

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Like Robinson Crusoe by DADDY

CHAPTER I Left Alone

LET like Robinson Crusoe on a deserted island. That is what had happened to Peggy, Billy, Folly Wisher, and the newly wedded African maid and chocolate-colored youth. They stood on the beach of Twinkling Isle, watching the sailboat skim out through the breakers to the open sea. The deck of the boat was the rescued missionary, Harrison Crusoe, waving his hand in farewell. He didn't seem to know he had left them to the same fate from which he was now escaping. He thought they wanted to stay there and so he had left them.

As for the wanted sailors, they wanted to get back to Africa whence they had come. They felt they had done their duty in carrying the children, and the savages thus far to the public stopping place. The invisible sailors also waved farewell, but the children could see only bits of canvas shaken out as if by the wind. The boat was out of sight among the tossing waves of the ocean.

"Now what are we going to do?" asked Peggy. Billy was worried, but he tried to put on a brave face. "Well, if we can't do anything else we can go swimming," he said. At once they plunged into the water of the bay and had a nice swim. Peggy and the others followed him quickly, for they still were wearing the bathing suits that had been washed on them when they reached Twinkling Isle.

Afterward they sat on what seemed to be rocks strewn on the beach, planning what they should do. "I'm getting hungry," said Peggy. "I want something to eat besides fruit," said Billy. "And we, too," said Folly Wisher, the governor of the newly married African savages. "I wonder what Robinson Crusoe ate," mused Peggy. Billy wrinkled his brow as he tried to remember. He had read the story of Robinson Crusoe not long before.

CHAPTER II Riding on Living Boats

THE turtle on which Billy was riding waddled toward the bay. It was eager to get into the water. There it might get rid of this rider, who was driving it with bridle and saddle. And, perhaps, it might eat the rider. Billy, not knowing what the turtle was thinking, also was eager to get into the water. He thought it would be fun to drive the turtle across the bay. Peggy was not going to be outdone by Billy. She reined her turtle also toward the bay and the big reptile, anxious to get home, waddled much faster than it had been waddling before.

The newly married African girl and the chocolate-colored youth followed Peggy. This was a strange journey for the savages, an arduous though it was their backs. The children felt like cowboys, only instead of riding on land they were riding horses of the sea. It was more fun riding the turtles than riding in a boat. Billy drove to the far side of the bay, where monkeys greeted them and threw them oranges and nuts. They were out almost to the roaring breakers. They didn't dare go into the breakers, which were so rough they might upset the turtles, and when they would the riders be, so far from land that only a very strong swimmer could swim back to shore? So after riding along the edge of the breakers, they turned again to the bay.

"I am glad we have learned to ride these turtles," cried Billy to Peggy. "If no ship comes to rescue us from Twinkling Isle, perhaps we can ride the turtles out to sea until we find a ship."

"And when we get on board the ship we will take the turtles with us," replied Peggy. "We will carry them to America and put them in the lake at our park at home. There will give all the children a ride with us for a penny apiece."

That seemed a good plan to Billy, for he knew how eager the children at home would be to ride on living turtle boats.

"And perhaps we can train them to do tricks in a circus," he said, climbing to his feet and riding his turtle standing up.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" shouted Folly Wisher. "Love do you think the turtles will like that?" This remark called the attention of the children to their steeds. And at once they saw something that alarmed them. The turtles didn't like to have bridles fastened to their heads and bits in their mouths. And all the time they had been swimming they had been chewing the bits and pulling on them. And now they had ground themselves free from the bits. They were ready to run away. Which they did, as will be told in tomorrow's chapter.

By CORINNE LOWE

By ROSE MEREDITH

PARIS ECHOES SEND CONTRASTING SILKS



An amicable settlement between those two rival silks—crepe de chine and foulard—is arriving at in this simple little model, combining both. The latter has a navy background dotted with gray, while the crepe is plain gray. This model is a particularly charming one for the debutante or college girl.

Crepe de chine and foulard are a favored alliance this spring, and stunning are the afternoon models, employing a scheme of black and white. One notable model, an echo of Paris, provides a white foulard flowered in black, with a jaunty little apron tucked under upper sleeves of black crepe de chine. To re-enforce the authority of the crepe the apron, extending from neck to knee, is fastened at the back with two narrow streamers above the waist, and then dipping below the skirt hem.

They were keen for it. Folly Wisher stayed on shore gathering up the turtle eggs. He was too wise to trust himself on the back of a turtle in the water. Above the children fluttered the tiny fairies on their dragon fly wings. The fairies had smiled and laughed as two children drove the harnessed turtles along the beach, but their smiles turned to warning frowns as the turtles waddled toward the water. The fairies twitched the ears of Peggy and Billy and tried their best to cause the children to turn back. But Billy was moving too much fun. He didn't pay any more attention to the fairies than he would have done to gnats flying about his head. And Peggy, not wanting to take a dare from Billy, followed him as fast as her turtle could waddle.

