

The Winds of the World

By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Master Man," "The Second Honeymoon," Etc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Jill and Kathy (sisters) take care of their crippled brother, Ralph Hilliard. She had pictured a "love in a hot-house" life, but Hilliard is rich, Don the brother, has little faith in Hilliard, but Jill feels that Kathy will care for them. She neglects to do much for them. She neglects to do much for them. She neglects to do much for them.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

JILL laughed. "You mean that I have grown older?" she said lightly. "No—no, I did not mean that," he answered. Her eyes mocked him. "Wiser, perhaps, then?" she submitted with a touch of irony. He made no reply.

"Kathy has a fine house," she said irrelevantly. "Finer even than mine." "You must come and see my home, Mr. Tallentyre—it's really rather beautiful in its way." "After the terrace," she added whimsically. "You are very kind."

"I'm thinking of giving it up and taking a flat instead," she went on presently. "It's rather inconveniently large in some ways; and I always had a longing to live in a flat." "Yes," he said, "I remember you telling me that."

"Did I—did I, really? How funny!" "It's kind of you to say that." "Tallentyre moved restlessly; a passionate longing seized him to rouse her from this self-possession; to make her feel—if only for a moment; to see for himself if his old power over her was faded dead and gone."

"Do you remember that Sunday—and the ranting Salvationist?" he asked suddenly. "Of course I do . . . and his special invitation to you—of was it to come—and have a dip in Jordan?" she laughed with frank amusement at the memory. "Oh, dear, what a long time ago that seems . . ."

"It is not so long—only a year . . ." "A year is long time sometimes," she said, with a little shadow in her voice. He turned and looked at her. "It has seemed long to you?" he asked quickly. She seemed to be considering the question.

"In some ways—yes," she said at last. "What I think all that has happened, and how my life has changed . . ."

"You have got everything you want at last." She shook her head. "Not quite everything; that would be too much to expect."

He dropped his monocle and picked it up again. "You once told me that your idea of happiness was to be rich, and 'somebody' . . ."

glimpse of her tonight had undone all the past; he loved her more now she was irrevocably lost to him than in the past when he had held her so lightly. The sight of her wedding ring had cut him to the quick; once he had been fond of Henry Sturgess in a sort of way, but he felt now that he hated him because he knew that he would have by virtue of his wealth. And she might have been his wife—the thought was agony; he would have given anything for the merciful gift of forgetfulness.

He let down the window, and he called to the driver; he gave the address of the house where the "crush" was being held at which he had promised to meet Lady Elrica.

He would put an end to the shilly-shallying at once; and for all; he would ask her to marry him; he would force forgetfulness somehow—anyhow; perhaps the kisses of one woman would blot out the haunting image of another . . . after all, he would have to marry some day, and Jill was already lost to him.

He had no difficulty in finding Elrica. Heaving; he sat down beside her with a sort of resignation; he had long ago known that she was to be his fate, and he was up fighting against the realization. She looked at him furtively from beneath her long, slightly darkened lashes.

"Well—truant?" she said lightly. Tallentyre smiled. "I came as soon as I could—I had to 'line' at the Hilliards, you know."

"Poor dear! Was it so very boring?" Her voice was slightly sarcastic. "No," said Tallentyre shortly; he did not want to talk about the Hilliards.

He took up a big feathery fan lying on her lap, and opened and shut it mechanically. "Do you know why I have come here tonight?" he said.

She raised her brows. "To see me?" she asked archly. Tallentyre laid the fan down again in her lap. "To ask you to marry me," he said. There was a little silence; he did not look at her.

In a distant room some one was singing; Tallentyre found himself listening apathetically; he wondered how long it would be before Elrica answered him; he moved restlessly.

Suddenly she laughed. "Well," she said, "why don't you ask me, then?" "Half an hour later, Tallentyre left the house an engaged man."

CHAPTER III

Married for love, married for love. Life as sweet as a dish of honey. But when the wedding is over, we might as well have married for money.

