ophie, a waitress, to whom 2 has been bid, which fact has caused gossip. Did You Call to Tease Me

SHEN it wasn't because your pro-

lering about Aunt Selda. She wouldn't like it—a little bit."
"But you don't always consider that steresting detriment to a good time so

"N-no."
"Hone-tly—don't you trust me.

weetly or sullenly.

That last speech had a business man's

ossible companion. She would be both on-tamer and woman of the world.

the would be Grinscoombery incarnate.

Bow that foolish word of Mary's adupted itself to her thoughts and filled that must have been a need. Who was

Ferdy, where you think we can get supper?" she asked, just before she supped into the seat beside him. He had not yet looked her in the face, but

ow he diid, but with opaque eyes.
"Folly Inn," he answered, and

She looked toward Aunt Selda, stand-

ing at a window like a tall, austere medieval saint, disapproval incarnate, and she was faintly startled to see a white, distorted face move suddenly

from her sight. At the same instant ferdy started his car and Heloise, looking back, could not decide whether or not Aunt Selda had run out, unbelievably swift, upon the porch.

They talked very little on their leafy, dusky were to be a superficient of the superfici

Life was a tiresome and disappointing business at its best or worst

a shabby affair, unworthy of her
teel. True love had been timid and
uncertain, chivairy had stained its
shield, passion was a diluted wine.
The only possible solution was some
cold compromise with life such as Sir
yuney with his wedgelike face must
see have made and kept, too, cynisaly, with that small, set smile.
The shabby inn received them into
the shabby and Helpine's worthful

took her wrap softly away and softly coketed a fistful of something which asset from Ferdinand's hand to his. He went back to his counter and, when the two

old man had been carted upstairs

9 9 By Katharine Newlin Burt pyright, 1928, by Kath-ne Newlin Burt, Printed arrangement with Mct-er Eurotes

Mary or Eloise? Which Should Win Unusual Hero?

WHO'S WHO IN "O"

who's who in "Q"

sed same Q. T. Kinuydden, a brisk
apparcher, diamond in the rough, who
apparcher, diamond in the rough, who
mes to a sicepy Eastern town to imme his deficient educatios. He is
molrous and intelligent, though unmered. He plans to marry
loss grinches whose life he has
d haughty heiress, whose life he has
ed while acting as her guide. She is
ever with his neivete and virility. But
he is involved with is involved with

is involved with

is involved with

is involved with

a dominating mil
property of the constant of the constant of Heloise.

INT GRIMSCOUMBE, Heloise's cousin, a charming cirl, of rich character and ripe wisdom. Her father, a gentle, unpractive of the constant of the constant of the constant of the cousing out of his class. The teaches odd to their income, and Q becomes one of her pupils.

INT GRIMSCOUMBE, aunt of the girls, who gives a home to Heloise but ionores where, She is aristocratic, but this does not prevent her being under the thumb of set prevent her being under the thumb of sultriness.

sot prevent her being under the thumb of B. SALES, a fat, indolent physician, who is the evil influence in the life of the community. He has been guilty of negmentity between the case against him.

R. SALES, Jr., who has helped Q out in an embarcasement. He loves

I tector was called off that you lector was called off that you here came back Friday afternoon?"
"Of course, not. Don't laugh. I indist upon your believing me. Ferdy.
Why should I be afraid of you?"
"Why, indeed?" he asked.
"Did you call me up to tease me about my lack of nerve? Because I have other and better ways of spending a Sunday morning."

Sunday morning."

the quick hammering of their invisible medium.

"How?" she asked. She felt as she had often felt on the hunting-field before the getaway. Her heart had begun its smothered beating.

"By coming out and having supper with me tomorrow. Will you do that? I'd like"—here he was humble and rather sweet—"to prove to you that I am a gentleman, Lelo."

"Where would we have supper—you mean late supper?"

"Oh no—I don't feel the need of Bible support. You've never coosed so mildly, Ferdy." She affected a delicate yawn. "You've been almost—boring—for once in your life."

"My wife tells me that for a large strong man, I'm fairly ineffectual." He was still looking down at the arm and Lelo was aware of the unchanged direction of his look and the slowly changing expression of his face, from which a was still looking down at the arm and Lelo was aware of the unchanged direction of his look and the slowly changing expression of his face, from which a curtain like the curtain of a stage was lifting gradually.

