The Second Honeymoon

By RUBY M. AYRES Author of "The Woman Hater" and "The Black Sheen"

THIS STARTS THE STORY

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Jimmy Challoner, club man, dependent on funds from an elder brother, is passionately in love with Cynthia farrews, an actress. She breaks her engagement with him to wed the rich for young to the cannot bear to be seen Jimmy, but cannot bear to be seen Jimmy, in desperation, rushes for sympathy to Christine Wyatt, his childhood sweetheart. In a moment of sudden pique Jimmy proposes marriage to Christine. Mad with memories of Cynthia, he tries to make himself believe he loves Christine. Sanguet of Cynthia, he tries to make himself believe he loves Christine. Sanguet, a friend of Jimmy's, seeing Christine's false position, chides Jimmy in seeing Christine's in the place at once. Two days before the date fixed, Cynthia begs Jimmy to hake her back, but Jimmy resolves to the loyal to the motherless girl.

They are married quietly and afterwish anded the bride, which proves to be from Cynthia who, finding she could not persuade Jimmy to recurs to her, writes Christine a demolish account of her acquaintance with Jimmy. It's a pretty bad mixup, and Jimmy, Inding coaxing and pleading of no avail with Christine, rushes to Sangster with his woofful tole. "I geodered if, perhaps, you'd go round and see her, oil chap." Jimmy jarked mit. "She likes you. Try 4t; there's a wood chap, You—you were so decent to her that day Mrs. Wyatt died; you've yot sort of way that I haven't, I—I should be no end obliged. I'l—I'll heep out of the way myself for a bit, and then.—" He looked anxiously at his friend. "Will you go!"

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

of truth.

He said that he was sure Mrs. Chailiner was in; he sent a page boy up
with Sangater's card.

It seemed a long time before the reply
mms. Mrs. Challoner would be pleased
to see Mr. Sangater; would he go up to
her sitting room?

o see Mr. Sangster; would he go up to be setting room?

Sangster obeyed reluctantly; he created tears; he dreaded to see grief and distilusionment in the beaut, as eyes which he could only remember as happy and trusting. He waited nervously till she came to him. He looked ound the room apprehensively; it had a empty, unlived-in look about it hough there were various possessions of lampy's scattered about it—a pipe. Sawspapers and a large box of cigatettes. There was a small pair of histine's slippers, too, with high heels, affaster looked at them with eyes which he did not know were tender. They seemed to appeal to him somehow; there was such a solitary look about them, sanding there in a corner by themselves.

sanding there in a corner by them-silves.

Then the door opened and she came it a little pale ghost of the girl whom to had last seen, with quivering lips hat tried to smile, and shadows beneath

hat tried to smile, and shadows beneath her eyes.

It was an effort to Sangster to greet her as if he were unconscious of the tragedy in her face; he took her hand in a close grip.

"I am so glad you allowed me to some up; I didn't want to intrude; asked for Jimmy, but they told me he was out, and so I wondered if you would see me—just for a moment."

"I am very glad you cam: ! """

I' am very glad you cam: ! """

I' am very glad you cam: ! """

I' am very glad you cam: ! """

Sangster tried to speak saturally; he laughed. "Then will you some out to lunch with me? Jimmy won't mind, and..."

"Oh, no, Jimmy won't mind." There was such bitterness in her voice that for

as shown are so much better than am.

Oh, for heavens' sake, don't say that he broke out; there was a sort o' horror in his face as he contrasted cynthia and her friends with this girl. Tou're ill and run down," he went on urgently. "Everything seems wrong when you're not well. Will you come out with me? It's not raining now and he at's beautifully fresh. I'm longing for a walk myself: I've been writing all the morning. We'll have some lunch to sether and walk in the park afterward, shall we'r.

He thought she was going to refuse; he shook her head. "Please do." he urged. "I want to talk to you; there are so many things I want to say to you." He waited a more head me." You told me once that you want to say to you." He waited a more he submitted whimsically. You're not gone back on that, have "The shoet of a smile lit her eyes."

The short of a smile lit her eyes.

There was a moment's ellence.

Wery well," said Christine. Her voice was absolutely indifferent as to where was absolutely indifferent as to where she went or what she did. She looked broken—just as if some one had the sunchine out of her life with the went away to dress. away to dress, and Sangater

stood at the window, frowning into the street. "Infernal young fool!" he said savagely, after a moment; but whether he referred to a youth who was just at that moment passing or to Jimmy Chailoner seemed uncertain.

Sangster took Christine to a little out-of-the-way restaurant, where he knew there would not be many people. knew there would not be many people.

