VE WILL NEVER DIE

By JOHN HUNTER

WHO IN THE STORY

—Beautiful, she is sheltered in the world's ways. in love with

—handsome, with good ancestry, his reckless career of and illness. He is a wastrel, from his father, a great manor. He feels he is not worthy of love and trust.

—Audrey's mother, still young middle age. She is the of a fashionable club where gamblers go, but Audrey is ignorant of this on her part. She is the divorced wife of

—distinguished Eng- diplomat, of an austere temperament and feeling, who has returned to London after many years of diplomatic service

—not worldly wise but wise to world, with whom Audrey lives.

—nephew of Connington, who expects to be his heir. When Connington plans to take Audrey from Preslow, Preslow, who is brilliant but scheming, schemes to marry her

—a light-hearted but sincere comedy star, who is in love with Audrey, but who is friendly to Audrey.

Jim Resists Temptation

he knew the full joy of victory.

It steadied him. The temptation to her in his arms and kiss way fears, to whisper burning words to her, to show her all his inside soul, passed, and left him cold. walked about now with his will- and he knew that he was safe.

"It will not break your heart, " he said quietly, and his tone that of a father addressing a hurt "I know it will make you very sorry — for a time; but we have each other such a short while you will forget me. Whereas if it to drift on your hurt will all the greater in the end. It is I have recognized this that I am you everything."

Audrey choked back a sob, and Hark- could read her fight for self-con- in every movement of her face. went on gently.

"Please don't think I am doing this or without thought. Certainly without a tremendous realization the pain it must inflict on you. least, I do it honestly. There a dozen different ways in which have shown you that the affair a mistake. I could have neglected left you to discover for yourself —he hesitated, and then went on —"that I had mistaken my feel- for you; and in the slow horror that discovery you must have suffered thousand times more than you are now."

Audrey turned away from him. He see her knuckles standing out and hard as she gripped at the behind her.

She spoke very softly.

"All the time—you did not love me?"

Harkness knew he must not be cruel. the time I thought it was love."

"But you do not love me now?"

"I do not love you as you deserve be loved."

Audrey faced him. Her tears were and though her face was ghastly her eyes were steady.

"I understand." Her voice was al- toneless. "I think I understand sufficiently to be able to forgive I won't make any foolish pre- and say I do not care. I do Her lips twitched ominously. despite this, I still love you. think I shall forget, but I shall do that. I shall always love you, I shall try all I know to forget to keep you from my mind."

A tremendous pity and overwhelming for her swept over Hark- as he realized the worth of this he was casting from him.

She knew none of the false pride drives some women to an af- of indifference when their love rejected.

"I am not worthy," That was all could find to say to her.

She smiled. It startled him. He dimly to realize that there is a power in suffering.

"You would be worthy if you tried," whispered.

A silence came on them, and during they heard the noise of a motor- on the hill below the house.

"That will be my mother," said Audrey quietly. Harkness roused him- "I will go," he said. "I will just and greet her, and then say good- Constance Brent came in, and the of her evening of suffering was written plainly on her face for any- to read. But Audrey and Hark- were blind in their own agony, saw Harkness, and for a moment felt impelled to tell him to go, and to visit the cottage again. She controlled it, and said:

"I did not expect to see you here."

"I am just going," answered Hark- quietly.

The details of his departure were ever afterward blurred in his memory. He Audrey's hand for a moment, and his lips formed the last good-by eyes strove hard not to tell her that he wished to hide.

He stumbled through the darkness to car, and drove away.

And behind in the cottage Audrey out her story on her mother's Harkness did not love her! was the crux of it. She could tell of his explanations; only that did not love her.

Constance held her close. In the of her own suffering she could find any words of comfort. All she spoke only once.

"Dearest—dearest—I think women's were made for men to trample

The dawn found them huddled close the chair together.

CHAPTER XII

Plain Talk

Aunt Ella came downstairs the next morning, and found Constance and Audrey, white-faced and wan, out in the garden. She eyed them with a puzzled expression on her kindly face.

"You people look as though you haven't been to bed all night," she said.

Constance shot a warning glance at her. "It is probable that early rising doesn't agree with us," she observed.

Audrey turned away and walked slowly into the house.

"What is it?" asked Aunt Ella.

"Harkness has given Audrey up," replied Constance quietly. "So don't refer to him in any way, will you, when she is about? He has treated her very badly indeed. I came home last night and found her broken-hearted."

Aunt Ella regarded Constance curiously, hesitated a moment, and then said: "Connie, there is something in this I don't understand. You don't like Harkness, do you? I mean, you didn't know him before this occurred."

"You are right. Although I didn't know I had shown my dislike."

