

# THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

## Room Fifty-Three

By J. S. Fletcher.  
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The janitors within the portals of the Army and Navy felt unusual surprise and something almost approaching emotion when a very well-dressed young woman, very quiet and self-assured, descended upon their grandeur and asked in modest but firm fashion, if she could see Captain Mervyn, of the 221st Lancers. They were smart enough to see that this was no ordinary occasion; discerning enough to perceive that Beatrice, though certainly not a woman of rank and fashion, was no ordinary being. There were two of them in the portals, and they looked hard at her, and speculatively at each other.

"Captain Mervyn?" said one. "I'm I haven't seen the captain for two or three weeks. Where's the 221st quartered now?"

"Aldershot!" replied the other functionary. "But Captain Mervyn's on the Continent—Holland or somewhere—been away for a fortnight. He was in the club the morning he left."

"Captain Mervyn returned to England last night," remarked Beatrice. "I saw him at Wyndport, just after he landed. That's why I want to see him again—on very important business."

The two janitors inspected her again, and made another inspection of each other.

"Well, he's not been in here to-day, miss," said one. "That is, as yet. But if he's in town he will be coming in. And, of course, if you saw him last night, he's in England again, and for him England means London or Aldershot."

"He came to London this morning by the seven-twenty," said Beatrice. "Do you know where he lives when he's in London?"

"I'm not admitted one of the janitors," "I do—but it's against all rules to give addresses. But," he added, seeing Beatrice to be disappointed, "if he is in town, he'll be in here by o'clock, safe as houses. If you leave a message—"

"No," answered Beatrice. "The business is very important for him. I'll call again. In the meantime I shall go and get some tea."

She had tripped off before the functionaries could say another word, and she went away unconscious that she had left a world of speculation behind her. For it is rarely that young women come asking for officers of crack cavalry regiments at their clubs, and when they do, the myrmidons wonder what they come for.

"Smart, quiet girl!" observed one janitor to the other. "Rum go, though! Looked serene enough, to be sure."

"Deep!" said the other. "Deep as they make 'em! Well, I reckon she'll look in again. Not to be put off, that sort!"

But Beatrice did not look in again. On leaving the Army and Navy she turned along Pall Mall intending to go into St. James' Park, where she knew of a place at which afternoon tea was procurable under refined surroundings.

## YOU KNOW ME AL

Friend Al:  
Well, Al! I beat the Cleveland club yesterday and that's 2 games I won in succession and that means I half to take Edna on the eastern trip and that means it will cost me twice as much as though I was going alone and the worse of it is that we would of loose only the empires for once in there life give me all the best of it and I time pitched a ball that hit the screen on the fly and the empire called it a strike where I use to cut the heart of the plate and they would say ball 3. All and all winning the game went get us nowhere but it means a eastern trip for the wife and when I get threw with this season on the money I have saved worst buy a hair cut for a bald eagle.

Jack Keeffe



## She'll Know It When Babe Hits

AND NOW I WANT YOU TO BUY ME A WATCH SO AS I CAN TELL WHERE WE ARE ON THE TRIP

LISTEN! YOU DON'T NEED NO WATCH TO TELL US WHERE WE'RE AT

IF I PITCH A BALL AND A BIG BLACK-HAIRED, FAT MAN HITS IT OVER THE RIGHT FIELD FENCE, YOU'LL KNOW WERE IN NEW YORK



BY RING W. LARDNER

## "CAP" STUBBS

Well, If That's How She Feels About It!

By EDWINA

GOOD GRACIOUS! A LETTER FROM LIZZIE! I OWE SO MANY LETTERS I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE TO ANSWER FIRST

NO SOONER WRITE TO SOMEBODY THAN THEY ANSWER BY RETURN MAIL, SO I'VE GOT TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN! I NEVER GET A CHANCE TO CATCH UP! GOODNESS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!!!

LISSEN MON! I GOTTA GREAT SCHEME! LEMME WRITE YOUR LETTERS! I CHARGE FIVE CENTS PER LITTLE LETTERS AN' TEN CENTS PER BIG ONE AN' AN' TWO CENTS PER POST-CARDS-

ALLRIGHT! ALLRIGHT! - I DON'T CARE IF YA NEVER GIT EM WRITTEN!



