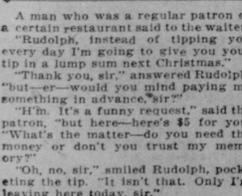
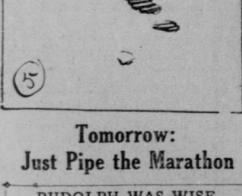
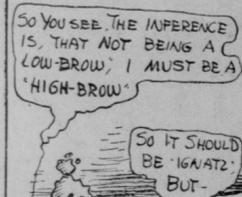


Krazy Kat

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A Little Browbeating



The Dingbat Family

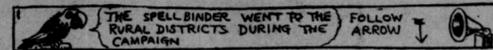


Polly and Her Pals



Beans Make the Bean Ache

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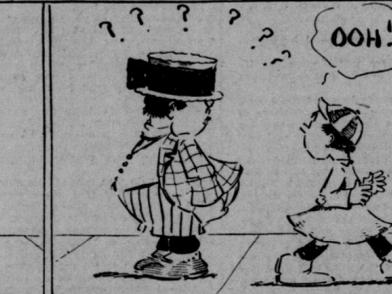


Us Boys



What's the Matter With Skinny?

(Registered United States Patent Office)



SHANER'S GOOGLY DEPT.

WELL KNOWN SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED BY S. S.

HERE'S LOOKIN' AT YA

GOSH, I WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH SHRIMP! IT'S GETTING COLDER, AIN'T IT? SURE IT IS

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A RIDE ON A FIFTH AVENUE BUS, AND THE SUBWAY? - 5 CENTS

NOW DON'T ARGUE! HERE'S ONE FOR TO-DAY FROM BEATRICE STERNBERG U. S. A.

WHY IS A VERY PRETTY RICH GIRL LIKE A BIG STEAMER AT SEA? - ANSWER TO -MORROW-

The TUNNEL

Greatest Story of Its Kind Since Jules Verne

(From the German of Bernhard Kellerman - German version. Copyright, 1913, by S. Fischer, Verlag, Berlin. English translation and compilation by)

Waterbury

Copyright, 1913, International News Service)

Continued from Yesterday

The night before Allan and Ethel sat alone in the old Lloyd home way up on the river and talked until far in the night. It was the first time since their wedding night, many years before, that they had opened up their inmost hearts to each other. And now they had come to the day of whitening hair, childless and alone, and there was much to say. It seemed to Allan that all that this woman had been to him in these long years came down upon him in one overwhelming rush, and at last the tactful man of facts and figures found the words to give his emotion visible life. To the woman, this one night compensated for all that she had missed; and in the years to come she thought only of that and forgot the rest.

A FOREBODING

"You'll hear from me all along the route, of course," he told her, as he left her the next afternoon. "And as soon as we reach the other side I'll get you on the phone."

"All right, dear. Goodbye—and good luck!" She waved her hand from the steps as he drove away.

It should have been a day of de-

lirious triumph for Allan—the day he had lived for all these 25 years. But as he left Ethel a depression came over him that he could not shake off. He wished that he had taken her with him, though they had decided that it would not be best. The crowds and the cheering and the happy, enthusiastic greetings of O'Malley, Wainwright and his other trusted and faithful aides could not rouse him from the mild torpor of despondency, though outwardly he was happy and enthusiastic in his characteristically repressed fashion.

O'Malley and Wainwright had claimed and obtained the honor of driving the train part of the way. Allan was to have the first place of honor, the bringing of the train into the station outside of London. O'Malley was master of the cab from Tunnel City to Bermuda, and Wainwright could be on the bridge on the long leg of the run, the straight dash from Bermuda to Faval, in the Azores. Then Allan would take the controller and pilot the first train to the finish mark.

The world sat up for 24 hours to watch the progress of that projectile through the depths of the earth. O'Malley brought them into Bermuda only two minutes behind their schedule. The work of changing engines and testing was expedited in the pick up this loss, till the train shot out under the bed of the Atlantic on time.

Faval was reached five minutes and 40 seconds late, and when Allan turned on the power and the train darted forward again with a roar they were still three minutes behind time.

