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HIS SECOND WIFE By ERNEST POOLE

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

Ethel Knight and Amy Lanter are ststers, the latter married and living assters, the latter married and living in New York with her husband. She in New York with her husband. She arms about the child. "I'm so sorry. Remember I want you back."

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Ethel Knight and Amy Lanier are sisters, the latter married and living in New York with her husband. She is a shreud woman, making the most of her personal accomplishments and appearance to get the most out of others. Ethel is entirely different. She is beautiful naturally, country bred and idealistic, utterly unsophisticated. Their father's death forces Ethel to make her home with Amy. The journey to New York, the new home, and her sister's elaborate manner of living surprise Ethel. They dine in a cafe. Amy gets ptomaine poison and succumbs in a few hours. After the funeral Ethel keeps house for Joe, but feeling her dependence she obtains a position in a cloak house with a Mr. Greesheimer. In his gleeful exuberance at landing a contract he surprises her. Well, vot you say? Vy don't you speak By Gott, I raise your salary!" he says. in New York with her husband. She is a shrewd woman, making the most of her personal accomplishments and appearance to get the most out of others. Ethel is entirely different, She is beautiful naturally, country bred and idealistic, utterly unsophisticated. Their father's death forces Ethel to make her home with Amy. The journey to New York, the new home, and her sister's elaborate manner of living surprise Ethel. They dine in a cafe. Amy gets ptomaine poison and expensions in a few house, after the funeral Ethel keeps house for Joe, but feeling her dependence she obtains a position in a cloak house with a Mr. Greesheimer. In his gleeful exuberance at landing a contract he surprises her. "Vell, vot you say? Vy don't you speak By Gott, I raise your salary!" he says.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

WHA—ha!" He still had her by the arms. "All you young girls could love me now—eh?—you could take an old fellah! Ha-ha-ha!" And the next instant, furlous, she felt herself hugged and violently kissed!

"You dirty—beastly—" she gasped for breath, then turned, and seizing her hat about the chid. "I'm so storty. There were tears in Ethel's as about the chid. "I'm so storty. There were tears in Ethel's ament into her own small room. "It wonder if I'll ever feel like that about the into her own small room. "It wonder if I'll ever feel like that about the into her own small room. "It was real enough, poor thing." She drew a resolute breath, "Weil, no use in feeling like a crimina. "Weil, no use in feeling like a crimina." The cook and the waitsaction in that, for she had disliked both of them keen-ly, she gave them until the end of the week, and in the meantime telegraphed for Emily Glies, who for over five years had helped her keep house for her father at home. Of medium height, spare, thin cheested and thin lipped, her hair already streaked with gray. I'mlly had been headwaltress at the small hotel.

"Ha—ha!" He stil

"You dirty-beastly-" she gasped for

how."
"I won't!"
"You mean you'll let her suffer because you haven't shown me things?
No. no. I'm sure you'll be sensible.
You'll stay on a few days and help me.

sens and a proposed programment of the p

poor little dear? And why should 1? As would turn to the su of the child. This went on for "All right, you poor dear, just start right in."
"Well," said Joe, "it begins like this." And his face grew a little portentous, with humor and a deeper feeling mingled awkwardly together.
"You've been about as good to me as one fellow could be to another. I know what a hell it must have been, and the stiff upper lip was all on your side. I don't want to talk about it, but—when Amy died the life went out—of my business too. Later I got back my nerve, and because my job was all I had left I tried to make it more worth while. I've got a few old dreams in me—I mean I've always wanted to build something better than flats in the Bronx. So I—well, I took a chance and failed. I'm in debt and my only chance to scrape through is to cut down here as low as we can. I've figured out our expenses, and—"A very fine speech. We'll go in to our dinner now—and later we'll get a pencil and paper, and we won't stop until everything's right."

