

# BARGAIN BRIDE

CHAPTER III  
 Katharine Hawland-Taylor  
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Stafford if I may drive her home—"

Barrett felt his heart rise. Coming down the steps of the house opposite was the girl he had seen before. The girl who had been "Little Elinor Stafford" and an ugly duckling. She was beautiful now, he saw, as she crossed the windy street, followed by the stiffly deferential Jensen.

"I'll wager you don't remember me!" he said as she neared the curb.

"Oh, but I do!" the girl contradicted shyly yet with a flush that he did not understand. The grip of her small hand was strong and honest. Her deep violet eyes met his lovingly. Barrett felt suddenly within himself a glow of an almost forgotten warmth.

"It was so kind of you, Mrs. Radnor, to offer—" the girl began.

Marcia cut her short. "Hop in, child!" she said. "I'm late now. I meet Dick down town every day to ride home with him. Isn't that incurably romantic?"

"I think it's nice," said Elinor. Barrett laughed; a laugh prompted by pleasure. It was exactly as he would like her to think. "Nice."

"Aunt Ella wants to see you, Mr. Colvin," said Elinor Stafford.

"I'll go to see her very soon," he replied, "but—you used to call me 'Barry' and I resent the change. A man should hang around to keep the home fires burning."

She smiled at him. Marcia, consulting her small watch again, murmured something about having to hurry on. The door of the car was closed, a moment later the motor purred and Barrett watched them disappear.

Elinor Stafford, he decided, was the sort of youngster one needed to meet on a day when the air was weighted by chill mist and one's temples were growing gray. She was so different from Marcia with her genius for finding tight corners and for dragging everyone near her into those corners too. Poor passionate, impulsive, blind and selfish Marcia! Well, this time he would think first of the boy who deserved first thought. After all, he and Marcia, though comparatively young, had not the years ahead of them that the child had. Marcia's child, his ward, Gerald Moore.

The house seemed strangely empty as he returned to it, rather dismal and, in spite of a comfortable temperature, a little cold.

For some reason he did not clearly understand a vision of Elinor Stafford's face remained before him. He wondered when he would see her again.

BARRETT COLVIN turned impatiently to his desk. It was ridiculous of him to keep thinking of the girl. In an effort to put her out of his mind he opened and scanned a letter or two.

A few years ago he had thought that if the small group who understood his work felt it was good his ambition would be reached. Now here he was—reading all these words of praise and instead of feeling pleased he was wondering what it would be like to take a girl of Elinor Stafford's sort to dinner or the theater.

He poked bills into pigeon holes, decided to get rid of Dexter promptly and as soon as he could to make a trip to the Connecticut farm house where his ward lived.

(To Be Continued)

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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



## TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

WHEN THE WAR-PLANE SAILED OVER US THIS MORNING, SPUD, I THOUGHT SURE THEY'D BOMB US—

THEY DIDN'T SEE ANYBODY ON THE STREETS, TIM, SO WHY SHOULD THEY? ALL I'M HOPIN' IS THAT THEY COME BACK AGAIN—

MY STRATEGY OUTWITTED THE OCCUPANTS OF THAT PLANE, EXCELLENCE! WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THEM—!

I WISH I COULD SHARE YOUR OPTIMISM, CAPTAIN

SERGEANT SPUD, HAVE 100 ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION DISTRIBUTED TO EACH TROOPER

DOUBLE-TIME—HO

ORDERLY TIM, TELL CAPT. DUMONT I WISH TO HAVE MY TROOPS ASSEMBLED FOR INSPECTION AT SUNDOWN!

YESSIR, COLONEL STAGG!

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WOTTA WITTEN! SUCH BE-OOTIFUL, GOLDEN HAIR—AN' THEM

WONNERFUL

## The Poor Fish!

BUT, WOE IS ME! SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M ALIVE! OH, WELL—I GUESS I'LL GO AN' CATCH SOME FISH

WHY NOT? THEY SAY THAT MISERY LOVES COMPANY

## BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, IT'S SETTLED AT LAST—I'VE CONVINCED MAGGIE THAT THE PLACE TO GO FOR THE SUMMER IS THE MOUNTAINS AN' SHE PROMISED NOT TO CHANGE HER MIND—

COME, MOTHER, I'M TERRIBLY BORED

I WANT AN ICE CREAM CONE

OH! MR. JIGGS, I JUST HEARD THAT YOU FOLKS ARE GOING TO THE MOUNTAINS— ISN'T THAT LOVELY? YOU HAVE THE ROOMS NEXT TO US AT THE HOTEL— YOU CAN HAVE SUCH FUN WITH THE CHILDREN

WELL, I'VE GOT TO CHANGE MAGGIE'S MIND IF I HAVE TO HIT HER WITH SOMETHING!

## OUTDOOR ACCESSORIES



## THIMBLE THEATRE

THANKS FOR DUMPIN' THEM JAY-BIRDS HERE— OUR CANNIN' FACTORIES PAY 50¢ EACH FOR 'EM ON ACCOUNT OF THEY'RE A HUNDRED TIMES BETTER THAN CHICKEN

JUST LISTEN TO THE NOISE!— THESE HUNTERS GIVE ME A

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG

PAIN! OOW!

FOUR BITS MORE

HOW MANY DID YOU GET TO-DAY, SHULTZIE?

I GOT '34 JAY-BIRDS AND '43 CITIZENS

AHOY, KING, HERE COMES A BOAT LOAD OF PEOPLE FROM YOUR COUNTRY

IF THIS KEEPS UP YA WON'T HAVE NOBODY TO RULE

GO BACK! GO BACK! TO NAZILIA! GO HOME!!

AW, POEY ON YOU! HEE-HEE

ARE ARE

## OUT OUR WAY

HURRY UP WITH A TOWEL, MA! THERE ISN'T ANY HERE— HURRY! MY EYES ARE FULL OF SOAP.

NO, YOU DON'T! WE'LL TRADE, RIGHT HERE GIVE ME THAT STOVE RAG!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

EGAD, JASON— I DON'T THINK YOU'VE EVER SEEN ME IN MY MAJOR'S UNIFORM, THAT I WORE IN THE BOER WAR! HAR-RRRUMF! IT IS ONLY IN RECENT YEARS THAT THE ACRID ODOR OF CANNON SMOKE HAS LEFT THIS COAT! OF COURSE, I HAD THE SEVERAL BULLET AND SHRAPNEL HOLES IN IT MENDED — BUT I MAKE A FORCEFUL FIGURE, EH, MY MAN?

LAWSE, MISTAH MAJAH—YO SURE IS A ONE-MAN PARADE IN DAT GRAN' RIGGIN'-UP! WONDRAH IF Y'D LET ME WEAR DAT HERO'S COAT NEXT MONTH AT OUR ANNULLE PICNIC OB TH' EXALTED PRINCES OB TH' GOLDEN CHARIOT? MAN?— HOW I COULD BLOW TH' LINING OUT OB TH' TRUMPET WHILE WEARIN' DAT UNIFORM?

THE OUTFIT HEI WORE SOME YEARS AGO, FOR A SHORT TIME, AS DOORMAN OF THE ROYAL OAKS (ADE)

## WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM

AFTER EVERY MEAL

## By E. C. Segar

By E. C. Segar

## By WILLIAMS

By WILLIAMS

## By AHERN

By AHERN