p gase.
A penny for your thoughts."
I jeughed and shook my head.
"Oh, they are worth so much, much
see," I told him. "Look, there
the house. And—oh, here comes

## CHAPTER XXVII

ly son came running toward us; he

I stood at the door of Nascot House ad watched them anxionsly. Of course have Richard would not let them one to any harm, but I was glad when they were back safely.

Lisa apparently had taken a desper-

I told him, laughing. "She's rather by the stream. I knew that I should always love him.
"I am very fond of children," he aid. "I should like a boy like yours."
"I don't know what I should do without him." I answered.

thout him." I answered. Later, when the children had gone bed, Richard and I walked around lay there.

isten. The moon was slowly climbing the sky, like a gracious queen ascending the marble steps to her throne. Richard's attention to it.

the Richard's attention to it.

"We shall have lovely weather while its is there." I said. "The children always call the moon 'she."

"Are you quite happy?" Richard

sestioned me.
The abruptness of Richard's question "Is anybody quite—quite happy?"

"You know what I mean?" he anwerd. 'I should not have neked, I appose; but just now—in the moon-the—your face looked so sad, almost "Your face looked so sad, almost — your face looked so sad, almost — as if — " He broke off.

Suppose we all have our trought told him flippantly to hide the in my heart. "But the children up for so much. I always feel I can go through anything as here."

can go through anything as long I have them."
"You love them very much?"
"I have no one else to love," I au-

"I thought it was that." he said. Naw his face change.

"Now you're jumping to wild con-I declared, trying to lough. Of course, every one has something put up with in married life—at least, suppose so. When I was eighteen I sed to think it must be all honeymoon and kisses. I don't now."

"It would be—with some men."
I had no answer. How could I tell
had that I was married to one whom I hated and feared; a man who hardly ever aboved me affection, or even kind-hess; a man whom I should have left to send him. He told E sa that he would We paced up and down the soft

rate, our steps making no sound. The stadows of the tall trees lay in dark shoulte from end to end, and through them the moonlight filtered like pointing

Furnival is not coming home to-alght?" Richard asked suddenly.

He stopped, standing in front of me to that I was forced to look at him.
"Why did you marry him. Marjorie?" he asked. "You knew what he was you must have known. Why did lor marry him?"
Impulse drove.

impulse drove me to tell him the but it seemed to matter so little. I t as if he and I were ghosts, standing looking at one another across a grave wherein all my happi-

"I married him." I said, dreamily, ad with a sort of feeling of unreality—
I married him, since you ask me, beause you went away, and—and beause nobody else cared what became of

I went away because you told me on were to be married. he said

rou? Well, it doesn't matter ther way. I wrote to you, Rich-tet night after we were in the

park—I wrote and told you that they were trying to force me into marrying my husband, and—and I asked you to forgive me for having told you a lie that afternoon. I wasn't engaged to him. I never meant to be. I had refused him again and again.

"Marjorie!" He caught my hand hard, but I did not feel the pain; time and place seemed to be forgotten and rolled away. I was eighteen once more, and he was my first lover.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

I don't think I should have resisted had Richard kissed me; but he did not, he just held my hand hard.
"I never got any letter from you." he said in a strangled voice. "I have never heard from you from that day in the park until now. You are sure you wrote—sure?"
"I gave it to Miss Linnic, and she promised to give it to you herself." I

my life to hear, never tell me that he loved me.

The saked me no more. I suppose that he was a married woman and a mother of his face sent a little stab to my lifelt a girl again as I looked at him lifelt a girl again as I looked at him lifelt a girl who had broken her heart was he went away.

The looked around suddenly and met to be ashamed to admit that she has ever given a thought to any man who ever given a thought to any man who is not their father; but I was not very old, and I know I would have given anything I possessed that night to have heard Richard say he loved me.

But it was comforting to know he had never had my letter; comforting

had never had my letter; comforting to know that he had not gone away because he felt he could not reply to it, as scemed to expect.

I told one of the servants to bring

I seemed to expect.

