

THE INNER ROOM

By J. S. Fletcher.

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Then Pembridge turned on his electric torch and consulted his watch. Half past three! And down there it was very cold; it seemed to be getting colder every minute. He took another drink from his flask and meditated.

"The old man will send for the police," he said to himself. "The police will find certain articles on me which respectable people do not carry, and they will send for expert help from Scotland Yard. So far, Scotland Yard does not know me, but it will know me forever after this! And just now there seems nothing but the certainty of spending the morning hours in this hole!"

Realizing that certainty to the full, Pembridge again composed himself as comfortable as possible in his corner and tried to sleep. But it is difficult to sleep in the chilliest hours of the morning unless one is in one's own bed, and though he dozed at intervals he spent a miserable time until he saw the gray light steal through the thick glare of the dome high above him. As it grew stronger he jumped up, and by dint of various stampings and clappings, contrived to get some warmth into his body. And he drank the last of his whisky and lighted a cigar and resigned himself to waiting. And while he waited he began to understand how much certainty is to be preferred to uncertainty. For 8 o'clock came, and 10 o'clock, and finally noon, and he was still there, trapped, and in a silence which was driving him frantic.

Suddenly Pembridge heard sounds in the room above—or rather along the flooring which lay between the two cases lined walls and the edge of the cavity in which, with the rest of the floor, he lay. He looked up, and his heart would have rejoiced at the sight of his deadliest enemy. But Pembridge saw

nothing human; instead he saw a curious curtain-like mass of black material—which was, in fact, a sheet of thick rubber—being rapidly drawn across the square opening above his head. In another moment he was in darkness. He snapped open his electric torch—the charge had been exhausted during the night. He heard more sounds—whispered instructions—then came silence. And Pembridge began to shout loudly and wildly, for a great fear had come upon him. If he had had a revolver upon him he would have fired every chamber at the strange black curtain above him in his terror. But he never carried a revolver; all his previous operations had been carried out with such certitude that—

"What was this? He was suddenly aware of a strange, curious change in the atmosphere in which he was mocking at breathing. Something which he could not handle, something handling him. Something had him by the throat; something was making him stagger, totter, fall. Now he was in his corner again, with his head in the angle—yes, he was going to sleep—to dream—dream.

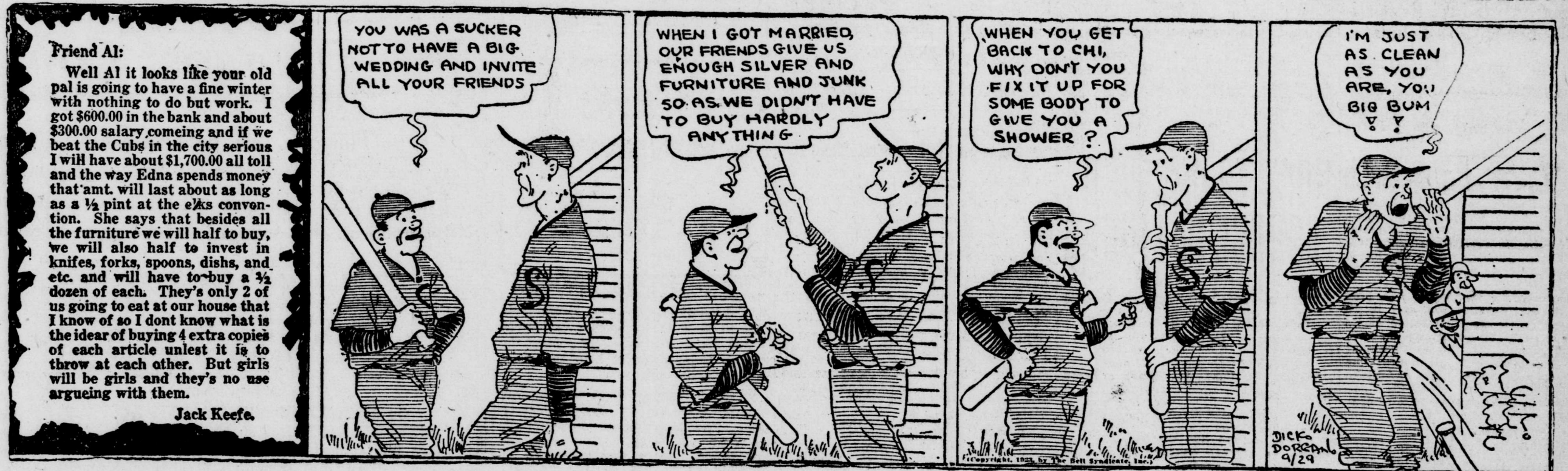
"He's coming around," said a voice. "Spray a little more of that essence on his temples." There! Pembridge opened his eyes languidly. The first objects he met were his own kit of special tools laid out neatly on a side table in the professor's dining-room, wherein he himself lay on a couch in the midst of a group of much-interested men. Pembridge took a quick glance at their faces and shut his eyes again. The effects of the anaesthetic were not quite out of his brain, but his brain was clear enough to realize one unshakable fact. He was at last in the hands of justice.

THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

YOU CAN GET AT

No Need, Says Jack

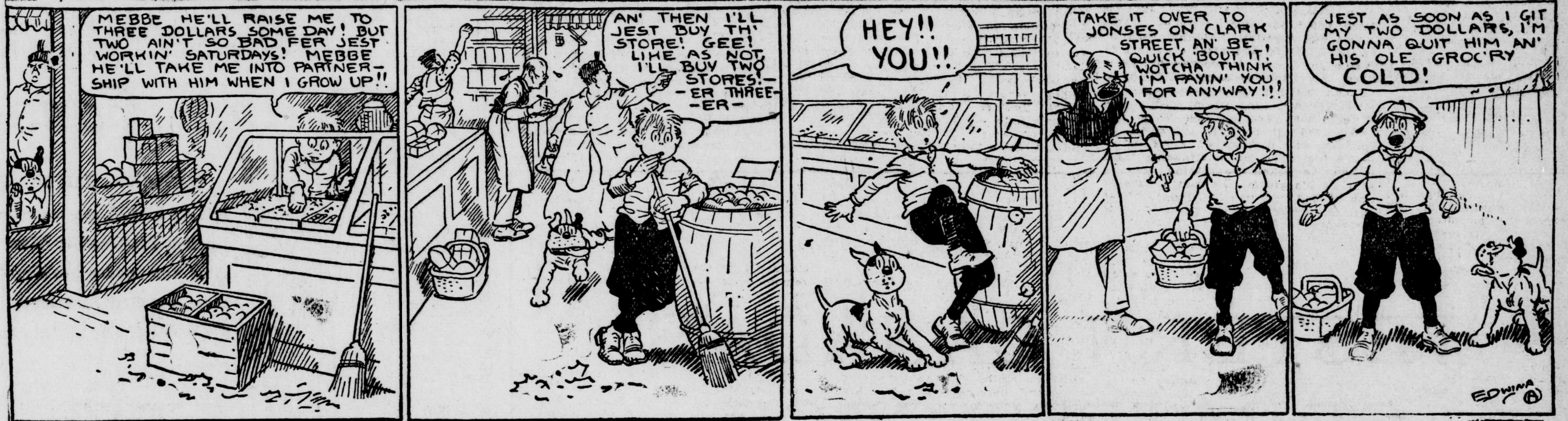
BY RING W. LARDNER



"CAP" STUBS

There's No Future in That Grocery

By EDWINA



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

NO. 1—SQUEALY-MOO LAND.



"I want you to do me a favor, children," said the Fairy Queen to Nancy and Nick, the Twins. "Will you?"

"Is it another adventure?" asked Nancy eagerly.

"Yes, although it won't take you from home," nodded the gracious lady. "Did you ever hear of Mister Dodger of Squealy-Moo Land?" The Twins shook their heads.

"I thought not," went on the Fairy Queen. "For he's a most secret parson. That's how he gets his name—because he is always dodging, so people won't see him. Well, it's Mister Dodger I wish you to help this time. He has more than he can do, although he is a fairy and smart at that. He lives under a corn shock in Squealy-Moo Land and his duty is to look after the barnyard folk. There! I believe I hear him now. Go to the door, Nible Toes, and see if we have a visitor."

"Good!" remarked Mister Dodger. "And now if you're both ready we'd better be going. I'm busier than a scarecrow with two guns these days advertising for help in the Hollow-Log Bugle and had no answer and finally had to telephone to Misses Queen here about my troubles."

"Good-by!" chided Nancy.

"Good-by!" called Nick.

"Good-by!" said Mister Dodger.

All three of them jumped on Piggy-Wig Pig and were off.

(To Be Continued.)

A Puzzle a Day

A man was asked the age of his two sons. "The elder," he said, "is just three times the age of the younger. If you multiply the age of each by itself and add the two results together, the total will be \$80." What were the ages of the two sons?

Yesterday's Answer: The number in the verse is SEVEN. Is an odd number; cut off its head (S) and it will be EYEN. Take away the tall (N) and EVE, a girl's name, remains.

NORWICH

Trinity Anglican Church held harvest thanksgiving services on Sunday. The church was decorated with unusual care. Pink and mauve gladioli vied with red and white asters in brightening every corner of the sacred edifice. Grain and vegetables also fulfilled their task in testifying to the abundance of this year's harvest. The rector preached appropriate sermons both morning and evening and the choir rendered special music. The anthem at morning prayer was, "Hear Lord From Heaven. Thy Dwelling Place," and in the evening "The Eyes of All Wait Upon Thee." A novel feature was the reading of the special lesson by four young men of the congregation, viz.: Messrs. Roy Holmes, J. L. Howes, John Barnes and Wilfred Sanders. The offerings of the day were divided between local needs and mission purposes. There were very good congregations throughout the day.

