

The Second Honeymoon

By RUBY M. AYRES

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Like a Drowning Man, She Remembered All.

She had danced with him at the brilliant embassy ball; she had found him a stowaway on the vessel in which she was sailing with her millionaire father. And the knowledge that Olga loved him but stirred Ruth's passion.

Here on a desert island, where social position does not count, she makes up her mind to fight for him.

Does She Win?

Read George Barr McCutcheon's "West Wind Drift" and read all about it.

The story will begin on Saturday in the

Evening Public Ledger

It was awful to me, too—once," she said dully. "A week to know that you didn't love me when I was so sure that you did. But I've got over it. I suppose you will, too, some day, even if you think it hurts very much just now. I dare say we shall be quite happy together in our own way some day. Lots of married people are—quite happy together and don't love each other at all." She dismissed him when they reached the hotel. She went up to her room and cried.

She did not know why she was crying. She only knew that she felt lonely and unhappy. She would have given the world just then for some one to come in and put kind arms round her. She would have given the world to know that there was some one to whom she really mattered, really counted. Jimmy only wanted her because he realized that she no longer wanted him. The wedding ring which she had been wearing since her marriage was the only thing which she would never again be free.

Jimmy had taken great pains to make himself smart; it was almost pathetic the efforts made to be bright and shining. He told her that he had sent a note to Sangster to meet them afterward for supper. It was Jimmy's eyes brightened.

"I am so glad," she said. "I like him so much." She was almost friendly with him after that. Once or twice he made her laugh. He was very careful to keep always to impersonal subjects. He behaved just as if he were a stranger. He had no evening of enjoyment. When they left the theatre Christine looked brighter than he had ever seen her. He was profoundly grateful. He was delighted that Sangster should meet her with that little smile which she had given him so very unhappy, he told himself.

Sangster was waiting for them when they reached the supper room. He greeted Christine warmly. He told her jokingly that he had got his dress suit in her honor. Jimmy looked very well and happy. The little supper passed off cheerfully enough. It was only toward the end of the evening that Sangster blundered; he held a hand to Jimmy when he had said good-night to Christine.

"Well, so long, old chap." Jimmy dashed him off. "I'm not staying here. Wait for me; I'm coming along." Jimmy said savagely, as they walked away. "What in the world did you want to say that for? My dear fellow, I thought it was all right. I thought you'd made it up. I'm awfully sorry."

"We really made it up—never shall I forget it," Jimmy snapped at him. "Oh, for the Lord's sake, let's talk about something else." Sangster raised his troubled eyes to the dark starless sky. He had been so sure everything was all right. Jimmy had made no recent confidence to him. He had thought Christine looked well and happy—and now after all this time it looks as if we shall have some more rain," he said dully. "It's been awful weather these weeks. I hate it. Damn the weather!" said Jimmy.

Four days passed away, and still the Great Horatio had not arrived in London. He had sent a couple of telegrams from Marseille explaining that a chill had delayed him. Jimmy growled to Sangster. "He means that he's having a lingering good time where he is," Sangster laughed.

THE GUMPS—Giving It the Once Over

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Boss Is a Great Adviser

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By Hayward



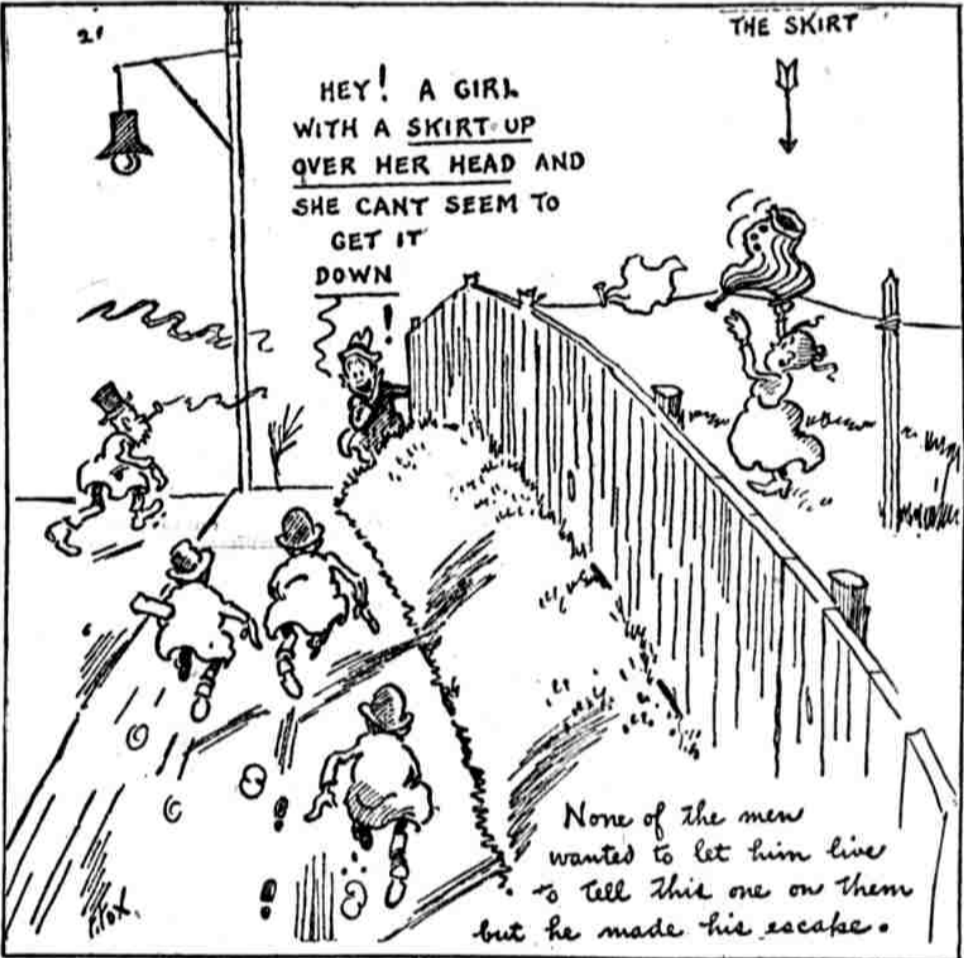
The Young Lady Across the Way

VERNON McNUTT

By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



PETEY—He Wins, But He Loses

By C. A. Voight

