## The Woman Hater

By Ruby Ayres

THIS STARTS THE STORY

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Ten years prior to the opening of the story Miles Favorsham suffered a disappointment in a love affair from which he emerged a woman hater. His riend. Tranter, is in love with Lallic friend. Tranter, is in love with Lallic friend. Tranter, is in love with Lallic friend. Tranter, the friend friend is the favorsham's old sweetheart. Mre. Tranter, Philip's end we was a failed to prevent the marriage. Miles and Parry, a club friend, wager together that Favorsham will prevent Philip from marrying thrs. Dundas. Miles calls on Lallic and she telis him she still loves him. He leads her on until she dislikes franter; and he delights in his vengence. She breaks an engagement with Favorsham franter to lunch with Favorsham franter to lunch with favorsham for seeing Mrs. Dundas and Favorsham in the cafe. Philip—unkeppy—seeks out Lallic, but she putshim of and then phones to Favorsham tells her she must choose between him and Philip, Again she tells Favorsham tells her she must choose between him and Philip, Again she tells Favorsham that she loves him. He expresses the wish that she leave New York. She goes to the liftle seashore hamlet where they spent so many happy hours together years ago. And prior to leaving she writes Philip that she cannot mary him. He learns that Favorsham was at the station with her in the early morning and frontivally searches for him. Favorsham, jearing Philip in a jealous rage will go after Lallic and cause trouble, starts for the seashore. His valet telephones him to return to town at once. Lallie sees him of on the train and when returning home she encounters Philip. A scene ensues, and he tells her of the still bet Favorsham means and when returning home she encounters Philip. A scene ensues, and he tells her of the still bet Favorsham means have to learn that Philip has cone to the seashore. Next morning and harries back, but Lallie and Philip kove met. He is told by the maid that that she looks out at the angry sea."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES TOR your own sake, if you know any more, you'd better tell me," he said hickly "If anything has happened to

se, I don't care."

Greyson followed at his feels. They ent to the station and made inquiries, et nobody who in the least answered either Tranter's description or Lallie's ad left the village. "I know the lady well. I should have

eer her if she'd gone," the master of seen her if she'd gone," the master of the small station assured him. He was looking at Faversham's white face. "Nothing wrong, I hope, sir?"
"Yes," said Miles hoarsely. "There is, Mrs. Dundas hasn't been home all night."
It was getting dusk very quickly now, and if there was to be a search made, Miles knew that every one in the village must soon hear of it.

A youth who had been hanging around listening cance up to them.

A youth who had been hanging around listening came up to them.

"If it's the lady from the cottage you're asking about," he volunteered rather awkwardly, "I see her last evening, going down toward the sea; running she was—"

Miles turned.

"Was she alone?"

The youth nodded sheepishly.

"For all I see she was," he said.

"You are sure—sure that it was Mrs.
Dundas."

hous?"
Lie youth nodded again.
Sure." he said. "She was wearing that
le white woolly coat of hers. I see her

Miles turned away. He knew that little woolly coat, too; she looked almost a child in it.

There was a moment's silence.
"If the lady had got cut off by the man she'd have come home all right this morning." the youth said again, anxiously. He was a great admirer of Lallie's, and it disturbed him to thank that anything might have happened to her. hing might have happened to her. time was it when you saw

her" Miles asked.

And Greyson hardly recognized his master's voice. It sounded so old and

master's voice. It sounded so old and cracked. The youth considered. The youth considered. "It would be about half-past seven," he said at last. "It was coming back from the parson's. I'd been up there with a parcel that came in on the 6:40 train. I'es—'twould be about half-past seven." Greyson spoke for the first time. "It would be as well to search the shore, wouldn't it, sir?" he asked diffidently. "If—If anything has happened—perhaps the lady may have hurt herself and cannot walk."

A gleam of hope sprang into Faversham's haggard face. Why had he not thought of such a thing before? He answered eagerly: "Yes—it might be that. There's time hefore it gets too dark." He looked at the station officials. "If you know any one who will join us I shall be willing to pay anything—anything."

The youth, it appeared, knew quite a number of people who would be willing to assist. Miles left him to collect them, and went off with Greyson down to the shore.

The tide was coming in, so a fisherman told them. He looked up at the low-gring sky and voiced the opinion that it.

