

The Lady of the Night Wind

By VARICK VANARDY Author of "The Two-Faced Man," "Alias the Night Wind," etc

DAILY NOVELETTE JE TAIME By Rose Koralewsky

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy "GRASSHOPPER HOP"

THIS STARTS THE STORY A house party is being held at the country home of Katherine and Bingham Harvard...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES THE Face in the Flame A BROAD SPREADING box elder tree grew on the bank of the lake...

They parted then—and Katherine had heard not a word that had passed between them...

She had the mad notion that the man was her brother Roderick, and she could not rid herself of that conviction...

him, nevertheless—her only brother; for he had been the eldest and Katherine the youngest among five, and of the three who had died, she had no recollection whatever...

She struck a match; he held the flame of it before his face while he applied it to the cigar so that every line of his features showed plainly—and Katherine was conscious of a sharp pang of disappointment...

It was Katherine's very own—more individually and exclusively hers than in her wildest imaginings she had ever dreamed of—for her husband had gone for her just as she suggested she had made about it until it had become a veritable castle of Solomonic for the indulgence of her own pet hobbies...

She had the mad notion that the man was her brother Roderick, and she could not rid herself of that conviction, and yet, strange paradox, she felt she almost knew that it could not be so...

noticed the moisture of dew on Roderick's shoes. He knew, in that instant, that it was not Roderick who was locked inside of the bathroom—who had been looked in it—who might be—who doubtless was—still there...

She passed many hours with palette and brush, or with pencil and crayon as the whim might take her. So was her desk there, over in one corner between two windows that overlooked the lake at different angles...

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THE Youngest Teacher rose wearily to her feet as one crowd of noisy youngsters shuffled out and another filed in. "Here comes my French class," she thought. "Quietly! Don't crowd, James," as she grasped one awkward fellow by the arm...

When the scraping of feet and dropping of pencils had ceased she began the lesson. "What is the verb, 'to love' in French, William?" "Aimer," answered a tall, lanky youth...

When the work was done that class passed out and another came in, and so it went all day until half past three. Then the Youngest Teacher, after seeing that the boards were washed, the plants watered and the shades lowered, walked slowly to the little white house where she boarded, there to work on papers until supper time...

Then the dull ache which had smoldered in her heart all day, and for many days before, burst into flame, and she dropped her head on her folded arms and sobbed. "He'll never come back," she thought. "So I'll write him and let him think I don't care either."

She seemed to sober the excited Stantonburg, for she shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "Ah, well, perhaps it is just as well. You had me at a disadvantage, eh? Well, I got out as well as I can be. Now what is he?"

It followed, but must admit I thrilled with excitement. I felt the blood rushing through my veins as my heart pounded. As we neared the door I glanced back and saw Harvey and one of the other detectives at the other end of the short corridor. With two men blocking the passage and two more blocking the fire-escape there was little chance for escape...

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"We might charm them with our singing," said Peggy aloud. Suddenly a tiny, dainty creature appeared before them in the air, hanging fluttering on gauzy wings. "Fiddle-dee-dee, that cannot be, unless you sing in a hopper key," sang the pretty stranger. "My gracious, it's a fairy!" cried Peggy. "No, a humming bird," declared Billy. "A fairy-humming bird," corrected the tiny creature. "Darter is my name, and I'm going to make you such sweet grasshopper singers that the other grasshoppers will follow you wherever you go. Are you brave?"

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BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

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THE READER'S VIEWPOINT Letters to the Editor on Current Topics

To Our Soldier Dead Sir—I wrote the verses enclosed after reading General Pershing's views on leaving our dead heroes in France. A H. B. AT REST IN FRANCE Shall we leave them in peace In the land where they fell, In their strength, in their beauty, their youth...

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DOROTHY DARNIT—Some Class to Dorothy



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