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By RUBY M. AYRES whor of "The Phantom Lover," "The Master Man," "The Second Honeymoon," Etc.

to be caught with such call."

It's true, all the same," TallenIt's true, all the same," TallenIt's true, all the same," TallenShe looked so frail; sometimes he felt afraid to look forward to the future of which he spoke so confidently. I quite agree with her-that's all. it, good heavens--what in the

was a moment's silence.

CHAPTER IX not of God my heart is stone!

sat quite still; the little frock isad been embroidering with such had fallen to her lap unbeeded;

had fallen to her lap unheeded;
eyes were fixed with a sort of dread
them on Ralph Hillyard.

"Of course, he knows his own busibest." he went on, nonchalantly.
That I really gave him credit for more
them. It would have been the making
thin if he'd married Elrica. Now
if have to leave London."

Jill took up her work again; her
best was beating fast and she was
afraid to trust herself to speak.

Why had Tallentyre done this? she
madered. Or had it been Ellrac's doing and not his? Her thoughts were

Twice Rigden rang her up on the
phone, asking what was the untreasured.

"I don't see why he need leave Lon-Kathy said again, presently; was a sort of defensiveness in

My dear child, you can hardly call in debt; the term is far too mild. rything that belongs to him does

he added, dryly.

Kathy looked up at her husband.

Can't you help him?'' she said,

saidealy. "He's your friend, and we
could afford to help him, couldn't we?'' d flushed; he laughed uncom-

"Cig wouldn't hear of it-even if it "Besides, if every penny he owes were said up tomorrow, he'd be in just as

a plight in another six months.

In men are like that—you don't untand," he added more gently, lookdown at his wife's anxious face.

It Cig's one of those men who'll the do any good—his father was just same."

I like him." she said. "I like him ary of your friends."

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I know he is." said Merredew with a growl. "I only wish he wasn't."

He sat down beside her.

"You've heard about Cig. of course?" Kathy was unconvinced; she looked "I like him," she said. "I like him better than any of your friends."
"My dear, we all like him," Hillyard said with a touch of impatience. "That

at the argument at all. As far as I'm concerned, he's quite the best chap I know, but that doesn't alter facts. Prhaps he means to look out for another belress," he added, dryly. "Wom-calways seem to find him attrac-

Jill pushed back her chair and rose.
"I think if you can spare me I ought
be going," she said; she looked
ather pale; she laid her work down
said Kathy. "Sometimes I forget at I've got a house of my own to sok after, she added. She kissed Kathy fondly.

don't come down with meby with Ralph. I shall see you to-She kissed her again, nodded to Hill-

There was a little silence when she ad gone, then Hillyard dropped into the chair she had left beside his wife.

"Well, sweetheart?" he said.

Kathy leaned her head against his boulder.

"Do you-do you think-it's any thing to do with Jill?" she asked him, rather breathlessly. "Mr. Tallentyre reaking off bis engagement, I mean."
"With Jill!" he laughed. "You abard child—and Cig didn't do the resking, either—it was Elrica. I'm arprised, I admit, but with a woman never know where you are. As

athy moved away from him. "I hate to hear you speak of her in at tone of voice," she complained, ombling. "She's much, much too sod! She's far better than I am. at the way she used to slave for us before I knew you. It was always ha who went without, so that Don and could have what we wanted. She's so massifish—I've never really realized it satil lately. It makes me feel so—so small, to think of what she is, and the way I treated her."

You never treated her badly—it's You never treated her badly-it's

Kathy wiped the tears from her eyes, and shook her head.
"Oh, no, it isn't, and you know it isn't; we were horrid to her, horrid—than Don died." She began to cry

Hillyard frowned.
"I wish you wouldn't cry," he said, with you wouldn't cry," he said, will and fanciful. I won't have you rerrying yourself with these silly ideas. Jill's all right; she's got everything she an want, heaven knows."

'Oh, but she hasn't." said Kathy, carneatly. "Money isn't everything; we used to think it was, but it isn't; and I've never realized it so much as I have done since we were married, Jill

have done since we were married. Jill u't happy—sometimes her face is so d it almost breaks my heart."

Hillyard rose to his feet.

Hillyard rose to his feet.

'It's nonsense—sheer nonsense," he aid, briskly. "Jill is the last woman is the world to be sad; and as far as anything between them. His name as been coupled with so many somen's, and it isn't at all likely he wild have seriously given Jill a cought. You've stumbled across a cought. You've stumbled across a name a nest, little one—put it out of the faised her chin in the palm of his land, and kissed her quivering lips.

Hillyard rose to his feet.

She shook her head and tried to laugh.

