The Woman Hater

By Ruby Ayres

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AND THERE IT CONTINUES "HE told 90. E told fou why I hated them, too,

"And you laughed, of course?"

She flushed distressfully. "If I did, it was the other me that aughed-not the me that loves you." The humility of her voice made him wince. Utterly charming as he found her in her softened moud, he would have preferred her to be gay and imperious, as he had known her in the past. It would have placed things on such a much fairer footing. As it was, his whole soul revolted against the inequality of the situation.

They went down to the long strip of sanda. The tide was some way out and little pools of green, clear water were left in deep hellows round the rocks, with long seaweed floating in them, like a woman's hair.

The air was fresh and keen and brought a color to Laille's face. Suddesly she threw her serious mood aside. She caught Paversham's hand.

"Run! You simply must! No? On, Miles, you're not as old as all that! Very well; then, I shall run alone." And she sped away, leaving little footprints like a child's behind her in the smooth, wet sand. rince. Utterly charming as he found

prints like a child's behind her in the smooth, wet said.

Faversham watched her ruefully. He walked half a dozen paces with slow dignity. Then her ringing laugh, coming back to him on the breeze, proved too infections. He dashed after her, caught her close to the edge of the sea and held her fast.

They were shoth rather, breathless.

You'll find it doesn't pay to run away from me." he said; and then stopped, realising the import of his words.

But Mrs. Dundas laughed happily.

Without a cause?" Faversham asked unemotionally.

She raised not eyes to his.
"It was not my fault. I never liked Join Masterman and I had no idea he cared about me till—till he asked me to so away with him." Her eyes fell before Faversham's steady gase.

Well—well, perhaps I was to blame—a little," she admitted, half in a whisper.

They walked some way in silence.

They walked some way in silence.

To you hate me very much?" she submitted presently with a sob.

Faversham stood still. He took off his hat and, facing the sea, let the fresh breezs blow on his face and forchead.

"At least I've been honest," she said falteringly. "I wanted you to know sverything about me. I didn't want to hide anything. If you like to ask me any questions, Miles, I will answer them, I were them any questions, Miles, I will answer them.

Faversham shook his head. He could not understand the faint jealousy in his heart

CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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When he was so confident that he did not

in the direction from which they had come.

Faversham looked round hurriedly,

"By Jove! Come along. We shall have to run."

He caught her hand and they sped along together back to the feet of the cliffs, against which every incoming wave now swirled.

"Another five minutes and history would have repeated itself rather forcibly," Miles said. He looked down at the girl beside him. "I shall have to carry you, unless you want to get your skirts and boots saturated."

He did not wait for an answer, but swung her up into his arms, waited for the water to recede a little, then ran for it.

He set her down again, flushed and laughing.

He set her down again, flushed and laughing.

"That's what comes of a woman telling the story of her past life," he said. half-mockingly, half in earnest.

The tears filled her eyes.

"You're laughing at me," she said.

"You wouldn't—if you know how it hurt to have to tell you at all; and there's so much more, ever so much more."

there's so much more, ever so much more."

"I think I'l take the rest for granted," said Miles rather grimly. "Any more, and I shall feel bound to return the compliment and take a seat on the stool of confession myself." He met her eyes. "One thing I promise you," he added. "There would be no woman in it."

They returned to the cottage almost silently.

"Are you going back to town tonight?" she asked wistfully.

Miles healtated
"I don't know. I told Greyson to wire me."

me."
"To wire you—what for?"
"If there was any need to return."
He did not tell her that he had left instructions with Greyson to try to find out what had become of Philip and to wire him the result. A telegram came as they were lunching.
Miles opened it eagerly. "No news at all.

Lallie and the maid were both watch-Lallie and the maid were both watching him interestedly.

"Ifave you got to go?" Lallie asked, trying to speak casually.

Faversham screwed up the paper and flung it into the fire.

"No. I shall not go today," he answered, and wondered why Lester looked at him so oddly as she went out of the room.

