

THE PARADISE MYSTERY

By J. S. Fletcher

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THIS IS THE STORY

The little English cathedral town of Wychester, in the peaceful close, is the scene of a mystery...

girl who lives with Ransford—they're Braxton and daughter. "Did Braxton know that—when he came here?" continued Bryce.



PETEY—It's Barely Possible

By C. A. Volgot



AND HERE IT CONTINUES. "MISTAKEN!" murmured Mary. "Shaking her head. "Don't trust him—And see that vest because of yesterday. Would an honest man have a vest like that? Let that police inspector talk freely, as he did, with people concealed behind a curtain? And he laughed about it! I hated myself for being there—yet could we help it?"

"I'm not going to hate myself," said Ransford. "I'm not going to hate myself," said Ransford. "I'm not going to hate myself," said Ransford.

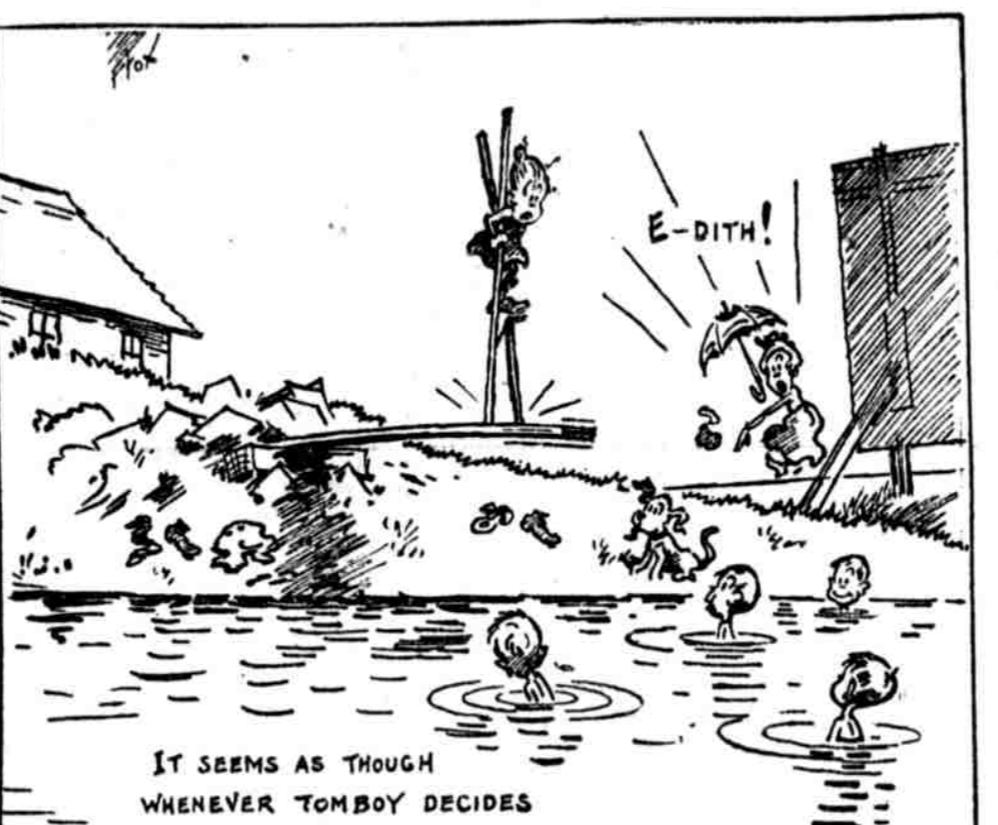
The Young Lady Across the Way

TOMBOY TAYLOR

By Fontaine Fox

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



Bryce had an amount of time to spare for an interesting person like Harker, and he followed the old man to his house—a tiny place set in a nest of similar Old World buildings behind the Close. Harker led him into a little parlor, comfortable and snug, wherein were several shelves of books of a curiously legal and professional-looking aspect...

The young lady across the way says it makes her tired the way people gossip and the same young man can't come to see a girl three times without the neighbors hinting around that there's something platonic about it.

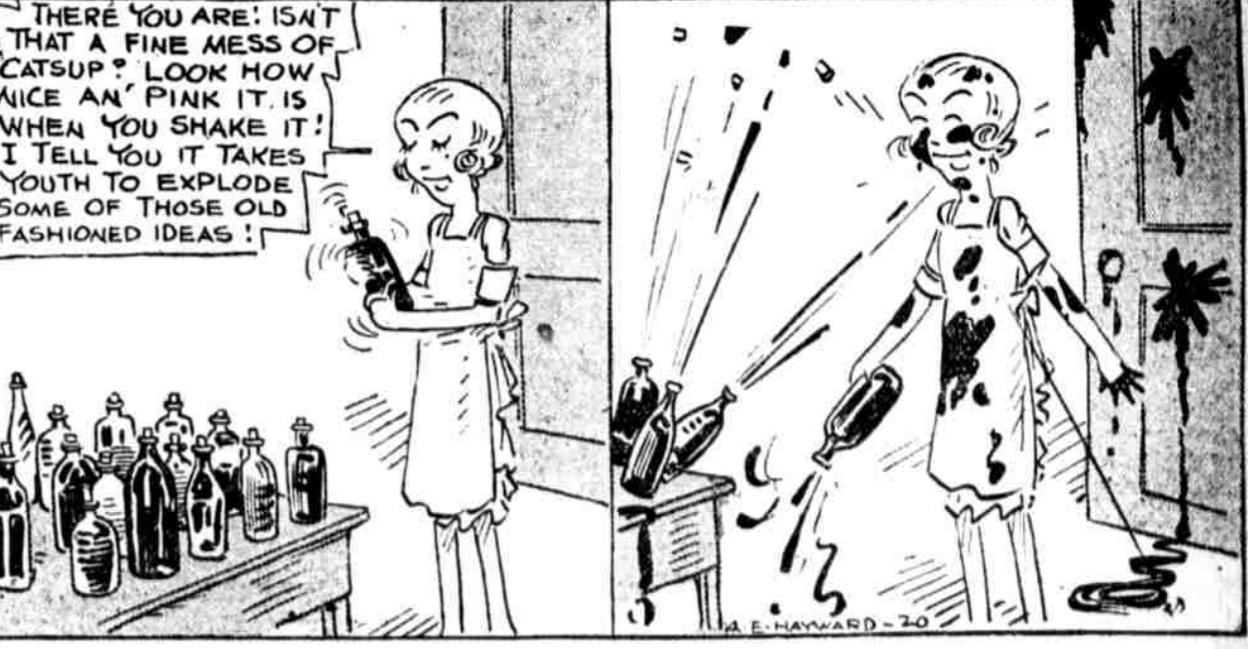
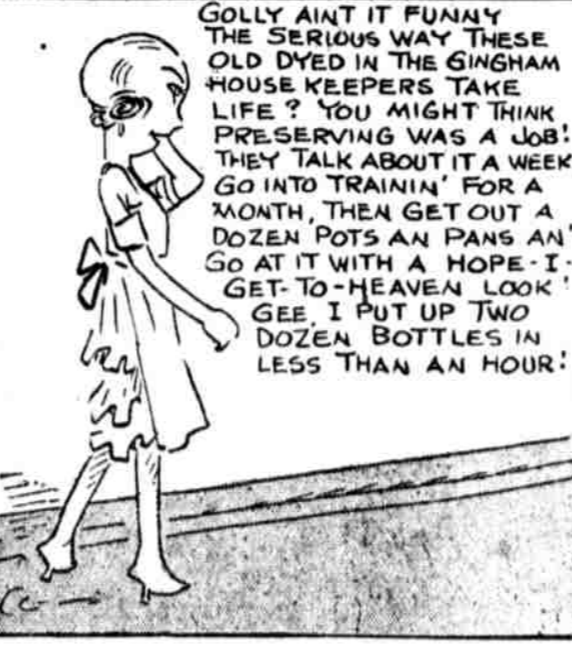
IT SEEMS AS THOUGH WHENEVER TOMBOY DECIDES TO PULL OFF ONE OF HER STUNTS (SUCH AS WALKING OUT TO THE END OF THE SPRING BOARD ON STILTS) THEN IS THE VERY TIME HER MOTHER WILL HAPPEN ALONG.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Improving on the Old Way

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By Hayward



"Who are you, Mr. Harker?" asked Bryce. "Harker?" asked Bryce. "Harker?" asked Bryce.

"CAP" STUBBS—You'll Have to Hand It to Tippi

By Edwin



Mr. Harker, he said, and he took a bit of folded paper out of his purse. "What do you make of that?" he asked. "Can you read Latin? No—except a word or two. I said, 'but I know a man who can.' Ah, never mind, said he. 'I know enough Latin for this—and it's a secret. However, it won't be a secret long, and you'll hear all about it.' And that's what he put the bit of paper in his purse again, and we began talking about other matters and before long he said he'd promised to have a chat with a gentleman at the Altre whom he'd come along with in the train, and away he went, saying he'd see me before he left the town.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)