

By Sidney Smith

THE GUMPS—Chester Surely Is Up to Date on Manners



The Woman Hater

By Ruby Ayres

THIS STARTS THE STORY Ten years prior to the opening of the story Miles Faversham suffered a disappointment in a love affair from which he emerged a woman hater. Mrs. Dundas, who proves to be Faversham's old sweetheart, Miles to prevent the marriage. Miles and Parry, a club friend, wedge together to marry Mrs. Dundas. Miles calls on Lallie and she tells her on until she dislikes Parry; and he delights in his vengeance. She breaks out with Faversham Parry seeks out Philip and tells Faversham in the cafe. Philip—unhappy—seeks out Lallie, but she puts him off until she sees her. Faversham tells her she must choose between him and Philip. Again she tells Faversham and Philip. Again she expresses the wish that she leave New York. She goes to the little seashore house where she has her happy hours together years ago. And prior to leaving she writes Philip that she cannot see him at the station with her in the early morning and Faversham, leaving Philip in a jealous rage will go after Lallie and cause trouble, starting him to return to town at once. Lallie sees him off on the train and when she returns she encounters Philip. A scene ensues, and she tells her of the 1100 bet Faversham made with Parry. Faversham comes back, but Lallie and Philip are not to be separated. Next morning she comes back, but Lallie and Philip are not to be separated. Next morning she comes back, but Lallie and Philip are not to be separated.

ANOTHER RUBY AYRES STORY

Those who have read 'The Woman Hater' won't need to be urged to read 'The Second Honeymoon.' 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 installment.

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, turned his face to the sea, fighting for breath. The dread of what might have been almost suffocated him. It was as if a death when the other two rejoined him, and his voice shook as he asked: "This Mall's Bay is it much further than the village?"

"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 a waste of time. Faversham broke out hoarsely. But when the man stopped offensively and suggested retracing their steps he raised an angry protest that of course they 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 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 tried their good-by; how should he get through the rest of his life without the 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.

"It's 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 seemed to clog his feet, retarding every step, holding him back from the completion of his search.

"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 seemed to clog his feet, retarding every step, holding him back from the completion of his search.

"I'll be too dark to see anything soon, sir, far better go back for lanterns 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? How 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 years ago to see to lose her, but now it would do more than that; it would destroy him, body and soul.

He looked back toward the little village which lay left behind angrily as if people were walking slowly along. The other two were in the distance, their search that could end in despair.

Twenty-four hours since she had been running to get away from them, and she had washed the sands twice since then. His frantic imagination tried to picture her with her brown hair clinging 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 who were following him. "How much further?" he asked again. The wind seemed to have men, and he had to shout now to make himself heard.

The fisherman pointed ahead. "There—not more'n fifty yards."

A great rock loomed up before them through the darkness. The other two men had gone on, not noticing.

Presently, with a giant effort, he pulled himself together and followed. His body felt as if it were out of joint. His every step cost him an actual physical pain.

Then, ahead of him, 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 the chain of Grayson came back to him. Even through the darkness the pallor of his face was apparent.

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

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

He struck another match just as Favensham and Grayson reached him, and the sudden flickering light revealed the huddled body of a man, lying on his back, with outflung arms, face turned to the windy sky.

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

"It's an awkward thing to play with souls. And matter enough to save a man's soul. Yet think of my friends, and the burning claim."

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

It was his fault! He alone was to blame for this tragedy; something within him seemed to wither and die as he knelt and laid his hands on his friend's body.

"Philip—" He was unconscious of the wild appeal in his voice, but the other man heard it, and Grayson answered in a murmur of yes, a cool emotion in his voice.

"Mr. Tranter is dead, sir." Grayson himself was terribly agitated. His life with Favensham had hitherto been uneventful and undisturbed, and the last twenty-four hours had plunged him deeply into a tragedy which he did not understand.

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

Favensham walked blindly away, followed by the faithful Grayson. "And—Mrs. Dundas, sir," the man ventured nervously.

All his life he remembered his master'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—my God! It's all my fault. What shall I tell his mother?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Cam's Schooldays

HOLY BUCKWHEAT, MISS O'FLAGE, GET OUT OF THE TRANCE! ALL YER DO IS DREAM OF YER SCHOOL DAYS!

CAN'T HELP IT, MARY! THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEFORE CROO-EL CARES STAMPED THEIR LINES ON MY FAIR MAC AN' LIFE WAS ALL DECENT AN' EVERYTHING—

CAMILLE O'FLAGE!!!

MOM WAS A ROUGH ARTICLE IN THOSE DAYS—SHE'S DIFFERENT NOW—MAYBE CRYIN' AT THE MOVIES HAS SOFTENED HER HEART—ANYHOW, WE HAD QUITE A TIME THAT DAY.

I'LL SHOW YOU "WHAT'S THE MATTER"

A-E-HAYWARD-23

CONTINUED TOMORROW

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Ucle Sl, the Village Tight Wad, Is Perfectly Right About It

By Fontaine Fox

The Young Lady Across the Way

"The way them there city winmin paints their lips is a crime! If I wanta use these here straws over agin I gotta go cut the ends off 'em!"

Apple Sassin

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PETEY—"Believe Him!"

—OH DEAR! NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE LIGHTS!

—(BANG!!) —HOLY SMOKE!! YOU LEFT THE PANTRY DOOR OPEN AND I 'MOST BROKE MY BEAN—(CRASH!) —FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE! WHY DO YOU PUT DIME'S IN A GUY'S WAY!

—I GOT A MATCH—NOW WHERE'S THE CANDLES—WHERE'S THE CANDLES?!

—WHERE'S THE CANDLES?? SO'S I CAN GO DOWN STAIRS AND FIX THE LIGHTS! — SAY FOR THE— —OW OOTCH!! — I BURNED MY FINGERS—FOR THE—

—THERE'S THE LIGHTS AGAIN—THEY MUST HAVE HAD TROUBLE AT THE POWER HOUSE.

—SAY, THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TROUBLE!

By C. A. Voight

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"CAP" STUBBS—Talk About Luck!

OH WELL—I'VE GOT A FLIM OF A APPLE ANYHOW!

IT IS TOO! IT'S ONLY AN APPLE ON IT! TREE I WANT! WHY'D YOU ASK ME NOT TO GET IT FOR ME!

I KNEW YOU COULD GET IT FOR ME SAMMY!

SURE!

By Edwina

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