A MAN'S WAY By RUBY M. AYRES

"The Fortune Hunter," "A Bachelor Husband," etc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

I am afraid he is," he said.

the door,

Molly woke that morning with the marise.

Her wedding day! She went to the window and opened it wide to the dewy sarden. She kissed her hand in the direction of Manor Dyka; she wondered if John were awake too, and if he were as happy and excited as she.

Be was dressed and downstairs believe Jane's sleepy head had left the pilow; the morning seemed to fig.

There were the boys to dress in their waits and clean collars.

Manual Manua There were the boys to dress in their suits and clean collars. Mrs. Dansalld to dress and to presuade that the journey to London would not kill

"The vicar is very cross with Mr. kissed Jane in the general flurry and The vicar is very cross with Mr. Rissed Jane in the same in the sa to see you safely married. Now, my dear, run along and rest, or you'll be corn out. Leave your mother to me—I'll manage her—yes, and the boys, too. Tabe Jane with you; you must want some one to help you dress."
Molly never remembered how she got tressed at all; the time seemed to fly

freed at all; the time scenario by in a whirl; it was only when they London that she began to think. What a muddle it had been! She have that people in Little Helpton must be taiking about her unconventional wedding, but she did not care. She sat beside her mother, and tried not to look at the boys; they looked so uncommonly clean and well behaved. She loved them all so much; how she would miss them in the future. She made up her mind that she would always have at least one of them staying with her at Manor

them staying with her at Manor Mrs. Dangerfield was tearful and "If only your dear father had been "Tam so ill and incapable. I shall never stage to get through the ceremony

"Oh, yes, you will." Molly assured her cheerfully. "It will be very short, such shorter than if it had been in a

She was too excited to be critical; the hardly realized that she was look-ing her best in the simple cloth frock and black hat in which she had chosen John Harden met them at Padding-

en. He wore an ordinary lounge suit bow was immaculate in a tail coat and
y spats; he grinned at Molly nerusly and shook hands.
He had never been more surprised in
life than when he had been asked to

best man.
"I haven't a friend in the world I are to ask." Harden had explained atrained; "And it's only a matter form after all; so if you don't

Wharton did not mind, but he realthat he looked far more like the
degroom than Harden did.
It was not in the least like a wedexcept for Wharton's silk hat and
ach of flowers which Mrs. Dangerinsisted on carrying. They drove
registrar's in taxicabs—Wharton
Harden in one, Molly and her
ier in another, Jane and the boys
Mrs. Ashford packed into a third.
arden looked out of the window into
sunny street; he was very pale;
was a little nerve jerking in his was a little nerve jerking in his

was a little nerve jerking in the cheek.

If think it's going to rain," he said, was impossible to avoid the earmest was impossible to avo

ward she could not remember the actual ceremony. It was so vague and unreal, but there came a moment when she awoke from her trance, and found her mother kissing her and crying, and the boys demanding to see her ring.

She raised her eyes to Harden's face. He was not looking at her, but Wharton was, and there was something in his expression that made her feel as if she wanted to run away and cry; he looked somehow "sorry," she thought.

'And so I have lost my only daughter," Mrs. Dangerfield was saying hysterically. "It seems only yesterday that she was a little mite in white frocks and a blue sash—the prettiest little thing you ever saw, I assure you"—this last to Mrs. Ashford, who was vainly trying to soothe her.

Molly bit her lip to keep herself from a burst of tears; she touched Harden's arm.

"Oh let us go!" she said in a

naid is very ill, indeed.

A sharp turning in the road flung her against Harden's arm, and for the first time he seemed aware of her prescor, and looked down at her.

"Well, my little wife?" he said.

If the words were an effort, Molly did

If the words were an effort, Molly did not realize it.

'Oh," she said with a sigh of contentment. "I am so glad it's all over; aren't you?"

He laughed with a sort of relief and slipped an arm round her.

'It was rather an ordeal," he admitted. "And now we're just going to begin a long holiday"—he put a hand beneath her chin, turning her face up. "May I be allowed to kisa you?" he asked.

A vain boast when only the low hedge with a sort of relief and slipped an arm round her.

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She raised her lips unhesitatingly and kissed him with all her heart.

"I'm—oh, so bappy!" she said.

