Bu LEROY SCOTT

Author of "No. 13 Washington Square," "Mary Regan," etc.

prouted by special errangement with Haushiton, Miffili Co., couright, 1920, by Leroy Scott,

TER thoughts were forever swerving HER thoughts were for-er repeating themselves, If she went to ear repeating themselves, If she went to Harr's reache. Kenneth would, of larry's find out; and if she did not, he

Harry's rend out; and if she did not, he course, and out; and if she did not, he might find out anyway.

Her highly excited mind was forever Her highly excited mind was forever saulking the moment of exposure, saulking the moment of exposure. She could see his horrified annaxement She could see his face tighten with wrath. This became an obsession with her. One exening when she surprised such look upon his face, she determined to have an end to the suspense. She will be the two hands, and squarely see him:

"What's the matter, Kenneth?"

"What's the matter, Kenneth?"

"What's the matter, Kenneth?"

ripped what remained, and squarely seed him:

"What's the matter, Kenneth?"

"What's the matter, Kenneth?"

"You were looking at me so queerly."

"If I looked queer, I guess largh. "If I looked queer, I guess largh. "If I looked queer, I guess largh which created of unconsciously wise success in my head after busicarfing business in her heaf humorous, was at tent after bone many his probable for her high spirits that after busicarfing dustring dustring business in her half humorous, was at tent and that same was under high for her high fumorous, was at the e

larrs.
Pallid though the long months of prison had made him, Harry bleached to more bloodless line. However, he did "You know. Uncle George, I never led you to put this up to her," he

aid.
"I know you didn't, son. It was my like. I just thought she ought to know and decide for herself."
Harry's gray eyes regarded Uncle fleege steadily through the bars. For a moment there was silence except for those for, shoffling sounds which abide in prisons. Then Harry spoke, his toke quiet and with the composure which is fitting last words:
"Of course, that means my fluish.

"Of course, that means my finish.
Tog and Jerry know how I feel about
hr. Since she doesn't care for me.

throat, but she forced herself to speak calmly. "Yes, Kenneth. What is it?" "I wender. Jennie—I wonder—"

"Go on. What is it. Kenneth?"

"Oh, nothing." he replied with an thrust change of manner. "Just take took care of your cold: and much as Mrs. Shipman's frieudship means to us, for twen yourself out at that lunch ton of hers."

"Ing the door, she returned to her guests.

"Did you really notice him, Jennie?" whispered Sue. "What a grim, shuddery-looking man!"

"Just so he does the work I don't care what he looks like." Jennie returned carelessly.

Kenneth said good by again, and this Keneth said good by again, and this time west out. Jennie knew well that to give her that advice about her cold, which was hardly a cold at all, was not what had been in Kenneth's mind. Something was brooding—she was more crisis that ever of this. The panie is which the had lived these many days tree suddenly more intense. There rathed not her a registless need of talk.

(Peggs. Billy. Balky Sam, Billy Gost and Johnny Bull are carried to the Moon on the witch's broomstick. There they meet the Man in the

wanted to see more.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY

"THE WITCH'S TRICKS"

Peggy Gets Sho:

Peggy Gets Sho:

Weof!' went the fat chap. "Woof!' went the fat chap. "Whish!" went the air in the tube. "Whish!" went the air in the tube. "La, la!" cried the Mau in the Moon gleefully as he saw the air pressure go up in his instrument.

"He-haw, I can pump air, too." brayed Balky Sam, letting fly with his heels at a blown-up chap. Wham! The kick was one of Balky Sam's best, and the fat chap was torn loose from the air tube and sent flying up through the telescope, far above the surface of the moon. They had caught only a lampse of the wonders of the moon. They had caught only a table wanted to see more.

The Man in the Moon beamed upon "La, la!" cried the Mau in the Moon gleefully as he saw the air pressure go up in his instrument.

"He-haw, I can pump air, too." brayed Balky Sam's best, and the fat chap was torn loose from the air tube and sent flying up through the telescope, far above the surface of the moon.

