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THIS STARTS THE STORY THIS STARTS THE STORY

Jill and Kathy (sisters) take care
of their crippled brother. They are
your and both work. Kathy is engaged
to Relph Hillyard. She believes he is
your, and looks forward to a life of
your, and looks forward to a life of
your and love. Jill has other
ideas—she pictures going out to dinmer and home to a beautiful house.
Kathy marries secretly. Tallentyre,
the tall young man, and Jill meet
young sich to know that he must marry
a rich woman to renew his fortune.
He senses that she expects much
from Kathy's marriage. She does
not hear from Kathy, and Tallentyre,
too, will grow tired of herself and
her shabby clothes, she thinks.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"I beg your pardon," she said, then stopped, catching her breath. "Ob, Mr.

evercoat he wore was half open, and she caught a gleam of a diamond stud she caught a gleam of a diamond stud and an expanse of immaculate shirt and an expanse of immaculate shirt tell me his name tell me his name "Baker—Dr. Baker it's only "Baker "Test tell me his name" tell me his name "Baker "Test tell me his name" tell me his name "Test tell me his name" tell me his name "Test tell me his name "Test tell me his name" tell me his name "Test tell me his name "Test tell me his name" tell me his name "Test tell me his name "Test tell me his name "Test tell me his name" tell me his name "Test tell me his name "Test tell me his name" tell me his name "Test tel

"I've been working late," she said.

"What do you mean?" He did not answer; he turned and went back down the stairs with her.
Jill walked as far away from him as possible; she felt horribly poor and dowdy in her office clothes; her throat sched with unshed tears. She had never seemed to suffer each pain with him. before felt the difference between her life and his so acutely.

There was a taxi waiting at the curb. "I'm going to drive you home," Tallentyre said. "No, please don't refuse it's such an unexpected pleasure to see

"I've been working late." Jill said "I've been working late, apprehensive; said. would rather stay, if I may-

"I was asked to dinner with some friends—it's too late to turn up now, though: I shall look in presently for an hour or so." His voice was evasive. "Have you heard from your sister lately?" he asked after a moment.

I'll shook her head.

"We had a card last week to say she was coming home; but I know she hasn't come, because she would be sure to come straight away and see us see I dareay they have stayed on a little longer after all."

"Last week, you say you heard?"

"Last week, you say you heard?"

"I hast week, you say you heard?"

n the gray light. the gray light.

"Did you come to the office to see rancous voice—
"Did you come to the office to see rancous voice—
"Now then, 'Enery—come in, will ' Jill asked naively, then blushed

ce first, and they said you were not "You went there! Oh, Mr. Tallen-'Well-why shouldn't I?" he asked;

She bit her lip; presently she gave a little mirthless laugh.

"It's—it's an awful road, isn't it?" she said, desolately.

"It's not the most cheerful spot I've fingers.
"It's not the most cheerful spot I've fingers.
"But there are plenty worse'—he seemed suddenly aware of the distress in her face. "What is it?" he asked.
'Are you offended with me? What can I— Jill tried to laugh.
"I know it's silly; I know I ought

to be ashamed of myself for minding; but • • I didn't want you to know—how horrid my life is," she said stumblingly, "You're so diferent—and just wanted you to—to think the sat staring down at the floor of the taxi, and for a moment there was

Do-do you think I'm horrid?" Jill

asked, with a little touch of dread in I do-Tallentyre roused himself, he checked grasp. "Your sister is here—in London," he

orner by the green railings, and stop-

It had seemed such a short, short drive! Jill wished passionately that it need never have come to an end; she got out of the cab and stood for a moent with Tallentyre on the pavement. She looked up at Don's window apchensively; she was glad that the ind was drawn, and that he was not oking out. Tallentyre paid and dis-

ussed the driver.
"And now may I come in and see-She blushed up to her eyes.

ou!-come in and see Don!-oh Why not?" She did not know why she had re-

hused so quickly; she wanted him to come more than anything in the world, and yet she stood hesitating and undecided.

"Please!" said Tallentyre.