Ralph Hilliard heard of Tallentyre's engagement at the club the following day; it was being commented upon freely. "Pulled it off at last, has he! Poor old Cig."

Hilliard looked up from his paper. "What about Cig?" he asked. He looked at Gerald Tranter, who had made the half-sympathetic, half-joking exclamation.

"What about Cig?" he asked again. Tranter looked surprised. "Haven't you heard? He's engaged—the fair Elrica has pulled it off at last."

Hilliard stared. "Rot," he said shortly. "He was at my house last night, and he would have told me if . . ."

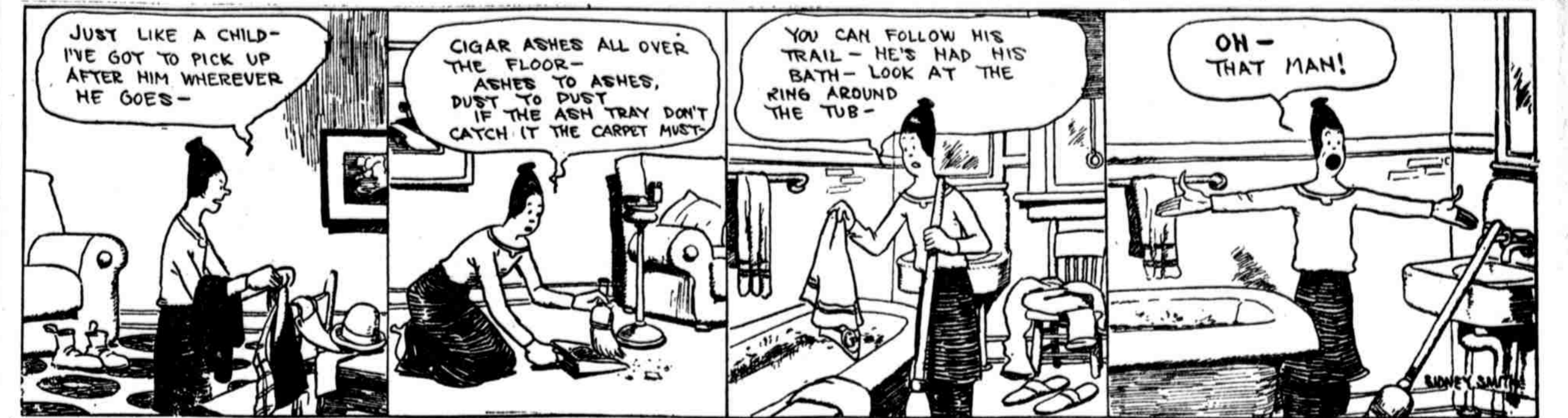
"Well, here goes," he broke off in surprise. He was very fond of Tallentyre, and he rather resented the fact that he had been left to hear of his engagement through a third party.

"I am sure he would have told me," he said again. Tranter shrugged his shoulders. "Well—every one's talking about it, that's all I know, and my sister says she saw Elrica this morning, and congratulated her."

"Humph," said Hilliard shortly. "Well, here goes," he added sententiously.

THE GUMPS—Oh! That Man!

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Meanwhile the Boss Doesn't Feel So Funny