"There would we have supper—you Lelo was aware of the unchanged direction of his look and the slowly changing expression of his face, from which a curtain like the curtain of a stage was lifting gradually.

"She does say rather nasty things to you, doesn't she?"

Lelo examined her fingers to be cer-tain that they were entirely steady and

not cold.
"Don't you?"
"No."

"Just-no-like that!"

In one, least of all myself. Ferdinand. I have pinned my faith on the honor left me to sit there and cool my heels. didn't you? You thought me the kind of puppy-dog that puts up with that sort of kicking—didn't you?"

Heloise bad a swift and revealing memory. "Seems like she entertains memory. "Seems like she entertains

memory. "Seems like she entertains memory, than you are."
"Just shows how bad a hand you are at experimental psychology. Are you coming to supper?"
"Of course I'll come. That will prove that I'm not afraid of you."
"Til be at the manor at seven o'clock. There was something hard. There was something hard. Heloise Grinscoombe, had, in Q's terribly candid phrase, been "tempting" her life if she don't quit temptin' me—"
It wasn't possible, perhaps that she,
Heloise Grinscoombe, had, in Q's terribly candid phrase, been "tempting"
Ferdy for the beguilement of her bitter,
disappointed tedium? Was it a dangerous game? Could it be that a man
was really not, when it came to the
final development, a safe plaything? harp." There was something hard, a quality of decision in his voice that the had never heard in it before and that kept her attention focused after the had hung up, as he did immediately. Ferdy's voice was usually soft, either westle or sullenly. Was this sipping at passion the proper medicine for the restless craving of an That last speech had a business man's incisiveness, the tone of some one who has put through a successful deal.

Heloise spent the interval of time in a sort of vigil preparing for a final triumph over her tiger cub. One must never show fear to these pet wild things. She would be marble inside and ice jutside, and withal the pleasantest formula. She would be both.

ate like epicures and I've talked my head off. Aunt Selda will be getting

ery nervous about me."
He laughed shortly and inexplicably is she reached the door.
"I can't open it," she said.

'Um-hum." "Call the waiter."

Heloise crimsoned.

'Punished? For what, please?'

'For making a fool of me. dear.'

'If you are a fool, Ferdinand, it was

They talked very little on their leafy, dusky way to Folly Inn. Ferdy seemed absorbed in nursing his car along the rough hill roads. He was paler than usual and had a look which Heloise described to herself as "swept and parnished." Had he really, perhaps, driven out his pampered devil? Had her little lesson of neglect really tamed hin? The wicked girl was conscious of a pang of disappointment. She felt that Life was a tiresome and disappointing business at its best or worst

o you." "Certainly." She did sit down and stretched out her slenderly slippered feet to the small glow. She rested her calm hands on the painted wooden arms of her chair and ooked, not at Ferdinand, but down at he fire. You must never show these the fire.

fierce pets that you are afraid of them. If Aunt Selda had known her where-The shabby inn received them into a shadows and Heloise's youthful crosity responded to the adventure. What a quaint place! Why haven't ter heard of it?"

The little smiling, sidling proprietor took her wran softly away and softly abouts, she would have been telephoning by now. Ferdinand sat down, too, and tolded his hands together.

"You see, Heloise, I knew you didn't really love me a lot. You did find me rather—well—exciting, didn't you?"

sewent back to his counter and, when he two handsome guests—the only latters—were seated in their small crept voice.

From at the daintily set round table. Derrek quietly made his preparations for an undisturbed night. The latk young waiter had his instructions at tendance, the cook knew what was to serve, there was nothing Derrek to do save, smiling at a life, to disconnect his telephone and ont out to the waiter this small on, with a lifted eyebrow and a did." crept into her cool, young, steady

voice.

"Oh, I am a good sort, all right.
And a good sport. What did you think
I was after?"

"You were after?"

"Yes. I don't waste my time, generally speaking."

"I thought that was the main business of your life, Ferdy, Honestly I did."

to bed at sundown. Now Derrek lecked up and went up to his own room. He slept immediately above the small com-

pany.

