HELLO DUCHESS

By Ruby Ayres

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Ten years prior to the opening of the story, Miles Faversham sufered a disappointment in love from which he emerged a woman hater. His friend, Tranter, is in love with a brounder, who proves to be Faversham's eld sweethear! A lot of unkind things are said about her, but are not verified. Mrs. Tranter, Philip's mother, implores Miles to prevent the maringle Miles to prevent the maringle Miles calls on Parry, a club friend, and they wager together that paversham will prevent Philip from marrying Mrs. Dundes. Miles calls on Lalle and is incredulous when she tells him that she still loves him. He leads her on usell she dislikes Tranter; and he delights in his vengeance. Tranter and Faversham have some alterection regarding Mrs. Dundes. She breaks an engagement with Tranter to linch with Faversham have some altereation regarding Mrs. Dundes. She breaks an engagement with Tranter to linch with Faversham; and in the cafe Parry looks on with amazement. Parry meets Tranter tries to force a confession from Lallie, but she grows energy and evasive, and her eyes teender round the room trying to avoid his; but at last, as if against their will, they are drawn back to his continued. THIS STARTS THE STORY

confession, from Loille, but she gives a saying and coastes, and present prices that an iron for the mean hard in last, as if gainest their they are drawn back to Medician float. The control of the was had been thrust into the fire will, they are drawn back to Medician float. The control of the mean that—I mean that—I mean the mean it and the mean that—I mean it and the mean that—I mean it alone the mean that—I mean the indicate float mean that—I mean the indicate float mean that—I mean the indicate of the the mean that—I mean the indicate of the indic

"Don't do or say anything ridiculous when you see Mr. Faversham." "Is it likely!" He was quite happy

"Don't do or say anything ridiculous when you see Mr. Faversham."
"Is it likely!" He was quite happy again. It was pathetic that she could so easily luil his suspicions to rest. It was a most natural expianation, he thought she had only tried to propitists Faversham for his sake.

It was not faversham's place to go round to her apartment so late at night as he had done, anyway. He should certainly tell him about it.

It was strange, too, that Faversham, a confirmed and avowed woman hater, should so soon have swerved from his obstituate opinion of Mrs. Dundas. "Is that you, Miles?" "Yes. I am coming round to see you. Shall you be in in half an hour?" There was astrange, too, that Faversham him had been well enough to go out with his friend?

Surely it would have been the most simple thing in the world to have to bave saked him to jein them.

The night seemed sudCenly alive with appelon and doubt. He hastened his reformed was there, and went back to Faversham's first words were:

"Any and went back to Faversham's only it would have been here. Come his knock Faversham himself opened the door.

There was a light in the window that overloaked the street, showing that some one was there. In answer to his knock Faversham himself opened the door.

There was a moment of silence; then bille and casually. "You, is it? Greyson told me you had been here. Come his irred."

Tanter did not he war, did not even hear. Now he was with Faversham something seemed to tell him that his supplicions were unworthy. This man was his friend. "" "In much obliged how the had only the paused." She tells me she went out to lond, with you today." He cleared him to the come of the come had not even hear. Now he was with Faversham was his friend. "" "The bood five to her cheeks and her year, did not even hear. Now he was with Faversham and point of you. Lallie was pleased, Faversham how had not see Lallie. "" "The bood five to her cheeks and her year, did not even hear. On the point of the paused." She tells me she went out lond, the paused. "Sh

Faversham had picked up a paper from the table. He did not raise his cyes from it, but a close observer might have seen a little flicker of something like pain that crossed his face.

You've nothing to thank me for," he said, rather shortly.

'Oh, but I have," Tranter insisted. He was feeling very light-hearted. He was feeling very light-hearted. He was by nature mercurial.

'I think it was jolly decent of youafter all you've said. I hope it means that things are going to be as I've always wanted them. I mean that you and my wife are to be good friends." He waited.

Miles cleared his throat.

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Miles cleared his throat.

Did Mrs. Dundas say that?" Miles asked quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"That she and I were to be good friends, as she is to marry you."

Tranter laughed nervously.

"Well, no, she didn't say that exactly. Now I come to think of it, she didn't say much at all." He looked appealingly at his friend's inscrutable face. "She was much at all." He looked appealingly at his friend's inscrutable face. "She was well, the fact is, she was annoyed with me because I was angry about it. To tell you the truth, I was a bit jeal-ous. But it's all right now she's explained things."

Faversham threw the paper down on to the table.

"What things?" he demanded tersely. Tranter flushed nervously. He wondered why he felt so ill at ease. It seemed absurd. He and Faversham had been like brothers for years. "Why, about last night," he said awkwardly. Ringing you up, and se forth. She said that she always knew you disliked the idea of her marrying me, and so-womanlike—she was anxious to try to convince you that she was not what you hought her to be."

The eyes of the two men met.

"So that's what she told you, did she." said Faversham evenly.

There was a deep frown between his eyes as he looked steadily at his friend. And so you did ma the honor to be leabus of me." he said again.

Tranter laughed self-considously.

"Ide—yes. Tim allowed."

But, well " " when you care about some one " I ought to have remembered that there len't a woman in the world you'd cross the road to see."

"Yes, you might as well have remembered that," said Faversham dryly.