I told one of the servants to bring his horse and trap around to the front showed off his straight figure, and his taw was tanned and clear with beautiful health.

When he saw Richard he walked staying with friends.

when he saw Richard he walked see soberly.

"Im't he a big fellow for twelve?" it saked proudly. "Richard, this is Mr. Tempest."

My son put out a brown, not overdesa hand. It seemed so strange to see two whom I loved better than all the world shaking hands so solemly. "Re's like you, Marjorie," Richard and And small Richard looked up at se' and laughed.

"Every one says I am like my mother," he said. "Elsa is like father."

We went back to the house together, small Richard, as I must call him a order to distinguish him, laughing set taking all the way. He wanted to get up in the dogcart and drive. He was delighted when big Richard promised to take him for a spin.

When Elsa hehrd it she set up a sail! Chorus, requesting to be allowed 18 go, too.

"Mr. Tempest doesn't want you staying with friends.

"Them—then perhaps I shall see you again?" I faltered. "If — if you care to come over."

For a moment he did not answer; he absently patted the silky neck of the cob, which was stamping impatiently, longing to be off.

"Thank you—thanks very much." he said. But I knew he did not mean to come.

We stood for a few minutes in desultory conversation; we talked about the weather, and the cultivation of flowers, and such ordinary topics, while all the time I felt as if my heart were stretching imploring hands to him, and crying.

"Don't go! Oh, don't go!"

Then all at once, as if in answer to my unspoken words, he turned.

"I must say good-by," he said. "It's getting late, and——

I felt his eyes ou me in the moon-light, but I could not meet them; then he took my hand, and, raising it, kissed it very gently.

"Good-by, and God bless you!"

"Good-by, and God bless you!"

CHAPTER XXIX
I stood still where Richard left me. listening to the sound of the trap wheels dying away down the road; then I went slowly back to the house.

Is fancy to Richard. She hung on to is fancy to Richard. I took myself to task; called myself wicked and ungrateful. I loved Richard Tempest; I had always loved him ard Tempest; I had always loved him. from that moment

I could go no further along that line of thought; so many forbidden dreams

be garden. It was a beautiful night.
It was a nightingale singing in said there was a nightingale singing in some distant trees.

We stopped on the shadowy lawn to listen. The moon was slowly climbing little sighing sound he made as he little sighing sound he made as he turned on his pillow.

In the maphle steps to her throne.

I had told Richard my children were him how much they were to me, how much! Perhaps because no words of mine could describe the love which was almost adoration which I had given to little Richard since that first moment they laid him in my arms.
While I had him notifing else mat-

tered greatly; he was mine-my very Once again life went on uneventfully ; days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and then-then came the day

when Richard went to boarding school. With all my will and determination I had striven to put it off, but Francis was adament.

Boys who did not go to a boarding school were unmanly and molly-coddies, he declared: it would be the making of Richard. He was too much tied to his

mother's apron-strings; he wanted to I suppose it was substantially true; at the thought of parring with him was like tearing out my heart.
I begged and implored; I even wept.

but it was no use, and one day I sat looking at my boy's boxes packed and corded and labeled, ready to go. Richard was delighted, though I know he did not show it much for fear of hurting me. He talked about the heli-days, and "half term," when I could go down and see him; he had given me strict instructions what sort of "tuck."

bring home some of the "chaps' spend the holidays with him. He was growing up so fast: my baby had long stree vanished, and now I was losing the child into which the baby had grown.

Richard had even smoked his first cigarette! I had caught him with the vicar's son in the old barn trying hard to imagine they were enjoying them-

When he saw me-and, I suppose, my shocked expression—he looked a plittle ashamed, but, after a moment, offered the much-chewed end for my acceptance.
"It's ever so nice." he said engag-

ingly.
He was thirteen when he went to boarding school: I took him to Lon-don myself, and saw him off with a

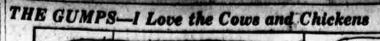
lot of other boys.
"Don't cry in front of all these chaps, mother." he whispered to me when the time came for parting. But he was very near tears himself as I kissed his dear brown face.
"Don't forget me, sonule!" I whispered with a sob. "And you'll write

every week-promise me."

