

THE SOLITARY HOUSE

A Mystery Story By E. R. PUNSHON

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Keith Norton, tramp, makes himself at home in the Solitary House...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The Grave

HE WONDERED vaguely if those other disappearances of which people told had happened like this...

Even as he lay helpless in his bonds he writhed to think how easily he had been duped...

Madly, furiously, wildly, he writhed and struggled as he lay upon the ground...

There was no answer, but a beam of light shone upon him suddenly...

Who are you? he said again. There was still no answer...

He tried to beat this terror down, and he listened again. There was no doubt now...



There was no answer, but a beam of light shone upon him suddenly

It lingered there, pressing softly and almost lovingly as though yearning in sensuous longing to press and crush and squeeze until it had driven out all life...

He felt the hairy hands that had been groping up and down upon his body...

THE BEREAVED

I shall watch the boys march. I shall cheer as they pass. For the lines closely knit in parade will, alas!

GRIF ALEXANDER.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Dogs Are Getting Fussy



earth pressing him on each side, bound as he was hand and foot by tight-drawn cords...

They stretched, gave way a little farther, so mightily did he struggle...

At a little distance he could just distinguish in the gloom a dark shadowy mass composed, he thought, of the man he had heard stumble and of the other man or beast...

Upon learning that the friends whom she was to visit had a son living at home, the girls had prophesied that Gladys would fall in love and 'take to the simple life'...

"No farmer for me. The simple life for me in little old Boston," said Gladys.

"Right-o. How much baggage have you?" "Only a suitcase."

"We can take that in the car. Wait a second and I'll fetch it around."

"I'm glad you like the room, dear," said Mrs. Brewster to her husband.

"I'm going to be up at 6 o'clock," said Mrs. Brewster to Gladys.

"This is my bloomer suit. It hasn't any skirt."

"How long you been there, Ben?" queried his mother.

"What's the matter with Glad's suit, mother? It's a dandy."

"Just right, too. Mother isn't used to the new woman yet," laughed Ben.

"The days that ensued were full of fun, work and a comradeship that included the family and working force."

"I scratched the horse up considerably, smashed the wagon, made an omelet of the eggs and ruined the pumpkins and other stuff."

"The old fellow stood ruefully gazing at the wreck after he had extricated himself from the mess."

"Being in a hurry, as most of those chaps are, and anxious to be on his way, the automobilist said: 'I'm in a hurry, and while I'd like to wait, I can't, so if you'll tell me how much you want me to give you, I'll pay and be on my way.'"

"The old fellow looked at him about a minute, and then he exclaimed: 'How much had you ought to give me? Mister, if you'll just tell me how much I'm going to get that horse back in the road I'll give you \$5!'"

Evening Journal.

DAILY NOVELETTE

PIGGY'S FIRST AID

By BERTHA RICE

"BE SURE to write."

The above farewells were chorused simultaneously from three 'hello' girls who were grouped on the platform at North Station to give a send-off to their friend, Gladys Farnum...

"Good-by, get your shoes ready," she called from the car window as the train pulled out of the track yard.

"Settling herself comfortably for an all-day ride, Miss Farnum recalled amusedly the bet made with her friends."

"I guess you're Ben," said Gladys with a responsive smile.

"Only a suitcase."

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--ByDaddy "CINDERELLA'S BALL"

(Peggy and Billy, invited to Cinderella's ball, are drawn there by Optimistic Ostrich. They find that the orchestra has been shut up by Red Beard.)

"OH, CINDERELLA, are you going to let Red Beard come to your ball?" drawled Sleeping Beauty...

"I'll not invite him. I'm not going to have my party spoiled," declared Cinderella, stamping her foot.

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From his pocket he drew a dainty glass slipper

suggested Peggy, to whom a happy thought had come. She ran to the window and cried out loudly: "My birds! My birds! Come, I need you!"

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BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE OUTSIDE COMPETITION

Jealousy Again Interferes With Business

MERRIWEATHER JACKSON was positively worried at the success of the popular price sale. He put it this way: "Of course, we've had a big sale and made some money, but—"

"For the land's sake, Gladys, what you got on? Where's your skirt?" said Mrs. Brewster as Gladys appeared next morning.

"This is my bloomer suit. It hasn't any skirt."

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"Just right, too. Mother isn't used to the new woman yet," laughed Ben.

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gave me one of her wonderful grins—and then the grin stuck on her face as she saw the six tall, graceful and remarkably good-looking mannikins...

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A NUMBER OF THINGS

In some parts of Holland the farmers have taken a hint from nature and as a result have their own gas plants.

The appalling number of suicides in St. Petersburg has created a new occupation for the workless.

It always unman a woman who she obtains a decree of divorce.

Most of our troubles arise from trying to uphold the blunders we make.

Speaking of words, it is related that a Yank overheard an Australian captain call his company "a fine lot of grafters."

A safe toy gun for children that has been invented shoots a ring with such a spin that it returns to the shooter.