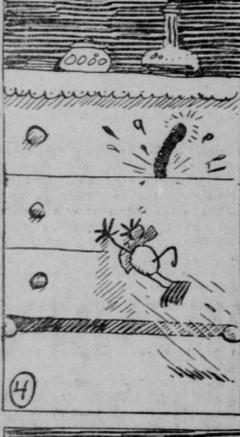
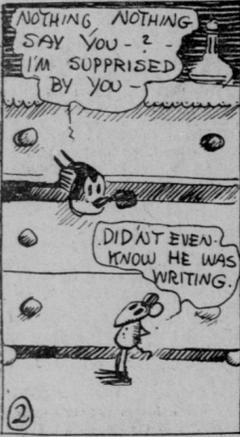
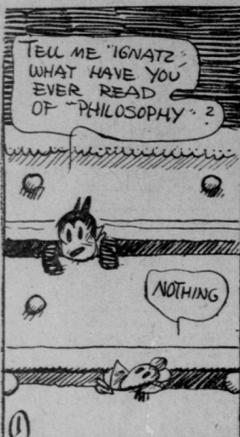


Krazy Kat

He Deserves Even Worst



Tomorrow: Just Think of Next Thursday Taste

The Dingbat Family



Officer Beene Is Still a Jump Ahead

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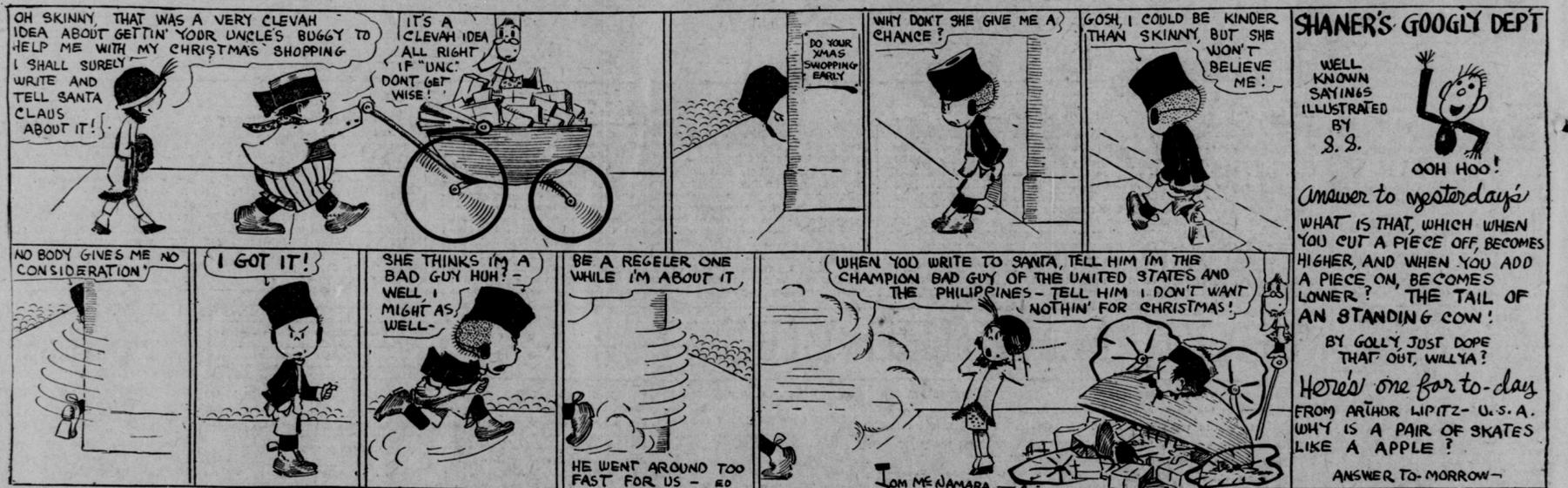
Polly and Her Pals



Some Smiles Will Fetch 'em; Some Won't

(Copyright, 1913, International News Service)

Us Boys



Shrimp Is Bad and He Knows It

(Registered United States Patent Office)

THE FAMILY CUPBOARD A Dramatic Story of High Society Life in New York

Adapted from Owen Davis' Broadway Success.

(NOVELIZED BY) **Ed Waterbury**

(From Owen Davis' play now being presented at the Playhouse by William A. Brady. Copyrighted, 1913, by International News Service.)

Continued from Yesterday

"Well—goodby," Dick started for the door and then stopped—a curious little smile had come over his face. He knew the old spirit of comradeship—the old interests of the "time artist" life. He came back again, smiling broadly—and stood just back of the table—where he could touch Kitty if he would. "The six Quigleys are on the bill at Albany. Shall I give 'em your love?"

