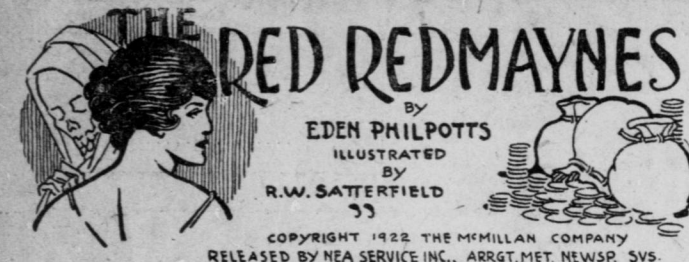


OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



RED REDMAYNES

By EDEN PHILPOTTS

Illustrated by R.W. SATTERFIELD

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Michael, husband of Jenny Pendean, disappears from his home on Dartmouth. Jenny engages the services of Mark Brendon, criminal investigator. Blood is found on the floor of Michael's new bungalow near Foster's Quarry, where Pendean is last seen in the company of Jenny's uncle Robert Redmayne. Witnesses testify to having seen Robert ride away on his motor bicycle with a heavy sack behind the saddle. Jenny goes to live with her uncle Bendigo Redmayne. Mark visits Bendigo and is introduced to Giuseppe Doria. Bendigo shows Brendon a letter supposed to come from Robert. Brendon failed in love with Jenny and sees in Doria a rival for her affections.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

He heard a singing voice and perceived that it was Doria, the motor boatman. Fifty yards from him Mark stood still, and the gardener abandoned his work and came forward. He was bareheaded and smoking a thin, black Tuscan cigar with the colors of Italy on a band around the middle of it. Giuseppe recognized him and spoke first.

"It is Mr. Brendon, the sleuth! He has come with news for my master?"

"No, Doria—no news, worse luck; but I was this way—down at Plymouth again—and thought I'd look up Mrs. Pendean and her uncle. Why do you call me 'sleuth'?"

"I read storybooks of crime in which the detectives are 'sleuths.' It is American. Italians say 'shiro,' England says 'police officer.'"

"How is everybody?" asked Mark. "Everybody very well. Time passes; tears dry; Providence watches."

"And you are still looking for the rich woman to restore the last of the Dorias to his castle?"

Giuseppe laughed, then he shut his eyes and sucked his evil-smelling cigar.

"We shall see as to that. Mark proposes, God disposes. There is a god called Cupid, Mr. Brendon, who overturns our plans as yonder plowshare overturns the secret homes of beetle and worm."

Mark's pulse quickened. He guessed to what Doria possibly referred and felt concern but no surprise. The other continued.

"Ambition may succumb before beauty. Ancestral castles may crumble before the tide of love, as a child's sand building before the sea. Too true!"

Doria sighed and looked at Brendon closely. The Italian stood in a tight-fitting jersey of brown wool, a very picturesque figure against his dark background. The other had



IT WAS JENNY PENDEAN WHO WELCOMED HIM.

nothing to say and prepared to descend. He guessed what had happened and was concerned rather with Jenny Pendean than the romantic personality before him. But that the stranger could still be here, exiled in this lonely spot, told him quite as much as the man's words. He was not chained to "Crow's Nest" with his great ambitions in abeyance for nothing. Mark, however, pretended to miss the significance of Giuseppe's confession.

"A good master—eh? I expect the old sea wolf is an excellent friend when you know his little ways."

Doria admitted it.

"He is all that I could wish and he likes me, because I understand him and make much of him. Every dog is a lion in his own kennel. Redmayne rules; but what is the good of a home to a man if he does not rule? We are friends. Yet, alas, we may not be for long—when—"

He broke off abruptly and went back to his work. But he turned a moment and spoke again as Brendon proceeded.

"Madonna is at home," he shouted and Mark understood to whom he referred.

He had reached "Crow's Nest" in five minutes and it was Jenny Pendean who welcomed him.

"Uncle's in his tower," she said. "I'll call him in a minute. But tell me first if there is anything to tell. I am glad to see you—very!"

She was excited and her great, misty blue eyes shone. She seemed more lovely than ever.

"Nothing to report, Mrs. Pendean. At least—no, nothing at all. I've exhausted every possibility. And you—you have nothing, or you would have let me hear it."

