Betty Arranges the Stage For a Meeting With Salvano

that Miles' conduct must have made of her a sympathetic figure. She was horribly unhappy about Paolo, yet she had a thrill of something like pleasure as she sauntered out upon the terrace. She thought of herself as very beautiful, more beautiful than any of the women who sat at little tables looking up at her as she slowly passed. If Rose Callahan were there with Paolo, he could not help being struck by the contrast between them; the exquisite, perfectly-dressed woman he had loved, and the common creature he sought for money.

She bowed to four or five people from New York whom she knew, smiling a sad, sweet smile, and hoping half-consciously that her blue eyes looked tragic. Her friends pushed their chairs back and got up pushed their chairs back and got up to greet her. Several pressed her to join them for tea, but Betty gently refused. She was rather hoping that her husband might come, she said. She'd arrived only that morning to surprise him, but he was away for part of the day, not having expected her so soon. He might return at any moment and come to meet her, as she'd left word on the yacht where she meant to spend the afternoon. "Poor girl, can it be she really doesn't know?" the women whispered to each other. "How awful for her when she finds out!"

And one or two murmured what an pdd coincidence it was, Prince Paul

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

As the afternoon grew later and later Mrs. Bob White worried more and more. By this time she knew that the wounded young Bob White hid-

den in a clump of weeds on the Green Meadows would not be able to

freen Meadows would not be able to set to the dear Old Briar-patch, which was the safest place she could think of. If he remained where he was through the night he might not be found. On the other hand, he night be found. His mother had a reeling that he would be found. Keen noses would be almost certain to some sarching over that next of the

the least that Reddy Fox had heard the bang, bang of the terrible gun, which had wounded that young Bob White. She knew that Reddy knew

The young Bob White was feeling

ittle, but he wasn't able to fly, hor

was he able to run far. He was still a little wabbly on his feet and still felt very, very miserable. It could

STOP take

earching over that part of the Meadows. She didn't doubt in

"As madame desires." Estelle, the maid, meekly agreed, delighted with the fit of temper into which she had thrown her mistress. "I merely wished to show madame that so much trouble was not needed for my sake."

It was noon when Betty, her maid and her luggage arrived on board "Silverwood." She was not consciously hungry, but she had a throbbing headache, and felt rather inclined to faint; therefore luncheon was hastily ordered. She ate little when it was served, crumbling a

bing headache, and felt rather inclined to faint; therefore luncheon was hastily ordered. She ate little when it was served, crumbling a roll, tasting some delicately-flavored riz de veau, and drinking three glasses of champagne. The cold, sparkling wine soothed her nerves, as she had hoped (there was only one thing better, but she'd had none of that—or almost none—for months) and, sleepy after a restless night, she words a short note before going to lie down for an hour.

Estelle had been told to call her mistress at 3, and was prompt.

"Madame looks much better!" the Frenchwoman remarked, when she had drawn back the curtains.
"Did I look badly before?" The question had a note of sharpness, for Betty wished to be her best today.

"But, no, madame; only a little pale and tired. The rest has doen madame good."

At 4 o'clock Betty was dressed in a bewitching frock of knitted silk of the same pale, primrose yellow as the tint at which she had kept her hair. She wore a Parisian evolution of a toque that matched in color, with a deft touch of turquoise, like her-eyes. Suede shoes and filmy silk stockings were primrose tinted, too; and when half an hour later a taxi deposited her at the door of the St, George, the dainty figure in yellow seemed to be illumined by the afternoon sun.

There had been no open scandal about Betty Sheridan's flirtation with Paul di Salvano or any of the men she had favored, and she was sure that Miles' conduct must have made for her a sympathetic figure. She was horribly unhappy about Paolo, yet she had a thrill of something like the letter from the concieres and the callahans would notice, and she wanted them to notice.

She wondered if Paolo would take even to yet married, he would have to come back to her. If he looked agitated at sight of her, all the better! The Callahans would notice, and she wanted them to notice.

common creature he sought for money.

Betty shrank not at all from the eyes that stared. There was no reason why she should object to being seen! She bowed to four or five people from New York whom she knew, smiling a sad, sweet smile, and hoping half-consciously that her blue eyes looked tragic. Her friends she hoped that Eustace Nazlo would keep out of the way till the meeting was over, for good or ill. After that, the Shoe King might join her, and welcome!

"China tea, please, with orange flower-water instead of milk; and nothing to eat," she instructed the

hovering waiter.

