

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY

Author of "King Spruce," "The Ramrodders," "The Skipper and the Skipped," etc.

READ THIS FIRST

Vetal Beauville, keeper of an inn on the Maine-Canadian border...

deau crushed his hat between his knees and gazed on this new friend hopefully and hungrily.

because a bit of a ruin in a landscape makes the rest seem more beautiful.

Billedeau stared, as one lifts fearing, fervent, adoring gaze to a revealed divinity.

Speech was bursting from the old man. The packet wavered in his outstretched hands.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES-ByDaddy

"THE POISONED SWORD"

(In this adventure King Bird brings forth a champion to combat the Mysterious Knight in a tourney.)



gium in disguise, I knew that there couldn't be any question of his courage.

THE CHALLENGE TO COMBAT
HEAR YE! Hear ye! King Bird in behalf of his champion, the Knight of the Poisoned Sword...

"For shame, Blue Jay! You know the Mysterious Knight is not a poltroon!"

"The challenge has gone forth through all of Birdland."

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

THE PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY MANSION

A New Light on an Old Problem
WHEN Bruno Duke told me he planned to spend a lot of money on improving the appearance of "The Barracks," but that it was to cost Barbara Sarstairs little or nothing...

Peter, is a real problem. Read the letter for yourself.
He handed me a letter which certainly was unusual.

Today's Business Question
What does "acceptance" mean? Answer will appear tomorrow.



He dragged the precious packet from his pocket.

that's how the men in high places get the reputation of being hard-headed understrappers are too officious.

ground at the same time, snorting his fright at sight of this rolling, spinning, leaping thing that came at him like some savage little beast from the covert.

The next moment the ragged man leaped forward and seized the struggling, shying horse by the bits.

Clup-clop, the white horse of the bishop's phaeton plodded on; clup-clop, and the heart of Anaxagoras Billedeau thudded its beats, keeping time to the beats of the hoofs.

The ragged man plodded after the carriage, rubbing his dented hat on his elbow.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

HOME, SWEET HOME By Edgar W. Swift

A BRIDE of but a few months, Mrs. Raymond could certainly be pardoned for carefully patting down her hair and giving numberless peeps in the mirror as a clock approached.

him to stay. But who were the Simpsons? Raymond had heard and had become acquainted with the man on the train, two weeks previous, and since then he had dined with them four or five evenings.

She had a relief which she had not known for a long time.

Don't be frightened—don't be surprised," his companion said. "You understand now that I am not after your money. But in this life, Fiddler, the roundabout way with big men is sometimes the only shrewd way.

All at once he cried out so suddenly that Anaxagoras leaped upon the bench.

"Stand by, Fiddler! Grab your chance if it comes to you! For your life, now, when I yell the word. That word will be 'Fiddler.' When I yell 'Fiddler' it will be your move!"

He beat his fist upon the old man's shoulder to emphasize his orders. Then he hurried to the edge of the sward that hemmed the white surface of the avenue.

Far up the vista, emerging like a white cloud from a cavern, came a fat horse, plodding with sluggish trim. Soon the clup-clop of the animal's hoofs sounded in Billedeau's ears, but whether he was hearing the hoofs or his own heartbeats he did not know.

DOLLS
Dolls! Dolls! Sadies, Kates and Polls! Marys, Mays and Moils!

"I'm going to Boston to see if I can get a good hotel man who is familiar with the place under our supervision on a profit-sharing plan.

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"SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER"—Maybe She Didn't Go to the Same School

MISS O'FLAGE: DICTATION HERE! HURRY!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, GEE THAT BOY AT THE DANCE LAST NIGHT HAD LOVELY BLUE EYES!

— THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT SINCE ANNO DOMINI 1871.

I BEG PARDON, WHAT WAS THAT LAST?

ANNO DOMINI! A.O. 1871: WHY MISS O'FLAGE, YOU WENT TO SCHOOL? SURELY YOU REMEMBER WHAT ANNO DOMINI MEANT!

NOW LET ME SEE— I REMEMBER AN ANN O'HIGGINS IN OUR CLASS BUT I DON'T REMEMBER ANY ANN O'DOMINY. MAYBE SHE WAS IN A LOWER GRADE.

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By HAYWARD