By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "The Splendid Outcast," "The Yellow Dove," "The Secret Witness," Etc.

Copyright, 1921, by D. Appleton & Co.

Peter Nicholaevitch, Russian Frank Duke, driven from home by Grand Duke, driven from home guarding the house of Jonathan en guarding the house of Jonathan K. McGuire. The man McGuire fears K. McGuire. The man McGuire fears hraks through the guard, visits the sousekeeper who knows him but will tell nothing about him, and leaves a "searning" for McGuire, who determates to make peace "for a time" with him. Peter is interested in a lesuiful girl with a beautiful voice, Beth Cameron, who lives in the seighborhood and gives her singing kesons, which causes jealousy in the seighborhood and gives her singing kesons, which causes jealousy in the kert of Shad Wells, one of the wards, who loves her. Shad threatest to make trouble. Beth hopes he can't do it until she's had her singing sesons. "I'll promise you that," said Peter.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES THIS BEGINS THE STORY

she forgot everything but the music. There was a long silence at the end when Peter paused, and then he heard her voice, tense, suppressed.

"I could see it—you made me see it." she gasped, almost in a whisper. "War—revolution—the people—augry—mumbling—crowding, pushing \* a crowd with guns and sticks howling at a gate \* \* \* and then a man trying to speak to them—appealing—"

Nothing unusual had happened in his shence nor had any other message or varning been posted, for Stryker, released for this duty, had searched all the morning and found nothing. "Hawk" was waiting, biding his hour.

Curiously enough, an astonishing calm seemed to have fallen over the person of Jonathan K. McGuire. When Peter arrived he found his employer sated on the portico in a wicker chair, spaking his after-supper cigar. True, the day guards were posted near-by and Stryker hovered as was his wont, but the change in his employer's demeanor was a paparent that Peter wondered how such a stolid-looking creature could every to less his self-control. It was difficult to understand this metamorphosis full to understand this metamorphosis in less it could be that, having come to infers to could be that, having come to could be that the morning and fund then he heard in the morning and the measure revolution—the passed, almost in a whisper. "I could see it—you made me see it—vould see it—you made me see it—vould see it—vervoulting, the nearly in the vision had are lost his self-control. At the lost his self-control, and the metamorphosis dealt to understand this metamorphosis dealt to could be that, having come to makes it could be that, having come to the prospect of

naless it could be that, having come to a decision and aware of the prospect of immunity, if only a temporary one, McGulre had settled down to make the best of a bad job and await with stoicism whatever the future was to bring. This was Peter's first impression, nothing clae suggesting itself, but when he followed the old man up to his room and gave him the money he had brought he noted the deeply etched lines at nostril and jaw and felt rather than saw the meaning of them—that Jonathan McGulre was in the grip of some deep and sinister resolution. There was a quality of desperation in his calmness, a ty of desperation in his calmness, n studied indifference to the dangers which the night before last had seemed He put the money in the safe, care-fally locked the combination and then

turned into the room again.
"Thanks, Nichols," he said. "You'd better have some supper and get to bed tonight. I don't think you'll be needed." And then, as Peter's look showed his surprise, "I know my man better than you do. Tomorrow night we shall see." He clearly his into a thin line shot. surprise, "I know my man better than you do. Tomorrow night we shall see," He closed his lips into a thin line, shot out his faw and lowered his brows un-pleasantly. Courage of a sort had come back to him, the courage of the animal tack to him, the courage of the anima

to state the need for the observation towers and he explained in detail his projects. But McGuire listened and projects. But McGuire listened and when Peter had finished speaking merely

shook his head.
"What you say is quite true. The towers must be built. I've thought so for a long time. In a few days we will speak of that again-after tomorrow speak of that again—after tomorrow night," he finished significantly.

"As you please." said Peter, "but every day lost now may—"We'll gain these days later," he broke in abruptly. "I want you to stay around here now."

