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.
I believe he really imagined, even then, that ours had been a most happy

then, that ours had been a most happy marriage.

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 motoring and a little anxious for his friend—a lad named Tornish—to see what a fine car we had.

I expected them back about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

It was a bright, dry day, and the

roads were splendid.
"I wish I were with 'them." Elsa said over and over again. "They'll have a glorious run."
She had taken great pains with her dress. She wore her hair up now, though she was only sixteen, and she affected long carrings which was

"He sent his love to you-he sent

He was dead-dead-my boy, my

That was my last Christmas: I have

desperate certainty that it was all indeed finished and done with; all my hones for the future, all my dreams of

CHAPTER XXXII

pened, my heart cried out in a fierce frenzy of certainty that it had been no

piece the tragic story together. Richard's father had been the worse

car.
Richard sat beside him. Oh, how

One night, about two months after Richard died, I came in suddenly and

I stared at him as he slept there, with

e sprang to his feet:
"Marjorie! What is the matter?"

drivers. But this might easily have been avoided; he had been driving so reck-

lessly and at such a speed that he had not been able to take a sharp turn in the

read; the car struck a wall, and turned

And they did not even bring me my

home and ate my heart out in hopeless longing.

I could not believe he was really

dead until I saw him; until the mo-ment when they took me downstairs to the decorated hall where he lay in his coffin. Refore it had all seemed like

a nightmare from which I must waken.
But I knew when I saw his face—
his dear, beautiful face with the little
half smile on his white, set lips.

CONTINUED TOMORPOW

car we had.

Marjorte's mother was killed in a hunting accident, and her father was so effected by the loss that he neglected both business and home. Marjorte was sent to a boarding school, where she had a to a boarding school, where she had a dill and hard time. The only bright spot will not sent time. The only bright spot will not hard time. The only bright spot will be sent to he will be so the sent to he will be sent to he will be sent to he will be so the sent to he will be sent to he will be sent to he will be so the sent to he will be sent to he THIS BEGINS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XXX

THE last I saw of my boy was his waving hat, which presently I could not really distinguish from the many others hanging out of the windows, although I tried hard to believe that I knew the difference.

I turned away with a feeling of desolation. My husband had refused to come with me; he said unsympathetically that he knew I should howl, and make a fool of myself, and he hated make a fool of myself, and he hated great, big fellow then—over six feet

come with me; he said unsympatheticome w

to lose! How often since have 1 seen to lose! How often since have 1 seen to lose! How often since have 1 seen boys many such little partings between boys in Eton suits and mothers trying to ently.

But we both listened and then—oh.

But we both listened and then—oh.

smile in spite of the tears in their eyes and my own heart has ached in sympathy.

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 toys out of which he had long since grown, about the rooms, broke my heart afresh each the poor lad burst into tears and the norm.

But we both listened and then—oh, how can I write it; the door burst open and one of the servants came into the room, unceremonically, followed by a tall lad—the boy Tornish, whom Richard had been bringing home with him. He was ghastly white, and he wore one arm bandaged and in a sling.

I rose to my feet; I think I knew what was coming.

"Richard—Richard." was all I could stammer.

The poor lad burst into tears and then—oh.

the rooms, broke in, state of the rooms, broke in, it is a watched me with impatience in the blue cyes so like her father's.

"Any one would think Dicky was dead, mother." she said reproachfully. "I only wish I could go to hearding 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 said; at least—only a few words of it. "He sent his love to you—he sent

was so like him.

He treated her as if she were a grown-up lady: he tensed her about baving "sweethearts." so that by the time she was thirteen she behaved as That was my

time she was thirteen she behaved as if she were twenty-one.

Her governess could do nothing with ber, and she defied me. "I'm the only one who understands the child." my husband said grandiloquently, "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 allly of me to mind, but I did; I was mistrably jealous of those brown-faced boys whose society my son preferred io mine.

Of course, it was natural, and yet—many and many a night I cried myself

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
thing could have done to see him color
there with our passionate love and
mothers with our passionate love and
fragging days, and nights that seemed
never to end, and, above all, the cruel,
desperate certainty that it was all in-

up and just peck at my check when any of the other "fellows" were about. Elsa was in her element when holi-Elsa was in her element when holf-day time came; she seemed to have a fresh sweetheart every term; I know that she wrote sentimental letters to brought him home, and prayed to die. "Girls will be girls." Francis said, when I told him. "She's none the worse

for it."

I never heard anything of Richard was all the farewell I should ever have from him; that was all the comfort I tioned in the paper as having made a could hug to my broken heart.

Hucky "deal" abroad that had made bim a rich man, but I never came across came to be told, when they broke to me any one who knew him or heard any- gently, bit by bit, how it had all hapthing of him.
Three times he had crossed my path-

way, and each time with years be- accident-but murder! When Richard was eighteen my bushand bought a motorcar.