"I'm perfectly well; I've never been better—it's just the heat. Don't look better

HTED, by Elrica! Never in your if you won't have time soon to think all this nonsense," he told her fondly.

But Kathy only smiled faintly, and a little throb of fear shot through Hill-

CHAPTER X

"When I remember something which I has But which is sone and I must do without I sometimes wonder how I can be giad

Jill walked away from the Hillyards' house with a strange feeling of exultation in her heart.

Tallentyre flushed, about my little "You're thinking about mild have to go house with a strange feeling of exultation in her heart.

Tallentyre was free! For the moment that thought filled her mind to the exclusion of all else; for the moment she felt as if everything she had wished for in the world had been given back to her at last.

She had not seen him for some time.

her at last.
She had not seen him for some time, but she had heard of him casually from Kathy, and she knew from other friends how seldom he and Elrica Hew-

There was a moment's silence.

She had not seen him for some time, but she had heard of him casually from Kathy, and she knew from other friends how seldom he and Elrica Hewing were seen about together.

Of course, it was all nonsense to say that he would have to leave London. Heaps of men whose financial affairs were in a far worse state than his managed to get along all right. Ralph had been talking rubbish; as if the fact of a broken engagement could make such a vital difference to his life.

When she saw him again—but here her thoughts broke sharply; it was so unlikely that she ever would see him unless she went out of her way to do so. She knew that he was deliberately avoiding her, and lately she had been thankful for it; but now everything was surely different.

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Heaps of men whose financial affairs were in a far worse stat

when he left Tallentyre he went she state to home and told his wife the she got home she could settle to nothing. She was in her boudoir with Jill. She was at Jill he looked as he spoke. "Clg's engagement is broken off!"

to let a few days go by.

Every time a bell rang she thought it must be he—but the day slipped away, and the next came, but there was no word from Tallentyre.

Jill recalled the manner of their parting, and something seemed to tell

her that he would never come to her unless she sent for him. She had looked in the papers, but had seen no mention of the broken en-

wandering about, hardly knowing how she passed the time.

Twice Rigden rang her up on the phone, asking what was the matter, and why she was hiding. Jill answered him evasively; she was not well, she said—she was not fit to see any one. He called, but she refused to see him.

On the third evening young Merredew came. He sent some roses up with his est, and still live on here doing as card, and begged her to see him if only for a minute. Jill frowned and smiled together.

"My dear child, you can hardly call cle in debt; the term is far too mild. Everything that belongs to him does not belong to him, if you know what I mean; he's mortgaged everything he ever had, including his friends—"he added, dryly.

Kathy looked up at her husband.

"Can't you help him?" she said. "I've been looking for you every-where," he said, reproachfully.
"The last time I saw you was at the Despards', when you went off without

She laughed.

"That was Mr. Tallentyre's fault; he whirled me off—I was not responsible."
He was looking at her with wistful

"You've heard about Cig. of course?" e said, presently.

She nodded.
"Yes"—there was a little pause.
'You mean about his broken engagement? My brother-in-law told me, but I haven't seen anything about it in the papers." She realized suddenly that papers." She realized suddenly that she had not been near Kathy since that night, although she had promised to go

the following day.

Merredew was watching her with a sort of vague apprehension; his voice was constrained as he answered— "No, it hasn't been announced offi-cially yet. I don't know why, though; it's true enough. Cig told me himself; he seemed thankful to be out of it."

Jill laughed shakily. 'You mustn't be so outspoken,' she d him. "You'll never be popular

if you say such things."

He laughed.
"I know—my tongue runs away with
me, I'm always being told about it.
"New Lamphon". May I smoke?" Please.

She watched while he lit a cigarette; she was longing to ask more about Tai-lentyre, but the very longing scaled her

'It's rotten luck on poor old Cig. isn't it?" he went on again, presently "I shall miss him frightfully; can't see why he need go myself, but he's such a pig-headed chap—you can't move him an inch once his mind is made

Jill did not answer at once, then—
"What do you mean? Where is—
is he going?" she asked.
"Didn't you know? I thought he'd
be sure to have told you. He's going
abroad; it's all fixed up and he's going
quite soon. I've done my best to persuade him to wait a bit and let things
blow over, but he won't listen. You
know"—he added, lowering his voice
a little—"I think there's more in it
all than he'll admit, though I'm blessed
if I know what it is, and—Jill! What Jill did not answer at once, then-

if I know what it is, and-Jill! What He dropped his cigarette, and rushed over to where she was sitting. She was quite white—and her hands were gripping the sides of the couch as if in a desperate effort to keep herself from

She tried to laugh at his frightened face—she put up one hand in weak pro-test when he would have touched her. "I'm all right—really all right please, it's just that the room was so-

Merredew made her lie back against the cushions; he opened the window wide and brought water and made her

drink some.

