

A BACHELOR HUSBAND

By RUBY M. AYRES

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY. Marie Chester and Christopher were raised together, and because she loved him and thought he loved her, she liked to be with him... AND HERE IT CONTINUES CHAPTER XI

"Because you're going away, of course." "Oh, I see—well, good-by." "Good-by." But still he hesitated before he turned to the door, but she did not speak and he went on and downstairs again.

He packed his things long before they would be needed, and unpacked them again because he wanted to use them... Marie tried to be enthusiastic and allied, once long ago she had stood on the river bank with Chris and watched him play a trout, finally landing the very thing on the grassy bank...

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

She had hated the sport ever since it had seemed so cruel, she thought. "In a moment of bravado she had once dared to say so to him, and had never forgotten the stony look of disapproval with which he regarded her."

"I've thought about you ever since we said good-by," he declared. "I've often longed to call, but did not like to."

She ran errands for him, and did the odd jobs which he did not want to do for himself, and at the last, she sat on the top of it to try to coax it to behave.

"I've thought about you ever since we said good-by," he declared. "I've often longed to call, but did not like to."

She stood there with clenched hands and lips firmly set; she was dreadfully embarrassed, and then when she saw that Marie would have of her to come up to the door, and the sound of the luggage being taken out, she came running upstairs calling for Marie.

"Yes—here I am." He came into the room in his overcoat, but she had not seen him look so another way for weeks, and it gave her a little pleasure to realize that he was not just off.

He should not think she was moping or wanted him back. She would do without him if he could do without her. Young Atkins got tickets for the most absurd farce in town, and he and Marie laughed till they cried over it.

"I'm just off," he said. He came up to her and put his arm round her waist, and with a careless hand he kissed her on the cheek.

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THE GUMPS—Dreams, Just Dreams



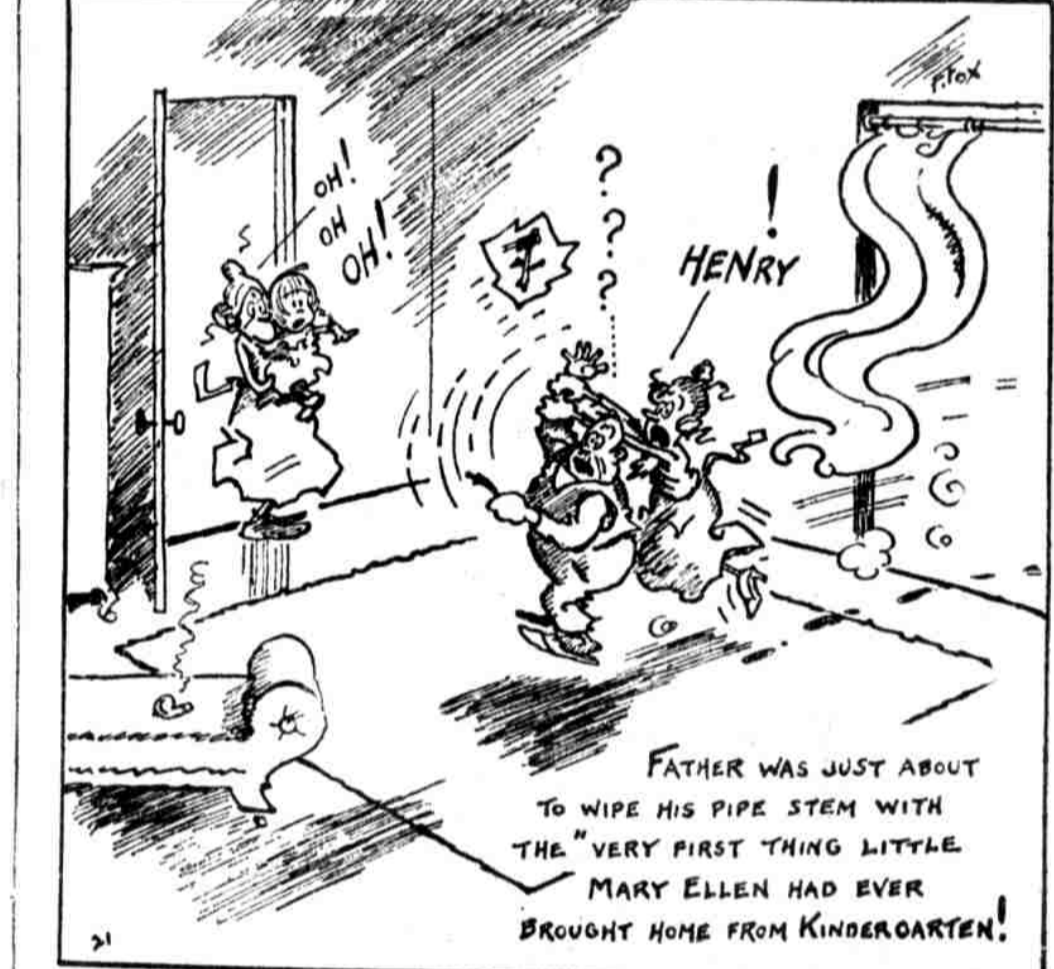
SOMEBODY'S STENOG—How Do They Stand It Themselves?



