

LOVE WILL NEVER DIE

By JOHN HUNTER

JACK O' JUDGMENT

is a rattling story of crime and its detection and punishment and of true love and its rewards.

It Begins Today

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 Connington's life illusions came down about her ears, and she saw things as they are, and not as she had pictured 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 wistfully. "You must have guessed, dear. I was Lady Connington, and you are not Audrey Brent, but Lady Audrey Trent, the daughter of Lord Connington."

For a moment there was silence, then Audrey murmured: "There is something else, mamma. Something which has made you tell me this. I want to hear it all." The daughter of Connington 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 lonely and heartick. 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. "Today I have written and told him I will surrender you. It will be best. As his daughter, you will be what I could never make you. You will go to court, you will move among the great. I am only Constance Brent of the Eros Club. So I have told him he may have you. It is my payment for his 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 herself that this dreadful, silent calm meant condemnation. Audrey's upspring alone must make 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 Constance Brent waited for the world to topple and crush her.

Then Audrey turned. There was a wonderful pity in her eyes, and he transformed her face, so that Constance thought of a famous picture she once had seen of the Madonna, tender, seeing no fault, compassionate.

Audrey stooped and her lips pressed warm and soft on the back of Constance's hand. "Mother!"

And Constance knew that her sixteen years of labor had not gone unrewarded.

"You forgive me, dear?" She whispered the sentence incredulously. "There is nothing to forgive, mamma. What more could you have done for me?"

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 easily forget the things one does not wish to remember," continued 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 her heart in sacrifice for me. In remembering that I shall have no time to think of—other things. Mamma, will you kiss me?"

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 past weeks.

When it was all finished Audrey said: "Mamma, do you think Mr. Harkness knew about this?"

Constance hesitated. "He may have 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 something," she said lamely. "That is all."

The next day a letter came from Lord Connington, and Constance gave it to Audrey.

"My dear Mrs. Brent—I have received your letter, and am pleased to re-ceive your invitation to take tea with you in your district. I am hoping in the near future to avail myself of this invitation, and shall then be glad to discuss with you and make final arrangements regarding the matter mentioned in your letter above."

Yours, "Connington."

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 himself time to think it over. She wondered what it was.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

