

The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

DAILY NOVELETTE PRINCE AND THE PUPPY

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy "MONKEY-LAND"

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

A dinner party is being held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Ledyard. Among those present are her daughter, Tricky, her friend, Rebecca...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES.

AS SHE vanished to give the order, Paul glanced again at the sealed door. If Mrs. Hartshorne had been impelled to whiff and face it, the shot which entered her heart might have come from any one of that row of windows before him.

But one ray of light appeared to point to a possible remaining clue. Rose Adare and the servants of the Hartshorne household had testified to an abrupt and inexplicable change in the demeanor of their mistress dating back to the previous Tuesday night...

At 2:30 that afternoon when the closing market reports were in from Wall Street and his business of the day was transacted, Colonel Ledyard was on the point of leaving his office when Paul Harvey was ushered in.

"Well, I won't detain you any longer," Paul observed, rising. "But what was your own personal opinion, Colonel Ledyard, of the controversy, your daughter had started? Did you agree with her that Mrs. Hartshorne had been accepted too readily without credentials?"

"I was on the fence, too, like Mrs. Cowles," the Colonel laughed. "It did strike me, when Tricky spoke, that we had all been pretty easy, but I never suspected that there was anything actually wrong with the little woman; I don't know what to think even now. Her financial affairs were straight as a string and she didn't seem the kind to get mixed up in a personal scandal. I hope you'll let us know when you discover anything."

"What's the matter?" chorused the twins, who read. "Not a thing, sugar ants," replied the unapologetically untruthful aunt, "except I'm as hungry as a couple of bears."

"No, the snail could not have been reached in the first place. After replying to your telephone call, I went over the ground thoroughly. The windows open on a narrow strip of garden and a ledge running along the ground, with a ledge running along the entire length four feet below the level of the windows, upon which a reasonably active person might easily climb from the steps at the end that lead up to the sealed door."

"O—Oh, Auntie Vic! We've got a puppy! We've got a puppy!" This greeting was shouted in sing-song and reached Victoria Reed a full five seconds before the twins did.

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Rollo, the Wandering Monkey, with a Dream Stick, turns Peggy, Billy, Smiling Teacher and all Peggy's schoolmates into monkeys. They jump through a circle on the blackboard and find themselves in Monkey Land. There they are surrounded by real, wild monkeys.



They were like spiders

SHRIEKING and chattering, the wild monkeys swept through the treetops and about Smiling Teacher and the children. They were as numerous as a flock of blackbirds in a field of wild rice and they were as scary looking as scores of large spiders. Indeed so much were they like spiders with their long arms and legs and tails, that Peggy had to look at them a second time to make sure that they were trapezoidal like Rollo, and not a funny kind of grand-daddy-long-legs.

"We-ee-ek! We-ee-ek! Here's a strange band of monkeys on our hunting grounds. Drive them into the river!" shrieked the wild monkeys.

"We-ee-ek! You've come to our hunting grounds to take our food, screeched the monkeys. "We-ee-ek! We are only friends passing through your hunting grounds. We intend you no harm. We are peace-loving spider-monkeys like yourselves," answered Rollo.

"You'd better get away as fast as you can before Chief Chatter-Choo hears that there is a fair young lady monkey with you. He is looking for a new mate, and will be sure to choose her. That would be a sad, and fate."

THE WARNING

LEAVING the Ledyard residence Paul Harvey looked in on his friend the theatrical booking agent and found him literally barricaded in his private office, while the outer rooms were jammed to overflowing with a sizzling mass of showily bedizened femininity.

DOROTHY DARNIT—And the Natives Throw a Mean Egg!

MISTER KNOOPIS NOT GOIN' TO AFRICA TO BE AN ACTOR. WHY NOT? HE'S BEEN STUDYIN' THE CONDITIONS OF THAT COUNTRY. DIDN'T HE LIKE THE LOOKS OF 'EM THINGS.

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke—Solver of Business Problems"

CUSTOMERS ARE OPPORTUNITIES, NOT RISKS

THE credit man and the sales manager did not get along very well together. The credit manager felt that the sales manager was always accepting risky business. The sales manager was quite sure that the credit manager killed a lot of desirable business.

When Bill Saw "T. R." in Maine

Since the death of Colonel Roosevelt, old-timers in Washington have been recalling many incidents illustrative of the tremendous vitality of the man, his determination to get things accomplished and his unwillingness to let real tape interfere with the accomplishment of that which seemed necessary to be done.

Autocrat of the Air

The miller at the old windmill of a village in Buckinghamshire one year found such difficulty in getting his sails to work through a storm of wind that he was continually behind with his work. The delay annoyed the farmers, who decided to call a meeting to consider the advisability of getting up another windmill.

By Chas. McManus

