A LOVELESS MARRIAGE

By RUBY M. AYRES Author of "A Man's Way," "The One Unwanted," "A Bachelor Husband," etc. Copyright, 1981, by Public Ledger Company

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

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We have to his home in London.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

When we neared the station my with the told me irritably to stop in the station of it is and it ty to look cheerful.

When tild me irritably to stop in the station of it is and impatiently. "You selsool." he said impatiently. "You selsool." he said impatiently. "You selsool imagine that you might be to see your father after a septiment of five years."

It was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was on the tip of my tongue to it was separated. But I did not dare! I did my the watched me interestedly while I finished my tea.

"It hink you'd better put your hair up," he said presently, "and wear your sakirts longer. How old are you?" I told him. He half sighed.

"I'd forgotten," he said. "That's the watched me interestedly while I finished my tea.

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where else. London houses aren't built be jumber!"
I looked at him in amazement.
"But—aren't we going—home?" I hasarded vaguely.
"Home! home!" he echoed testily.
"What do you mean by 'home'? Nascot House has been let for years, if that's what you mean. Where do you suppose I've got the money from to keep you at school all this time—how do you mangose I've managed to exist myself?" I was dumb with amazement.
I had so often told the girls at Miss Vivash's about my lovely old home; I had never forgotten it—the high, oak-reftered rooms, the winding paths in this garden; the old box hedges and the masses of roses.

I was left to myself for the rest of

When we reached London we took another cab, all the luggage was piled on top, and we drove for what seemed to me miles and miles! I could not remember ever having been in London before, though I knew that my mother had sometimes taken me with her when she went shopping; and I thought it very ugly and depressing and stuffy.

I could not imagine how the driver found his way through so many streets

"You'll want something smarter than these," she said.
"Oh, we're very smart here!" she answered. "Didn't your father tell you?"
"He said he knew a lot of people, that there was always some one in and out."
She laughed.
"Oh, yes, you won't be dull!" she admitted. very ugly and depressing and stuffy.

I could not imagine how the driver found his way through so many streets that all looked alike; I stared out of the window with wide eyes.

Gradually the attack. window with wide eyes. Gradually the streets grew narrower

and the houses less imposing. Presently the cab stopped outside one with a flight of steps that wanted cleaning, and an iron gate that wanted painting.

My father opened the door.

"You can get out," he said.
I obeyed hurriedly, clutching my mobrella and an armful of parcels. I suppose it must have been getting on to 10 o'clock when I heard

The front door stood open, and I caught a glimpse of a narrow hall, an umbrella stand, and a long rack laden

My father turned to me sharply and asked why I was standing there gaping when had got the worst of it with the cabman, and was shorter-tempered than usual in consequence.

He proceeds we was all the standing there gaping and to pound in my throat. With sudden impulse, I went forward and opened the door.

In a moment there was utter ailence.

voice was kindly. She took the umbrella and parcels

from my arms, and led the way up the linoleumed stairs.

She opened a door on the left and father came forward. He leaded to me to see the stairs.

brows. with a white lace collar, and my hair "Is that all? Why, you look seven- hung in its heavy plaits on either shoul-

defensively.
She laughed.
"It won't be what you want. I'm thinking," she said. "Take off your hat and come and get n cup of tea."
She walked to the door.
"How long are we going to stay here?" I asked as she turned the handle. She looked back at me.
"How long? It's your home, my dear; your father's lived here for six months. He's got all the house, but we only use the rooms on this floor. His bedroom's opposite yours, and the dining room's in the front of the house. They keep the other worm at the looks scared to death as it is. What's your name, youngster?" "Marjorie," I faltered. "Warjorie," I faltered. "Well"—he dived in a pocket and fished up half a crown—"here's something for you to buy sweets with. Now cut off to bed."

I clutched the coin in my trembling hand and escaped thankfully. The door shut hard on my heels. Out on the landing Miss Linnie seized me. "Gracious heavens!" I explained as well as I could. She looked back at me.

