By ETHEL HUESTON

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JERRY QUITS

SYNOPSIS-PART ONE-At a synopsis—Fart one—At a marry party in the studio apartment of Carter Blake, New York, Jerry (Geraldine) Harmer, Prudence's daughter, meets Duane Allerton, wealthy idler. He admires her tremendously, and she likes him. But Ailerton gets a bit exhibitanted, with unfortunate results. Jerry resembling his as bit exhilarated, with unfortunate results. Jerry, resenting his assumption of familiarity, leaves the party abruptly, the story turns to Jerry's childhood and youth at her home in Des Moines. Only child of a wealthy father, when she is twenty she feels the call of Art and asks her parents to let her go to New York for study. With some misgiving, they agree to her going. In New York Jerry makes her home with a Mrs. Delaney In New York Jerry makes her home with a Mrs. Delaney ("Mimi"), an actress, who, with Theresa, a painter, occupies the house. Jerry takes an immediate liking to Theresa, who is tal-ented and eccentric and the two become fast friends.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Now wear your very fluffy-ruffliest folks, and you'll be crazy about it. You get dressed and come by for me. drawing before we go. You come along

"The lamp? What lamp?"

and the lady villain falls under it. There's only one place in the picture it can possibly go, and when I put it there, it throws a shadow where there should be a light. On the lady's facesee? I've been having the devil's own time with it all day. My lamp isn't tall enough, so I'm going to borrow perhaps it will go better."

"Why don't you let it go until tomorrow?" asked Jerry, "Then you'll be nice and fresh for it. If you work tonight you'll be all tired out. Walt till tomorrow."

"Oh, but I can't work tomorrow. We're going to a party!"

"Another party tomorrow?" "No, no, this one, tonight. But I

can't work tomorrow. I never can work the day after a party." Jerry dismissed the subject with a

shrug of her pretty shoulder. She had long since ceased trying to understand the ways of eager Rhoda and tired Theresa. She was going to the party, too, as well as Rhoda. Jerry was sure she would be at her class as usual the

At ten o'clock that evening, radiantly lovely in a stunning little flame-col ored gown of chiffon velvet, with pearls at her throat and swinging beneath the cluster of curls over her ears. snugly bundled in a great soft cape of finest kolinsky, she took a taxl to Rhoda's studio. And opening the door, in response to a muffled, strangled, "C'm' on in," she stood aghast, staring, eyes wide, lips parted.

"Mimi's tallest, handsomest, roslest floor lamp stood conspicuously in the center of the room, and on a rug directly beneath it, lay Rhoda herself, in a shimmering evening gown of gold and green, writhing, twisting, squirming, studying herself frowningly in a small hand mirror to get the effect of her contortions.

As the meaning of the curious pantomime burst upon Jerry, she broke into peals of merry laughter. "Oh, Rhoda, you can't imagine how

ridiculous you look," she cried. Rhoda got up. She took Jerry's

handsome kolinsky wrap and tossed it across a chair.

"You do it." She waved a light hand toward the picture on her easel. "See, it's like this. There's the lady. The lamp has to be there. It throws her face into shadow, see? And it's got to be clear and in a bright light. Now, how the dickens-

Under her insistence, Jerry was obliged, flame-colored chiffon velvet and all, to sprawl out on the rug on the floor-turning this way, twisting that, head thrown backward, tilted higher, while Rhoda stood over her, scowling, criticizing, swearing softly beneath her breath, moving the lamp, now here, now there.

And after some ten minutes of painful effort on the part of good-natured Jerry, she suddenly found that a bright shaft of light fell directly across the lovely face on the rug. She cried

out, joyously, clasping her hands. "Hold it, hold it, Jerry!" she or dered. And caught up her brush to catch the light.

For thirty minutes the room was hushed with a great silence, while Rhoda worked feverishly at the picture, and Jerry, on the floor, almost held her breath in her fear of spolling the effect.

Presently Rhoda clicked out the brilliant light beside the easel, sighing loudly in relief, and laughed. "Done! That's fine! Much obliged, Jerry. You're the nicest little sport I ever

At eleven o'clock, muffled in heavy

That was the night of Jerry's first studio party, the night of Carter Blake's "contract souse," as it was affectionately recorded in the memories of his friends forever after. And that was the night when Jerry, basking warmly in the intoxicating intimacy of Duane Allerton's friendly smile, lost the glamorous illusion of her girlhood's tenderest dream.

