

The Lady of the Night Wind

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

THIS STARTS THE STORY
A house party is being given at the country home of Katherine and Bingham Harvard. Among the guests is one Conrad Belknap...



AND HERE IT CONTINUES
HERE is a letter of yours that I found under your balcony. Bingham said to her while they were on their way back, giving it into her hand...

After midnight, Bobbie. Who arrives first will wait

out upon the wide and spacious platform in front of the former, which extended above the water.
'It is much cooler here,' Carruthers remarked as he brought some chairs forward for the ladies, and proceeded to light a cigar...

He shrugged and indulged in his sardonic smile.
Then he turned sharply upon her.
'What did you guess at about him?' he demanded.
'Nothing,' she replied, calmly returning his gaze...

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It was plainly up to Roberto to follow Carruthers and Katherine, if she so desired, but she kept her seat and let them go—and watched them in silence until they were out of hearing.
Then, in a tone so low as to be barely audible, she said to Belknap:
'Why did you do that, C. B.?'
'Go where you met me Saturday night,' he replied softly. 'The bench under the tree by the lake.'

DAILY NOVELETTE

IT WAS close and hot in the office where Maisie worked all day typing, taking dictation from exacting employers, who were sharp if she made a mistake. How could she help making slips those muggy July days, with the thermometer in the nineties? The keys would stick; her fingers would slip to the wrong letter—yet she was very careful, usually quite exact in her work...

She nodded as if to assure him that the music was well placed at last, and he passed again around the end of the piano and dropped upon a chair to listen to her playing.
Two appointments had been made to take place at the same spot, at approximately the same time, for the night that had just begun: Carruthers and Roberto were to meet there for a private conference which she had insisted upon making; and Katherine was to meet Belknap there to conduct him to the hiding place which he had insisted that she should provide.

John was her old-time friend. She had known him from childhood; they had grown up together. She had often thought of him in the long, weary months since she left home, but it was not the kind to write letters. Indeed, she had been almost afraid he had forgotten her. It was but a boy and girl friendship. Perhaps he had married. Was she glad to see him? Maisie's eyes were filled with tears, and she laughed with a happiness she had not felt for many months.
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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

THE Stranger in the Tree
IT'S a mystery—that's what it is,' said Duffy, the big, fat policeman, to Nora, the maid next door. And he said it so loudly that he aroused Peggy from a peaceful afternoon nap in the hammock.
'What is a mystery?' asked Peggy, drowsily rubbing the sleep from her eyes.
'It's a mystery the way the diamond brooch of Mrs. Holt, our mistress, vanished from the top of her dressing table this afternoon,' wailed Nora, the tears running down her cheeks.
'And with the doors and windows all locked,' added the policeman.
'Yes, and the mistress will think that I am a thief and that I took it,' sobbed Nora.



She seized Billy by the arm

So he hoisted Billy and Peggy up to the window of Mrs. Holt's room and they peered within. They could see the dresser from which the brooch had been taken, but they couldn't see the robber had gotten in or out, for the windows were fastened tight, and the door had been locked fast.
'Maybe the robber came through the fireplace,' whispered Peggy, pointing to the open grate.
'Huh! It's too small,' grunted Billy. 'Even a boy as small as I am couldn't get through that hole and up the chimney.'

THE Business Doctor
By HAROLD WHITEHEAD
Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke—Solver of Business Problems"
A New Idea of Salesmanship
IF YOU happen to be one who believes that salesmanship is merely the art of selling things, let me undeceive you.
Everybody is a salesman, and everybody who "makes good" successfully applies salesmanship to his everyday work.

When a youngster first wants a job he has to sell his services to some concern—and he begins his business career by salesmanship. Of course, after "getting the order" he has to deliver the goods in service and time, and so long as he delivers the goods to specifications his boss will continue to buy services from him.
The young lover who wants some sweet young thing to share his pay envelope and his troubles has to "sell her the idea that her happiness is best conserved by marrying him." If she agrees, he's sold her on the proposition (and it sometimes happens, more so the pity, that it turns out that she has been "sold").

