

Blind Animals In Kentucky Cave

MOST people have heard of the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. But are they also aware that bats, rats, moles, spiders, beetles and other forms of animal life there are completely without sight, having lost it through many generations of darkness.

"THE STRANGER"

A Gripping Story of Love Triumphant Over the Plots of a Master Criminal

BY JOHN GOODWIN

Joan and Philip Again See the Hand of the Mysterious Stranger In Emmie's Gift Brooch

CHAPTER LXIII.

Emmie Hartopp, Her Mark.
"Philip," cried Joan, pulling her friend into the sitting-room, "here's a visitor for you."
"Emmie Clegg?" exclaimed Philip, springing up and taking her hands, "welcome, little benefactress!" he said laughing.

"Emmie Hartopp, if you don't mind," corrected the visitor, "Mrs. Hartopp to the general public—but always Emmie to you," she added graciously.
"Of course—how stupid of me," apologized Philip hastily, "things have been moving so fast lately that sometimes I get mixed."
Emmie, in fact, had married her old flame, Mr. Ted Hartopp, only four days after the thirtieth wedding, and the news of it had been forwarded to them while they were in France.

"You do look a treat, both of you, I must say," announced Emmie, eyeing them with a broad smile. "Matrimony ain't as bad as it sounds, is it? If you're half as happy as I am, you'll do. My old man," she continued, scanning Philip critically, "may not be such class to look at as you, Philip, but he's worth six of you. Don't interrupt, Joan, I allow there's plenty worse than that blooming like this. I've glad to see you both blooming for you, you know, if it hadn't been for me—"

"We might never have been where we are," said Joan quickly.
Emmie welcomed her with the most respectful effusion. They all had tea together in the neat back parlor, after which Emmie, who seemed to have her spouse well under control, wagged her red head at him and dismissed him.
"You pop off and mind the shop, old dear," she said. "I've something to say to Joan."

Joan Hartopp popped off obediently. "Joan," said Emmie as soon as the door was shut, "I've been watching you. You look happier than I've ever seen you, an' I know Philip's the man to make you so. But—"

"How can he do that?" said Joan sadly. "As you say, we are so happy that I've got used to the fact that with the money they had, Emmie listened at first in blank incredulity. Then she started out of her chair in a flash.

"D'you mean to tell me," she cried, "that that woman who's turned you out an' got a million of dollars is trying to seduce you and Philip for what she'd never mind claim for the money expended out of the Knaith funds, and how Philip was managing to meet it by realizing the money they had. Emmie listened at first in blank incredulity. Then she started out of her chair in a flash.

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A Magazine Page For Everyone

WHEN YOU'VE HAD A HARD DAY AND YOU FINALLY GET YOUR BED TO SLEEP AND SOMEBODY PERSISTS IN BLOWING ON HIS TOY HORN



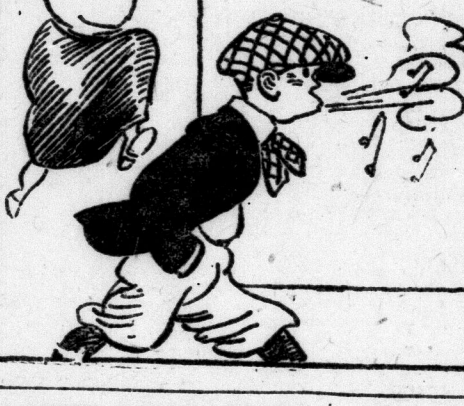
AND LITTLE BOBBY RATTLES HIS TOY TRAIN OF CARS OVER BARE FLOORS



AND WHEN JANE COMES HOME FROM SCHOOL SHE INSISTS ON PLAYING THE LATEST AND LOUDEST JAZZ



AND THEN JOAN COMES IN WHISTLING AS LOUD AS ONLY A BOY OF TWELVE CAN WHISTLE



AND THEN HUBBY! HE COMES HOME FROM THE OFFICE AND STARTS PLAYING THE LOUDEST PHONOGRAPH RECORDS TO SOOTHE HIS TIRED BRAIN



AND THEN YOU HAVE A RADIO. INSTALLED AND ALL CAN LISTEN TO WITHIN THE LEAST BIT OF NOISE OH-H-H BOY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-RIOUS FEELIN'?



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. P. Alley

IF YOU WANTER KNOW WHUT SORTER FOLKS YO' NEIGHBORS IS, JES' WAIT TWELL DEY MOVES OUT EN DEN LOOK ROON' IN-SIDES DE HOUSE!!