"There is nothing," she said. "Uncle Ben would most certainly have told me if any news had reached him. I am sure that he is dead—Robert Redmayne."

"I think so too. Tell me a little about yourself, if I may venture to ask?"

"You have been so thoughtful for me. And I appreciate it. I'm all right, Mr. Brendon. There is still my life to live and I find ways of being useful here."

"Yes, contentment is a poor substitute for happiness; but I am contented."

He longed to speak intimately, yet had no excuse for doing so.

"How much I wish it was in my power to brighten your content into happiness again," he said.

"I am smiling at him."

"I am smiling at him."



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY

CITIZENSHIP MEET
OPENS AT WINONA

Forty Nations Represented in Christian Conference.

By United Press
WINONA LAKE, Ind., July 2.—Christianity is the only hope of saving the world from chaos, Bishop William Anderson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, declared in the opening address of the conference on world citizenship. Representatives from nearly forty nations were present.

"Europe is engaged in the impossible task of trying to build the life of the continent upon hate," he said. "Europe is seething in hate and bitterness. Europe may go the way of Babylon or an Assyria."

The Rev. Jesse H. Martin, general superintendent of the National Reform Association, declared the world had tried everything, but Christianity as a cure for its ills, and that it was now time to give the Christian religion a fair trial.

Dr. Henry Chung, Korean commissioner to the United States, said that continued world peace is impossible without recognizing the nationality of all peoples on a basis of Christian fellowship.

Zero Meals for Torrid Days

Has the hot weather put you and yours off food? Do you find steaks, pork chops, stews, plum pudding, etc., too much these hot days? Fill out this bulletin and send it to the Washington Bureau of the Times, 1322 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

Please send me a copy of the free bulletin, COOL DINNERS FOR HOT DAYS, for which I inclose 2 cents in stamps, for postage.

NAME

STREET AND NUMBER.....

CITY.....STATE.....

ONE HUG; FIGHT STARTS

Stabbing Fray Ends With Man in Hospital—Another Held.

Because Virgil Heise is said to have put his arm around Miss Evelyn Spitzer, 308 W. Maryland St., Heise is in the city hospital suffering from a stab wound and cuts, and is under arrest charged with assault and battery and vagrancy.

Ray Kynes, 1448 Lexington Ave., is charged with assault and battery with intent to kill. It is alleged he stabbed Heise.

Heise and his wife live at 15 N. West St. The fight occurred late Sunday at Miss Spitzer's home. Heise was stabbed in the shoulder and knocked through a window.