"Yah! Yah! Yah! Here's a new game," shrieked the moon folks, leaping in front of Balky Sam sent another flying up through the telescope.

they wanted to see more.
The Man in the Moon appeared disponited at the answer he received.
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The Man in the Moon appeared disponited at the answer he received.
The Man in the Moon appeared disponited at the answer he received.
The Man in the Moon appeared disponite flying up through the telescope, and yet another. It was more fun than the moon folks had enjoyed in many a day. They liked to be kicked far into the air. The bouncing joits didn't seem to hurt them a bit. And it was fun for Balky Sam—a regular kickThe Man in the Moon appeared disponited at the answer he received.

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The Man in the Moon appeared disponited at the moon folks had enjoyed in many and d

with Sue and Mrs. Harrison. Amid all the glory she had won she felt completely isolated: and thus cut off, her mind went homing back to the persen who was most concerned in her success—her father:

Yes, she had to see her father:
But where? A daring inspiration came to her; why not have him visit her here? Wherever she saw him there would be the clement of risk always attending their meetings, and that risk would be hardly greater here than elsewhere. It could be easily managed. After thinking a few minutes she had Uncle George on the wire and, talking to him in code, arranged that Black Jerry was to come at five that afternoon in the guise of a cabinet-maker, to mend a refractory drawer of a writing desk in her private sitting room.

Mrs. Shipman's "brides," luncheses."

Let me say good by, too, You have done all I thought you might possibly do. You have proved that you are the sort of wife I talked about that night—the wife who can walke how have her to the sort of the wife who can have how her have to the wife who can be seen to be seen about that night—the wife who ean
make her busband a great man. You
are doing that to your husband. I
congratulate you, and I am glad that
it is my privilege to be
Your friend
DANIEL SHIPMAN.

Mrs. Shipman's parting words, this note from Mr. Shipman, so thrilled Jennie that for the time she forgot other matters.

rble, never did her pathway seem so desir-rble, never did her pathway seem to be lending forward to such a glorious and widening future. There would have to be maneuverings, ingglings, struggles— but she would hold on to it:

Tou and Jerry know how I feel about in. Since she doesn't care for me, I don't blame her, and I want her to the blame her, and then the blame her would not permit them to leave. Jennie furtively glanced at her watch. The hands crept around toward 5: her uneasiness grew, but she could hardly send them any, and they were still there when the butler announced the arrival of the cabinet-maker.

CHAPTER XXXV

How Kenneth Took the News
THE end of April arrived; within a I gew days they were to move out to sliver Bluffs for the summer, and then there came a morning when Kenneth's behavior at leave taking was unusually disturbing. He said good-by, started out of the great living room, then turned at the door and gazed at Jennie with questioning eyes.

"Jennie" he said abruptly. "Jentifer in the beart leaped chokingly into her throat, but she forced herself to speak calmly. "Yes, Kenneth. What is it?"

"I wonder, Jennie—I wonder—""

"I wonder Afterward, when she was at home

to that desk which you are to fix," continued in her even voice, and, clos-ing the door, she returned to her guests.

turned carclessly.
Fifteen minutes later her visitors finally did depart and Jennie slipped into the sitting room. Her father rose from the chair in which he had been

waiting.
"Dad!" she breathed. "Dad!"
"Jennie." he gulped, and th he gulped, and then: There's no dauger of your busband coming in on us?' he asked. "No. Kenucth never comes home be-

"No. Kenuch over comes home before way was not cleared.

And then she realized that of all her many friends of the great world there before. You've sure got a swell place, Jennie" — exultingly — "the swellest with Mrs. Shipman, and not even (CONTINUED **)

now seemed to wake up.
"Baa! Baa! That's a good jub for me," be bleated, and at once he butted

THE GUMPS—A Bright Future for Chester



-:-

PETEY-We Hand It to You, Old Dear!

