Get out the squirrel nets!

-or acartoonist. No. all cartoonists are not nuts. of the Loyal Order of Squirrels. But then, all nuts are not cartoonfollow the typewriter!

Light your pipe and let your hand follow the pen, Simple; isn't it?

simple objects, such as W. J. Bryan absolutely insist upon the third. or the Russian bolshevik. Can you pick 'em out on this page? Yes, is the Hazelnut, that's him with the cigar in his there for camouflage and perhaps only. the whiskers are too. Would all

crop of hair.
The Bolshevik has it all over Bryan for hair but W. J. can spring that old one and tell him his head is a cover for his brains and not a loafing place for hairs. So far, so good.

Some Draw.

Now you've drawn Bryan and a Tree and Flying. bolshevik, That's a hard pair to draw to, but let's see.

All right, there's the mule-see him Squirrel. The second degree, hown the lower left-hand corner above ever, is more complicated. Brother the newsboy? That's one.

side. That's two. man and the Jew in the poolroom the pinnacle of Squirrelasony is

ow who tied the tin can to the tail than in daylight. smart guy. That's three.

Now you've drawn to your hand

The L. O. S. meets every Saturlic because the police have been looking for it for a long time. L. O. S. stands for Love-Order

-Service. Practice the first, if you It is best, however, to start on can; try to preserve the second, but then automatically becomes a mem-The official emblem of the order

This, however, does not mean that ers is the other one. The cigar is Loyal Order of Squirrels is for men

The official flower of the order is those Soviets look so fierce if they the Cornflower. (The order has a had a haircut and shave? Many a tremendous membership in the wet low forehead hides behind a big states.)

Here's the Countersign. The countersign: "Are you a loyal

For answer the brother should work the first two fingers of his right hand like a nut cracker. There are three degrees in the Loyal Order of Squirrels: Ground,

Taking the first degree is so simple it is almost idiotic. Almost any-You're entitled to at least three, body can become a Brother Ground Tree Squirrels are not so plentiful. Then there's the educated bug di-rectly opposite, on the right-hand to see worked. The oath administered by the GRAND IMPERIAL of the dog in the upper left. Some Brother Flying Squirrel requires a

great deal of practice.

can be said of this degree here. It may be mentioned, however, that ists. I'm merely taking Doane day night at—but the place of Powell's idea and letting my hand meeting cannot be given to the pubha are Brother Flying Squirrels! Unlike any other order the L. O. S. has no distress signal.

If a brother is in distress he reports to the distress committee. He ber of that committee. This committee has full jurisdiction to attend to all distress cases. Thus brothers who are in distress are kept mouth. And the one with the whisk- there is a ladies' auxiliary. The from annoying brothers who are not in distress. If there is anything a Brother Squirrel hates it is to be The people in the cartoon above

are all Squirrels except the animals and the lady. The animals are put in to make it harder and the lady— But no loyal Brother Squirrel will talk about the ladies.

That's one reason why the order is such a grand success!

ONE AN' THERE YOU ARE ! AT LEAST WE

Omaha Soldier Writes Poem in Camp Funston Paper

The Abandoned Room

the soldiers at Camp Funston, con- American pastime. tains the following from the pen And Glee-almost in the center. SOVEREIGN KEEPER OF THE (or trusty mill) of Private Russell Kid Secrist peered beneath his King You know old Glee. He's the one TREE is extraordinarily inspiring. Phelps of the personnel office in its that cracks the joke about the IrishBut it is in the third degree that sporting columns. Before donning Ambitton kindled in his breast, he looked sporting columns. Before donning around and sighed. every afternoon when he gets through work in the store. You 'member? Same smart young felThey see even better in the dark

Omaha was a member of the Great

Across the board the other Dudes were looking in the "Hole,"

A few "kicked in," a few kicked out, defeated at the pole. To become a Western circuit.