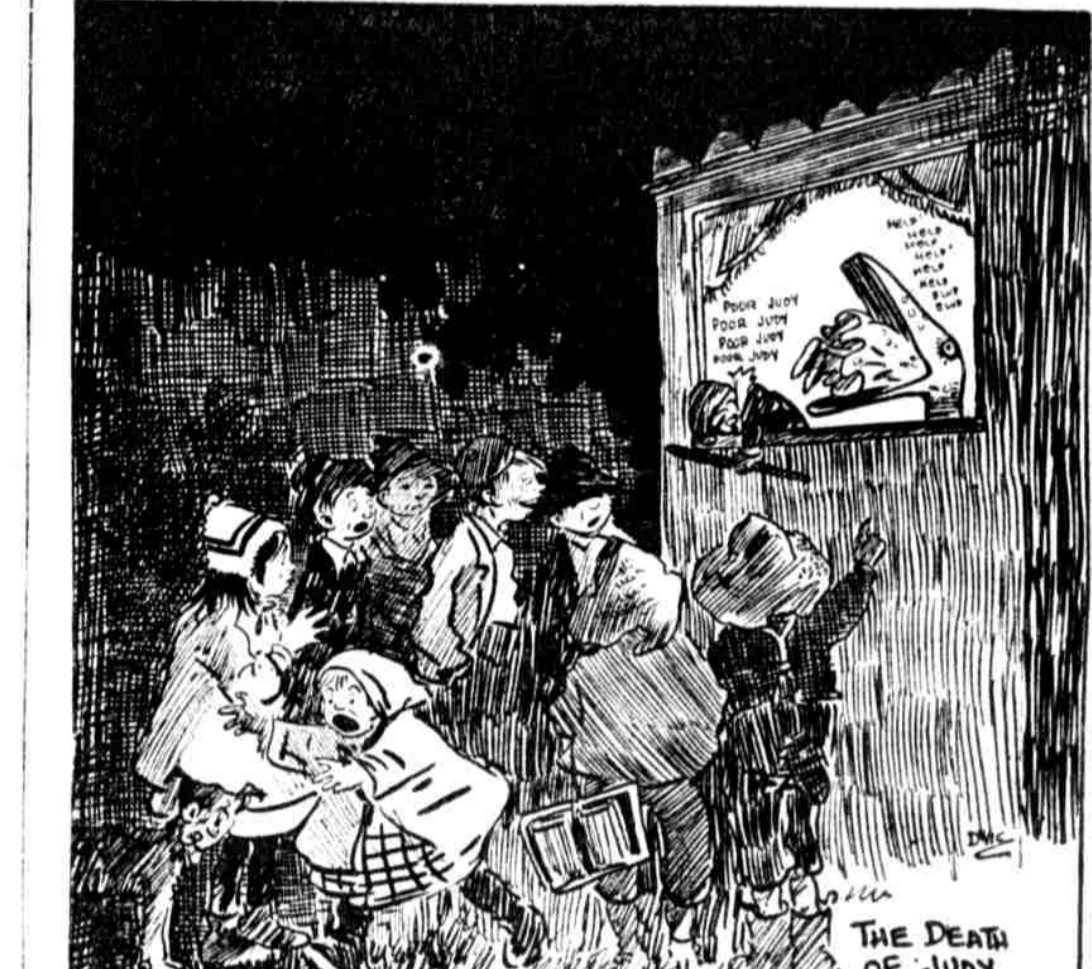
The Young Lady Across the Way



Pieces of Colored Tissue Paper Pasted on a Crumpled Sheet of Manila—By Fontaine Fox



SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—That Makes Two Dumb Animals in the Picture



GASOLINE ALLEY—Maybe She Wants a Raise



CONTINUED TOMORROW

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