The Interrupted Conference

By Harold Gray

By Gene Byrnes

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE THE LUXURY HUSBAND

violinist, "Can't say," said Drums, "Personsily, I don't care how long they keen it up, Suits me fine.
"Same here," muttered Ray under his breath.
As a matter of fact one of the chief inducements to his taking this particular job had lain in the fact that they were to be masked. A fashionable club was bound to be frequented by Barbara's set; it was

A fashionable clib was bound to be frequented by Barbara's set; it was likely that Barbara herself might drop in occasionally and he preferred to remain incognito.

Three months now since thish the had told Barbara of his determination to leave her—three months since he had latt set eyes upon her. A bundred times had he been on the point of phoning her: a hundred times had he passed by her home—fearful, yet eager, that she might suddenly appear.

Those were the days when he felt desperately lonely for her—when he doubted whether any recognitions and was married.

Seattle 6P;—Arthur Basthein, tectorists, in the form of the North Padity-Indianable for the North Pa

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Chapter 24
THE LAND OF JAZZ
The walling of Ray's saxophone echoed in Barbara's cars as abe picked up the telephone receiver.

"Mrs. Ray Lawther there? Boston calling."
Henderson, of course Could she be bothered speaking to him? As ashe heatif again the notes of the saxophone.

Her eyes were thunder dark, it by a sudden flash of fury.

"Mrs. Ray Lowther is apeaking."
A moment's silence and then Henderson's voice.

"Barbara, dear, I'm rottenly miscrable away from you. What do you say to my coming back to New York?"

A pause, then in a rush:

"Yes, come, Hendy, I want you.

Bill led the way and as they were of the silance they are they were a law of the silance they were they come on the floor."

Bill led the way and as they come of the silance they

you say to my coming back to New York?"

A pause, then in a rush:

"Yes, come, Hendy, I want you."

She dropped the receiver, Straightening herself she listened mechanically. It seemed the sound of jazz completely filled the room.

Suddenly she felt that she must get away from it. She ran breathlessly out of the apartment and a moment later she found herself in the wide entrance hall demanding a taxi. The porter whistied for one and when it arrived she gave the driver Cora Trenton-Jones' address.

The cab rattled on down the avenue while outside the wind howled. She had passed almost into a state of coma when suddenly she leaned forward, fear in her eyes. For she had fancied she had heard faintly the wail of a saxophone.

Ray took off his mask and wiped

For she had fancied she had heard faintly the wail of a saxophone.

Ray took off his mask and wiped his forehead. It was a golden mask, designed especially for the Golden Symphony Eight, the jazz band of the Golden Dollar club, latest and smartest of New York's night clubs.

"These things are hot," he grumbled. "If we didn't come out here every now and then for a breath of air, I'd suffocate."

"You're right there," said Bill Foster, looking unusually plump in an evening auit of metal cloth with purple satin facings. "but you've get to admit this crazy stunt has been a success, rigging us up in these golden tuxedos with masks to hide our fatal beauty from the public gaze. Every one's crazy to learn who we are, whereas, if there were no mystery about us, not a soul would care."

"Boy, you've said it," the sousaphonist, a large, portly man, broke in, "there are the craziest stories circulating. I heard, the other night, that we were all sons of prominent society folks—millionales moutly—and that we wore masks to save old family names from eternal disgrace!"

They laughed at that, as they sat in a little anteroom during an interval.

"How long do you think we will be able to keep it up?" asked the violinist.

"Can't say," said Drums. "Personsily, I don't care how long they keen it up, Suits me fine.

(To be Continued)

SEATTLE FINANCIER **COMMITS SUICIDE**

GEE, YOUNG JOHN'S GOIN, TO BE S'PRIZED WHEN HE SEES HOW QUICK I GOT ALL THESE LETTERS STAMPED.

OH, DON'T BE NO, I'VE TOLD A WEAK, SILLY GOT TO EIND FOOL - BE A MAN- IT CAN SOME OTHER WAY - HUSH. FATHER - 1 DO NO HARM-AND IT'S THE ONLY WAY-EVEN HEAR SOME SHOULD BE ONE COMING







REG'LAR FELLERS

YOUGHTA HAVE

PUDDIN'HEADS

DINNER TONIGHT

HOUSE FOR

He Didn't Forget







TAILSPIN TOMMY

Littleville Entertains Hopes

By GLENN CHAFFIN





GEE ROD- YOU

KNOW WE'LL HAVE LOADS OF FUN HERE IN UNCLE HARRY'S PET SHOP.

H-B-B-BETCHA T-T-TOMMY AINT D-D-DEAD ATTALL--5-S-KEETS S-S-S-SAYS--HE'S P-P-P-PERT N-N-NEAR'S G-G-GOOD A SHUCKS! YOU BOYS 15 700 PREVIOUS LES WAIT F.F.F.F.FLIER AS LLL-LLINDY FOR CH-CHAMPEEN !! MORE NEWS! Hol. By Chick Young

DUMB DORA

"Don't Annoy The Annimals."

M'S MIGHTY SWEET IVE GOT TO HURRY ROD MUST'VE RIGHT DOWN, MOM- BEAT MB DOWN TO BE LATE WILL BE FINE OF YOU AND ROD TO TAKE CARE OF UNCLE HARRY'S FOR HIS NERVES HE WAS ON THE BREAKDOWN PET SHOP WHILE MY FIRST DAY BREAKDOWN WHEN WE LEFT BLUEPOINT! HE'S IN THE JOB -





BRINGING UP FATHER

DOWG, JEFF?





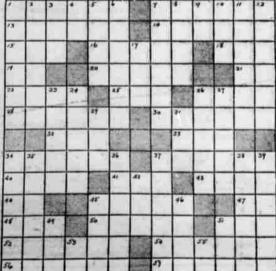






By Bud Fisher

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle



MUTT AND JEFF

DIGGING POR

OIL, YOU SAP!

Jeff Taps A Gusher At 22 Cents A Gallon

SAY, YOU'RE DIZZIER I KNOW THAN A KITE HERE'S OIL A TUOHTIW IN THIS TAIL! GROUND!