Trench and Camp, published by flipping the pasteboards in the great

It was a deuce, but wily Bill remarked IT HAPPENED IN 426.

around and sighed.

We would judge from the tone of The lad who led the betting bet fifty on

reat deal of practice.

When you become a Brother Fly
When y

"It's soft. Oh my, how soft," he thought, The ace-high hand just checked the bet with pity on his mug.

As he hiked the pot two dollars to the

boy who had the bug.

By pow the others all had quit, though one did not refrain

To tell the world in accents wild 'twas with his roll

As if his dad had lately sold a million tons of coal. clearly not their game.

without regard:

"Til raise you ten, your ace to me is bluster pure and simple," And winked at Red, who stuck around a-picking at a pimple.

The man who beasted of the ace just scratched his empty dome. While Secrist rolled another pill, and thought: "You poor old bone."

'The fifth card finally hit 'em both, and neither one had helped, "What's this delay, let's deal again," the

other players yelped.

The air was thick with Camel's fumes the silence thick as night.

Our ace-high man then told the boys he'd play what was in sight;

He kited Bill, and William called, then

other man had aces. Nautically Speaking

By J. D. K.

He clipped coupons from his Liberty bonds His manner was gay and chipper; He heaped them high in a corpulent pile. For he was a speedy clipper. "It's great," he said, and he laughed with

"When you have to buy eggs and butter,
If you can be," and he chuckled again,
"A government revenue cutter."

several anxious faces
Secrist's pair laid low as dust—the

By Baron Munchausen. (Special Correspondent of The Daily News stopping at this telegrafundtele-in Europe.) stopping at this telegrafundtele-phonundpostamptsgesellschaft (Oui-

Board.)—I was at Spa when the dispatchgram. armistice terms were signed. Other correspondents were strictly excluded from Great Headquarters. As I was approaching the door of the building, I met the kaiser. I had

handclasp. "This is a schrecklichkeit," (frightfulness) he exclaimed,

His face fell and he seemed to

hump over in the shoulders. I took him by the arm and assisted him When she stood in the main hall row hall was empty. That door, too, up the steps of the gepeacehaus (armistice conference house). As

"Who would be in that rom? Has in his eyes as he said:

piece and wrote down the address, e certain castle in Switzerland. We then entered the council chamber where Prince Max and the other dignitaries were seated. All rose as we entered and the prince stepped forward and wrung my hand. handed him a cigarette. He asked

Just after the kaiser had abdicated the crown prince entered. He to the others present excepting his doors locked on the inside, with the father at whom he darted an angry

tion to the throne. He did so. I

the coroner he wouldn't let the doctor touch the body. "I must repair this lock," he said,

disturbed.' Doctor Groom, a grim and dark man, had grown silent on entering the room. For a long time he stared at the body in the candle light, Binney street, shocked the neighmaking as much of an examination

sleep?" he asked in his rumbling And now her mother is sorry she bass voice. "Nasty room! Unhealthy told the inquisitive Josephine once

"I daresay he died what the hardheaded world will call a natural

The detective didn't answer. He ported her. Jenkins must have read shot rapid, uneasy glances about the

room in which a single candle burned. After a time he said with an accent of complete conviction: "That man was murdered." Perhaps the doctor's significant

words, added to her earlier dread of the abnormal, made Katherine upon her, stiffing thought. Auto- read in the detective's manner an

when, under extraordinary circum-

foreseen, he arrived at the Cedars, (Continued Tomorrow)

9:22 the morning after "peace day." But he had nothing on Hank "Not wisely, but too well!" quoted "And say, Bill, you know that den-Bill as he set his tin watch ahead tist that 'tended the kaiser's teeth 10 minutes to remove any doubts so long? Well, we could have him there drilling in aroun' the nerves; "The bootleggers must have made close to 'em, you know, so he could

By Robert J Horton

"Well, did ye celebrate?" asked coupla guys touch burning matches Hank as he mounted the scaffold at to his ears," Bill was enthusiastic.

about being late to lunch.

hold of his paint brush.

his feet with a feather."

he can't wiggle 'em."

