

LOVE WILL NEVER DIE

By JOHN HUNTER

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY
LADY BARBARA—Beautiful, she is charmed by the young man who is so sure of himself.

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?"

Jim is Filled With Anger
HE TOOK his leave, and two minutes later he was in Piccadilly walking briskly along toward the circus.

After the Connington party had driven away, Constance Brent and Audrey stood for some moments on the pavement without speaking a word.

He walked on slowly, absorbed in his thoughts. At Swan and Edgar's corner he stopped and stood on the sidewalk watching the swirling traffic with unseeing eyes.

"Where's Mr. Harkness, Audrey?" "Where's Mr. Harkness, Audrey?" He happily thought we might be with Lord Connington for a considerable time.

Then his eyes fell upon a lady who was picking her way across the road. She was dressed smartly, too smartly, in a well-chosen, color-combination. Her pretty baby face suggested the tiniest bit too much powder had been used, and although her appearance was neither displeasing nor repulsive of the demi-monde, there was a general effect that she was over-dressed.

"I have seen very little of him up to the present," answered her mother. Disappointment showed in Audrey's eyes. "That doesn't mean he impressed you unfavorably when you first met him, does it?"

"Well, I am, and I don't think you'd be so cool about it, either. Aren't you glad to know you're not?" "Allow you to pay for my lunch, look as though a good feed would do some life into you, would it?"

"Of course I am," replied Harkness. "What are you going to do with now you've found me?"

"The Savoy it is," he said. "And although it's late for me to say so, I just tell you how jolly glad I am you've appeared alone."

"I suppose I would," Audrey's voice was tinged with doubt. "But first impressions are generally right, mamma, and it was your first impression I wished to learn."

"I expect you are aware that I have been absent from England for a considerable time, and have, therefore, managed to lose track of most of the people I knew in the old days."

Constance bit her lips. Audrey was expecting her to praise Harkness, and the irony of it jarred her already frayed nerves until she felt that she wanted to laugh aloud.

"I shall marry the girl!" Alone! That was the word which suggested itself to Constance Brent at once. Lord Connington was asking her to dine with him at his house—alone!

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Continued Tomorrow

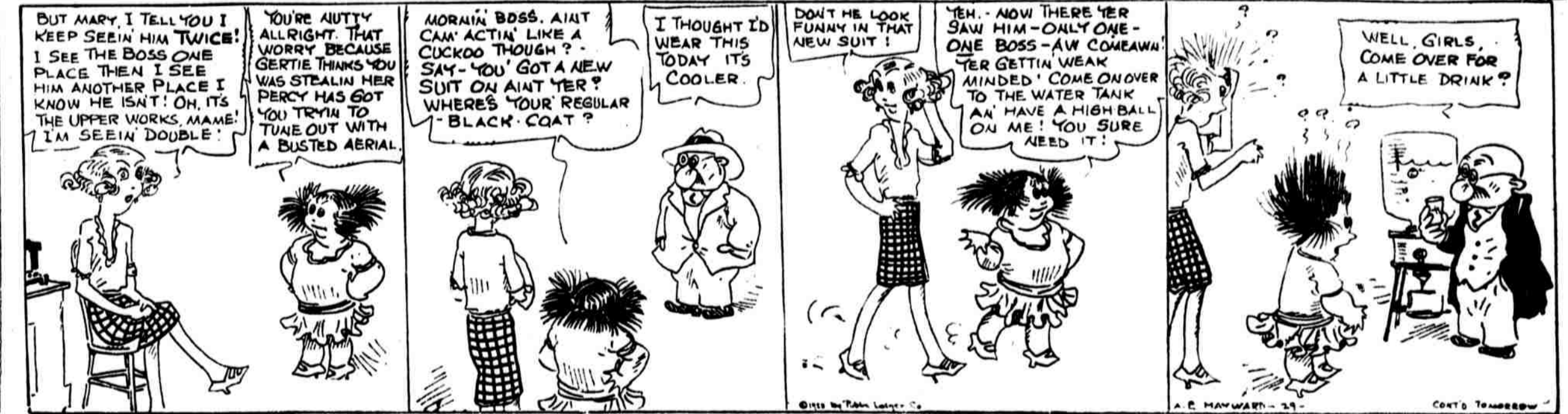
THE GUMPS—Old King Coal

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—This Mystery Is Getting More Misty

Registered U. S. Patent Office By Hayward



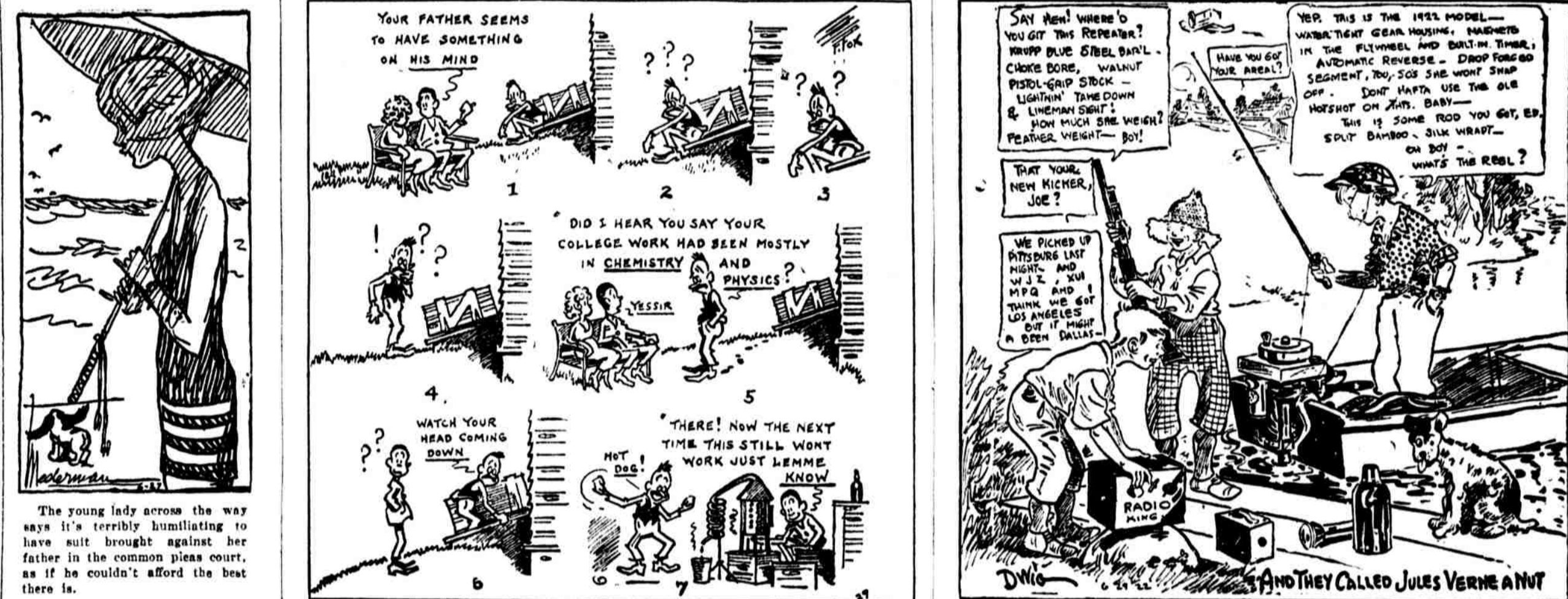
The Young Lady Across the Way

These College Boys Are Not as Brainless as They Seem

By Fontaine Fox

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



PETEY—The Flapper Caddie

By C. A. Voight



GASOLINE ALLEY—They're Finished

By King