The tide was coming in, so a fisherman told them. He looked up at the lowering sky and voiced the opinion that it was going to be a rough night. Miles told him what had happened. "A friend of mine—a lady—has not been home all night. She was seen yesterday evening coming toward the thore." He stopped and went on again with an effort. "She may—she may have met with an accident—you know the with an effort. "She may—she may have met with an accident—you know the coast Aro there any rocks—any place where she might have wandered and not be able to get back?"

The man considered, scratching his chin irritatingly

"There's Mail's bay," he said at last. But it's a good way from here. There's hasty rocks there—only last summer a young lady fell and broke her ankle, and by there till morning afore she was

asty rocas for and broke as young lady fell and broke as lay there till morning afore she was lay there till morning afore she was found."

He looked at Faversham and seemed to appreciate dimly something of his agony of mind, for he added more sympathetically that he would go and show the contract of the state of th

"Hurry man, then—hurry." Faversham said hoarsely.
They set off together along the sands; the wind blew in their faces and seemed to try to beat them back. Faversham wondered dully if it had ever before grown dark so guickly.
The fading daylight seemed to be an all-conquering enemy that was bent on destroying him. He set his teeth hard as he struggled on. He felt as if he were in the grip of a nightmare. Surely it could not be really happening—this hor-libb search—this hopeless search.
At the jutting foot of the cliff where he and Mrs. Dundas had been almost cut off by the tide a week ago the sea was nearly up, one wave wet their feet as they passed and the received. set as they passed, and the next raced as if hoping to catch and

aw them hack.
The fisherman looked at Miles.
There's a way up the cliff in Mail's sy, he said laconically. "We won't be ble to get back this way." He glanced saward again. "We're going to have some rough weather," he said prophetically.

Paversham strode on shead; he kept Faversham strode on shead; he kept slose to the cliff, searching the rocks—for what he dared not ask himself! Now and then he stepped back and gazed upward at the cliff above him, scanning its sheer face for some possible leage where a man or woman could cling, or to which they might have fallen from above.

His mind was numbed with agony.

This was his fault. He had brought the upon himself; but for him the man and woman for whom he sought now would have been safe and happy today, thatead of—God alone knew where:

The an awkward thing to what with souls. his an awkward thing to play with souls. and matter enough to save one's own.

The words floated through his mind subiden; a poignant reproach. Where were they, these two whom he had been the words? The woman who had been the stag great factor in his life and the man who had been his friend? A dark mass lying a little way ahead

## ANOTHER RUBY AYRES STORY

Those who have read "The Woman Hater" won't need to be urged to read "The Second Honey-moon." They'll do it as a matter of course. And their faith will be justified.

## THE SECOND HONEYMOON

It is a story so full of human interest that the attention is held from start to finish. Don't fail to read the first in-

## On This Page Saturday

made him break into a run, but it was only a small boulder covered with dark, slimy seaweed, and for a moment Faversham stopped and turned his face to the sea, fighting for breath. The dread of what might have been almost sunccated him. He was white as death when the other two rejoined him, and his voice shook as he asked: "This Mail's bay—is it much further?"

"Nigh on a quarter of a mile" the

"Nigh on a quarter of a mile," the man answered.

"She would never have gone as far.
It's a wild-goose chase; it's waste of time." Faversham broke out hoarsely. But when the man stopped offendedly and suggested retracing their steps he snswered angrily that of course they must go on; what was the use of going back?

thickly. "If anything has happened to Mrs. Dundas, you shall pay for it; remember that."

She broke into a storm of violent tears. It was no fault of hers, she walled; her own opinion was that Mrs. Dundas had gone to New York with Mr. Tranter. She broke off, cowed by the passion in his syes.

Miles turned his back on her and walked out of the room. He pushed Greyson on one side and opened the door.

"I'm going out. Stay here or come with me, I don't care."

must go on; what was the use of going back?

"If the lady had been anywhere near the village I should have seen her to-day," the man said mollified. "I've been down on the shore since morning."

The darkness was deepening at every step, and with each moment the despair grew that crushed Faversham's heart. He would never see her again. They had said their good-by; how should he set through the rest of his life? How should he ever face Philip's mother? The thought of Mrs. Tranter was a fresh stab. She trusted him, and he had betrayed her trust by his desire for revenge, his cool deliberation.

