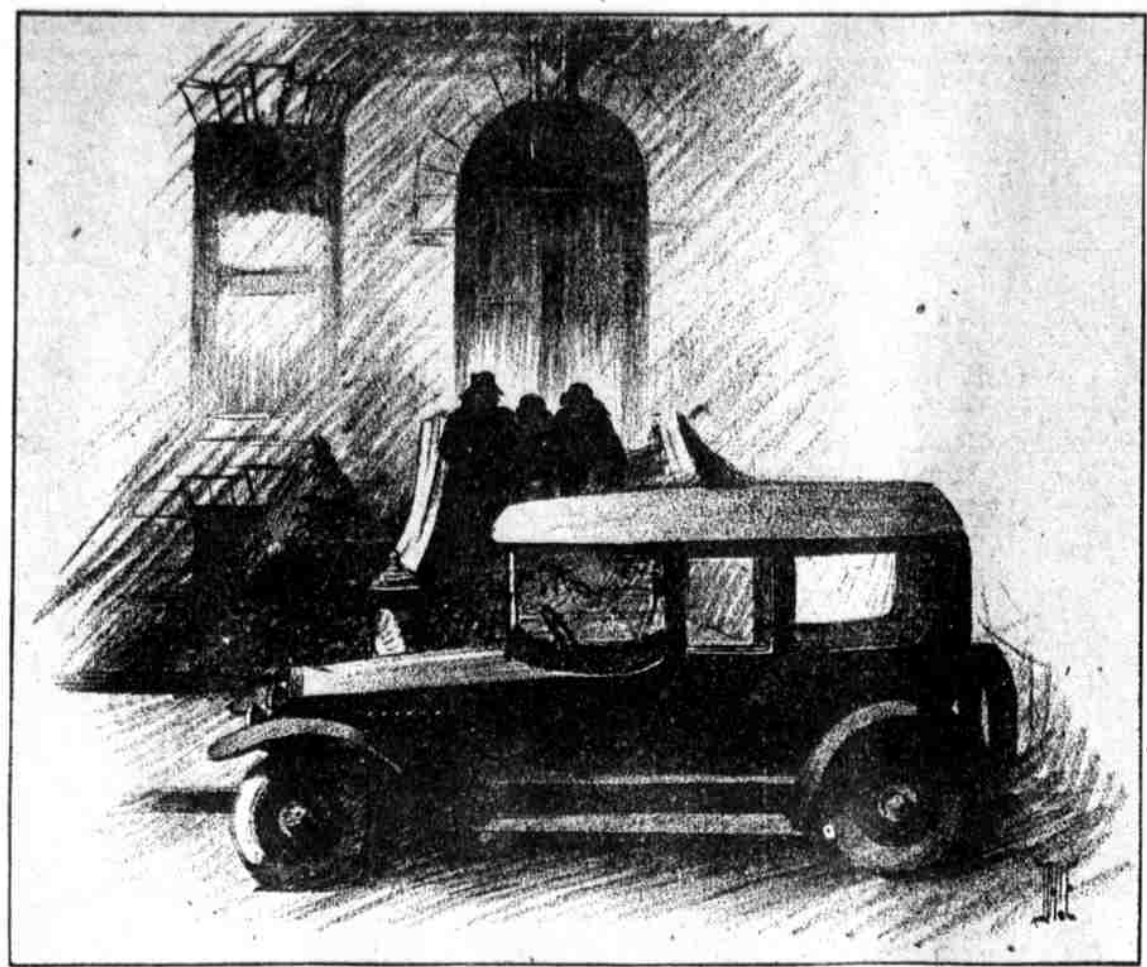


The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

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THIS STARTS THE STORY
A dinner party is being held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Ledyard.



One woman was in the middle and they were holding her up

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
WHAT clothes are missing? What must she have worn?

She might easily have let into the house somebody who fooled her with some slyly romantic story or bribed her with money for pretty clothes.

draw up another for himself. His brown eyes shone, but his voice was perfectly cool.

"No. The man was tall and straight and had long, wavy hair and soft lips that pulled down.

Every time she had an afternoon Mrs. Peters responded loyally.

An Unseen Witness
PAUL spent the rest of the day in routine work.

"I stayed right beside Donald and never took my eyes off him for a long hour or more, but he didn't stir.