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

By Hayward



The Young Lady Across the Way

After the Jones Baby Has Yelled for About Two Hours

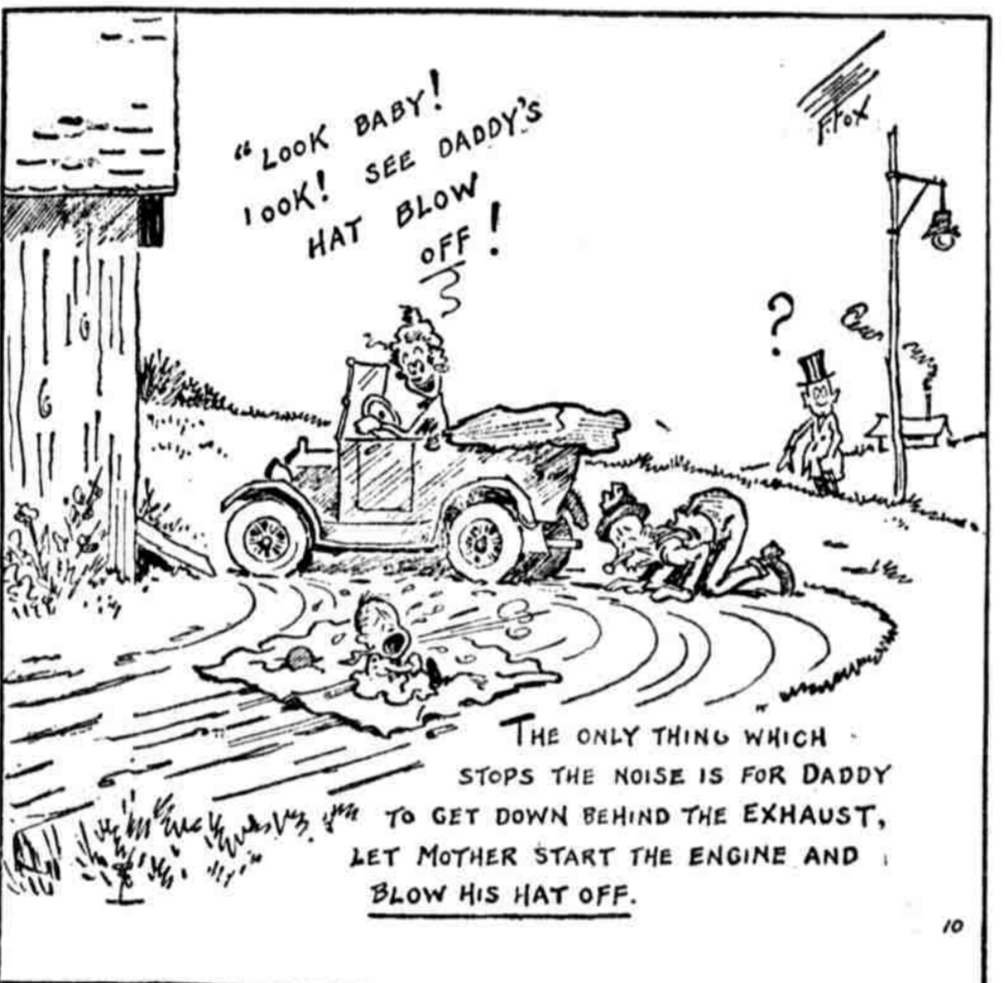
By Fontaine Fox

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



The young lady across the way says the main trouble is that the children don't mind the parents and first of all a child ought to be taught strict obedience.

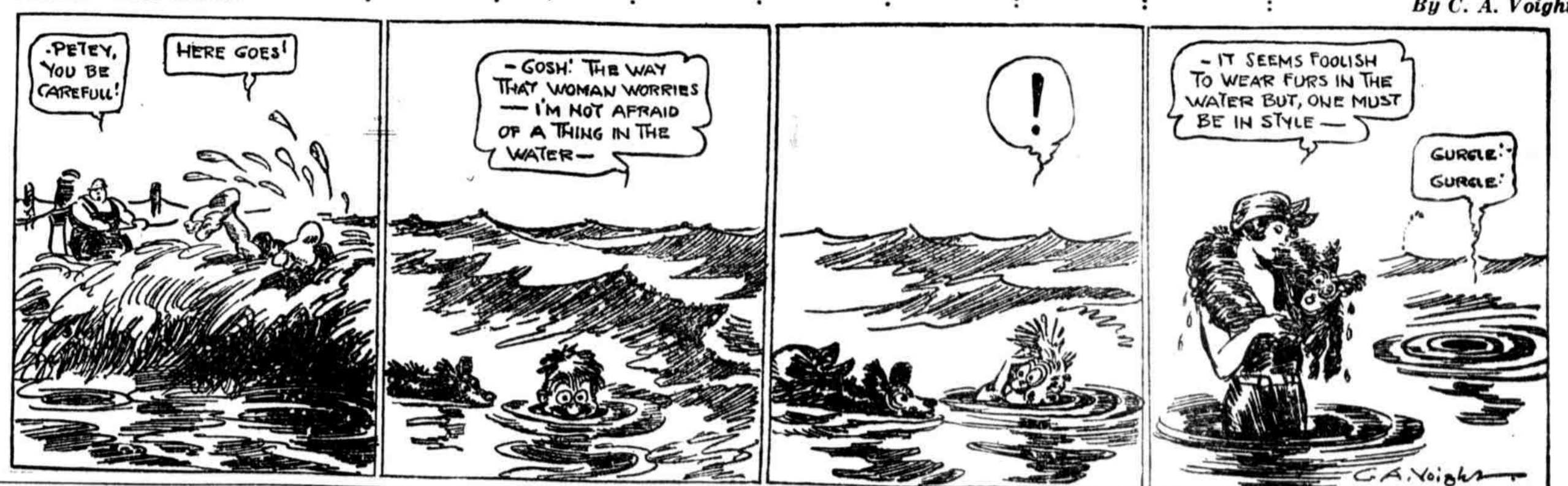


THE ONLY THING WHICH STOPS THE NOISE IS FOR DADDY TO GET DOWN BEHIND THE EXHAUST, LET MOTHER START THE ENGINE AND BLOW HIS HAT OFF.



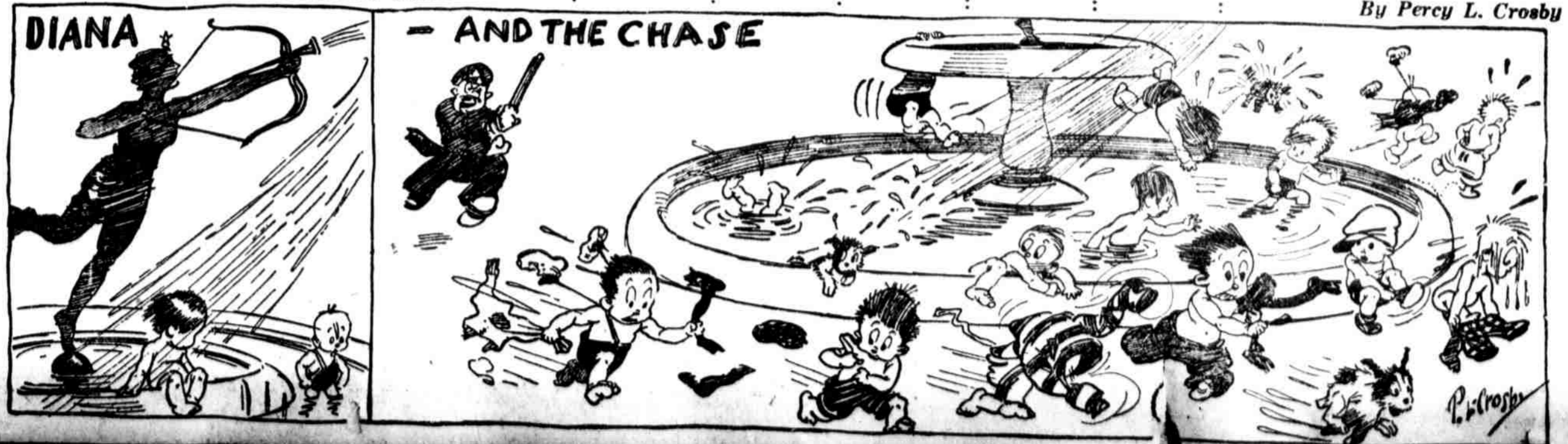
PETEY—More Trouble

By C. A. Voight



THE CLANCY KIDS—The Fountain of Youth

By Percy L. Croshaw



Continued tomorrow