## A MAN'S WAY By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "A Bachelor Husband," etc. (Copyright, 1989, by Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate)

THIS BEGINS THE STORY THIS BEGINS THE STORY
John Harden is a successful business, no imper very young, and a life seed by the struggle venuere. I have being luxuriously in Little Helpton, a Wharton; his secretary in Ances, but is not happy. 4 chorming on his grounds, interests him. Should be successful to the secretary of the second of the first seed of the secretary of the second of t

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

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It was unfair—hatefully unfair, she was thin," Molly told her mother in a set of illumination. "She looks at as if—as if—as if she could eat if the finished prosaically.

My dear Molly!" Mrs. Dangerfield tested. "When will you learn not see these terms of exaggeration?"

Well, so she does," Molly declared. Think it must be just beautiful to any one as much as all that."

The was thinking so now as she sat the wood while the boys slew wasps; was thinking so now as she sat the wood while the boys slew wasps. Fernald thought of Lilith—that would like some man to call her see" in just the tone of voice in the lace spoke to his wife.

But I'm not beautiful. I'm not was it is in just the tone of voice in the lace spoke to his wife.

But I'm not beautiful. I'm not was it had not him had not beautiful. I'm not print to look at—or even to the considered himself voo good to know them.

Whatton, John Harden's secretary, considered himself voo good to know them.

"Hateful creature!" Molly said aloud invented to the considered himself voo good to know them.

"Hateful creature!" Molly said aloud."

icked a blade of grass and be-Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich-

lolly laughed.
The so likely," she told herself dis-

loss in the air when she and the boys passed.

Perhaps some day she would get a chance to pay them back in their own coin; perhaps some day she would get a chance to pay them back in their own coin; perhaps some day she would get a chance to pay them back in their own coin; perhaps some day she and then all at once the thought broke with a little excited snap as the garden gate clicked, and, giancing down, Molly saw John Harden standing there looking up at her.

CHAPTER VIII

A Bitter Disappointment

"Oh," said Molly softly.

The color flooded her face—her eyes shone through their mist of recent tears; she leaned forward.

"Do you—do you want to see any one?" she asked in a futter of eagerness.

Bhe was smiling as she followed the street down the narrow footpath through the wood; so narrow it was that they at to walk in single file, so narrow hat the bushes and brambles caught at the bushes and brambles caught at the mass they went.

"I'll bet you Jumbo couldn't walk the main path."

"I'll bet he has to keep the main path."

"I'll ke big men!" Melly can't her ruffled hair

ble; his eyes scarched her face impartially.

The bushes and brambles caught at the street. Lestie declared the grin. 'I'll bet he has to keep the main path.'

The bet you Jumbo couldn't walk the grin. 'I'll bet he has to keep the main path.'

The bet you Jumbo couldn't walk the grin. 'I'll bet he has to keep the main path.'

The bet you Jumbo couldn't walk the grin. 'I'll come down.'

She only paused to give an anxious glance at herself in the mirror and to smooth her ruffled hair.

Her mind ran giot in eager expectation; what did he want with her? Why had he come?

She went into the garden feeling as if she were treading on air.

Harden was standing on the ill-kept pathway, looking about him with dissatisfied eyes; Molly followed his gaze.

The garden looks awful, I know,'' she said defensively.

He turned at once, smilling.

"It is rather a wilderness; if you like, I will send one of my men down to tidy up a little. A day's work would make all the difference to the place.''

You are very kind.'' there was a touch of dignity in Molly's voice; she was not quite sure whether this man was, trying to patronize her. 'We should afford it,'' she added.

CHAPTER VII

The Shadow of the Future

Molly had questioned Mrs. Fernald see or twice about those days, but had samed very little.

The boys were out of sight now, though she could hear their shrill sees calling to one another through the wood; the afternoon sun was setting—long golden shafts of light pierced that hick leaves of the trees in dazzling reliance.

We could afford it," she added.

"Yes," said Harden absently; he was looking over the low hedge that divided the garden of the White House from Mrs. Fernald's. "My man did that garden up, you know," he added.

