OVE WILL NEVER DIE Marken Print YOU DIDN'T HEAR ADOUT ME DID YOU? I DIDN'T TELL YOU ADOUT MY GOOD PORTUNE - I MADE A LOT OF MONEY SINCE I BAW YOU LAST -MY UNCLES YOU KNOW I TOLD YOU ABOUT, THAT RICH UNCLE OF MINE -WELL - NOW I SUPPOSE YOU'RE By JOHN HUNTER GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE LOAFING - BE A BARNACLE ON THE SHIP OF INDUSTRY. BIT AROUND CRITICISING AND RIDICULING THOSE WHO WORK FOR AN EXISTENCE. T BARNT-Required, Ane in charas

WUNDER CEUBING DAD DEDER PERIANDEDEDIAL WIDDNEEDAR, JULY, 2

iom Audrey lives. RD PRESIOW meshens of Com-the expects to by his heir. When any plans to take Audrey / Presion, who is brillions but

who share to take autrus from other, Presion, who is brillian but the, schemes to marry her. WBIGH - a light-hearted but sincers ar but star, who is in low with al conedy star, who is in low with at one to is priendly to Audres.

A Mother's Sacrifice

addenly become drawn and hag-It seemed as though a false, lating influence had passed and wer weak and trembling. She sat

custody of his daughter. He was mad with outraged pride, and said the girl was tainted with her mother's blood. Her mother took her away. On the day when the decree was issued Lady Con-mington's life illusions came down about her ears, and she saw things as they are, and not as she had pletured them. She began then to devote herself to her daughter's care, firmly resolving that the girl should never know the truth. Circumstances have forced her to abandon that resolution." Constance looked at Audrey wist-fully. "You must have guessed, dear. I was Lady Connington, and you are not Audrey Brent, but Lady Audrey Treor, the daughter of Lord Conning-ton." For a moment there was silence, then Audrey murmured: "There is some-thing else, mamma. Something which has made you tell me all this. I want to hear it all." The daughter of Con-nington was speaking then. "Lord Connington wants you back." Constance spoke with extreme difficulty. "That day,' at the Academy, was the beginning of it. He has come home honely and heartsick. He wants his daughter. I have seen him several times about it. The first was when I dined with him." "Yes, mamma." Audrey was un-naturally calm.

ber weak and trembling. She sat "I shall give her up, Ella !" Her was low and almost toneless. "It be best for her. God knows what ill mean for me. I have already med negotiations for the sa'e of the A committee has been formed the members and they will float a inited company. The thing is settled the members and they will float a inited company. The thing is settled the members and they will float a inited company. The thing is settled the members and they will float a inited company. The thing is settled the members and they will float a inited company. The thing is settled the members and they will float a inited company. The thing is settled the members and they will float a inited company. The thing is settled the members and they will float a inited company. The thing is settled where shall you go?" Aunt Ella rio'ently agitated. She loved Con-mer more than Constance knew. "I don't know." The deadly hope-mess of it brought tears to Aunt is eyes. "I shall decide—after-""

o'ently agitated. She loved Con-more than Constance knew. on't know.'' The deadly hope-ter is of it brought tears to Aunt eyes. ''I shall decide—after-t Ella came over to her. The g fell, unheeded and tangled, to g fell, unheeded and tangled, to the g fell way constance Brent of the Eros club. So I have to her her and to be the for my show the may have you. It is my navment for my show the for my show

T will come with you, Connie. We is not leave each other after we have our little girl." She stood over her worldly-wise sis-

the stood over her world's where shares a quaint, frail figure in her little hite cap and out-of-date dress, and contance, broken at last, buried her and against her skirt and sobbed as whild might sob in its mother's arms. An hour later Constance wrote a

y short, and the envelope was d to Lord Connington. an very My dear Geoffrey-I have decided aurrender Audrey to you reply. nder Audrey to you uncondi-"CONSTANCE."

the rang for the maid, and told her to post the letter at once, and added: "As you go out will you ask Miss ome to my room at once, as Andrey to come to my room at once, as had seen of the Madonna, t I have something very important to say ing no fault, compassionate. Audrey came to Constance, and found

er mother standing by the window of room, looking out on the sun-kissed stance's hand. "Mother !"

