BEGIN HERE FODAY

DONNA GARRIEL and MADELIRE SIDDAL who call themactives "The Underly Sisters" are
trapers performers with Reniroes
circumstants, invents, also cirtrapers performers with Reniroes
circumstants, invents, also cirtrapers performers with Reniroes
circumstants, invents, also cirtrapers performers with Reniroes
circumstants, invents, also ciryears andler Madeline ran away
from the middle-western form
where her grandfather. AMON
BIDDAL, lives.

CON DAYID, the animal trainer
is is love with Donna who regards him merely as a friend
Hadeline is in love with Con.
When Hadeline's grandfather
writes, asking her to spend the
writes, asking her to spend the
writes. Baking her to spend the
writes, asking her to spend the
meckether of the Donna to take her
plore. Thus it is Donna upremeets BILL SIDDAL, indeline's
counts, and goes to dinner with
him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER III

IN the moonlight the road was like a silver ribbon uncoiling with amazing rapidity. A heavy perfume drenched the night air; a perfume made of green things growing, of fruit orchards, wild Sowers and the moist fragrance of newly turned earth. Though the Siddal farm was but five miles from Lebanon on the main road Bill had chosen a longer, more cir cuitous route.

The car was a battered one, bad-ly in need of paint, but Donna, her hat in her lap, rested her head against the faded felt upholstery and drank in the night air with

"That's the Trager place." Bill said. "Do you remember the Tragers? Jim was at school with me." And a little later Donna murmured. "I'm glad there's a late train Mon-day. One of the girls is going to ride in my place in the parade."

"We might have asked your partner to come along." Bill sug-gested. "I didn't think of it. Did she think it was strange we didn't ask her?"

Donna felt a queer little stab in her heart. "She almost did come." she said slowly, recalling the scene in the dressing room when Made line, with a sudden change of mind, had decided that Bill Siddal looked interesting enough to risk a visit homa. But for Con David's jealousy Donna might have remained with the circus and Madeline gone to the farm. However, Con had ap-peared and to plque Donna (at least he had hoped to do so) had invited Madeline to have supper with him and Madeline had ac cepted the invitation.

Your grandfather may be in bed," Bill said as he turned the car into a road only a little wider than a cowpath. "If he is, we won't wake him. He's mighty feeble these days and needs all the sleep be can get. Your coming will be a red-letter day in his life. You

SHE had a sudden impulse to tell him the truth then, an im-pulse she crushed instantly for the headlights of the car brought into stark outline the narrow, austere. brick building which was the Sid dal farmbouse. "There's Grandpop," said Bill, "1

recken the excitement of seeing you again kept him awake."

He called, "Hello there!" and the old man waved his hand.

Before the car came to a stop at the front porch Donna had an

opportunity to look at her host. He was tall and very erect. His snow white hair curied slightly and touched the collar of the dressing gown that clung to his gaunt fig-

"Did Madeline come?" the old man asked as Bill sprinted up the three steps to his side.

"Here she is!" Bill beckened to Donna who was just behind him, "Grandfather," she whispered huskily, "Grandfather."

Groping gnarled hands reached for her; old arms enfolded her. "Maddie, my little Maddie." The girl pressed her face against his shoulder, hoping he would not no-tice how fast her heart was beat-ing. "I've wasted you for such a

"I know," she choked, tears in her throat. "Bill told me—you are blind. Oh, I'm so sorry, so sorry!"
"That's all right, Maddie," he answered, patting her curls with trembling affectionate fingers. "I'm old and affliction doesn't matter so much to an old feller. Only I've missed you and wanted you. But there, there! We're not going to be sad for the little time you are here. There must be a heap you've got to tell me and a heap more I want to know. Come in-side. Mrs. Planter laid out some

supper for you." In books Donna had read of fust such a room—quaint, homely in-artistic, but containing something between the four walls that he had longed for all her life. There were rocking chairs with lace squares on their backs, a "whatnot" in the corner with china bric-a-brac on its

shelves, a reading lamp beside a stand holding a huge family Bi-ble On the big center table a vase of surple and white illacs stood and beneath a napkin the supper was laid out. Donna's glance rested upon an enlarged photograph on the wall, the picture of a small gir with long, fair, curling hair and wide, questioning eyes. Madeline, of course.

