LOVE WILL NEVER DIE

By JOHN HUNTER

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

BY BRENT—Beautiful, fine in character, sophisticated in the world's ways. Falls in love with

BARRENNE—handsome, with good impulses underlying his reckless career of club and idleness. He is a wastrel, disinherited from his father, a great manufacturer. He feels he is not worthy of Audrey's love and trust.

STANCE BRENT—Audrey's mother, still handsome in early middle age. She is the hostess of a fashionable club where gambling goes on, but Audrey is ignorant of it. She is the divorced wife of

CONNINGTON — distinguished Engsteesman, of an austere temperament does feeling, who has returned to London after many years of diplomatic service abroad.

TY ELLA—not worldly wise but wise in spirit, with whom Audrey lives.

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

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

Derelict

days passed swiftly, and gradually Constance began to regain her mer spirits and beauty. Years ned stripped from her in those t days in the garden with Audrey d Aunt Ella, with no haunting secret guard, no straining of ears for the steps of every chance passer-by.

No word came from Lord Conning-

Then one day Audrey posted a letter, d after it had gone she seemed very tent.

It seemed to Harkness that an eter- had passed since he had driven drey away from his door with all hopes shattered.

Time and again he looked back on interview, and wondered dully how had compassed it. He knew that if r again she came to him he would her. But he also knew she would r come. Even if she discovered the th, she would not come again.

Lois had left the Arcadian, and was in the rehearsals for her new w. Already its preparation was well r way, and preliminary announcents were appearing in the papers. was being boomed, and Lois was g boomed with it. Harkness real- that the girl might do greater s than she guessed if success atded the venture.

The occupation of Lois, her evident plete absorption in her new work, hasized to him the emptiness of his life. Even Lois, the butterfly, folded her wings and ceased to ce in the sunshine.

He planned many things—Africa and game, the Himalayas, China, the ason—but he rejected them all. He w that at the ultimate moment he uld not leave England whatever his ns.

Sometimes he thought of his father, t only with resentment. One day elegram came from Sheffield. It was g—almost like a letter.

"Your father collapsed. Unable to derstand anything, and confined to bed. Serious trouble at the Trayrth Foundries. Men almost out of d. A strike threatened, which y extend to the whole of the steel and ed trades in the country. Governt intervention refused by men's ders, who insist on dealing direct h your father. Failing him, ask for ted representative. Are you willing accept responsibility?—Hilary."

Harkness laughed when he read the gram, and then used it as a pipet. What did it matter to him if the engineering workers in England ck work? What did it matter to if his father's giant business was ling? His father had no interest him; so it was natural that he should no interest in his father.

He did not know what made him k of Lois at that moment. He rembered something she had said to when he had discussed his father h her—something about his father g famished. She had asked him t his father had ever had in his life business; and when he had retorted t his father had asked for nothing Lois had pointed out that some never ask for what they most e. Suppose his father—Harkness d himself surmising incredible s. Once more he thought of his her, just as he had thought of her leaving his father's house. His r must have loved his mother. had come into the old man's life And Audrey had told him on the t he had renounced her that love ot die.

Harkness puffed at his pipe imently. He was torn by a tremenindecision.

The next day brought him a letter g the Sevenoaks postmark.

Harkness stared at it. The handing on the envelope was Audrey's. emed impossible. Surely she was coming to see him again!

With trembling fingers he ripped it , his sang-froid gone, his eyes eager boy's.

Harkness smoothed the letter out fully. His actions were deliberate mechanical. He could hardly k of what the letter might contain—only that Audrey had written it. There was no address, no date, no nature, only a few lines written ridly across a blank sheet. Harkread them with some bewilderment.

"The King gave a title as guerdon
To the Knight who the tourney won;
Shall a man pass personal valor
With a name to his eldest son?
Let us go back to our manhood,
And forget what the king has done!
... God gave the first great title
When he called me simply a man."

Once more Harkness read it, and as did so a glimmer of realization lit in his brain. He remembered having seen the lines before. They were a quotation from a poem called "The Inheritance." Why should Audrey have sent this to him?

And then he understood suddenly and completely.

Audrey had learned who she was. She had perhaps learned also that he was already aware of her identity, and she thought this knowledge stood between them. Her pride would not allow her to come to him again, but she had written these lines to tell him she understood, and was prepared to ignore the false glamour of an inherited title and position.

If the fact of her being Lord Connington's daughter was the barrier between them, and Harkness really loved her, then he would understand. Whereas, if he did not care, no harm would be done. She would not have stooped again to ask him to come to her. The childishness of the reasoning robbed it of all semblance of oversubtlety.

"God gave the first great title
When he called me simply a man!"