On Friday morning he insisted on having Peter show him the tree where the placard had been discovered, and Peter, having taken lunch with him, led him down to the big sugar maple, off the path to the cabin. Peter saw that he scanned the woods narrowly walked with a hand in his waistband, which Peter knew held an army Colt revolver, but the whine was gone from his voice, the trembling from his hands. He walked around the maple with Peter, regarding it with a sort or morbid abstraction, and then himself led the way to the path and to the house. Why he wanted to look at the tree was more than Peter could understand, for it was Peter, and not he, who was to keep this rostly assignation.

"You understand, Nichols." he said when they reached the portice, "you've walked with a hand in his waistband.

when they reached the portice, "you've streed to go—tonight—at 11."

"I wish you'd let me meet him—
"thout the money."
"No—no. I've made up my mind—" no. I've made up my mind-'

the plan—no change at all.

"Oh, very well." said Peter, "it's het my money I'm giving away."

"It won't matter, Nichola, I. "Uro won't matter, Nichols, I-I've

To with the principle,"

He had already sent some instructions to the forement there, but he could not

be sure that his orders had been obeyed.
He knew that he ought to spend the day
there making friends with the men and
emplaining the control of the control

"Oh!" she gasped. "I was afraid

"Because he—he says I oughtn't to

"Oh, I see," he muttered, and then,

mes?' she asked.
"I don't know," said Peter, "Do
on think I ought to be?"

he'd get here before me. I took the dort cut through the woods."
"What's the matter?"

To bits! Me! Why?"

rowled the old man.

Peter turned and went back to the If Shad's appearance had caused table, somewhat disgusted with his bole understanding. Already he had been here for five days and, except for two here for live days and, except for two walks through the woods for pur-poses of investigation, nothing that he ad come to do had been accomplished. He had not yet even visited the saw-mills which were down on the cordurory read for miles away. So far as he But Shad stood his ground.

But Shad stood his ground.
"If you don't know enough to know what's what I'm here to show you."
"Oh, I say—," said Peter coolly.
"You can say what you like, mister.
And I've got somethin' to say to you when this lady goes."
"Oh—" and then quietly to Beth,

mills which were down on the cordurer, road five miles away. So far as he could see, for the present he was mere, McGuire's handy man, a kind of upper whose duties ervant and messenger, whose duties could have been performed as capably by Stryker or Shad Wells, or even Jesse Brown The County of Stryker or Shad Wells, or even Jesse Brown The County of Stryker or Shad Wells, but Its Perhaps you'd better go. Bring the oks tomorrow-at the same time. Brown. The forest called him. It seeded him. From what he had heard be knew that down by the sawmill were daily cutting the wrong trees.

"This man is impolite, not to say

there, making friends with the men and desplaining the reasons for the change is orders, but as long as McGuire wanted him within telephone range, there was nothing to do but to obey.

He reached the enbin, threw off his coat, and had hardly settled down at the table to finish his drawing, a plan of the observation towers, when Beth Appeared. He rose and greeted her. Her face was flushed, for she had been funning. Shad outside. "There won't be any trouble unless Wells makes it." And then, as if a

"Oh. I understand, all right. Are you goin', Beth?''
She glanced at Peter, who nodded

unning, "Has Shad been here?" she asked them 'Go on back, Shad,' she said.

"Do you mean it? If you do I'm brough with you. You understand?" Peter took the girl by the arm and ed her gently away.

What's the matter?"

"He said he—he was going to break T'll be back in a second." The careless tone rather bewildered the woodsman, who had expected to find either fear or anger. The forester-

"I'll do what I plense," she said.

80 long as I think it's all right. What

saidess has he got to stop me!"

Peter laughed. "Don't let's bother

tered Shad, quivering with rage. But laughed. "Don't let's bother | "D — n him! I'll | tered Shad, quivering with those brought them."

> elbows and waited. CONTINUED MONDAY

"Well. Shad's—he's what they can Hellion around here." "What's a—er—Hellion?"

