

SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Author of "The Next of Kin," "Three Times and Out," etc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY Mrs. J. Burton Francis, a woman with high ideals and more than the ordinary measure of the milk of human kindness...

which was upon a temporary floor laid about half way across the width of the granary. Bags of musty smelling wheat stood at one end of this little room.

The young Englishman reeled unsteadily going up the ladder. He could still feel the chug-chug-chug of the ocean liner's engines, and had to hold tight to the ladder's splintered rungs to preserve his equilibrium.

Mr. Motherwell raised the lantern with a gasp. "Say, that's a queer-looking fellow, isn't it?"

"You didn't happen to bring anything over with you, did you?"

"No, I did not," the young man said, laconically.

"Turn out at 5 tomorrow morning, then," his employer snapped in evident disappointment, and he lowered the lantern so quickly that it went out.

The young man lay down upon his hard bed. His utter weariness was a blessing to him that night, for not even the racing mice, the musty smells or the hardness of his straw bed could keep him from slumber.

In what seemed to him but a few minutes, he was awakened by a loud knocking on the door below, voices shouted, a dog barked, cowbells jingled, every head near doors banging everywhere, a faint streak of sunlight lay wan and pale on the mud-plastered wall.

"By Jove," he said, yawning. "I know now what Kipling meant when he said, 'the dawn comes up like thunder.'"

A few weeks after Arthur's arrival, Mrs. Motherwell called him from the barn, where he sat industriously mending bags, to unhitch her horse from the buggy. She had just driven home from Millford. Nobody had taken the trouble to show Arthur how it was done.

"Any fool ought to know," Mr. Motherwell said.

Arthur came running from the barn with his hat in his hand. He grasped the horse firmly by the bridle and led him toward the barn. As they came near the water trough the horse began to show signs of thirst. Arthur led him to the trough, but the horse tossed his head and was unable to get it near the water on account of the check.

Arthur watched him a few moments with gathering perplexity. "I can't lift this water vessel," he said, looking at the horse reproachfully.

"It's too heavy, don't you know. Hold!"

"I have it," he cried with exultation beaming in his face, and making a dash for the horse he unfastened the crupper.

But the exultation soon died from his face, for the horse still tossed his head in the vain endeavor to reach the water.

"My word!" he said, wringing his forehead. "I believe I shall have to lift the water-vessel yet, though it is hardly fit to lift, it is so wet and nasty."

Arthur spoke with a deliciously soft Kentish accent, guileless of r's and with a softening of the h's that was irresistible.

A light broke over his face again. He went behind the buggy and lifted the hind wheels. While he was holding up the wheels and craning his neck around the back of the buggy to see if his efforts were successful, Jim Russell came into the yard, riding his dun-colored pony, Chiniquy.

He stood still in astonishment. Then the meaning of it came to him and he rolled off Chiniquy's back, shaking with silent laughter.

"Come, come, Arthur," he said as soon as he could speak. "Stop trying to see how strong you are. Don't you see the horse wants a drink?"

"It's a perfectly serious case Jim unfastened the check, whereupon the horse's head was lowered at once, and he drank in long gulps the water that had so long mocked him with its nearness.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Russell," the Englishman cried delightedly. "Thanks awfully, it is monstrously clever of you to know how to do everything. I wish I could go and live with you. I believe I could learn to farm if I were with you."

Jim looked at his eager face so cruelly bitten by mosquitoes.

"It'll tell you, Arthur," he said smiling. "I haven't any need for a man to work, but I suppose I might hire you to keep the mosquitoes off the horses. They wouldn't look at Chiniquy, I am sure, if they could get a nip at you."

The Englishman looked perplexed.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS—Come on, Watson, the Needle

Have patience gentle reader—A MYSTERY—A MYSTERY REMAINS A MYSTERY UNTIL IT IS SOLVED. WE CAN'T FORCE THESE THINGS—DON'T BLAME ME—I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT IT IS MYSELF. I OFFERED A PRIZE TO ANYBODY THAT WOULD TELL ME—AND DIDN'T ANDY GUMP STAY OUT ALL NIGHT DRESSED UP AS A DETECTIVE TRYING TO SOLVE IT? WOULDN'T HE LIKE TO KNOW?

AND POOR LITTLE CHESTER—I SUPPOSE HE WOULDN'T LIKE TO GET IN ON THIS—HE HASN'T SLEPT ALONE SINCE THE FACE APPEARED AT THE WINDOW—WE HAVE RECEIVED THOUSANDS OF LETTERS FROM ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES GUESSING AT THE SOLUTION—ONE CLUE AFTER ANOTHER HAS BEEN RUN DOWN BUT THEY ALL LEAD TO THE STARTING PLACE.

IF YOU THINK WERE NOT TRYING—LOOK AT THIS BLOOD HOUND WE'VE HAD RUNNING DOWN CLUES—HE USED TO HAVE A ROMAN NOSE AND NOW HE'S A PUG DOG—HE WORE HIS NOSE OFF FOLLOWING THE SCENT.

AND TO SHOW STILL FARTHER THAT HE HAVEN'T LOAFED ON THE JOB—GUMP HAS THIS DAY HIRED A DETECTIVE TO FERRET OUT.

EVERY BODY THAT HAS A PAIR OF RUBBER SHOES AND A STAR—COME ON AND GET TO WORK—SHINE UP YOUR STAR BOYS.



HE HAD LOST HIS SCENT AND HALF HIS HEARING CHASING THIS THING. HE DON'T DARE EAT MEAT 'TILL A NORMAL DOG SMELLS IT TO SEE IF IT'S GOOD—HE HAS TO TAKE A HEALTHY DOG AROUND WITH HIM.

HE HAS A RECORD OF BEING SO SHREWD THAT HE SNEAKED UP ON A FOX AND CAUGHT IT SINGLE HANDED.

TO BE CONTINUED—SIDNEY SMITH.

PETEY—Fashion Note



THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



SCHOOL DAYS



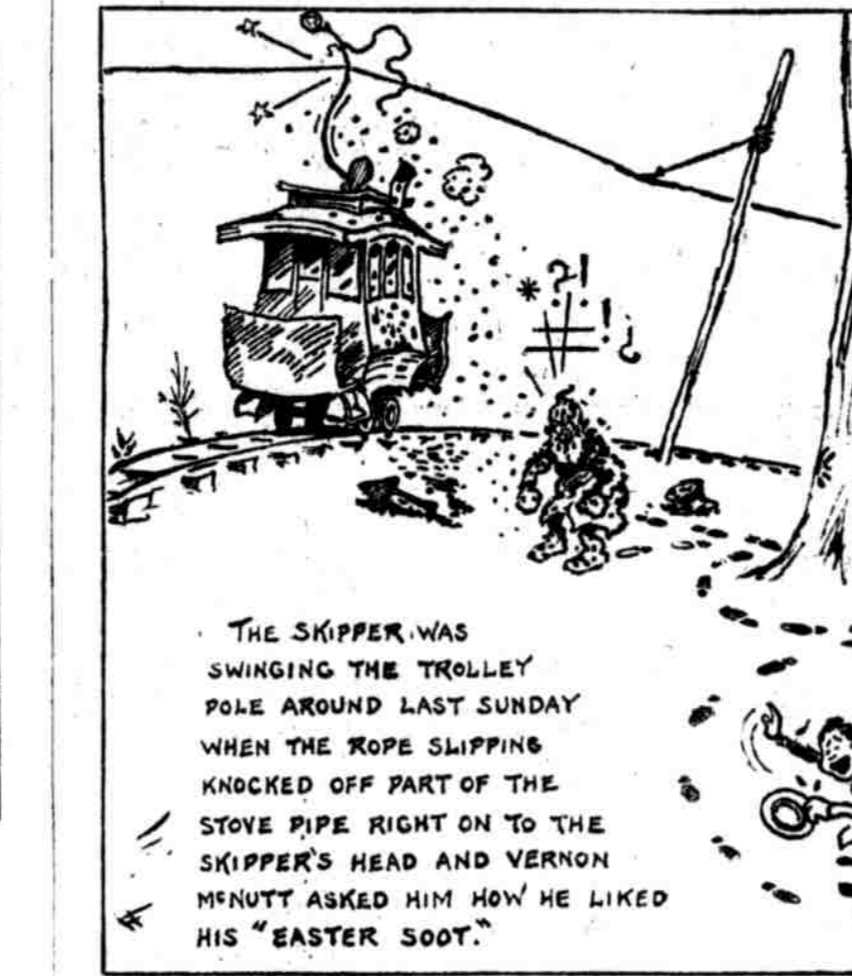
SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Knocking 'Em Dead Is Heroic



THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



SCHOOL DAYS



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Knocking 'Em Dead Is Heroic



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Knocking 'Em Dead Is Heroic



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE GIRL IN THE ATTIC By DADDY

In this story Peggy gets another view on Hoppity-Hop, the rabbit, and she and Billy have an adventure in the crowded city.

CHAPTER I

Johnny Bull Wins a Race

WOOF! Woof! Barked a dog outside Peggy's window. "Woof! Woof! Woof!"

"It is some dog barking at the moon," thought Peggy, and she turned over in bed for another snooze.

"Woof! Woof!" and now the barks turned into words. "Woof! Wake up, Princess Peggy. I want to run a race with you."

That caused Peggy to tumble out of bed in a hurry and run to the window. There on the lawn was Johnny Bull barking away for dear life, but he wasn't barking at the moon—he was barking at Peggy.

"Woof! Get your rabbit and race with me," barked Johnny Bull when he saw Peggy.

"I'm sorry, Peggy," called Billy's voice, and a second look showed Peggy that Billy was laughing at Johnny Bull's back. Some kind of magic had made him as small as a doll.

shouted Billy, and Hoppity-Hop set off as fast as a motorcycle, leaving Johnny Bull far behind. Peggy laughed and chuckled. It was fun to beat Johnny Bull and Billy that way.

But all of a sudden Peggy's chuckles stopped short. Something had whizzed past like a skyrocket. It was something queer—something ghostly. Peggy glanced back. Johnny Bull and Billy were not in sight.

"Ho! Ho! Slow pokes! Slow pokes!" cried Billy's voice far ahead.

"Woof! Woof! I told you I could beat you," barked Johnny Bull. Peggy and Hoppity-Hop were much puzzled, for they didn't think that skyrocket thing could have been Johnny Bull and Billy.

Hoppity-Hop raced on, and after a while he came to Johnny Bull, who was sitting by the road waiting for him.

"I'll give you a big start and beat you," boasted Johnny Bull. Hoppity-Hop raced on like the wind, but in a minute Johnny Bull flew past him as if the rabbit had been standing still.

But this time as Johnny Bull went by, Peggy saw something sticking out of either side of him. It was a pair of wings—wings that turned him into a dog airplane. With these wings Johnny Bull skimmed along, just touching the ground now and then. No wonder he could beat Hoppity-Hop.

"Ho! Ho! We fooled you!" laughed Billy. "Ho! Ho! who wins last wins best."

"Woof! Woof!" laughed Johnny Bull, and poor Hoppity-Hop felt much upset. As for Peggy, she thought that Billy was very shrewd indeed, to think of putting wings on Johnny Bull.

WE'RE KNOCKIN' 'EM DEAD, CAM!



THANKS PAUL, I SURE DID ENJOY THE EASTER PARADE!



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DAUGHTER, WHY DON'T YOU WALK?



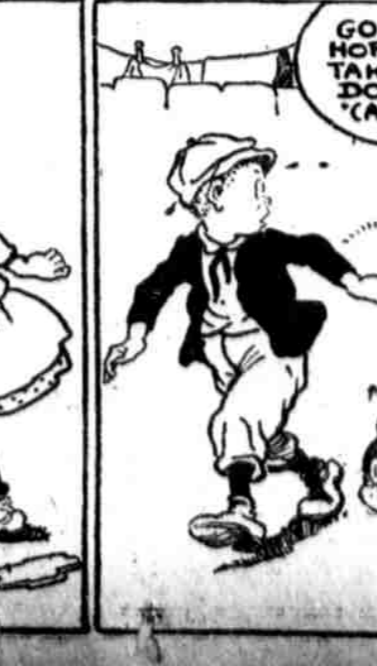
WALK MY EYE!



OH—BABY! OH-O-O-O!



"CAP" STUBBS—Tippie Made a Dreadful Mistake



By Edwina