OVE WILL NEVER DIE

By JOHN HUNTER

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY WEO'S WHO IN THE STORY

PREVAT Beautiful, fine in characmochisticated in the world's ways.

File love with

File love and tract

File love and trust.

File love and t FLLA-not worldly wise but wise in spirit, with whom Audrey lives.

edily along toward the circus, Bitanger filled him, He had triumphed. had shown Constance Brent that he if the whiphand; but a rush of telal circumstances had swept him ude as a feather might be tossed in the and all his plans had come to

ie walked on slowly, absorbed in his bts. At Swan and Edgar's corhe stopped and stood on the edge the pavement watching the swirling with unseeing eyes. How long remained there he did not know, was a considerable time. en his eyes fell upon a lady who

picking her way across the road. was dressed smartly, too smartly, th vivid, if well-chosen, color conats. Her pretty baby face suggested t the tiniest bit too much powder been used, and although her apance was neither displeasing nor restive of the demi-monde, there a general effect that she was overrated. More than one person turned looked after her as she passed, the was Lois Denbigh, a rapidly og star in the musical comedy world. e went straight up to Harkness:
"Hello, Jimmy, old thing. You look
the man who dreamt he'd broken
bank at Monte and woke up to
d the brokers in. What's the matter

a't know you were in town."
"Well, I am, and I don't think you

ere sick. Do you think the Savoy ould be nice today?"

Harkness looked down at the pretty purned face. Lois Denbigh was and debum of his, and she understood imperhaps more than any other eman had ever done, for underneath the butterfly exterior there lurked a sen judgment of humanity. And she as a jolly companion, who lived only it the day, like the majority of her and, He felt at that moment the need or some such influence, and lifted his and to a passing taxi.

"The Savoy it is." he said. "And though it's late for me to say so, I get the layou how jolly glad I am you've the alarm in Audrey's tone. "You

At last they made their way out to here Connington's car was waiting.

"This has been a most fortunate eeting, Mrs. Brent," said Connington, a they said good-by. "And I hope is not the last time we shall see each ther, I expect you are aware that I are been absent from England for a masterable time, and have, therefre, managed to lose track of most of the people I knew in the old days." Is smiled, and once more Constance alized the charm of it. "When one sts old one loves to talk over the eople one knew and the things one id. In youth it is always what is going to be and what is going to be defined and the daughter's imagination and regard.

She looked right into Audrey's eyes, and the voice of temptation died into nothingness. She could not do it. It would have been as easy for her to have taken a whip and lashed the girl with it until the blood came. She strove to say something to appease Audrey's anxiety.

"My dear, you must not jump to such hasty conclusions. I am a business woman, a woman of the world, and i have lived long enough to conquer the habit of first impressions. When I first meet people I neither like nor dislike them, because I have learned the id. In youth it is always what is goig to be and what is going to be
one; in age what has been and what
as been done. I should like an opporinity of having your assistance in rewing those old memories. Would you
be me the honor of dining with me toorrow evening?"

"I Shall Marry the Girl"

Alone! That was the word which aggested itself to Constance Brent at acc. Lord Connington was asking her dine with him at his house-

And there could be only one reason in the invitation. He was going to peak plainly, to drop all this pre-pease of an old friendship which was so secessary in the presence of others, and sk her to give him back his daughter. She would refuse to go! She must! and then she remembered Harkness, emembered a hundred trials she had adured, and felt the weight of them all. the was not equal to a strong decision is such a moment, but only knew a semendous desire to be able to go away herself and cry. When she spoke seemed as though her tongue was action its own initiative. Her brain "I shall be very pleased to come," le said, and wondered if her face was pale as it seemed to herself.

Connington bowed. There was a lite ficker of triumph in his eyes, and is bow hid it from view. "I believe ou are living near Sevenoaks," he lid. "My car will meet your train at having Cross at any time you wish."

haring Cross at any time you wish."
"I will write you the time of my train onight," said Constance.
'Lord Connington took his leave of hem. Again he did not offer his hand to Constance, and she wondered if Aud.

ir. She had not spoken a word. They drove away, leaving Constance

They drove away, leaving Constance and Audrey alone, and then Connington seemed to collapse. The effort of sustaining his old keenness of intellect while he had been with Constance reacted on him, so that he huddled in a corner of the limousine, silent, shaky, with perspiration standing in beads about his forehead. His eyes were closed, and his general air was that of a man on the verge of complete exhaustion.

Lady Parbara sat beside him absorbed in her thoughts, and Preslow lounged

Lady Barbara sat beside him absorbed in her thoughts, and Preslow lounged in the opposite corner looking out of the window. And on all the passing traffic he could see Audrey Brent's face.

They came to the house in Mount straight to his own room. Then at last Lady Barbara found her tongue. She turned to Preslow.

"Well," she said, "do you realize tractly what all this means?"

Preslow was perfectly cool. "Of the straight this means?"

Preslow was perfectly cool. "Of the straight this means?"

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Coursel. 1822. In the Mothers Presponser

ruining her, has developed her wonderfully. Connington will have her back. His mother eyed him coldly. "You take it very well. You know what you stand to lose in that event, I believe?" "I stand to lose nothing." asserted

"I stand to lose nothing." asserted Preslow quietly. "At least, nothing material."

"I fail to understand you. I am in no mood for subtleties. What do you mean?"

"I shall marry the girl," said Preslow calmly. "So that it will be all the same in the end."