There came for Ethel busy days.
The next morning she went to the nursery and told the nurse she would have to go. "I'm sorry," she added and then stopped short, startled by the woman's face. The way her eyes went to fine sharply:
"What have I done? What's the mazter with me?" Her voice was "would lim to to the nurse wheeled sharply:
"What have I done? What's the mazter with me?" Her voice was "start at him her would like up from his matter with me?" Her voice was "spended to have to cake some brief any months. It

ate kindliness appeared a way that even broughtout. She would lone ally in a thoughtful, out he stayed home sings now; and while sing, often he would paper or his work to remark to her; and thus begun would sow and on while his work to a her the special of the special work of the special ways. But almost always, both, the spirit of Ampand the influence of shown in Joe's attitude. Ethel's breast. The nurse wheeled sharply:

"What have I done? What's the matter with me?" Her voice was strained.

"Nothing. There has been nothing at all." Ethel found it hard to speak. "You've been—quite wonderful with Susette. The trouble is that Mr. Larrier has found he must cut expenses."

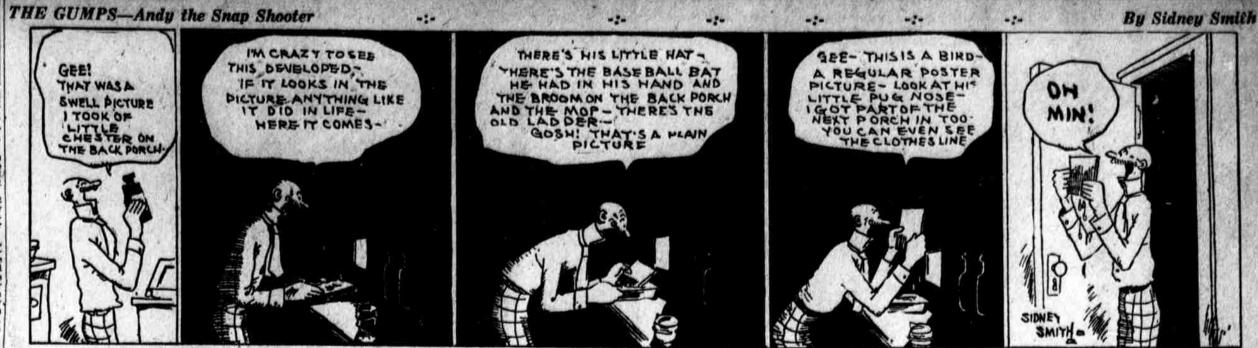
"Oh. Then why am I the one?" She broke off and grew rigid, but her thought struck into Ethel's mind: "Why am I the one? Why don't you go? What stood are you here?"

"To sorry." Ethel repeated. "I wish I could keep you, but I can't I'll have to take care of Susette myself—"

"You?"

"You."

"You...



PETEY—The Way of a Wife

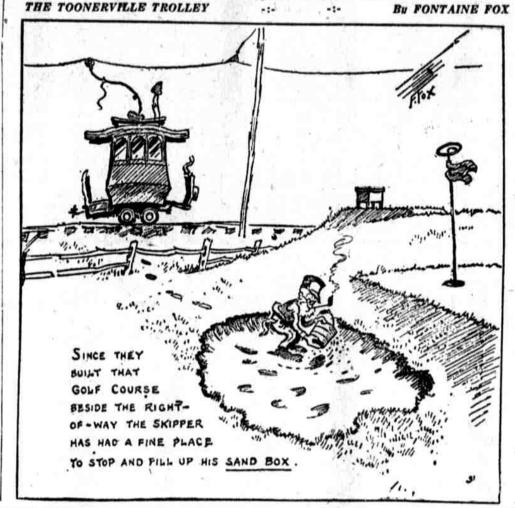
- PETEY DEAR COME WITH ME I WANT YOU TO HELP ME PICK OUT A NEW MAID.





The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady agross the way savs even if the doctors say a disease isn't hereditary it's just as well to keep away from any one





SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Now He's Got Her Number

-:--:-By Hayward Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. I BET THAT'S THE HELLO, 15 NO! THIS IS NOT WALAUT -SAME BIRD WHO'S WHAT'S THE MATTER GUT EARS BEEN GETTING US THIS THUS IS AUT 2222' I TOLD LIKE A BAT? I SAY THIS IS I SIMPLE, IS WALNUT 1350? BY MISTAKE ALL THAT YOU NOT WALNUT ON THE WIKE! MOU FOUR TIMES! NO AGAIN ? THIS IS NOT WALNUT MORNING ! IT'S NUT - JUST PLAIN NUT! DING 1)

