The Second Honeymoon By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Woman Hater" and "The Black Sheep"

Jimmy Challoner is engaged to marry Cynthia Farrow, an actress. She seeks to break off the engagement, she cause Jimmy is poor, and because—she is aiready married and her husband lives. She had supposed him deed. There is a scene in the make-up room of the theatre. Jimmy meets his boyhood sweetheart, Christine Wyatt. He receives a letter from Cynthia regagement. Jimmy felt he had been filled—distractedly he calls on Christine. They toolk out together and meet time. They toolk out together and meet inc. They toolk out together and meet inc. They toolk out fogether and meet inc. They toolk out fogether and meet inc. They toolk out fogether and meet inc. I have, the would show Cynthia. I have, the would show Cynthia, if he could only pay her out." Jimmy receives a letter from his brother asking if the rumor of his engagement to an actress is true and that he shall contradict it by cable. "Confounded old fithead," he solllioguizes.

TIMMY was flushed, and his eyes sparkled. He ran his fingers through is hair, making it stand on end. After few strides he felt better. He went ack to the armchair and took up his

back to the armchair and took up his back to the armchair and took up his brother's letter once more. After a moment he laughed, rather a After a moment he laughed, rather a ser laugh, as if something in the stilted wording of the letter hurt him. What would he not have given now to be able to cable back: "Quite right; she is my wife."

But as it was "Let him think what he likes. I don't care a hang," was the thought in Jimm, Challoner's mind.

He sat there with his chin droopnes on his breast, lost in unhappy thought. It was not yet two days since Cynthia had sent him away; it seemed an sternity.

this nau sternity.

Did she miss him at all? Did she ever wish she could see him? Ever wish for one hour out of the happy past? Somehow he did not think so. Much as he had loved her, Jimmy Challoner had always knowns hers to be the sort of nature that lived solely for the present; besides, if she wanted him, she had only got to send—to telephone. He looked across at the receiver standing idle on his denk.

be had loved her, Jimmy Challoner had have had loved the contention which had not have there; all always knowns hers to be the sort of natural that lived solely for the present; besides, if she wanted him, she had only got to send—to telephone. He looked across at the receiver standing idle on his deak.

So many times she had rung him up; so many times he had heard her pretty of many times he had not known him any more. He was—all he but known it. When a many jimmy with a woman he has once loved he is already beginning to see her as less perfect.

Some one tapped at his door; his man tered.

Costin was another bone of contention between Jimmy and the Great Horatus.

To never had a valet when I was your ge," so his brother declared. "What in the wide world you need a valet for is past my comprehension."

In every had a valet when I was your ge," so his brother declared. "What in the wide world you need a valet for is past my comprehension," but though a like within he had no least intention of section had been a good friend to him in more ways than one.

How much did Sangster know, he wondered, about Cynthia? He would have to meet sooner or later, and, after all. Sangster would like to see you."

"Show him up," said Jimmy, He ross to his feet and stood grawing his lowering agriculty."

"Show him up," said Jimmy, He ross to his feet and stood grawing his lowering agriculty."

"So did I—years ago, Isn't he funny?"

"So did I—years ago, Isn't he funny?"

"I suppose she is:"

"Suppose I think she's the most beautiful woman I have e

"I'm rather an early visitor, eh?"
"No. Oh, no. Sit down. Have a he answered.
"Perhaps be he answered.
"Poesn't sh

"No. Un, so signette?"

PNo. thanks."

Fiere was a little silence. Jimmy syed his friend with a sort of suspicion. Sangster had heard something. Sangster little flush rose to his brow. Sangster probably knew all there was to know. Ho shuffled his feet nervously. Sangster was the sort of a man at Sangster was the sort of a man at whom a woman like Cynthia Farrow whom a woman like Cynthia Farrow whom a second glance, "Take my place," he said in an un would never have given a second glance.
If indeed, she thought him worthy of a first. He was short and squarely built; this hair was undenlably red and ragged, his features were blunt, but he had a following the play; he had been think-alce smile, and his small, nondescript always of the last few weeks and the stream was were blund.