The doctor came to the door dividing the two rooms; he looked at Tallentyre; be could not understand what this man was doing here—he so obviously belonged to a different world, but he was "Please!" said Tallentyre.
"Very-well." she moved slowly up glad of his presence all the same—
"If Mrs. Hillyard is in London—
the door; she fumbled with the began diffidently.

nandle and opened it. The narrow savory than ever before, she thought despairingly; her checks burned as she ed the way up the narrow stairs. He ould never want to see her again now knew where she lived.

"These houses were not built for a nan my height," Tallentyre said jok-ngly; he had to stoop as he went; Jill did not look at his control of the said pot look at his control not look at him; she wondered what would say-what sort of a mood e would be in; she went on hurriedis "Don," she said nervously.

sight of his immaculate dress, and the after Don when Jill was at the office.

"He's bad, poor soy," she said asympathetically. "Been in pain all day; he wanted me to send for you, but there! I hadn't any one to send, as you know. Miss " I've done what I could for him—" I've done what I could for him—" He tried to deny it; tried not to look at her; he began a stammering evasion, but she, and went quickly into the little bedroom. She had forgotten Tallentyre for the moment; she had forgotten Tallentyre for the moment; she had forgotten the bedroom when the poor boy whom she could now hear meaning faintly.

"Don was right, then," she said duly. "Don was right after all—and she's done with us—she doesn't want us—any more!"

CONTINUED TOMORROW

left to her in the world now Kathy had gone; irritable and unjust as he often was, she loved him. He turned his head restlessly as alle spoke; his face was very white; little beads of perspiration stood on his upper

"You might " might have come before—" he said; the words were broken with little stifled groans of pain.

ket the toll young man, and Jill meet the toll marry eggin. She knows that he must marry eggin. She knows that he must marry erion woman to renec his fortune.

He senses that she expects much the senses that she that the work to Tallentyre—

"He's ill—please don't stay "Tallentyre—

"He's ill—please don't stay "Tallentyre was standing rather help-lessly in the middle of the room; he looked absurdly out of place, Jill thought, and a little hysterical desire to laugh selzed her in spite of her anxiety; she wondered savagely what he thought of her home, with its ugly, cheap furniture, and air of poverty.

"I'm sorry, but it's no use staying, she said again, rather curtly. "Don can't see anybody when he's ill thought. The provide the senses that she there's ill thought. The she went back to Tallentyre was standing rather help-lessly in the middle of the room; he looked absurdly out of place, Jill thought, an

he has such dreadful pain." Her voice trembled a little.

Tallentyre!"

Tallentyre laid his band over hers as it rested on the iron balusters. "So you are here then " " his voice you are here then " " The doctor is quite close, but—but I don't like to ask you to go." She knew how everybody would stare at Tallentyre in his dress clothes; it gave her a little feeling of hysteria to think of the excitement his presence would cause in the road.

in the next street. She went back to Don.
He was lying with closed eyes now;
his thin hands were clutching the oedclothes; Jill took them in her own.

It seemed an eternity before she heard Tallentyre coming back; he had brought the doctor with him. Jill tried to thank him; she said she hoped he' would not stay any longer; she said she was sorry for having kept him—that he would be late for his friend.

"I shall not go now," Tallentyre

she looked up at him. "Where are you he had had a few moments conversation with the doctor on the way from his house, and there was something very

"Have you heard from your sister ately?" he asked after a moment.

Jill shook her head.

"We had a card last week to say she little room." An arming a home. The same arming answered; she turned down on the bedroom, closing the door.

Tallentyre was left alone; he sat down on the couch where Don spent most of his time, and looked round the little room.

longer after all."

"Last week, you say you heard?"

"Yes—Wednesday, I think " " " of her life.

"Yes—Wednesday, I think " " " of her life.

No wonder she thought so much of money, and the things it could buy—and then. "I'm just longing to see her again." she said.

Tallentyre was looking out of the window; his face looked a little stern in the grat, but the window was open a little way behind the cotton blind, and out in the road he could bear a woman's

at her own question.

