

The Second Honeymoon

By RUBY M. AYRES

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

She was so awfully fond of you, Jimmy," Jimmy moved restlessly. "It must have been a dreadful shock to her, poor child." She looked at him impatiently. "Oh, what on earth is the use of being a man if you can't make a woman care for you? She did once, and it ought not to be so very difficult to make her care again. She's always just longing for some one to be good to and love her. That's why she seems to like Mr. Kettering. I know. It is only seeming, Jimmy. I know her better than you do. It's only that he came along just when she was so unhappy—just when she was wanting some one to be good to her. And he has been good to her, he really has," she added earnestly. Jimmy drew a long breath. He rose to his feet, stretching his arms wearily. "I don't deserve that she should forgive me," he said, with a new sort of humility. "But—but if ever she does—"

A Fight for Love

Not a fight of two men for one woman, but the fight of two women for one man.

George Barr McCutcheon tells the story in

"WEST WIND DRIFT"

The scene is laid on a desert island where life's ordinary conveniences and advantages don't count. The first installment of this clever novel will appear in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.

Begins Saturday Next

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"You won't—you won't try to force me afterward. You won't try to force me with your word of honor. I don't know how to thank you, I—I'm not half good enough for you. I don't deserve that you should ever give me a moment's thought. I'm such an awful rotter," said Jimmy, his face breaking in his voice. He tried to take her hand, but she drew it back.

"It's only friends we're going to be," she whispered.

He choked back a lump in his throat. "Only friends?" he echoed, he echoed, trying to speak cheerily. He knew what she meant; he knew that he was not to remember that they were married, that they were just to behave like good pals—for the complete deception of the Great Horatio.

"Thank you, thank you very much," he said again.

"And—when will you—when—"

He stammered.

"Oh, not yet," she told him quickly. "There's plenty of time. Next week, do you see? You can't know when your brother arrives. I'll come then. I'll—"

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"Horatio arrives in London tomorrow morning. Wire just received. 'Thought you ought to know at once. Bangster.'"

Christine read the message through, then let it flutter to the floor at her feet; she looked up at Jimmy's embarrassed face.

"Well," she said sharply. "He's coming tomorrow, you see." Jimmy began stammering. "He'll be in London tomorrow, so it—so it—"

He cast an appealing glance at Gladys. "I suppose I'm in the way," she said bluntly. "I'll clear out."

She turned to the door, but Christine stopped her.

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Jimmy turned away. He stood staring down into the fire; he felt somehow as if they were both taking a mean advantage of Christine; he felt as if he had tried to force her hand; he was sure she did not wish to come back to him, but he was sure, too, that because of her heart she thought it her duty to do so, he would not return alone to London that night.

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"Of course," Gladys turned to the door and Christine followed her, leaving Jimmy alone.

He did not move. He stood staring down at the cheery fire, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece. He wished now he had braved the situation out and received the full vent of the Great Horatio's wrath alone. Christine would think less of him than ever for being the first to make overtures of peace; he could have kicked himself as he stood there.

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THE GUMPS—Tenant vs. Landlord



