

A LOVELESS MARRIAGE

By RUBY M. AYRES

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Mariette's mother was killed in a hunting accident, and her father was neglected both by her mother and her father...

He kissed me again and asked me if I were not glad I had married him. I had to laugh, and he seemed quite satisfied when I returned his kiss.

We arranged that he should drive the car down into Surrey and bring Richard and his friend home by road. Richard was very keen on making a little anxious for his friend—a lad named Tornish—to see what a fine car we had.

It was a bright, dry day, and the roads were splendid. "I wish they'd come," I said over and over again. "They'll have a glorious run."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XXX

THE last I saw of my boy was his waving hand, which presently I could not really distinguish from the many others hanging out of the motor...

I turned away with a feeling of desolation. My husband had refused to come with me; he said untruthfully, and with a fool of myself, and he hated me. So he stayed at home and left me to break my heart alone.

Poor mothers, with dear beloved sons to love! How often since have I seen many such little partings between boys in Eton suits and mothers trying to smile in spite of the tears in their eyes...

I thought it impossible to be more unhappy than I was that day when Richard went to boarding school; but now I realize that I never knew then what unhappiness really meant.

I hated the house without him; the sight of his books, and the dust on the shelves, and long since grown, about the rooms, broke my heart fresh each day.

Elsa watched me with impatience in the blue eyes so like her father's. "Any one would think Dicky was dead, mother," she said reproachfully. "Only wish I could go to boarding school!"

I told Francis what she said, and he laughed and said he could not spare her. She was much more his favorite than Richard, no doubt, because she was so like him.

He treated her as if she were a grown-up lady; he teased her about having "sweethearts," so that by the time she was thirteen she behaved as if she were twenty-one.

Her governess could do nothing with her, and she defied me. "I'm the only one who understands the child," my husband said grandly, "leave her to me."

So I had only the holidays to look forward to. I simply lived for those, and even they were a disappointment. Richard generally brought a friend with him, and sometimes two, and all day they were out together, and I only saw them at meals. I suppose it was silly of me to mind, but I did; I was miserably jealous of those brown-faced boys whose society my son preferred to mine.

Of course, it was natural, and yet—many and many a night I cried myself to sleep because Richard had suddenly grown bashful about kissing me. It was not that he loved me less. I know, and yet it hurt more than anything could have done to see him color up and just peck at my cheek when any of the other "fellows" were about.

Elsa was in her element when holiday time came; she seemed to have a fresh sweetheart every term. I know that she wrote sentimental letters to at least three boys at Richard's school. "Girls will be girls," Francis said. "I told him, 'She's none the worse for it.'"

I never heard anything of Richard Rupert; once I saw his name mentioned in the paper as having made a lucky "deal" abroad that had made him a rich man, but I never came across any one who knew him or heard anything of him.

Three times he had crossed my path, and each time with years between. When Richard was eighteen my husband bought a motorcar. Horses and traps were too slow for him, he said, when I objected to the times. "One must keep up with the times."

So he gave a thousand pounds for a magnificent car, and was taught to drive. That pleased Elsa; she rushed off and bought the prettiest motor bonnet she could find, and she and her father drove about the country everywhere together.

Sometimes I went with them, but not very often; to tell the truth, I was rather nervous, especially in the narrow lanes round Nascot House, but Elsa loved it; she was always clamoring for a car of her own; she declared that every one who was "any one" in front society news in the papers about Lady Somebody, or the Countess of Something, who had learned to drive. Of course, I knew it would end in her getting her own way.

CHAPTER XXXI

Then the Christmas when Richard was to leave school something happened that took the sunshine from my life forever.

Richard was to go to Cambridge; he had done fairly well at school, though he was never a great scholar; he was fond of sports really to care for his own education, and he was determined to have a son who had been to the varsity.

Richard was pleased, of course, and I must admit that it gave me a thrill of pride, too, to feel that we could afford to send him.

So he was to leave the big public school where he had been for the last three years at Christmas, and we had made extra arrangements for a jolly time together. Elsa and I and the servants decorated the house from top to bottom with holly and mistletoe, and Richard was to bring home his "chum" with him, and Elsa was very excited about it.