Lady Barbara regarded him to ellerge

Lady Barbara regarded him in silence

for some moments. At last she said very slowly: "I had not thought of that." Jim is Filled With Anger

"Ah." observed Preslow dryly. "It is necessary to think sometimes. Do you know, I prefer this arrangement to the circus. Bit-

Audrey Doubts

After the Connington party had driven away, Constance Brent and Audrey stood for some moments on the pavement without speaking a word. pavement without speaking a word. Constance was trying to control the turmoil of her emotions so that she could face her daughter and not betray the fact that she was passing through a great crisis. She addressed Audrey with some indifference.

"Where's Mr. Harkness, Audrey?" Audrey hesitated. "He went off. He apparently thought we might be with Lord Connington for a considerable time, and I gathered that he felt himself a little in the way."

"I see." Constance felt like two distinct personalities; the one, her real self, torn with anguish, driven by worry, frantically searching for a clear path through the maze of her difficulties; the other, detached, mechanical, hiding the true Constance Brent from the inquisitive eyes of the world by a stony calm which bordered danger. by a stony calm which bordered dangerby a stony calm which bordered danger-ously on listlessness. She tried to rouse herself.

'I am sorry he chose to take that point of view. Shall we stroll down to Piccadilly Circus and look at the

shops?"

They set off, and as they went Audrey asked the question which had been in her mind ever since she introduced Jim Harkness to her mother.

"Mamma. Do you like Jim-Mr.
Harkness?"
"I have seen very little of him up
to the present," answered her mother.
Disappointment showed in Audrey's larkness roused himself and lifted hat. "Fancy meeting you, Lois." bardly knew what to say, for his had not properly returned. "I had not properly returned. "I expected enthusiastic praise."

in't know you were in town."
"Well, I am, and I don't think you ed be so cool about it, either. Aren't me glad to see me?"
"Of course I am," replied Hark-stood how much a girl must long for the stood how mu deal kindly with Augry, stood how much a girl must long for her mother's approval of the man of her choice. "But you would prefer me to defer my decision until I am sure ou look as though a good feed would at some life into you. You were standed on this pavement as though you go not this pavement as though you was tinged with doubt. "But first wight.

inough it's late for me to say so, I ust tell you how jolly glad I am you've the alarm in Audrey's tone. "You appened along."

"A present for a good girl," smiled sis demurely, as she climbed into the Tell me the truth."

Constance Brent was greatly tempted. Here was her chance. She need say Constance Brent and Lord Conninga talked about very little but pictures
they made their round of the Acaday, and the conversation was desulay in the extreme.

At last they made their way out to
here Connington's car was waiting

Constance Brent was greatly tempted.
Here was her chance. She need say nothing definite, nothing direct; but a vague hint or two, some mysterious references to Harkness' reputation, might be sufficient to loosen the hold he had on her daughter's imagination and regard.

habit of first impressions. When I first meet people I neither like nor dislike them, because I have learned the futility of such a proceeding."

"So you do not dislike Jim, mam-ma?" Audrey was persistent.
"If you like him, dear, it is suf-ficient for me until I have had an opportunity of judging him better for nyself. And now let us talk of some-

thing else."

She turned toward the shop windows, and as she did so Andrey laid her hand on her arm.

"Mamma!" There was a note of pain in the girl's voice which startled Constance. "Look! There is Jim, with—that—girl!"

Constance looked round. A taxi was drawn up at the curb some distance.

drawn up at the curb some distance away from them, and into it was climbing a gayly dressed little lady whose piquant face was wreathed in a mischievous, tantalizing smile. Bending over her, holding the door open, was

Jim Harkness.

In front of Constance and Audrey two men were talking. One of them said: "I say! See the girl getting into the taxi? She's Lois Denbigh. Smart

ittle woman, eh?"
The taxi drove away. Audrey turned to her mother. Her face was a little white. "Mamma, who is Lois Denbigh that that man who is Lois Denbigh that that man should recognize her?"

Constance did not reply at once. She felt at a loss for words. Then she pointed silently to a passing bus. Audrey looked up at it. Along the side of its upper deck a great bill was plastered, and the words on it seemed to Audrey to be printed in letters of fire.

THE ARCADIAN THEATRE LOIS DENBIGH

hem. Again he did not offer his hand o Constance, and she wondered if Audey noticed it. But he held Audrey's largers for an appreciable time and studied her face. At last he said: "You are like your father's people. I remember them quite well."

Lady Barbara was already inside the large state of t body's "season" and that the produc-tion was a musical comedy in three



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—This Mystery Is Getting More Misty



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says it's terribly humiliating to have suit brought against her father in the common pleas court. as if he couldn't afford the best



CONT'D TOMORROW SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG YER THIS IS THE 1922 MODEL SAY HEN! WHERE'D WATER TIGHT GEAR HOUSING, MASKE YOU GIT THIS REPEATER? IN THE FLYWIGEL AND BUILT IN TIMER KRUPP BLUE STEEL BAR'L AVEMATIC REVERSE - DROP FORGED HAVE YOU GO! CHOKE BORE, WALNUT SEGMENT, TOU, SOS SHE WONT SHAP YOUR AREAL PISTOL-GRIP STOCK -LIGHTMIN' TAME DOWN & LIMEMAN SIGHT: DONT HAFTA USE THE OLE HOTSHOT ON JATS. BABY-THIS IS SOME ROD YOU GOT, ED. HOW MUCH SHE WEIGH? BAMBOO . SILK WRAPT_ PEATHER WEIGHT -- BOY! THAT YOUR NEW KICKER JOE ? ME PICHED UT PITTS DURE LAST HIGHT MAD W J Z , XVI M PQ AHD AND THEY CALLED JULES VERNE A NUT