"I did—yea!—I went to Acacia terrace first, and they said you were not in " Jill gave a little cry.

"I did—yea!—I went to Acacia terrace first, and they said you were not in " " Jill gave a little cry.

from the couch and walked over to the fire. He could hear voices behind he looked down at her with a faint closed door across the room; he won-mile in his eyes. "I didn't think you dered what they were saying . . . dered what they were saying presently the door opened and Jill came out. She walked straight up to him, "I suppose I ought not to—but

"I suppose I ought not to—but

"Oh, I do!" said Jill; her

Tolce sounded stifled. "How—did you

know where we lived?"

"I asked Mr. Sturgess."

"Ble hit her liv; presently the door opened and Jill came
out. She walked straight up to him,
and laid both hands on his coat sleeve;
ber eyes were wild—almost expressionless; he had the uncomfortable
feeling that she did not know him—that she would have clung to the arm of any one who had been standing there as he was; there was something fright-ened and desperate in the grasp of her

> "He's very ill," she said; even her voice sounded changed and hoarse. "Dr. Baker says I must send for Kathy How can I, when she is in Paris?—how can I——!" suddenly she took her hands from his arm; she wrung them in agony. "What can I do—what can I

Tallentyre put an arm round her; he "It's all right-don't get upset; I'll

see to everything—Kathy is here—in London \* \* I'll fetch her at once." She looked at him disbelievingly.
"Here!—she "isn't—oh, you know she isn't; you're only saying it to try and comfort me • • Oh, what shall

Tallentyre took her hands in a firm

"My dear—" he said gently. "Per. said; he spoke slowly and deliberately as if to force his words home to her. "She came home last week—I thought corner by the green railings, and the Jill wrenched her hands

eyes were blazing, in her heart she knew he was speaking the truth; and yet she knew, too, that she must deny it, and must go on denying it.
Kathy would never have come back without telling her; Kathy would never have allowed one single day to pass

before she came to her-it was a cruel lie-a wicked lie "I don't pelieve you-I don't believe you. 'she said hearsely, 'Kathy wouldn't be so cruel—she knows I love her \* \* Oh, let me go—let me go—I don't want you—I don't want to speak

to speak to you.

"Kathy is in Paris—it's a cruel, wicked lie to say that she is here—and that she never told me " to".

The doctor came to the door dividing

he began diffidently.

Tallentyre turned to the door— "I will fetch her at once." Jill followed him out on to the land-ing; she was very white and her breath

came pantingly.

"Mr. Tallentyre—" she spoke his name in an agonized whisper. "Oh, please wait a moment " wait a

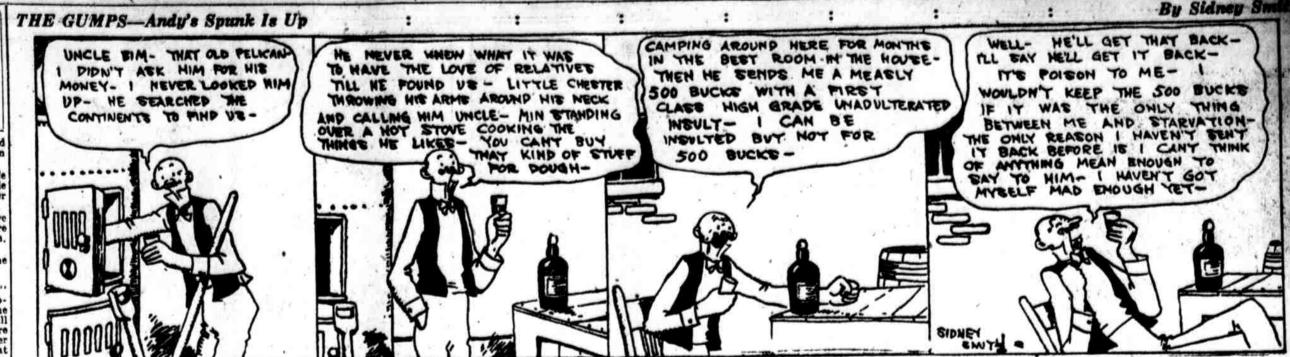
What is it?" he asked gently.

