

The Woman Hater

By Ruby Ayres

THIS STARTS THE STORY
Ten years prior to the opening of the play, Miss Faverham suffered from a love affair from which she emerged a woman hater. Her friend, Phillip, who is now a widower, and Lillie, who is now a widow, are not very far from the same state of mind. Lillie, who is now a widow, is not very far from the same state of mind. Lillie, who is now a widow, is not very far from the same state of mind.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
WHAT did he mean? She could not understand him at all. For the first time in her life she had met her master. The old rules of the game which she had never known to fall were useless now. She paced up and down the room, trying to steady her nerves. "I will not be mastered by him," she told herself. "Why should I? I will show him that I will not be mastered."

She went into her bedroom and dressed for her appointment with Tranter; but when she was ready to go she stopped at and looked around her in a miserable indecision. She was not going to enjoy this lunch. She did not wish to go. The mere thought of Tranter irritated her. She was sick to death of his devotion. As she was trying to make up her mind to telephone him not to come, he rang the bell. Her old defiance returned. "Why shouldn't I go?" she asked herself. "I will show Miles that he cannot order my life so soon."

Tranter was all solicitude. His anxiety irritated her. "There is nothing the matter with me—nothing," she said, sharply. "I do wish you would leave me alone." She saw the hurt expression of his eyes and momentary remorse touched her. "Get a headache, I know I'm cross. Forgive me." She fell back on the old excuse.

"But you were still angry with me about yesterday," he said, humbly. "I shall never forgive myself. I want to see you tonight, and he laughed at me for a jealous fool. I suppose I ought to have known better. There is no woman in the world Miles would give a serious thought to—may be forgiven," he added, light-heartedly, looking at her.

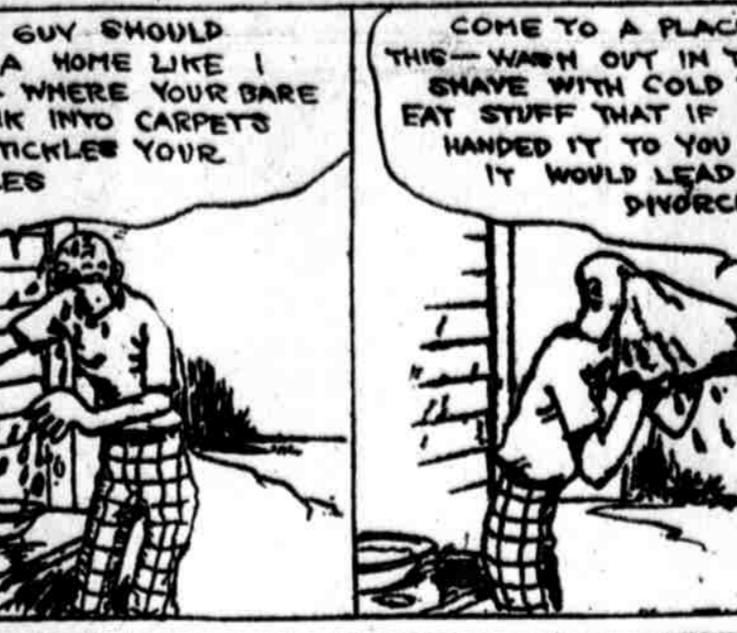
"You raised your eyes quickly and let them fall again. He is not so polite. Did he tell you that last night?" "Not in so many words of course. He's a confirmed woman hater. Mrs. Dundas sat very still, her hands clasped forlornly in her lap. So he cared nothing for her! Or was that only what he had told Phillip? She felt as if her heart was on fire with misery. She had been a fool to defy him. A fool to come here when he had asked her to break the appointment. He was a man with whom she could play; whose even she had lost him by her defiance that morning. Tranter went on talking, blissfully unconscious of her agitation. "I'm glad that you and Miles are going to be friends. It's a stopping short of the plan. It's only a hitch, you know, and a woman is responsible for that, as I told you."

THE GUMPS—Oh, for Hot Water Out of a Tap!

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WATER— WHY DON'T SOMEBODY PUT SOME HARD STUFF IN IT— A FLOCK OF FLINT OR SOMETHING— JUST LIKE THROWING A HANDFUL OF ROCKS IN YOUR FACE—



AND A GUY SHOULD LEAVE A HOME LIKE I HAVE— WHERE YOUR BARE FEET SINK INTO CARPETS TILL IT TICKLES YOUR KNEES



COME TO A PLACE LIKE THIS— WASH OUT IN THE YARD— SHAVE WITH COLD WATER— EAT STUFF THAT IF THEY HANDED IT TO YOU AT HOME IT WOULD LEAD TO A DIVORCE

By Sidney Smith

SIDNEY SMITH

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Besides, Look at the Interest You Get in a Bank