## BILLY'S UNCLE

A Well-Beaten Path

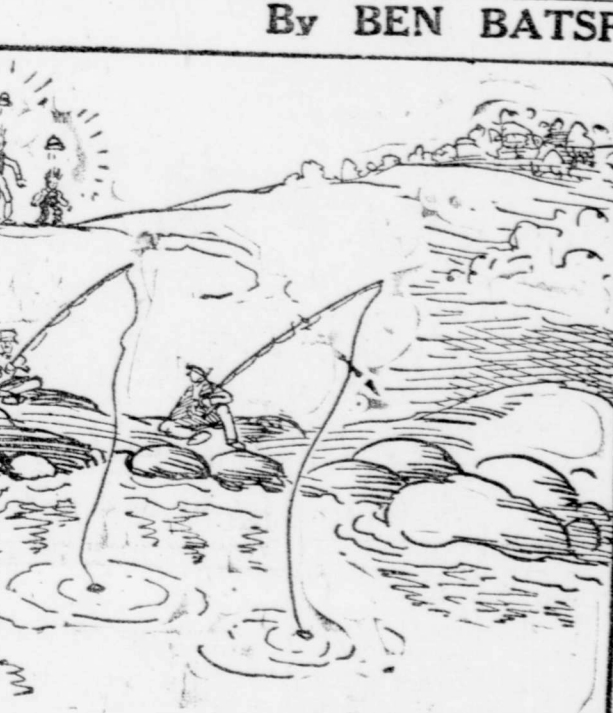
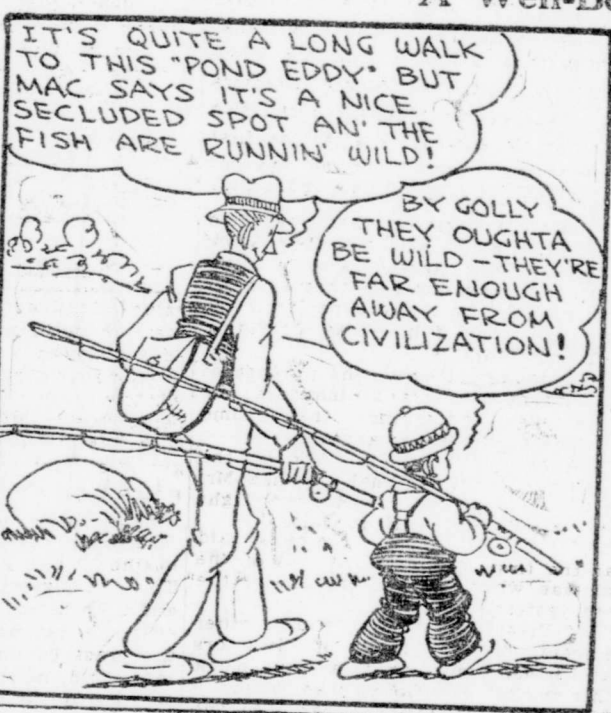
By BEN BATSFORD

C'MON BILLY! THE FISH'LL BE HAVIN' THEIR AFTERNOON NAP IF YOU DON'T HURRY UP!

THEN MAYBE WE'LL CATCH A FEW WHILE THEY'RE ASLEEP!

IT'S QUITE A LONG WALK TO THIS "POND EDDY" BUT MAC SAYS IT'S A NICE SECLUDED SPOT AN' THE FISH ARE RUNNIN' WILD!

BY GOLLY THEY OUGHTA BE WILD - THEY'RE FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION!



## ADAM AND EVA

They Don't Sell the Old Bus

BY CAP HIGGINS

EVA, WE NEED TWO THOUSAND FOR A DOWN PAYMENT ON A HOUSE AND I'VE BEEN FIGGERIN' AND FIGGERIN' AND ALL I CAN RAISE IS EIGHTEEN HUNDRED BUS - THAT OUGHT TO BE WORTH FIVE HUNDRED

OH, ADAM, SELL THAT DEAR OLD CAR! IT WOULD BE LIKE SELLING A DEAR OLD FRIEND

EVA, THIS IS PROBABLY OUR LAST RIDE IN HER. DON'T HER, ENGIN' SOUND FINE. BET THAT DEALER WILL BE GLAD TO GET HER.

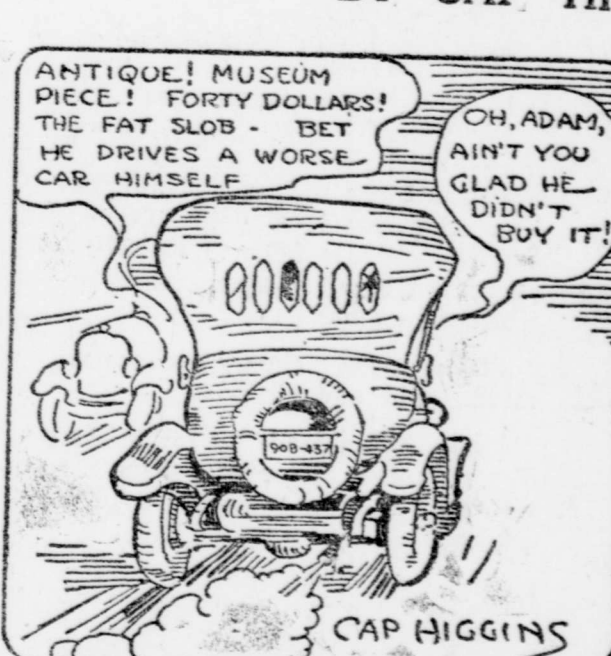
PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT IT ADAM, I'LL CRY IN A MINUTE.