And I-tohat I seem to my friend, you What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess.
What I seem to myself, do you ask of me!
No hero, I confess.

and held her fast.

They were both rather, breathiess.

The next three days sped away on lightning feet. The weather seemed to have changed in the most astonishing fashion, and was warm and sunny.

Faversham and Mrs. Dundas walked miles along by the sea and inland through the lanes, where already the trees and hedges were shooting with little fat spring buds.

Every morning when Faversham appeared at her cottage, Mrs. Dundas asked him, half-anxiously, half in fun:

"And each day Faversham laughed and shook his head "Not today." But he was rather concerned because there was no news of Tranter, and a letter from Mrs. Tranter, which had been seat on to him by Greyson, increased his anxiety.

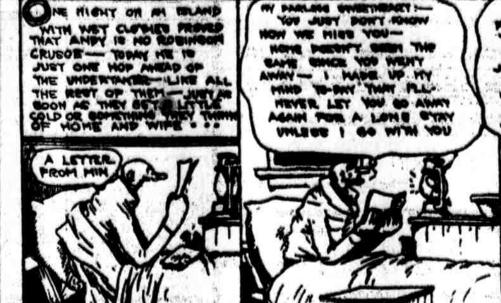
"Why have you taken it off?" he asked curtly.

She gave a swift upward glance at his set face.

"I never really had the right to wear."

printer out a series in a section. She work in which had been sent on to him by drey; now whethy have you taken it off!" he she gar a series to war a series to war a series and the section of the secti

THE GUMPS—Home, James, I'm Through



THATTE CHEBACK IS CELEMO MICHAL TOHEROME HOR TOO AND HE'S GO CUTE - HE PUTE HOME TALL HE TALK ABOUT IS SALES SACIONE DESCRIPTIONS OF SACRET AND SAC



By FONTAINE POX



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Schoolday Memories

JUST THEM HE SLIPPED! HE DIDN'T PUT HIS TONGUE OUT AGAIN FOR A WEEK! OH GEE IT'S PIERCE T-TO BE GETTIN OLD AND GEOGRAPHY! GOLLY - BOUND SETTIN HEAVY ON YOU MISSISSIPPI - MISSISSIPPI IS BOUNDED AN YOUTH GONE AN' ON THE WORTH BY-AINT MEMORY A-MOTHING T-TO D-D-DO B-B-BUT

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ON THE PANILY TENNIS COURT

WITH IT AT RECESS! ONE DAY HE STUCK

GOLLY, THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS!

TREMEMBER TO GET AN APPLE THE

The Young Lady Across the Way

SCHOOL DAYS!

GEE - ID GIVE A

MILLION TO HAVE



The young lady across the way says her father is far too honorable a man to think of breaking any law, no matter what he thinks of it, and as soon as it was decided to limit campaign contributions to \$1000 each he fell into the spirit of the thing and gave most of his in the names of his clerks, stenographers and office boys.

BUT MOTHER! THEY'RE DELIBERATELY PROLONGING THE SET! - HAROLD AND I WONT CET TO PLAY AT ALL IF YOU DON'T DRIVE 'EM TH' GAME SCORE MOTHER TOLD THE TWINS THEY COULD FINISH THE SET

AND THEN THEY MUST GIVE UP THE COURT TO SISTER CLARA AND HER BEAU. SCHOOL DAYS

PETEY-Self-Defense

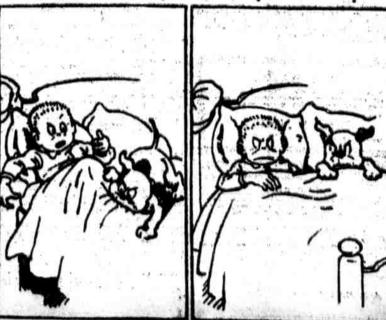






"CAP" STUBBS—Amiably Arranged









By Edicina