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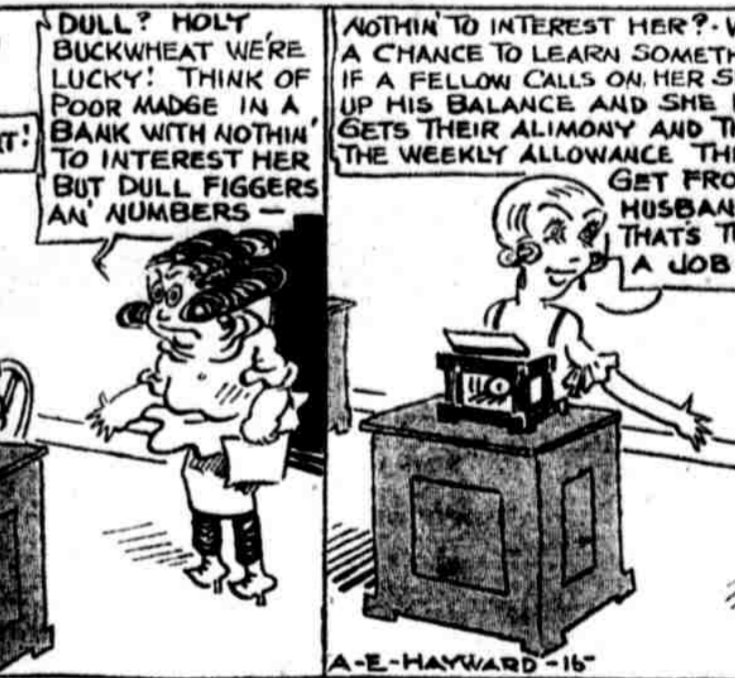
By Hayward



WHY MADGE I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR MONTHS. GOT A JOB IN A COUNTRY TOWN?



NO, TYPIN' STILL—I GOT A JOB IN A COUNTRY TOWN.



MARY, I MET MADGE MIDDLESPUD TODAY. SHE SURE HAS STEPPED ON THE GAS! SHE'S WORKIN' IN A LITTLE COUNTRY BANK NOW! SHE SURE GOT ALONG.

A-E-HAYWARD-15

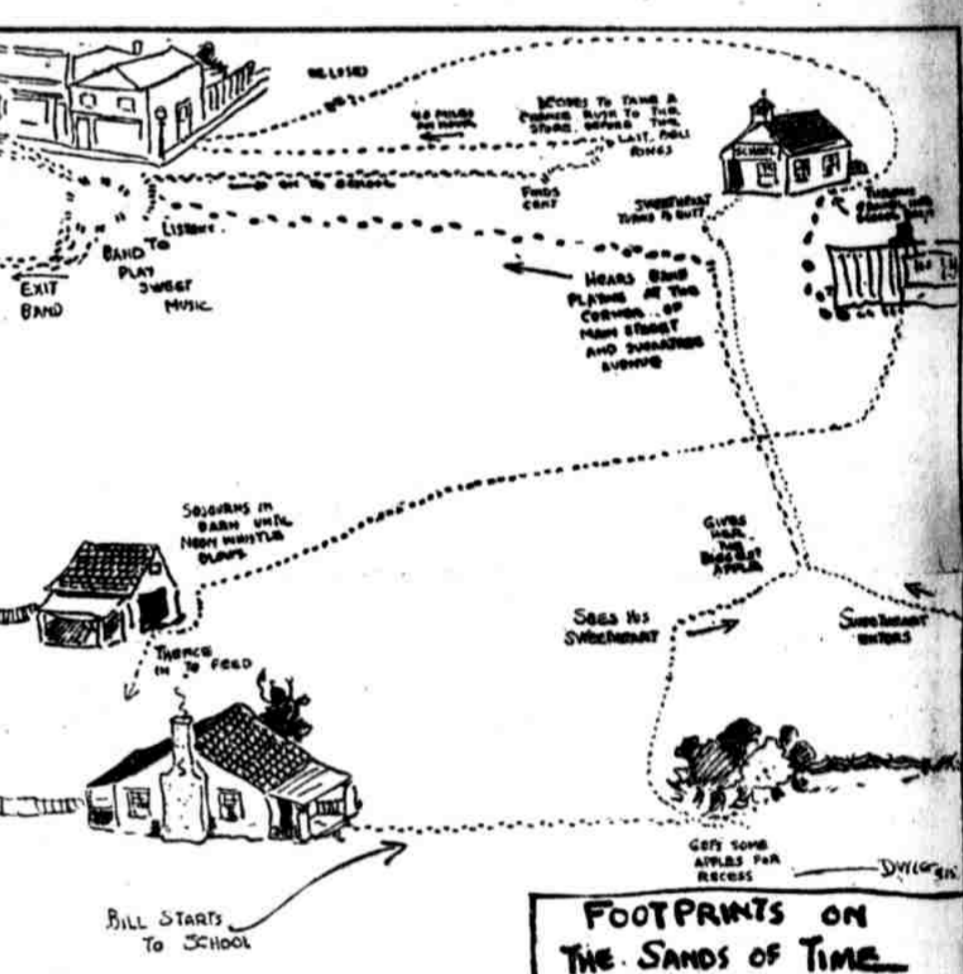
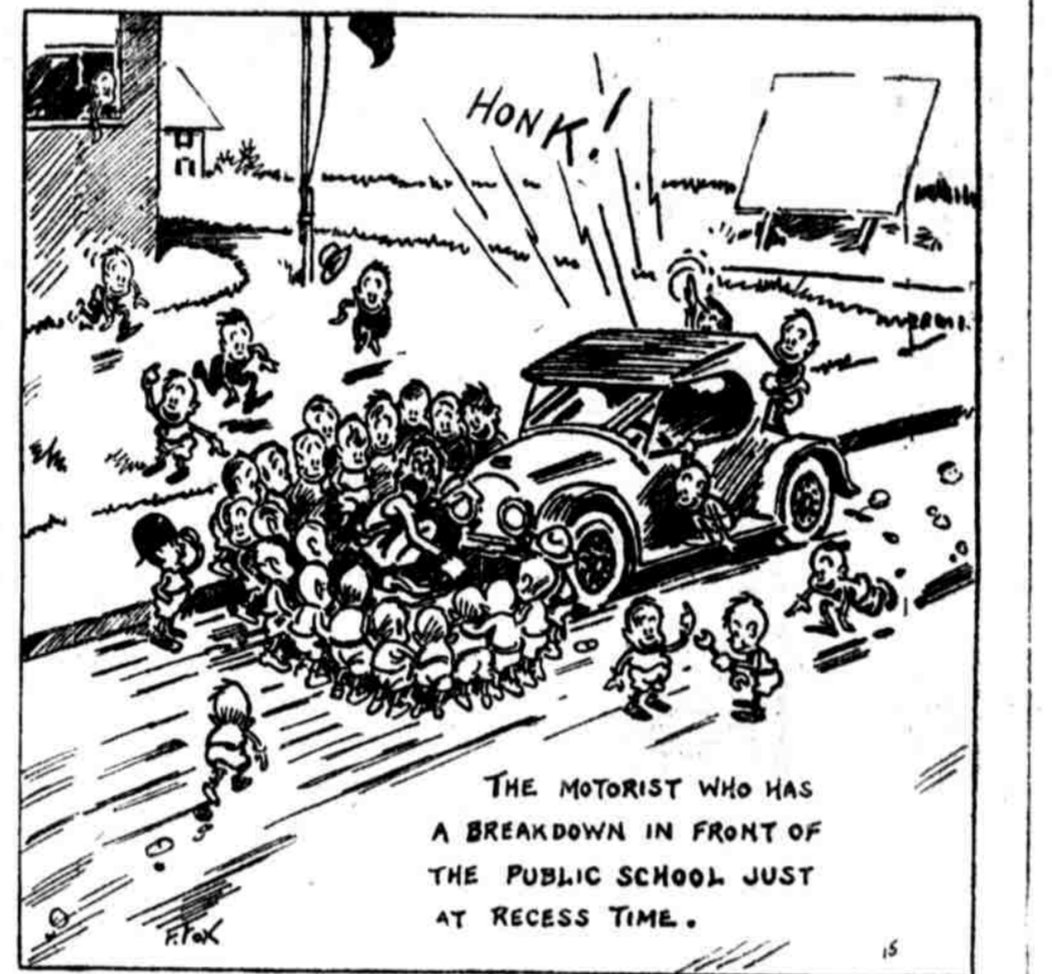
The Young Lady Across the Way