He carefully avoided referring again to Jimmy; he talked of anything and everything under the sun to try to distract her attention. She had declared that she was not hungry; but, to his delight, she ate quite a good lunch. She liked the restaurant; she had never been in Bohemia before. She was much interested in an old table Sangster showed her, which was carved all over with the signatures of well-known patrons of the house. A little flush crept into her pale checks; presently she was emiling.

Sangster was cheered; he told himself.

cheeks; presently she was emiling.
Sangater was cheered; he told himself that she only needed understanding. He believed that if Jimmy chose he could convince her that everything was going to be all right in the future; he believed that with a little tact and patience Jimmy could entirely regain her lost confidence. But patience and Jimmy seemed somehow irreconcilable; Jimmy was too young—too selfish. He sighed involuntarily as he looked at Christine.

When they had left the restaurant

When they had left the restaurant again, and were walking toward the park, he deliberately began to talk about

when they had left the restaurant goodered by performing jerked and see her old other properties of the control of the control

eagerly. Sangster laughed reminiscentity.

"You'll never guess what he said. He asked no questions, he took the cigar from his lips and looked at me, and he said. I haven't got a bob in the world till my brother, the Great Horatio, sends my monthly allowance along; but if all come as far as the next street, I know a chap I can borrow a sovereign rom." Wasn't that just Jimmy all over?"

Over?"

Christine was laughing, too, now.
"Oh, I can just hear him saying it!
can just see him!" she cried. "And
ich what did you do?"

"Well, we went along—to this pal of
immy's, and Jimmy borrowed a fiver.
to gave me three pounds, and took me
along to have a dinner. And—well, we've
een pals over since. A bit of luck for

en pals ever since. A bit of luck for ery earnestly, "that it was a bit of luck

"I was thinking," said little Christine very earnestly, "that it was a bit of luck or Jimmy,"

Sangster grew furiously red. For a moment he could think of nothing to say; he had only told the story in order to soften her toward Jimmy, and in a measure he had succeeded.

Christine walked beside him without speaking for some time; her brown eyes were very thoughtful.

Sangster talked no more of Jimmy;

were very thoughtful.

Sangster talked no more of Jimmy; he was too tactful to overdo things. Jimmy was not mentioned between them igain till he took her back to the hotel. Then:

"I don't know how to thank you for heling so kind to me," she said earnestly, lier brown eyes were lifted confidingly to his face. "But I've been happler the afternoon than—than I've ever been since my mother died."

Sangster gripped her hand hard for a moment.

moment.

"And you will be happy—always—if you're just a little patient," he said rather huskily. "Jimmy's a spoiled boy, and—and—it's the women who have to show all of us—eh? It's the women who are our guardian angels; remember that!"

He hated himself for having had to blame her, even mildly, when the fault

ome out to lunch with me? Jimmy won't mind, and—won't mind, and—won't mind." There was such bitterness in her voice that for a moment it sheeked him into silence; he looked at him with burning eyes. Jimmy wouldn't mind no matter what iddi's he said, almost as if the words were forced from her against her will. The marry me?—you must have known. Jimmy doesn't care any more for me han—than you do."

There was a tragic pause. She did not ry; she just looked at him with broken-hearted eyes.

He took her hand and held it clumsily helween his own. Hor words had been like a reproach. Was he to blame? he saked himself remorrefully; and yet—what could he have done? Christine was married. She did her hair would not have believed him had he tried to tell her.

"It's true," she said dully. "It's true and now I haven't got anybody in all the world."

"and now I haven't got anybody in all the world."

"and now I haven't got anybody in all the world."

"and now I haven't got anybody in all the world."

"and now what to anawer, He broke out awkwardly that lings were always difficult at first; that if only she would have a little patience extrything would come out right; he was she has known are so much better than. "Oh, for heavens' sake, don't say better the broke out; there was a court in which to apply it to herself and him which to apply it to herself and hi "For—for two, madam?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Yes, please. Mr. Challoner and I will line up here this evening."

As a rule, Jimmy dined downstairs alone, and Christine had something sent up to her. She was vaguely beginning to realize now how foolish she had been. The little time she had spent with Sangster had been like the opening of a door in her poor little heart, letting in fresh air and common sense. After all, how could she hope to win Jimmy by tears and recriminations? She had heard the doctrine of "forgive and forget" preached so frequently; surely this was the moment in which to apply it to herself and him.

ed so frequently; surely this was the moment in which to apply it to herself and him.

Her heart beat a little fast at the thought. She spoke again to the waiter as he turned to leave the room.

"And—and will you find out what wine Mr. Challoner has with his dinner, as a rule; and—and serve the same this evening?"

The man hesitated, then:

"Mr. Challoner told me he should not be dining in this evening, madam," he said reluctantly, "He came in about three o'clock and went out again; I think there was a message for him. He told me to tell you if you came in." He saverted his eyes from Christine's blanching face as he spoke. "I am sure that is what Mr. Challoner said, madam," he repeated awkwardly.