Horses and traps were too slow for I should not have to drag through all

bushand bought a motorcar.

Horses and traps were too slow for him, he said, when I objected to the sale of ours. "One must keep up with the times."

been alive and went, but for his deep alive and his deep alive and went, but for his deep alive and went, but for his deep alive and his deep alive a So he gave a thousand pounds for a magnificent car, and was taught to for drink; he had insisted on driving the

Prive. That pleased Elsa; she rushed off and bought the pretriest 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 taken nervous especially in the part.

Richard, sat beside nim. On, now often in the long, bottomless blackness of night, when I lay awake and could not close my eyes, have I pictured that last scene.

The wintry road, the crisp, keen air, and we have in all the vigor of his not very often; to tell the truth, I was stater 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 London drove a car; she quoted bits from 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.

The wintry road, the crisp, keen air. and my boy, in all the vigor of his young manhood, sitting beside that drunken— But I cannot go on; sometimes I am afraid of my own unforgiveness, of the bitterness that has burned like an unquenchable fire in my heart ever since.

Sometimes I used to think it would drive me to the madness of murder.

One night, about two months after Bichard died. I came in suddenly and

CHAPTER XXXI

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

Richard died, I came in suddenly and saw my husband asleep in a chair by the fire—the thought stole into my heart: "Suppose I were to kill him: supposing I robbed him of his life as he has robbed his son?" Richard was to go to Cambridge; he

sleep, opened his eyes and looked at me. For a moment he did not move; then

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 lass three years at Christmas, and we had made extra arrangements for a jolly time together. Elsa and I and the together. Elsa and I and the together with holly and mistletoe. Richard was to bring home his "chum" with him, and Elsa was very excited about it.

"Marjorie! What is in turned away, biting my lip hard. He laughed uneasily.

"Pon my soul, you looked as if you could have killed me," he said.

It mattered so little to Francis—our boy's death. After the first shock he soon became his careless self again; he never admitted that he was to blame; he said over and over again that accidents would happen to the most careful dents would happen t

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

My husband quite entered into the of the iun, too, and agreed to

ctimes I thought he really meant alter his ways, and be kinder and e considerate to me, but it never led. One day he would be absurdly sctionate, and then for weeks he rely seemed to realize I was in exist-

this Christmas he seemed to be looking forward to the holiday, elped us fix up the mistletoe, and were alone for a moment in

hall he caught me round the look as young as ever," he "Nobody would ever think to married nearly nineteen THE GUMPS-Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip



affected long earrings, which made her look very much like an actress. I

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Home of Peace and Quiet

OH WELL I SHOULDN'T GROWL THERE'S ALWAYS A SILVER LINING By Hayward

By Sidney Smith

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

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 :

SEE ALL THEM LINES AN' WRINKLES ?

I GET A FRESH ONE EVERY DAY!

LAST WEEK SHE HIRED A BUTLER TO

SINCE SHE GOT MONEY AND A FEW DIGNIFIED MRS THE OFFICE AINT AS NOISY ANYHOW ' THERE'LL BE LESS CHATTERING AN GABBLING Copyright, 1922, by Public Longer Co.

MARY ISAT HE GORGEOUS ? THAT YOUNG MILLIONAIRE I MET AT PALM BEACH SENT IT TO ME : -

The Young Lady Across the Way

HELLO SAM

ARE YOU



The young lady neross 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

FAMILY STUFF By FONTAINE FOX SEEN MY SAXOPHONE " HAS ANYONE E WANTA DO A TTHE PRACTISING Dad has never been able to comme brother Will that he didn't furnish the Screwdiver the day Little Egbert took the Saxobhone to pieces.

SCHOOL DAYS Bu DWIG

PETEY—At Pinehurst

WELL, IF GOODNESS - WHAT AN YOU GIRLS HADN'T EMBARRASSING PREDICAMENT BLOWN ALL OUR - HERE WE ARE AT PINE COIN AT PALM HURST AND BEACH - !!! A TOH -YOU'LL HAVE PENNY! TO WIRE YOUR FATHER FOR SOME ' termined to have a son who had been to the varsity.

Richard was pleased, of course, and Richard was pleased, and Richard was pleased, of course, and Richard was pleased, and Richard w

- THE THING THAT WORRIES ME MOST IS GETTING ROOMS AT THE HOTEL -EVERYTHING IS USUALLY CROWDED DOUT LET THAT WORK YOU - LEANE IT TO ME - 1 GOTTA SCHEME



- THEY'RE READY SIR-BUT. YOU SAID YOU WERE COMING TWO WEEKS AGO AND AS WE HELD IT OPEN FOR YOU. -OF COURSE YOU UNDER -STAND ER-



By C. A. Voight