The Doucesters in Council

Let me "I'm perfectly well," said Lady Dou-"I'm perfectly well," said Lady Dousaster sternly, but she lay back in
her chair and closed her eyes. She
heard him leave the room and presently return. She drank what he gave
her and felt her strength creep back.

"Thank you, Mollentrave. My hair
isn't coming down, is it? Good! Sit
down here; in twenty minutes Theed
will be upon us again. What a reptile
the man is! He's been crawling in will be upon us again. What a reptile the man is! He's been crawling in and out of our lives ever since—"she faltered, then concluded—"ever since we annexed John Camden's thirty thousand pounds."

Lord Doucester nodded.
"You say Wilfred knew about it?"
"He had guessed it wasn't ours," and Lady Doucester bluntly. "When we have more time, Mollentrave, I want to tall you how perfectly sweet he is

to tell you how perfectly sweet he is about it. I told him everything in the end, even about Jarroman's insane ven-detta. Wilfred doesn't fully under-stand that, but he accepts it. I left him ringing up some agency or other so as to find Nadia at once."

"Find Nadia?"

"Find Nadia?"

"Oh, of course, I haven't told you that! When I got to Crescent street Dene said Nadia had gone out before breakfast and had not yet returned. I hnew that meant trouble—no sanc woman goes out before brerkfast, even if she doesn't take any. While Wilfred and I were chatting a note was brought to him. It was from her. It said that she felt as he had done when he left her the night enforce and went fred and I were chatting a note was brought to him. It was from her. It said that she felt as he had done when he left her the night oefore, and went on with a lot of rubbish about not being able to breathe in a place that was not really hers. She didn't give her address, but said that in about a week's time she would meet him at his club. time she would meet him at his club.
She hopes to get work, and so to be
able to discuss the future with him an
—I think she said—one wage-earner
may discuss it with another."

The affectionate patience in his wife's

The affectionate patience in his wife's voice brought a smile to Lord Doucester's lips, instantly suppressed.

"She seems to me to take a very sudable point of view," he said weightlip. Lady Doucester's fingers tapped the arms of her chair.

"Oh, I don't deny it! But it happens to conflict with ours."

A slience fell, which Lady Doucester broke in the musing, almost tender voice she rarely used.

"It's such a long time ago, isn't it, that we discovered I was helress to thirty thousand pounds unless John Camden had a child. Nearly twenty years ago, and yet I can remember almost every word of that long, long talk we had in which we decided exactly what price we were willing to pay for success."

"Risk of discovery, risk of imprison-ment and the burden of wondering whether we were defrauding a child or met."

"Yes, those risks and doubts were the price," nodded Lady Doucester, and we never shirked them. Looking back, I think I put them out of my mind altogether. At least, I know that today I am not ashamed of what we did twenty years ago; I would do it again."

Lord Doucester's murmur of agreetient made his wife suddenly stretch out the stairs. Stairs were still a bit of an effort to him. He took them slowly, making good use of the time for reflection.

Nell was his daughter. Through no fault of his own he had done her a great injury—through no merit of his own he had the means of a handsome compensation. A detestable phrase, compensation, but a sterling fact.

"Ere!"

Lord Doucester's murmur of agreement made his wife suddenly stretch out her hand and lay it upon his.

"Mollentrave, it's extremely pleasant, at our age, to find ourselves in such perfect accord. And we are of the same epinion as to the future, aren't we't i mean——" She hesitated and curled her hand into his as though the twenty years had melted away and she was young again, with her young lover.

"Henry Jarroman is on my mynd," Jarroman sensed the nervousness beneath the garrulity.

"Lord Doucester's murmur of agree"Ere!"

"They had reached the upper hall and, by the simple device of clutching him by the coat sleeve, she had urged him into a cushioned recess in the huge bow window of the first floor landing.

"Set down there," she invited.

"Funny idea making a landin' look like a drorin' room, ain't it? But there, it's all funny when yer come ter think of it same as wot I 'ave."

Jarroman sensed the nervousness beneath the garrulity.

Coming on This Page Another Absorbing Love Story It's by Ruby M. Ayres

back again? I wanted Wilfred's career more than anything, as I thought; I've intrigued and schemed to keep the way clear for him; I expect I shall grovel to him to go on using Jarroman's money, since without it he can do nothing. But if he won't, must we sacrifice ourselves? No one sacrificed themselves for us."

It was some time before Lord Dou-

It was some time before Lord Doucester answered.

"I am with you, every inch," he
said, "intellectually, every inch. But
I am more sentimental than you are,
Emmeline, probably because I am a
man, and the fact that Wilfred is our
son puts the whole thing out of focus."

"You mean—?"

"Why did you say just now—why
have you always said—that we still need
success?"

"Why did you say just now—why have you always said—that we still need success?"

Lady Doucester drew her hand away abruptly. She drew herself away altogether, mind and soul, and there fell one of those silences in which she was wont to search for the truth that would be the key to her riddle. She was retreating, retreating into the key to her riddle. She was retreating, retreating into herself; she was giving herself no quarter. Why did she cling to success? It was necessary to her. Yes, but why? Why could she not face an existence in which she was not led by ambition, not some me just a moment, can't you?"