Molly flushed.

"But Mrs. Fernald is an old friend of yours," she said, with a sharpened note in her voice. "Of course, you could do things for her that we could not expect you to do for us."

"I have known Mrs. Fernald a great many years, certainly." he admitted.

by when he had found her with Mrs. Molly had turned crimson; her heart tradd in the empty house, and there sank with a horrible sense of disap-

sank with a horrible sense of disappointment.

He was so tall—so broad \* \* Bittle sigh eaught her. She was a romantic little person; her idea of the meritable lover who would some day one into her life had always been a man much older than herself—a man with a horrible sense of disappointment.

He had only come to please Mrs. Fernald! It was not she whom he wished to see at all, except that he wanted to ask about having the garden tidled—to please Mrs. Fernald! There was a hurt note in her voice when she spoke.

"You are very kind—but we like the garden untidy. The boys must have

Harden fulfilled all these qualities, it sent a pang of jealousy to doesn't like it, she need not look over the was stooping over Lilith Fernald.

Harden laughed.

"You are very kind—but we like the garden untidy. The boys must have somewhere to play, and if Mrs. Fernald doesn't like it, she need not look over the heade, need she?"

Harden laughed.

was stooping over Lilith Fernald.

There was something in his attitude constraint which, he was putting upon amotion. Molly was vaguely conclused, though she could not explain it to herself, and there was a little the sing sensation in her throat when after a moment she turned and went claims and the county path.

Lilith had known John Harden years as it are remembered the startled look his face when he had come heross tem so unexpectedly in the empty come that evening—the swift agitation suickly in the sent and faded again so the startled look suickly in the swift agitation the least dignified, and she was horrified to feel the tears smarting to her eyes. She tried to brush them away, and his face when he had come heross tem so unexpectedly in the empty conset that evening—the swift agitation the least dignified.

Molly found herself answering quite meekly. am so unexpectedly in the empty "How Molly at had risen and faded again so meekly.

Lilith was married—she had a husband who was devoted to her; surely she was satisfied?

An indescribable depression had alkn on Molly's usual brightness; she wasked home slowly and thoughtfully. She did not want her supper; she she did not want her supper; she she the boys arguing at the table and want upstairs to her room.

She opened the window wide, and with the total and the proper is the blook his head.

"Not quite so bad as that. I am thirty-eight—eighteen years older than you."

There were people in the village—and and women, too—who had never the turned abruptly.

"Yes," said Molly.

She had brushed the tears away, but her long lashes were still wet. "How old are you?"

He did not answer at once, then: "Guess," he said.

Molly looked up thoughtfully, who did not answer at once, then: "Guess," he said.

Not quite so bad as that. I am thirty-eight—eighteen years older than you."

"Walk down the road with me," he said.

It never occurred to her to refuse; the boys had seen them from the dining-room window, and were watching the choed her words slowly. "Only just twenty." he said again regretfully.

"Yes," said Molly.

She had brushed the tears away, but her long lashes were still wet. "How old are you?"

He did not answer at once, then:

"Guess," he said.

Molly looked up thoughtfully.

"Forty-tvo?" she hazarded.

"Not quite so bad as that. I am thirty-eight—eighteen years older than you."

"Yes," said Molly.

the realization. and stared up at the gray-blue sky the dread in her eyes, so have to live here all one's life—the nothing of the world—the wondul, beautiful world of which she

had caught such a flying glimpse on her way home from the French con-vent; her heart stirred with resent-

It was all her father's fault that they It was all her father's fault that they had come here to be "buried alive," as the Goys called it; she knew that they had rich relations; she had heard of her uncie's fine house in town-knew that he took his wife to Paris two or three times a year—that they had a houseboat on the Thames—that they went to Ranelagh and Ascot.

"Hateful creature!" Molly said aloud

ker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich"soldier, sailor, rich"insciously she had been telling it it it was not worth crying about; what did it matter because a landful of country people and a few narrow-minded village folk put their noses in the air when she and the boys

was trying to putronize her. "We should have a gardner ourselves—if we could afford it," she added.

the thick leaves of the trees in dazzling indiance.