"A-a scrapper."
"Oh, a fighting man?"
"Yes."

Peter sat down at the piano and struck loudly some strident discords in the bass. "Like this!" he laughed. "Isn't it ugly. Beth—that's what fighting is—I had it day and night for years. If Shad had been in the war he wouldn't ever want to fight again." "Were you in the war?" asked Beth in amazement.

"Were you in the war?" asked Beth in amazement,
"Of course. Where would I have been?" And before she could reply he had swept into the rumbling bass of the "Revolutionary Etude." She sank into a chair and sat silent, listening, at first watching the door, and then as the soul of the artist within her awoke she forgot everything but the music.

There was a long silence at the end when Peter paused, and then he heard

was appealing to them?" he asked soberly.

She closed her eyes, then opened them toward him, shaking her head. "I—I don't know—it's all gone now."

"But you saw what I played. That is what happened."

"What do you mean?" she questioned, startled in her turn.

Peter shrugged himself into the present moment. "Nothing. It's just—revolution. War. War is like that, Beth," he went on quietly after a no-Beth," he went on quietly after a mo-ment. "Like the motif in the bassthere is no end—the threat of it never stops—day or night. Only hell could be like it."

Both slowly came out of her dream. "You fought?" she asked. "Oh, yes."

Another silence. "I—I think I understand now why you're not afraid."
"But I am afraid, Beth," he said with a smile. "I was always afraid in the war. Because death is always waiting just around the corner, Nobody who has been in the way ways ever who has been in the war wants ever to fight again."

He turned to the plane. "They all

want happiness. Both. Peace. This!" be finished, and his roving fingers played softly the Tschnikowsky "Reverie." When he had finished he turned to smiling.

"What vision do you see in that She started as though from a dream.

"Yes," said Peter soberly. "No one knows what it is to be happy unless one has been sad." "That's true, isn't It?" she mut-

ered, looking at him in wonder, ever knew what unhappiness was for -but I guess that's it."
He caught the minor note in her oice and smiled.

"Come now," he said, "we'll have our first lesson."
"Without the books?"
"Yes. We'll try breathing."
"Breathing?"

"Yes—from the diaphragm."
And as she looked bewildered, "From breathe deeply and say "Ah." She obeyed him and did it naturally,

s though she had never breathed in any

other way.
"Fine." he cried and touched a note on the plane. 'Now sing it. Throw t forward. Softly first, then loud-

It was while she was carrying out on the doorsill, followed in a moment by the figure of Shad Wells. Beth's 'Ah'' ceased suddenly The tood outside, his hands on his hips,

n silent rage. Peter merely glanced at him over his

shoulder.
"How are you, Wells?" he said politicly. "Won't you come in? We're having a singing lesson."
Shad did not move or speak as Peter went on, "Take the chair by the door, old man. The cigarettes are on the table. Now, Beth—"

But Beth remained as she was, unsamed McGuire with a touch of his old easily regarding the intruder, for she "there's can't be any change in knew that Shad was there for no good purpose. Peter caught her look and turned toward the door, deliberately ignoring the man's threatening demeanor

"We won't be long," he began coolly, 'not over half an hour"No, I knew ye won't," growled Shad. And then to the girl, "Beth, ome out o' there!"

Both any uncertainty, she found her spirit now, for her eyes flashed and er mouth closed in a hard line.
"Who are you to say where I come r go?" she said evenly.

But Beth hadn't moved, and only looked at Peter appealingly. So Peter

disagreeable to you. Has he any right to speak to you like this?" "No." said Beth uneasily, "but 1

don't want any trouble." Peter walked to the door and faced

new thought had come to him, he said more cheerfully. "Perhaps he doesn't quite understand..."

toward the path, and she came between

dust wait a minute, Wells, he flung over his shoulder at the man,

with a grin, "and what do you think piano-player showed neither—only bout it, Beth?"

"I'll do what I please," she said, could only be because he didn't know could only be because he didn't know

hen. Did you bring your hooks?"