"Well. I can't say I'm sorry." he said after a moment. "It's the best thing that's ever happened to you, my son." Jimmy's eyes traveled down from the ceiling slowly; perhaps it was coincidence that they rested on the place on the mantelshelf where Cynthia's portrait used to stand.

"Think so?" he said gruffly. '1ou never liked her."
"I did—but not as your wife. "
"I did—but not as your wife. "
Shes much more suited to Henson Mortlake—I always thought so. He'll keep her in order; you—you never could have

"I did—but not as your wife.

"I did—but not as your wife.

"Sangster was glad when the play was over; theatres always bored him. He did not quite know why he had invited himself to Jimmy's box tonight. When Immy had been standing with his elbow on the mantelpiece; he swung found sharply.

"Mortiake; what's he got to do with the asked flercely. "What the deuce do you mean by dragging him in? It do you mean by dragging him in? It her in order; you—you never could have

at chew on the mantelpiece; he swung at count sharply.

"Mortlake; what's he got to do with tit" he asked flercely. "What the deuce do you mean by dragging him in? It ter was nothing to do with Mortlake that the—she—she—"

had always believed he was dead."
There was a little silence. Samuston was no longer looking at Jimmy; he was staring into the fire. Presently he began to whistle softly. Jimmy rounded by him.

"Oh, shut up!" he said irritably. Sangater stopped at once. After

"And the—er—husband!" he submit-ed dryly. "You've—you've seen him, of "You've-you've seen him, of "No. I haven't. If I did—if I did.
I'd break every bone in his infernal carcase." said Jimmy between his teeth.
He stared down at his friend with
definite even as he specified.

defiant eyes as he spoke.

Sangster said "Humph!" again. Then:
Well, there's as good fish in the sea
as any that were caught," he said
fon."

Look at it philosophically, old

my kicked a footstool out of his way. He walked over to the window and stood for a moment with his back turned. Presently:

"If any one asks you, you might as well tell them the truth," he said jerkily.

"I don't let them think that brute Mort-lake..."

He broke off.
"I'll tell 'em the truth," said Sangster.
He leaned over the fire, poking it

He leaned over the fire, poking it deprovally.

What are you doing tonight, Jimmy? he asked. "I'm at a loose end—Jimmy turned.

"I'm taking some people to the theatre-old friends! Met them quite by chance the other night. Haven't you heard me speak of them—the Wyatts?"

"By Jove, yes!" Sangster dropped the poker unceremoniously. "People from Unton House. You used to be full of them when I first knew you, and that's how many years ago, Jimmy?"

"The Lord only knows!" said Jimmy dispiritedly. "Well, I've got a box for a show tonight, and asked them to come. Christine's dead nuts on theatres. Remember Christine?"

Leanenber Christine?"

Leanenber the name. Old sweet-

"When we were kids."
"Oh, like that, is it? Well, ask me to come along, too."
"My dear fellow—come by all means."
Jimmy was rather pleased at the suggestion. "You'll like Mrs. Wyatt—she's one of the best."
"And—Christine?"
"Oh, she's all right; but she's only a child still," said Jimmy Challoner with all the lordly superiority of half a dozen years.

"And so you and Jimmy were enjident together." said Arthur Sangster.

The curtain had just fallen on the first act, and the lights turned up suddenly in the theatre had revealed Christine's face to him, a little flushed and dreamy.

Sangster below.

tine's face to him, a little flushed and dreamy.

Sangster looked at her smilingly. Jimmy had called her a, child; but he had not said how sweet a child she was, he thought as his eyes rested on her dainty profile and parted lips.

She seemed to wake from dreaming at the sound of his voice. She gave a little sigh, and leaned back in her chair. "Yes," she said. "We used to play togother when we were children."

