

By Sidney Smith

# The Woman Hater

By Ruby Ayres

**THIS STARTS THE STORY**  
 You years prior to the opening of the story, Miss Faverham suffered a great deal of love affair from which she emerged a woman hater. Her friend, Lattie Dundas, who was to be Faverham's old steady, was a lot of fun and a good heart. A lot of fun and a good heart. A lot of fun and a good heart.

There was a little silence. "I admire you for the sentiment," Faverham said. Then, with a touch of bitterness in his voice: "Even while I know his object to be undervaluing."

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**  
 "WHY?" she whispered; but in her excited heart she thought she knew. The past, as he had said, was not dead, and could not die. He still loved her—all that he had said and done that evening had meant nothing. He did not answer her question, unless his next words were an indirect answer.

"Are you going to marry Philip?" Her eyes had been raised to his, and she fell slowly. "No," she said, faintly. "Do you care for him?" Miles asked again. "Or is it just for his money?" But color dyed her cheeks. "How dare you say such a thing to me?" she said.

He laughed mirthlessly. "I have not known you all these years for nothing," he said. "Tranter is my friend, but I know he is not the sort of man you could care about—seriously."

There was a little silence. "You are very sure that you know the sort of man," she said. "He came closer and, stooping, laid his hand on her shoulder. "Look at me," he said.

She raised her brown eyes. "I don't know the sort of man you could care for," he asked. His voice was compelling and his eyes held hers as if by a magnet force. All her will seemed to have deserted her. As once she had been the most slighted of women, so now she could feel that he was bending her. He seemed to have stolen even her voice away, so that when she spoke it was only a faint whisper.

"Yes—you do know." Her heart seemed to be beating within her; in another moment she believed she would be kissing him. "Another moment and the last years would be wiped out by his kisses."

Miss Faverham moved a step away and his face was white. "Mrs. Dundas rose to her feet. She was trembling in every limb, and her eyes were like ashes. "I'm afraid we've been talking a great deal of nonsense," she began despondently. "Reminiscences are dangerous things, Mr. Faverham."

He laid a hand on either of her shoulders and looked down into her face. "You play with me once, ten years ago," he said deliberately. "Are you going to try to do it again?" "No—no—I thought I mean . . . what do you mean?" she faltered. "You are dining out with Philip tonight."

"You will dine with me instead." He looked up, startled and bewildered. "With you? Oh, what will he say?" "You will dine with me instead," Faverham repeated; "and after a moment she whispered: 'Yes—if you wish.'"

"You will not make any more engagements with him without my consent." "Oh—!" "He took her hands from her shoulders. If you would prefer the best of me, I will walk out of this room now and you need never see me again." He waited. "Well, am I to go?" "She tried to speak, but no words would come. Did she want him to go? She knew that she did. "I am going," said Faverham. "Am I to go?" "Now, almost mechanically, her hand she raised and touched his. "No," she whispered.

He had not touched her hand, and his eyes were quite cool and steady. "I am quite ready," she laughed nervously. "I hope you are not going to take me where we are at all likely to meet Philip," she said. "He called this morning, and I had to send him away."

"Did you see him?" "No." "I suppose you told him that you had a headache?" "She raised her brown eyes to his face. "How did you know?" "I have not forgotten that you generally sent me away—in the old days—with the same excuse."

She flushed from chin to brow. "You have an excellent memory," she said. "Yes—where you are concerned," he answered. "Well, shall we go?" "She drew back. "I am not sure that I care to lunch with you, after all."

Faverham half smiled. "Very well; but I must admit that I am hungry. So if you will not accompany me perhaps you will excuse me?" "The honey bee broods eyes filled with mortification. She was not used to such cavalier treatment. Had Philip Tranter ever dared to offend her in this one-half as much as this man had he should have been on his knees to her now for pardon."

