The Second Honeymoon

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

THIS STARTS THE STORY

THIS STABTS THE STORY

Rmy Challoner, dependent on funds from an elder brother, is passionately in love with Cynthia Farrow, an actress. She breaks her engagement to test. She breaks her engagement to ead the rich Mr. Mortlake, telling Jimmy she loves him dearly, but cannot bear to be poor. Jimmy, in desperation, rushes for sympathy to Christine Wyatt, his childhood sweetheart. Is a enoment of sudden pique, Jimmy proposes marriage to Christine. Sangster, a friend of Jimmy's, seeing Christine's false position, chides Jimmy butlerly for his "spite engagement." Just at this functure Christine's mother dies. The wedding takes place at ence. Cynthia begs Jimmy to take her back, but Jimmy resolves to be loyal to the motherless girl.

Cynthia, finding she could not germade Jimmy to return to her, gives Christine a detailed account of her acquinitance with Jimmy. Cynthia, out matoring with Mortlake, is seriously injured in an accident. She sends for Jimmy but before he can reach her she has passed away. Christine, learning of Jimmy's visit to Cynthia, and not knowing that Cynthia is dead, decides to loave Jimmy and return to her she has passed away. Christine, learning of Jimmy's visit to Cynthia, and not knowing that Cynthia is dead, decides to loave Jimmy and return to her she has passed away. Christine, learning of Jimmy heat Cynthia is dead, decides to loave Jimmy and return to her seem place. Kettering, bound for the same place. Kettering visits her constently and they motor together. Jimmy hears of these excursions und to best with fealousy. He contracts an illness and is laid up. Sangster notifies Christine of his condition. She does not at once respond and the acquenitance with Kettering grows.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES AND HERE IT CONTINUES

HE looked around him with a sense of great pleasure. It seemed a life-time since he had been here; it was, like coming home again to be here and with the woman he loved. He looked

with the woman he loved. He looked at little Christine with wistful eyes.

"Gladys is out," she said, "so you with have to put up with me alone; do you mind?"

"Do I mind!" She colored beneath his gaze; her heart was beating fast.

He followed her across the hall. He knew he was doing the weak thing; knew that he ought to turn on his heel and go away, but he knew that he intended staying.

to take his leave. He turned to Christine inex to take his leave. He turned to Christine inex the cine.

"I will come to see you off," she said She followed him into the hall, deliberately closing the door of the draw ing. The must have our little tea another day," she said recklessly. She did no look at him. "It was too bad being interrupted like that."

She hardly knew what she was saying. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eye were feverish. Kettering stified a sigh. "Perhaps it is as well that we were interrupted," he said very gontly. He took her hand and looked down into her eyes.

he room; a streak of red crept into is pale face. It was Kettering who recovered himelf first; he went forward with out-

Kett.ring rose to the occasion nobly. He talked away as if this unwelcome meeting were a pleasure to him. He did his best to put Christine at her ease, but all the time he was wondering how soon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could make his excuses and escape; how woon he could not have the could be a secure of the could be ape; how soon he could get out of this bree-cornered situation, which was per-

them both an hour which neither would easily have forgotten?
How is your brother?" he asked Immy presently. "I haven't heard from him just lately. I suppose he has thought no more of coming home? He had talked of it for so long."

Jimmy roused himself with an effort. He had not touched his tea, and he had given the cake he had mechanically taken to Christine's terrier. He looked at her now and quickly away again.

"He is on his way home," he same shortly.

The state of the same had be had be now and quickly away again.

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There was a little silence, Christine's face flushed; her eyes grew afraid.

On he way home—the Great Horatio?" Jimmy's nickname for his brother escaped her unconsciously. Jimmy smiled faintly.

"Yes; I heard last night. I—I be lieve he arrives in England on Monday."

was Kettering who broke the fol-It was Kettering who broke the following silence.

It shall be glad to see him again. He will be surprised to hear that I have come across you and Mrs. Challoner." He spoke to Jimmy, but his whole attention was fixed on the girl at his side. He had seen the sudden stiffening of her slim little figure, the sudden nervous clasp of her hands.

And then the door opened and Gladys Leighton walked into the room. She met her eyes with a sort of abashed hamilation. He rose to his feet to offer he schair. Jimmy rose also. He and Gladys shook hands awkwardly.

"Well. I didn't expect to see you, said Gladys bluntly. She grinned at Christine.

"I thought I could trust you, too," she said serencily. "And apparently I was mistaken. You've spolied Christine's life, and you deserve all you get."

