EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1922 By Sidney Smith LOVE WILL NEVER DIE THE GUMPS—To Have and to Hold ANDY - I SIMPLY NAWE TO HAWE A NEW GAS STOVE - I CAN'T COOK ON OURS ANY MORE - AND WELL MAVE TO HAVE A SET OF DIENES - WE CAN'T SET A DECENT TABLE - AND THE LIVING ROOM RUG IS ALL WORN OUT AND THE FURNITHER OUGHT TO BE UTHOLSTERED - AND THERE ARE FOUR OR TWE ROOME THAT NEED PAPERING -WHAT ARE YOU GOING IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF? IT'S FUNNY HOW THIS HOUSE GOT SO JUST LET YOU HAVE TO DO WITH THIS YOUR HANDS ON THAT DOUGH- I SHIVER TO THINK OF IT- SEE HOW MONEY ? TAKE IT TO YOUR GRAVE WITH YOU ? **By JOHN HUNTER** WORN OUT AS SOON Copyright, 1928, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate AS I GOT A LITTLE LONG IT WOULD LAST YOU SPENDTHEIFT - A SPENDTHEIFT IS JUST LIKE WATER PUNNING DOUGH - IT WAS ALL LIVE IN RAGS impulse to take her once more into his arms. "I am almost too filled with wonder to be happy—wonder that I abould ever have kissed you, wonder that you should ever have kissed me." CHAPTER I AND DIRY ALL YOUR LIFE SO THAT WHEN YOU DIE YOU CAN MAVE A RIGHT & COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO -Call of Youth THROUGH & PILTER BECAUSE band on the Upper Terrace was AND LEAVES MANY MATTERS TO SETTLE. a paying the "Blue Danube Walts," SILK-LINED Audrey smiled. "I believe girls have kissed before. Jim. Why should I not kiss you? I love you." COFFIN ? ling, cosmopolitan crowd which kiss you? I love you." Harkness turned, and, leaning on the balustrade, looked down at the prom-enading crowd. He should tell this girl what manner of man he was. The thought repeated itself insistently. It was unfair, a sacrilege, a theft of the worst kind, to take her love, to kiss her. And yet, when a man is given a glimpse of Heaven shall he blind his eyes deliberately? For Herkness things had elemen here the Lower Terrace and out to Andrew Inverse Mediterranean. Indexy Brent, leaning on the balus-tes in the shelter of a clump of whis-test palma, gamed round her appre-metry. Behind, a fairy place built matrix. Beusing in the sunshine, inviting. Bethe sumshine, inviting. Be-stretched the terrace, a vivid ka-we stretched the terrace, a vivid ka-the stretched the st witz, a monotone of dull insistence. black and clear-cut as silhouettes, "I can see your aunt." he said to Audrey, and feit thankful for the he-spite which must now be given him, the leisure to consider what he had done and what he should do. a shimmering haze obscured the SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Was It a Spook? By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office WHY BOSS - I THOUGHT I GUESS THIS IS WHAT THE STORY "I love Monte Carlo," said Audrey. Jim Harkness smiled down at her. WHAT'S THAT NOISE IVE BEEN HERE WRITERS CALL THE DREGS OF LIFE ! I SAW YOU GO OUT IM GOING IN THE BOSS OFFICE? ALL THE TIME -I'VE TRIED ALL I CAN TO EXPLAIN "I will go down to her." There was TO LUNCH ? I have been here many times," he Harkness hesitated. "I have my train to catch. I will just come?" Harkness hesitated. "I have my train to catch. I will just come along and say good-by, but I mustn't stop." OUT TO LUNCH. ALLRIGHT, THIS IS THE FIRST I THOUGHT aid quietly. "But I have never en-TO GERTIE SHE STILL THINKS I I'VE SEEN YOU Boss, I'LL TRIED TO STEAL HER PERCY-SO are a visit so much as I have this one. TUDAY, ARE YOU BE HERE. I good fairy must have been guiding THE WEDDING'S OFF - AND - AND -GOING NUTTY ? I WAS TO B-B-BE HER M-MAID when I went to the hotel at Lu-"All right. Jim-you did mean-all that, just now?" me where you and your aunt were OF HONOR - OH I WANT TO DIE! "Audrey-I more than meant it. I more than love you. I---" Audrey gazed reflectively at the prom-"I am happy," said Audrey sim-ly. "Come along into the sunshine." ading crowd through the trunks of the im trees. She and Harkness offered ply. But Harkness felt like one who had stumbled over the edge of the night. strange contrast. Audrey was slight, sont fragile, with a girl's freshness about her and a girl's innocent canstumbled over the edge of the night. Ten minutes later he found himself alone on the Upper Terrace wandering past the open doors of the great Casino, with tumult in his heart and a great accusation in his head. He lingered at the entrance to the palace of chance, and the cries of the croupiers came in a low monotone to his ears. in the level glance of her brown anding between her and the sunint, so that his shadow darkened her mutarned face and dulled the light in "Faites vos jeux, messieurs !" "Rien ne va plus !" er eres. He was a well-built man, ther eyes. He was a well-built man, many with the easy strength of the mather, of indeterminate age, perhaps inity or more, his face bronzed yer-manently by a life spent much in the spen, his sleek black hair brushed back and innocent of parting, his eyes star-tingly gray against his swarthness and cold despite the smile which lurked a them as they regarded Audrey. He had met the girl at Lucerne in the first place, where she had been raying with her Aunt Ella, and a friendably had sprung up between them which was rapidly promising to become something stronger. When Audrey and her aunt had announced that they were maying for Monte Carlo, before pro-The words were like a tocsin to his old self. He began to view the thing in its true perspective. A star! He had reached to pluck a star, and the heavens must be laughing at him. He could not tell what drove him into the long, brilliant rooms with their correct IS WORRY DRIVING CAM INSANE ? CONTO MONDAY. A.EH. 24 long, brilliant rooms, with their eager. strained players and cold, swift crouplers. He only knew that he Considerable Excitement Down Hickville Way Last Week-By Fontaine Fox SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG The Young Lady Across the Way Ó drifted in, as always he had drifted. And so he played. The time of de-parture for his train passed unnoticed in the click of the ball, and the monotonous drawl of the bored, white-faced men who presided over the tables. He staked carelessly and with varying luck, and it was not until half an hour be-fore dinner time that he rose from his seat and made his way to his hotel. He inquired from the hall porter, and was told that he could catch another train an hour offer dinner train her aunt had announced that they were having for Monte Carlo, before pro-existing to England and home, Hark-me made the discovery that he was needed in England—the reasons he gave were extremely vague—and he had inveled with them. "I suppose you will be glad to be been and to be told that he could catch another train an hour after dinner, and then he sought his room. He examined his money cursorily, and without any actual interest. He had won a little, but such an insignifi-cant sum that it was not worth con-sideration. The knowledge scened to strike him like a blow. The hours he had ment in the sponded "I suppose you will be glad to be bome and see your mother again," ob-mered Harkness after a lengthy si-lence, "despite the fact that you have moved your holiday." "Is." Audrey looked up at him..." "Iy mother is a wonderful woman. "Ny mother is a wonderful woman. "Ny mother is a wonderful woman. "My mother is a wonderful woman. "Wy mother is a wonderful woman. "In the examined his money cursorily, and without any actual interest. He had won a little, but such an insignifi-cant sum that it was not worth con-sideration. The knowledge seemed to strike him like a blow. The hours he had spent in the crowded Casino had been wasted; squandered moments snatched haphazard from a squandered career. They did not even offer him the excitement of winning or the perverse satisfaction of losing. He had left the sweet company of Audrey, had lost the train he had intended to catch, for nothing. The whole thing