CHAPTER IV

When Jerry Gave Up

It was four o'clock in the morning when Jerry reached her little studio apartment on Reilly's alley after Carter Blake's hilarious "contract souse" in Brooklyn. She went in very slowly, very quietly, and placed her great fur cloak carefully on its hanger in the small closet. And then she set to work, with the minutest care and orderliness, piling together every penciled sketch, every laboriously painted tree and flower, every anxiously outlined face and figure that was even remotely connected with the pursuit of party clothes, so they'll all fall in love Art. When she had it all in one heap. with you," admonished Rhoda. "He's she wrapped it in heavy paper and tied sure to have some awfully amusing it with a stout cord. Then she cleaned her brushes with painful, painstaking intentness, closing every bottle and We'll be rather late. I have to finish a tube and jar of paint and oil, wiping them neatly and packing them all in about ten, and we'll start as soon as their boxes. These she put away on I get the darned old lamp in the right | the top shelf of her closet. Last of all, she released the supports of her easel and let it down, and then, with a "In my drawing. It's a background great effort, managed to shove it into thing. There has to be a floor lamp, her bath closet behind the ridiculously

Jerry did not know why she did these things. She did not even wonder why. She only knew that she must banish every reminder of a dead passion-though really Art had never been a passion with her, but only a pleasant, luke-warm interest. When easel, one of Mimi's to take along home, and sketches and paints were gone from her sight, she sighed a little wearily. She removed the flame-colored gown and went to bed.

At ten o'clock the next morning she went up to Theresa, carrying a gaudy tray, on which she had arranged a charming little breakfast with that daintiness which characterized everything she did. Theresa, who kept her door forbiddingly barred to Mimi, and to all the world besides, after the first few days of their acquaintance, had given Jerry a duplicate key.

"Come in whenever you like," she said. "You have an easy way about you that doesn't drive me wild, like everybody else. But don't knock! Just use the key and come right in! There's never any love-making to interrupt here."

Theresa's abhorrence to knocking was a frenzy with her. A state of perves. Jerry called it, but Theres: who never acknowledged nerves in any shape or form, denied it, although the slightest tapping startled her to such degree that it was a physical pain. "Oh, I'm off in the clouds, and it

jerks me down to earth so fast it makes my teeth chatter," was the way she described the sensation. There was a huge black and white

sign on her door which read: "For God's sake, don't knock.

Cough, and I'll let you in, if I want to Jerry, with that delicate reserve ac-

quired in twenty years with Prudence, would not for the world have intruded so bruskly even when invited to do so, and was always careful to approach slowly, with a slight clearing of her throat, fumbling a bit with the key, and then pausing a long moment be fore opening the door, to give Theresa time to adjust herself to company, whether she wished for time or not.

Theresa looked up at her entrance and nodded briskly in greeting. The resa never said "good morning." She held that a nod meant welcome, and a

frown requested your absence. "Come and eat," Jerry said, without preamble. "You've got on my conscience so I can't sleep nights, thinking of you up here wasting away to a shadow, and for no good reason either. I'm expecting any time to find you've devoured your easel."

Theresa was thinner, wanner, the dark circles shadowing her brilliant eyes deeper and wider than before. She took the tray gratefully and balanced it on her knee.

"You are the nicest kid, Jerry," she said. "I am hungry. I wish I could mess about with a grill the way Rhoda does, but everything comes out burned, or raw, or too much salt. haven't the knack for it, and it makes me peevish anyhow. The sight of a pan arouses all my evil instincts. wish I had been born a cave man, and hen I could eat my food raw-just

catch a bird, and gobble him up." "You're cave man enough," Jerry warned her. "Don't wish for any more of it. Do you notice an improvement in my cooking? Rhoda has been showing me, and it's really rather fun, Theresa. I'm glad that you don't mind

my practicing on you. They sat for a while in silence, Theresa drinking the hot coffee, nibbling the crisp toast, with warm apprecia-The silence was not unusual Sometimes they sat for an hour say-

wraps, they were in a taxl on their | ing not one word, Theresa working steadily at her easel, Jerry curled up comfortably on the tumbled couch.