One drop every 10 seconds."

time between drops," Hank per-

"We don't want much time. The

feather's going all the time, ain't

time, but he's got to have time to

come. That makes 'em hit like a

minute.

sisted.

sledge hammer."

noon on!"

chancet?"

"I'll say they did," agreed Bill.
"I'll say they did. It went up half

a dollar a pint every hour from

with the ex-kaiser if you had the

"Say, Bill, what would you

a fortune yistiddy," observed Hank, making three false starts to get now and then between drops." 'And the barber," shouted Bill. "The barber that Ring Lardner wrote about. We could have him there pulling out the kaiser's mustache, hair by hair-eh Hank? One

hair at a time, ch?" They screeched with joy and then Bill bit his lip savagely as he Hank almost fell off the scaffold, showered a brushful of paint on They worked industriously They worked industriously for

the pedestrians below.

"Well, I ain't got much use for passed. five full minutes while the boss the Chinese-except for their low "Do you know, I believe there's laundry prices-but I think they got something in this Ouija board busi-

the kind of medicine the kaiser's csae ness," remarked Bill, as he filled calls for, I'd string him up by his and lit his pipe. wrists to a telephone pole, take his "Why so? I think it's just a kid's shoes off and have somebody tickle fool game," said Hank, cutting off

"Well, you'd have his feet tied a big hunk from a juicy black plug. so he couldn't wiggle 'em, wouldn't the ole man up to my place. Seems "Sure I'd have 'em tied; sure I'd of my wages ever' week from the to me he's been gitting quite a hunk have 'em tied. That's the big part wife. An' his breath smells mighty of the torture—having 'em tied so powerful most of the time of some-'That ain't a half-bad idear," thing stronger than raisin wine. So the wife had the Ouija board out Hank reflected. The chinks heve last night trying to get a message another good slow way of killin'. from the front and I says: 'If you We could take off his hat and have a think that's O. K. I'll give you a drop of water fall right in the center of his head—one drop, say, every I had her dip its legs in black ink. We put our hands on it and I closed "Naw, that's too long a interval. my eyes and says: 'Go thou Ouija board to any place or places where "I don't think thet leaves enough the ole man may have whisky hid."

With this Bill became silent, "Well, what happened; what happened?" pressed Hank. "What happened? I got about

\$200 worth of carpets to buy, that's "Sure the feather's goin' all the all." "But how's that; how's that?" "How's that? Why the condemn

think about them drops before they thing tracked up the hull house!" Dab-dab-dab-d-a-a "Whup! Hold on, Bill, we got just

"An' while the feather's going and the drops are hitting him like a time to get a drink of water before sledge hammer we could have a noon.

to Berlin. We are now on the way,

known him during the maneuvers of

he exclaimed and gave me a hearty

referring to the condition of himself and Germany. "But what else could you look for,

majesty?" I said,
"Munchausen, what do you advise
me to do?" he asked. "What does

the Omaha Daily News, your paper, think I should do?" "Abdication, majesty, is the only solution," I told him bluntly.

we reached the top steps, he turned to me. I shall never forget the look

"Munchausen, I see now I must do it. I only awaited to get the opinion of your paper. By the way, I will need good reading matter. Send me the Daily News for one year." He handed me a gold 20-mark

me to sit beside him during the

stormy interview which followed. look. I advised him to sign a renuncia-

then invited him and the ex-kaiser to accompany me in my automobile

"the first thing, so nothing can be

as he could, evidently, without that she and her papa and mamma

room! Ten to one you're a formality. that "B. V. D. is just another name policeman. Coroner's a formality." He sneered a little.

death. Wonder what the coroner'll

matically she left the room and told apprehension of conditions unfamil- Let us hope he will live many years But her vigil had been too long, come? Alone she couldn't climb Jenkins what to do. After he had jar to the brutal routine of his pro- to suffer the pangs of remorse and She nodded. her lonliness too complete. Her the enclosed staircase to try the telephoned police headquarters in fession. Her glances were restless, "And you don't think they'd look earlier impression of the presence of other door. It seemed impossible the county seat and had summoned too. She had a feeling that from fession. Her glances were restless, the contempt of all the world. share her vigil; or for one of the two women servants, now far at the two words, huddled over the shadowed corners of the faded.

