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A BACHELOR HUSBAND By RUBY M. AYRES Author of "Richard Chatterton," Etc. Copyright, 1920, by W J. Watt & Co.

ourse

Marie went over to the

to his deserted room. It was all up-side down as he had left it, and strewn with things he had discarded at the last

It almost seemed as if he had died and would never come back, she though drearily, then tried to laugh.

ago when he came home from Cam-bridge or went back again, and walk out of the house without a single regret. She wondered what Feathers thought

THIS BEGINS THE STORY THIS BEGINS THE STORY Marie Chester and Christopher Buless were raised together, and when her father died they married; he because she loved him and thought he loved her; ho because he liked a loved her; ho because he liked and the love anybody else, and be didn't love anybody else, man she learns the truth and tells im he may live the life of a Bachelor Husband his friends expected. A Here, Heriot throws herself in his men, and Marie experiences a grow-Husdana his throws herself in his Mrs. Heriot throws herself in his way, and Marie experiences a grou-ing affection for Dakers, known as Feathers, a friend of her husdand. After the had surprised Chris wealk-die the beach with Mrs. Heriot she mes to her room so pack, as their kneymoon is over and they are about to return home. Her restraint irri-tates Chris, who gives way to anger, tates Chris, who gives way to anger, to console her, but in vain, so ho pees off with Feathers, to whom he mention of living his way the district on returning home

unides his intention of living his are life. Marie on returning home is suddended not at his moroseness, but at her realization that she lacks for. Heriot's power to sway Chris. Tome life is not the radiant happiness Varie had expected. Chris maintains is indifference and Marie eats out is heart in silence. She feels that is never will show interest in her then he suggests that she take a trip reland while he goes to St. Anreland while he goes to St. An-

AND HERE IT CONTINUES CHAPTER XI

The went away The sun was warm-the world was may be art was sad, because although ade you stay you did hot so! a went away

After all, there was nothing so strange in his going away for a holiday with his friends; she knew she would not have minded at all had things been all right between them. It was just this HRIS went on the Friday, and for days beforehand he was like a hoolboy going off for an unexpected dreadful feeling that, although she was that made trivialities a tragedy. She aid not count-he could give her a careless kiss just as he had done years liday.

oliday. He packed his things long before they rould be needed, and unpacked them min because he wanted to use them; a took stacks of clothes and golf sticks a took stacks of fishing rod, which he nd a brand-new fishing rod, which he nut together for Marie's benefit, show-ng her how perfectly it was made and alling her what sport he hoped to have

about it all, and her heart warmed at the memory of him-kind, ugly Feath-ers! She wished she could see him again. She did her best to be cheerful during Marie tried to be enthusiastic and lied; once long ago she had stood on river bank with Chris and watched in play a trout, finally landing the work. After the first telegram she heard but seldom from Chris. The weather was topping-so he wrote on freery thing on the grassy bank, where I hay and gasped in the burning sun-time before he mercifully killed it with

She had hated the sport ever since-had seemed so cruel, she thought. In a moment of bravado she had once ared to say so to him, and had never ared to say so to him, and had never ith which he regarded her.

the world do you suppose fish ar-ught, then? You seem to like them breakfast, anyway."

She knew that was true enough, but see them served up cooked and in-limate was one thing, and to see them ragged from the clear depths of a to gasp life away on the bank te another.

unrewarded.

rchiefs for him.

she sat

ti would do.

Yes-here I am."

ked her.

Chris put the new rod away rather

course, you don't care for he said. "I forgot." That burt more than anything, es-ecially as she knew that either Dor-thy Webber or Mrs. Heriot would are thoroughly entered into a discus-to with here of the state of the Why ddress.

forgave me for nearly drowning you,





SCHOOL DAYS

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By DWIG

The Young Lady Across the Way

a postcard, and they were having splen-did golf.

She laughed at his eagerness.

Pierce of Colored Tissue Paper Pasted on a Crumpled Sheet of Manila-By Fontaine Fox





and with a carcless hand and kissed check. "I'll send you a wire as be as we get there." "Yes." She stood quite impassively him, and then as he would have away she suddenly turned and her arms round his neck. hope you will have a very good Chris," she said, and for the first

since their marriage kissed him The hot color flew to Chris' face:

had always been so cold and unional that this impulsive embrace