Tis an awkward thing to play with souls—

"God! Oh. God!" said Faversham's heart. His hands were clenched in his coat pockets, the nails cutting deeply into their palms. The loose, dry sand stemed to clog his feet, retarding every step, holding him back from the completion of his search.

Greyson spoke beside him. "R'll be too dark to see anything soon, sir, far better go back for lan-terns, and organize a proper search party."

Faversham made no answer. He did not hear. He was wondering what he should do if Lallie were dead—if never again he met the wonderful tenderness of her honey-bee brown eyes. "Oh. I adore you!" Her voice seemed to speak to him above the howling wind and the thud of the sea on the sands.

what had Tranter told her? How much had Tranter known? If she were dead, had she loved him up to the last moment, or had her love and trust been undermined and destroyed by what could have been told to her?

His brain felt as if it were on fire. If she were dead, then he, too, would die. It had broken his heart ten years ago to lose her, but now it would do more than that. He knew it would destroy him body and soul.

He looked back toward the little village which they had left behind snugly in the hollow of the ciff. There were moving lights close to the water's edge, is if people were walking slowly along. The others, perhaps, jo ning in this search that could but end in despair.

Twenty-four hours since she had been remaining toward the search that could but end in despair.

Twenty-four hours since she had been running toward the sea, and the tide had washed the sandst wice since then. His frantic imagination tried to picture her with her brown hair washed loose and the little woolly jersey clinging to her slim body, but it seemed so impossible. She was so full of life; so young! It was not for such as she that death came searching.

He fell back a step and waited for the two men whe were following him. "How much further?" he asked again. The wind seemed to have risen, and he had to shout now to make himself heard.

The fisherman pointed ahead.

heard.

The fisherman pointed ahead.

The fisherman pointed ahead.

"There—not more'n fifty yards."

A great rock loomed up before them through the darkness.

"Mail's Bay's round tother side——"

A sudden weakness seized Faversham. He felt as if he would fall. For an instant he could not move forward. All power seemed to have deserted his limbs. The other two men had gone on, not noticing.

Presently, with a giant effort, he pulled himself together and followed. His body felt as it were out in ice. Each step cost him an actual physical pain.

Each step cost him an actual physical pain.

Then, ahead of his, through the darkness, came suddenly the spurt of a match.

Faversham caught his breath so hard that it was almost a cry. He tried to run, but his feet seemed chained, Greyson came back to him. Even through the darkness the paller of his face was apparent.

son came back to him. Even through the darkness the pallor of his face was apparent.

He tried to speak, but no words would come. Faversham gripped his arm in iron fingers.

"What is it? What is it?" But though he asked he did not wait for a reply. He staggered forward to where that little spur of light had spit the darkness. The fisherman who had led them was on his knees beside some dark, still object, which lay some distance from the edge of the sea and close to the cliff's foot.

He struck another match just as Faversham and Greyson reached hus, and the sudden flickering light revealed the huddled body of a man, lying on his back, with outfung arms, face turned to the windy sky.

Greyson bent down, only to start back with a smothered cry, but Miles Faversham stood immovable, like a man turned to stone, for the man was Philip Tranter, and it needed no words to tell he was dead.

Tis an awkward thing to play with souls.

And matter enough to save one's own.

Yet think of my friends, and the burning

He played with, for bits of stone." Faversham always felt that it was from the moment when he stood on the windswept shore, looking down at the dead face of his friend, that he began to grow old.

It was his fauit! He alone was to blame for this tragedy; something within him seemed to wither and die as he knelt down on the loose sand and mechanically laid a hand on his friend;

mechanically laid a hand on his friend's

he knelt down on the loose sand and mechanically laid a hand on his friend's body.

"Philip—" He was unconscious of the wild appeal in his voice, but the other men heard it, and Greyson answered it with a tremble of very real emotion in his voice.

"Mr. Tranter is dead, sir."

Greyson himself was terribly agitated. His life with Faversham had hitherto been uneventful and undisturbed, and the last twenty-four hours had plunged him deeply into a tragedy which he did not understand.

Faversham staggered to his feet; his face was gray. The folks from the village who had volunteered to assist in the search had joined them now; they clustered round the slient figure at the foot of the cliff, all talking together. It was a rare excitement for them.