The luncheon passed off merrily

loved them until now.
She was glad that Harden had agreed She was giad that Harden had agreed to a honeymoon in London. London was not very far from Helpton, and she which to think of herself. It was she could run home if she wanted to make the whispered to Ned that she would have them all up one day soon and take them to a theatre. She kissed Mrs. Dangerfield many times; she even the center of the could be about the could be a should have been the center of the could be a should have been the center of the could be a should be a should have been the center of the could be a should be

would be no getting rid of Molly againthat she was his wife for the rest of his life and hers.

He was relieved when the good-bys He was relieved when the good-bys were said and he and Molly were seated in the taxi that was to take them away. The boys swarmed round the door; he knew that Ned had tied a white shoe to the back axle. Wharton was distributing confetti from a bag which he had concealed in his coattails. A generous dose of champagne had made him flushed and excited; he called loudly for three cheers as the taxi he.

made him flushed and excited; he called loudly for three cheers as the taxi began to move away.

A telegraph boy dashed down the steps of the hotel and after the taxi. The driver stopped.

Harden took the yellow envelope from the boy's hand and opened it.

"Congratulations, I suppose," he said.

said.
There was a moment's silence, then the paper fluttered from his hand; Molly grabbed it up and read the message. Wharton, watching, saw the last convulsion that crossed her face—saw the way she looked at her husband; then with an effort Harden roused himself. "There is no answer-drive on!" The cab started forward.

CHAPTER XXIV

Distillusionment Molly was staring at her husband's ace. She still held the message in face. She still held the message in her hand; he forced himself to meet her

"Mr. Fernald is dead." she said. Her voice was almost expressionless; her face white. Suddenly she leaned across

and gripped his arm.
"Why does she telegraph to you?"
she asked shrilly. "What does it matter to you if he is dead or not?" Harden tried to laugh. He was cursing himself for his momentary loss of self-control. He leaned forward, and, taking the fateful message from

Molly, he crushed it into a pocket.
"Why are you looking so tragic?" he asked. He tried to put his arm around her, but she shivered from him. There was a sort of frightened look in her

eyes. "She neednot have telegraphed you! What's it got to do with you?'
she asked him again. "Oh, leave me
alone, leave me alone; I am not a
child to be put off with excuses and
excuses. I knew all along that she liked you; I knew that she hated it because you wanted to marry me." She stopped, breathless and panting. "Did you want to marry me?" she asked tragically. She flung her question at him; it was impossible to avoid the eartnest-

me he looked at him with puzzled the registrar's office was in a side than not particularly cheerful; a urchins gathered around the door they saw the cabs pulling up; were used to weddings, but they to stare all the same. They comted loudly on Wharton's gray spats by took it for granted that he was beldegroom.

The registrar himself was a mourn-tooking person; he stared at Molly, asked her to sit down. He told boys to stop talking; he offered langerfield a chair.

Toom was dingy and smelt of old ments; there was an empty grate with shavings, and a wheesty he case of the side of the side of the shavings. The side of the side of the shavings and a wheesty he case of the side of the s

THE GUMPS-Waiting at the Church









CHANGE FOR HERE I AM PIMPO! WHERE A DOLLAR IN I MEAN HERE HE IS YOUR POCKET

The state of the control of the state of the church at latter being between the state of the church at latter being the state I ASK YOU LIVE A FRIEND AINT I HAVIN' IT RUBBED IN ON ME ? IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO HAVE A STENOG WORTH \$ 10.000 - BUT I GOT TO LISTEN TO THAT ALL DAY! HE'S ALWAYS LOST -

PATHETIC FIGURES The Young Lady Across the Way

YOU'GOT TO LOOK FOR HIM WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB!

HERE PIMPO By FONTAINE FOX SCHOOL DAYS

A-E-MAYWARD - 15"

The young lady across the way says the prohibition law isn't enforced on the high seas and many saloon passengers are still being hooked.

THE GIRL WHO FINALLY CAME OUT OF THE TELEPHONE BOOTH TO FIND HERSELF LOCKED UP IN THE DRUG STORE AND THE DRUGGIST GONE HOME FOR THE NIGHT.



PETEY—At Palm Beach YOU SEE SUCH CULTURED LOOKING PEOPLE HERE-JUST LOOK AT THAT GIRL ON THE END -

COMPECTION





GASOLINE ALLEY—Get Thee Behind Me, Saccharine!





