

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Twinkling Isle by DADDY

CHAPTER I The Dancing Lights

I WISH you would come to a beautiful fairy island," said Peggy. She and Billy had grown tired of sailing over the empty ocean in the pretty white sailboat, seeing only waves and sky.

"You shall go to Twinkling Isle, where you'll crown and there you'll smile." The pointed ahead through the growing gloom of evening. Peggy and Billy at first could see nothing in the dusk, but as the twinkling lights of the water appeared, they looked up at the twinkling lights of the water.

"That is the Nightingale orchestra," said Folly Wisner. "The fairies are having a fete tonight." Each fairy seemed to be carrying his own electric torch. The lights glowed among the trees, they trotted along the beach, they waltzed across the surface of the bay.

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

The Incriminating Paper by FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Sam Jackson opened the door of the safe slowly but thankfully. In the safe was a certain paper. On this paper appeared the signatures of a number of hot-headed young men who, in the heat of their indignation at what they considered a wrong dealing on the part of the Government, had signed this document pledging themselves to overthrow the Government.

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Two Minutes of Optimism by HERMAN J. STICH

"Love Me, Love My Doggie"

A WELL-KNOWN, popular millionaire told me not long ago he had made it a rigidly enforced rule in all his establishments that any man, from top to bottom, who for the third time came late without a gilt-edge alibi must hand in his time.

The reason for this decision, he said, was that he didn't want in his employ potential murderers. Asked to elucidate, he explained as follows:

"The first thing a chronic late-comer does after he has made his bed is to try to get out of it. Experience has taught me that the man who lies will steal. And I never yet knew of a crook who, if there was sufficient at stake, wouldn't kill. I don't want and I won't have around my plants potential murderers."

Now this millionaire's reasoning may hardly be puncture-proof; but it contains the nucleus of a great and deep-seated truth. This truth is that all our frailties, failings, faculties and habits are more or less closely interrelated—interwoven—constantly affected by the carryings on, one of another.

The man who at the slightest provocation flies off the handle will in nine cases out of ten be found to be irresponsible, unreliable, perhaps unscrupulous. Dishonesty proverbially stops at nothing.

And drug addicts and drunkards are human Pandora's boxes. Every little loose strand by so much lessens the toughness of the fiber of the entire cloth.

Every time a man indulges in something of which he is afterward ashamed he not only strengthens the hold on him of that particular weakness, but he adds fuel to all the sins smoldering within him.

Every time a man lets a so-called "bad habit" get the better of him, one or two he did not have before are fairly sure to germinate, while all the rest gain in strength and extent!

There is no such thing as a "pet" vice; when a man hitches up with one he marries each and every member of the whole ugly family! It is a case of "Love me, love my doggie!" And there can be no compromise—the only way out is absolute divorce!

When we consider undesirable, burdening, obstructing habits, therefore, every man and every woman of course, has but two alternatives: 1. Be SLAVE to NONE. Or, eventually— 2. Be PLAGUED by ALL!

who had told him one evening not so long ago that she reciprocated his affection. "Clara!" cried Jackson.

"Yes, it's me," came Clara's voice. "Oh, Sam, I'm so sorry it's you I've got to— to arrest!"

"Arrest?" cried Sam. "I don't understand this at all." "Don't you see?" cried Clara. "I'm long ago that she reciprocated his affection. The Government heard about this conspiracy these local young men were mixed up in and sent me here to find out all about it. And, oh, Sam, I'm so dreadfully sorry it's you!"

"But, Clara—" cried Sam dropping his hands starting toward her. "Hands up!" cried Clara sternly, her pistol flashing in the light from her electric torch as she extended the weapon in front of her. "Go to that table as I told you, quickly!"

Sam went. And as he went he was sorely troubled and fearful. Clara in the Secret Service? There had always been some mystery connected with her occupation from the time she arrived in the city. So she had been detailed on the case? There had been rumors of a Secret Service agent being on the job. That was one of the reasons why the young men had been so anxious to recover that damning paper and why Sam, in order to keep his younger brother out of trouble, had volunteered to get it.

Slowly Sam took his seat at the table. His face blanched, his heart beating rapidly. As he seated himself Clara switched on the lights in the room and then seated herself opposite him. As she did so Sam threw the paper to the center of the table in front of him.

"You can put your hands down—on the table!" said Clara, in a businesslike manner. "But keep them on the table!"

"Clara," said Sam, "this is a fearful mess we're in. How can I ever explain the whole thing to you?" A heartbroken look crept into Clara's face. For a moment she glanced at Sam, her whole affectionate soul in her eyes. Then she turned her glance toward the paper.

"I'm sorry—dreadfully sorry," she said. "I had no idea it was going to be you when I got the tip that the paper was to be taken from the safe to-night. But, Sam, dear, I've got to do my duty. I love you with all my heart, but I've got to do the one thing I've sworn to do. I've got to see to it that you're taken to the proper authorities with justice and who will punish all the others who are in this thing with you in the same way."

"But, Clara," Sam protested. "I'm not in this thing myself. I simply came here to get a paper that my younger brother signed in a moment of foolishness."

"I knew you'd still care for me, just as I care for you," said Sam. "I do—with all my heart!" cried Clara. "But—"

She got to her feet slowly, as though it took every ounce of her strength. "No, we'll have to go," she said. "Stand up!" she commanded, her voice strained and husky.