Faversham walked blindly away, followed by the faithful Greyson. "And—Mrs. Dundas, sir?" the man ventured nervously.

All his life he remembered his mas-

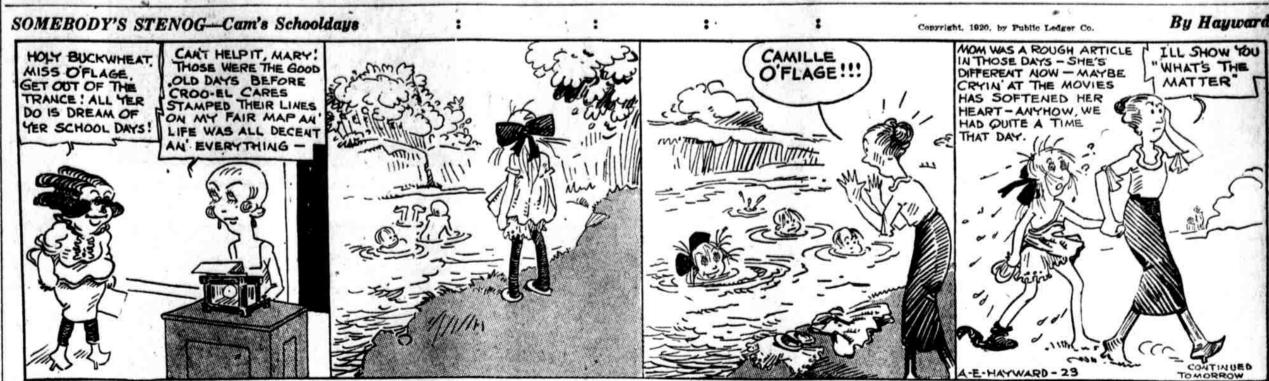
nervously.

All his life he remembered his mas-ter's face and voice as he answered

him.
"I can't—I can't bear it—Besides—
what's the good? She's gone, too—oh,
my God! It's all my fault. What shali
I tell his mother?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW) Copyright, 1920, by the Bell Syndicate THE GUMPS—Chester Surely Is Up to Date on Manners





The Young Lady Across the Way



we ought to pay more attention to the true values in life, winnowing the gold from the chaff.

THE WAY THEM THERE CITY WIMMIN PAINTS THEIR LIPS IS A. CRIME! IF I WANTA USE THESE HERE STRAWS OVER AGIN I GOTTA GO CUT THE ENDS OFF "EM!

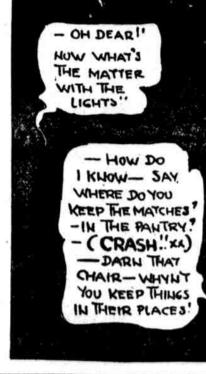
Uncle St, the Village Tight Wad, Is Perfectly Right About It -:- By Fontaine Fox

The young lady across the way says

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG GOSH, CHARLE! ITS TOO BAD DONT LET IT BURN, YOU CAN'T GO WALHUTTH WITH US! CHARUE. KEEP STILL I SPOZE STIRRIN THAT STIRRING 'IT-APPLE SASS IS GOOD EXERCISE ONCE IN THE BE STRONG ENDUCY TO LICK ME MIDDLE AND THREE TIMES ROUND. AFTER YOU GIT THRU-WOULD CHA LINE TO TRY IT? ORCT IN THE MIDDLE

PETEY—"Believe Him!"



- ( BANG!!) - HOLY SMOKES!! YOU LEFT THE PANTRY DOOR OPEN AND I MOST BROKE MY BEAH- (CRASH!) - FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE! WHY DO YOU PUT DISLES IN A GUYS WAY " -- 0H DEAR-YOU'LL FIND THE

MATCHES ON

THE TOP

SHELF-

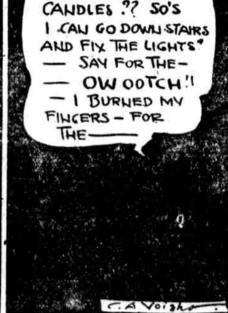


-I GOT A

WHERE'S THE

MATCH- HOW

CANDLES - WHERE'S



- WHERES THE



"CAP" STUBBS"—Talk About Luck!



By Edwina

SURE!

By Sidney Smith