Miss H. D. Sever, returned missionary from Bombay, India, gave some account of the work among India's women and girls at a united meeting in Trinity Church on Wednesday evening. Miss Sever, who is a sister-in-law of the rector of Trinity Church, has been for some years engaged in high school teaching in Bombay and later in more evangelistic work among women in the Zenanas of the city and the district. She is on the staff of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission.



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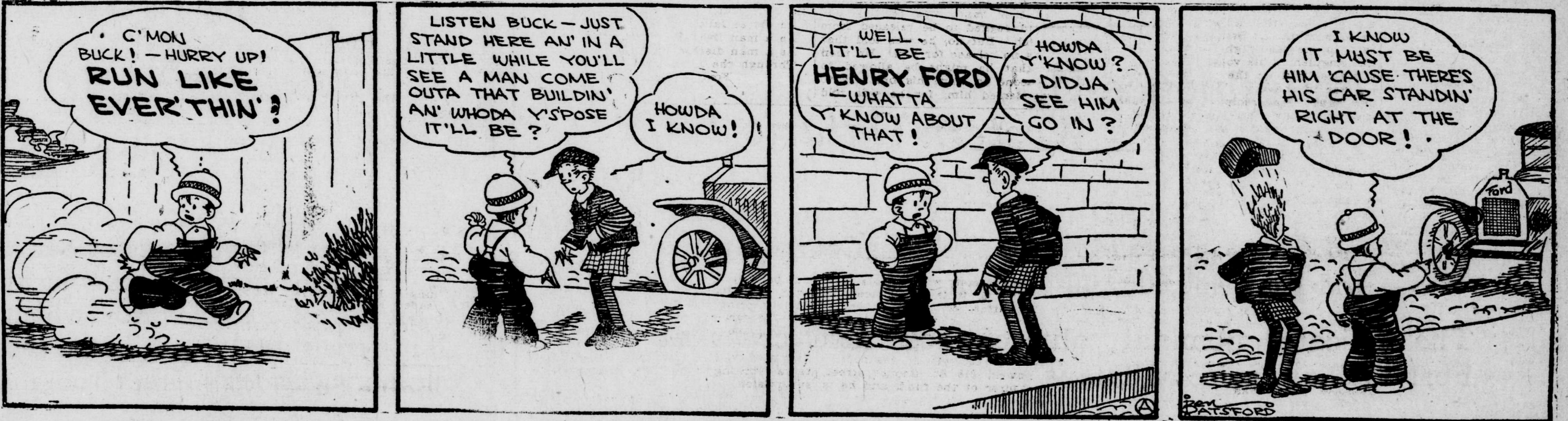


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BILLY'S UNCLE

Who Else Could It Be?

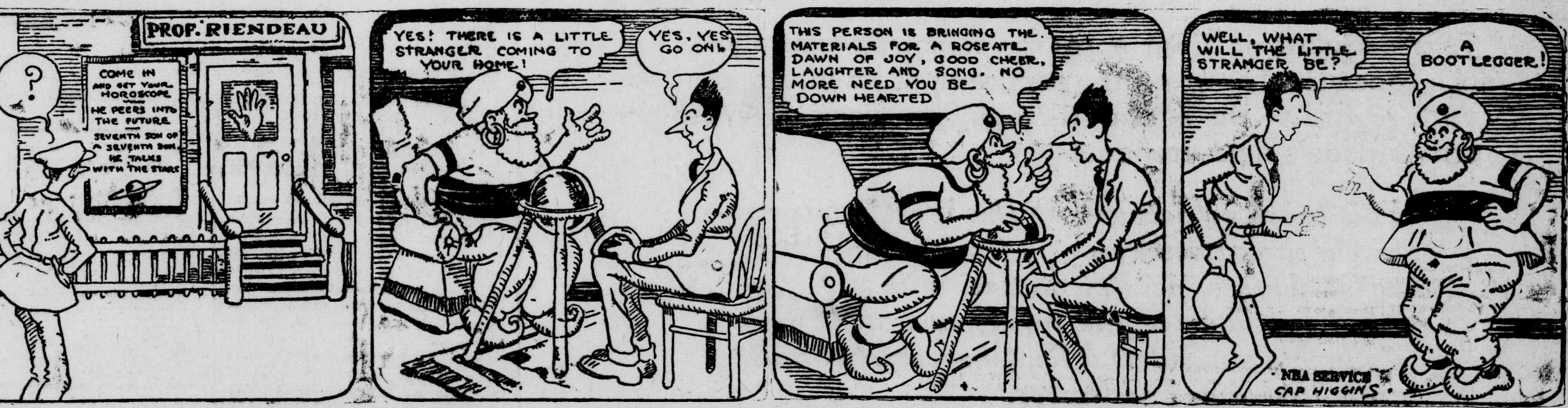
By BEN BATSFORD



ADAM AND EVA

A Little Stranger Is Coming

BY CAP HIGGINS



SALESMAN SAM

Marked Down From \$5

BY SWAN



TAKEN FROM LIFE

Off Tackle

BY MARTIN

