

LADYFINGERS

By JACKSON GREGORY

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THIS STARTS THE STORY. A safe has been cracked. Ambrose, Detective, and Joe Le Bran, gangster...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES. "AND yet," he offered, "I have heard that you had a gun; that he had said that if he couldn't get out of a tight place without shooting his way out he'd stay in it."

These days at the Big House she was very happy. She said that Justin frowned when he came upon her and the amateur detective secretary banding together over a book of rhyming in the music room, and the frown gave her a thrill; a thrill a little better than that of a thrill.

So the days danced on in triumphant procession, leading in the full blown springtime. Ashe was at home here now. He felt toward the old life in San Francisco as though it had been but a dream-episode to this delightful existence.

From a poor farmer's boy he has made himself a lawyer, known all over the country when he's only thirty-six. He couldn't have done that if he hadn't had himself become a machine. She hesitated briefly; then with sudden impetuosity she cried, "A plodding, prosaic machine!"

CHAPTER XIII. Witch or Fairy Godmother? There are those who have held that life is a dream. Bobbie Ashe found it so. Now and then he held his breath, telling himself that he must not let his objective mind interfere with circumstances for fear that the dream be broken. True, he smiled at the fancy, but it came to him often and back of the smile was a half seriousness.

THE GUMPS—An Arrow That Missed Its Mark

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—She Agrees

By Hayward



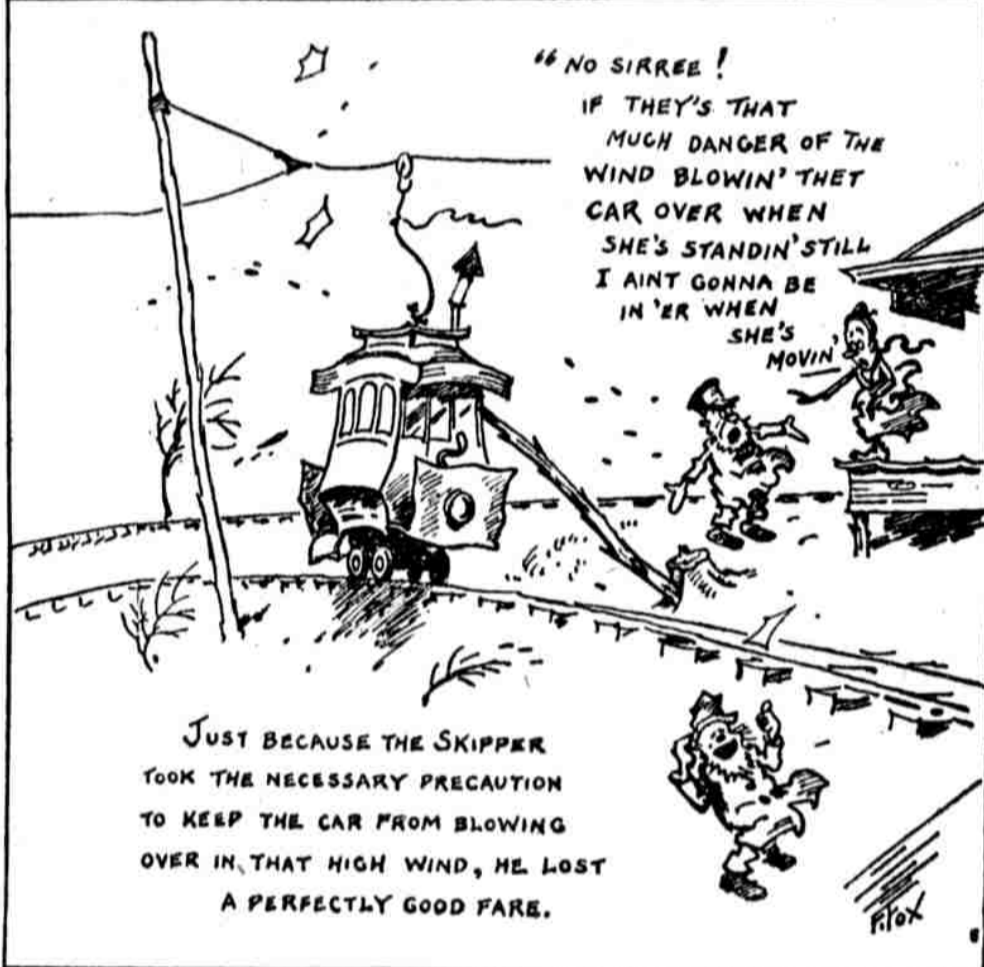
The Young Lady Across the Way

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By FONTAINE FOX

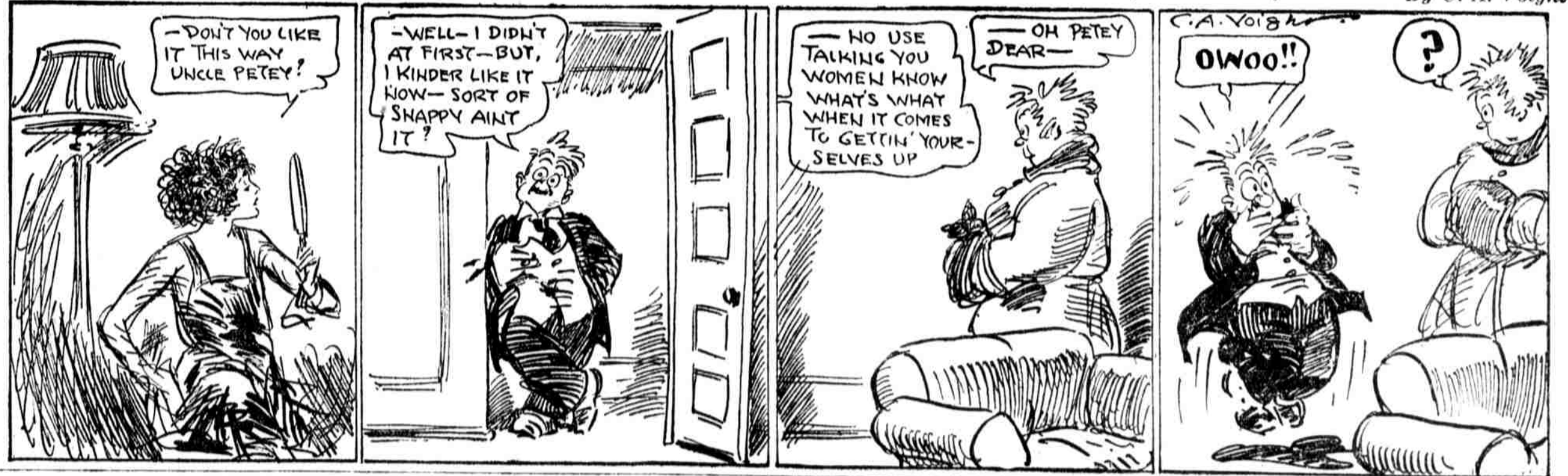
SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



PETEY—Enough to Take the Hair Off Your Head

By C. A. Voight



THE CLANCY KIDS—Buddie Wasn't Taking Any Chances

By Percy L. Crosby