He promised, of course, but I could see that his thoughts were full of the new life to which he was going, and the other "chaps," and his new cricket but, and the box of jam and cakes which I had packed for him.

Then the goard blew his whistle, and

the train steamed slowly away from the platform. CONTINUED TOMORROW





成人的为为是:注意特殊人们的心理人的编制的人们的注题的推

POINTING HER OUT AS ONE OF THOSE "HORRIBLE STENOGRAPHERS" AS WE ARE CLASSED NOW - A - DAYS.

YOU KNOW IT USED TO BE THE WAITRESSES, ACTRESSES AND HELLO GIRLS THEY USED TO PICK ON BUT NOW IT'S HOPING MOU WILL PUT A CHAPERONE IN THERE SOMEWAY ANDHELP US OUT FURTHERAORE T HOPE YOU ARE NOT ANGRY WOURS REPECTION "JUST A LITTLE STENOS"

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THINK he is one of those men sho will never change—much." I make tremulously. It seemed to matter tremulously. It seemed to matter tremulously all at once. My shorten for the moment that I had had it."—He stopped.

"Richard" he echoed quickly.
"Richard have change much." I torned my face hastily away. I torned to give it to you hereeff," I anaware tremulously, it seemed to matter tremulously, it seemed to matter tremulously all at once. My some to be give it to you here to go do that an answered tremulously all at once. My face hastily you face hastily away. I torned to give it to you here to go do that an answered tremulously all at once. My face hastily you face hastily you face hastily you face hastily you had had it." He stopped.

"If I had had it."—He stopped.

"If I had had it."—He stopped.

"If I ABOUT THE SENSATION HOUNDS

WITH SMUT ALWAYS IN THEIR I MINDS!

SO THEY CALL US "THOSE HORRIBLE STENOGRAPHERS" DO THEY ? I BET MEN ARE AT THE ROOT OF IT ALL - MEN! IT'S MEN THAT MAKE IT MECESSARY FOR GOOD GIRLS LIKE HER TO ADVERTISE



TAKE THE GARDEN OF EDEN FOR INSTANCE! WHAT A LOVELY PLACE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IF YOU MEN HADN'T COME ALONG AN BUTTED IN !



SCHOOL DAYS

LISTEN, DEARIE, PERHAPS ITS BEST TO HAVE A CHAPERONE . I WONT ARGUE THAT, BUT ANY OLD TIME MOSS BACKS THO MUD SLINGERS GET BUSY ON YOUR FAIR NAME TELL ME AND WHILE I GOT BREATH GOIN' IN AND OUT I'LL PUT UP A

By Hayward

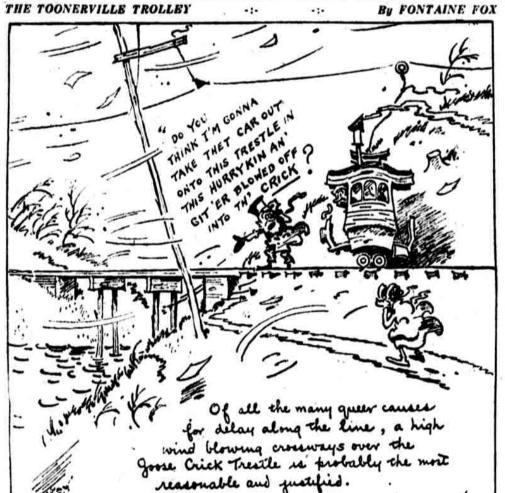
By DWIG



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says historians disagree on who actually wrote the Declaration of Independence, but she believes the



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GASOLINE ALLEY—An Awful Disposition

YES I WAS STUNG PROPER

IN OIL AND I'VE LEARNED

ANYBODY EVER SAYS OIL

TO ME AGAIN -

MY LITTLE LESSON. BUT IF



GOOD MORNING! 1 WONDER IF I COULDN'T WELL, YOU SELL YOU A LITTLE OIL NEEDN'T GET SORE ABOUT IT!