Such a long, long time ago," said sangster, half mockingly, half in earnest.

She nodded seriously.

"It seems ages and ages," she said. She looked past him to where Jimmy sat talking to her mother. He might have eat next to her, she thought wistnusy. Mr. Sangster was very nice, but—she caught a little sigh between her lips. "Jimmy has told me so much about you, 'Sangster said. "I almost feel as if I have known you for years."

"Has he?" That pleased her, at all events. Her brown eyes shone as she looked at him. "What did he tell you?" she saked, interestedly. Sangster laughed.

"Oh, all about Upton House, and the

"Oh, all about Upton House, and the fine time you used to have there; all about the dogs, and an old horse named Judas."

he answered.
"Doesn't she?" Christine's grave eyes
searched his face. "I like you, anyway."

would never have given a second glance. If, indeed, she thought him worthy of a first. He was short and squarely built; his hair was undeniably red and ragged, his features were blunt, but he had a lice smile, and his small, nondescript eyes were kind.

He sat down in the chair Jimmy had vacated and looked up at him quizzleally.

"Well," he said, bluntly, "is it true: Jimmy flushed.

"True: What the—"

The other man stopped him with a greture.

"Don't be an ass, Jimmy: I haven't knewn you all these years for nothing.

"Ear." Jimmy's voice was hard. He stared up at the celling under scowling brows.

Sangster said "Humph!" with a sort of growl. He ceratched his chin reflectively.

"Well, I can't say I'm sorry." he said safer a moment. "It's the best thing that's ever happened to you, my son. Jimmy's eyes traveled down from the celling slowly: perhaps it was coincidence that they rested on the place on the mantelshelf where Cynthia's portrait used to stand.

"Think so?" he said gruffly. "100 never liked her."

"I did—but not as your wife.

"I

Jimmy turned sharply away; nobody

When they entered the long room he cast a swift glance round. She was not here yet, at all events; one could only hope that she would not come at all.

Everything was new and wonderful to Christine. She was like a child in her delight. She sat in a corner of one of the great, softly cushioned sofas, and looked about her with wide eyes.

Jimmy sat beside her. Sangster had maneuvered that he should. He and Mrs. Wyatt were opposite.

Jimmy sat beside her. Sangster had maneuvered that he should. He and Mrs. Wyatt were opposite.

The orchestra was playing a dreamy waitz. The long room was brilliantly lighted and decorated with pink flowers. Christine leaned across and squeezed her mother's hand.

"Oh, isn't it just too lovely?" she said.

Mrs. Wyatt laughed.

"You will turn Christine's head, Jimmy," she said to Challoner. "She will find Upton House dull after all this gayety.

Jimmy was slightly bored. It was no novelty to him. He had spent so many nights dining and suppling in places similar to Marnio's. All the waiters knew him. He wondered if they were surprised to see him without Cynthia Farrow. For weeks past he and she had been everywhere, together. He met Sangster's quizz'cal eves; he roused himself with an effort; he turned to Christine and began to talk.

He told her who some of the people were at the other tables. He pointed out a famous conductor, and London's most popular comedian. Christine was interested in every one and everything. Her eyes sparkled and her usually paid face was flushed. She was pretty tonight, if she had never been pretty before.

"I suppose you come here often?" she said. She looked up into Jimmy's bored young face. "I suppose it's not at all new or wonderful to you?"

He smiled.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW) Copurisht, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Here's Somebody's Guiding Hand



TO SOMEBODYS STEROG -I AM ONLY A GIRL OF ATTENTION TO THIS LETTER AS I DO NOT HAVE MUCH TIME TO WRITE LETTERS AS I AM WORK-ING ALL DAY AND NIGHT. A WEEK BUT MY MOTHER ONLY GIVES ME \$2.00 A WEEK TO SPEAD. DO YOU THINK THAT IS RIGHT? I WAS GOING TO RUN AWAY AND GET MARRIED I HAVE A SAIL OR FRIEND WHOM I GO OUT WITH SUNDAYS BUT MOTHER DOES NOT KNOW IT BUT SOME-TIMES WHEN I AM OUT WITH HIM HE GETS A LITTLE FRESH. I OFTEN GET ADVICE FROM OTHER PEOPLE ONLY MY MOTHER. WELL I GUESS I WILL CLOSE NOW AS THIS IS ALL I HAVE TO ASK YOU.

