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SYNOPSIS A Salvationist exharting people to

A Solvationist exhorting people to o'Come and have a dip in Jordan' orests the attention of Jill Afherion and a tall young man. Jill and leily sisters) take care of their oippled brother. They are poor and the work. Kathy is engaged to tall hillyard. She believes he is sear, and looks forward to a life of concenty and love. Jill has other case she pictures the tall manaterial engaged to dinner and the pictures of the solution of the concentration. And there world."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"AND we're going to be married soon." said Kathy "At least-that is if Ralph's ather dies; he's very ill, you knowdid you know?

father dies; he's very ill, you know did you know?

"You told me, yes!"
"And if he dies," Kathy went on bleefully. "We shan't have to be sake poor—Ralph will have a little sake him if he thought perhaps we saked him if he thought perhaps we could afford to have a little day-girl in could afford to have a little day-girl in sometimes to help me and he said—he sometimes to help me and he s

"Yes—what did he say?" Jill demanded eagerly. Nobody had ever made
love to her; she was longing to know
what a real man said to a real woman
in such circumstances; she was quite
mire that one could not really judge from
sorels or even plays.

Jill was still screwed up in her hand
in a damp ball.

"It was fortunate that I came in."
It was fortunate that I came in."
It was fortunate that I came in."
It was fortunate that I came in."

ovels or even plays.

"He said that some day I should have everything in the world I could wish for Kathy answered in a whisper.

Oh." said Jill; somehow she was "Please, you won't tell Mr. Sturrather disappointed.

CHAPTER II Tach was nought to each other, must f

fellow mortals, nought beside?" Crous Tallentyre, Esq.,

She liked Mr. Sturgess, and liked working for him; she could not understand why the other clerks in the effice went in such fear of him; to her was very much the same as any Ritle kinder perhaps than some; a litmore considerate.

There was a moment's silence; then Henry Sturgess said, "Humph!" He took off his gold-rimmed glasses them on a si'k handkerchief.

nd put them on again.
"Let us see—where have we got to? Just an address—Cyrus Tallentyre,

Her head was aching badly; the bright morning sunshine fulling through the uncurtained window dazzled her and made her eyes throb. She had been as if the one thing left to desire in all the world was sleep; but Mr. Sturgess wanted this letter written to Cyrus Tallentyre, whoever he was, so she must

so on, and pretend that she was per-icely well.

Ar. Sturgess began to dictate; he dictated slowly and very clearly;

advice re an advantageous marriage. Jill lost interest here—she despised a man who married for money—men ought to work for it: it was only women who might perhaps be forgiven if they liked a man a little bit more because he could buy them all the pretty things which the feminine heart is born to desire. She remembered afresh how hadly her head ached—she heard Mr. Sturgess' voice faintly, as if it were a long way off her hands seemed to move mechanically :

t seemed an eternity till he said:
"That will do; you may go " int; she bit her lip till it bled to try control her failing senses; she be control her failing senses; she had control her failing senses; she had staggered neross to her desk lt was 1 o'clock, and three of the other four of Mr. Sturgess' clerks had cone to lunch; the fourth was at home with influence of the staggered neros and three of the cheap lineleum that seemed to rush at her whenever she entered the boase. with influenza. Jill had the room to herself; she wondered vaguely what would happen to her if she really faint-td-she knew that Mr. Sturgess always went out of the office by another door; the tried to meet the window—it was to had needered at that; wondered why the tried to meet the window—it was to had needered to significant lasten.

serything seemed to crash together and collapse into a gray

She opened her eyes to cold water In her face—to some one vigorously haling her hands; she tried to rain serself, but the feeling of sick faintness sturned, and she closed her eyes again

For a moment she lay still; her hands fere freed now; she heard some one Present'y she looked up.

"Better?" asked a voice casually. Jill did not answer; she thought she ness of her brain floated the mem-

She laughed weakly, and with that

She was still in the office, sitting at the ink spattered table where she sat every day of her life, in the same bard wooden chair, with the rumble of the street traffic outside; nothing was changed, nothing different, save that the fall man with the eyeglass, whom she had seen once before for a moment on the edge of the staggering trowd, stood now leaning against the CONTINUED TOMORROW

desk usually occupied by the clerk who was absent through influenza, looking down at her with a sort of impatient

cmbarrassment.

"Better?" he asked again.

"Yes She groped for a handkerchief, but could not find one;

her face and hair were wet with water. "Take mine," said the man impartially.

He handed her a soft silk handkerchief that smelled faintly of cigar smoke.
Jill wiped her face; she laughed shakily.

"You needn't have made me so wet. she said.
"I'm sorry * * it was all I could think of." he apologized.
He went over to the window and stood

looking out.
Jill tried to straighten her hair; she was afraid to get out of the chair yet; she was not quite sure of herself; she began an embarrassed apology.

"I'm so sorry * * * so sorry to have

said again. "Yes." said Jill.

"Please, you won't tell Mr. Stur-gess, will you?" she appealed earnestly. The man was screwing his monacle

again into his eye.

"I—er * * * oh, no * * certainly
not," he said, politely.

"Thank you," she smiled at him
rather nervously. "Employers don't

rather nervously. Employers don't like you to be ill—especially in bust-ness hours." she explained.
"Er—no! Is that so?"
He picked up the Homburg hat lying on the desk and looked at the door.
"As Mr. Sturgess is not in—21 sup-

passage. Tallentyre

"Oh!" said Jill blankly She thought he was going, but instend he came back a step.
"1—er " * * haven't I seen you be fore?" he asked hesitatingly.