The series interestion of the presence of other door. It seemed into the shadowed corners of the faded. The shadowed corners of the faded. The shadowed corners of the faded. The shadowed corners of the faded instant alone—

The series interestion of the presence of other door. It seemed into the shadowed corners of the faded. The shadowed corners of the faded instant alone—

The shadowed the man's stubbornness. All this she recited to Bobby.

many hours later.

Berlin, Nov. 11.—(Via Ouija phonundpostamptsgesellschaft (Ouija office) where I am sending this By Polly Shopper.

A fat man, holding a yellow lead

pencil in his mouth, drove a Ford down Sixteenth street at high speed 1914. He greeted me cordially. on peace celebration up of 10 street cars at Sixteenth and Farnam streets, where a junk wagon horse balked on the track.

OBSOLETE.

"Our strong German sword." "The good, old German god." "Gott strafe England." Kultur. Schrecklichkeit.

"Deutschland uber alles."

"They can't break the Hindenourg line in 30 years." "I will attend to America later." "The contemptible English army." "That's only American bluff." "Bring England to her knees in

ix months. "Unsere Deutsche kaiser." Krupp's. "The invincible German army."

Divine right of kings. The Crown Quince. The All Highest. Imperial German government. Mittle Europa.

Berlin to Bagdad railroad. Scrap of paper. Eitel Frederick, Adalbert, August Oscar and Ioachim

The mailed fist.

Building Boom in Deer Creek. There is quite a lot of build-

ing going on here at present. Those building are: Tonk Kalkowski, corn crib, grainery and driveway; Martin Bydalek, hog shed; H. A. Maciejewski, hog shed; Frank Gic, corn crib; Peter Nowicki, W. R. Maciejewski and St. Nowicki, chicken coops; Bob Schuwanski, garage. Deer Creek correspondence of the Ashton Herald.

NO LOVE LOST.

There isn't even much family at fection among royalty. King George of England, for example, seems to manifest no sympathy with his first cousin, the ex-kaiser of Germany.

Josephine.

Little Josephine, who lives on bors the other day by telling them were "going out to take a ride Why did he ever come here to around the city in our B. V. D." for a Ford."

WARNING.

To the Girl Who Draws the Cawfee at a Certain Est-and-Scoot Cafe-teria: Unless you quit spilling so much of the spoonful of sugar at the much of the spoonful of sugar at the side of the cup, we shall feel it out patriotic duty to report you to Wat-tles. You don't look pro-German. Then why do you do it? You must waste pounds of sugar a day. It's just as easy, and much more econom-ical and neat, to put it all in the coffee and none in the saucer. We'll watch you next time we fare comwatch you next time we (are compelled to) eat in that place THE COMMITTEE.

We don't want the kaiser killed.

"Blood and iron" is proved to be a poor cement with which to construct, a strong and lasting nation.

PERSONAL-Anyone knowing of the whereabouts of W. J. BRYAN, promi-

nent in politics several years ago, thrice defeated for the presidency, secretary of state for a while, last heard from in March, 1917, kindly commended with A. Stinger.