"How long? It's your home, my dear; your father's lived here for six months. He's got all the house, but we only use the rooms on this floor. His bedroom's opposite yours, and the dining room's in the front of the house. They keep the other room at the back.

They keep the other room at the back because—oh, well, I dare say you'll hear all about that later on." She went away quickly, as if she teared I meant asking questions, and I was left alone was left alone.

CHAPTER VI

the room I opened all the windows wide, but there seemed no air at all in London, and I sighed for the green fields and country lanes which surrounded The Oaks school.

My father was waiting for me on the landing.

His eyes searched me with a satisfied look in them, I thought. Laying a friendly hand on my shoulder, he led ine in to tea. The dining room was lary well furnished; there were several

deep, cozy armchairs, and a hand-some case filled with books; a high oak sideboard, and a dinner wagon with cut-glass decanters and glasses on the top shelf.

Tea was served on a tray—for one!
My father helped himself to a whiskyand-soda, saying that he was not allowed to drink tea; it was bad for his
digestion.

"Your father's got some gentlemen coming, so you'd best keep out of the way till you get your new clothes," she said casually.

I was nothing loath. I was afraid of straugers. I ate my supper on the side of the bed, and then found a book which kept me amused.

smbrella and an armful of parcels. I stood waiting on the hot pavement for further instructions, while he wrangled with the cabman over the fare.

I glanced up at the house timidly; it leoked very tall and gloomy; it had faded Venetian blinds drawn half-way down at all the windows that looked like significant lids drooping over know
I glanced up at the house timidly; it leoked very tall and gloomy; it had faded Venetian blinds drawn half-way down at all the windows that looked like significant lids drooping over know
I glanced up at the house timidly; it had a round the next room—loud voices talk-ing and arguing; once the sound of a blow. I listened wonderingly, then with alarm. After a moment I went softly to the door and opened it.

The noise came from the room at the back of the house, into which I had not been shown.

CHAPTER VII

I could distinguish my father's voice

lence.

He preceded me up the dirty steps and into the hall. A woman came out of a door beneath the stairs.

She stared at me with impudent eyes. "This is my daughter," and my father shortly. "I dare say she would like some tea."

"You'd better come upstairs," said the woman. She still stared, but her wolce was kindly.

I stood in the doorway, my eyes blinded by the glare of light that filled the room. Then gradually I got used to it, and began to distinguish objects.

The whole room seemed to be filled with men, most of them in evening dress. The atmosphere was smoky and smelt of spirits. In the center

of the room was a long table covered

that greeted my appearance. Then my father came forward. He looked furi-

she opened a door on the left and nodded to me to go in.

"This is your room," she said, and put the umbrella in a corner and the parcels on a table.

I stood looking round helplessly. The room was clean, but stuffy—as if the windows wanted opening; the lace curtains were starched till they looked like the stopped. Some one dise had come forward and intervened.

"How dare you ——"

He stopped. Some one dise had come forward and intervened.

"Who is the youngster. Dalrymple?" forward and intervened.
"Who is the youngster, Dalrymple?"

tains were starched till they looked like
paper; the quilt on the small iron bed
was starched, too, and stuck out all
round like a petticant; there was a
clock on the mantel shelf with a loud,
cheap tick, and a candle in a stick on
the dressing table had toppled over with
the heat.

Who is the youngster, Dalrymple?"
I turned my frightened eyes to the
speaker. He was a big, burly man with
a good-natured red face, and he wore
a huge diamond stud in the bosom of
his shirt front.
That diamond fascinated me. I stared

The woman was watching me curieusly.
"So you're Marjorie Dalrymple, are
you?" she said interestedly. "How old
are you pray?"
I told her fifteen; she raised her
brows."

That diamond tascinated me. I starcu
that the time he was speaking.
The other men had gathered round.
I seemed to be the center of attraction.
I stood there, miscrable and frightened. I was wearing a plain serge frock
with a white lace collar, and my hair

teen, every bit. I dare say your father will make you put your hair up."

