

The Outside Chance

BY J. S. FLETCHER.
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was a chorus of groans; there was a shriek. Milthorpe heard his dimly and vaguely, as if it were a long way off. The next moment he was conscious of a hand on his shoulder. He looked down and saw a small, dark figure in the middle of the street. Somebody was slapping him on the shoulder.

"George, sir, you did that brave-aimed some voice. 'That was a smashing out of the jaws of a guess you're an old footballer, Milthorpe realized that, in the middle of time, he had swept the figure out of the track of a mobile, the driver of which had anything to slow up for. He sized that the rescued oddity been hurt and had not fainted, only gasping for breath, and as he could he got himself free and on the sidewalk and

"oughtn't to try to cross a road," he said severely. "That was a thing as I've ever seen. For you I've got some spring

The man, who had been breath-ly in the manner of one chron-icly afflicted with asthma, looked up at a hand. Milthorpe observed eyes were very large, bright and that the hand was white, delicate as a girl's.

"I have saved my life," said the man. "Perhaps you will give me a hand to my door? I live close to it across the way."

"I had no desire to walk arm with so odd a figure, but he said his pride and shyness and the little man across the road his direction, eventually into a less shabby court in the Gray's. They paused at an open door which revealed a flight of dark

steps. "I think you are all right," said Milthorpe, "ain't you?" The little man retained a grasp on Milthorpe's arm.

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tured and refined accent in which the possessor of the large feet spoke; yet, again, by the shabbiness of the court of old houses to which he had been led; now he was mystified by the offer of help. His first instinct was to decline that offer and go away, but he was good-natured almost to weakness and he obeyed the courteous wave of the old man's hand and turned to the open door.

"Oh, well, as you're so kind," he said. "But really, there's nothing to thank me for, you know."

"On that point we must differ, however," said the old man. "Well, then, we ascend. I will show you the way. It is, by the way, a long way."

Five minutes later Milthorpe was more puzzled than ever. He found himself in the most curious apartment that he had ever seen. He had been a little mystified by what he had seen of the house as he followed his guide up- stairs; from its exterior he had taken it to be a tenement house and had expected to find a staircase swarming with children and noisy with women's voices; instead, he found the place very silent and saw no one. But the old man had been right in saying that it was a long way to his room.

Milthorpe, having once become ac- customed to the dim light which filled the place, looked about him with curi- osity and wonder. It seemed to him that this might be the abiding place, of some of those middle-age wizards or neomancers or astrologers of which he had read in his school days. There was something modern about the place; it was difficult to believe, looking around it, that it had, or could have, anything to do with the twentieth century; even the very windows were of old painted glass.

There was evidence of practice of the art of chemistry in a furnace which stood in one corner, and in the various retorts, crucibles and jars which filled the neighboring shelves. But there were also mathematical and astronomical instruments, and there were strange pictures hanging on the paneled walls concerning which the visitor could only surmise and conjecture. And all over the room, which was large, and seemed to stretch away into gloomy niches and corners, there was old furniture, and there were ancient books and manu- scripts, and sheets of yellow parchment inscribed with strange writing and curi- ous figures. Milthorpe, seeing it all, be- gan to have an uneasy feeling that he might be in the laboratory and perhaps in the power of a magician. It was reassuring to hear through the open windows the roar and rattle of Hol- born.

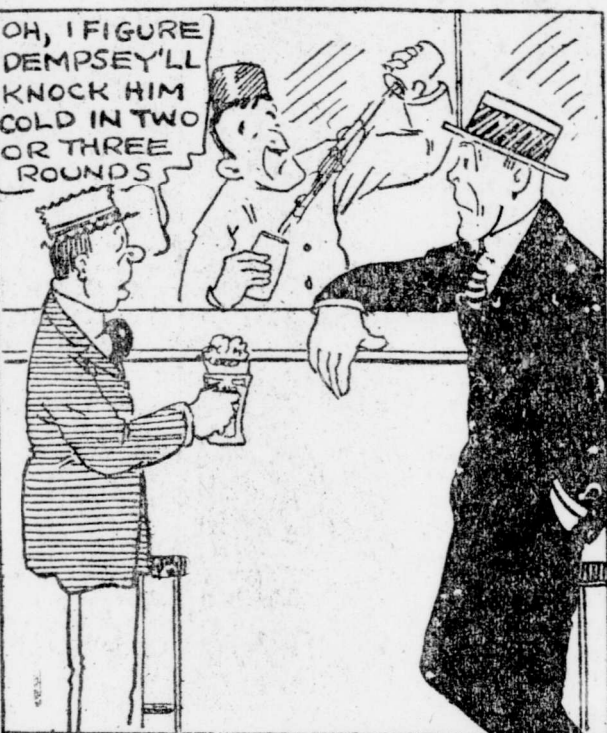
(To be continued.)

THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

YOU KNOW ME AL

Maybe It'll Be Waiting

By RING W. LARDNER



"CAP" STUBBS

Gran'ma Could Never Face the Disgrace

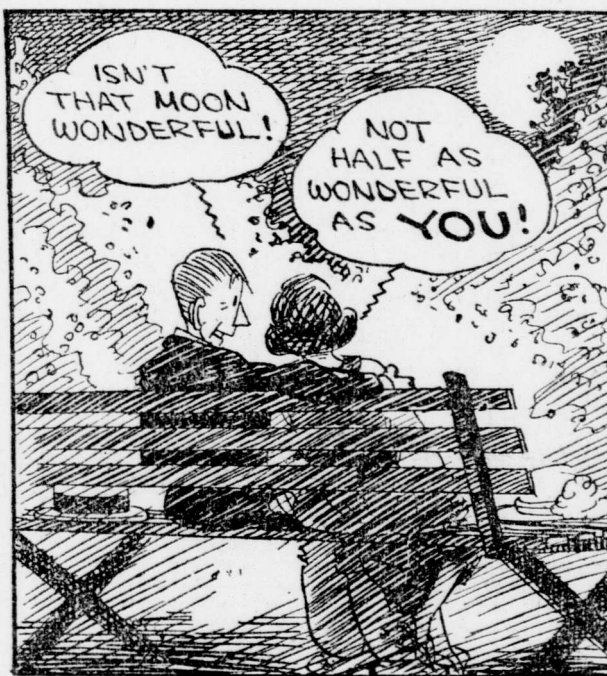
By EDWINA



BILLY'S UNCLE

Too Good to Be True

By BEN BATSFORD



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Yes-But Will It?

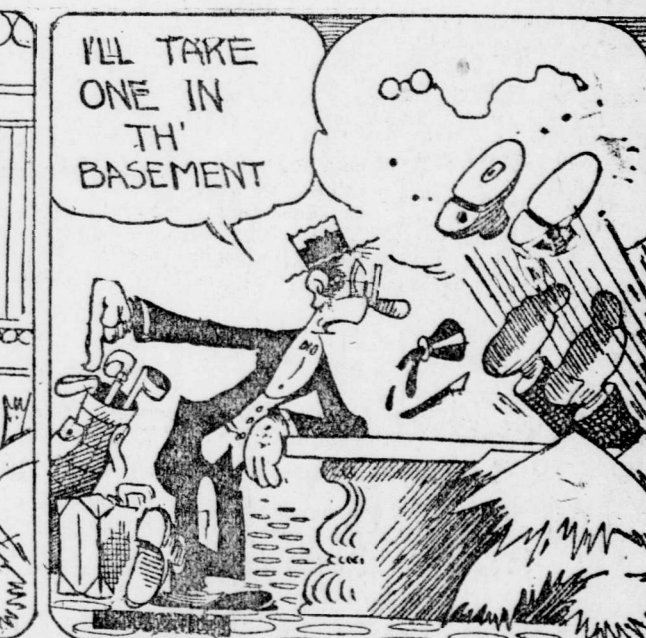
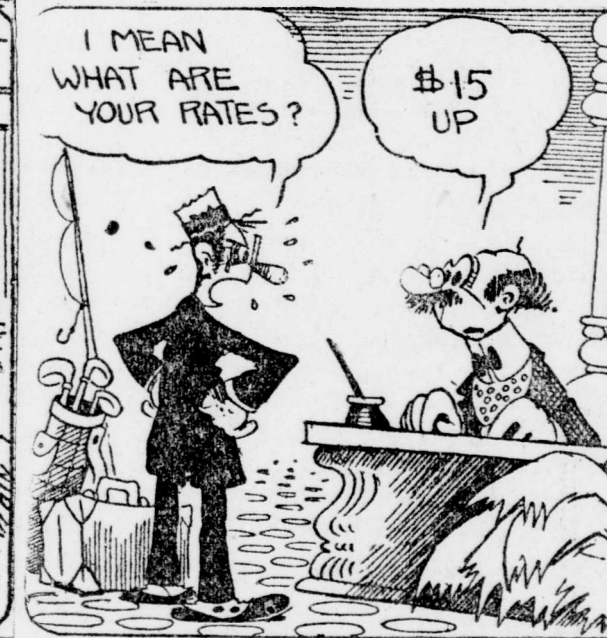
BY BLOSSER