Something in the tone of his voice arrested Tranter, He looked up quickly and he took a step forward.

"And even—Lallie—is not an exception to that?" he asked rather breathlessly.

"Even 'Lallid,' as you call her, is no exception, I promise you," he said.

So far, as our story approaches the end.

Which do you pity the most of us three? My friend or the mistress of my friend.

When Tranter had gone Miles paced the room restlessly till midnight. The whole affair had suddenly become intensely distrasteful to him. He hated anything mean and underhand, and the evening had shown him his actions in a sens too pleasant light.

He had been a quixotic fool ever to undertake to deal with the situation. For the moment he forgot that an iron of his own had been thrust into the fire, and remembered only that Mrs. Tranter had urged him to prevent Phillip's marriage.

Philip, was his friend, and Philip trusted him strusted him to mean had been the sense had philip trusted him to mean to be sense to the prevent Philip's marriage.

casually. He put down the paper he was reading and strolled acros to the re-ceiver.

he know he had only himself to thank for it.

"I don't know what you said to him yesterday," he began with an effort. "Or, rather—I do know, for he told me. You led him to believe that you lunched with me yesterday as an offering of friend-ship, for his sake. That is not the truth, is it?"

Faversham came back to where she stood.

"You made a fool of me once," he safd very quietly. "You are mistaken if you think I shall allow you to repeat the experiment."

She looked up at him. pale to her lips. "What do you mean!"

"You know perfectly well I came here two nights ago because you sent for me, and for no other reason. If you sent for me in order to play the old game, you are wasting your time."

She caught her volce on a sob.

are wasting your time."
She caught her voice on a sob.
"Oh, how dare you? I wish I had
never seen you."
Faversham turned to the door.
"That is easily remedled," he said.
"You need never see me again."
She ist him go out into the little hall.
She stood listening to his departing
footsteps, her hands tightly clasped, her
whole attitude one of strained attention. Then suddenly she moved; she
flew after him and called his name.
"Miles—Come back!"
Faversham stopped. He smiled with

"Miles—Come back!"
Faversham stopped. He smiled with faint irony as he looked at her.
"I think it is useless my staying now. You had better think things over and let me know what you decide."
"Decide? What do you mean?"
"I mean that you must choose between me and Philip. I am not playing second fiddle to any one."
"Not in so many words, perhaps." He waited a moment. "Good-by." he said, and went out.

waited a moment. "Good-by," he said, and went out. Mrs. Dundas went back to the draw-ing room. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright with nervous excite-ment.

(CONTINUED 5

WELL PUESY FOOT - THIS IS THE OUT HERE YOU CAM EAT CORN BEEF AND CABBAGE LIFE ISN'T IT? OUT HERE UNDER for breakfaby - You don't have to get YOURSELF & LITTLE PIECE OF GRAPE FRUT- A TOASTED CRACKER AND A HALF A CUP OF WEAK TEA- THEM WALK AROUND FOR THREE THE BLUE BKY- BREATHING THAT UNADULTERATED AIR- HEALTH IN EVERY BREATH OF IT - NO GERM EVER GOT OFF THE TRAIN HERE-THEY HOURS REGRETTING IT-GO RIGHT THROUGH - THEY COULDN'T

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CITY LIFE? IF YOU EVER GOT BUZZARD - AND I'M GOING TO TELL YOU RIGHT HOW OLD FOLIAGE PACE I'D RATHER DE IN YOUN PALLING WITH A LOT OF GERME THAN OUT HERE HAVING MORQUITOES PUEM HE OPF A CHAIR - AND I'LL TELL YOU L SOMETHING ELSE -- I'VE GOT HOTHING AGAINST A PORCELAIM BATH TUB AND A HICE
CLEAN BATH TOWEL A HICE HOTH DON'T MAKE HE
HAD STHER CIDNEY

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The High Cost of Living

NO IT'S NOT YOU,

By Hayward Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. DO THAT - LOOK AT THE PRICE CALVES BRAINS BRINGS AT THE MEAT STORES!

IMPUDENT LATELY - GOLLY WE GET ALONG WOULD YER LIKE IF HE DON'T WATCH HIS FINE - ITS TO TAKE A RIDE IN ME ROLL'S ROYCE? STEP ILL GIVE HIM A THE BOSS -SO WOULD I ! PIECE OF MY MIND! WHAT MAKES YER MAP WRINKLED ? NOT MAD AT ME ARE YER ?

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says the boy or girl who will not tell a lie is in little danger of going wrong in other ways and every child should be taught absolute truancy under all circumstances.

By FONTAINE FOX 4 HOW WUZ I TO KNOW WHEN THET BACK PLAT-FORM FELL OFF ! I RIDE ON THE FRONT END OF THE THE BACK PLATFORM FELL OFF AGAIN LAST WEEK AND THE SKIPPER CAME SERENLY UP TO THE DEPOT

HE'S GETTING MIGHTY

SCHOOL DAYS OVER THE BOTTOM

A-E-HAYWARD - 14

PETEY-He's No Match for Anybody Now



WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT WAS GONE!



By C. A. Voight - SURE - I PUT IT THERE - I OWN THAT MILL -THAW I TAHW IS A MATCH! ANGE

"CAP" STUBBS—Gran'ma Has no Consideration