She put her hands to her eyes; she ried to remember what it was she Don," she said nervously

A woman came from the bedroom adjoining; it was the fandlady who looked
after Don when Jill was at the office.

"He's bad nervously

wanted to say, but could not; she looked at him vaguely, and suddenly at the
sight of his immaculate dress, and the
flashing diamond, she seemed to remem-



. By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Still Making It Pleasant for Van Stupe Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co. HOW LONG DO I GOT TO TOTE THAT ANTIQUE
OUT OF TOWN CUSTOMER ROUND? LISTENIN
TO HIS LOVE TALK AN' SEEIN' HIS WHISKERS
SHIMMY? HE'S GOT HOPE IN EVERY EYE
IN HIS FACE! IN TIRED OF PEOPLE
LAUGHIN' AT ME! TODAY HE WANTS TO TAKE OH ! - 154'T TABLE RIGHT THAT TOO OF THE BAD ROOM ! ME TO THE BLITZ FOR LUNCH!!! JUST TIL WE A-E-HAYWARD -/ CONTINUED TOMORROW

PROFESSOR GNATT, THE MILLIONAIRE BUG HUNTER -:- By FONTAINE FOX The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says hard words never do any good and, no matter how interested one may become in an argument, one should always pass the lie.

THE PROFESSOR HAS PURCHASED A SMALL ARMY TANK AND HAS BROKEN ALL RECORDS THIS SPRING IN THE NUMBER OF RARE SPECIMENS SECURED.

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS WANT A EEL, CURLY PICK IT UP AN' YOU KIN HAVE IT-TAME IT' HOME AM EAT IT THE IT AWE IT-LL MANE YOU GRACEFUL HE WAY OF A MAH WITH A MAID?

PETEY-A Lowbrow Eyebrow

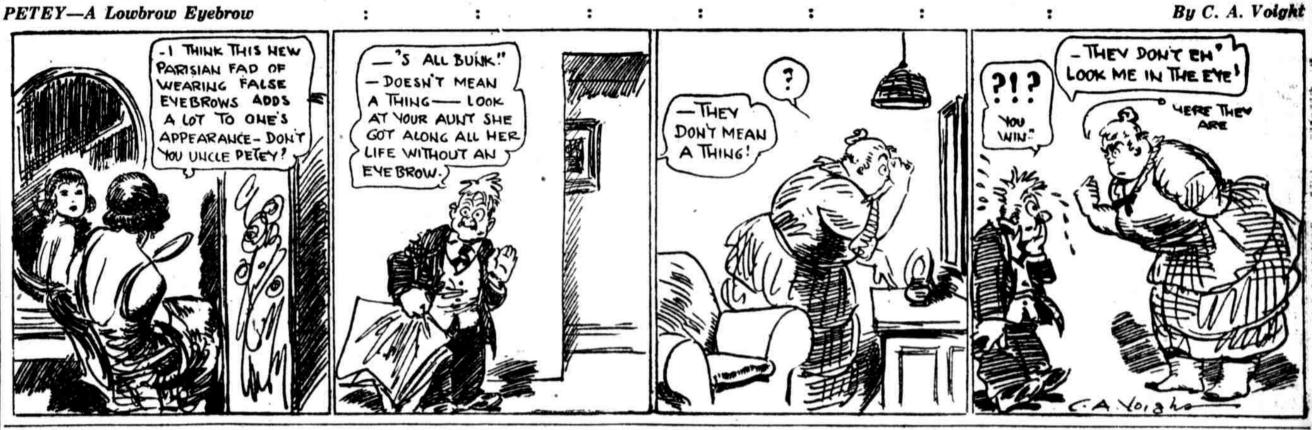
POP, WILLIE BROWN'S

CARE WHETHER HE EVER

TAKES ANOTHER DRINK .

OR NOT

FATHER SAYS HE DOESN'T



THE CLANCY KIDS—Breathes There a Man With Soul So Dead?





By Percy L. Crosby