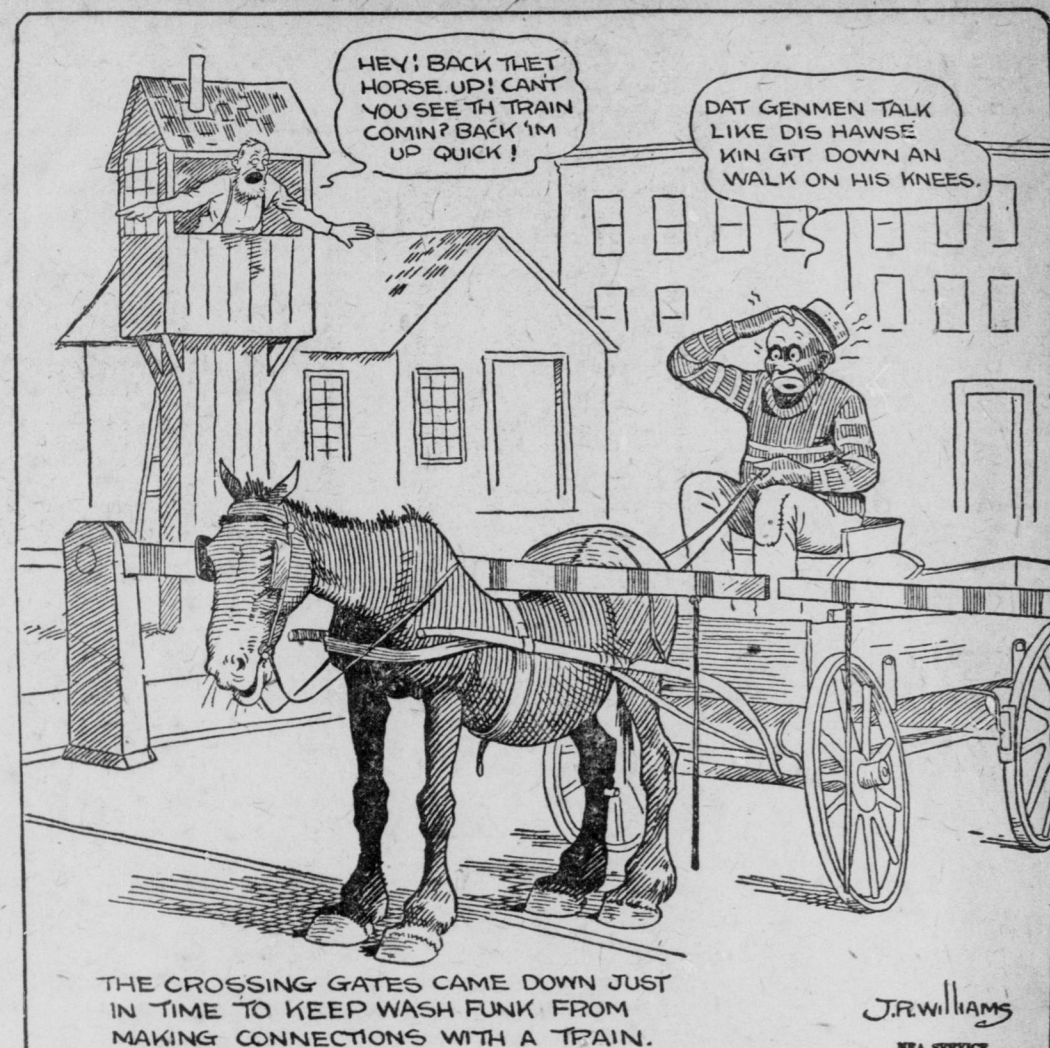
PROFESSIONALS BLAMED

Police Hunt Safe Crackers Who Got \$287 From Vault.

Safe crackers who knocked the combination off a large vault at the Frank Hatfield Auto Sales Company, 623 N. Capitol Ave., Saturday night, and took \$287 were professionals, police believe.

The thieves also took \$50 from a money drawer in the parts department, wrenches, batteries and other accessories. A small safe was overlooked.

Rain falling from a clear sky, a meteorological phenomenon, was reported on March 21 near Grantham; the shower lasted only a minute.



THE CROSSING GATES CAME DOWN JUST IN TIME TO KEEP WASH FUNK FROM MAKING CONNECTIONS WITH A TRAIN.