Katherine Hears the Sly Step of around the room, fumbling with uncle's bedroom door lay straight him shuffling between the narrow There was a bell rope in the upper closed staircase. She led the way Death. The night of his grandfather's his pipe and some loose tobacco. row corridors led to the wings. Her in its gloomy reaches. The night of his grandfather's his pipe and some loose tobacco. row corridors led to the wings. Her in its gloomy reaches. When she stood in the main hall row hall was empty. That door, too, mysterious death at the Cedars. It was unjust to be afraid of him. room and Bobby's and a spare room. She ran to her own room and she hesitated. It would probably was locked, and the key, she knew, Bobby Blackburn was, at least until midnight, in New York. He was himself was afraid-terriby afraid. opposite corridor was seldom used, window and leaned out, her body at all, before Jenkins could answer held there by the unhealthy habits and companionships which recently he had difficulty lighting his pipe. portion of the house, and in the from a sudden chill. The quiet, as- trance to the musty corridor. Just a

ture which later was to surround him with dark shadows and over- knows what he'll do next." whelming doubts. Before following Bobby through popular.

burn who seemed apprehensive of ically. sly approach of disaster. comings. She was never in har- Foundation-all except a little an- reassured her. mony with the mouldy house or its nuity for you Katy. It's hard on friendly to content.

had always answered angrily that tism. his ancestors had lived there since before the revolution, and that what nobody caring for you except to Katy?" he quavered. had been good enough for them was covet your money.' good enough for him. So that night
Katherine had to hear alone the sly
He drew back, startled. stalking of death in the house. She told it all to Bobby the next daywhat happened, her emotions, the impression made on her by the peo- and started for the door. who came when it was too late

to save Silas Blackburn. She said, then, that the old man afraid?" had behaved oddly for several days, as if he was afraid. That night he ate practically no dinner. He couldn't keep still. He wandered of?" from room to room, his tired eyes

apparently seeking. Several times "are thicker than thieves." spoke to him. "What is the matter, uncle? What worries you?"

He grumbled untiltelligibly or failed to answer at all. She went into the library and tried to read, but the late fall wind swirled mournfully about the house and fire to cast disturbing shadows across for this alteration. She was tempted

back of the house. "And Bobby," she said to herself, straying in the or somebody will have to come out searching, too. here tomorrow to help." But Silas Blackburn shuffled in

he drifted into that strange adven- spoke of his grandson:

"I ordered Mr. Robert here to-

my flesh and blood." Bobby and she had frequently

> "It's sad, Katy, to grow old with She arose and went close to him.

"You're not fair, uncle." With an unexpected movement, nearly savage, he pushed her aside him for an answer to her doubts. "Uncle!" she cried. "Tell me! You must tell me! What makes you

He turned at the door. He didn't answer. She laughed feverishly. "It-it's not Bobby you're afraid "You and Bobby," he grumbled,

She shook her head. "Bobby and I," she said wistfully, "aren't very good friends, largely because of this life he's leading."

He went on out of the room.

mumbling again incoherently. She resumed her vigil, unable to read because of her misgivings, beat down the chimney, causing the staring at the fire, starting at a fire to cast disturbing shadows across the walls. Her loneliness and her customed sound. And for a long whisper:

| He lowered his voice to a hoarse customed sound. And for a long whisper: nervousness, grew sharper. The time there beat against her brain restless, shuffling footsteps stimuthe shuffling, searching tread of her lated her imagination. Perhaps a uncle. Its cessation about 11 o'clock afraid. I'm afraid to sleep in my mental breakdown was responsible increased her uneasiness. He had own room any longer." been so afraid! Suppose already to ring for Jenkins, the butler, to the thing he had feared had over-

A morbid desire to satisfy herself about, except Bobby." But Silas Blackburn shuffled in that her uncle's silence meant nothings then, and she was a trifle ing evil drove her upstairs. She there is," she cried. that her uncle's silence meant nothned as she studied him standing stood in the square main hall at the He paid no attention to her fright. put on her slippers and her dressing "There's death," she said.

