

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

SECRET WITNESS

By George Gibbr... Author of 'The Yellow Dove'... (Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company. Copyright, 1918, by D. Appleton & Co.)

CHAPTER XXV (Continued)

RENWICK had screened his movements as far as possible from view of the windows in the keep and other buildings, and now discovered that the low...



He took a few steps forward into the room, for a figure in soft white had started up from the bed.

"Rather too risky, I should say," put in the other. "If the Herr Hauptmann had only taken my advice last week—"

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

"A Passing Cloud" By Lizzie M. Peabody

FROM among her many suitors Merry Dayton had chosen Judd Bentley, an honest, capable and dependable young farmer. They were very happy as together they came one afternoon in October...

On the evening he was expected home, long before he came in sight, Merry sat in the window watching the rain fall...

STRAY FILMS FROM LIFE'S CAMERA

Along the Battle Line... Along the Battle Line... Along the Battle Line...

I love the fishes of the sea. That frolic 'neath its waves. The numbers of the sea can see. While dear old ocean raves...



Bobby—it'll be awfully difficult, Uncle, to decide when I grow up whether I'll be a soldier like you or a sailor like old Dan.

A young husband, finding that his pretty but extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one evening...

A party of engineers were tracing a township line across some farm lands in Illinois. As chance would have it, the line passed directly through a large barn...

Two expelled anglers went fishing one day. One sat down on the pier, while the other stood, just before beginning operations...

He had shouted himself hoarse all afternoon at the football match, and the evening he endeavored to cure his sore throat at the Red Lion.

A good story was told by Sir James Barris at a social gathering recently. The good gentleman it appears was going along a back street in Liverpool...

This is the way the agent got a lesson in manners. He called at a business office and saw nobody but a prepossessing though capable-appearing young woman.

"Dae ye think this box is strong enough to trust in the van?" asked a Highland farmer at the railway station.

He (relating thrilling experience)—We were having a terrible time until the French brought up their 75's.

Running True to Form Spiritualist—Ah, I hear the knocking of your late wife.

Ready to Smoke Up



—The Pennsylvania Punch Bowl. "Anybody have a cigarette? I've found a light."

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY JERRY THE CLOWN

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

CHAPTER IV Peggy and the Elephant

(Peggy, Billy Belovian, Billy Sam, Johnny Bull and Billy Goat volunteer to take the place of an act in a circus, so Jerry the Clown, who has a daughter, Countess Alice, can say good-bye to his departing soldier son.)

PEGGY found the costume of Countess Alice just fit her. But it made her look so different that she scarcely recognized herself when she peered into a tiny mirror she found in the trunk.

She was all tinsel and gilt, while her eyes shined from her shoulders. A thrill of exultation ran through her, she was to make her first appearance in a circus arena.

But now a disturbing thought popped into Peggy's mind—one that should have long ago been forgotten.

She looked anxiously for Billy Belovian and Billy Sam, if she could find them, she was sure they would help her. Her eyes chanced upon them just as Billy Belovian, dressed as a clown, and seated in a funny cart, was driving Billy Sam, Johnny Bull and Billy Goat out into the big tent.

But suddenly she was stopped. A long snaky something was coiled around her holding her fast. She gave a little shriek. Then the snaky something lifted her high in the air and she looked down to find herself amid a herd of big elephants.

She realized in an instant that the snaky something was clinging to the trunk. It turned her around so that she was looking right into an elephant's twinkling eye. She knew whether they were twinkling in fun or in mischief. She had heard all sorts of stories about elephants. Some were good and some were bad. What was this one?

"The elephant gave her the answer. Trampling softly, he closed his eyes at her with a wink that was strangely reminiscent of Judge Owl's. Then he tossed down a golden ring around her neck. A pretty golden throne fastened to his back. It was the very place where she belonged. The elephant had recognized Countess Alice's costume and had come to the rescue at just the right moment.

As Peggy settled herself on the throne, she found it light to keep from falling. She was sitting on a platform of the elephant, they moved out into the main tent, and Peggy found herself being stared at by thousands and thousands of excited eyes.

(Tomorrow the strange act that is put on by Peggy and the elephants and the animals will be described.)

When twilight comes, o'er all the pentament air. O'er every mountain day there falls the hush of prayer.

Far in the West one splash of vivid color. Where careless day dropped down one crimson rose. Upon an evening's dusky, loosened hair.

O fleeting time of all the radiant hours most fair! Brief time when waiting souls the brooding worlds their deepest truths disclose.

One candle lights the pale-green eastern where a golden candle gleaming. The full sad night lights some ghostly solace here.

To supplant blossoms in my garden. That shall unclose With dawn's first kiss, a sweet expectation flows.

God doth repair. When twilight comes. Nellie West Mill, in the People's Home Journal.

His Glass Alley A good story was told by Sir James Barris at a social gathering recently. The good gentleman it appears was going along a back street in Liverpool...

A Lesson in Manners This is the way the agent got a lesson in manners. He called at a business office and saw nobody but a prepossessing though capable-appearing young woman.

The Scotch Method "Dae ye think this box is strong enough to trust in the van?" asked a Highland farmer at the railway station.

Words of Despair "No, but I will be a sister to you. The last train went five minutes ago."

Running True to Form Spiritualist—Ah, I hear the knocking of your late wife. My friend, I shall not call you and gentlemen, I know you too well. Ing now—Jack-O-Lantern.

By EDWIN

CHAPTER XXVI The Death Grip

HE STOOD in the middle of the stone floor, matchbox in hand, trying to decide what he must do next. As nearly as he could judge by his observations during the afternoon, and the evening of the stone and the main group of buildings, the level of the level of the stone and the main group of buildings, the level of the level of the stone and the main group of buildings...

But there might be some other and less dangerous means of forcing the door. Even if he found it, he would have no idea which way to turn. Better to follow the passage to the upper floor, if it were possible, and enter above, thus creating a diversion which might lead to the advantage of his enterprise.

Another passage lay before him, a narrower one, which soon developed a straight flight of narrow stairs leading upward. He stood for a moment staring for the gloom above him seemed to lighten. He set upon the lower step and took off his heavy boots, then crept up the stairs noiselessly, reaching a landing dimly lighted by a single window which looked out upon the night.

"CAP" STUBBS—And What Pa Would Do Is Still a Mystery



PA IF YOU WUZ WALKIN' LONG AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN A MILLION GERMAN WITH BAYNETS AN' MACHIN' BY WOT WOULD YOU DO?



AW POP! HONEST NOW! WOT WOULD YOU DO? WELL LIKE AS NOT, I'D DRAW MY TRUSTY 'PEN KNIFE, CHARGE TH' WHOLE BUNCH AN' LEAVE TH' 'EM BATTERED WITH TH' DEAD!



AW GEE! GUIT KIDDIN'! WOT WOULD YOU DO? FORGET IT! IF THERE WAS A FISH WITHIN FIFTY MILES, YOU'D SCARE IT AWAY!



WELL GEE! I WONDER WOT HE WOULD DO!