But Faverham was smiling—unconcernedly. "She broke out into agitated speech. 'I don't understand you, Miles. Last night you ordered me to lunch with you today; and now today . . .'" She caught her breath with a little sound like a sob. "You don't seem to care whether I lunch with you or not," she added, in a whisper. "I think it was you who said you did not care to lunch with me," he reminded her.

Their eyes met. "Shall we go?" he asked again; and without a word she followed him. He had a taxi waiting at the door, and she gave a little stifled exclamation when she heard the direction he gave to the driver. "Not to Marmion's. Philip is sure to be there. Or, surely we can have lunch somewhere else?"

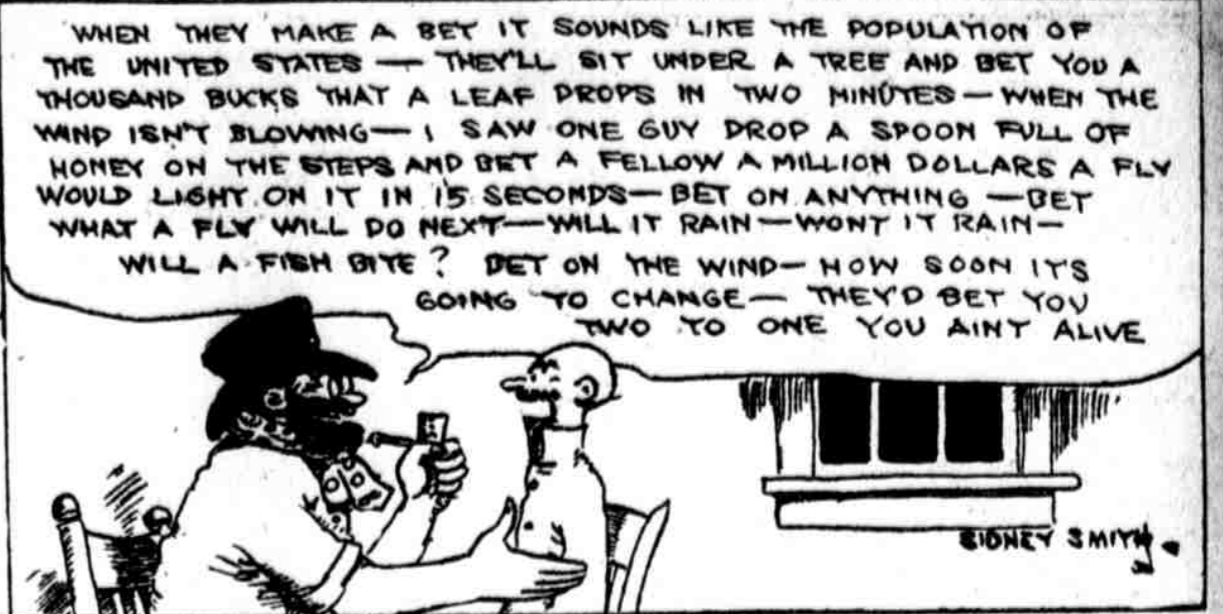
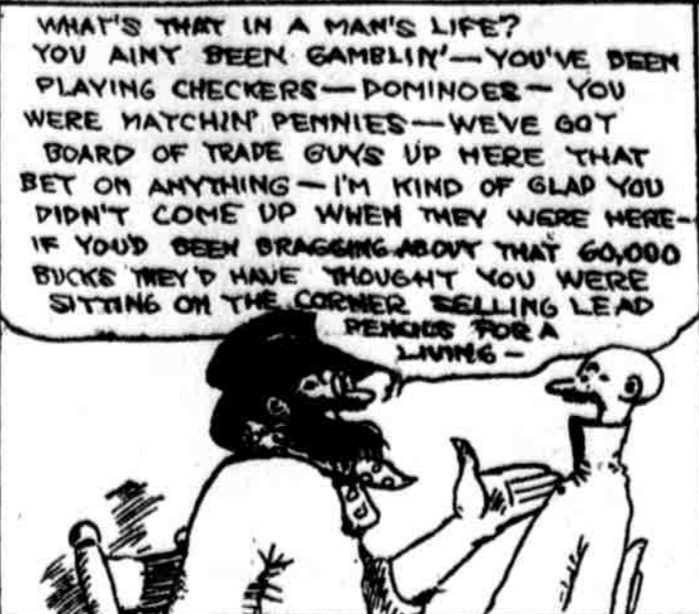
Faverham got in beside her and shut the door. "I have no objection to Philip knowing that we are luncheoning together," he said, impartially. "She looked at him with frightened eyes. "He will know that I told him a lie this morning," she murmured. "Faverham smiled, looking at her. "It is probably not the first of its kind?" he submitted.