"How dare you talk to me like that?" She laughed. "I dare very well. I'm not afraid of you. Jimmy. I know too much about you. Christine married you because she loved you; she thought there was nobody like you in all the world. It's your own fault if she has changed her mind."

"I'll break every bonie in Kettering's changed her mind."

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"I'll break every bone in Kettering's confounded body." Jimmy burst out passionately. I'll—I'll—" He stopped suddenly and sat down with a humiliating sense of weakness, leaning his head in his hands.

Glady's eyes softened as she looked at him.

she were obliged.

Once she had hung on his every word:
Once she had flushed at the sound of his step: but now, one might almost have thought she was Kettering's wife flatead of his.

He hated Kettering. He looked at him with sullen eyes. He thought of what Sangster had said of this manthat he was always at Upton House; that he seemed very friendly with both he girls. A vague jealousy filled Jimmy's heart. Kettering was rich, while hewell, even the small allowance sent to him by his brother looked now as if it were in danger of ceasing entirely. If the Great Horatio knew that he ame Christine were practically separated; if the Great Horatio ever knew the story of Cynthia Farrow, Jimmy Challener knew that it would be a very poor look-suf for him indeed.

Great Horatic ever knew the story Cynthia Farrow, Jimmy Challener ew that it would be a very poor look to for him indeed.

I wond red how long Kettering sant to stay. He felt very much inned to give him a hint that his room build be preferable to his company; t, a ter all, he himself was in such a strict of the company of the company

She spoke to him suddenly; her beau-ful brown eyes met his own unfal-tringly, with a curious antagonism in

A Blue Ribbon Serial

It has to be a good horse or a good story to win a blue ribbon. The George Barr McCutcheon novel soon to begin on this page is that kind of a story.

WEST WIND DRIFT"

That's the name of it. Has the tang of the sea and the spice of adventure in it.

Watch for Details

stranger. Jimmy flucted scarlet. Ket-tering turned away and plunged hap-hazard into conversation with Gladys Leighton.

Jimmy's voice trembled with rage as he forced himself to answer. "I should like to stay to dinner—if may."

He had never thought it possible that she could so treat him, never believed that she could be so utterly indifferent Christine laughed carelessly.

"Oh, do stay, by all means. Perhaps Mr. Kettering will stay as well?" Kettering turned. He could not mee

tended staying.

An hour with Christine alone; it was worth risking something for to have that Christine opened the drawing room door.

"We'll have tea here," she said; "K's much more cozy. I——"

She stopped dead; her voice broke off into silence with a curious little jarring sound.

A man had risen from the sofa by the window; a tall young man, with a pale face and worried-looking eyes—Jimmy Challoner!

Jimmy only glanced at Christine; his syes went past her almost immediately to the man who was following her into the room; a streak of red crept into

"When shall I see you again?" she was gla that he could not see the tears in hegyes.

"Wou're so young." he said, "such a child still. Don't spoil all your life. "dear."

She raised defiant eyes.

"My life was spoiled on my wedding day," she said in a hard voice. "I—

Hutherlyted, "ne said very gontly. He took her hand and looked down into her eyes.

"You're so young." he said, "such a child still. Don't spoil all your life. "dear."

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"My life was spoiled on my wedding day," she said in a hard voice. "I—

On don't let us talk about it."

But he did not let her hand go.

"It's not too late to go back and begin again," he said with an effort. "snow it—must seem presumptous for me to talk to you like this, but—but would give a great deal to be sure that you were happy."

"Thank you." There was a little quiver in her voice, but she checked in matantly. She dragged her hand and took her down into her eyes.

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eyes.
"When shall I see you again?" sh asked presently.
He did not answer at once, and repeated her question: "When shall I see you again? I don't want you to stay away so long again."

stretched hand.

"Well, I never! We were just talking about you."

His voice was quite steady, perfectly friendly, but his heart had given one bitter throb of disappointment at sight of Christine's husband. This was the end of their little half hour together. Perhaps it was Fate stepping in opportunely to prevent him making a food of himself.

Jimmy and he shook hands awkwardly. Jimmy had made no attempt to greet his wife. One would have thought that they had met only an hour or two proviously, to judge by the coolness of heir meeting, though beneath her black frock Christine's heart was racing, and for the first few moments she hardly knew what she was doing or what she said.

Jimmy looked ill; she knew that, and it gave her a faint little heartache, so avoided looking at him if she could heip it. She left the two men to entertain each other and busied herself with the teatray.

