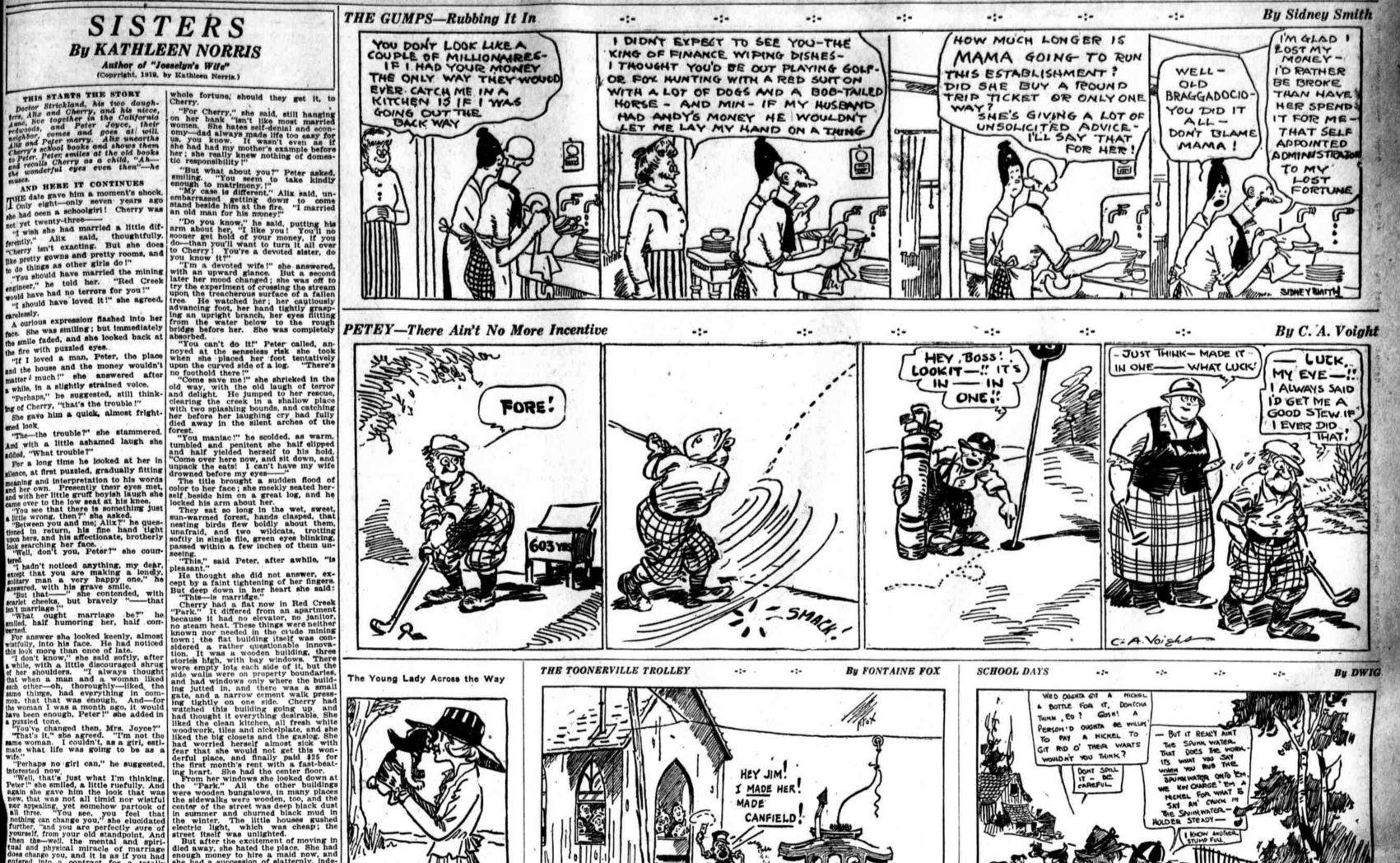
EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JULY 12, 1920