"In which leg?"
"The left, I think. They wanted to assist the woman, but she pulled herself together and walked to the car steadily enough.

"Well, yes, though she hates kitchen work," Mrs. Peters admitted.

"What is your address?" he asked, hastily. "I'll be there as soon as a taxi can bring me."

"What awakened you, Miss Bayne?"
The sound of a motorcar in the street.

"You gave up the case?" Paul asked.
"When did you leave, the Fraser boy?"

"Don't worry about her any more than you can help, Mrs. Peters."

"How do you do?" the girl said stiffly.

"Go on, please, Miss Bayne. I want to assure you."

"What is Man? Break the shells of 1000 eggs into a huge pan or basin, and you have the contents to make a man from his toenails to the most delicate tissues of his brain.

"Nobodv could have got to her with any threat or bribe to keep her out of the way."

"I'm a trained nurse. I was on night duty at the Frasers, number 138 Farragut street, on Thursday evening."

"The Fraser boy?" Paul repeated eagerly.

"The next complete novelette—Susan the Third.

DAILY NOVELETTE
A PILOT O' HEARTS
By Sadie M. Stull

"A HOY, Miss Beth! You'll never make Port Fortune at this rate o' sailin'."

A protesting wave of Elizabeth's paint-brush silenced him.

The old sailor unlimbered from his cramped "pose" and slowly approached the easel.

His shaggy brows contracted as he studied the half-finished picture. Then suddenly the eyes under the brows twinkled merrily.

From the distant sand dunes came the raucous call of a mangled gull; from a nearby cottage the melodious trill of a canary.

On the shaded piazza the bracing salt air whipped twin roses into Beth's pale cheeks.

"I met a husky from one of them ships this mornin'."

"The conquering hero comes!"
Albert I, King of the Belgians, grandson of a Hohenzollern princess, may blush as he undoubtedly will, as the huzzas of admiring Americans, voiced in language something like this, only old Neptune would get his boots; but I thought of the lass waitin' for Bart back in his home town, an' won out.

"I listened to the generals, and it seemed such a great responsibility to assume among them that I just at last picked out what seemed the plans of common sense."

"You did well, each general, because you is a specialist and knows the great strategic schools by heart, is tempted to be a partisan of this one or that."

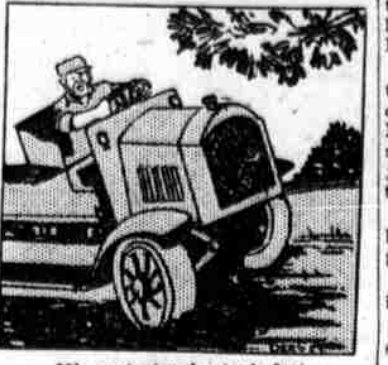
"The very blush that suffused the features of the King of the Belgians as he heard this commendation of the great French marshal would have done credit to a schoolgirl, so it is said by persons who heard Joffre's praise and witnessed its effect on his recipient."

"But because he had been called 'high arbuter' did King Albert forget the duty which not long before he had told his soldiers belonged to him? He did not."

Esther is an inquisitive little girl. One day I took her for a walk and every time we met any one she would ask who it was.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy
"THE LAUGHING MAN"

(Cranky Jimkins and the Laughing Man race their motortrucks for a fortune. Cranky Jimkins gets ahead because Laughing Man stops to do kindnesses to persons in need.)



His motortruck stuck fast

CRANKY JIMKINS wasn't long in learning that the bridge was broken on the straight road to the home of Farmer Field and he came tearing back to the side road as fast as the truck would go.

Peggy and Billy chuckled, too, but at the same time they kept urging the Laughing Man to drive his very fastest.

"You can easily get to Farmer Field's house first and win the fortune if you do not have to stop again," said Billy.

"There's trouble here, I wonder if I can help," cried Laughing Man, and forgetting the race, he brought his truck to a stop.

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Farmer Field, who has just sold his logs at a fine price, said one of the men. "But all our fun is spoiled because our wagon has broken down."

"Ho, ho, ho! That trouble is easily fixed," roared Laughing Man. "Pile on my truck and away we will go."

"Why, I'm on my way to Farmer Field's home. I hope to sell him a motortruck and so win a fortune," sang Laughing Man.

