EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, OCTOBER 3,- 1921

By Sidney Smith THE GUMPS-Oh, That Man! A BACHELOR HUSBAND AND I JUST ASKED HIM TO POUR A LITTLE WATER ON THEM WHILE OH By RUBY M. AYRES THE SOMETHING'S THAT Author of "Richard Chatterton," Etc. BURNING ! BEANS -MAN Copyright, 1920, by W. J. Watt & Co. HE'S OUT IN THE YARD PITCHING THIS BEGINS THE STORY HORSE SHOES -Madge that we're engaged?" he said. Marie Chesten had alicays adored But even then she could not believe . She dreaded lest with every mo-Marie Chesten had alicaus adorea Gristopher Lancless and he had Gristopher Lancless and he had Gristopher Lancless and he had Gristopher had been telt an when Christopher had been left an when Christopher had been left an when Surgerss older than she and He was six years older than she and He was six years older than she and He was six pears older than she her was for him. When he went to col-boots for him. But she meant less et the train. But she meant less than nothing to him. When, with the than nothing to him. When, with the than sa passing from girthood to in this as a passing from girthood to in this as a great grief to her. Then followed a terribly dull week be-followed a terribly dull week be-followed a terribly dull week be-followed a mut believed in seven days et unbroken mourning, and though Thristopher Lawless and ment she would wake and find it all a dream. But it was still a reality when they got back home, and Aunt Madge pre-tended to be surprised, and cried and kissed them both, and still she had never been so glad about anything. She wanted them to have a glass ot She wanted them to have a glass of wine to celebrate the occasion, though, as a rule, she was a stanch teetotaler, but Chris snid no, he could not stay— he had an appointment. He went off in a great hurry, hardly saying good-night, and promising to be round early in the morning. SIDNEY SMITH At the doorway he stopped and looked back at the two women. "I'll—er—you must have a ring. Ma-rie Celeste," he said. "I'll—er--I'll tell them to send some round," and he was rone. cause her aunt betieved in seven days of unbroken mourning, and though Christopher came and went he never Christopher came one night he asked her how old she was and she said her how old she was and she said eighteen and quite old enough to be married. Was gone. It was a strange wooing altogether, By Hayward but to Marie there was nothing amiss. She was in the seventh heaven of hap-SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Boss Is Never Appreciative : : : Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company piness. When she went to bed she looked out at the starry sky, and wished MISS OFLAGE! ER-I SEE YOU I JUST WANTED TO YES, BOSS -AND HERE IT CONTINUES she were clever enough to write a poem about this most wonderful of nights. SAY I THINK YOU I THOUGHT I ANSWERED THAT THE COME HERE TE STOOD for a moment looking KNEW ALL THE LETTER FROM HAVE GREAT PERSPICUITY. OLD down at her. She could feel his eyes She saw nothing wrong with the days THE PIFFLE CO DETAILS - AND . that followed either. To be awkwardly CRAB! on her. Then he said, irrelevantly, it pon her. Then he said, irrelevantly, it pon her. Then he said, irrelevantly, it stemed: "After all, we've known each etmed: "After all, we ALL YOURSELF ANOTHER WITHOUT TELLING CALL - DOWN She was mystified. She ME could not understand him. "And got on well-ch?" he pursued. life. I GUESS The wedding was to be soon. There was nothing to wait for, so Chris and Aunt Madge agreed. They also agreed that it must of necessity be quiet, owing to their mourning. Marie Celeste agreed She smiled ever so faintly. "Oh, "she said, with heartfelt fervor. to their mourning. Marie Celeste agreed to everything—she was still living in the clouds. She could hardly come down to carth sufficiently to choose frocks and look at petticoats and silk for a ride in the car tomorrow, if you Marie could not have explained why, stockings. at she felt sure that this was not what Aston Knight, a friend of Christo-pher's, was to be best man, and Marie's special school chum, Dorothy Webber, e had originally intended to say to ber, but she answered at once, "Yes, I bould love it!" was to be maid of honor. abould love it !" bould love it !" it was the first ride of many, the first It was the first ride of many, the first It was the first ride of many, the first It was the first ride of many, the first It was the first ride of many, the first It was the first ride of many, the first It was the first ride of many, the first It was the first ride of many, the first first ride of many blissful days that followed, for the stayed at the clock as if he were anxiously wait the clock as if he were anxiously was too happy to be critical. He was with her often, and that was all but she was too happy to be critical. He was with her often, and that was all come to that. There was not a cloud the show it is a start was too happy to be critical. He was with her often, and that was all "I hope you won't mind such a quiet E-HAYWARU-3 By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS By FONTAINE FOX : -THE LITTLE SCORPIONS' CLUB The Young Lady Across the Way was with her often, and that was all come to that. There was not a cloud in her sky. "Dhe wedding was fixed for a Friday." "Oh, not Friday." Miss Chester de-murred. "It's such an unlucky day! Surely Thursday will do just as well." "I'm not superstitious." Chris an-swered. "Are you, Marie Celeste? I think Friday is a soul day Wester." that mattered. And then-quite suddenly-the miracle happened! It was one Sunday evening-a golden Bunday in June, when London seemed sunday in dance, sea one in-sun-baked and breathless, and one in-stinctively longed for the sea or the think Friday is a good day. We can get away then for the week-end." PLEASE CO WAY MA! TH' FELLERS Miss Chester had had friends to tea. Marie laughed. She thought Friday was the best day in all the week she but they had gone now, and Chris was towling round the drawing room, with said-of course, she was not super NISHYATIN' ME ARE JUST old-fashioned furniture. hands in pockets, as if he did not know stitious But his Friday proved unkind, for, though it was the end of July, it rained hard when Marie woke in the morning what to do with himself. Half a dozen times he looked at Marie-half a dozen times he took a and there was a chill wind blowing. Marie-half a dozen tinks he to back segnin. There was an oddly nervous ex-pression in his blue eyes, and his care-less lips no longer smiled. Miss Chester had been very silent. She sat up in bed and stared at the window, down which the raindrops were pouring, with incredulous eyes. How could the weather possibly be so bad on such a day! It was the first too, since the visitors left, and pres-ently, with a little murmured excuse, faint shadow across her happiness. The second came in the shape of a the gathered up her work and went out wire from Dorothy Webber, to say she could not possibly come after all. Her

the room ris swallowed hard and ran a finger

men.