"You've had too many late nights, you know, that's what it is," he told her, trying to speak angrily. "You ought to go to bed at 8 o'clock for a month—you're just wearing yourse'f

THE GUMPS-And Then the Lights Went Out





JUST HEED A LOT OF THINGS

MY DEAR SWEET HIECE - AM ENCLOSING THIS LETTER A DRAFT FOR A HUNDRED POLLARS-AND DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO ANDY ABOUT THIS-YOU ARE A WOMAN AND CAN UNDERSTAND -MRS. ZANDER HAS A BIRTHDAY ON THE 28 II I WANT YOU TO BUY AN APPROPRIATE GIFT AND ENCLOSE MY CARD AND SEND IT TO HER ON THAT PATE- I KNOW YOU WILL DO THIS LITTLE FAVOR FOR ME AND SHALL BE MOST GRATEFUL TO YOU- KISS LITTLE CHESTER FOR ME AND AGAIN ASSURING YOU OF MY DEEP APPRECIATION I AM YOUR LOVING UNCLE

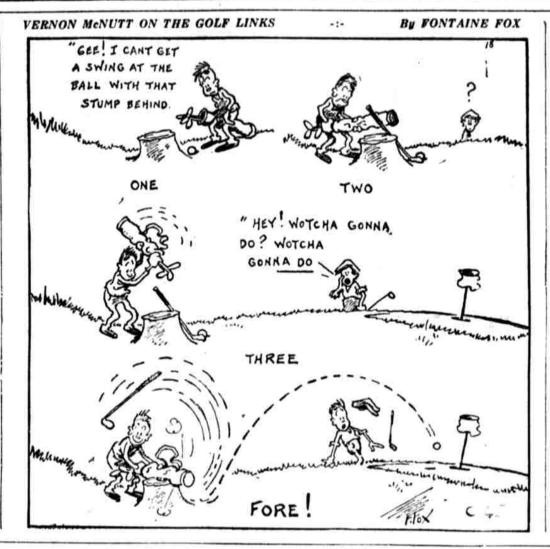
Bu Sidney Smith

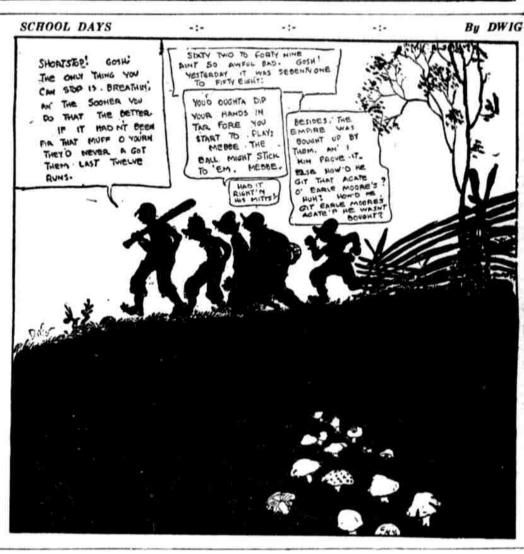
SOMEBODY'S STENOG-This Bird Was Too Good

By Hayward : Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co. BOTHER WITH SMALL STUFF - DIDN'T I GOOD MORNING - PEACE YOU CAN DEPEND MARY - LOCK SEE YOU AT THE CHESS CLUB? - I CAN BE WITH YOU - MAY I SEE ON IT THIS THE STAMP SEE BY YOUR FACE YOU LOVE CHILDREN, BEAUTIFUL DAY SUNDAY WASN'T IT! MY MISTER SMITHERS ? STRAIGHT AS DRAWER ! I AM. I WOULD LITTLE BOY WANTED ME TO GO OUT NOT DECEIVE YOU . FOR A WALK. ID HAVE WHY ONCE I O. GONE ONLY I WAS WAS OFFERED A SHELPING A MILLION DOLLARS CRIPPLE-IF ID TELL ONE LIE , BUT I WOULDN'T DO IT! HT'S MY CONCIENCE -IT WOULD HURT ME: YOU CAN'T LOSE ON THIS -A-E-HAYWARD-18



The young lady across the way says she heard her brother say that one of the best hitters in the league was out on a bat in New York the other night and she supposes a man who really excels at the game has to practice at all sorts of times and





PETEY-He's No Match for Anybody Now







THE CLANCY KIDS—The Passenger Had the Right Idea