ELAIN K-

MY DEAR ELAIN -

LOOK OUT GIRLIE! PUT ON YOUR CHAINS OR YOU'LL SKID! GEE I KNOW TWO BUCKS PER AINT ENOUGH TO KEEP A LADY IN HOSE AN CHOCOLATES BUT THINK OF THE POOR CANYBALLS! THEY HAVEN'T STOCKIN'S EITHER AN THE ONLY CHOCOLATE THEY GOT IS THEIR COLOR! AT THAT TWO A WEEK AT 16 SUMMERS IS BETTER THAN RIDIN'IN A LIMYZINE WITH WINTER IN YOU'R HEART, WITH NO ADVICE AT HOME AN' A SAILOR FOR SUNDAYS OURE BETWEEN THE DEVIL AN THE DEEP SEA, AINT TOU DEARIE!
BUT IT WON'T BE A CENTURY
TIL YOU CAN GO DANDY LION PICKING ALL ALDARY SO YOU'LL BE GLAD THEN YOU KEPT A STIFF UPPER TOOTH, DON'T PILE UP REGRETS DEARE, PIT ON YOUR CHAINS AN THROTTLE DOWN - Com O'Flags

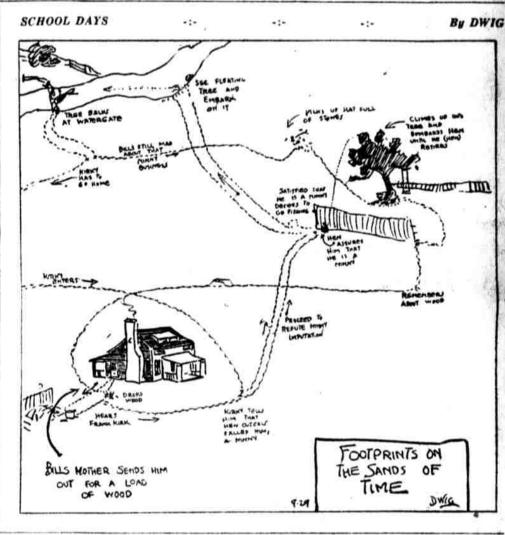
By Hayward Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S SOME WANT MY HAIR OFFICE ? - S.S.H ! -DIFFERENT - MOST OF EM LIKE ME AS I AM-I'M GLAD! ABOUT A ANOTHER FIFTY PER-CENT MILLION WANT ME TO SCHEME BEIN WORKED MARRY THE BOSS HERE ! SON - EE-MAGIN! OH GEE !

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she isn't sleeping at all well and, while she's tried almost everything, doesn't seem able to find any simple remedy that will induce insomnia.

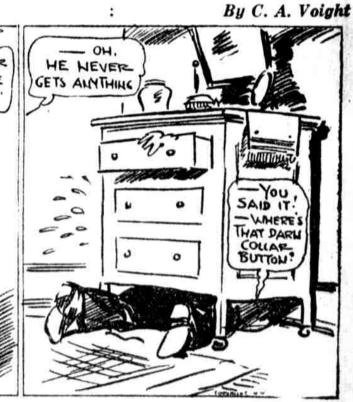




PETEY-It's Always Open Season for Collar Buttons







"CAP" STUBBS-Aw, Gee!

CONTROST CAP MAI-LAP MAI-EVERICIT

WHAT WILL MOTHER EVER DO WHEN HER LAP!







By Edwina