J.R. Williams

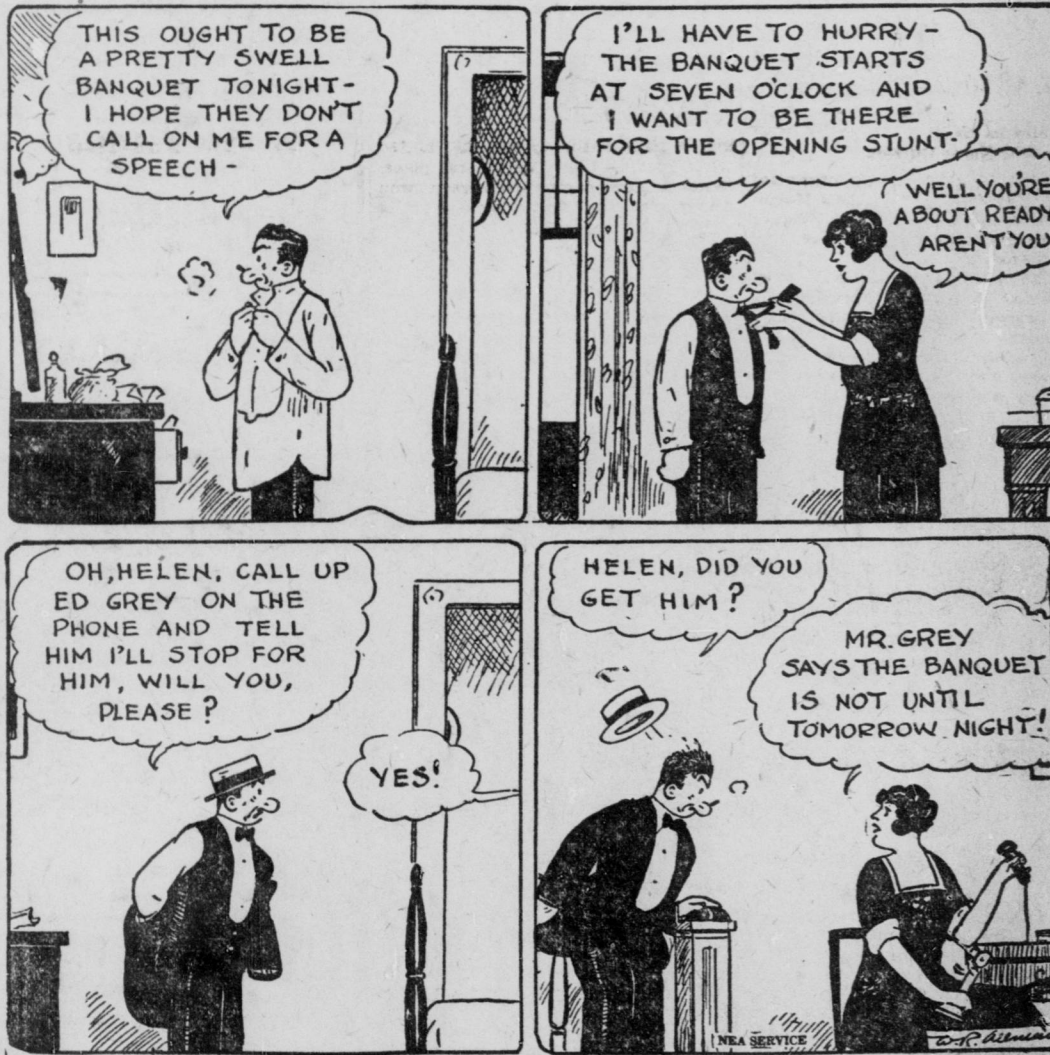
NEA SERVICE

Better Leave It Alone, Willie!

—By BLOSSER



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN



STONE MEN MAY LEAVE

Official Says Legal Restraints Based On False Charges.

That the Bedford Stone Club Auxiliary and the International Cut Stone Contractors' and Quarrymen's Association will leave Indiana as a result of stringent legal restrictions was indicated today by Walter W. Drayer, secretary of the international body.

The statement followed decision of Judge Zimm B. Dougan of the Hendricks Circuit Court, in which the companies were found combined in restraint of trade and ordered to cease operation in the State within six months. Drayer said false allegations had been made against the companies, and that too wide a construction has been placed by the courts on anti-trust laws.

Recovers From Fall

Mrs. Lavinia Wright, 69, rooming at 708 N. Capitol Ave., is improving today at her home after a fall of fifteen feet from a second story window. Mrs. Josephine Johnson, who conducts the rooming house, said she was carrying a drink to Mrs. Wright

at night. Finally I got so weak I could hardly drag myself around and was losing lots of time from work.

"The Tanlac treatment straightened me right out and now I eat hearty without a trace of indigestion, never have headaches, sleep fine, have gained weight and am on the job every day feeling fine. I'll always praise Tanlac."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—A.V.

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Help Came When Dubie Thought End Was Near

"My troubles had me thinking my days were just about over, but now I'm a well man, and it's all due to Tanlac," recently declared Stephen Dubie, stationary fireman, 526 S. 12th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

"For four years I suffered so from stomach trouble that I couldn't eat even the lightest foods without being miserable for hours afterwards, with headaches, gas, awful cramps and a burning sensation like fire in the pit of my stomach. For days at a time I couldn't eat a mouthful of anything and lost weight until I was only a shadow of my former self. Besides all this, I couldn't half sleep

at night. Finally I got so weak I could hardly drag myself around and was losing lots of time from work.

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How to build up your Weight

To be under weight often proves low fighting-power in the body. It often means you are minus nerve-power, minus red-cells in your blood, minus health, minus vitality. It is serious to be minus, but the moment you increase the number of your red-

blood-cells, you begin to become plus. That's why S. S. S., since 1826, has meant to thousands of underweight men and women, a plus in their strength. Your body fills to the point of power, your flesh becomes firmer, the age lines that come from thinness disappear. You look younger, firmer, happier, and you feel it, too, all over your body. More red-blood-cells! S. S. S. will build them.

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

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