

By A. Posen

SKIDDING

BY RALPH WATSON

T. PAER walked around the Cadillac once or twice, peering intently at its running gear and kicking its sturdy pneumatic shins experimentally, each in turn.

"Say, Phil," he asked anxiously at last, "are you sure all the nuts're tight?"

"I'm leaving that to Doc Linville to find out," Phil answered. "He's supposed to be an expert in telling whether a nut's tight or not."

"It ain't no kiddin' matter," T. Paer insisted earnestly. "It's a blamed rough ride up to Whiskey Gulch."

"It is, for a fact," the judge agreed. "If it wasn't for that name, I wonder if we'd want to take it?"

"I ain't thinkin' of the name," T. Paer insisted. "Just of the nuts."

"Thought I heard a rattle comin' round the corner a mite ago."

"Maybe it was Ed," Doc Linville suggested. "He's no thin he always rattles like that if you jounce him hard."

"Kid about it if you want to," T. Paer told them, peevishly. "but you fellows ain't never rid over a mountain with Phil, have you?"

"Phil's driving has been highly recommended to me," Doc Linville commented. "They say he is both careful and conservative."

"He's careful all right," T. Paer retorted, "not to hit nothin' but the tops of the hills, either going or comin'."

"If that is his system," the judge remarked, casting a judicial optic at the clouds above him, "it may save ploughing through a lot of mud in the valleys and canyons."

"I ain't objectin' to his system," T. Paer told them, "providin' he don't miss the next mountain when he makes a running jump for it."

"All you got to do is to hold on an pray," Ed remarked encouragingly. "I've been doing that for years and I'm still here."

"I can pray all right if I'm scared," T. Paer boasted, "but prayin' don't do much good if you bounce out on some high curve up 'round Sarvis creek or some place."

"I always keep the top up," Phil assured him, "and you can't bounce out unless you go through that."

"All right," T. Paer said as he climbed aboard with an air of resigned determination, "give 'er the spurs 'nd let 'er buck."

Away up on the high mesa above the Delta the big Cadillac zoomed around a curve in the gathering twilight, sang her power song exultantly on the straight away, swooped around a reverse bend and pitched down, her brakes screeching in protest, to a panting stop at the end of a bridge.

"They ought to put a railing along that place," the judge remarked judicially, as he peered into the yawning darkness just over the side of the car.

"Anybody that didn't know this road could drive straight off into that canyon."

"Migosh!" T. Paer shuddered as he

peered down into the chasm, "has the blamed thing got any bottom to it, do you 'spose?"

"It wouldn't make much difference if you went over," Ed made answer. "You'd never know whether there was by the time you hit it."

"They ought to fence it," the judge reiterated, "it's too easy to go off there without one."

"If anybody does go over," T. Paer said reflectively as the car rolled on across the bridge, "it'll be a cheap way to die."

"Cheap?" the judge said questioning. "I'd have to hear the evidence before rendering a decision on that point."

"Yes, cheap," T. Paer persisted. "It'd be so doggoneed far down no undertaker could find the remains."

"That is a disputable presumption," the judge ruled. "You couldn't escape the undertaker, not even by driving into the bottomless pit."

T. Paer pulled the robe closer under his chin and glared at the cascading water rolling off each side of the top above him.

"I always wondered," he said disgustedly as they ploughed through the mud, "why they named this town Spray, but now I know."

"Why?" Phil grinned ironically as he fought with his skidding machine.

"Because," T. Paer replied, "when it rains up here the water bounces up like you'd turned a fire hose on a concrete walk."

"This ain't anything," Doc Linville interrupted optimistically, "you ought to see it rain down in Jamaica."

"We're clear past Jamaica," T. Paer reminded the speaker. "We'd followed you clear over to Panama before we left Arlington."

"You skipped a lap or two," Ed corrected. "The Doc was in Caylon just as we pulled out of London."

"I guess I musta gone to sleep back there where that smooth stretch of road was," T. Paer apologized, "would you mind takin' us through the canal again, Doc?"

"Make you own entertainment," Doc Linville answered, "I've gone around the world and caught up with you."

"You sports quit your crabbin' and hold on," T. Paer suggested, "there's a slick place ahead."

"I got a hunch," T. Paer exclaimed, "I got a hunch how to get this all right."

"Tell us," they all chorused. "Let us in on the secret, can't you?"

"Any fellow that'd start cannin' this mud 'nd sellin' it for axle grease'd make his fortune," T. Paer argued.

"It's slicker'n any grease I ever saw."

"Well," Phil remarked with calm satisfaction, "not to very much later 'right ahead is Whiskey Gulch. Are all the nuts still tight?"

"Search me," T. Paer grunted as he bounced back from the top bow, "but I know one thing sure."

"What's that?" Phil asked curiously.

"If any of 'em's battered up like I am," T. Paer grinned, "the only way you could loosen 'em'd be with a cold chisel."

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—"I Hear You Bawling Me"



BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)

By George McManus



KRAZY KAT

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Krazy Rolls a Critical Eye



JERRY ON THE JOB

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The Fly Was a Little Previous



LITTLE JIMMY

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Spoken Right Out After a Pause



ABIE THE AGENT

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Entitled to the Best View



Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER II

(Copyright, 1922, by Star Company)

YOU were very quiet, Addie.

"What is the matter?"

Mrs. Hollingshead's question roused Adelaide to a sense of her duty. She answered cheerfully.

"Was I quiet, dear? I was just thinking, I suppose."

"It was afraid that something was wrong," the invalid said. "Is there?"

"Certainly not, everything and everybody is all right."

"Deception again! There was no way of avoiding it."

"Where are the children?"

"Downstairs taking their coffee with their father."

"Ask them all to come up here and see me for a few minutes," was the command. "I have had all the dinner I want."

Adelaide rang for Estelle and gave her the message. When, five minutes later, she heard the voices of the trio in the upper hall, she picked up the invalid's tray and hurried from the room with it.

She lingered downstairs for a few minutes. When she returned Richard was standing by the window looking out at the falling snow. His father had been by the invalid. Patricia was nowhere to be seen.

"Pat has gone downstairs for the nap she was talking about," Richard remarked as Adelaide glanced about the room. "Dad told her he would sit with mother for a while—then she can take charge of the latter part of the afternoon. So you may as well go over home. I will drive you there," he added, dropping his voice so that his father could not hear the offer.

But Henry Hollingshead spoke at the same moment. "I will phone for a taxi to take you across town, Miss Brown. No—do not pretend you mean to do it! I know you would not let me send for the limousine. Moreover, this is my chauffeur's day off. Even he," he added with a kindly smile, "gets a whole day off occasionally. You are the only one who does not."

"Is Addie going home this afternoon?" the invalid queried.

"Yes, dear," the husband replied. "And I am going to stay with you for a couple of hours. Then Patsy will sit with you until Miss Brown returns."

The invalid's face lighted. "Oh—is Patsy going to stay with me for a while? It is so seldom that the dear child has the time to do it. If Patsy is at home it is never lonely. By the way, Dick, you have an engagement for tonight, haven't you?"

The young man looked questioning. "How does she know?" he whispered.

"I told her," she whispered back. "I said you had an engagement for the night with friends out of town."

"Good girl!" he approved. "Then I need not lie to her."

"Yes, Honey, I have an engagement for this evening and tonight."

"And is Patsy to be in all the evening?"

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MAUDE FAT TO WED

San Francisco, June 14.—(U. P.)—Announcement that Maude Fay, famous operatic star, and Captain Powers Symington, U. S. N., will be married here July 21 was made today. Miss Fay's home here today. Captain Symington is stationed in New York.