Jill smiled. sther man for whom one might hammer typewriter for twenty shillings a were both invited to have a dip in week; business-like and impersonal; a Jordan!" she told him gravely.

Tailentyre chuckled: for the moment he no longer looked embarrassed or bored; Jill had the little pleasurable feeling that now he was looking at her woman of his own set; the thought gave her courage.
"Why did you stop and listen to

He came back another step; he removed the Homburg once more, and put

"Why did you?" he asked.
She shook her beac.
"I don't know * * * 1 didn't want
go home for one thing."
"Neither did 1." he said.

They looked at one another empathetically.

There was nothing particularly good looking about Tal'entyre; his face was a little too worn, his eyes too lackluster, as if they had seen everything worth seeing in the world, and could drive home a point—rather as if he were addressing his client instead of writing would have waved had it been allowed to him. Jill began to feel yagely sympathetic with Mr. Cyrus Tallentyre—
from what she could gather from the letter, he had applied to Mr. Sturgess for money—unsuccessfully, and Mr. Sturgess was replying rather countries that the constant wearing of the monocle had made curious lines. that there was no money, and never would be again; that the "estate" had been "squeezed as dry as a lemon" and that he could only repeat his former that he liked the leverything about him:

she liked the lazy drawl in his voice, she liked the immaculate crease in his troncers; she wondered with a very real pang if he were thinking how dowdy and impossible she was ishe won-dered if he had noticed the cheapness of her clothes and the ugliness of her

The color surged into her face; her yes fell; she fidgeted uncomfortably. Tallentyre turned again to the door. "I'll look in-later," he said; the

loor shut behind him.

Jill stood where he had left her She rose to her feet giddily; she never felt so unhappy in all her life; the few words she had exchanged with fe door; she knew now that she felt this man had roused again all the amtwisting her fingers nervously; she had never felt so unhappy in all her life biffious longing of her soul; it turned her sick to think of Acacin terrace and

the tried to open the window-it was he lend preferred to stand and listen he had preferred to significant distributions for the edge of a strangling crowd in a mean street, to going back to hixury and through disuse, and suddenly crowded into his life.

She re-alled bits out of the letter mist which caught her with it, dragging dictation; he had no money—the estate was squeezed as dry as a lemon! It seemed an absurd truth when our looked at the man himself. Jill went back to her desk and sat down limply; she still held Tallentyre's silk hund; kerebief in her hand; she looked at it

interestedly.

She could not give it back to him
like that * * * she spread it out on

the desk * * * It was made of finest silk-there was a monogram worked in one corner.
At the opening of the outer door she as dreaming; somewhere into the mis thrust it burriedly away in her desh; by of the gray Sunday evening—the back, and, if so, at what time! She raucous voice of the fervial Salvationist only stayed out ten minutes to lunch. and the faintly amused smile of a man hasti'y devouring a bun and a glass of milk; but though the outer door of day night he was bentin' his wife—to-taght he beats the drum."

only stayed out ten minute to hasti'y devouring a bun and a glass of milk; but though the outer door of the office opened and sout a good many times during the long afternoon, it was the beats the drum." She laughed weakly, and with that not to numit Tallentyre, and at 6 o'clock laugh consciousness returned fully and Jill went home vaguely disappointed sat up, pushing the wet hair from the silk handkerchief tucked away in her dress.

But he came the next afternoon; she

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS-All Is Not Gold That Glitters



THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Who Is This Reginald Van Stupe? Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co. OF COURSE I GOT TO THINK IT OVER HERE'S REGGIE VAN STUPE HOW WOULD IT BE IF CHEER UP GEE - DO YOU REALLY ALL SET BOSS ! OUR BIGGEST CUSTOMER, THINK IT OVER! ITS DUCHESS, YOU L ENTERTAINED THIS OLD EGG MEAN IT, DUCHESS? WHAT TIME DOES ONLY GOT TO BIRD? I KNOW ALL A STRAIN GOIN' TO BLOWIN' IN TOWN AND YOU'RE A PIPPIN! REGGIE AND HIS EXPECTS ME TO SHOW ALL THE SWELL CAFES STRING HIM THE HIGH D MILLIONS GET YOU'LL SAVE THE ALONG THE WE AN' DANCES - YOU HIM THE BRIGHT LIGHTS SPOTS . KNOW HOW THEY GET HIS ANAUAL AND I'M ALL TIED UP BORE WITH BUSINESS SO ORDER . F TEN-THIRTY 1ONE I CAN'T DO IT! TOMORROW MORNING. 4000 GIRL A-E-HAYWARD - 24 CONTINUED TOMORROW

By FONTAINE FOX

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the principle of the sales tax doesn't seem exactly right, as she should think the people who buy things bught to pay a little some-

LAST WEEK SOMEBODY MANAGED TO SLIP A PIECE OF WOOD UNDER THE TROLLEY POLE SPRING SO THAT (ALTHOUGH IT APPEARED TO BE) THE TROLLEY WAS NOT QUITE TOUCHING THE WIRE .

START 'ER

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG

By Sidney Smith



PETEY-That Makes Him Human



SAY PETEY - SURE - I WENT THERE CAN YOU TELL THE ABOUT EIGHT YEARS ME HOW TO GET MACS HOUSE AND IT'S THE FIRST 2 HOUSE ON YOUR

- AND HES THE ONLY BIRD IN THE WORLD WHO KHOWS JUST WHICH KEY FITS WHICH LOCK -- I KHEW THAT WAS THE ONE



THE CLANCY KIDS-It All Happened on the Choo-Choo Car

By Percy L. Crosby