imply.

ill and wh nother w

nd his collar, as if he suddenly found iome. it too tight, and his voice sounded all strangled and jerky, when suddenly he "Put on your hat and come,out, Ma-

"Put on yo rie Celeste! ttiffing indoor He had al rie Celeste! I can't breathe — it's uffing indoors." He had always called her "Marie

Celeste" since their childhood. It had been his boy's way of pretending to scorn her French name, but Marie liked t, as she liked everything he chose to to or \$85. She rose now with alacrity. She was

ready in a few minutes, and they went "Darling—are you sure, quite sure, that you love Chris?" "Do I love him?" The brown eyes opened wide with amazement. "Why, I have always loved him," she said out together into the deserted streets. It was very hot still, and Chris suggested they should go down to the Em-

"There'll be a breeze," he said.

But she held Miss Chester's hand It was a very silent walk, though Marie did not notice it. She was pervery tightly as they drove to church in ectly happy; she was sure that every woman they passed must be envying her the closed car, and for the first time her child's face was a little grave. for walking with such a companion. Now and then she looked up at him with Perhaps it was the dismal day that oppressed her, or perhaps at last she was adoring eyes. They walked along the Embankment, eginning to realize that she was tak ing a serious step by her marriage with

and away from it toward Westminster Abbey. There was a service going on inside, and through the open doors they

could hear the wonderful strains of the and she raised her head proudly as her heart made answer: "I know-and organ. Marie stopped to listen-she loved

there could be no greater happiness." music, and Chris stopped, too, though he fidgeted restlessly, and drew patterns he hadgeted restlessly, and drew patterns reached the church, and the chauffeur with his stick on the dusty path at his held an unbrella over Marie as she

When they walked on again he said abruptly: "We've got on very well since you name home—ch. Marie Celeste?" The home were raised to his face.

Her dark eyes were raised to his face. "Oh, Caris! Of course!" He frowned a little. "I mean-do you think we should always get on as well?" he asked, with Lawless as he turned at the chancel

an effort. a effort. She was miles away from under- the aisle with Miss Chester. tanding his meaning, but something in is voice set her heart beating fast,

But Marie's face was quite happy beneath the wide-brimmed hat, and her When she tried to answer, her voice died brown eyes met his with such complete love and trust that for a moment he away helplessly. Christopher looked down at her, then wavered, and the color rushed to his

he said with a rush: "The fact is-I mean-will you marry me?" cheeks. But the parson was already there, Marie stopped dead, All power of and the service had begun, and in less ovement had deserted her. A wave of than ten minutes little Marie Celeste crimson surged over her face, rushing was the wife of the man she had adored away again and leaving her as white as all her life, and was signing her maiden the little rose which she wore in her name for the last time with a trembling black freek.

Clotis slopped a hand through her arm. Le was afraid that she was going to faint. He was feeling pretty bad him-telf. Wall the state of other weddings, had tied an trance of other weddings, had tied and the state of the

"Well, is it so dreadful to think old shoe, and it flopped and dangled bout?" he asked, with a mirthless dejectedly in the mud and rain behind about ?" laugh. as the car sped homeward. "Dreadful !!! She found her voice

With a gasp. The sudden rapture that Booded her heart was almost unbear-able. But for his arm in hers, she was and said : "Well, we couldn't have a worse day, could we?" sure she would have fallen. Marie smiled. "What does it mat

There was a seat close by, and Chris made her sit down. He sat beside her and stared at his feet while she recovter about the weather?" etted a little, then he looked up with a and a man—even a bridegroom—never smile.

"Well, do you think you could put up with me for the rest of your life?' colored glasses as a woman.

Marle's face was radiant. Nobody church to the house that there was no Could ever have said then that she was time to say much more, and then they were home, and Miss Chester, who bot protry. Her eyes were like stars. She seemed to have blossomed all at The scened to have unanhood. She wanted to say so many things to him, but no words would come. She hust gave him her hand, and his fin-furs closed hard shout it. For a little they sat without speak-ing, while they may the open doors of the had followed hard on their heels in another car, was crying over Marie and kissing her again, and Marie woke to the fact that she was really a married woman !

ing, while through the open doors of the sathedral came the wonderful strains the organ Then suddenly it ceased and Chris took his hand away as if the pell that had been laid upon them was

then-we

"Wells

and there were many kisses and good-bys, and at last it was all over and she and Chris were speeding away toto his feet, looking a little gether.

can tell CONTINUED TOMORROW Aunt

Marie was bitterly disappointed. but she was young and in love; the world lay at her feet, and long before she was dressed to go to church her spirits had risen again and she was ready to laugh at Aunt Madge, who showed signs of tears. "If you cry I shall take it as a bad men." she told the old lady, kissing her. "What is there to cry for, when I am going to be so happy?" Miss Chester put her arms round the girl and looked into her face with misty The young lady across the way

says these high-heeled shoes are rather hard on the feet and if one has the slightest reason to fear one has a broken arch she should see a good pedant at once.





HUNTIN THE BEE TREE