O'Malley stood beside him in case

of accidents, and hardly a word was spoken. He kept his eyes on the face of his chief in wonder and perplexity. Allan seemed to have grown young again, but there was a troubled look in the hooded eyes that gazed, unthinking, up the long perspective, and a grim, gray look about the mouth. He did not seem to be conscious of O'Malley's presence. When the latter addressed him, making pertinent comments on their speed, only the barest nod indicated that he had heard.

When his watch and the marks on the stations told him that they were approaching the channel, O'Malley burst into a yelp of joy.

GOOD PROSPECTS

"By the eternal!" he roared, "I believe you'll bring us in on time, chief."

He was so excited now that he paid no heed to Allan's apathy. At every mark he let out yells of joy, and gazed his eyes to the chronometers as if to hold them back by force of will.

"We'll make it! We'll make it, sure!" he cried every second, and as Allan's fingers caressed the brake control he slipped his chief on the shoulder.

"Not yet—not yet, Mac! Give her the limit and we'll make it!" The heavy wheels shivered in the grip of the brakes as the train roared into the station, but the clamor was lost in the thunder of the mighty crowd that was gathered to meet it.

As the mighty Leviathan of the darkness trembled and stopped with a jar and a gasp O'Malley gave vent to a final roar of triumph. The slender brass needle of the chronom-

eter indicated a fraction of a minute less than 12 o'clock.

"We've beat it! We've beat it, Mac!" he yelled, still watching the clock. He struck for his chief's shoulder with his open hand—and missed. Then he looked down.

Allan, still in his seat, had fallen forward, his head on his folded arms across the control apparatus. O'Malley laid a hand on his shoulder, a gentle hand.

"It's all right, Chief, I understand," he said softly. "If I'd built this thing I'd feel the same way."

But still Allan gave no sign. O'Malley suddenly started and raised him. The head hung forward loosely. The reception committee was clamoring at the locked door of the locomotive, but O'Malley did not hear them.

He was looking into his chief's gray face and trying to realize that the tunnel builder was dead.

THE END.

ALL IN VAIN

Determination writ large upon her angry countenance, the mother of the child who had been bitten by an Irish terrier belonging to a new neighbor (Mrs. Green) gave an authoritative "rat-tat" with the knocker on Mrs. Green's door.

The door was opened by a meek, looking elderly woman, and the vials of the mother's wrath burst forth.

"You're Mrs. Green, I s'pose," she sneered. "Green by name an' green by natur'. I should call you, to keep a ferocious animle like that there Irish terrier out o' your, a-bittin' of innocent children an' a-terrificing the whole neighborhood! I'll have the law of you! I'll make you pay! D'ye hear? I'll sue you for damages and 'ave that 'orrible dog shot, I will!"

Then, as she paused for a moment for breath the old woman took a slate pencil and said, in a mildly apologetic tone:

"Very sorry, mum, but would you mind writin' it all down? I'm stone deaf."

HIS ONE VOTE

An ambitious man rather unwisely stood as candidate at one of the local elections, and at the close of the poll was found to have received only one vote. The candidate was excessively mortified, and to increase his chagrin, his neighbors talked as if it were a matter of course that he had given that one vote himself. This annoyed him so much that he offered a \$50 suit of clothes to his only supporter if the individual would come forward and show himself.

An Irishman responded to this appeal, proved his claim, and called for the reward.

"How did it happen?" inquired the

FACTS on Eczema

That's What Skin Sufferers Should Know—THE FACTS—for 15 Years D. D. D. Prescription Has Been the Standard—Now Read

It is in this last decade of medical research that internal drugs have proven as worthless for skin disease as for toothache.

Remember: D. D. D. Prescription has been recognized as the standard skin remedy for many years, while imitations in liquid form as well as salves and "blood" cures have come and gone.

Druggists generally carry D. D. D. and we recommend it strongly. If you have any kind of skin blemish, rash, or insect bite—no matter how slight—call at our store and ask us about D. D. D. Prescription.

Ask us also about D. D. D. Soap—a specific for tender skins.

The first full size bottle is sold with the guarantee that unless it is effective in your own case, your money will be refunded. You alone to judge.

The Owl Drug Co.

D. D. D. Prescription—for 15 years—the standard skin remedy

Tomorrow: Just Pipe the Marathon

RUDOLPH WAS WISE

HE WASN'T SO SILLY

HE WASN'T SO SILLY

HE WASN'T SO SILLY

HE WASN'T SO SILLY

HE WASN'T SO SILLY