

Done To A Turn THE UPPER CRUST

By the Author of HE COMES UP SMILING, THE MYSTERIOUS CHARLES SHERMAN.

CHAPTER XII Continued. I could stay here a few days, but it would be deuced awkward.

Holmes aloud, as though he himself rather than to her. I signed the register at the hotel as Patterson and it would be a nine days' wonder how I happened to be Todd instead.

"Kind of dirty work, ain't it?" he remarked pleasantly. "Work," said Algernon in a tone that would have pleased his mother could she have heard it.

"You failed to grasp the full significance of my remark," said Algernon coldly. "Your intellect sees only the externals."

"I shall let things stand as they are. Mama will be here in a fortnight, now, and really, there is nothing out of the way."

"You promise," asked Holmes solemnly. "If I leave you alone here and don't say anything to mama that there will be no more of these—social functions?"

"Yes, I do indeed." "That if I let you still use the name of Mrs. Todd for the fun of it, until mama comes or you deem it best to drop it, you will do nothing in her name but what ought to be done?"

Holmes held out his hand and she placed hers in it. "I trust you," said he gravely. "And I know I can, for really, everything is all right except the—lawn party."

CHAPTER XIII. When You Are Poor. The sun shone through the open door of the garage.

ever presses for his money unless he thinks there is something wrong. Don't you think so, Joe?"

"He isn't the tailor—er—is he the tailor Mrs. Todd went to, do you know?" asked Algernon, changing a statement into a question as he glanced up from a perusal of the letter.

"No. Mrs. Todd sent a trunk-load of dresses up and when I unpacked them I looked in them and found the name of the tailor she goes to, and I chose another one. What do you think?"

"I think you are right," said Algernon. "No one would ask the Todds to pay up so soon. Why—?"

"I'm not going—yet," declared the girl, with a flash of her blue eyes. Her moment of weakness yesterday had passed, and she would not give up now when success was so near.

"I can show him the romance in a secret marriage." Algernon shrugged. "You will help, Joe, just once more?"

"Yes, we do, Joe, on all the letters she writes me." "How could we copy it? Carbon paper isn't a good thing."

"I spent it all, or nearly all," Molly explained. "I had to have plenty of ready cash, you know, even up here."

"I thought you always put your initials after her name, they would think it was signed by the secretary and not be surprised at the signature in case they knew her writing?"

that is more than they get with us." Leona laughed a trifle unsteadily. "They will get plenty of love," she cried, and took the little one into her arms.

"I am lost," Leona laughed when the baby arms twined about her neck and the little girl's tiny hand crept into her own.

"Perhaps I can make my fame in art photography now that I have two perfect models always before me."

"I can't do that," said Leona. "I am only twenty-two. I shall have fifty, sixty years in which to live it down, to repeat. And it will be so much easier for me to repeat and be sorry that I did as I did if I am well-off and happy."

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—and the Worst Is Yet to Come



Little Benny's Note Book

By LEE PAPE

I ate supper at my cuzin Artie's house last nite, having kewcumber salad with it.

I dont allow Artie to eet kewcubers, sed Ant Gladdis, I think there bad for him but if yure mothr allows you to eet them Ill let you have sum.

Yes mam, Im allowed to eet them, I sed, they nevur hurt me eny.

Wich Ant Gladdis gave me sum and Artie sed, Well if they dont hurt him eny, why shoed they hurt me eny.

Artie, eet yure suppr, sed Ant Gladdis. Wich Artie kepp awn doins, and they had strawberrly shortcake for dezzert, and Artie sed, Well I can have 2 peeces of dezzert, I no, bekause Ive ate around there.

Artie, eet yure suppr, sed Ant Gladdis. No mam, but his trood, sed Artie. Wich it was and Artie ate his peeces of strawberrly shortcake fast and I ate mine slo awn akkount of thinking I wasent going to get eny moar, and Artie was eeting his 2nd peece wen I finished my first peece.

Id give you moar, Benny, sed Ant Gladdis, ony I dont want to give you anything yure not aloud to have at hoam, wen yure heer I wunt evvrything to be jest the way it is at hoam, I dont want to spoil you.

