

By Sidney Smith

# THE ONE UNWANTED

By RUBY AYRES  
Author of "A Bachelor Husband," etc.  
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### THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Sally disappointed her family, who wanted a boy, and she was only a baby. Recaptured lead to shipping to a Devon farm. Here she met a man, who proposed to her, and she cannot afford to marry. Her father, an older man, also proposes to her. He has a mortgage on the farm, which she must give up to cancel it. Mark marries Sally, otherwise she is to marry him. Disillusioned, Sally returns home to London, escorted by Champion, Bill, and the other girls. She is determined to plunge into the gayety of her own life. She goes to the office of her father, who is the opposition of her old suit, who is suddenly, leaving Sally a fortune. From Devon she hears Mark is ruined financially, which seems to her a nothing to help her. But she is promised to Champion. However, she plans to use some of her money to aid Mark.

### AND HERE IT CONTINUES

#### CHAPTER XXXVII

##### Mark Anderson in London!

THE rest of that week flew. Twice I went round to Mr. Shelter, nearly made myself with impatience, and each time he only put me off with evasive answers. I began to fear that he would do nothing to help me after all. At then one morning—just a fortnight after my first interview with him—a typewritten letter came, asking me to call.

I had an appointment with the dressmaker, which I ruthlessly broke. I was without with haste and excitement when I reached Mr. Shelter's office. "What is it?" "Have you done anything? Is it all right?" He smiled and shook his head. Then he made me sit down while he examined a lot of dry things to me about signatures and transfers and loans, till my head swam. And then I signed my name to about half a dozen papers. Mr. Shelter carefully blotted them and looked at me with a smile.

"Well, I think that is all," he said. "I started up. 'All!' I echoed breathlessly. 'You mean—oh, do you mean that it's all done?' That Mr. Anderson—"

"I mean that the farm is quite free now," he said gently. "And that means your generous friend Mr. Anderson will be able to begin all over again."

"And does he—does Mr. Anderson now live all right?" I asked. "Mr. Anderson was here—in my office not an hour ago."

"Here?" I started up, and looked wildly round the room.

"What would I not have given to have seen him?"

"You didn't tell him, of course," I said. "I mean, you didn't tell him it was anything to do with me?"

"Not a word. He asked dozens of questions, and I had to refuse all inquiries. Fortunately, he remembered that he once had a relative who was really wealthy and eccentric, and snuggled up his luck down to him. I was thankful for such a loophole. Things were getting rather uncomfortable for me, but I think you will be sure that it is all right, and that Mr. Anderson is not the least idea to whom you really owe his good fortune."

"And he didn't—say anything?" I asked faintly. "I mean—he didn't say anything—about anything?"

Mr. Shelter hesitated, then he answered: "He did say that he wished his good nature had come a month or two sooner, but that is all."

"I see. I knew it was silly of me to have thought Mark might have mentioned me, but there had been a hope in my heart that perhaps he had."

"Well, I must go. Good-bye, and thank you more than I can say."

Mr. Shelter held my hand. "I hope I have done the right thing," he said gravely.

"What do you mean?" I asked, but would not answer.

"And don't forget that you are dining at the Frasers tonight. Lionel will be calling on you at 7, so you had better dress soon."

"I don't want to go to the Frasers," I said.

"Alas! I believe every one and everything that night. My heart was filled with longing to see the man I had loved, who perhaps was somewhere close to me in London."

It did not mean staying at home all the evening with Lionel. I should have gone to the Frasers. But in my present mood anything was preferable to a tête-à-tête with him, so I sat with a bad grace and kept him waiting half an hour.

"Aren't you well, Sally?" he asked. "I gave him my check to kiss. 'You're so pale.'"

"I'm quite well," I said sharply. "And I'm always well, but I've never been so sorry some day that you married me."

"You had people," Mrs. Fraser said to me. "You gave me a powdered check to kiss. We've positively had to put it back for you."

"Lionel was late calling for me," I said. "I'm not letting you take Sally to dinner," Mrs. Fraser told him. "It will be a change for you both to be separated. We were in the drawing room then, and she turned to a man who stood by the door."

"Sally, let me introduce Mr. Mark Anderson. He will take you in to dinner."

And I looked up into Mark's face. Lionel was some little distance from me and had not seen what a shock the sight of him had been to me, but my face was as white as paper as Mark and I followed in the train of guests, who were bored-looking men from the dining room across the hall to dinner. I had not spoken a word, but I knew I should have to do so when every one thought of me and I were to be married. The last words came with a rush. I felt like a horse who takes a difficult fence and finds itself safely landed, unhurt, on the other side.