"It doesn't look much like you now," Bill said.

THE old man's faltering steps led him to the chair beside the Bible. "Maybe you don't hold with prayer now Maddie," he said, 'but I want to thank God that He sent fou to me before the call came." "Ob Grandfather!" she cried She

"Ob Grandfather!" she cried She fropped on her knees beside him, feeling suddenly that this was her bome, this old man, whose feet touched the precipice of death, was her relative, "Oh, Grandfather!" in the midst of the simple prayer a door opaned and the bousekeeper, Mrs. Planter, came into the room. Instantly the chell vanished. Don-

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na felt the antagonism of the wom-an. Though Mrs. Planter's thin lips parted in a smile, though she extended her hand in cordial greet-ing, her pale eyes between white lashes informed Donna she was not welcome.

"I recken you find your grandpa changed a lot," she said. "He's been failing fast this past year. And you've changed too. Yes, you've changed. I wouldn't have knowed you."

"Five years make changes in every one," Donna answered bravely. "You oughto be in bed. Amos,"

rasped Mrs. Planter. Meane young folks can miss their rest and not feel it, but you'll be sick tomor-row if you stay up any longer."

Obediently Grandfather rose.
"Emmie is right. You eat your supper, Maddie, and go to bed so's you can get up bright and early. Bill will show you your room." He kissed her forehead and then permitted the homester to lead him. mitted the bousekeeper to lead him out of the room.

There was a taut silence when Bill and Donna found themselves alone once more. Then he coughed and crossed to the door. "Fill put the car away," he said abruptly. Impulsively she exclaimed. "How sweet he is!"

"He's always been the sait of the earth," Bill answered coldly. "How ou could have picked up and run way is more than I've ever been able to fathom. It puzzles me more since I've met you."

Bill looked at her and the steady gaze of his candid gray eyes said more than words. Then he left more than words. Then he left the room. Five minutes later when he returnes she was sitting at the table but she had not touched the food. "I'll show you to your room,"

OVER a bowl of chill con carne Madeline winked at Con David, with no thoughts for her partner nor her aged relative. Con's handsome face held no answering smile. Already he regretted the invitation prompted by his jealousy. Made line might be as pretty and attrac-tive as Donna but she bored him.

"Snap out of it, Con." she said "It's not very complimentary to have you sitting there so gloomy You ought to know anyway that don't stand ace high

"How do you know I don't?" "She's told me. She wouldn't marry a performer no matter how much she loved him." "She'll marry me." Madeline laughed sharply. "Says

you! No, she won't. She's crazy for a home and children. It wouldn't surprise me if she and Bill Siddal made a go of it."
"You said he was her cousin. Cousins can't marry."

Madeline a eyes half-closed.
"Don't believe asyrthing you're

"Don't believe everything you're told, Con. I had to protect her didn't 1?"

He sprang to his feet. "Then she didn't go to her grandfather's?"
"Of course not." Sudden tear
that she had implied too much made Madeline add, "For heaven's sake, don't spread it! You know Renfroe and if he found out about

it he might fire us both."
"Listen, Con!" she said tensely when they were on the street "You misunderstood me. You've got to give me your word to keep this un-der your hat, but Donna isn't my sister and the man she went to visit is my grandfather, not hers She did go out to the farm and

"I don't give a hang what she did or where she went!" the train-er answered morosely. "There's going to be a show-down Monday

She'll either marry me then or—"
"Or—?" breathlessly.
"I'll marry the first woman who'll have m (To Be Continued)

Carnera-Baer Receipts Near Half Million

NEW YORK, June 15. (P)— The Carnera-Baer fight drew a "gate" of more than \$425,000.

