

lashed windows, Denny paced the foor of her room in the Hotel Wran-gell. Since her arrival early in the bin before her California friends

morning, she had been alone, with nothing to do but think.

The Maid, as Bourne had predict-ed, had docked at daybreak. Van his insufferable conceit. Cleve was immediately whisked away in the one waiting taxi to the hospital on the hill. Bourne had taken her in another car to the hotel near the dock.

In the deserted lobby the proprietor received them with a hearty

that had enveloped her since her hasty wedding in the pilothouse. Was it necessary that she act the rôle of happy bride? she asked herself in a small panic, as she and Bourne mounted the stairs in the wake of the attentive proprietor.

tous arrangements for her comfort seemed when they reached her room. She recalled only her keen relief when A littl

Maid. That message was so gay, so spiced with exuberant adjectives and superlatives of happiness, that she marveled at her own ability to she was wondering what he had She was wondering what he had She lowered her lids and gently so dissimulate in her hour of de- meant by it when a hitherto uncon-

spair. That Sylvia had swirled immedi-ately into activity to spread the news of the marriage by telephone and through the newspapers was evidenced by her answering cable, which arrived at lunch time. It was a lengthy computation and told hereal? was a lengthy communication con-taining her astonished delight, her benediction, her best wishes, and an outline of the social affairs she

reason she was not. Now that a herself, crossed swung it open. He was stan she had done to Revelry Bourne. To salve her injured pride, to save her face before her circle of friends in at her. San Francisco, she had taken advantage of his exaltation in a high ent and tricked him into a wed-which she never intended suringly urban. His topcost hung

should be a real marriage. True, she had made an attempt to acquaint him with her purpose before it was too late; but, when he refused to listen, she had been glad His every garment spoke quietly of of the opportunity to hide her hu-miliating reason for wanting to marry him. And now all her innate In her relief she greeted him with genuine warmth.

onesty rose up to castigate her. She felt that she had acted like a you! I've been wondering-" cheat and a weakling. If she would retain her self-re-

spect, she must tell Bourne the facts immediately, without seeking to ex-cuse or defend herself. He might knew. Then he smiled again. "I hope you haven't been bored to death, Denise," he said, stepping forgive her; might even be generous nough, chivalrous enough, to ac-mpany her south and act his part briskly into the room. for the sake of her father, who had

She had begun to wait impa

him before her California friends, and then cast him aside. It might teach him a lesson; shake his as-sumption of competence and shatter does it seem, my dear, to be the wife of a hardy, Northern mar-Then, even as she worked herself iner?"

Wife! The word leaped out at Denny and beat in her ears in time up into a rage that would serve to justify her contemplated deception, she became aware that she was rea-soning like her mother, who invari-ably blamed some one else for faults Wife, wife, wife! She stared at solely her own. However justified him, suddenly aware of an electric etor received them with a hearty "Congratulations, Captain! Glad to have you with us, Mrs. Bourne!" Mrs. Bourne! The shock of hear-ing herself so addressed brought Denny out of the haze of unreality Denny out of the haze of unreality Book of the shock of hear-ing herself so addressed brought Denny out of the haze of unreality Mrs. Bourne! The shock of hear-ing herself so addressed brought Denny out of the haze of unreality Congratulations, Captain! Glad to her anger at Bourne's desertion to-day, she had to admit that her pres-ent predicament was of her own making. She had asked him to marry her—and he had. Her anger van-ished in a wave of fear. All the sway, leaving her numb and sus-pended in a vacuum.

For Revelry Bourne, with his strangely lighted eyes on hers, was But-suppose he suspected he had been tricked into a marriage which coming toward her, his hands half was to be no marriage? Was he extended going to desert her on their wedMICKEY MOUSE

ding day to get even? The thought filled her with alarm. She recalled his eyes that brooked no suggestion of herself, and with a slowness she After the first instant of panie She could not remember how she had responded to Revelry's solici-tous arrangements for her comfort when they reached her room. She recalled only her keen relief when he left her and the alacrity with to their wedding ceremony. Imme-belief with the advancing captain. In order to steady herself, she placed both hands on its pollshed top. Bourne halted on the opposite side

he left her and the alacrity with to their wedding ceremony. Imme-which she had handed the propri-etor the cable to Sylvia, which she pronounced them man and wife, had written out before leaving the Bourne had bowed her to her state-had bowed her to her state-

began to disengage her hands. She was both surprised and relieved when he made no effort to hold them.

liked being the wife of a river captain."

Denny had recovered her poise sufficiently now to smile up at him was planning to welcome her daugh-ter and new son-in-law. Reading it, Denny knew that she should be satisfied; but for some Then she took scornful command of is an acquired tasts. One that must herself, crossed to the door, and be fostered delicately-like an appetite for olives or caviar."

He was standing there, smiling He drew a chair up, dropped into it, and with one forearm resting on Her first thought was one of amazement that he bore no resem-blance to the terrifying male she

the desk, responded, "Be it far from me, Mrs. Bourne, to risk surfeiting a delicate palate. Suppose you tell me how large a portion of the unhad just been picturing. On the confamiliar fare you think it safe to suringly urban. His topcoat hung with an air from his shoulders; his felt hat, which he instantly reconsider this evening?"

She realized that now was the moment to disarm him by honestly confessing her reason for marrying him and throwing herself upon his chivalry. But, perversely, her anger flared again at his words and the irony that edged them. She was con-vinced, all at once, that the man was amusing himself at her expense

That expression in his eyes wasn't it the same that appears in the eyes "Oh, Captain! I am glad to see She faltered, confused for an instant by his eyes which were on hers with that intent "white water" look she of a cat who permits the mouse to emerge into a room, and then places itself between the little creature and the only means of escape? Yet she dared not risk antagonizing him. But how to temporize and do it

convincingly? She gathered her forces together and, putting a calculated appeal into her long-lashed green eyes, looked at him, forcing herself to use

misunderstand. But to a girl-"



Am I Blue?

By WAIT DISNEY