"I'm glad your eyes are blue," Theresa said suddenly, with one of her rare smiles. "I don't mind your staring about. Brown eyes give me the

"Was I staring? I'm sorry." Theresa looked at her curiously. In Jerry's abstraction, she found food for

"Oh, I don't mind. I wonder if it is because your eyes are so blue that your lashes seem so cloudy, or because your lashes are so dark that your eyes

seem so blue?" "I don't know."

Again Theresa swept her a quiet "Or perhaps it is the midnight blackness of your hair, and the olive cream of your skin, that effects the subtle combination."

Jerry said nothing. "Have a good time at the party?" "Oh, yes, lovely."

"You're late for your class. I'm going to report you to the Amalgamated Middle West. You're supposed to be prompt."

"I'm not going to the class." "Why not? Too much party?" "I'm not going to study Art any

"Why not?" "Because I can't paint. You knew

it all the time, didn't you?" "Yes. How did you find out?" "I don't know. It just came to me, all of a sudden. Why didn't you tell

me. Theresa?" "You do very nicely, Jerry-for amusement-for-for passing away



There Was a Huge Black Sign on Her

the time, and all that. You just haven't the spark, that's all." "I wish you had told me, Theresa." Jerry was wretchedly abject in her

despondency. "Why should I? It amused you, and you have money to pay for any amusement that pleases you. If you had gone in professionally, expecting to make a career of it, a living-McDowell would have told you. But you were never really one of us, you know."

"You mean I-I am a misfit." "Yes, a misfit." Theresa smiled upon

"You-you don't like me very well, do you, Theresa?" Jerry's voice was pathetic.

Theresa's answer surprised her. "I think you are the sweetest, the most lovable girl I ever saw in my life. In the Art Traflers." fact, you're the only one I ever did

Jerry flushed deeply with surprise and pleasure.

"You may not be an artist, but you're a heavenly fine kid. You're not going home, are you?"

"N-no. I'm not. I think not. I don't know what I am going to do." Theresa put the tray on the floor, and Jerry went downstairs.

. Jerry expected quite confidently to hear from Rhoda, by telephone at east, to make inquiry as to her safe arrival alone at that ghastly hour. But she neither telephoned nor came. And so, late in the afternoon, Jerry walked the six intervening blocks to her The maid assured her that Miss La Faye was in, and sent her directly up, but although Jerry knocked twice, very smartly, there was no answer. She started down, bu as the mald insisted that her frien was certainly in, she returned more, and used the heavy knocker such good effect that after a time there came a muffled groan, a flinging about of covers, and presently the shuffling of soft-soled slippers toward

It was a flushed and disheveled Rhoda who confronted her, her usually bright eyes swollen, inflamed and dull. Two grotesque kid curlers, protruded stiffly over her left eye, while the rest down instead of sideways."-Answers.

f her bobbed nair dangled about her

face in free disorder. "Why didn't you do it all?" demanded Jerry quickly, her eyes on the bristling curiers. "Why such partiality?"

Following the direction of Jerry's eyes, Rhoda lifted a languid hand and felt vaguely about her forehead, coming to a sudden, electrical alertness as she felt the two curlers. She ran to the mirror for a minute inspection. "For heaven's sake," she wailed, "did I go like that to the party?"

Jerry assured her she did not, and Rhoda sighed in great relief. "Well, I don't know how it hap-

pened," she said, "and I don't care. Bertrande brought me home. Perhaps he did it for a joke. As long as I did not disgrace myself at the party, I don't care.

She tumbled upon the bed again, and Jerry sat down beside her. "Oh, such a head," moaned Rhoda, lifting her hands to her throbbing temples. "I swear every time I'll

never do it again, and then I do." Jerry took off her gloves, removed her hat, folded her coat nicely over the back of a chair, and went to work. She got out cups and saucers, measured coffee and water into the electric percolator, and connected the switch, "You'd better have it black," she

sald, "but I'll take cream as usual," Encouraged by her gentle activity, Rhoda pulled a dressing-gown about her shoulders, bathed her flushed face, brushed out her tousled locks, and then drooped wearily upon the tumbled couch once more.

"We didn't come home until six o'clock," she said. "We had breakfast before we left-ham and eggs and everything. I made the toast. Burned myself, too."

"Six o'clock! But, Rhoda, how can you work-

"Who's going to work? I told you vesterday I couldn't work today. That's why I finished the picture. Oh, such a head!

"Well, of all the silly things," Jerry said, in her most pompously Prudence voice. "Work all night, or dance all night, or- It is plain intemperance, Rhoda. You ought to use a little judgment about things! No wonder you're a wreck.'

Rhoda laughed feebly. "Now, Iowa," she protested teasingly. "There speaks the corn-fed baby!" Then she added soberly: "Did you enjoy it, Jerry? Every one liked you so much. They thought you were perfectly lovely, rlthough discreet. Korzky sa'd you were quite annoyed because he kissed you -at least he thought it was you. And

"I had a lovely time, thanks," Jerry interrupted. "It was the most amusing thing I ever saw in my life. No wonder we hear these little stories about Greenwich!"

"That isn't Greenwich, that's Brooklyn," objected Rhoda. "But anyhow we admit it. We do nothing by fractions. When we jazz, we jazz. But remember this, Old Mississippi. When we work, we work. I've slaved away every night but three in the last three months. The theater twice, the party once. If I want to jazz until morn-

"It's nobody's business but your own," Jerry put in, laughing, as Rhoda hesitated.

"Righto! Rush along the coffee, Angel-face. My merry-go-rounds are back-firing on me."

Jerry hastened to pour the coffee, and they drank a cup in silence, then another. With the third serving Jerry broke the silence.

"Rhoda, who is Francy? I haven't met her, have I?"

"Francy? Oh, you mean Francy England. Well, she is Duane Allerton's new flame, since Kitty Karson got married. What did he say about

"He didn't mention her. It was Aimee. She didn't say anything-just spoke of her." "She's not really in our crowd, you

know. She's one of the Batik Trailers. "The Batik-"

"Um, you know. Batik Trailersthe idle rich-those who can't paint, can't sing, can't write-but like the atmosphere and move in to get the air. We have to provide entertainment for them. Sometimes It's china painting, sometimes weaving, or beadwork; right now it's batik. Heaven knows what next! It's the raison d'etre for

Now that Jerry realizes that she is no genius, what is she going to do? And is Allerton out

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chance Acquaintance Nearly every season I make the ac-

quaintance of one or more new flowers. It takes years to exhaust the botanical treasures of any one considerable neighborhood, unless one makes a dead set at it, like an herbalist. One likes to have his floral acquaintances come to him easily and naturally, like his other friends. Some pleasant occasion should bring you together. You meet in & walk, or touch elbows on a picnic under a tree, or get acquainted on a fishing or camping-out expedition What comes to you in the way of birds or flowers, while woolng only the large spirit of open-air nature, seems like special good fortune. At any rate, one does not like to bolt his botany, but rather to prolong the course.-John Burroughs.

The Modern Flat

"That fellow must live in a very small Zat!" "What makes you think that?" . "His dog wags its tail up and

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Baby Falls 3 Floors; Lands Unhurt on Dog

New York .- Mrs. Thomas Rose of Long Island City put her year-old son in a perambulator near a third-story window. Thomas, Jr., was seized with the urge to investigate.

He clambered upon the window ledge and looked down into the yard, where a dog was walking back and forth. Thomas yelled at the dog and reached out for him. The next instant he landed on the back of the surprised dog. The baby was not seriously hurt, nor was the

BROKEN BROKEN BROKEN BOKEN BOKEN BOKEN

LITTLE BOY GIVES LIFE FOR MOTHER

Tries to Shield Her When Wrapper Takes Fire.

New York .- Dreaming, perhaps, of the picnic of which fate cheated him, five-year-old Tommy Daly died in Union hospital, a victim of love for

his mother Playing with his younger sister, Rita, in the kitchen of the Daly home, Tommy watched his mother cooking a pot of chicken for a family picnic to Rockaway Beach. His father, Patrolman Thomas J. Daly, just returned from night duty in Chinatown, was asleep in another room.

Suddenly the chicken boiled over, extinguishing the gas burner below it. The escaping gas, set on fire by another burner, billowed out and ignited Mrs. Daly's flimsy house dress. In childish terror, Tommy and his sister ran from the room, but the mother's screams stopped Tommy's flight.

