTY-SIX... AN' IF I WORK ALL SUMMER, THREE MONTHS TIMES TWENTY-SIX IS SIXTY-THREE... YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO NOW?

IT'S ROGER... SIX TIMES FOUR IS TWENTY-SIX... AN' IF I WORK ALL SUMMER, THREE MONTHS TIMES TWENTY-SIX IS SIXTY-THREE... YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO NOW?

By EDWINA

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

By EDWINA

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

By EDWINA

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

By EDWINA

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

By EDWINA

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!

WELL TALK ABOUT NERVE!!!