YEP! LOOKS PURTY GOOD FOR AN ANTIQUE! MIGHT MAKE A GOOD MUSEUM PIECE. WE GENERALLY ALLOW TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS FOR THIS MODEL BUT SHE'S IN SUCH GOOD CONDITION I'LL RAISE IT TO FORTY

THERE'S THE OLD BOAT - JUST AS GOOD AS THE DAY SHE WAS BORN. HOW MUCH IS SHE WORTH TO YOU?

ANTIQUÉ! MUSEUM PIECE! FORTY DOLLARS! THE FAT SOB - BET HE DRIVES A WORSE CAR HIMSELF

OH, ADAM, AIN'T YOU GLAD HE DIDN'T BUY IT!



## SALESMAN SAM

Just in Time

BY SWAN

HELLO SAM - I HEAR YOU PEOPLE HAD QUITE A FIRE IN YOUR FURNITURE DEPT THIS MORNING

I'LL SAY WE DID - AND WERE MIGHTY LUCKY IT DIDN'T HAPPEN YESTERDIN

WHAT DIFFERENCE DID THAT MAKE - YOU'D LOSE JUST AS MUCH ON IT THEN AS NOW

OH NO - WE SAVED MONEY ON IT

YA SEE IT WAS ONLY LAST NIGHT

WE REDUCED ALL OUR FURNITURE 20 PER CENT FOR OUR BIG SALE



## TAKEN FROM LIFE

Nosyin' Around

BY MARTIN



## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

Olive Roberts Barton

NO. 24 - FARMER BROWN'S SICKLE



"Oh, goodness!" gasped Snookums, and turned and run away.

One day Farmer Brown came along with a sickle in his hand.

"I'll have to cut down all these burdocks," he said to himself and yet loud enough for a hundred little ears to hear. "They aren't a bit of good in the world and when they go to seed they'll spread next year more than ever. Oh, pshaw! My pipe's gone out and I'll have to go back to the house for some matches. I'll just leave this sickle here until I come back!"

Under the burdocks the tiny Pee Wee Landers were too dismayed for words. The burdocks were cut down where and Pee Wee Land bet, and what shall we do?" cried King Snookums.

"Ya, what shall we do, indeed!" retorted Miss Odger.

And every Pee Wee Lander looked at his neighbor and said miserably, "What on earth are we going to do?"

Nancy and Nick stayed by, not saying a word, but thinking hard. They would have to help their nice little friends; there wasn't a doubt.

Suddenly Nick's sharp eyes noticed Farmer Brown's sickle lying where he had left it, and he whispered something to Nancy.

And then the Twins said something to King Snookums and yet loud enough for a hundred little ears to hear. "But how can you?" said the little king in surprise. "You aren't any bigger than the rest of us."

"Why, we're as big as anything," laughed Nick. "We are only little when we are with our folk like you. It's our magic shoes, you know. We can wish ourselves any size at all."

Snookums curiously.

Instantly the Twins were their own size, like any other little boy or girl.

"Oh, goodness!" gasped Snookums and turned to run away, and so did Master Odger and the Pee Wee Landers.

"Why, we won't hurt you," exclaimed Nancy. "We only want to help you. Nick and I are going to hide Farmer Brown's sickle in the high grass where he cannot find it, and Pee Wee Land will be safe."

And so they did, and to this minute the burdocks are there and you'd never, never guess what was underneath.

(To be continued.)

## A Puzzle a Day

NO ITTA EPT SINE

A large sign over the office door was partially obscured from view by two cases, at the other end of the room. Can you add the proper letters so that the statement "NO ITTA EPT SINE" will become sensible?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER:  
Eight 8's may be made to equal 1000 by forming the figures into numbers and adding them as follows:  
8  
8  
88  
888  
1000

HAS NO AUTHORITY  
PLACE BAY, August 28.—That J. B. MacLachlan, deposed secretary of the United Mine Workers' Union, and For men Waye, of the Steel Workers' Union, now touring Canada, have absolutely no

## Resinol

Save your self hours of discomfort

is what you want for your skin trouble—Resinol to stop the itching and burning—Resinol to heal the eruption. Scratching makes it worse, besides being embarrassing and dangerous, being the smooth gentle ingredients of RESINOL OINTMENT often overcome the trouble promptly, even if it is severe and long-established. Bathing the affected part first with RESINOL SOAP hastens the beneficial results. Resinol products at all druggists.