2 peeces of strawberrly shortcake woodent spoil me, I sed. Wich they woodent of, but Ant Gladdis sed. Perhaps not, but his best not to take a chance. And I kepp awn watching Artie eeting his 2nd peece, wich he ate it pritty slo awn akkount of noing he coodent have 3 peeces, and affir a wile I sed, Well wunts I got 2 peeces of piee, O, then I gess I can give you anuthr pece of shortcake, sed Ant Gladdis. And she gave me anuthr peece and I had it awmost ate and Unkel Tom, being Arties fathir, sed, Awn jest wat grade ocrashy was it, Benny that you had 2 peeces of piee.

It was last Sunday, I sed, mas giving me wun big peece and wile she was putting it awn my plate it broak into 2 little peeces.

Ha ha ha, sed Unkel Tom. Benny give me bak that 2nd peece of cake, sed Ant Gladdis. Its awl rite, I sed. Wich it was.

Daddy's Bedtime Story

What Is the Biggest Nuisance On Earth?

ASKED Evelyn. Daddy laughed as he replied. "Why, my dear, what put that into your little head?"

"I heard Mrs. Brown say yesterday that if there was any greater nuisance than children, when they got to acting and behaving as hers did sometimes, she'd like to know what it was."

"Well," answered daddy, "perhaps I could tell her. Children are like the little girl with the curl, I guess. 'When they are good they are very good indeed, but when they are bad they are horrid.' But I know a greater nuisance."

"It's a monkey around the house. It used to be the fashion for some families to keep them as pets, but most of the people grew sick of their bargain and would either sell the monkey or give him away, for the little beast would usually make life miserable for his owners."

"There was one once that was brought home by a man as a present to his children. His name was Danny. That family will always remember Danny."

"He was very little and peaceable and cunning when he was first brought home, just a baby, and every one petted him very much."

"He was a terror. I guess he was one of the worst acting monkeys that ever lived from all accounts." He was into all kinds of mischief all day long, and he would leave his bed in the night to do more. "He was a regular little imp."

"The people would find the curtains—the nice lace curtains—all tied up in knots, and when they went for a brush to brush their hair they would find it gone, and they would then know that Danny had hidden it somewhere. He was always hiding things, and some he would lose so they would never find them again, and when they would chase him to punish him he would run on top of the sideboard or any other place that was convenient and perhaps smash some valuable article and chatter at them like a little imp."

"He dearly loved to chase the cook, who was awfully afraid of him, and she would run and jump up on a table and screech like an owl, while Danny would look up and act just as if he were laughing at her."

"By and by they used to fasten him with a chain, but somehow or other he got free from it one night and hopped on a table and broke some valuable cut glass, and they thought from the noise there were burglars in the house and were very much frightened. That was the last straw, so they gave Danny away. He is probably somewhere now making all the trouble he can for some one."

Evening Story

BABES IN THE STUDIO

By Harmony Weller.

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The two baby faces were turned expectantly toward Leona. They held all the appeal of fragrant budding flowers, and to the woman who looked at them with gravely serious eyes they seemed to represent that which she had longed for with her whole heart.

They were tiny victims of the great storms and knew neither parents nor home. The matron from the orphanage had brought them to Leona, thinking that perhaps the lonely woman who spent her days in her photographic studio might take them under her guidance.

"I want them—oh, how I want them," Leona told the matron, "but is my meager income sufficient to give them proper care?"

"What they would lack in material comforts would be made up to them in love," the matron replied, "and

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MAN IS ACCUSED OF STEALING CORN

George Hartley was arrested Saturday on the charge of stealing corn and when arraigned in Justice W. J. Berry's court, he pleaded not guilty and the case has been set for Tuesday afternoon September 1, at 1 o'clock. Information was sworn out in Berry's court by Mrs. Mary Johnson a neighbor of Hartley's in Central addition and she alleges that he took the grain from her place.

OLD SETTLERS AT FT. MADISON SEPT. 10

Ft. Madison, Sept. 1.—In the assign-