It was while Sam was slowly rising that an amazing interruption occurred. Through the open window a bulky woman rushed into the room. Sam recognized her at once. She was Hannah—Clara's colored "Mammy," who had come with her to the city.

"What's this hyah foolishness. Miss Clara?" cried Mammy. "I done foller you, Miss Clara, 'cause I think you all might get into trouble. And I done heard you—I was listenin' on de fish escape. And what's this hyah foolishness, huh?"

As she spoke Mammy caught up the paper from its position in the center of the table. Calmly she drew a match from a capacious pocket, struck it and set fire to the paper.

"Mammy, put that out at once!" cried Clara angrily, threateningly. "Huh, yeah of mammy knows what's best!" cried Mammy and calmly ignored Clara.

Fascinated, Sam watched the hungry flames eat up the paper—the only existing evidence of the foolishly planned conspiracy of his younger brother and his brother's hot-headed chums. And as the last bit of paper was consumed Sam looked across the table at Clara. He saw in her eyes a look of inexpressible relief.

Then Sam went around the table and caught Clara in his arms. As he did so he heard Mammy muttering selfishly to herself: "Huh, jes' plain foolishness!" said Mammy.

Next complete novelette—"For Love of a Clown."

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Thomas Walker, Bank Clerk, Steps in River-Bed Hole

picnic of St. Luke's Methodist Church, Broad street and Erie avenue, and following a day of games and athletic events, he decided to go in wading, being unable to swim.

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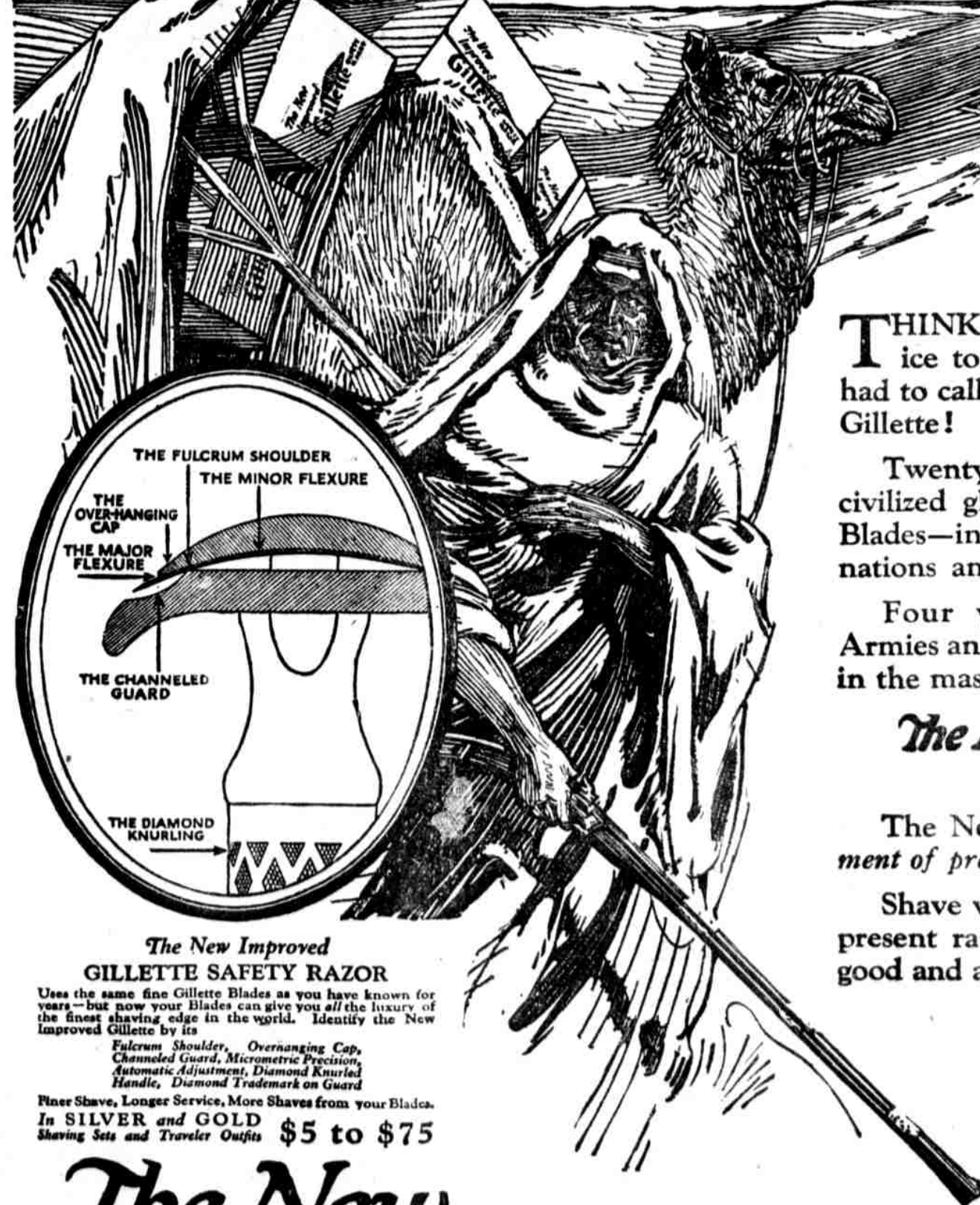
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