My lips quivered. I was proud of my hair, which I wore in two long plaits tied with black bows.

"I don't want to put it up," I said defensively.

She lauched "Nonsense! She hasn't done any

I explained as well as I could.
"I thought they were quarreling," I said helplessly. "What were they doing in there on that green table?"

She looked at me suspiciously.

'They were playing cards, child,"
she said at length.

'Oh!'' I said disappointedly. "I thought it was something much more exciting."

I took off my hat and coat and sat down on the side of the bed.
So this was to be my home! I thought of Nascot House, its wide lawns and winding paths, and tears welled into my eyes.

It was five years since I had seen it, but I had never forgotten it, and I felt that some day I should go back there to the scenes of my childhood.
Some one tapped on the door.

Tea." said my father's irritable offee. "What a time you are:"

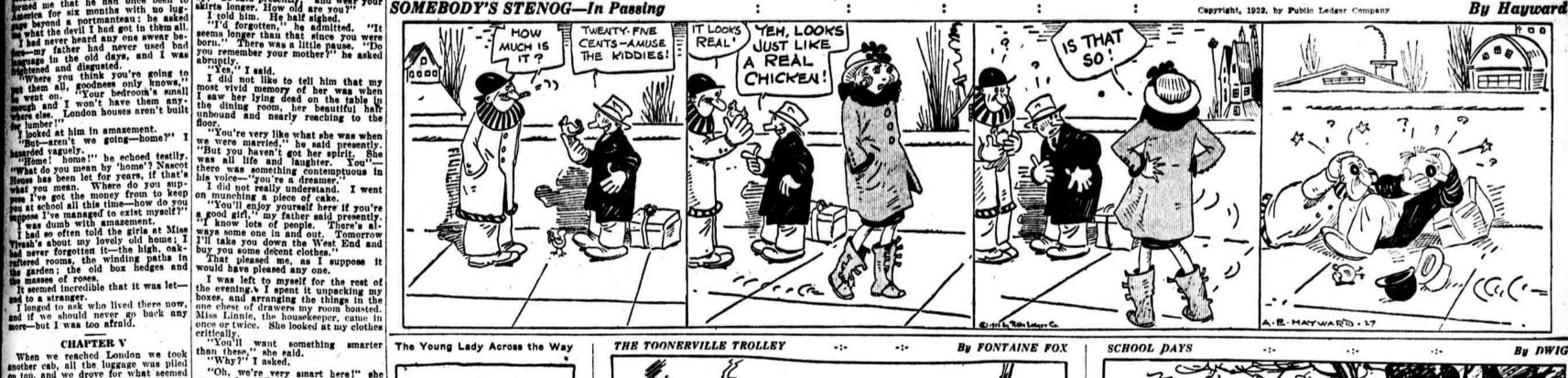
I jumped up quickly. Hefore I left the room I opened all the windows wile, but there seemed no air at all in Louden designation.

Afterward we went to a hair-dresser's, and, despite my objection my deserve and content of the product of the





SOMEBODY'S STENOG-In Passing





The young lady across the way says the steel business must be pretty dull as she understands there's a steady increase in unfilled orders.

By FONTAINE FOX HEN BACK THERE START PUSHIN WITH AFTER THE 515 GETS IN THE DRAP THEM POLE SO'S CAR IS USUALLY SO LOADED DOWN THAT THOSE ON THE REAR PLATFORM HAVE TO HELP GET HER STARTED WITH LONG POLES IN MUCH THE

SAME WAY YOU PUSH OFF A BOAT.

SCHOOL DAYS YES AN' YOU CAH GET ARRESTED FOR DOIN' THAT! IF I HAD A MIND TO. COULD TELL ON YOU AND HAVE YOU IN THE JUG FORE NIGHT. THAT'S ALL YOU LACK -JUST THE MIND. THE BOITOR

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PETEY-At Palm Beach









GASOLINE ALLEY-A Few Important Odds and Ends







By King

By C. A. Voight