and the wide sweep of the green And Constance knew that her six-teen years of labor had not gone un-Mr. Constance turned as she entered

teen years of labor had not gone un-rewarded. "You forgive me, dear?" She whis-perent to tell you." Audrey obeyed. Her heart was beat-ar a little faster than usual, and in the eyes was a great wonder. Never in the tife had she seen her mother so se-tife had she seen her mother so se-

Constance hesitated. "He may have

Lord Connington, and Constance gave

Audrey read it and passed it on to Aunt Ella. "I will see him myself when he comes," she said. But Aunt Ella, reading the letter carefully, told herself that there was something of which Lord Connington

was not sure, and he was giving him-self time to think it over. She won-

Big or Little

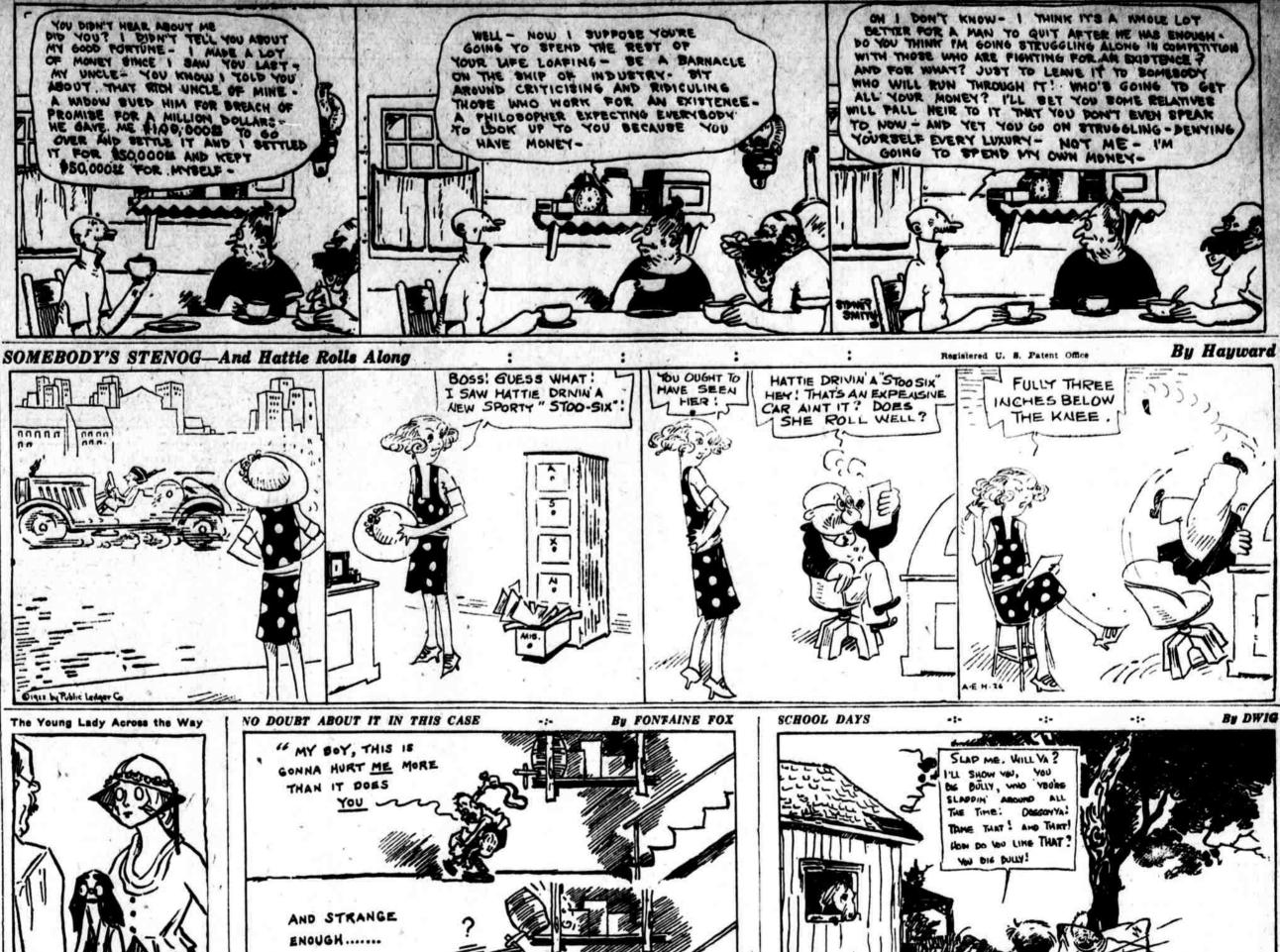
Fortunately the number of quitters

dered what it was.

Yours, "Connington."

Constance leaned on the back of a "I will tell you the story as clearly all try to make it a plain narrative of weight and source could you have done for Constance sobbed. The reaction was breaking her. Her face was lined and stressed. "And Connington!" she said. Audrey smiled softly. "How could I leave you—now?" "Audrey!" "One can early "One can early "One can early" where you which you yourself can de-"One can easily forget the things one does not wish to remember," continued Audrey. "There are lots of things I does not wish to remember, of things I Audrey. "There are lots of things I am going to forget. But one thing I shall always remember, and that is how my mother worked that I might be happy, and how she was willing to give ber heart in sacrifice for me. In re-membering that I shall have no time to think of other things. Mamma, will

"Many years ago." continued Con-tance, "Lord Connington married." Addrey started at the mention of the mane. Constance went on. "He mar-Had the daughter of a southern coun-ty family, which had earned some no-ty the the southern days and how she was willing to give her heart in sacrifice for me. In re-membering that I shall have no time to think of-other things. Mamma, will you kiss me?"









- WHEN

By C. A. Voight

By King

W.

DUNHO! 7

JACK O' JUDGMENT

is a ratiling story of orime and its detection and punishment and of true love and its rewards.

It Begins Today

TANCE nodded. Her face had

"Yes, mamma." Audrey was un-

you. It is my payment for my sin.