"The wheel will go, Laughing Man, and we will help you all we can," cried all the men and women, using the same charm-like words that had been used before by Johnny Bull, the little old woman and the lame boy.

Before coming to the throne he worked in the mines, drove railway engines and performed all the manual labor that brought him into contact with the laboring classes.

Often he exposed himself to shellfire and aviators' bombs burst about him when that was possible.

"My skin is of no more value than yours," he told his heartiest soldiers on their retreat from Antwerp. "My place is on the firing line!"

This was in line with his celebrated address to two picked companies of Belgian soldiers when invasion of the little kingdom became a certainty.

"Fellow soldiers, when that great military commander, Julius Caesar, wrote his commentaries on the Gallic Wars he said, 'Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae,' which, translated, means, 'Of all these the bravest are the Belgians.' Live up to your traditions."

Queen Elizabeth, Angel of Mercy
Queen Elizabeth, who accompanies King Albert on his visit to America, and to whom she was married in 1900, as the Duchess Elizabeth, of Bavaria, was described at the time as "a strikingly handsome woman."

ALBERT I, KING OF THE BELGIANS, MODEST AS WELL AS BRAVE LEADER OF HERO ARMY

Knights Warrior Has Habit of Blushing Under Deserved Compliment
Gallant Defender of His Country Once a Newspaper Reporter in America

King of the Belgians and His Royal Spouse
Albert Leopold Clement Maria Meinard, king of the Belgians.

Visited the United States as an Observer in His Care-free Days
His Royal Consort, Queen Elizabeth, Known as "Angel of Mercy"

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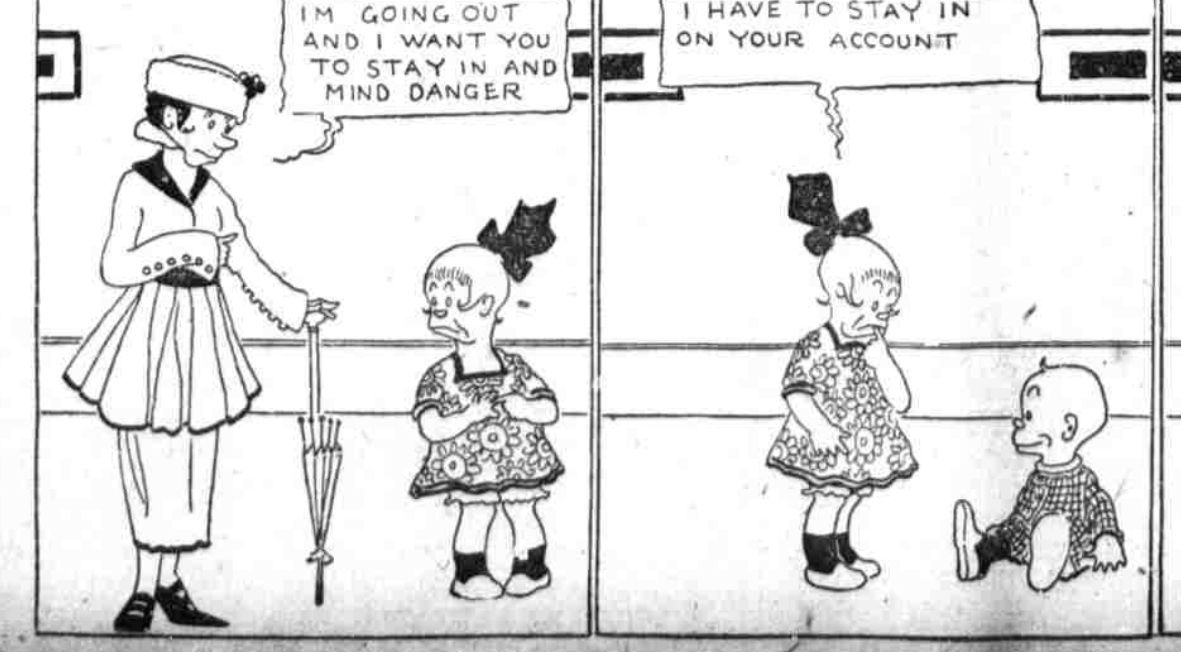
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DOROTHY DARNIT—It's a Good Scheme if Some One Doesn't Empty the Basket



By Chas. McManus