Rettering: "He tried to speak, but somehow could! find no words. She looked up at him in surprise. It was too dark to see his face, but something in the tenneeses of his surprise. It was too dark to see his face, but something in the tenneeses of his surprise. It was too dark to see his face, but something in the tenneeses of his surprise. It was too dark to see his face, but something in the tenneeses of his face, but something in the tenneeses of his table to see his face, but something in the tenneeses of his face, but something

just stood staring into the darkness, her heart fluttering in her throat.

She would have said that she had only loved one man—the man whom she had married; but now she had be covered her face with her hands, and, turning, ran into the housand upstairs to her room, shutting an locking the door behind her.

Down in the drawing room things were decidedly uncomfortable.

Gladys sat by the tea table, enjoying ust stood staring into the darkness, he

haps more painful to him than to either of his companions.

He handed the tea for Christine, and decidedly uncomfortable.

Gladys sat by the tea table, enjoying decidedly uncomfortable.

Gladys sat by the tea table, enjoying her beling? he was asking himself jeal-day was walking up and down like a wild animal, waiting for Christine to return. Secretly Gladys was rather amused at unexpected presence had spoiled for the situation. She considered that whatten both an hour which neither would tasily have forgotten?

Leasily have forgotten?

A saked estrangement between himself and his estrangement between himself and his estrangement between himself and his

practically.

Jimmy stood still. "Why doesn't Christine come back?" in the control of the contro

"He isn't a fool," said Gladys caimly.
"I call him an exceedingly nice man."
Jimmy's eyes flashed.
"I suppose you've been encouraging him to come here and dangle after my wife. I thought I could trust you."
Gladys looked at him unfilnchingly.
"I thought I could trust you, too," she said serency. "And apparently I was said serency. "And apparently I was mistaken. You've spoiled Christine's

"Well. I didn't expect to said Gladys bluntly. She grinned at Christine.

"None of us expected to see him," said Jimmy's wife rather shrilly. "The Great Horatio is on his way home. I suppose he has come down to tell us the news." Her voice sounded flippant. Jimmy was conscious of a sharp pang as he listened to her. He hardly recognized Christine in this girl who sat there avoiding his cityes, avoiding speaking to him unless she were obliged.

Once she had hung on his every word; once she had flushed at the sound of his step; but now, one might almost step; but now, one might almost have thought she was Kettering's wife life; it was a rotten swindle from beginning to end.

Gladys frowned. "If you're going to Gladys frowned. "If you're going to Gladys frowned. "If you're going to Gladys frowned." She said im-

patiently.

He caught her hand when she would

patiently.

He caught her hand when she would have moved away.

"I'm sorry. You might be a pai to a chap, Gladys. I—well, I'm at my wits' end to know what to do. With Horatio coming home—

Her eyes grew scornful,

"Oh, so that's why you've come here!"

"It is and it isn't. I wanted to see Christine. You won't believe me, I know, but I've been worried to death about her ever since she left me. Ask Sangster if you don't believe me. I swear to you that if it were possible, I'd give my right hand this minute to undo all the retten past and start again. I suppose it's too late. I suppose she hates me. She said she did that last night in London. She looks as if she does now. The way she asked me if I was going to stay to dinner—a chap's own wife!—and in front of that brute Kettering!"

"He isn't a brute."

Gladys walked away and poured herself anoher cup of tea.

"Christine has been hurt—hurt much more than you have," she said at last. She spoke slowly, as if she were carefully choosing her words.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

(CONTINUED MONDAY) (Copyright, 1920, by Bell Syndicate) THE GUMPS-To Clean or Not to Clean



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Literature and a Typewriter Ribbon

By Hayward Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. TICK 1 TICK TICK HER SOFT EYES MET HIS WITH ONE LAST APPEAL FOR HELP. TICK THERE WAS A WORLD IN THEM. TICK CASTING OFF HIS LAVENDER TIE TICK TICK TICK AND SPATS, TICK CHICK PAUL DASHED ALMOST TICK TICK KNEE DEEP INTO THE ROUGH SEA.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says housing conditions must be terrible and she saw in the paper that labor had actually been stabilized.

WHEN YOU ARRIVE LATE FOR THE GAME By FONTAINE FOX AND THE CHEERING INDICATES YOUR TEAM IS ABOUT TO SCORE IN THE FIRST FEW MINUTES OF PLAY -- AND THEN YOUR GIRL STOPS TO GO THROUGH THE POWDER-PUFF-LIP-STICK-ROUGE CEREMONY.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG FOXGRAPES

A-E-HAYWARD - 16

PETEY-He's a Bear



"CAP" STUBBS—What Good Does That One Do "Cap"?