Into the water plunged the turtles, swimming swiftly toward the center of the bay where the sailboat had been at anchor. When they got into deep water the turtles tried to dive to the bottom of the bay.

"Hold tight to the reins!" cried Billy. "Keep their heads up and the turtles cannot dive!"

Peggy and the African savages did as Billy said. They kept a tight rein on the turtles, and the turtles couldn't get their heads down though they tried hard to do so. When the turtles couldn't dive, they swam around on the surface of the bay, with Peggy, Billy and the Africans riding gaily on their backs.

They were riding horses of the sea. It was more fun riding the turtles than riding in a boat. Billy drove to the far side of the bay, where monkeys greeted them and threw them oranges and nuts.

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Doreen

Miss Mamie Smith left the postoffice and stepped down the village street with eager feet. Her faded eyes were fixed on Emeline Taylor's little brown house, and with a gasp she saw a figure in a brown dress and hat standing in the doorway. It was Mrs. Taylor, sitting on a corner cupboard.

"Ten days later Mittie started Mrs. Taylor by giving notice and leaving at once. "You can come and see me here, Miss Taylor," said the girl, stubbornly, when her employer protested that she could not stay alone. "I know a girl who would come and live with you."

"Who is she?" snapped the old lady. Mittie didn't wait. "I'll send her around tonight, Miss Taylor," and the door closed behind her. "Ingratitude," muttered Emeline Taylor as she sat there alone, helplessly bound to her chair.

At 5 o'clock came a knock at the door. "Come in," she quavered. A girl came in. She was not very tall nor so very pretty, but she had a fresh, colorful, bright brown eyes and ruddy brown hair; her pretty hands were capable looking and her dress was neat and dainty.

"Well, Emeline, here I be, faithful as ever," greeted Miss Mamie as she opened the door and walked in. Her sharp eyes darted to the kitchen beyond, where Mittie Weed was clattering around in a heedless way, leaving untidiness behind her and creating a row in the soul of Emeline Taylor, the neatest housekeeper in the whole county.

"It's real good of you, Mamie," said the sick woman gratefully. "Some day I'm going to make it all right with you for all your kindness. 'I don't want anything,'" assured Miss Mamie, turning very red. "I'm always glad to do something for a sick neighbor, and you know I live next door. The Weekly Times, a letter from a Robin and a postcard—there that's a nice touch."

Mrs. Taylor smiled in a tight-lipped way as she took the letters in her swollen fingers. "Thank you, Mamie," she said quietly. Miss Mamie's face fell. "Ain't you going to read Robin's letter? I'll be looking at the paper a minute and maybe there's some news you'd want to tell me."

"He's so busy—traveling most of the time—he doesn't have time to write much," defended Robin Taylor's mother.

"I expect his wife travels with him," ventured Mamie.

"Possibly," said Mrs. Taylor crisply. Mamie rose to go. "I thought maybe they'd be coming down here."

"Some day," and Mrs. Taylor turned her head toward the kitchen. "You can make me some toast, Mittie," she called.

"Well, good-by," said Mamie, as she went out through the glass doors into the pleasant old garden, neglected now that Robin was away and his mother

EDUCATIONAL

THE EPISCOPAL ACADEMY

The Trustees of the Academy announce that they have elected Mr. Greville Haslam of St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire Headmaster of the Academy

The School will open at Overbrook as a Country Day School on September 22nd.

Mr. Robert Anderson, the Acting Headmaster, may be seen at the office, 1724 Locust Street, Philadelphia, on Wednesdays at the School, City Line and Berwick Road, Overbrook.

Pupils may enroll at any time.

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OLD PARLOR SUITS

Advertisement for Franklin Sugar Refining Company, featuring images of sugar products and text: 'Preserved cherries cool and refreshing! Sparkling, clear currant jelly! They make the simplest meal delicious.'

Advertisement for Peirce School of Business Administration, listing various educational institutions and their details.

Advertisement for Kuehne Paint & Painting, featuring a logo and text: 'Kuehne PAINT & PAINTING Vine & 17th Sts. Phone 5476 RACE 7749'

Advertisement for Ambler Asbestos Shingles, featuring a logo and text: 'Ambler Asbestos Shingles Fireproof No Painting No Repairs Last Forever'

Advertisement for Mizzpah Jock No. 44, featuring an image of a jock and text: 'MIZZPAH JOCK No. 44 Gives you a feeling of real comfort and ease'