The words re-echoed in Harkness' brain. He had flung that title back at the feet of its Giver. He could not even go to Audrey and claim as great a title as that of her father. He could not stand before Lord Connington and say, "I am a man, as you are."

But there was a way. There was a man's work to be done in the North, where the factories scarred the beauty of the earth and men toiled and sweated that his father might rule as a king.

Afterward! It would be time to think of the afterward when he had proved himself.

He secured a special to Sheffield and drove out to his father's house, to find the old man in bed with two doctors at his side.

"He will live?" he asked. One of the doctors, a famous specialist, nodded.

"Yes. But his working days are over."

"Over?" Harkness' perturbation showed in his face.

"I am afraid so," answered the specialist gravely. "This illness is not so much of the body as of the brain. He is a man of iron constitution and will soon be about, but I fear you will find that he has lost his grip of things. His brain is very tired. You know if you drive an engine at top speed without an occassional overhaul something breaks in the end. Your father has been driving his brain for years. The result was inevitable. We shall save his reason, but I must forbid him to deal with business any more."

Harkness felt a touch on his arm, and turned to find Hilary beside him. He followed the secretary from the room.

Harkness Faces Facts

"What's all the trouble?" he asked. "Why has my father collapsed like this?"

"It's the Trayworth Foundries. The men want more money, shorter hours, and a general overhaul of the housing question in Trayworth. They say the town is unhealthy, and wants rebuilding." Hilary smiled wryly. "It is a pretty tall order. To carry out their demands would wipe out all the profits on the year's working of the whole combine, including the United States factories as well. On the other hand, the men seem determined, and all our other places, the factories and shipyards on the Clyde and Tyne, threaten to strike in sympathy. If that happens—and it seems inevitable—there will undoubtedly be a general stoppage of the engineering trades throughout the country."

"What do the rest of the directors say about it?"

Hilary shrugged his shoulders. "They say nothing. In plain language they don't count. Your father's holdings are larger than those of all the other shareholders put together, and he is the one man really concerned. It is Harkness versus the men. Before going any further I should like to emphasize the gravity of the situation. The matter is rapidly growing from a mere industrial dispute to a national crisis. The Government has appointed a commission to inquire into the whole affair, and at its head is one of the most famous men in England. He has sent one of his secretaries down to watch events. Your father refused the services of this commission before his seizure."

"Who is the leader?"

"Lord Connington."

Harkness's breath came in sharply. Yet he was hardly surprised. It was natural that England's ablest diplomat should be asked to handle this delicate situation.

"All right!" There was a hard decisiveness in Harkness's tone. "I'll deal with this, and take all responsibility. Get me a car—not my father's, it's too well known. I want to drive round Trayworth."

Hilary stared at him for a moment. This was a Harkness he had not known. Then he went away to order the car. Harkness drove off alone.

It was a week later that old Harkness was able to sit in his chair by the long French windows of the morning room, and gaze across the cool green of the terraced gardens. His first action was to send for his son.

"Hello!" His greeting was as curt as ever. "I hear you've been meddling with my affairs. What have you done?"

"There will be no strike, father."

"Eh!" The hard eyes flashed a quick admiration. "Did you beat them?"

"I surrendered to them."

Old Harkness sat back. His face reflected a fury of struggling emotions. "You—surrendered!"

CONTINUED TOMORROW

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THE GUMPS—Vinegar Never Catches Flies

By Sidney Smith

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Mary Doodle Disguises Her Language