SALESMAN SAM

The Gateway for Sam

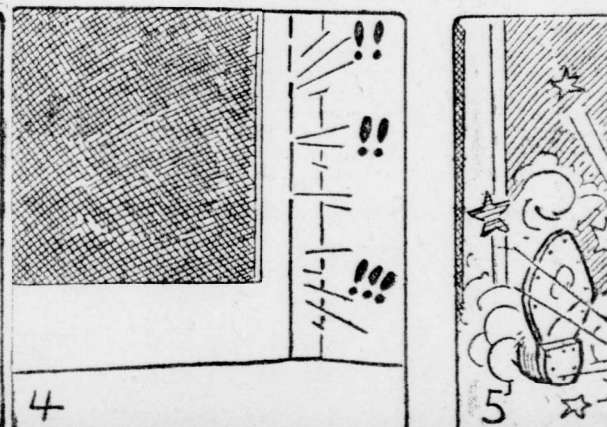
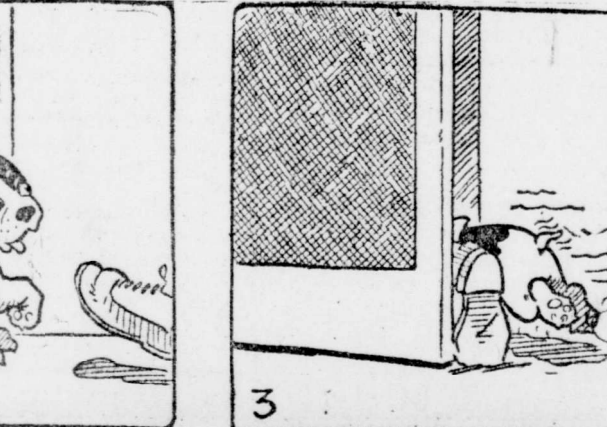
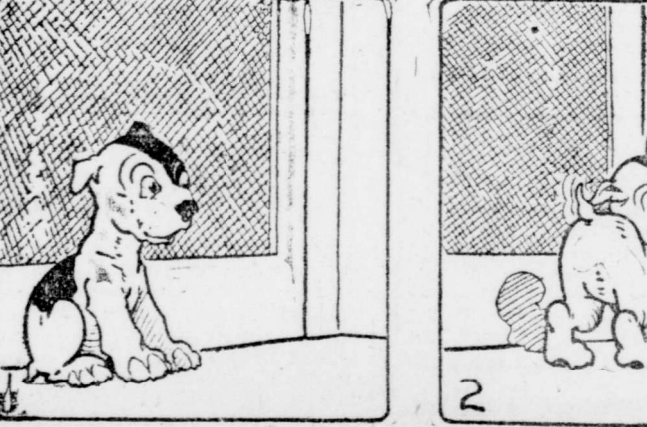
BY SWAN