The official figures, as announced by Madison Square Garden showed gross receipts of \$428,392.80 and net receipts of \$361,357.29. The paid attendance was 52,268. was 52,268.

was 52,258.

As the challenger, Baer re-ceived 12½ per cent or \$45.-169,65 of the net gate receipts. Carnera's share of the purse, 27½ per cent, was \$135,508.98. Jack Dempsey, who received a cut of 7½ per cent for releasing Baer from his contract, pocketed \$27,-101.08. The milk fund cut of 16 per cent amounted to \$36,135.72.

Flapper Fanny Says



Girls go to some courts for a king and queen, and to other courts for an acc.

OUT OUR WAY

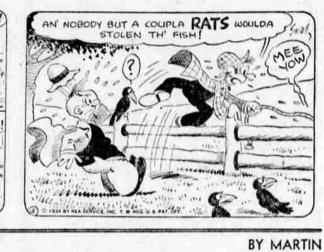


BY AHERN BY J. R. WILLIAMS, OUR BOARDING HOUSE YEH-I KNOW TH' SECTION UM-M--ABOUT #5 A WEEK ?- AND YOU YOU'RE IN --- YEH - OL' TURKEY DO THIS ALL DAY? HARPER'S DIGGINS-HE WENT -FOR JUST BATTY-THOUGHT HE WAS A MOUNTAIN #58~ GOAT-WENT AROUND BUTTIN' HIS UM-M-HEAD ON ANYTHING IN FRONT OF HIM /-- YEH -- THAT TERRITORY YOURE IN HAS BEEN GONE OVER LIKE A BABY'S THUMB IN FACT EVERY, PLACE IN THESE PARTS - I JUST PAN ABOUT \$5 OF DUST A WEEK! MOT SUCH HOT PROSPECTS, FROM AN OLD PROSPECTOR

SALESMAN SAM







BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

HMMM — I WONDER IF AGATHA DOES KNOW ABOUT BOOTS? HOW COULD SHE? NO. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BESIDES SHE SAID SHE WAS ONLY JOKING — BUT STILL. SHE ISN'T HE KIND WHO MAKES SUCH REMARKS WITHOUT A GOOD REASON



HANG IT ALL! SUST BECAUSE WE BOTH BELONG TO OLD FAMILIES THAT HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INTIMATE - THAT DOESN'T BIND US TOGETHER ! I'M SICK OF IT ALL --- TIRED OF BEING REMINDED CONSTANTLY OF MY HONORABLE HERITAGE! TIMES HAVE CHANGED



MY FOLKS NEVER ALLOW THEM-SELVES TO FORGET THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS SELUES TO FORGET THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS
ANCESTORS! I GUESES SOME OF THE
OLD BOYS DATE BACK TO THE
CRUSADES! WELL, THAT'S OKAY -BUT,
I WANT TO STAND ON MY OWN
FEET! IT ISN'T WHAT YOU WERE, IT'S
WHAT YOU ARE THAT COUNTS,
NOWADAYS



WHAT IF L DID PROPOSE TO AGATHA, ONCE ? L DON'T REMEMBER THE GRAND OCCASION , BUT, EVEN IF L DID, TO THE COLD FACT THAT WE'D GROWN
UP TOGETHER AND OUR MARRIAGE
ALWAYS HAD BEEN JUST TAKEN FOR GRANTED

BY SMALL



WASH TUBS



HOT DOG! AN INVITATION

TO MIG'S MASQUERADE

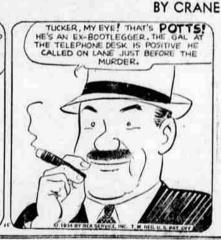
PARTY... SHE WANTS ME

TO COME AND BRING A

FRIEND! I WONDER WHO







FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

HE

POSTMAN

LEFT











I HEARD

CRASH DAVIS

SAY, A WHILE

AGO, THAT

SHE WAS