Heloise was charmed with her surroundings. It was all quaint and smelt sweetly of roses and old cleanliness and care. The floor was pleasantly uneven, a tiny fire snapped in the grate, for this room had been damp, and up in the hills after sunset, the night had a faint, insinuating chill in its suddenly cooled sultriness.

sultriness.

Ferdy was a persuasive host. They drank to their adventure in the cocktails he mixed. Heloise talked amiably over their soup and their cutlets, their hot biscuit and sweet corn, their ice-cream and apple pie. They lingered interminably over coffee and cheese and crackers. Ferdinand was an excellent listener that evening, only he seemed to be listening to the input of the night

listener that evening, only he seemed to be listening to the inn and to the night as closely as to her.

"I admit your nerve," he said, as she left the table to sip from her small cup before the fire and the high, narrow mantel shelf. "Haven't you ever really heard of Folly Inn?"

He wandered around the table, now cleared, storning for a second at the contract of the said.

He wandered around the table, now cleared, stopping for a second at the door before he joined her and stood beside her across the uneven brick hearth. The room was almost too warm with its closed shutters and its fire. The mirror told Heloise that she was brilliantly flushed; red and white and gold. She had taken off her hat and wore the sheer black dress she had chosen for its graceful dignity. It made her skin a substance of electric fairness.

Ferdinand looked at her delicate bare forearm resting along the mantel.

Sunday morning."

"On your knees, eh? I'd like to be you before a prie-dieu under a stained-glass window like some little melleval saint. You'd be pretty and convincing—almost. Heloise, my presious hypocrite. I don't believe one word you say. You didn't come out to me again because you were scared to death. Remember. I saw your hands shake. There was a pause here, filled with the quick hammering of their invisible medium.

"You can do that easily enough."

"As a matter of fact there is one, over but that table. Do you want to hold it in your hands, Lelo?"

"Oh, no—I don't feel the need of the content of the conten

moonlight."

"There won't be a moon. Ferdy."

"Dann the moon! Then there'll be stars—if not, there will be your pretty green eyes, Lelo. I'll behave beautifully and so will you."

"Of course."

"And we'll swear friendship on the man Bible in the front parlor. It's the fibe that. Well"—he sighed and managed to convey a sneer—"you are berry, aren't you?

"Oh, I'm coming. I was just wondering about Aunt Selda. She wouldn't start wouldn't saffairs, Ferdinand?"

"Just-no-like that?"

"I saw you on Saturday round the bund and genuine bitterness, "trust corner of that hedge. You came back and looked me over and went away and left me."

unsatisfied desire? Ferdy's physical strength, the hot intemperance of his blood, his obvious desire for her, had been a stimulant, a distraction. Perhaps—she came to the decision sud-denly and completely—she had better

autobiography.

go home.

"It's been charming, Ferdy," she smiled and moved around the table languidly.

"You're not going home yet?" he asked politely, standing, however, still where he was.

"W-well, it must be very late. We stalked my

**Tadden upstart, when it came to that, to disturb the tranquillity of a Grins-coombe? She was great lady to her finger-tips when she came down the steps to Ferdy's car that Monday evening.

"What is the name of your inn, Ferdy where you think we can get

"Queer!"
"See if you can, Ferdy." He tried obligingly and falled. There's something the matter with the catch.

"Oh, he goes back to his own wife and family after hours."

"The proprietor, then."
"He's in bed. I heard him turn in thout an hour ago. He's snoring sound taken by now."

asleep by now."
"Well, then, break open the door."
"Not on your life," said Ferdy
roughly, and then she turned and looked

him over carefully.
"You are going." he said heavily, "to
be punished so you'll never forget it."

"If you are a foot, rerainand, it was never of my making."

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked.

He seemed to be swelling before her eyes. He looked very handsome, rather pale, his eyes thunderous and bright,

"Not in the least. I am amused,"

"Good! Then come back and sit down before the fire. I want to talk

"Good! Then come back and sit down before the fire. I want to talk

"Sometimes. I always thought you were a good sort; that is, I always knew you were, Ferdy." In spite of herself a little note of plending had

CONTINUED TOMOBROW











