THE DAILY NOVELETTE

It Has Happened Before By L. B. LANGDALE

"It's the culture, the ideals, the assofations, Phillip!" and mother laid a gentle, persuasive hand upon her son's

"To think that a boy of mine will go contrary to my wishes-that he will refuse what no sacrifice on my part is too great to give him-that he cannot appreclate the opportunities I would have given so much to have had!" Phillip's father, his brow furrowed, paced up and down the room with nervous strides. "Your grandfather, dear"—it

down the room with nervous strides.

"Your grandfather, dear"—it was grandmother putting in her gentle oar—"was honor man of his class!"

"And Phil, think of the larks with the boys—the frat dances, the rushes, the football games, why, Phil, you might make the team!" This, of course, was sister Frances' contribution.

But Phillip, tall, good-looking in spite of the scowl which clouded his features, rose moodily and picked up his hat. "Can't see it." he all but growled. "A fellow's a fool to waste four years that he could be putting in learning a business. And dawdling over a pile of books won't help a man to win out over the other fellow in competition. 'By, mother. I'm going out."

loud slam.

And as Phillip swung down the quiet street, his thoughts were stormy within. Why couldn't a fellow be let alone? College was all right enough—but Heavens! There were so many things he wanted a motorcycle, a speed boat, things that didn't even exist in his father's day—and to get them, he must get out and earn them. Dad and mother, they were all right, of course—but back numbers, old Look at their attitude as regarded

Look at their attitude as regarded Duicle, for example. Suppose she wasn't one of these stay-at-homes that can cook and sew—suppose she did fix herself up pretty swell and was nuts on having a good time—that was why the boys liked her. And my, but he was mighty lucky that she was sort of letting him monopolize her lately. Little peach!

Things You'll Love to Make



Haven't you always wished for a handy bag for clothes-pins? Make the one shown. It will serve as an apron as well as bag while hanging up the clothes, and what is more-you will always have your clothes-pins when and where you want them. Take a strip of sateen one vard long and one-half yard wide. Cut out the parts indicated by shading, and fold into halves on the dotted line. Bind the large curved cut edge. Stitch around I'm going out."

"He's going calling, mother, on intellectual little Dulcie Seymour!" Frances succinct treble reached Phillip just as Phillip reached the door. Result—one

The going out."

The going out."

The outside edges to form the bag. Sew on the band and strings, and you have a very handy clothes-pin bag.

FLORA.

Phil the whole thing must seem acci-dental." dental."

Her husband was silent a moment. It's hard for a father to realize that any disinterested outsider can have more influence with his own son than he who has cheerfully labored and planned and gone without for nearly a score of years. He sighed. Then, "Go to it, Helen," he told her, "It sounds good, if it will work. And between you and me, Helen, getting Phillip to college might, with the new interests and all, pry him loose from the flyaway little Miss Seymour's influence."

"Exactly," declared Helen, and the

good time—that was why the boys liked her. And my, but he was mighty lucky that she was sort of letting him monopolize her lately. Little peach!

Back in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis had gone into family conclave.

"I know, of course," Mrs. Curtis was saying, "exactly how Phillip regards us as a couple of old fogles. He'll recover from it. It isn't really Phillip, it's his age."

"Maybe," conceded her husband, "but by the time he gets over it, the class he should have entered with will have graduated and have sons of their own."

"Yes," agreed mother absent-mindedly. Then she leaned forward and folded her hands lightly. "Listen, John. You know Professor Crosby, of the engineering department, don't you?"

"I guess I know who you mean," said her husband. "Was sent to France to superintend construction work or something during the war, wasn't he?"

"Yes, that's the one. Well, years and years ago, even before I knew you, he used to come and see me—oh, nothing serious—he was just one of the crowd of young people. But when, very infrequently, we meet, we always stop and chat a moment. Now, that is the sort of man whose opinion might have weight with Phillip. Suppose I explain, and ask him to drop in some evening and talk with Phillip; although, of course, to "Exactly!" declared Helen, and the meeting adjourned.

Changed my mind. Guess i'il go, after all. Any cake left, mother?" But it was after Phillip had gone to bed that Phillip's parents got the clust to the situation from Frances. "What do you think, mother," rattled on Frances, between mouthfuls of what cake Phillip hadn't eaten. "I just couldn't help eavesdropping on Phillip and Dulcie Seymour. I was changing my pumps and they stood right outside the dressing-room door. "What are you going to do next year? I heard her ask in that sweetle-sweetle voice of hers. "Business for me,' he said. Big money—but my parents are set on my going to college." "Oh,' she said, 'And I just love frat dances—oh, I do so wish you were going!" "And, you know, mother. I peeked out and saw Phil give her one of those meiting looks he saves for people outside home. Why, of course I will, Dulcie,' he said. 'If you really want me to, that puts a very different face on the matter." "I spite of a wealthy perfume importer of New York, left her home at 108 East Seventy-ninth street, apparently for the purpose of making a shopping trip down for he purpose of making a shopping trip down

'And, you know, mother, I peeked out and saw Phil give her one of those melting looks he saves for people outside home. Why, of course I will, Dulcie, he said. 'If you really want me to, that puts a very different face on the matter.'"

In spite of the great amount of publicity given to the case and the description of the girl and her clothing which were spread broadcast, over two continents, no trace of her has ever been found—and "the case of Dorothy Arnold" has become a synonym for mystery in detective headquarters of a score of cities, for, though hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent, and men like William J. Burns and Sir E. R. Henry, of Scotland Yard, have been employed, the mystery of the missing girl is as deep and insoluble today as it was a decade ago,

Friday-The Wandering Jew



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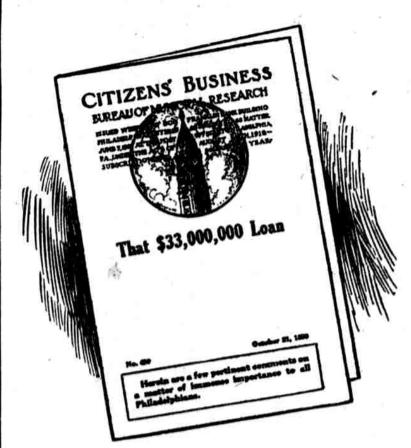
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