TAKEN FROM LIFE

Swell Eats

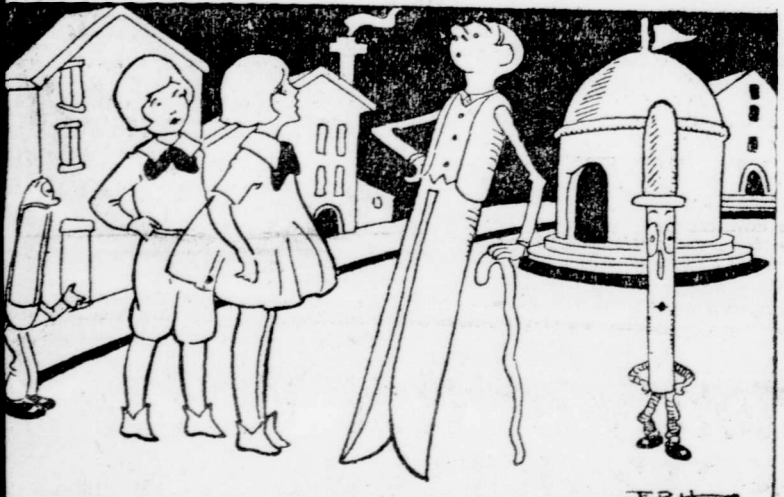
BY MARTIN



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

Olive Roberts Barton

NO. 20-PIN TOWN



"Please, did you see Ruby Joan?" asked Nancy. "I never on a doll-much less a rag doll. No, I haven't seen her."

"And it passed on."

"Then along came a gold pin."

"Did you see anything of a rag doll?" asked Nancy.

"The gold pin stopped."

"My goodness, no!" it replied, still more proudly than the others.

"What should I be doing with rags? Why don't you ask the common pins? Here's one now."

"Sure, I've seen hundreds of rag dolls," said the common pin in a jolly voice. "But no one ever put me in one of them. I'd scratch the babies. Why don't you ask a safety-pin?"

"Oh, yes, I know Ruby Joan," said the safety-pin. "I pinned one of her arms on once at your house before it was sewed on. But I haven't seen her since. I don't believe she came to Pin Town."

It was time to leave, so the Twins went back to the Choo-Choo train.

(To Be Continued.)

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ELOPS WATER POWER IN ROME

Considered One of the Largest In Europe.

STRUCTURE HUGE BASIN

Lake Will Irrigate Large Waste Area.

July 1.-An artificial lake long by two miles wide is being constructed in Sardinia to harness the power of the swift-flowing Tiro. It is proposed to develop of horsepower, and the project to be one of the largest ever in Europe. Besides the development of power the lake will serve purpose in irrigating a vast area, up to the present, has been but a barren waste.

production of grain in the low through which the river runs is to be augmented threefold. These plains have been not-marry lands, where cultiva- have been undertaken only under difficult circumstances. With so harnessed, the distribution will be maintained and con- to suit the needs of the lowlands. A whole area transformed into a plain.

MEASURE DUST PARTICLES BY STANDARD TEST SIEVE

CHICAGO, July 1.-It requires more than 6,000,000 tiny dust particles to cover a glass plate one inch square, according to investigators at the Structural Materials Research Laboratory of the Lewis Institute here.

Although it would seem a hopeless task to count these millions of dust particles and measure their exact size, these Lewis Institute investigators have carried out a series of tests in which these operations were performed. The tests were conducted to determine the fineness of portland cement, and it was discovered that if average sized cement particles were laid in closely-fitting rows it would require 6,000,000 to cover the same area.

In making the tests samples of cement were blown up a series of brass tubes by compressed air. This operation separated the tiny particles and the sizes were then obtained by microscopic measurement. The cement particles had already passed through the standard testing sieve specified by Government requirements. Such a sieve contains 40,000 holes to the square inch and is woven of bronze wire, finer than a human hair. The sieve is finer than silk and will hold water. Government standards require that 78 per cent. of a given quantity of cement be fine enough to pass through this sieve.

GREY TOWNSHIP PIONEER DIES
BRUSSELS, July 2.-James Mann, a pioneer resident of the 16th concession of Grey Township, passed away on Saturday after an illness of several months. He was 77 years of age. Interment will be made in Cranbrook Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon.