By Hayward

A BACHELOR HUSBAND

By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "Richard Chatterton," Etc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY Marie Chester and Christopher Marie Chester and Christopher Lawless were raised together, and when her father died they married; she because she loved him and thought he loved her; he because he liked her he loved her; he because he liked her he loved her; he because he liked her and he needed the money. On their honeymoon she learns why he married her and tells him she does not her when agree to be just friends. He flirts with a Mrs. Heriot. She has comfort in Dakers or Feathers, a friend of her husband. Chris says Dakers and he had always been close friends, but he supposes it will be different now he is married. "It need not be," says Marie. 'That's what I told him,' said Chris.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

TOLD him you were not an exacting woman; I told him that we erally the other way about?"

known one another all our lives."

'Yes, I overslept myself. Where's Chris?"

Chris?" There was a little silence.
"Did you tell him why you married e?" Marie asked.

Chris flushed. What do you mean? Is it likely?" "I thought you might, as—as it was ily just a sort of business arrange-

"Do you know that you have altered great deal lately, Marie Celeste?" She forced herself to look at him.

"Do you mean my face?"
He frowned. "Your face—no! I mean in yoursel! I was only thinking this morning that you seem absolutely different to—to the girl you were that day outside Westminster Ab-

She turned sharply away.
"Perhaps I am: a great deal has appened since then."
Chris seemed to be considering the cuted or something."

She followed at once.
"That sounded so horrid," she said, with a half sigh. "My last morning! It sounds as if I were going to be executed or something." "Perhaps I am: a great deal has happened since then."

answer, and he persisted, "You were, weren't you?"

"Yes-of course, I was!" she said he went on. "You had a funny little Paris a way of looking at me, Marie Celeste— Wel way I rather liked. I remember." other."

"And what made you think I was desperately in love with you?" she "Well, not desperately in love, per-haps, but I used to think you had a sort of sneaking affection for me—I was a conceited donkey, I suppose."

"I married you-anyway!" she said "Yes, and what a marriage," he Marie put her hand to her throat as

she were choking. "I thought we were gefting along

ou mean by well! I suppose it's all right, if it suits you. she gave a queer little laugh.

She gave a queer little laugh.

"Chris, you are not trying to pretend that you're in love with me!" The words seemed forced from her and her heart beat to suffocation as she waited in her eyes cut him to the heart when he looked at her.

for his reply.

It came without a second's hesita-"I suppose I've never been in love with any woman, but if there ever has been any one, it's been you, Marie Celeste."

back—they haven't seen us," she anShe would have turned back the way they had come, but Feathers resolutely barred the way.

A poor little grain of comfort, and know that noody else came before her. She felt almost happy for the rest

of the day; even Feathers noticed that her eyes were brighter and that there more color in her cheeks. "This place is doing you good at st, Mrs. Lawless," he said to her last, Mrs. Lawless," he said to her during the evening. "It's the first time I've seer you with a color."

His grave eyes searched her face. "Ignoramus as I am, I could have

idlamond star glittered on her white to guess that in all probability his friend's meeting with Mrs. Heriot was entirely one of chance. When they

ste demanded. "Mr. Dakers, I must compilment you. You always seem to be able to make Mrs. Lawless laugh, and she's such a serious little person as a rule."

She set down between them, she all lind."

Were near enough he called out to them cheerily:
"Now, then, you two, it's breakfast time, so hurry! Mrs. Lawless and I have been right along to the head-lind." She sat down between them; she al. land." ways liked to be the center of a con-

"There'll be no moon tonight." she "It must be badly needed," Feathers ald sententiously.

She held out her white hand Give me a cigarette, Mr. Dakers! the glanced round the lounge. Where is every one tonight?" she

aked plaintively.
"I think most of the men are in the blist room." Marie said hesitatingly; the knew that Chris was—he had asked permission first, and the little at ation had pleased her, though she
new quite well that he would have ot, anyway, had he desired to go.
"I think Mr. Dakers is simply splend, you know," Mrs. Heriot said with when presently he had "He makes such a wonalked away. "He makes dutal friend, doesn't he?" He is very kind," Marie agreed

How you will miss him !" the elder han went on sympathetically. "Or be going back to town with you?" to, he is not going back with us," Her yes went across the lounge to whee Feathers stood talking to some

with and her heart contracted with would miss him, she knew! was afraid to think how much.

CHAPTER IX

no measure when two friends with the vague feeling that someis unpleasant was going to happen. with sleepy eyes, then sudremembered-they were goto London! sat up in bed, her dark hair fall-

it her shoulders, and stared at alf-packed luggage. ariy a month since she had been mar-a month of bitterness and disap-

Stments, with only one bright mem-7 attaching to it—her friendship with she was leaving even that

She was conscious of a little I fear as she thought of it. Sould help her through the long was not at hand? She

used to it soon! I must living like this soon, sure-

Copyright, 1920, by W J. Watt & Co. There would be Aunt Madge, too; it was comfo ting to think of her, but Marie did not realize that when she married Chris she had burnt her boats behind her, and would never again find

happiness or contentment in the sim-ple things that had pleased her before. Her heart was heavy as she went downstairs; it was a particularly beau-tiful morning, and her eyes were misty with tears as she looked at the blue sea and the sunlight and realized that tomorrow she would onen her eyes on tomorrow she would open her eyes on bricks and mortar and smoky London. Yet it had been her own wish to re turn. She could have stayed on had she

"Good morning," said Feathers be-She turned quickly, her eyes bright-

ening.
"Am I down before you? It's gen-

"I don't think he's up yet."

There was a little silence.

"Are you going by the morning train?" Feathers asked presently.

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Connie's a Happy Nut be home about 5.

agent."

Chris stood still and looked down at "Have you got a headache?" she asked in concern. "You look as if you have.

He laughed.
"No. I don't indulge in such luxuries, but I didn't sleep particularly
well last night." "A guilty conscience?" Marie said,

teasingly. "Probably." He stepped out into the sunny garden. "Shall we go for a stroll, as it's your last morning?"

happened since then.

Chris seemed to be considering the point.

"Years ago." he said suddenly, "I used to flatter myself that you were rather fond of me, Marie Celeste."

She caught her breath, but made no She caught her persisted, "You were.

"Thank you." Suddenly she laughed. Why, it's Friday! I always seem to desperately.
"Even up to that last time you went back to Paris I thought the same," he went on. "You had a funny little he went on. "You had a funny little he went on. "You had a funny little he went on. "Well, it's as good a day as any choose unlucky days to go to places or

She shook her head.
"Not for me," she said, unthinkingly, then laughed to cover the admission of her words.

"I'm superstitious, you see."
"Absurd!" "I know it is, and I never used to "I don't believe you are now," he

declared "What are you looking at?" Marie had stood suddenly still, and was looking down on the sands. The tide was out, and a man and

"I thought we were getting along woman were walking along together belt together."
"Did you? That all depends what close to the water's edge.
"It's Chris and Mrs. Heriot." Feathers said quietly. "Shall we go and meet them?"

> he looked at her. "I don't think I will-I'd rather go back-they haven't seen us," she an-

barred the way.
"Mrs. Lawless, don't you think it wiser to come along and

meet them?" he asked deliberately. She raised her troubled eyes to his. "I don't want to * * why need

"I don't want to " why need I? Oh, do you think I must?" He tried to laugh as if it were a subject of no importance.
"Why not? They have probably seen

'Ye seer you with a color.''
She put up her hands to her cheeks.
laughingly.
"And it's my own," she said, "and as she followed him down to the sands.
"Yery well."

But her steps dragged as she followed him down to the sands. and her face had not regained its color. Feathers was racking his brains for Mrs. Heriot came rustling up to which he knew was in her mind. He hem; she wore a beautiful evening was cursing Chris with all his heart, town, cut rather unnecessarily low, and even while he was level-headed enough

It was not the truth, but Marie hardly noticed what he said; she was trying desperately to recover her comsaid suddenly. "It's clouded over; I posure and face Mrs. Heriot with a shilk we shall have some rain."

They walked back to the hotel, the two men behind. She made a little grimace. "I am so sorry we are leaving, now "The crope and the farmers want it, it has really come to the point," Marie I suppose you mean! Do you know said. She kept her hands clenched in that I've no interest in either of them?" the pockets of the little woolly coat she "You surprise me," said Feathers wore; she wondered if the elder woman could hear the hardness of her voice.

"I'm ever so sorry, too," Mrs. Heriot said gushingly. "It's the worst of an hotel, isn't it? As soon as one gets to like people they leave. "One can always meet them again,"

Marie said deliberately. She was wen-dering desperately if Chris had already made some such arrangement with this Mrs. Heriot smiled enigmatically. woman "It so seldom happens, though," she nid. "Life is so like that book. Ships said.

that Pass in the Night, don't you think?" "I haven't read it," Marie said bluntly. She hated Mrs. Heriot, hated every thing about her-her voice, her smile even her clothes-she hated them all

she went straight in to breakfast with out waiting for Chris, and when he joined her she was quite well aware that his eyes were turned to her again and again anxiously.

Directly breakfast was over she turned to go upstairs, but he fol-

"Where are you going, Marie Ce-este?" He tried hard to speak natleste?" urally, but he had never felt more uncomfortable in his iffe; he knew what Marie must be thinking, and he real-ARIE woke on the Friday morning | ized that the only explanation he could offer of his early walk with Mrs. Heriot was a very thin one indeed. She answered without stopping or

ooking around. "I am going to finish packing."
"I'll come with you."

She did not answer, and he followed her up to her room.
"Why don't you go and have a swim?" she asked then. "It's a pity to waste the last morning indoors "I will go if you will come with me,"

he said at once. She shook her head. "No, thank you; I haven't got the "You'll be perfectly safe with me;

I'll look after you." She shook her head again "No, thank you."
She began walking about the room, helplessly on her old futile folding up the few things she had not already packed and ramning them any-

how into the open trunk. CONTINUED TOMORROW





CONNIE THE CASHIER SURE IS A HAPPY AUT! JUST BACK FROM A MONTH WITH HIS FAMILY AT A BIG HOTEL IN THE MOUNTAINS

NOW HE'S BACK HE FEELS LIKE HE'S WALKIN' ON AIR! FOR A MONTH HE'S BEEN WAXIN HIS MOUSTACHE JUST RIGHT FOR BREAKFAST, WHEN HED LOVE TO GO OUT ON THE HILLS AN GET A LITTLE MUD T ON HIM HE COULDN'T BECAUSE IT'D MESS UP THE MICE

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-:-

RUGS AND BESIDES ALL THE OTHERS PUT ON SUCH NATTY HIKING SUITS TO SIT ROUND THE VERANDA .

-:--:-Convrient, 1921, by Public Ledger Company IN THE EVENINGS HE'D WALK 'ROUND THE ROOMS ALL STIFFED UP IN WHITE SERGE. WHEN HE'D JUST LONG TO GO ROLL ON THE BRASS HE'D HAVE TO PLAY BRIDGE OR GO ALONG WITH THE WIFF TO LOOK AT THE LACES THE GIPSY HAD TO SELL.



FOR A MONTH HE'S BEEN EATING

FOOD WITH RIBBONS ON IT! NOW

TOMBOY TAYLOR The Young Lady Across the Way -:--:-DONCHA KNOW A SCOUT

IS SUPPOSED T' GET UP AS

HIGH AS SHE CAN

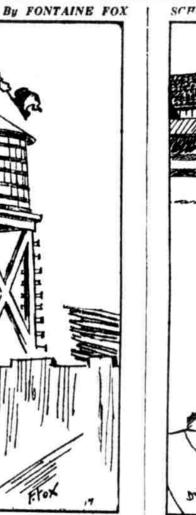
MIG WAG

SIGNAL

" AN GEE MOTHER! C



The young lady across the way says when it comes to church music she likes a good-sized quartet, say of eight voices.





PETEY-Here's a Sticker - WHAT'S THE IDEA. MABEL, LOADING DOWN THAT CADDY WITH YOUR HAND-BAG TOO - HE ANY SUPPOSED TO CAMEY ANYTHING BUY STICKS -



GASOLINE ALLEY-Walt Needed No Introduction



AFTER THAT WESTERN TOUR SHE

NEEDS A PAINT JOB, NEW TIRES

REPRESENT THE TORTOISE SIX CAR. WHAT I WANT TO DO IS INTRODUCE IT HERE IN THE ALLEY.



AND THAT'S WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO DO MOST OF THE TIME - GET IT STARTED!

By King