Harkness caught his breath. Her last words echoed in his brain like thun-der, and he felt his cold senses sway-ing at the repetition. "Everything to me all my life! The folly of the thing which in the days since their meeting which in the days since their meeting had gradually taken hold of him—the probable wickedness of it—was hardly considered. He only realized the girl and her setting. The blazing sunshine, the hard, black shadows, the dreamy wais time inneucrous subtly stirring. There were shadows in Harkness'

the hard, black shadows, the dreamy raits tune, languorous, subtly stirring. The say crowd, and the murmur of the surf on the distant foreshore, toss-ing the spindrift like jewels into the light. He felt the call of youth to the light. He felt the call of youth to the seriable miracle of its life, and all the years of his experience were strip-ped from him, the dark ways through which he had traveled during those years forgotten. His powerful brown hand closed over addrey's slim white fingers as "Audrey," Harkness almost won-tered at the sincerity which vibrated in

found a jest. The bitterness in Hark-ness' heart was reflected in his face as the realization came to him. The jest should not go on. He would tell Audrey everything—at least she was entitled to that—at least even he himself was en-titled to it. Ho would go to her im-mediately she arrived in England. And then—And then he would give them something to laugh at. All through the long journey north-ward to London he did not sleep, but thought hard and bitterly. Yet still in his memory lived Audrey's ted at the sincerity which vibrated in The girl faced him. She did not at-tampt to withdraw her hand, and in are eyes was a light which Harkness and never seen in a woman's eyes be-

bre. "You were saying your mother has been everything to you all your life." He trembled as he spoke. "Do you think that anybody else could ever be that to you? Do you think that if I loved you and cared for you and pro-test you, you would ever one day say the same of me?" He meant it. He told bimself that he meant it—every word. And yet, deep

Yet still in his memory lived Audrey's eyes as they had looked up at him in the moment of her kiss.

CHAPTER II

Master" is brought to a delightful conclusion in the installment on another page.