By Hayward

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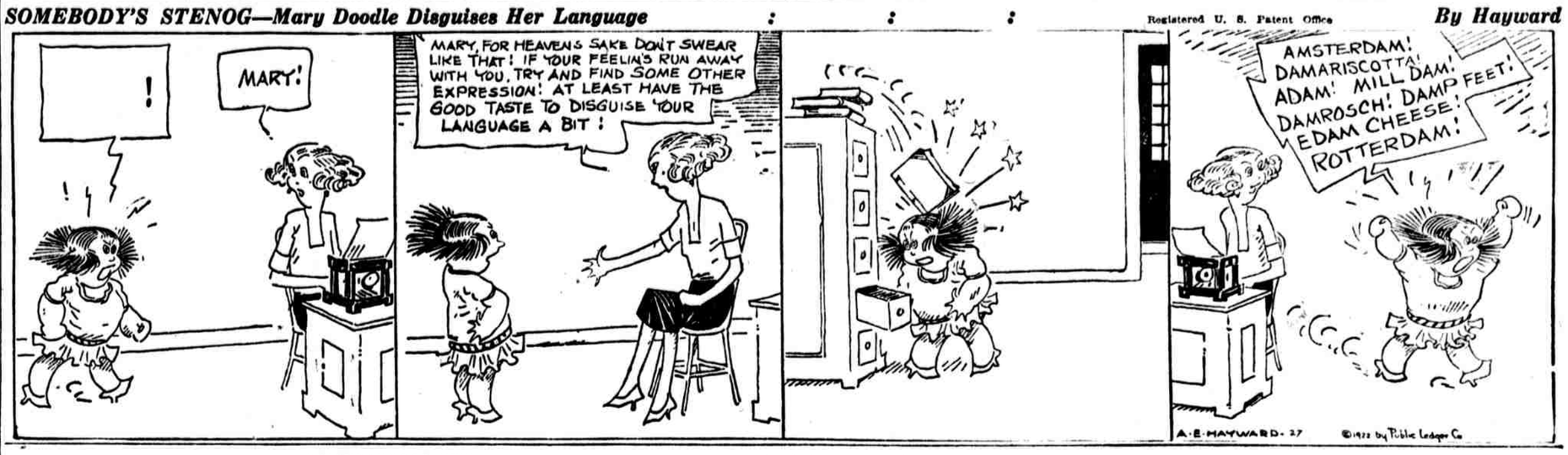
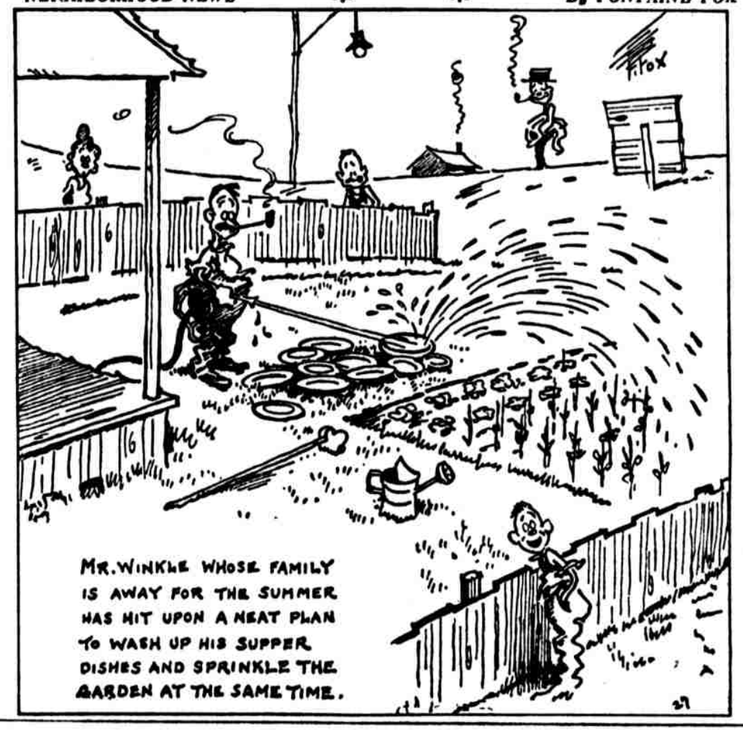


The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she wonders if it's really true that the surgeons now transplant one person's vitamines to another.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

By FONTAINE FOX



SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG

PETEY—A Soft Heart

By C. A. Voight

GASOLINE ALLEY—Such an Awful Temper!

By King

Uncommon Sense : The Obstacle Race

By JOHN BLAKE

LIFE with no difficulties in it would be a dull life indeed.

A man of energy and ambition hopes to a heaven where there are no ngles and no problems.

It is by overcoming difficulties and solving of problems that the human has developed mind.

THE chief reason that few men of affairs ever want to retire is that cannot be content with a life of lute ease.

It does not seem natural to them. It not natural. No being worth his salt be content to think that he has ing to do but rest for the remainder his life.

Elderly business men who are forced ill health to abandon their work up golf, which creates artificial blems—and problems that are by no ns easy to master.

Games have been invented as human imes because each of them involve difficulties.

BETTER rest—save for a very little while—is not at all pleasing to the ly constituted man or woman.

Loafing is not rest, for when it is intelligently it involves thought, thought is by no means easy.

The student of history discovers very soon that life is really work, and that the more of it there is the happier is the individual who does it.

The youth who begins a career with the idea of amassing a fortune which will enable him to loaf will never gain the fortune or get the enjoyment out of loafing he expects.

LIFE is really an obstacle race. Hurdles are set up for us, and we take them as best we can. Sometimes we stumble, but if we are the right sort we pick ourselves up and go on.

The taking of the first hurdle enables us better to take the second. When we have taken a few thousand none of them seem so big or so troublesome to us.

We have acquired the obstacle habit, and we are fairly well equipped for the rest of the journey.

THE work hater—the man who seems to have others do his work for him—does not belong in life. He will find it very unpleasant and distressing, unless he cultivates enough common sense to pitch in and do as those around him do—make an obstacle race of it, and get a lot of fun out of running it.