

IN THE WILDS

BY RALPH WATSON

PAER, sitting cross-legged in the flickering light of the fire, carefully cleaned the last vestige of grease and fried egg from the bottom of his battered tin plate with his last remnant of bread. He stowed the crust away where it would do his inner man the most good, set the plate beside him, eased up his belt one hole, and started his pipe from a silver first stuck in the embers in front of him. Then he settled back comfortably against a friendly tree and emitted a long drawn, contented sigh of complete satisfaction.

"Migosh," he said sympathetically after a moment of musing silence, "but I feel sorry for Ma 'nd all the rest of the folks back there in town."

"I bet they're sweeter," The Judge made answer from his station in the nearby gloom, "but if everybody was out here this'd be the town and that the big woods."

"If everybody had as much sense as we've got," T. Paer remarked, pridefully, "they'd be out here lettin' the town go plumb like we are."

"And if they was," The Judge objected, "we'd be dodgin' street cars 'nd automobiles 'nd blinkin' at electric lights 'nd havin' to listen to canned jazz in the next flat."

"Maybe we would," the Fat Man spoke up from his side of the drowsy blaze, "but we'd have this here more than a tarpaulin and an old blanket between our bones and the rocks on this creek bottom."

"I don't see what you're hollerin' about," T. Paer replied dryly, "you've got cushions enough growin' on you to make you as comfortable as an over-stuffed davenport."

"The Fat Man retorted, "but did you ever stop to figure whether it is the davenport or the guy that sits on it that's comfortable?"

"They might be somethin' in that argument," T. Paer conceded, "but if you didn't weigh so blamed much you wouldn't bear down so hard on the ground where you lay on it."

"Aw, quit your ragging and wash your dishes," The Judge interrupted.

"It'll be plumb dark in a minute and camp ain't cleaned."

"If my wife was here," The Fat Man mourned, "she'd had the blamed things done by this time and we wouldn't have to fuss with 'em."

"She would not," T. Paer countered. "Every fellah washes his own in this camp or he gets out of 'em dirty in the morning."

"Where's your hot water?" The Fat Man asked peevishly. "You haven't got any and how're you going to wash 'em till you do?"

T. Paer and The Judge granted non-committally as they gathered their battered plates and three-tined forks

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Try This on Your Gazook

WELL! WELL!!! - MY SCHOOLMATE MARY BROWN! - YOU'RE MARRIED NOW, I GUESS?

I AM - AND HERE'S MY LITTLE BROOD! - I'M AGEING, I CONFESS

REMEMBER ME IN PIG-TAILS, TOM - AND LITTLE GINGHAM DRESS?

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!

By A. Posen

BRINGING UP FATHER

THE BUTCHER TO SEE YOU - SIR:

MR. JIGGS - I HAVE A BILL -

YES - SIT DOWN A MINUTE - I JUST SENT FOR SOME BLANK CHECKS

GEE! I'M HAVIN' BUM LUCK!

WELL - IF YOU HAVEN'T ANY MORE MONEY - WE KIN PLAY FOR THE BILL!

HERE'S THE BUTCHER'S BILL - MAGGIE - IT'S PAID!

By George McManus

US BOYS

AW GEE WHIZZ PEGGY, HAVE A HEART! - I CAN'T TAKE YOU DOWN THERE! - THAT'S NO PLACE FOR A GIRL!

SAY PLEASE, PLEASE! - I CAN'T HELP BEING A SILLY OLD GIRL, CAN I?

YOU COME ON WITH ME! - IF YOU WON'T TAKE ME, I'LL TAKE YOU! - COME ON!

GEE WHIZZ YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTIN' ME IN A JAM. WHAT DO YOU MAKE ME TELL YOU ABOUT THAT PLACE FOR?

HER DEPARTMENT EMBARRASSES ME. NO ONE CAN EVER TELL WHAT SHE'S UP TO. SHE CERTAINLY DOESN'T CARRY HERSELF AS ONE OF THE DE SWAGGERTON'S SHOULD. - AND YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HER ALL DAY!

OH COUSIN VAN - WE HAD MORE FUN! - MASTER SKINNY TOOK ME DOWN TO THE NORTH SIDE BY THE GAS WORKS, AND I HAD A REGULAR FIST FIGHT. SAY, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME! - TALK ABOUT FUN!

By Olan M. Johnson

Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER XXIV.

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DR. CARTER had driven away and Adelaide was ascending the stairs to the Brown flat before she appreciated that, when the specialist had done her what kind of work she had done she had said nothing to him of her engagement at Solomon Heyman's.

Well, she argued, what of it? She had told him the truth. In doing so the painful cabaret experience had actually slipped from her mind. Anyway, that had not been her regular work—only an aside, as it were. Mr. Hollingshead himself had suggested that nothing be said to his wife or to anyone else of this episode. If Patricia kept silent about it—as she doubtless would—nobody need know.

Yet, in her heart Adelaide wished that Dr. Carter were aware of the truth. Not that it would make any difference to him, she supposed. But somehow he made her wish to be frank.

Then as she went into the little flat she forgot her misgivings.

"Sit down and tell us everything that has happened," Jennie begged when Adelaide had removed her wraps and had kissed her mother repeatedly.

Adelaide obeyed and made such an interesting narrative of the happenings of the past week that her listeners felt as if it were a fairy story.

"What is the son like?" Jennie queried. "Is he handsome?"

"He looks shiny and bright colored," Adelaide replied, "and he is nice."

With the ready imitation that was a gift with her, she spoke a few sentences in the smooth tones of Richard Hollingshead.

"Can you talk like Miss Hollingshead, too?" Jennie asked.