Audrey got up and walked to the window. Her mother stood leaning on the back of the chair, watching her. She could not read Audrey's face, but she was telling hqueelf that this dread-ful, silent caim meant condemnation. Audrey's upbringing alone must make her view inconstancy in a married woman with horror.

her view inconstancy in a married woman with horror. Audrey came to the window and stared out through it. Only herself and God knew what passed through her mind and her heart in those tense minutes of silence during which Con-stance Brent waited for the world to toppla and cruch her

topple and crush her. Then Audrey turned. There was a wonderful pity in her eyes, and it trans-formed her face, so that Constance thought of a famous picture she once had seen of the Madonna, tender, see-ing no fault compassionate

Audrey stooped and her lips pressed warm and soft on the back of Con-

to family, modern by the reca... and the modernity of its modern. Some of its women. "The girl he married was ultra-the girl he married was ultra-mediant was some man of somewhat was some ting to be lived seriously; a capital pieced into the hands of its possessor for investment. But to his wife life "Mamma, do you think Mr. Harkness knew about this?" The investment. But to his wife life was just a game. She had never seen the as it really is. One does not live in the shooting boxes of the Highlands, the dance rooms of Paris and London, and the casino at Monte Carlo. One stitute-a delightful existence, perhaps. The one never faces facts. Do you understand my meaning?" done," she said slowly. "It was not generally known, but Harkness had many friends in our set, and it is quite likely that he learnt the truth. Why do you ask?" Audrey flushed. "It explains some-Audrey flushed. "That it all." thing," she said lamely. "That it all." The next day a letter came from

"Yes." Audrey whispered the word. was in the grip of an awful sus-

it to Audrey. "My Dear Mrs. Brent-I have re-"For some years Connington and his "For some years Connington and his the kept up a semblance of married of though a child had come to them." there was an acknowledged guif be-tmen them, which was gradually "theming. The guif—and I can say it here was dug by the hands of Lety Connington." "Mamma !" ceived your letter, and am pleased to re-mind you of your invitation to take tea with you whenever I might be motoring in your district. I am hoping in the near future to avail myself of this invitation, and shall then be glad to f discuss with you and make final arrangements, regarding the matter mentioned in your letter above.