Resolutely he turned about and hurried back to his mother's side, unaware of the flaming danger that threatened her, but determined to protect her. When Daly was roused by their cries, ooth mother and son were severely burned. Daly quickly beat out the blaze in his wife's clothing.

Neighbors aided in carrying the mother and children to the street, while firemen put out the fire that developed after it had destroyed most of the kitchen furniture. Mrs. Daly was lying critically burned

in Union hospital, only a few beds away, when Tommy died. Daly, eight years a policeman and a war veteran, and Rita were treated by ambulance surgeons for burns on face and arms. The only thing not burned in the kitchen was the picnic chicken.

Wins Wild Race With Avalanche and Death

Jackson, Wyo.-Racing ahead of an avalanche with his life and the safety of his family and home at stake, and winning by a matter of minutes, was the experience of Gil Huff, Wyoming rancher, whose story of seeing the north side of Sheep mountain crumble and fall across the Gros Ventre river valley near here the other day, became

Huff said he was on horseback at the foot of the mountain when it began to move. He was riding near his ranch, he said, when he saw this. He turned and began a desperate ride for safety. The avalanche, with a roar, Huff declared, bore down toward him in the form of a moving wall of bowlders, trees and earth 100 feet high. His frenzled horse, struck by flying splinters and stones, ran to higher ground at one side, and the big landslide missed him by only a few feet, he declared.

Once clear of the oncoming moun tain, Huff raced to his home nearby. He took his wife and daughter to a point of safety. Huff said many of his cattle were killed, two ranches above his were wiped out and that the ranger station nearby was submerged by the rising water. His home, which was in the bed of the suddenly formed reservoir, is under many feet

Dental Theme Painful, Girl Dodges School

New York.-It was like pulling teeth to get Carmella De Count, fourteen, to go to school, Miss Margaret Manning, attendance officer for the board of education, testified in the Flushing police

She has remained away from school ever since she was asked to write a composition about her experience with the dentist, she said. Health inspectors after an examination of her mouth at school two months ago, told her to get her teeth fixed. After such painful duty was performed her teacher asked her to turn in an essay on the care of the teeth and tell of her experience in undergoing treatment.

It was such a painful subject that she decided that rather than write about it she would stay home from

Boy Sacrifices Life in Vain Attempt at Rescue

Minneapolis, Minn.-Attempting to save a chum from drowning in the Mississippi river here, Eugene Smith, ten, lost his life along with Marcer Lee, seven, when they became entangled in the branches of a submerged tree. Smith and Lee had started out in a leaky rowboat which soon filled with water. Smith swam to shore, but Lee refused to leave the boat and went down with it. Smith swain back, but his rescue efforts were futile. The bodles were recovered.

Back Giving Out

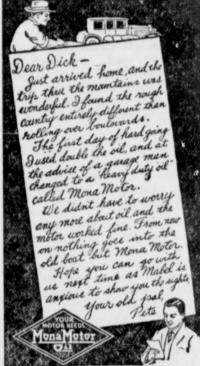
Weak, tired—utterly miserable these summer days? Morning, noon, night, that throbbing backache; those stabbing pains? Feel years older than you are? Too often sluggish kidneys are to blame. Once they fall behind in filtering off impurities, blood and nerves are upset. It's little wonder, then, you have constant backache, dizziness, rheumatic pains. Don't risk neglect. If your kidneys are sluggish, use Doan's Pills. Doan's have helped thousands—are used the world over. Ask your are used the world over. Ask your neighbor!

A California Case

STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

What Every Grad Knows

Timely taffy from the Washington Star: "College commencement develops interesting essays on current events. All some of them need is political backing to make them respected and influential expressions of statesmanship."-Boston Transcript.











According to Custom "What ever made you give your girl a diamond engagement ring?" "She did."

Sad Case

Bunny-So Rabbit's wife left him. Cottontail-Yes, indeed. Why, after only three months the poor sap ran out of names so half their children didn't get labels at all.

What Young Man Will Wear The Cutter-How did you manage to sell that suit which turned out to be

such a terrible misfit? The Clerk-A young chap thought it was "collegiate."-Youngstown Tele-



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