There were some other people coming, too, and we meant to give a dance and a dinner and several other small entertainments.

My husband quite entered into the spirit of the fun, too, and agreed to stay at home.

Sometimes I thought he really meant to alter his ways and be kinder and more considerate to me, but it never happened. One day he would be absurdly affectionate, and then for weeks he hardly seemed to notice I was in existence.

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—The Home of Peace and Quiet

HELLO SAM, ARE YOU STILL IN THE AUTO BUSINESS?

LISTEN, THEY AIN'T A NUT FACTORY IN THE COUNTRY SO MUCH OF A NUT FACTORY AS MINE IS! YOU KNOW MY STEADY GOT HOLD OF \$10,000 DON'T YOU? WELL, WRITE YOUR OWN ANSWER TO THAT!

SEE ALL THEM LINES AN' WRINKLES? I GET A FRESH ONE EVERY DAY! LAST WEEK SHE HIRED A BUTLER TO BUTTLE IN THE OFFICE! AND THAT LAP DOG OF HERS 'BOUT THE SIZE OF A CANARY: IT'S ALWAYS LOST OR SOMETHING! IF A GOOD SIZED FLEA EVER GOT ON THAT DOG IT WOULD 'BE RANK MURDER!

OH WELL, I SHOULDN'T GROWL! THERE'S ALWAYS A SILVER LINING! SINCE SHE GOT MONEY AND A FEW DIGNIFIED AIRS THE OFFICE AIN'T AS NOISY ANYHOW! THERE'LL BE LESS CHATTERING AN' GABBLING!

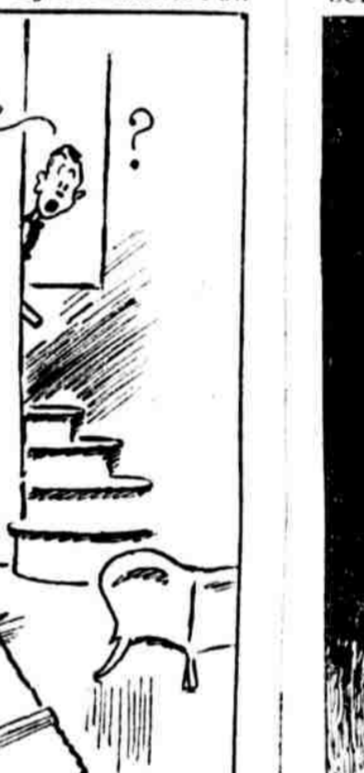
MARY ISN'T HE GORGEOUS? THAT 'DUNG MILLIONAIRE I MET AT PALM BEACH SENT IT TO ME!



The Young Lady Across the Way

FAMILY STUFF

SCHOOL DAYS



The young lady across the way says it's a girl's own fault if she lets a young man kiss her, and nobody'd better try to get platonic with her.

Dad has never been able to convince brother Will that he didn't furnish the Screechdriver the day Little Egbert took the Saxophone to pieces.

THE CHILDREN OF THE DUSK

PETEY—At Pinehurst

GOODNESS—WHAT AN EMBARRASSING PREDICAMENT—HERE WE ARE AT PINE HURST AND NOT A PENNY!

WELL, IF YOU GIRL'S HADN'T BLOWN ALL OUR COIN AT PALM BEACH—!!! YOU'LL HAVE TO WIRE YOUR FATHER FOR SOME!

—ER—ER—NAME'S PETER J. DIKK— I WIRED AHEAD FOR A SUITE OF ROOMS— HOW ABOUT IT?

—THEY'RE READY SIR— BUT, YOU SAID YOU WERE COMING TWO WEEKS AGO AND AS WE HELD IT OPEN FOR YOU— OF COURSE YOU UNDERSTAND ER—



GASOLINE ALLEY—Referring to Mr. Glib

IF I HAD THAT OIL SWINDLER, GLIB HERE I'D KNOCK HIS BLOCK OFF THE !!!

NO NO, DOC— DON'T TALK ABOUT HIM LIKE THAT!

RACHEL!

HERE!



CONTINUED TOMORROW

By Sidney Smith

By Hayward

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By DWIG

By C. A. Voight

By King