 mits wrong. then?" she asked.
The weak you and med Alick The future.
The weak you and med Alick The future.
The weak of the she weak of th planua his face was too dirty; he was moving geraniums. And for'all that day, whenever Cherry thought of Peter, it was with his hands and even his face spattered with the dark earth of the mountain garden. The thought gave her a genuine thrill, and the next day she deliberately thought of him again, but the thrill was not so keen, and gradually she forgot him. FOR \$ 25 A DAY ? MAR But the letter stayed in her thoughts, and she began to hunger for home. Nothing that Red Creek could offer shook her yearning for the remembered sweet-ness and beauty of the redwoods, and the great shade of the mountain. She wanted to spend a whole summer with Ally. MEI MI wanted to spend a whole summer with Alix. She was athirst for home, for old scenes and old friends and old emo-tions. She had only to hint to Alix to receive a love letter containing a fervent invitation. So it was settled. With a sort of feverish brevity Cherry completed her arrangements; Maftin was to use his own judgment in the matter of boarding or keeping the flat. Some of their household goods were stored; Cherry told him that she would come down in September and manage all the details of settling afresh, but she knew that her secret hope was that she might never see Red Creek again. It was all quickly arranged; perhaps he was not sorry to have her go, although he kissed her good-by affectionately, and wahdered away from the station in a rather lonely frame of mind when she was gone. A friend of his had asked him to dine She laughed, and he laughed, too, a "You never will be serious for more han two minutes, Alexandra, my child!" Allx did not answer. She sat staring t the fire for another minute or two, ad her eyes brightened childishly, had nd her eyes brightened childishiy, had but seen them. But she did not give mother look at him. With a great filing f her arms she rested her head be-ween two elbows for a second, tousled er hair, and yawned. "I'm going to bed!" she announced. T'm soing to bed!" she announced. T'm so glad I married a man who is coustomed to banking the fire and pening windows and putting out lamps very night. You," she had reached the oor of their room now, and already he sliky braids were freed, and tumbled bout her shoulders, "you spoil me, 'ete'" she said, between them. "Our harriage may be different, but it has 's Kood points!" "Sure you're happy?" he smilled. The familiar little answer came con-dently. He heard her humming as she ndressed in a shaft of moonlight; she las never serious long. One May day they were placholing in wandered away from the station in a rather lonely frame of mind when sho was gone. A friend of his had asked him to dine fuscas, Martin had realized long ago, as Cherry did, that their marriage was not an entirely successful one, but he still considered her the most beautiful worar he had ever known, and had never desired any other. But tonight he thought he would telephone King and perhaps dine with him—the girls might be amusing. Anyway, Cherry was happy and was having her own way, and he had three months in which to try having his own again. Alix met her sister at the ferry in San francisco on a soft May morning. She was an oddly developed Alix, trim and tail, prettily gowned and velled, laugh-ing and crying with joy at seeing Cherry again. Peter, she explained between kisses, had had to yo to Los Angeles three days ago, had been expected home tast night, and was not even aware yet. "O course he knew that you were said, as she guided the newcomer along the familiar ferry place on to the big by steamer for Mill Valley. Cherry drew back to exclaim, to marvel, to exuit, at all the well-remembered sights and sounds and smells. "Market and is mell of leather and softeel And look—that's a cable-cart" (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

ressed in a shaft of moonlight; she never serious long. The May day they were picnicking in big forest. It was a day of spongy pness underfoot, sweet and wild breezes, blue of sky, and still cold be shade, if it was heavenly warm le sun. Alix, who was hot and pant-from the scrambling and slipping from the scrambling and slipping findil, hung on a bank, with her arm ked about a saplinn oak for sup-her hat slipped back and hanging lishly about her neck, and her al-y-brief tramping skirt displaying were unusual amount of sensibly ed leg.

n even unusual amount of sensibly oted leg. Below her Peter on the bank of the ream was gathering firewood. Shafts sunlight filtered through the arches the redwoods high above the creek, and fell here and there upon the busy prime to f the water. Presently sun-time turned the flames of the brush fire pink, a dense column of white smoke se fragrantly between the dark brown, try trunks. They had been talking doubtfully of a Tecent cevelopments of what Justin and Anne Little called with relish the rickland Will Case. Peter, who had reveral weeks been investigating the atter, with a despening conviction at it was a deuced awkward affsit, had pilled a most pleasant unlie as Airx of giving the

CONTINUED TOMORROW



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—She's Spending a Week at a Fashionable Lake Resort -:--:-WISH TO BUY THE PLACE. YOUR SOMETHING THERE YOU GOLLY, A BATH'S WITH BAWTH RATES ARE CRAZY!