Aunt Ella smiled. "I am not so old, Connie. Why did you dislike Harkness? I thought him rather nice."

Constance reflected for a moment, and then decided that it would be odd if Aunt Ella knew everything. It would be much less likely to interfere if she knew exactly how matters stood.

"I did not like Harkness because I had met him several times before he came here."

"Met him!" Aunt Ella's voice was filled with surprise. "But you did not know him."

"Neither did he."

Constance paused, then said: "I will tell you what I know of Harkness, and then you will realize exactly why I am not sorry he has given Audrey up. To begin with, he is a member of the Eros, and a member we could very well do without. He is notorious as a reckless gambler, and a dangerous man in every way. People point the finger of scorn at him, even while they stand aghast at his wild doings. He is unstable, never satisfied, always driven from pillar to post by a terrible restlessness which finds no satisfaction for long in any thing. His father is the great steel magnate, and Harkness has treated him shamefully. Despite constant appeals to go steadily, Harkness has been spending money as though it were water, and he has never once offered to take a share in his father's tremendous responsibilities. The man is recognized everywhere as a waster and a rotter."

"Did he lose his mother when he was young?" asked Aunt Ella quietly.

Constance looked at her with amazement. "Yes," she said slowly. "I believe she died when he was a baby in arms. She never recovered from his birth."

"Ah!" Aunt Ella had a curiously judicial air. She might have been a quaint little lawyer pursuing some difficult point to a triumphant conclusion. Her eyes gleamed excitedly from behind her spectacles. "His father is a great business man. Of course, I have heard of Harkness. They call him the Steel King, don't they? He would be a stern man, wholly centered in his work, no doubt."

"He has some reputation for hardness," said Constance, uneasily. She had never suspected that Aunt Ella could think so deeply as this. "The son inherits his nature in part. Even in his wrong-doing he is strong."

"I have gathered already that he is a man of exceptional will-power," said Aunt Ella calmly. "What he did last night has told me that."

"What do you mean, Ella?" Constance's tone was sharp.

Aunt Ella faced her squarely. The old-world homeliness seemed momentarily stripped from her and she showed herself a wise woman; her kindly face was lighted with a great inspiration.

"Sometimes, Connie, the people who sit and watch the stream of life flow past them have more opportunity of correct observation than those who fight and struggle in that stream. I am one of those who watch. You—one of the strugglers. Your experience is wider far than mine; but in this case I think I have seen the truth more clearly than you have. That man Harkness loves Audrey."

Constance roused herself as though from a reverie.

"I can imagine the molding of Harkness' character," continued Aunt Ella quietly. "A boy of strong impulses, motherless, left to the care of a hard father who had no time to spare from his business. In his youth the lad would be given money, plenty of money, to go away and amuse himself, as long as he did not encroach on his father's time. When he was old enough to be considered suitable to assist his father, the habit of drifting, of wild spending, had ingrained itself so deeply that it could not be effaced without something stronger being brought to bear than a mere order from a father, who, after all, had done little to create a bond of affection between himself and his son. Harkness, as you know him, is the product of all this. Am I right, Constance?"

"You may be," admitted Constance diffidently. She was realizing that in her quiet, simple way Aunt Ella had probed deeper into the problem than she was capable of doing herself.

"I am," asserted Aunt Ella. "You know, Constance, you worldly-wise people are often wrong. You do not stop to think. You judge people superficially. You do not always remember there is a world of thought which governs the world of action in which you live. I think you should go to Harkness and ask him to tell you the truth, and if the truth is that he loves Audrey, as I am certain he loves her, then you should bring them together."

"Impossible!" protested Constance. "The man would ruin her."

Aunt Ella smiled gently. "Instead, she would save him," she said. "Has that never occurred to you, Constance?"

Constance shrugged her shoulders. "You do not know Harkness as I know him," she muttered. "I tell you he is a devil—nothing less. You cannot turn him or control him. He just goes straight on. The things that man has done, and laughed as he has done them! He ruined young Kilgane. He has all but ruined Carteret. You don't know what you say, Ella."

"All right." Aunt Ella's face wore a look of resignation. "But I would ask you to remember, Connie, that Audrey and Harkness love each other as, I believe, a man and woman can love but once in all their lives. And you cannot kill such love as that. It never dies, smother it and coerce it as you will."

She turned toward the house, but Constance put out her hand and seized her arm.

"Ella!" Constance's manner was hesitating. "There is something else I want to talk to you about."

"Yes."

"It is—Connington; what he said to me last night."

Aunt Ella waited in silence.

"He wants Audrey," Constance gasped the information. "He demands her. He says it will be better for her. And I cannot give her up. I cannot! You know I cannot! He was dreadful to me; hurt me; you know how he can handle words. I lived through hell last night, Ella."