"I guess I can. She talks like this!" The girl and woman, listening, could not know how perfect was the imitation of Patricia's voice and manner.

"But you like her, don't you?" Mrs. Brown asked.

"She is very kind and as pretty as a picture," was the cordial response.

At the end of an hour Adelaide stood up. "I must be going," she said. "I was not told to stay here to supper, and they eat at 7. I must hurry."

"How long did it take you to get here?" Jennie questioned.

"I do not know. Mrs. Hollingshead's doctor happened to be leaving when I was and brought me in his car."

"Oh!" Jennie gasped. "Some class to you! Did his man have a fur coat?"

"The doctor drove his own car," Adelaide smiled at the eager face.

"I thought those rich old doctors had limousines and chauffeurs," the child said disappointedly.

"Well, this doctor was not in a limousine today," Adelaide rejoined.

"Is he rich?"

"I do not know and do not care," Adelaide said rather brusquely. "Dear, do not think about money so much. It is vulgarly to do so."

Mrs. Brown sighed. "Yes," she admitted, "perhaps it is. Yet when one is poor it is natural to think of money as very good."

"Of course it is," Adelaide agreed, bending to kiss her mother. "It only means that Jennie must not think so much about it. For, after all, it does not bring happiness. It is nicer here in this little flat than in that big house on the East Side. At least I like it better here."

"I am glad you do!" The mother patted the smooth cheek. "I only wish you did not have to be away so much. I hope you will not work too hard."

"Work?" the girl scoffed. "Why, I do very little except sit around and talk, and drive around and talk, and eat and try to be agreeable."

"It sounds like a cinch to me," Jennie observed. "And I bet you have good eats, too."

Adelaide laughed, then looked grave. "Even if it was not such a pretty house," she said thoughtfully, "and even if the people were not so kind, I would be thankful for the chance of earning the salary I get."

"There now! Who is talking about money?" the little sister teased. "You know yourself that it is mighty nice to have it."

"Yes, indeed," the older girl acknowledged. "It is good, but I want money especially for what it will bring just now."

"Because it makes things easier for you and me, Jennie," Mrs. Brown said gently. "That is why your sister has taken this position—to help us."

"I know it!" Jennie admitted magnanimously. "And I suppose it is nice of her to do it. But, gee! If I were grown up, I would jump at the chance to get it!"

"Just as I did!" Adelaide smiled, pulling one of the child's thick braids of hair. "Well, good-bye dears!"

Again she put her arms about her mother and held her close. "There never was such another mother as you!" she whispered. "I know that now better than ever before."

She almost ran across the park on her way to the East Side. She wondered if it would have been all right for her to remain at home for supper. She was afraid of taking too much for granted. She recalled Dr. Carter's advice. Yet surely the suggestion that she go out more, and go home oftener, must come from her employers. And as Mrs. Hollingshead did not want her left with Estelle, it would mean that, when Adelaide went out the husband or son or daughter must stay with the invalid.

The thought of the son reminded her of the glimpse she had of him this afternoon. She wished vaguely that she had not seen her driving with Dr. Carter.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

JERRY ON THE JOB

WE'VE GOT A NEW RULE AROUND THIS RAILROAD NOW - EVERYBODY'S GOT TO BE UP ON FIRST AID. SO YOU TAKE THIS BOOK AND SOAK UP A LOT OF INFORMATION - IT'LL BE A GREAT HELP TO YOU.

POO FOR THAT STUFF! POOPHOOP!

I GUESS HE THINKS HE CAN GET ME TO BE A DOCTOR - NOY FOR MY WAGES HE CANT.

I WANT TO SEE HOW YOU'RE DOING WITH THE FIRST AID - SUPPOSE A LOCOMOTIVE BLEW UP AND TOSSED THE ENGINEER 275 FEET IN THE AIR - WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU'D DO???

THE VERY FIRST?

IT'D WAIT FOR HIM TO COME DOWN.

By Jerry Brinkley

KRAZY KAT

HURRY UP - 'GAWTZ' OR YOU'LL MISS IT!

MISS WHAT?

WHY THE COCONINO POLICE FORCE IS GOING TO PARADE TODAY -

JEBBIEZ - I MUST MAKE SURE ABOUT THIS!

THE FINEST IN THE LAND - HURRAY

A FINE BODY OF WOODHOOD - HOORAY

IT'S TRUB!

HIP HIP - WAAHOO... HOORAY

HOORAY FOR THE POLICE FORCE ON COCONINO - HOORAY!

By Krazy Kat

ABIE THE AGENT

YOU INVITED ALL THOSE PEOPLE TO COME HERE, ABIE?

YES, LENA - I WANT TO MAKE A PARTY HERE FOR THEM! THERE'LL BE ALL A HIGH UP CLESS OF PEOPLE - VERY EDUCATED! IT'S NICE OF THEM TO COME TO MY HOUSE AND IT'S UP TO US TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

MR. KABIBBLE? A BOOK-CASE AND BOOKS FOR YOU FROM THE ACME FURNISHING CO!

TAKE IT BECK!!

YOU ORDERED IT, DIDN'T YOU?

YES, BUT IN TIME, FOR MY PARTY - IT'S OVER NOW!!

By Abie the Agent

Use Cuticura and Have Lustrous Hair

Regular shampoos with Cuticura Soap will keep your scalp clean and healthy. Before shampooing, rub spots of dandruff and irritation, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. A healthy scalp means lustrous hair.

American Ship Is Searched by British

London, June 5.—(I. N. S.)—The American steamer Seattle Spirit from New York was reported today to have been held up and searched by the British in the Irish bay, on the west coast of Ireland, on suspicion she was carrying arms and munitions for the republicans. It is said that a quantity of munitions were found and seized, but this is not officially confirmed.