By Sidney Smith

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Politics Is a Nasty Game

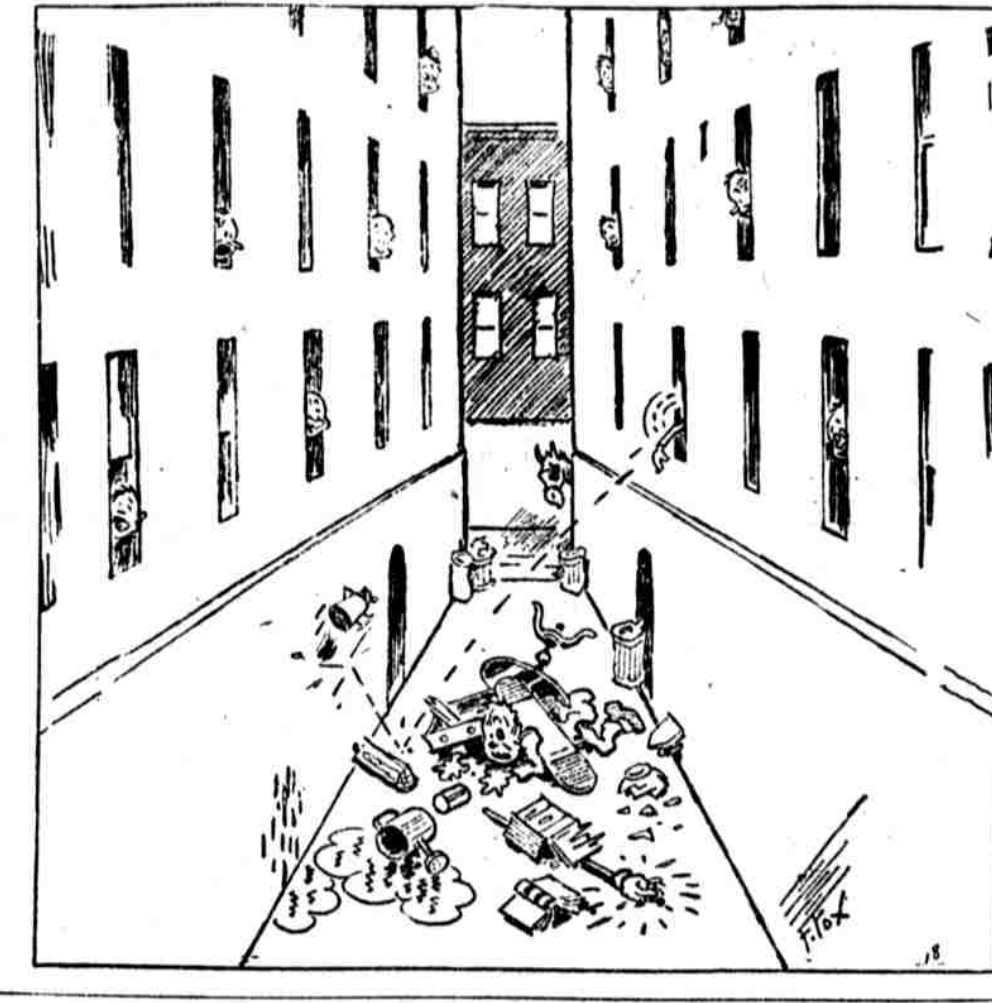


By Hayward

The Young Lady Across the Way



Shortly After the Word Had Gone Around That the Man in the Rear Court Was the Landlord Himself

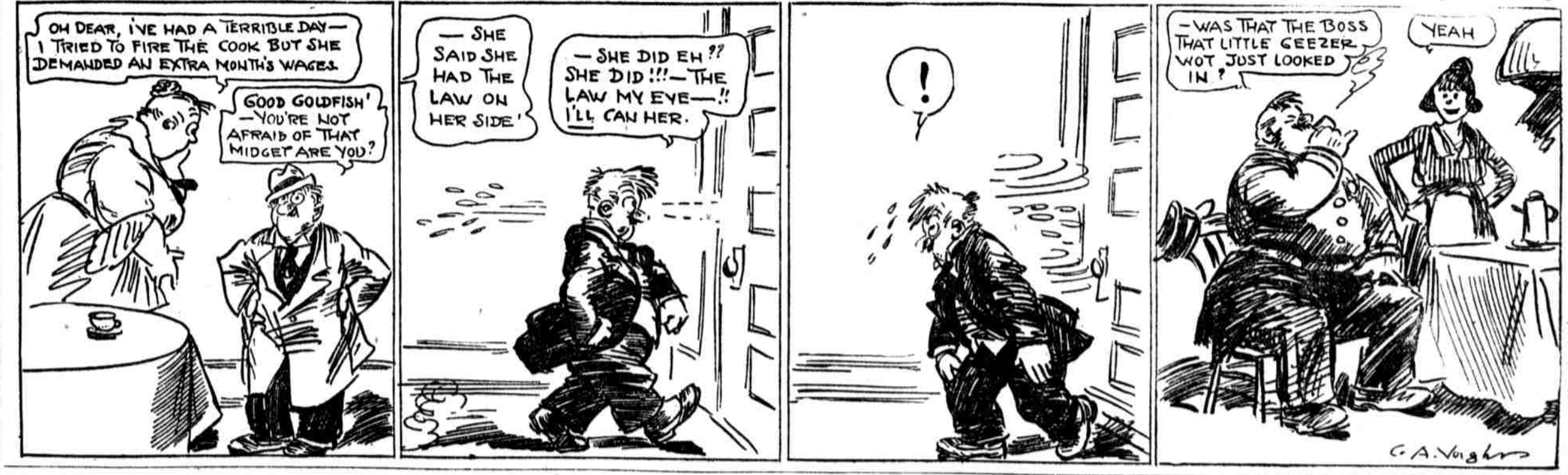


SCHOOL DAYS



By DWIG

PETEY—Haw! Haw! Also Ho! Ho!



By C. A. Voight

"CAP" STUBBS—To Say Nothing of Sammy!



By Edwina

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