CONTINUED MONDAY

### THE GUMPS—Uncle Bim

THE GUMPS RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM UNCLE BIM SAYING THAT HE WOULD ARRIVE AT FIVE O'CLOCK - HE DID NOT MENTION THE TRAIN THAT HE WAS TO ARRIVE ON SO THEY COULD NOT MEET HIM AT THE TRAIN -

THEY HAVE KILLED THE FATTER TURKEY AND PREPARED MARVELOUS DINNER AND NOW ARE ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE DOUGH KING -



HELLO! OLD NEPHEW - HOW ARE YOU? - NO - NO - I CAN'T GET UP TO DINNER THIS EVENING - I JUST GOT IN AND AM STOPPING AT THE HOTEL - I DIDN'T WANT TO PUT YOU OUT - I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT THIS EVENING - BUT I'LL CERTAINLY SEE YOU TOMORROW-GIVE MY LOVE TO THE FAMILY -

OH YES - GET A NICE SUPPER READY FOR HIM - A GUMP IS A GUMP - THAT'S ALL YOU CAN SAY FOR THEM - HE NEEDN'T COME OUT HERE TOMORROW EITHER - I DON'T WANT HIM IN THE HOUSE -

HOW DID I KNOW HE WASN'T COMING HERE? HE NEVER DID ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE - HE NEEDN'T COME OUT HERE - THE FIRST INVITATION YOU GET TO GO OUT YOU'LL GET INTO YOUR CLOTHES JUST LIKE DRIPPING THE HARNESSE ON A FIRE HORSE -

IT'S AFTER SEVEN O'CLOCK - I WONDER IF THE WIDOW WAS DOWN TO THE TRAIN TO MEET HIM -

AREN'T HE EVER GOING TO EAT?

AND THEN THE BELL RINGING A LING LING LING



### SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Exploded Hopes

JUST THINK! ONLY EIGHT DAYS 'TIL CHRISTMAS! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET DONE!

THAT'S A GOOD SIGN! THE OLD SLAVE DRIVER IS HIT WITH CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT! IF HE'S SO BUSY HIMSELF GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS HE'LL UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY WHEN I ASK TIME OFF FOR SHOPPING!

THE TIME SURE IS SHORT, ISN'T IT BOSS!

YOU SAID A WAD, KID!

EVEN NOW WE'LL ALL HAVE TO WORK EVERY NIGHT TO GET THROUGH TAKING STOCK BY CHRISTMAS EVE!



### The Young Lady Across the Way



### QUICK WORK ON DAD'S PART



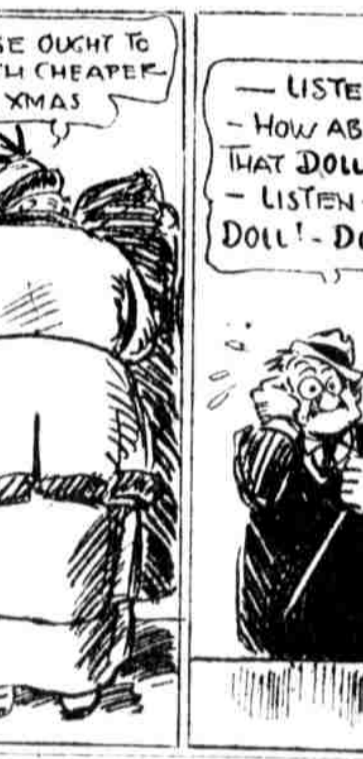
### SCHOOL DAYS



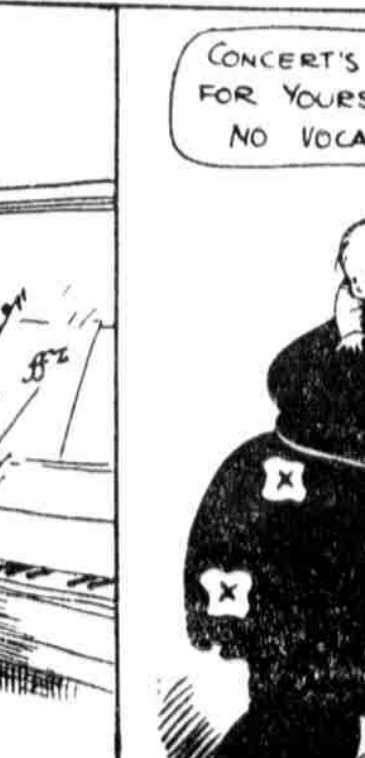
### FOOLING FOOLERS



### PETEY—He's Done



### GASOLINE ALLEY—Walt Favors Instrumental Recitals



CONTINUED MONDAY