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It is lucky to marry in a ruined church.
The couple will be separated soon if by mistake they start from the altar in different directions.
The one who answers the responses in loudest tone will have the least to say in the household.
If the best man stumbles on his way to the altar it means bad luck to the bridegroom; if the bridesmaid stumbles, bad luck to the bride.
A bald headed man at the altar, he be minister, bridegroom, or bride's father, foretells marriage squalls.
If a bride trips on her own gown on the way to the altar she will do something that will destroy her own happiness in married life.
If the bride turns her head when standing at the altar it signifies an early search for a second husband.
It is bad luck to have at the altar a person of the same given name as either of the principals.
To hear a baby cry at a wedding is a sign that the love of the couple is on slender ground.
The bridegroom will prove fickle if he drops anything in the room where the ceremony is held.
In some countries it is believed if a bride carries salt in her pocket it will insure a good luck.
Happily is scheduled for the couple whose relatives refuse to attend the ceremony after they have been invited.
If a dog barks during the ceremony an enemy lies in the room.
If the bride coughs during the ceremony her life will be short.
If the bride stands under a floral bell and the petals of a white rose should fall on her she will be happy and never know a care.
To stand with the back to a mirror when being married means much gossiping about you.
It is bad luck to marry in the middle of folding doors or under an archway.
If in the course of the marriage ceremony one of the couple trips upon the foot of the other it will prevent sickness.
If it rains on the bride as she goes to be married, she will see pleasure come from all her trials.
An evil spirit is seeking to destroy the love of the couple if a door squeaks about the time of the ceremony.
Loud laughter near the time of the ceremony is the premonition of tears.
To see a streak of lightning just before the wedding ceremony is a happy omen.
The first single person to come into the room prepared for a wedding and who does not go out before the ceremony will be married within a year.
If the bridegroom speaks to another woman before he speaks to his wife after the ceremony, there will be a woman marrying in the happiness of the union.
To conceal a horseshoe beneath the flowers under which the girl is married brings her good fortune.
For a child to appear in the church aisle while the wedding party is in the church foretells a large family.—Chicago Tribune.

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS

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THE next complete novelette: The Rose-Colored Rug.
I Should Say So!
That subway guard is Very queer
Who calls the streets in Accents clear!
—Cartoons Magazine.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Dorothy Is Ready to Give in and Page the Undertaker!

POOR LITTLE DOROTHY IS SICK, DOCTOR
WHERE DO YOU FEEL SICK?
IN HERE
LET ME SEE YOUR TONGUE
THAT WON'T DO A BIT OF GOOD
WHY?
NO TONGUE CAN TELL HOW SICK I AM



By Chas. McManus

Scotch Hospitality
Bailie McTavish—An' so ye leave Glesca' on Monday. What are ye daein' the morrow nicht?
Mr. Jarvis—Tomorrow, Thursday, I've no engagement.
Bailie—An' the next nicht?
Mr. J.—I'm free then, too.
Bailie—An' what will ye be daein' on Saturday?
Mr. J.—On Saturday I dine with the Buchanans.
Bailie—What a party! As wanted ye tae tak' dinner wi' us on Saturday.
—Dallas News.

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The weather was unusually warm, even for late June. Nobody cared to go indoors, even for the attractions of shade or music.
Roberts improvised some dreamy airs on the piano for a time, but presently he got out through one of the windows and Katherine was seated with Carruthers and Belknap.
'Come with me and I will show it to you,' she heard Katherine say to Carruthers; and as they got upon their feet she started slowly away, Belknap reeling coolly.
'Ah! here is Senorita Cervantes. We go with you, the senorita will see that you are honored.' And he added, by way of explanation: 'They are going down to the lake. Will you please walk down the path and the lake together, with Katherine and Carruthers in the lead, but hurry enough ahead to render their conversation unintelligible to the pair who follow.'
They were standing on the lake at the boat house when the pavilion, and went