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THE ETERNAL QUESTION

by Felice Davis

The Blarney Stone.
DENNIS—My head was thinking "I'll be goin' down the street for a bit of a talk with the boys," but me fate they wouldn't hear of it! Right here they bring me!
KATY—It's time yet had them better trained.
DENNIS—They obey me heart and 'tis me heart that's always thumpin' for the prettiest girl in the world!
DENNIS—Ye be askin' that—with a lookin' glass to tell ye every day of your life.
KATY—Whist! what ye! It's every gurl ye meet ye're tellin' the same thing to.
DENNIS—It's not every gurl I meet has yer black curls to tangle up me heart!
KATY—Ye've lost yer heart so often ye don't know where it is.
DENNIS—It's in me eyes—when I look in yours—as blue as a bit o' heaven.
KATY—Come now—it's a bit of a blarney ye are.
DENNIS—I'm not needin' blarney to tell ye ye've got a fine little hand like the kind that's made for a man to hold.
KATY—I've not much faith in such fine speeches.
DENNIS—And a waist—just the size to put me arm about!
KATY—Get away wid ye! Now I know ye've kissed the blarney stone!
DENNIS—Sure and I've kissed the blarney stone—but I'd give me life KATY—Be off now! They're not so cheap!
DENNIS—Aw, Katy darlin'—just one! Me heart's like to choke me lookin' at ye—I'll perish miserably! Just one!
KATY—I hate to see ye die and me to blame.
DENNIS—One kiss from yer mouth be worth ten blarney stones, Katy!
KATY—Go easy—not so fast! I might give ye one—I'm not sayin' I will, mind ye—but I might—if ye put me like home, but it is several degrees better than cooking a weiner on a gas-jet. I have stamps and newspaper listed in the "recreation fund" in my budget system, so an indulging in my favorite pastime of writing letters. I am writing to you because I would like to join the badge brigade and I haven't seen yet the first badge has been sent out, so maybe I can still be among the "charter members" of the Cynthia Grey badge club. A great many people near my home used to write to Cynthia Grey and nearly everyone read it, so you see I have always been interested, even if I didn't write. I have a pile of books in front of me, Cynthia, which make me feel somewhat guilty, but I had to make sure I belonged to the "order of the badge" before I started studying. Best wishes to everyone.
WOULD-BE SCHOOL MAM.
I am afraid the first order of badge won't be sufficient to provide all those who have written for them, so Would-Be School Mam, you may be among the charter members, but it will perhaps be an extra few days before your badge arrives. It is nice of you to send us such a generous note in addition. Will be pleased to hear from you again.
Ada's Hubby.
Many thanks for your nice note. Ada's Hubby. Will watch for your Mail-Box letter now.
Cockscorn.
I am delighted with the cockscorn, Mrs. E. C., as one of the Boxes has waited many weeks for them. Will be very glad to hear from you. The recipe has been sent to Calamity Ann.
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Thanks for the mite, Emeline. Am sending the seeds.
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Many thanks for the mite. Weary Milk said, "I am sending you the seeds and Aunt Nannie's address. I hope you will find time to write to her."
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Dear Miss Grey—Can you stand another member to your already large family? The hospital fund gives many of us a chance to drop into your inviting circle, doesn't it. There are a great many interesting things about The Advertiser, but I still think that I like your column the best of all, as we turn to it nearly the first every morning.
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I am afraid I can't join your garden contest, as my garden would have to be in a window box, but I shall watch what progress the others make in it, and look for the pictures in the summer time. With best wishes to all the "unknown friends," Sincerely, ALEXIS.
There's always a place in the Mail-Box for a newcomer, Alexis. How good of you to send us such a large mite. I hope you will keep your promise of writing again.



Cynthia Grey's MAIL BOX

Dear Miss Grey—Did you ever see a moving picture of a young girl alone in the city, cooking her supper (consisting of one weiner) over a gas-jet? I am a young girl, and alone in the city, and have just cooked my supper, but it wasn't over a gas-jet. Thanks to hydro, or modern science and invention or something, I have a little electric plate and get it quite comfortably on that. I admit it isn't like home, but it is several degrees better than cooking a weiner on a gas-jet. I have stamps and newspaper listed in the "recreation fund" in my budget system, so an indulging in my favorite pastime of writing letters. I am writing to you because I would like to join the badge brigade and I haven't seen yet the first badge has been sent out, so maybe I can still be among the "charter members" of the Cynthia Grey badge club. A great many people near my home used to write to Cynthia Grey and nearly everyone read it, so you see I have always been interested, even if I didn't write. I have a pile of books in front of me, Cynthia, which make me feel somewhat guilty, but I had to make sure I belonged to the "order of the badge" before I started studying. Best wishes to everyone.

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Alexis.
Dear Miss Grey—Can you stand another member to your already large family? The hospital fund gives many of us a chance to drop into your inviting circle, doesn't it. There are a great many interesting things about The Advertiser, but I still think that I like your column the best of all, as we turn to it nearly the first every morning.
I was awfully interested to find that The Advertiser was to contain the Hashimura Togo letters, as I used to read them quite a while ago in a magazine, but was never able to find any more of them until they started to appear in the paper. Perhaps you will think I never read the news, Cynthia. I do, but I still find plenty of time for Hashimura and the other things, as well as the letters in your column.
I am afraid I can't join your garden contest, as my garden would have to be in a window box, but I shall watch what progress the others make in it, and look for the pictures in the summer time. With best wishes to all the "unknown friends," Sincerely, ALEXIS.
There's always a place in the Mail-Box for a newcomer, Alexis. How good of you to send us such a large mite. I hope you will keep your promise of writing again.

WOULD-BE SCHOOL MAM.
I am afraid the first order of badge won't be sufficient to provide all those who have written for them, so Would-Be School Mam, you may be among the charter members, but it will perhaps be an extra few days before your badge arrives. It is nice of you to send us such a generous note in addition. Will be pleased to hear from you again.
Ada's Hubby.
Many thanks for your nice note. Ada's Hubby. Will watch for your Mail-Box letter now.
Cockscorn.
I am delighted with the cockscorn, Mrs. E. C., as one of the Boxes has waited many weeks for them. Will be very glad to hear from you. The recipe has been sent to Calamity Ann.
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