Molly stood still for a moment to look back up the narrow pathway down which she had come; a fairy pathway it looked; she wondered what it was the out here in the moonlight; some night she would come for herself and the would come for herself and the would come for herself and the wondered why she had never noticed before how very untidy the whole place looked; she wondered if it would be possible to smarten it up.

She raised her eyes to his face and

stiffed sobbing close at hand; some one stiffed sobbing close at hand; some one in distress—a woman!

She listened for a moment, then set denly.

The narrow path curved here to an ed, and as she rounded the curve ahe saw John Harden and Lilith standing logether in the golden sunshine.

Harden's back was turned to her; was stooping towards Lilith, speaking urgently, and Lilith was crying, rriag bitterly, her face hidden in her

She raised her eyes to ma denly.

"It must be lovely to live in a beautiful place like you do." she said. "I've never been in it, of course, but I've, heard what it's like from people who have."

"You must come and see it some day." Harden said politely.

The girl flushed.

"Oh, I should love to!" she said.

She waited a moment, then:
"What did you want to see me for?"

Molly hardly dared to breathe. The of moss on the narrow path deadened if footfall, and neither Harden nor lillth knew she was there.

She had not seen Harden since that the standard found her with Mrs. Molly had turned crimson; her heart with a horrible sense of disapports with a horrible sense of disapports.

wickly in his eyes.

Had he ever been in love with Lilith?

If it is eyes.

Had he still love her?

Lilith was married—she had a hus
and who was devoted to had a hus
and risen and faded again so meekly.

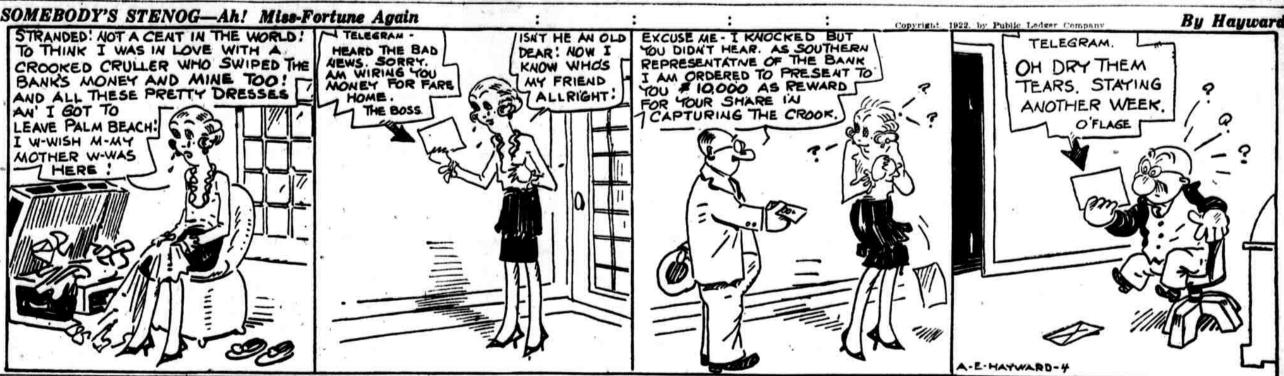
"I'm just twenty." she said, with an ignominious quiver in her voice.

"Just—twenty!" said Harden. He echoed her words slowly. "Only just

It never occurred to her to refuse; the boys had seen them from the dining-room window, and were watching eagerly, but Molly took no notice of them; she felt as if she were walking in a dream as she went down the deserted village street with John Harden.

CONTINUED MONDAY





By Fontaine Fox



The young lady across the way says the siphon works on the prin-

ciple of caterpillary attraction.

PETEY-Suspicious

JONES MADE A LOT OF HOOCH WHICH TASTED SO ROTTEN THAT HE POURED IT ALL INTO THE GARBAGE CAN-

Along With the Potato Peelings, Meat Scraps, etc.

AND THAT NIGHT THE GARBAGE CAN BLEW UP.

SCHOOL DAYS