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THE GUMPS—Labor vs. Capital



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—And Hattie Rolls Along

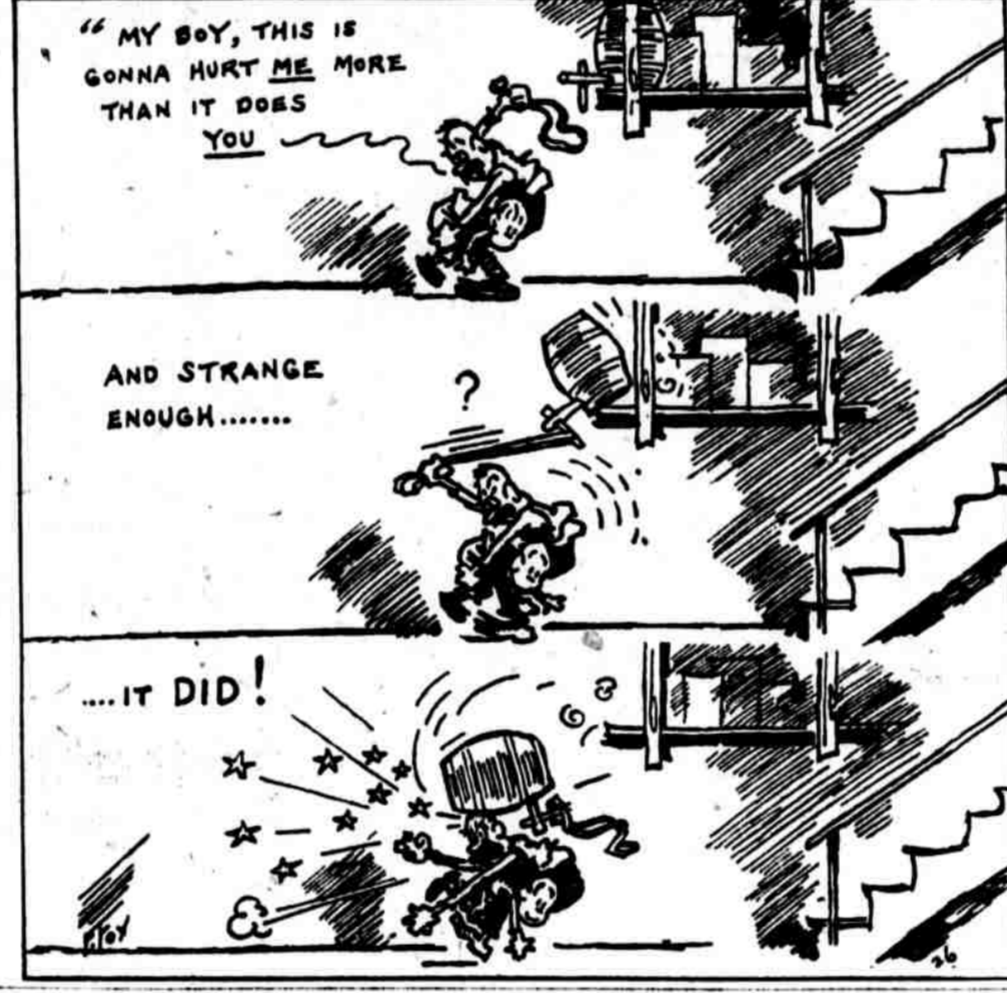


The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she doesn't see much harm in the way her father plays poker and he never plays for more than a 50-cent limit and he certainly can afford to lose 50 cents for a whole evening's pleasure.

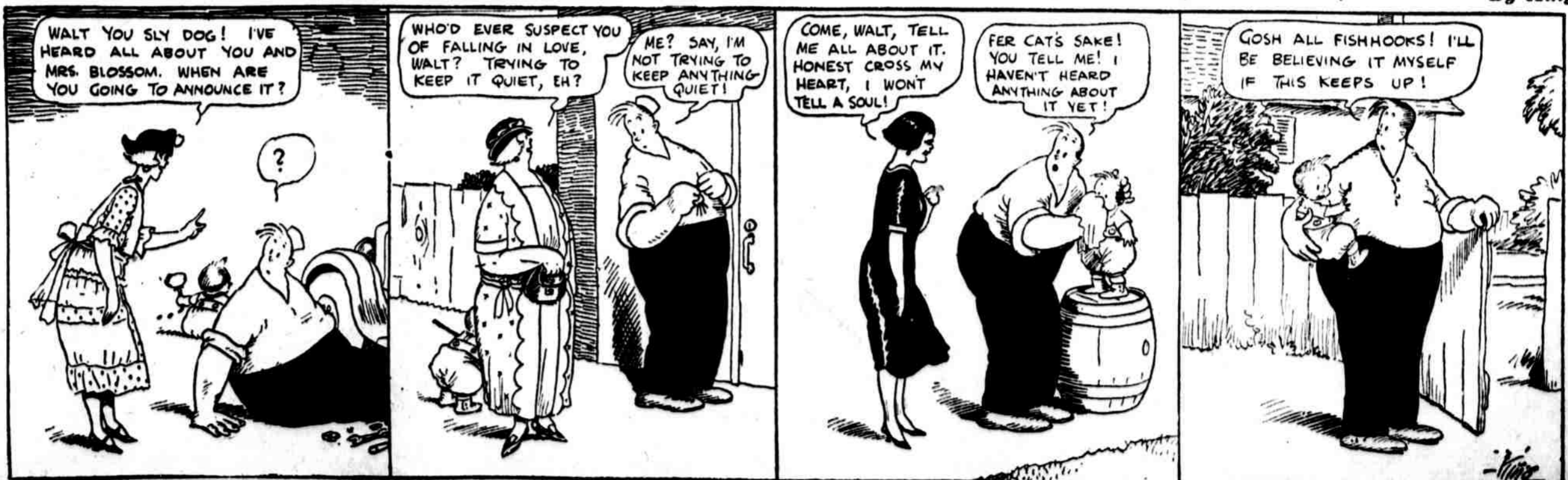
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT IN THIS CASE



PETEY—Looks Like a Long Stay



GASOLINE ALLEY—What's the Dope?



Uncommon Sense : Big or Little

By JOHN BLAKE

COME true or other comes to every man a real crisis. It is a fact with a mission that must be made—often made immediately.

He must find out for himself whether it is big or little—whether he has the strength in him that will win, or whether he will remain a coward or a quitter all his life.

Sometimes this trial is of his will-ness to face a responsibility which hangs on him.

Sometimes it involves the sacrifice of what he believes is his happiness or success for a course that he knows is right.

ALWAYS it is a difficult time. Always it needs courage. Always it faces it bravely, and make the hard decision he is big.

If he shrinks, or runs away, or makes what he knows to be the cowardly de-cision he is little—in soul at least, though he may physically be bigger than Jack Dempsey.

Such decisions men often make when they are unhappily married—or fancy women—and there are children in the picture. Their happiness depends on their con-duct of their marital relations.

seeking reasons why they should stay at home. Fortunately the number of quitters in that time were comparatively few.

BUT wars and great calamities do not come into every life.

Most men must find their opportunity for decision in affairs big to them, but unimportant to the world.

Indeed few people outside their own intimate circle will know how they decide, or whether there was anything to decide.

But they will know. Their own consciences will tell them what to do.

If they fail they will be mental sneaks for the rest of their lives, ashamed to look themselves in the face, and feeling inferior to every man that they meet.

LIFE is not all happiness. It is not even all stern battle. There are many bridges that must be burned, many resolves that must be made and kept. 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.

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