Her lips quivered sensitively. "That is not very polite," she objected, faintly. "I am sorry. I am afraid I am not a lady's man."

He jerked the window down, letting in the fresh morning air. "And you must not forget that you have yourself to thank," he added. "What do you mean?" she asked. "He did not answer at once. "When he said, mechanically: 'I was never a woman hater till you threw me over.'"

A little gleam of triumph shot into her eyes. "There are not many men as faithful as you have been," she said, softly. "Faverham laughed, not very mirthfully. "I believe I once told you that if I did not marry you I should never marry all," he said.

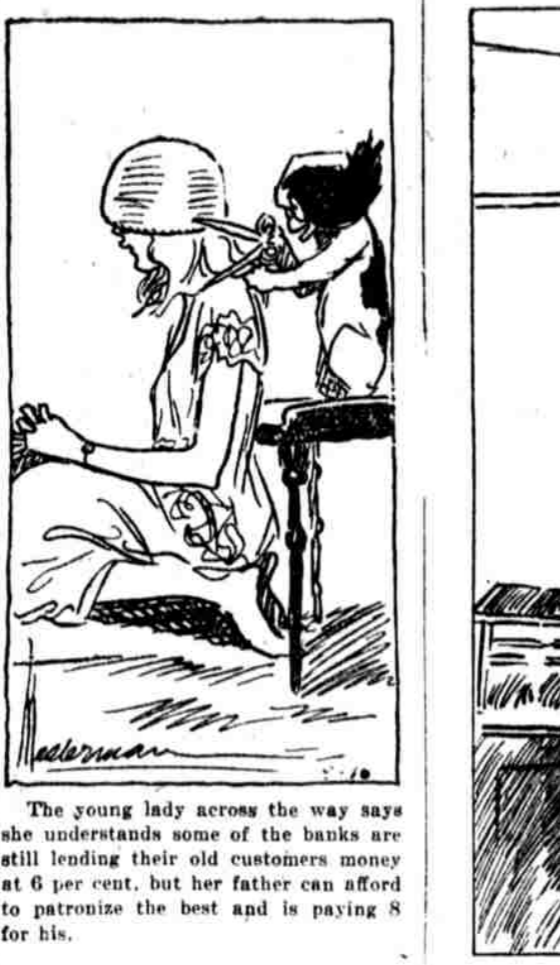
## THE GUMPS—Andy Is Still a Piker



## PETEY—It's a Skin, Any Way



## The Young Lady Across the Way



## THE POWERFUL KATRINKA



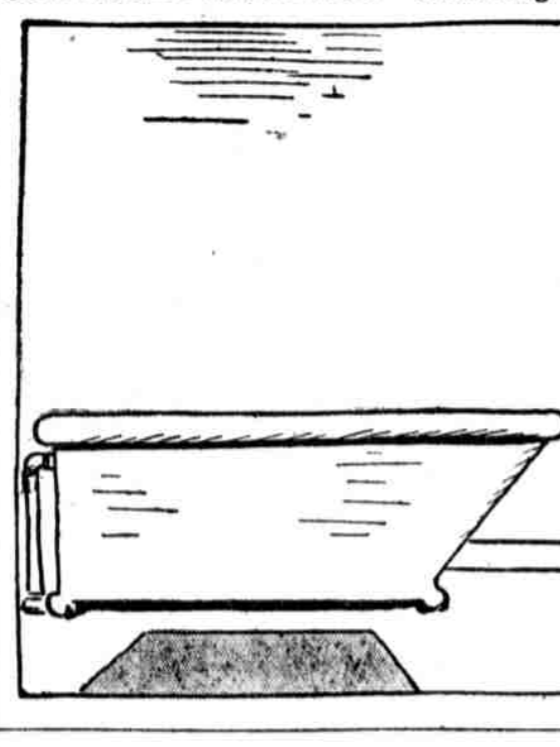
## SCHOOL DAYS



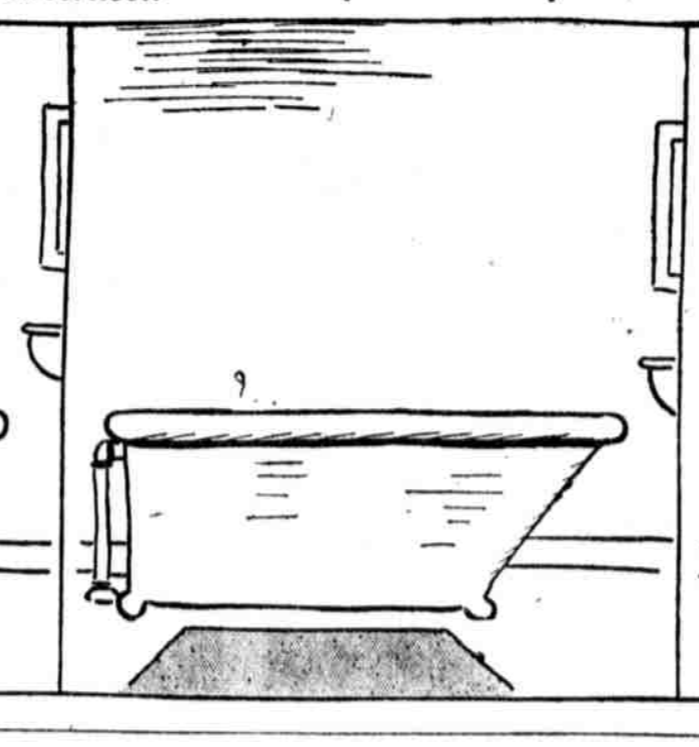
## THE TURNED WORM



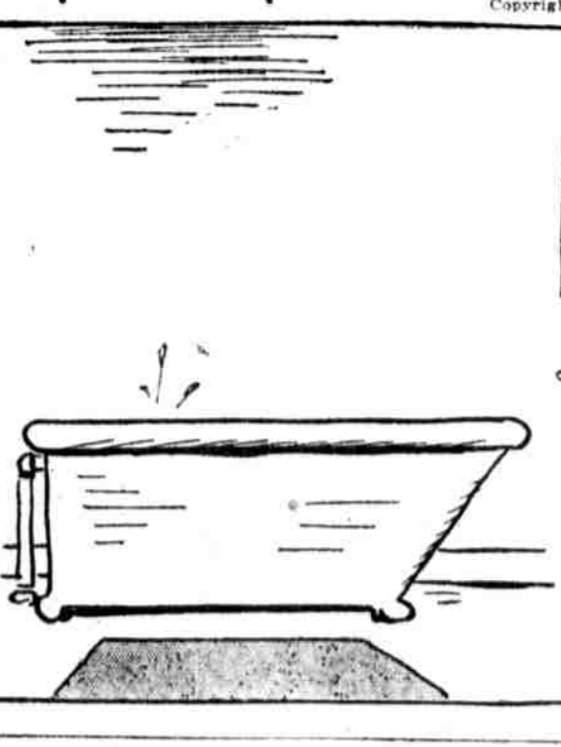
## SOMEBODY'S STENOGR—Saturday Afternoon



## "CAP" STUBBS—And He Did It, Too!



## By Edwina



## By Edwina



(CONTINUED MONDAY)