Nell looked at him doubtfully as the door closed behind them Lady Doucester relaxed. She put a hand out fee a chair with so groping a movement that her husband came to her side in quick consternation.

"My dear, it's been too much for you!"

"I'm perfectly well," said Lady Dou-"" that the companionship—youth, but she law hock in the companionship, wealth; if you let one go, you lose them all." And then Nadia: "But there's something deeper than that, isn't there? I think that is where my generation knows better. Love is to us just now—why have you always said—that we still need success?"

Lady Doucester drew her hand away abruptly. She drew herself away altogether, mind and soul, and there fell one of those silences in which she was leveless."

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Lady Doucester drew her hand away abruptly. She drew herself away altogether, mind and soul, and there fell one of those silences in which she was retreating, retreating into herself; she was giving herself no quarter. Why did she cling to success?!

Why could she cling to success?!

Why could she not face an existence in which she was not led by ambition, not seem to se generation knows better. Love is to us just that deeper companionship."

Lady Doucester shivered. She had found the truth. And the truth was desolate.

Youth, beauty, wealth—she had brought them to the retire of her had

Youth, beauty, wealth—she had brought them to the making of her happiness, and she did not dare to let them go. She must make up, and keep the years at bay, and she must have money to spend, or her world would be dust. Her world! Oh, why not be honest? It was not her world she feared to lose, it was her husband.

She came slowly back to reality and looked across the hearth to where he sat.

"All these years," she told herself, "and I've never realized that all I've done has been just to hold him. To keep him mine. And now, in some unutterable little suburb, I'm going to

"Yes, I've not been thinking clearly. I need success. It doesn't matter why I need it, for it doesn't weigh against Wilfred's future. It's as Mr. Jarroman said, we've had our day.
"We must pay back the thirty thousand, Mollentrave."

Lord Doucester rose abruptly and took her hands in his. He kissed them tenderly. She caught her breath. What was he saying?

your genius for handling difficulties, would you have been content only to

your genius for handling difficulties, would you have been content only to arbitrate when the general servant gave notice, or they hadn't give us our full weight of coals?"

"Not all my life—Oh, dear, no," returned Lord Doucester amiably. "But now, Emmeline, I really believe I should rather like it. There are so many things I should rather like. It would, for instance, be delightful to see you in an apron again, making one of those excellent little omelets. Of all the omelets I've eaten——"

Lady Doucester clung to his hands to steady herself.

"Then you don't——" she began, but Nadia's words were echoing so loudly in her ears that she could not help repeating: "Love is to us just that deeper companionship—no, I can't explain; I will one day, but I'm so happy I think I'm light-headed."

"Dear, dear," murmured Lord Doucester. "And here comes our friend Theed."

cester. Theed."

Nell Makes Her Adless Jarroman followed Nell obediently up the stairs. Stairs were still a bit of an effort to him. He took them slowly, making good use of the time for reflec-

tion, but a sterling fact.
"'Ere!"
- They had reached the upper hall and,



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-She Needed Spark

FURTHERMORE THIS IS A BUS'NESS MISS OFLAGE, YOUR WORK HAS TO PEP UP A BIT - PAY LESS ORFICE AUT A TEA DANCE IN THE AFTERNOON AN' ICE CREAM AN' PICKLES WON'T MAKE YOUR PAY ATTENTION TO THE FLAPPER ENVELOPE NO FATTER - GET STORIES AND WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT - IF YOU CAN - AN' THINK SUCH STRANGE CLOTHES? IT OVER - BUT DON'T STRAIN !

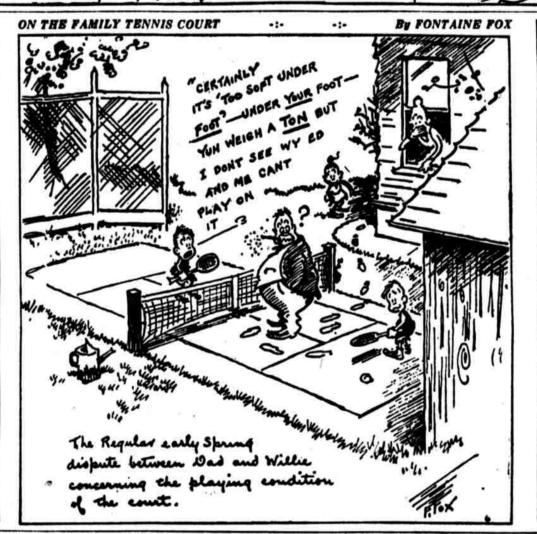
SAM, HOW COME THAT'S EXACTLY YOU CAN GET THE SYSTEM AWAY WITH THAT I WORK OM STUFF? IF I TALKED THAT WAY TO MY STENOG SHED GET CRANKY!

By Haywar SHE AINT A SELF-STARTER SO I GOT TO CRANK HER TO GET HER TO WORK, HEAR THAT? SHE'S SO MAD SHE'S DOIN' ABOUT 200 A MINUTE

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says we should never be satisfied, and when we have attained 100 per cent efficiency we should strive for 150.



SCHOOL DAYS

PETEY—The Brains of the Family









NOW, SKEEZIX, WE KNOW FOR CERTAIN -

SPRING IS HERE!

By C. A. Voight

Bu King