She hadn't brought them. She had cigarette, was now returning. Wells advanced into an open space where advanced into an open space where you afraid-when he there was plenty of room to swing his

WELL, HEARD

FROM YOUR

BOSS YET

THE GUMPS—Wedding Bells

WELL MIN I FINALLY

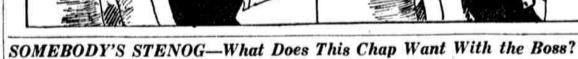


IN ARE YOU 'ROUND

AT PIKEVILLE - BUT 7 IT'S NONE OF YOUR

BUSINESS:

KHOW SHE PAINTS-BUT THIS MS A WONDERFUL PICTURE - I JUST COULDN'T HELP BUYING IT - IT WAS SHT SO APPROPRIATE - I'LL TI BAW GET IT THERE JUST APPROACHING CALLED ? IN TIME FOR THE STORM . WEDDING -



Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company W-WHY- I TELL YOU IS THAT SO! HE'S AT PIKEVILLE! AGAIN THIS MORNING? AHEM! YOU'D FISHS HOTEL. HE GAVE ME HIS BETTER AUSWER WHAT DO YOU SELL, STICKIN' PIKEVILLE . ADDRESS-I CAN PLASTER? I'TELLYOU I TRUTHFULLY. TYOUNG LADY! PROVE IT - YOU KNOW MISTER SMITHERS IS IS THERE A MR. SMITHERS WAIT - I'LL WIRE SPENDING HIS VACATION STAYING AT YOUR HOTEL? HIM! C. OFLAGE TELEGRAM C. OFLAGE. NO SUCH PERSON REGISTERED HERE FISHS HOTEL



By Sidney Smith

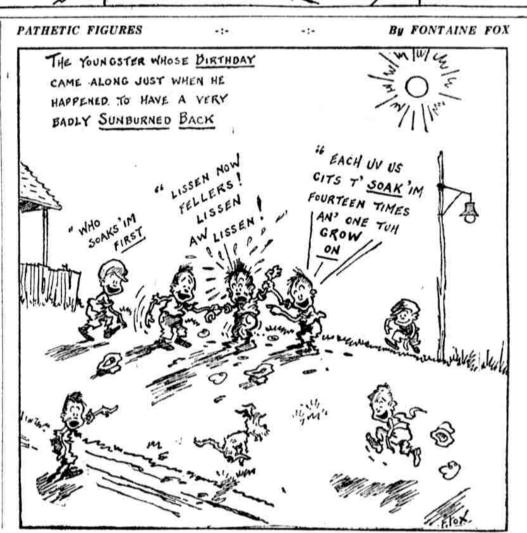
**EDMEY** SMITH

By Hayward

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says home brew can be made out of almost anything and she understands that even cotton is being ginned now in large quantities.





Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company

MOVIE FAN—Handsomer Than Ever

PAUL POLO-A young college graduate who has set out to conquer a few worlds-HAROLD HANDSOME YOU KNOW BILL THIS FELLOW TOO OLD TO PLAY A PART LIKE THIS - WHY I REMEMBER HIM FIFTEEN YEARS AGO O-0-0H! HEH! PLAYING OLDER PARTS AND HUH! HE DIDN'T HAVE TO USE MAKEUP

WHY- I KNOW HIS BARBER AND HE TOLD ME THIS FELLOW HANDSOME COMES! IN ONCE A WEEK TO HAVE HIS TOUPE CLEANED AND PRESSED-HA- HA-YES-YES.

HA-HA! MAYBE YOU BIRDS THINK YOU'RE A COUPLE OF APOLLOS- YOU TWO DON'T LOOK LIKE MARATHON RUNNERS. I BET BOTH OF YOU WATCHED THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM BEHIND SOME FENCE- ONE OF YOU IS HOMLIER THAN THE OTHER BUT I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE!

By Beeze

By C. A. Voight



PETEY—A Bird's-Eye View of Auntie





