

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 sliver first stuck in the embers in front of him. Then he settled back comfortably against a friendly tree and emitted a long drawn. 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"

"What're you fellahs doing?" The

of the folks back there in town." "I bet they're sweltering." The Judge made answer from his station in the pan to wash this confounded thing in. nearby gloom, "but if everybody was out here this'd be the town and that the big woods."

"And if they was," The Judge objected, "we'd be dodgin' street cars 'nd automobiles 'nd blinking at electric lights 'nd havin' to listen to canned "They's lots of things you can learn "They is lot of things you can learn "They is lots of things you can learn "They is lot you

"Maybe we would," the Fat Man spoke up from his side of the drowsy blaze, "but we'd have something more blaze, "but we'd have something more "Where'll I smoke 'em if I don't this creek bottom." "I don't see what you're hollerin' about," T. Paer replied dryly, "you've

"That's your way of looking at it." The Fat Man retorted, "but did you

ever stop to figure whether it is the davenport or the guy that sits on it "Smoke a pipe 'nd empty it in the camp fire," T. Paer advised him. "They ain't many forest fires started from pipes." you didn't weigh so blamed much you

ground where you lay on it."

Man mourned, "she'd had the blamed added, reminiscently, "It was worse'n a things done by this time and we forest fire, believe me!" wouldn't have to fuss with 'em."

"She would not," T. Paer countered. 'I carry it to poultice spider bites 'nd bee stings," The Judge explained craftly. "Doc Steiner prescribed it for

any and how're you going to wash 'em

T. Paer and The Judge grunted non-

PAER, sitting cross legged in the flickering light of the fire, carefully cleaned the last vestige of bacon grease and fried egg from the bottom of his battered tin plate with his last remnant of bread. He stowed the crust plates with sand from the bottom of away where it would do his inner man

the earth's crust."
"What're you fellahs doing?" The
Fat Man asked curiously as he came up plate in hand. "I can't find no dish "Fill it with mud," T. Paer directed, "nd rub it 'round a little." "Mud!" the Fat Man exclaimed. "I

"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."

"Mud!" the Fat Man exclaimed. "I thought you were trying to wash 'em, not dirty 'em more than they were."

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"Mud!" the Fat Man exclaimed. "I

than a tarpaulin and an old blanket smoke 'em in the woods?" The Fat Man between our bones and the rocks on asked flippantly as he gazed at the enwalling forest. "Do you expect me to dig a cave and crawl in it?" "You'll want to if a fire starts from

got cushions enough growin' on you to the stub of one of 'em." T. Paer remake you as comfortable as an over-stuffed davenport."

the stub of one of 'em." T. Paer retorted. "I can hear your grease fryin' like a barbecued beef right now." like a barbecued beef right now."
"Good Lord," The Fat Man asked apprehensively, "what's a fellah to do if it's that bad?"

"I got a better remedy'n that," The wouldn't bear down so hard on the Judge chuckled, patting his left hip ground where you lay on it."

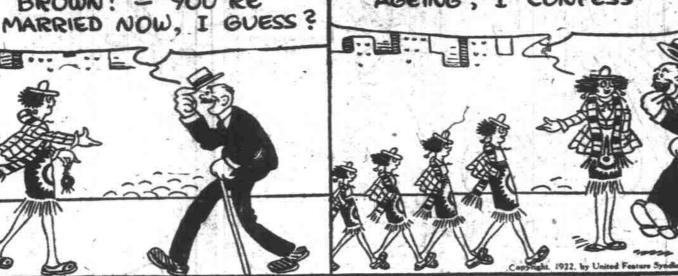
| Tight a better remains it is a bet "Aw, quit your ragging and wash spittin' tobacco along 'nd you can help your dishes," The Judge interrupted. put 'em out instead of startin' 'em."
"It'll be plumb dark in a minute and "The last time I done that," T. Paer camp ain't cleaned." confessed ruefully, "Ma found some "If my wife was here." The Fat of it in my fishin' pants. "'Nd," he

camp or he gets out of 'em dirty in me 'nd that satisfied my family.' "I tried to get Doc Seymour to tell
"Where's your hot water?" The Fat
Man asked peevishly. "You haven't got
they's one trouble with that fellah." "They must be," The Judge agreed, "if he didn't do it."

"He didn't," T. Paer mourned. "He committally as they gathere their ain't got no sympathy for a fellah battered plates and three-tined forks a-tall."

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER-Try This on Your Gazook

WELL! WELL !!! - MY I AM - AND HERE'S MY LITTLE BROOD! - I'M SCHOOLMATE MARY BROWN! - YOU'RE AGEING , I CONFESS





REMEMBER ME IN PIG-

GONE FOREVER!

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

THE OUTCHER GEE! HE WANTS HIS BILL PAID AN'I HAVEN'T GOT A CENT-SEND HIM IH.







US BOYS

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A Good Time Was Had, It Seems

Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER XXIV.

Copyright, 1922, by the Star Company. R. CARTER had driven away and Adelaide was ascending the stairs to the Brown flat before she appreciated that, when the specialist had asked her what kind of work she had done she had said nething to him of her engagement at Solomon Heyman's.

"Well this doctor was not in limousine today," Adelaide rejoined.
"Is he rich?" Well, she argued, what of it? She had told him the truth. In doing so do not think about money so the painful cabaret experience had It is vulgar—isn't it, mother?" 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

Then as she went on 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.
With the ready imitation that was a gift with her, she spoke a few sen- earning the salary I get." tences in the smooth tones of Richard Hollingshead.

"Can you talk like Miss Hollings-head, 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. money esp "But you like her, don't you?" Mrs. just now."

Brown asked. "She is very kind and as pretty as a picture," was the cordial response. At the end of an hour Adelaide stood "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 docter 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?"



Use Cuticura and Have Lustrous Hair

dandruff and irritation, if ith Cuticura Ointment. A

"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.

"I do not know and do not care,"

do not think about money so much. 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," Adeladie agreed, bending to kiss her. "I only mean 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 "There now! Who is talking about noney?" the little sister teased, "You

know yourself that it is mighty nice to have it." "Yes, indeed," the older girl ac-

knowledged. "It is good, but I want money especially for what it will bring

"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 "And I suppose it is nice "Just as I did!" Adelaide smiled.

pulling one of the child's thick braids of thair. "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 won-

dered 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 to he left with Estelle, it would mean that, when Adelaids went out the husband, son or daughter must stay with the invalid.

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

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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 Traise bay, on the west coast of Ireland, on suspiciou she was carrying arms and munitions for the respublicans. It is said that a quantity of





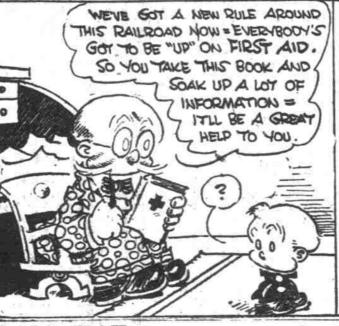




JERRY ON THE JOB

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The Ups and Downs of Science





POO FOR



I GUESS HE THINKS)



I WANT TO SEE HOW YOU'RE DOING



KRAZY KAT

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ABIE THE AGENT

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He Has No Use for It Now