"Oh, very well." Christine stood quite still in the empty room when he had gone; it seemed all the more lonely and empty now that once again she had been robbed of her eager hopes.

Jimmy was not coming home, Jimmy found her so dull and uninteresting that he was only too glad of an excuse to stay one.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW) (Copyright, 1900, by Bell Syndicate) THE GUMPS—On the Links at Chapel Hill

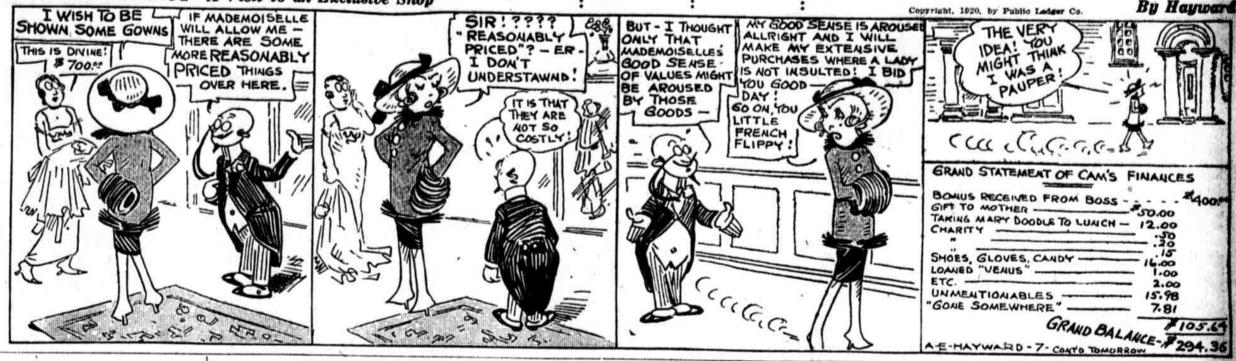


STAND THIS WAY - WITCH MY POSITION - KEEP YOUR ELBOWS IN AND YOUR HEAD DOWN -ALWAYS MEET YOUR EYES ON THE BALL



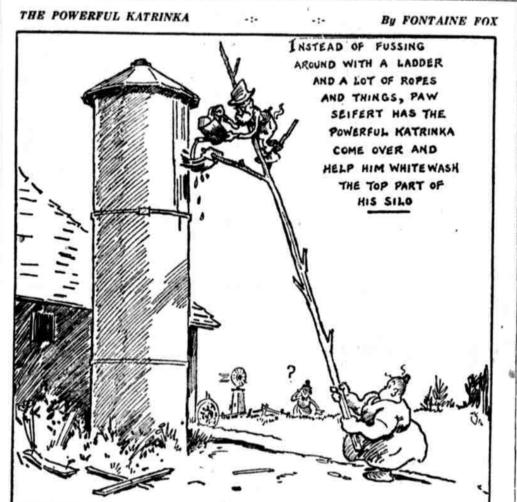


SOMEBODY'S STENOG-A Visit to an Exclusive Shop



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she has no use for an obsti-nate person, and there's no sense in regarding one's opinion as im-mutable as the laws of the Medes



JUST ANSWER ME ONE QUESTION -ONE SIMPLE LITTLE QUESTION . THAT'S YOU GOTTA DO . JUST ANSWER YES ER NO, DOES OR DOES NOT YOUR FATHER KNOW PERSONLY A GENUME MESMERIZER WINT CAM

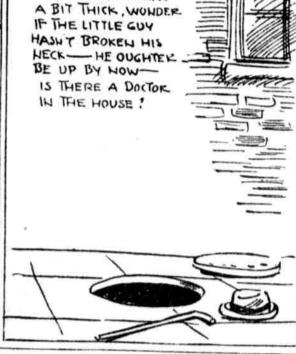
SCHOOL DAYS

SIMPLY . THAT CHEW OF TORNOCCO WIS WE CHEE DRINK OF WATER AN' WHITE MERELY SNO WHAT I SNO MAKE YOU DO ANY THING HE WANTS YOU TO DO JUST BY LOOKIN AT YOU MY WANN HU AN' ET WITH HIM AT THE TABLE AN' WAS MESMERITED THOUGHT HE WAS A DOG AN BARNED AN ET A BOME OR HOT? DID HE OR DOES HE NOT? JUST ANSWER, YES OR HO. DAMON ANOTHIAS

PETEY-In a Hole, But, Oh My!



HA HA -HA FUHNY HOW WE FHJOY SLAP STICK STUPP LIKE THIS IF IT HAPPENS TO THE OTHER FELLOW-



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THINGS ARE GETTING



By C. A. Voight

By Edwina

"CAP" STUBBS-Don't Worry About Sammy