Aunt Ella reflected. She knew that Connington was right when he said it would be better for Audrey to go to him. But Constance was her sister. She dared not contemplate what might happen to Constance if she lost Audrey. Besides, Constance had earned the right to her daughter, the right of love lavished unstintingly, the right of work, of unsparing labor. Aunt Ella answered non-committally.

"What do you intend to do?"

"He said that Audrey would find out about the Eros, sooner or later. I had never thought of that. She will, of course."

Aunt Ella nodded. The fact was manifest.

"She mustn't find out yet." All Constance's agitation was obvious in her speech. "I must have time to think, to decide a plan. At present I hardly know what I am doing. I cannot make a decision in my present state of mind. Audrey must go away."

Aunt Ella's eyebrows lifted slightly. "Again?"

"Yes." Constance nodded feverishly. "You could take her to Bournemouth or Torquay, or somewhere like that, for a little while. It would serve two purposes; help her to forget Harkness and prevent any chance of her hearing of the Eros for the time being. Will you do it?"

"I will do anything," said Aunt Ella. "When do you wish to start?"

"I am going to the Eros this afternoon," answered Constance. "And will be there all the evening. You might speak to her while I am away, suggest Torquay to her. Then, if possible, you could start tomorrow."

"I will do so," said Aunt Ella.

They walked together to the house.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Copyright, 1928, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

THE GUMPS—Andy Gump

SOMEBODY'S STENOG— ? ? ? ?

Registered U. S. Patent Office — By Hayward

The Young Lady Across the Way

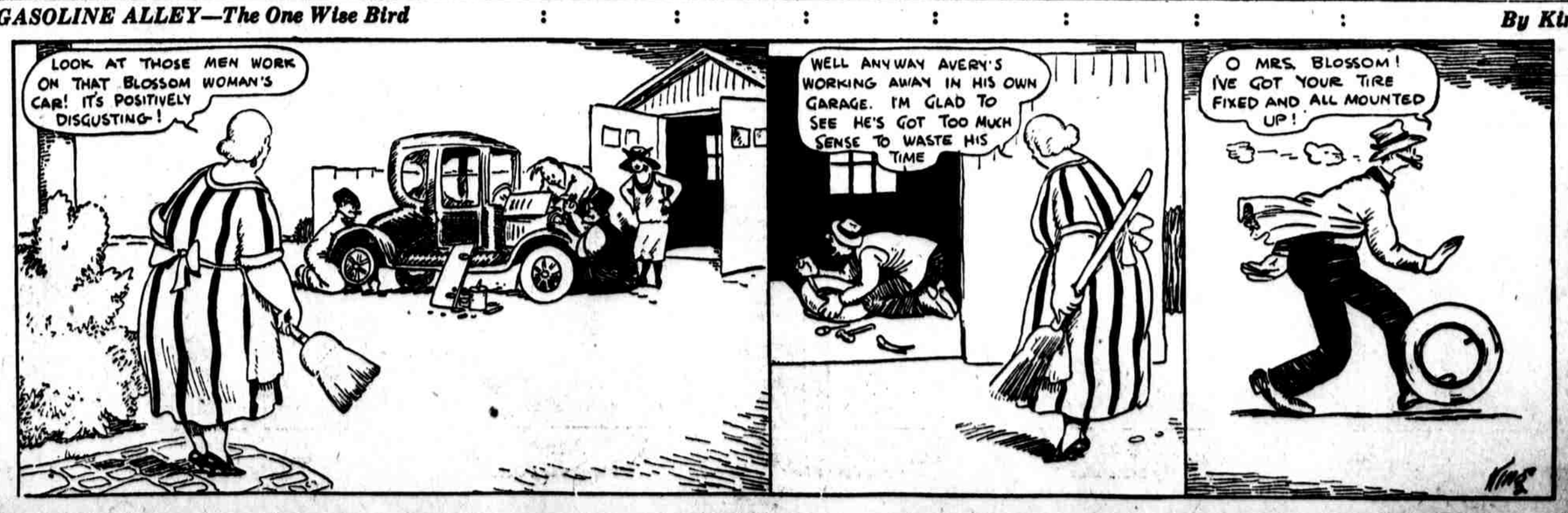
The young lady across the way says a young man of her acquaintance was arrested the other day for driving his automobile while intoxicated, and you don't know how happy it made her to see by the paper this morning that he was out on bond and she felt all the time that it must have been all a mistake.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS — By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG

PETEY—Go to the Foot of the Class

By C. A. Voight

GASOLINE ALLEY—The One Wise Bird

By King