straying in the decayed house, and

with his back to the fire, glaring head of the stairs listening. Her He entered the corridor. She heard gown she strengthened her courage. She indicated the door of the enhands that shook in his pocket for ahead. To her right and left nar- walls. She saw his candle disappear hall. She might get Jenkins. There was no question. The man were in the right-hand wing. The locked the door. She hurried to the be a long time, provided he heard must be on the inside. His fingers trembled so much that for the left-hand wing was the oldest shaking, her teeth chattering as if her. Her candle outlined the enhad angered his grandfather to the point of threatening a disciplinary change in his will. As a consequence change in his will change in his will consequence change in his will be will b "Bobby! Damned waster! God staircase, descending to the library. harrying the moon failed quite to room and sleep! "He's young, Uncle Silas, and too for the head of the family to use see, across the court, the facade of on her pride to let her accomplish his black experience, however, it is black experience, however, however,

too many Blackburns.

his right hand.

shuffled closer. "What you crying for, Katy?"

"You make me afraid."

He laughed scornfully.

are you afraid of?" He didn't answer. He shuffled on tightened on the banister.

Where are you going?" whispered. He turned at the entrance to the corridor. "I am going to the old bedroom."

bed isn't even made.' "Don't you mention I've gone there. If you want to know, I am

soundless footsteps of disaster for some one-a man?"

"Leave me alone," he mumbled "Nothing for you to be worried

hall beyond, and a narrow, enclosed formed a narrow court. Clouds the blessed power to return to her Originally it had been the custom destroy its power, so that she could While her fear grew she called that room. Its ancient furniture the old wing and the two windows that brief, abhorrent journey.

the Cedars where his cousin, Kather- she noticed that always his voice because it had sheltered too much fused. She heard one of the win- alone in this disturbing, nocturnal ine Perrine was, except for the ser- shook as his fingers shook, as his suffering, because it had witnessed dows opened with a grating noise, intimacy of an old house, she shrank vants, alone with old Silas Black- stooped shoulders jerked spasmod- the reluctant spiritual departure of The court was a sounding board. from no thought of human intrusion, It carried to her even the shuffling and she wondered if her uncle had Katherine shrank a little from the of the old man's feet as he must been afraid of that, too, of the sort At 20 Katherine was too young, night. Not a word from him. I'd black entrance of the corridor, but have approached the bed. The glow of thing that might lurk in the too light hearted for this care of made up my mind anyway. My her anxiety centered on the door of his candle vanished. She heard ancient wing with its recollections her uncle in which she had persisted lawyer's coming in the morning. ahead. She was about to call when a rustling as if he had stretched of birth and suffering and death. puzzle. Hod had the murderer en- greeted me, paying little attention as an antidote for Bobby's short- My money goes to the Bedford a stirring beyond it momentarily himself on the bed, a sound like a But he had gone there as an escape. long drawn sigh.

The door opened and her uncle | She tried to tell herself there was It shamed her that, in spite of that, surroundings, bleak, deserted, un- you, but I've got no faith left in stepped out. He wore an untidy no danger-that these peculiar ac- her fear defined itself ever more dressing-gown. His hair was dis- tions sprang from the old man's clearly as something indefinable. His voice choked with a sentiment ordered. His face appeared grayer fancy-but the house, her surround- With a passionate determination to urged the old man to give it up, to a little repulsive in view of his and more haggard than it had down- ings, her loneliness, contradicted her, strangle such thoughts she held her move, as it were, into the light. He ruthless nature, his unbending ego- stairs. A lighted candle shook in To her over-acute senses the breath. She tried to close her mind. thought of Blackburn in that room, She entered the corridor. She ran "What are you doing up here, so often consecrated to the formula its length. She knocked at the

vague and singular shapes. moon had ceased struggling. The "You! What you got to be afraid wind cried. The baying of a dog

toward the disused wing. Her hand sufferably, felt her way to the win- reason. One slender hope remained. she message had come-a soft, shrouded driven Silas Blackburn through the sound, another long-drawn sigh. She tried to call across the court. lounge in the library.