-WELL, WELL, SYLVIA. - GREAT HEAVENS! -THIS IS THE DAY YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OLDER THAN LAST TIME MY WIFES JISTER SYLVIA IS TO SHOW HOW ARE YOU ! UP - THIS BEING LEAP YEAR SHES HERE FOR ONLY ONE PURPOSE T-T TISH

- OH MY GOODNESS - LOOK. AN ENGAGEMENT RING - FOR THE LOVE OF -- ER -ER CONCRATULATIONS SYLVIA

SCHOOL DAYS

-:-

-;-

- OH. I'M NOT ENGAGED PETEY- BUT. I'VE COME PREPARED

By Sidney Smith

By C. A. Voight

By DWIG

By Hayward

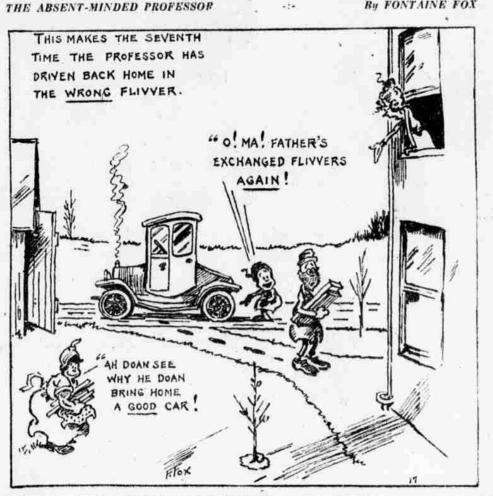
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The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says her father thinks he knows all about scientific agriculture but for all his talk it's her private opinion that he could never earn his living as a pharmacist.

By FONTAINE FOX



Did nt. you see that there sign, you craty? You'll Ketch it when you get home -Hold on fight nor on I'll pull you out-1-1-c-c-cant touch bottom

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-What's the Price if You Can't Show It?

ILL TAKE THAT \$15 NECKPIECE GEE THIS IS THE BIG TIP. ALLRIGHT, ALLRIGHT. WHY PAY LISTEN - DO YOU WANTI HIGH PRICES FOR FURS WHEA THIS STRAY TAG I YOU CAN WAIT FOR A SALE! FOUND ON THE FLOOR ? F

-:--:-Constitute 1920 to Public Ledger Co. GOOD NIGHT YOU FORGOT TO !-Boss. TAKE THE PRICE TAG OFF YOUR NEW FURS!

-:-

NARROW HINDED

BEGGAHS? THE

COUNTRY IS DRY-

CALIFORNIA

The skeptic







DOROTHY DARNIT-Water, Water Everywhere, and Nothing Else to Drink!

muzzle of my gun and away go." The Man in the Moon it an instrument on the wall a throne and gave an exclamature. "The pressure is down." The pressure is down." The pressure is down." in the way of the smashing heels, be instead of going up through the tele There's only enough air to person within a mile of the sing in the windbags. More ball from wall to wall. Peggy, dodging about to escape from the general confusion, got in the way of the Mau in the Moon and was sent tumbling right toward the muzzle of the airguing on folks jumped to obey the tey brought in a dozen un-ting fat chaps and lined gainst the wall. These, the Moon explained to Peggy, official windbags, who fur-for the airgun.

tumbling right toward the muzzle of the airgun.

"Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Pergy into the hole, down until she hit something springy. Snap! Roar-r-r: There was a rush of air, a blinding flash, a breathless darting through space and a bard thump.

Peggy opened her eyes to find herself on the floor beside her own bed at home. "Gracious! The airgun really worked!" she gasped. "It has shot me back to earth, and now how under the sun am I ever going to get to the moon again to find out what becomes of Billy, Balky Sam, Johnny Bull and Billy Goat?"

(In next week's story will be told how peggy gets back to the moon, and the muzzle of the migran. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the airgun. "Look out," shricked Billy, but it was too late. Down went Peggy into the black hole, down until she hit something springy. Snap'. Boar-r-r-r
Peggy opened her eyes to find herself on the floor beside her own bed at home. "Gracious! The airgun really worked!" she gasped. "It has shot me back to earth, and now wounder the sun am I ever going to get to the moon again to find out wh air for the airgun.
fat chaps placed in their mouths

(In next week's story will be told how Peggy gets back to the moon, where she sees strange things.)