He hurried conscientiously away, and as her eyes idly followed the short black figure, she saw Rose Callahan come out on the terrace. Behind her strolled the old man; and behind him was Boul di Salvasa behind him was Paul di Salvano.
In tomorrow's installment Betty
and Paolo meet.
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Little Bob White Hides in a Hollow

Log for the Night





BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Means There Isn't Much to Sparky That Isn't Scratched.

BY BILLY DE BECK









marking Western

MUTT AND JEFF

This Invention Should Be Tested on a Dummy.

BY BUD FISHER









The state of



REG'LAR FELLERS

I WAS JUST

TELLING MRS.

GARNEY ABOUT

YOU REDUCING,

BUSTER, AND

SHE -HINKS

IT WILL NOT

BE VERY

He's Willing to Consider It.

BY GENE BYKNES



OH, SO YOU'RE BUSTER!

I WAS JUST SAYING TO

MISS CHURCH, I KNEW A

MR. OSLOW WHO WAS

QUITE STOUT AND REDUCED.

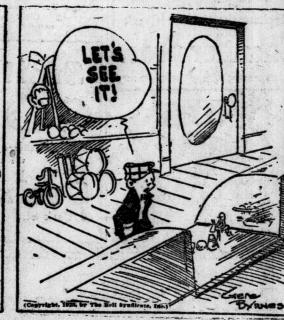
- HE TOOK OFF FORTY

POUNDS JUST BEFORE

WINTER SET IN, - AND







often little wounded folk were be found after the passing of a

nardly have been otherwise. So Mrs. Bob White more and more anxious. She left him to look around

So Mrs. Bob White more and more anxious. She left him to look around for a better hiding place. "I must find one," she kept saying over and over to herself. "I must find one." So she looked this way, she looked that way, and she looked every way. Twice she passed an old fence post which lay half-hidden in the grass. It was one which had fallen and been replaced by a new one. Neither time did she give it particular attention. But the third time she came along that way she noticed that it was open at one end.

Mrs. Bob White's eyes brightened and she hurried over to that end. When she reached it her eyes brightened still more. That old fence post was hollow.' Yes, sir, it was hollow for more than half its length. It wasn't a very big hollow, but it was big enough for her to get into, and that meant that, of course, it was big enough for that young Bob White to get into. It would be just the place for him to spend the night. Reddy Fox couldn't possibly get into it. It was too small for even Jimmy Skunk to get into.

Mrs. Bob hurried back to the wounded Bob White. "Do you think you can travel a little?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know, but I can try," re-

you can travel a little?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know, but I can try," replied the young Bob White. "But what's the use? I can't possibly get to the dear Old Briar-patch."

"I've found another hiding place, which for tonight will be just as good as the dear Old Briar-patch," said his mother. "We'll go very slowly."

So together they started out. It wasn't very far to that old fence post, but to that wounded young Bob White it seemed like a terrible distance. He would go a few steps and then he would have to rest. All the time his mother kept the sharpest watch for dangers. But no danger appeared, and so just as the Black Shadows came creeping out from the Purple Hills across the Green Meadows they reached the hollow old fence post.

BY AHERN.

THAT MRS. WHY, IF SHE GARNEY WOULD WAS BEING WALK INTO A RESCUED FROM SICK ROOM A FIRE, SHE'D and Start TELLING TH' FIREMAN'S PATIENT THAT FAMILY HISTORY GRANITE WEARS BETTER SHE WAS HALF THAN MARBLE! WAY DOWN TH'

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY

The most beautiful thing In the world; Or is it just that She THINKS she is Because MEN keep on Telling her of her Ravishing charms?

Of course, Are "wise" to men But though many are kissed, Not all are bitten-So, actually, There are but few women

On "Kidding." Sophisticated enc Be utterly faithless. It is just as well Not to pay too much Attention to men's Attentions, for men Are such "KIDDERS." Of course, SOME women Kid men, But ALL men kid

THEMSELVES.

N. B.-Ask yourself this question: "Have you a little kidder In your home?"

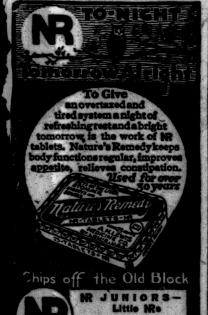


Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.

I KNOWS I DOOES MO' O' MAH WORK DAN I DONT DO, BUT BOSS , HE LOW I DON'T DO MO'N I DOES DO!







POOR MAN! ---- HIS YOU!-SOU WHO IS VERY RECKLESS, SPENT ALL INSURANCE MONEY TERS. GARNEY THE NEIGHBORHOOD BROADCASTING STATION