> "Uncle!" The wind mocked her. "It is nothing," she told herself,

nothing.

her lonliness too complete. Her the enclosed staircase to try the telephoned police headquarters in two women servants, now far at the Even then she seemed to sense the me what it is. Why don't you send ened its hold. She had to assure instant aloneherself that Silas Blackburn slept The butler, as old and as gray untroubled. The thing she had heard Silas Blackburn, faltered in. He was peculiar, and he hadn't started back when he saw her. answered across the court. The "Yes, dark, empty corridors at first were What's the matter? You look like an impassable barrier, but while she death."

Surely he had been afraid of men.

sage to slip across the court. The liant light, for help. She screamed, "Uncle Silas! Uncle Silas!" Through the silence that crushed "I'm afraid because you are," she tance. It was like a remote alarm of the accomplishment of its misurged. "You've got to tell me, bell which vibrates too perfectly, sion by death in this house. And she the bed, his placid, unmarked face I'm all alone. I can't stand it. What whose resonance is too prolonged. fled into the main hall. She jerked upturned, as if sleeping. She sat upright. She sprang from at the bell rope. The contact the bed and, her heart beating in- steadied her, stimulated her to dow. From the wing opposite the The oppressive bedroom might have

private hall and down the enclosed At first no response came from her | She stumbled down, hoping to tight throat. When it did at last, meet Jenkins. She crossed the hall everything in her face, for he whim-"Why? Why?" she asked hyster- her voice was unfamiliar in her own and the dining room and entered the pered: ically. "You can't sleep there. The ears, the voice of one who has to library. She bent over the lounge. know a thing but shrinks from It was empty. Her candle was reflected in the face of the clock on the mantel. Its hands pointed to touched-" half-past two.

She pulled at the bell cord by the

fireplace. Why didnt the butler

"My God, Miss Katherine! arrived at about the same time. stances neither of them could have

with the candle. The panelled, nar-"Who-who is it?" Jenkins asked.

Mr. Bobby come back" She descended to the library before answering. She put the candle down and spread her hands. "It's happened, Jenkins-what-

ever he feared." "Not Mr. Silas?" "We have to break in." she said with a shiver. "Get a hammer, a chisel, whatever is necessary.' "But if there's anything wrong,

the butler objected, "if anybody's

been there, the other door must be She shook her head. Those two first of all faced that extraordinary tered and left the room with both windows too high for use? They went to the upper story. She urge 1 the butler into the sombre corridor. "We have to know," she whis-

pered, "what's happened beyond

those locked doors.' She still vibrated to the feeling of uncomfortable forces in the old of death, suggested a special and locked door of the old bedroom. house. Jenkins, she saw, responded She broke down before the pic- unaccountable menace. Under such She shrank at the echoes rattled to the same superstitious misgivture of his increased fear. He a strain the supernatural assumed from the dingy walls where her ings. He inserted the chisel with candle cast strange reflections, maladroit hands. He forced the She slept for only a little while. There was no other answer, A sense lock back and opened the door. Dust She controlled herself. She begged Then she lay awake, listening with of an intolerable companionship arose from the long disused room, a growing expectancy for some mes- made her want to cry out for bril- flecking the yellow candle flame They hesitated on the threshold. They forced themselves to enter Then they looked at each other and echoed mournfully from a great dis- her voice she became aware finally smiled with relief, for Silas Blackburn, in his dressing gown, lay on

> "Why, miss," Jenkins
> "He's all right." Almost with confidence Katherine walked to the bed.

> > touched his hand.

"Uncle Silas-" she began, and

She drew back until the wall sup-

"But he looks all right. He can't "Cold-already! If I hadn't The horror of the thing descended

> the library fire. The detective, a competent man named Howells, and Doctor Groom

The detective made Katherine accompany them upstairs while he questioned her. In the absence of