Kitty's face brightened with a growing flame of interest. "The Quigleys? I haven't seen 'em in four years. I'd like to see Mame again—and the bunch!" Her voice took on a far away reminiscent tone. "IT WAS FUN, SOMETIMES!"

"Most games is fun sometimes—and most of 'em is—HELL—sometimes," said Dick, with slow stress. "Goodby."

"The man gets all the fat in that sketch, I suppose?" "Star part for the girl," Dick was very sure of himself now. "Goodby." He started down the corridor. "I'm coming—I'll go!" cried Kitty Claire.

"You will?" Dick was like most people who scheme and plan for a thing. When they get that "consummation devoutly to be wished" they suddenly relax and scarcely know how to accept their success.

Kitty spoke with a feeling of breathless desire to get it all over quickly—quickly before her fickle little mind changed again past all her willing. "I can't stand it here! I'll be sorry, so will you, but I'll go."

"Don't wonder! Sure you'd be stuck on him—except for the truth of that poetry gag about 'a little less'—and there's a block between you!" Kitty pondered on aloud, putting into words some of her own possibilities for finer womanhood—the necessities she and circumstances had starved, and battered about and beating into submission; the womanhood whose only revenge was a subtle stirring now and then—a puzzlement to Kitty, who scarcely realized how different she might have been.

"First it was to get square—and I did! Then—yes—she thinks I'm good. . . . That's funny, of course—but sometimes it didn't seem so funny—sort of—sweet—and I'd think. . . . But that's a laugh!"

"Come on! Come on here and now—pack your things and we'll do a flight before the kid gets back to call time on the 10 minutes he gave me for sayin' the fond farewells."

sona, Kitty!" exclaimed Dick. Kitty started across the corridor, but Dick called after her: "Say, can I empty my bag into your trunk?"

"Sure!" cried Kitty, merrily, entering into the spirit of this far from sacred occasion. Dick tossed most of the contents of his bag helter skelter into the bottom of the trunk. But he lifted carefully, affectionately even, and laid in neat rows in a tray, a choice collection of colored shirts—pink, blue, lavender—a rainbow hued galaxy.

"There, my beauties!" cried he, pressing a fairly ecstatic kiss on one tucked pink bosom. "You will make one sure fire hit in Oshkosh!"

"Here! Careful! Hurry up!" were her somewhat confusing orders to Dick.

"It's going to be fun, Dick! It's going to be fun!" she cried at last, gaily. Dick acquiesced heartily. Sure it is. Don't leave nothin' valuable."

"Hello, there!" cried Kitty, nonchalantly and vouchsafing no information or excuse. "Come on, Dick!"

"Here, put 'em in your pocket! I guess I gotta get to something. You needn't be afraid."

"It's time to say a last farewell," said Kitty, lightly. Dick fell on his knees before the trunk—added his plunder to its seething contents, looked and strapped it, rose to his feet, brushed off the knees of his trousers critically and exclaimed: "That was a fit job for that fool Potter."

"Come on!" cried Kitty gaily. "All aboard!"

"All right, heave to and lend a hand, mate! I'll shoulder my end and you give us a lift with 'other end.'"

"Here! Here! What you goin' to do? What's goin' to become of the old man?" cried Jim in abject terror of the helpless days he felt were fast approaching "the old man."

"Goodby!" said Kitty indifferently. "You ain't goin' to leave me again, Kitty! What can I do?"

"Bearing the trunk, with its loot and booty between them, laughing gaily at the old man's discomfiture and at the sly surprise they had left for Ken, Kitty and Dick pranced lightly and callously from the room. So they went out of the life of Kenneth Nelson; but the trail of the serpent is marked with slime—and Kitty May had left poison as well as slime in Kenneth Nelson's life and mind.

"Here! Run away with Dick Le Roy!" said Jim. He scarcely lifted his hopeless old head. "With Dick Le Roy. Left me—for Dick Le Roy!"

Poor old Jim. Gone were the days of "kebs" and human sociability! Come were the days of taxis with clocks ticking instead of live hoots beating! And his daughter, with a heart fit to measure like a little human taxi clock, had left him to his fate—left him with a laugh. Solitary, dejected, in deep distress, the old man sat in Kenneth Nelson's dismantled room through long weary moments. He had not initiative enough to go—and yet he knew what Ken thought of "James" and his alien presence so far from the servant's hall.

At last the door opened and the master of the sorry house came in. Ken looked about in wonderment. "What's this?" he demanded. "Gone! Run away with Dick Le Roy!" said Jim. He scarcely lifted his hopeless old head. "With Dick Le Roy. Left me—for Dick Le Roy!"

Continued on Monday

Flavor, fragrance, packing, variety, price—everything is in favor of **Ridgways Tea**