"Mamma !" Constance did not heed Andrey's in-Constance did not heed Andrey's in-teruption. "At last Connington teruption. "At last Connington trupion. "At last Connington cruced to be a husband except in name. By seldom saw his wife, and she was mually indifferent to him. The mad retilesmess of her family became more and more pronounced in her behavior. By met another man, and he happened be an unprincipled scoundrel. Lady Connington was more than indiscreet. Consington was more than indiscreet. and Lord Connington filed a petition for divorce. The other man vanished. I believe he is dead now." Constance tightened her grip on the main back. "After the divorce—the suit was un-defended—Lord Connington refused the

CONTINUED TOMORROW Copyright, 1922, by the McClure Newspape Syndicate

By JOHN BLAKE

COME time or other there comes to seeking reasons why they should stay

Uncommon Sense

Servery man a real crisis. Be is faced with a decision that must

LWAYS it is a difficult time.

Always it needs courage.

tter all his life.

a Jack Dempsey.

Constance came to her arms like a child. They sat long in the quiet room, and gradually Constance told the details of her story. Now that the storm was over, and she had ridden it safely she was able to talk quite freely and almost without emotion of her agony of the

evening's pleasure. past weeks. When it was all finished Audrey said

the way her father plays poker and he never plays for more than a 50cent limit and he certainly can afford to lose 50 cents for a whole

HURRY-! PACK

PETEY-Looks Like a Long Stay



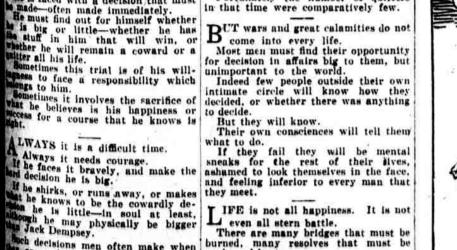
WHILE YOURE IN THE CITY

PETEY DEAR, WILL YOU CALL UP THE

DID YOU BAG - WIRE PROM IN THAT OLD J WHERE KINI Fin) THE CLOSET AND MILKMAN AND MAKE SURE HE'S STOPPED TRUNK YOU'LL JAY YOU OFFICE, GOTTA BE SEE THAT THE DELIVERING - AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SAMPLE OF SOME MATERIAL I WANT MY WINTER UNDER-FIND A PINK EXPECTE. THERE TOMORROW, HOTHS HANEN'T DRESS 1 WEAR IMPORTALIT CONFERENCE GOTTEN IN TO RETURN! YOU TO MATCH - AND RUN' ROUND WANT-TO MRS. HOLMES AND SEE IF BE RIGHT BACK-! MY WINTER SHE'S FEEDING OUP.) THINKS-FISH- ETC-) ER to A. Youst GASOLINE ALLEY—What's the Dope? WHO'D EVER SUSPECT YOU WALT YOU SLY DOG! I'VE COME, WALT, TELL GOSH ALL FISHHOOKS! I'LL ME? SAY, I'M FER CAT'S SAKE! OF FALLING IN LOVE, ME ALL ABOUT IT. HEARD ALL ABOUT YOU AND NOT TRYING TO BE BELIEVING IT MYSELF YOU TELL ME! 1 WALT? TRYING TO HONEST CROSS MY MRS. BLOSSOM. WHEN ARE KEEP ANYTHING HAVEN'T HEARD KEEP IT QUIET, EH? IF THIS KEEPS UP! HEART, I WONT YOU GOING TO ANNOUNCE IT ? ANYTHING ABOUT TELL A SOUL! IT YET!

- AND GO UP

IN THE GARRET AND



The man who meets all the tests is the man who wins in the end, and knows that he won. The man who fails is of little use to others, and of no use to himself for the rest of his life.

Such decisions men often make when are unhappily married—or fancy at they are—and there are children they happiness depends on their con-mins their marital relations. bousands of such decisions were in wartime, when men who were etly able to go found themselves Copyright, 1992



DAY DREAMS -

- ALSO WILL

YOU GO THRU