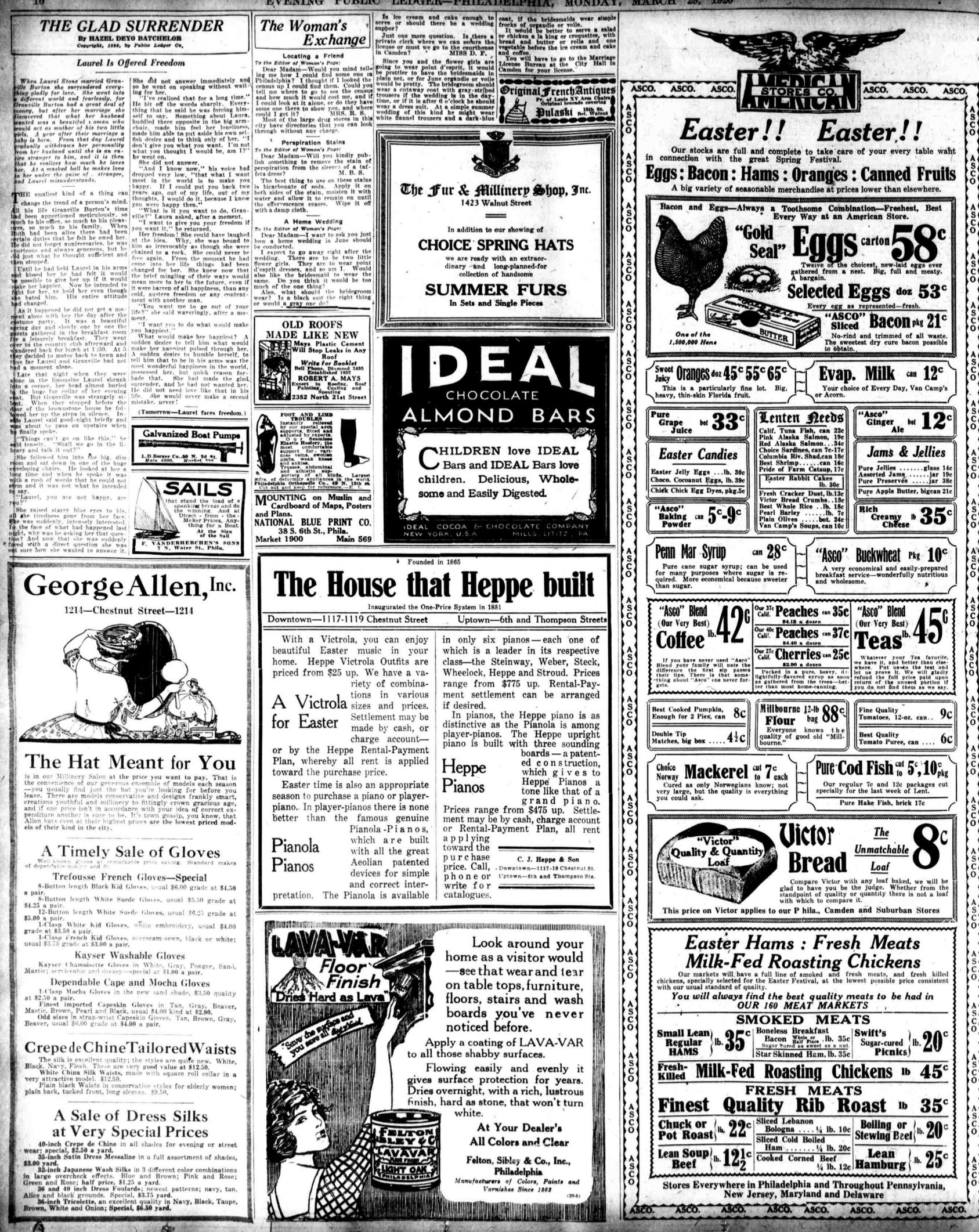
EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1920



ment alone with her the day after the ment, costume party. It was a beautiful

door of the brownstone house he fol-lowed her up the steps in silence. In-side Laurel said good-night briefly and was about to pass on upstairs when

She taised starty blue eyes to his, all the tiredness gone from her face. She was suddenly, intensely interested. In the face of what had happened last nucht, why was he asking her that ques-tion? And now that she was suddenly faced with a direct question she was

