

# BARGAIN BRIDE

KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR  
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## CHAPTER II

"You're pretty stringy, Marcia," he said, looking at her. "You're not fat. May I have a cigarette? Thank you so much. I've been tearing all day. Always so much to do." She slipped to a chair as Higgins appeared at the doorway. "Good afternoon, Higgins. Will you bring me a Manhattan?"

Higgins murmured greeting, bowed and departed. Marcia sat forward in her chair.

"I want to talk to you about a lot of things, Barrett. Are you too busy to listen?"

"Not at all," he answered and tried valiantly to stifle the conviction that he would have gone on, no matter what his answer.

"Well, in the first place," she began, and then paused. She drew a deep, unsteady breath, and forward continued. "I've been unconquerably lately about—what happened before you went away. It's bothered me more than ever before. More than when I realized—"

Again she paused. Barrett's eyes grew sympathetic. He knew what it cost her to say all this.

Marcia went on again. "When I realized," she repeated, moistening her full, scarlet-tinted lips. "About—about Moore—what a fool I'd been—everything!"

Barrett glanced at the hand holding her cigarette, noticed how it shook and glanced quickly away. "Poor child!" The pain of others always aroused in him a blend of fierceness, tenderness and strength.

Marcia drew another deep breath before going on with her story. "Dick's extremely conservative. All his life his father went to his office at exactly 9 each morning and left it at the stroke of 4. He never varied. And Dick's mother still feels that no lady appears on the streets before 6 in the evening with a bare throat. She wears those funny little boned collars. Dick adores her and—oh, I know it all sounds terribly stupid. She sagged back for a second. "I can't seem to tell the story but—they're that way, all of them, about everything! Never getting away from the path of what they're supposed to do. I wish I could make you understand!"

"I think I follow better than you suppose," Barrett put in gently. "I hope so. Barrett, I'm so terribly alone!"

It was Marcia's old cry, always voiced while someone else shouldered her burdens. "You see," she went on, "for a man, Dick has lived with much decency. He's absolutely certain I was completely innocent and inexperienced when we married. Oh, Barrett, if he knew the truth he'd never get over it! Never! I'm afraid to risk it. I—I can't live without Dick now."

Her eyes blurred. Barrett saw her lips tremble. "But what is it that's got you to thinking about all this?" he asked, leaning toward her.

"Well, partly it's seeing so much of Dick's family and finding out how they feel about things. The Radnors are so truthful in almost a trial to dine with them. The other day Dick found a new servant had lied and—disappeared her!"

"He didn't love her," Barrett pointed out, smiling a little.

"No, but could he love anyone who lied?" Marcia questioned, a break in her voice. She went on quickly without waiting for an answer. "But that's only part of it. In January I'm going to have a child!"

"My dear!" Barrett leaned forward to lay a hand upon hers. "I'm so happy for you!"

Smile dispelled the somberness that

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

SEE? THERE'S HER BERT, HANGING ON THAT BUSH, HALF WAY DOWN—SHE MUST HAVE BACKED OVER THE EDGE—BUT WHERE IS THAT ACCURSED DOG OF HERS?

HE MUST HAVE GONE OVER TOO, OR HE'D BE AROUND HERE YET—OH-W-W-MY NECK! HE NEARLY BIT THROUGH MY SPINE—

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST ANY ONE WILL SEE OF THAT BRAT—AND GOOD RIDDANCE—NOW TO DRIVE THIS STOLEN CAR TO WHERE WE LEFT OUR OWN CAR—

YES—ONCE WE ARE BACK IN OUR OWN CAR, WE'RE ALL SET—I TOLD YOU THIS COULDN'T GO WRONG—NO ONE CAN EVER PROVE A THING—

WELL, SANDY—THERE THEY GO—I WONDER WHERE THEY GOT THAT CAR—BET THEY FIGGER WE'LL OVER THAT CLIFF AND THEY'RE SAFE—WAIT'LL MR. AGATE, READS MY LETTER—

AT LAST WE KNOW FOR WHOM WE ARE SEARCHING—IT IS DOUBTFUL IF PINCHPENNY, OR HIS SON, ELMER, REALIZE THAT THEY ARE EVEN SUSPECTED—HENCE, THEY MAY RETURN HERE—IF THEY DO, REMEMBER WE ARE LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE—

## TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

IF I THOUGHT THAT SAFARI LEADER I WARNED WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS FRENCH WAR PLANE CRASHING, I'D RUN OUT AND SIGNAL THEM AGAIN, TIM!

BUT GRUD, CAPT DUMONT SAID HE'D SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO SHOWED HIMSELF OUTSIDE HIS HUT—

AT 1200 FEET, THE SCOUT PLANE CIRCLES THE VILLAGE—THEN FLIES OFF TO THE NORTHWEST

IT WAS IN THE VICINITY OF THAT VILLAGE, MON MAGEUR, THAT ALL THE SAFARIS AND CARAVANS HAVE SO MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER AN AVIATOR WITH HIS OBSERVER CAMERA MAN SETS HIS PLANE DOWN ON A FLYING-FIELD OF A FRENCH FOREIGN REGION STRONGHOLD

BUT THESE PHOTOS SHOW THE PLACE TO BE DESERTED!