PATHETIC FIGURES

By Fontaine Fox

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



The young lady across the way says automobile driving within the city limits must be stopped and any one who shows the slightest symptom of racial movement should be promptly arrested.

THE MOTORIST WHO HAS A BREAKDOWN IN FRONT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL JUST AT RECESS TIME.

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME

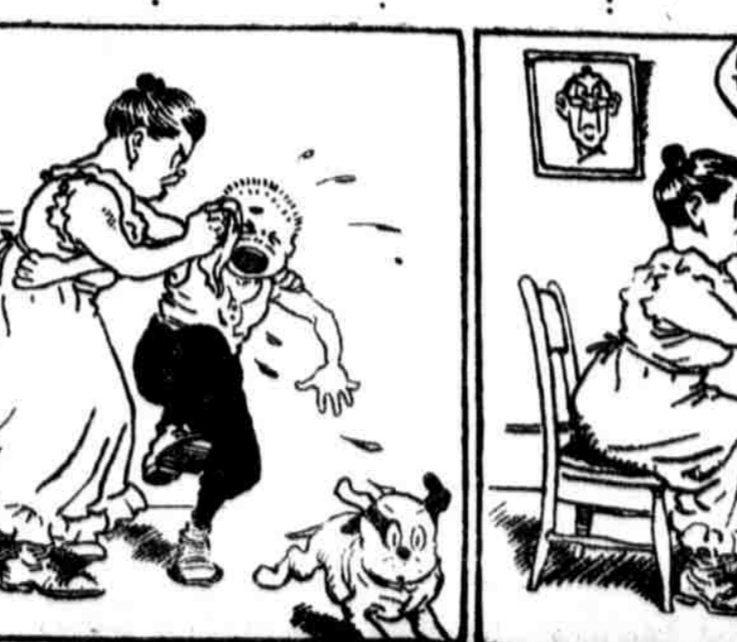
PETEY—That's Right, He's Wrong

By C. A. Volght



By Edwina

"CAP" STUBBS—What Makes Her So Slow?



EDWINA