SIR, THERE IS EVIDENCE OF RECENT HABITATION—NO GRASS ON THE STREETS—NO DAMAGED HUTS—

ALSO, IT IS IN THE DIRECTION OF CAPTAIN DUMONT'S ESCAPE FROM OUR BASTILE LAST YEAR, SIR—

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

I KNEW IT—I KNEW IT! BA ANH!! THE MINUTE I HEARD OF THIS CRAZY IDEA I SAID, STEVE—STEVE, OLD BOY—I WILL BE THE FINISH OF YOU! OF ALL THE—9-1-1

WILL YOU STOP MUTTERING TO YOURSELF AND TELL ME WHAT IS THE MATTER?

WHAT?! WITH THESE YOUNG ROMEOS, HANGING AROUND, MAKING LOVE TO BOOTS, SOME OF 'EM STAYING UP TILL ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT SHERENADING HER, AND OTHERS GETTING UP AT SUNRISE TO FISH—THAT'S THE MATTER.

BUT YOU FORGET—THIS IS VACATION TIME AND PEOPLE WHO COME HERE WANT TO PLAY AND HAVE A GOOD TIME

WELL, WILL YOU KINDLY TELL ME WHEN I, THE ONLY SANE PERSON HERE, CAN GET SOME SLEEP AND REST?

WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE CITY, YOU OLD DAWDLING! JUST REMEMBER, YOU WERE YOUNG ONCE

YES, BUT I LIVED THROUGH IT—AND THAT'S MORE THAN SEVERAL OF THOSE YOUNG, HALF-BAKED NIT-WITS WILL BE ABLE TO SAY

STEVE IS SORE!

## BRINGING UP FATHER

MAGGIE'S CHANGED HER MIND FIFTY TIMES TRYING TO MAKE UP HER MIND WHERE WE SHOULD SPEND THE SUMMER AND HAS DECIDED AT LAST TO GO TO THE SEASHORE THAT SUITS ME.

BY GOLLY—HERE COMES DANNY MALONE. WHAT IN THE WORLD IS AILIN HIM? I WONDER?

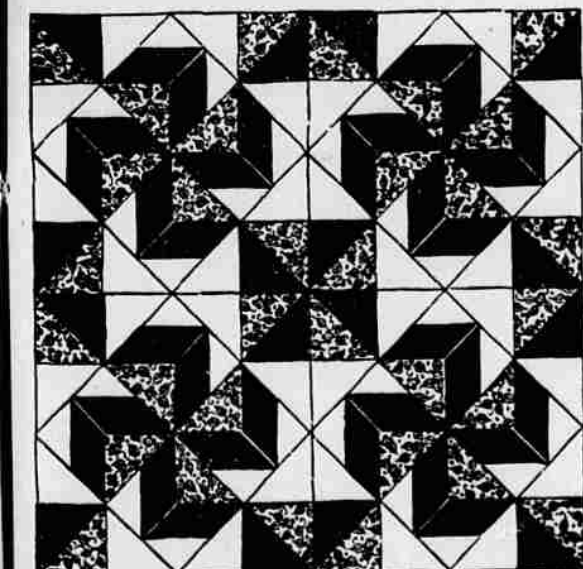
GOODNESS, MAN! YOU LOOK TERRIBLE—YOU NEED A REST—YOU SHOULD GO AWAY NOW—I NEVER SEEN SUCH A CHANGE IN A MAN?

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME—

I'VE BEEN AT THE SEASHORE AND IT'S MADE A WRECK OF ME!

By GEORGE McMANUS

## PATCHWORK QUILT PATTERN



FLOFOOT PATTERN NO. 431—By LAURA WHEELER

Colonial architecture, based on the classic Greek, employed the fret motif among others in the decorations of doorways, mantles and other trim in the house. It is no wonder then that this fret was adapted by the quilt-makers of those days, and comes to us as the Flofoot. The name is really a corruption of the Greek name for the fret. But whatever its origin it is a most attractive and popular quilt with the smaller windmill block alternating with the larger fret. The pattern comes to you with complete simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram and quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

Send 10c for a pattern for this design to the Register-Guard Needle-Craft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

**WRIGLEY'S GUM**

**SWEETENS THE BREATH**

## THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring **POPEYE**

DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THE JAY-BIRDS WILL BRING CASH TO THIS COUNTRY?

YEAH, THAT'S IT, THAT'S EXACTLY IT!

THESE BIRDS ARE VALUABLE, THEY CONTAIN VITAMINS—A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P-Q-R-S-T-U-V-W-X-Y-AND-Z

NOW SHOWING—"QUICK ON THE TRIGGER"

TOMORROW—"OPEN SEASON"

By E. C. Segar

## OUT OUR WAY

M-M-M—YOU'RE GITTING AN EYE FER BUSINESS, WORRY WART! CHARGIN' PEOPLE A PENNY TO GO UP AN' SEE LITTLE BIRDS IN THEIR NEST. YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD BUSINESS MAN.

NO, I DON'T THINK SO—A GOOD BUSINESS MAN WOULD CHARGE TH' PEOPLE TO SEE TH' BIRDS. AN' THEN CHARGE TH' BIRDS TO SEE TH' PEOPLE.

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN