

BARGAIN BRIDE

CHAPTER V

After Elinor had disappeared in the crowd and the car was moving again Marcia wondered about the girl and why she wanted her trip to town kept a secret. Marcia rather hoped the youngster wasn't concerned in anything disagreeable. Elinor was so young. So much could come to one who was so young, so much one was not ready for yet for which one was eager. Marcia closed her eyes for a little time. She drew a deep breath. If Dick ever knew, she would never forgive her—Dick who was a fanatic about the truth. Elinor turned into a side street that had once been an alley. The moist, chill of the day had touched her. Grays were deeper, cobbles slimy, puddles were raw stretches on which were printed the untidy habits of those who passed—a bit of orange peeling floating here, there an envelope or scraps of a torn letter.

The building into which she turned was old and marked by the hard years it had known. Stairs tilted, a forward, their edges splintered. A woman pushed aside a bucket without raising her head as Elinor went by her. Elinor's "Thank you" made her look up with dull and wondering surprise.

At the head of the third floor stair Elinor tapped upon a worn door. "It's I, Philip," she said.

There was the sound of someone moving behind the closed door and a voice called, "Just a moment." An instant later the door opened.

A young man stood inside. He smiled at Elinor a trifle bitterly. "Enjoy from a land of plenty!" he muttered. Then, turning aside, he added harshly, "Come in!"

"Hello, Philip." Elinor crossed the threshold, depressed. Her cousin, Philip Sexton, was often so difficult. Philip's smallness and thinness were emphasized by the robe he wore over his frayed clothing. It was not fair of him to treat her as he did, she knew, but still Elinor loved him. He had been kind to her, a little girl pending most of her time among servants who were not always kind.

Elinor moved across the shabby little room and dropped upon a couch covered with a soiled red blanket. "I brought the money—all I could raise," she began.

"All you could raise?" he echoed, brows lifted upward, smiling unpleasantly.

Elinor's chin set. "I've told you," she confessed unsteadily, "a million times how it is! We keep up this effect on—nothing. There are bills everywhere—"

"Oh, yes. Waiting for the old lady to die?"

Elinor sagged back wearily. It was true in a way, but it was not true of her. "Philip," she appealed, "can't you be reasonable?"

"Look around you," he invited bitterly, "and tell me whether you think these surroundings encourage turning the other cheek!"

She had no reason to look. She knew the room well—its appalling shabbiness and open revelation of poverty. The effect was cruelly emphasized by the silver-backed toilet things that Miss Ella Sexton had given her orphaned great-nephew when he lived in her home and before she had learned about his forging her name on a check.

Elinor watched Philip's nervous, slenderly effeminate hands roll a cigarette. He lit it, dropped to a chair facing her and studied her quizzically.

"I imagine you don't advertise your visits here to our esteemed great

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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ment," he hazarded. "How can I—with mother and father feeling as they do? I'm not alone, Phillip!" she protested.

"Oh, I know!" he agreed, his bitterness sinking. "And I know I'm a brute. I should be—to you, the one of all by beloved relatives willing to acknowledge my existence!" Again he sneered.

She opened her purse, saying, "Twenty dollars is all I could manage, Phillip."

He took the bills with a dissatisfaction. "Well—, and a listless rise of the shoulders, folded them and slipped them into a pocket. She sat, big, violet eyes cast down. She was always ashamed by these transactions which turned him either debonair or petulant.

"How is your work going?" she asked.

"My work!" he laughed unpleasantly. "I wish you could come down some night and see me banging on the tin-pan piano in that joint! Occasionally somebody flings me a coin. Charming, isn't it? If there is a hereafter," his voice grew violent and shrill, "the old lady is going to get some hell for having brought me up as she did and then sent me to this!"

He sat brooding, his weak chin dropped and his pale blue eyes fixed unseeingly on a window which gave vision of the crowding, soot-stained walls across the way. Once more he had stepped back into the old days, riding with Miss Ella in the park; courted and flattered by other members of the family who felt he would be Miss Ella's chief heir. Those days had been pleasant indeed, although he had rebelled against them at the time—rebelled against being kept short of money and always at the beck and call of an old lady who had not the slightest recognition of a young man's needs.

Elinor, after glancing at an alarm clock on the bureau, rose. Philip went with her to the door.

"Goodby, dear," he said, and kissed her.

"Goodby. I'll come next week if I can."

"Please do!"

He watched her down the dark, grimy stairs. She was growing lovelier each day. Her mother, of course, was doing her best to conceal the fact by choosing the wrong clothes for her; stiff, ugly things that never could belong to Elinor, but she was beautiful in spite of them. Her lot was not any too easy either, and probably it would grow worse. Elinor was a little fool about managing, or rather about her inability to manage. His blond brows drew close as he turned again into his room. If she married well, as a girl of her attractions could, she would be able to do much for him—and she was not the sort to forget early days nor kindnesses during her childhood.

Elinor hailed a bus, boarded it and settled down to ride uptown. The visits to Philip always depressed her. In an hour he would begin pounding a piano in a cheap cafe. At the same moment she, her mother, and the other relatives would begin dressing for dinner. Philip was weak but he had never been helped to gain any strength. Not like Mr. Barrett Colvin, she mused, whose muscles would have grown stronger if circumstances pushed him down—but of course he was exceptional. She remembered with gentle amusement her little-girl adoration of him. Without amusement she realized that, at seeing him again, the feeling had crept back to sweep over her in full force. He was not exactly handsome, but so fine-looking. Perhaps she would meet him at Aunt Ella's.

(To Be Continued)

Still Defiant

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE—SOMEONE SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS— THAT IDIOTIC CHARGE— BAH— I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT BRAT SINCE BEFORE I LEFT FOR THE CITY— WAIT TILL MY ATTORNEY ARRIVES— I'LL FIGHT THIS THING— I'LL PROVE MY INNOCENCE—

ANY GUESS IS HE'LL BE READY TO TALK IN A FEW MORE HOURS—

MAYBE— BUT WE MUST KEEP THEM SEPARATED— WHERE HAVE YOU GOT ELMER LOCKED UP?

HE'S IN THE OLD PART OF THE JAIL—

HA! HA! WHAT A BUNCH OF SHELOKS YOU ARE— HOW SHOULD I KNOW WHERE TH' RED HEAD IS? YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING ON ME— IF YOU THINK YOU CAN SCARE ME, YOU'RE CRAZY—

OH, PLEASE— HELL EITHER TELL ME WHERE ANNIE IS, OR I'LL—

EASY, MR. FUTILE— THAS WOULD DO NO GOOD— WE'LL SEE JUSTICE DONE— NEVER FEAR—

E-E-EYOW!

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

I JUST HEARD COLONEL STAGG TELL THE EMPEROR THAT THAT PLANE SHOULDN'T CAUSE HIM ANY WORRY— IT WAS JUST LOST OFF ITS COURSE—

HELLO— TH' BUGLES BLOWIN' TO 'FALL IN'—!

YOU KNOW I KINDA LIKE COLONEL STAGG— HE SEEMS A BIT MORE HUMAN THAN EMPEROR KARLOS OR CAPTAIN DUMONT—

THE COLONELS AS BAD AS TH' REST, BUT HE'S ALWAYS TREATED ME OKAY! WAL, SO LEAVIN' YOU HERE—

OOH— I'M— I'M S— SORRY COLONEL STAGG!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

OUCH!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

HEY! WOTSA MATTER?

A MOSQUITO BIT ME

SA AN! THIS ROOM IS FULL OF 'EM

WAIT— I'LL LIGHT A CANDLE

NIK! O'YUH WANT 'EM T'KNOW WHERE WE ARE?

BRINGING UP FATHER

HERE COMES THE TOWN GOSSIP— I HOPE SHE DOESN'T SUGGEST TO MAGGIE WHERE WE SHOULD SPEND THE SUMMER—

OH, MY DEAR! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! I UNDERSTAND YOU CAN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND WHERE TO SPEND THE SUMMER—

TRUE— IT'S SUCH AN ORDEAL—

WELL, OF COURSE, I DON'T WANT TO ADVISE YOU— BUT IF I HAD TO DECIDE— I WOULD CERTAINLY WANT TO BE WITH THE SOCIAL SET—

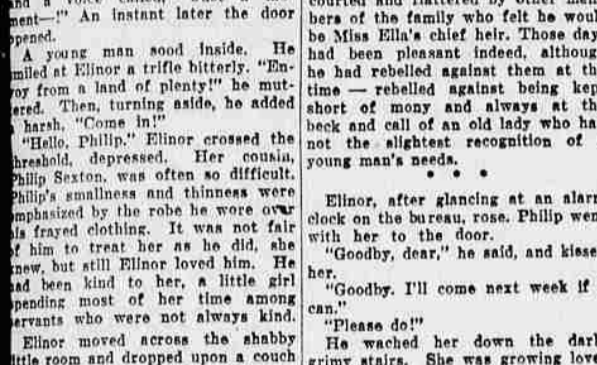
I HOPE SHE DOESN'T SUGGEST THE MOUNTAINS—

OH! BY ALL MEANS

I KNEW IT!

SO THE MOUNTAINS WOULD BE MY CHOICE— MY DEAR!

PATCHWORK QUILT PATTERN



PALM PATTERN NO. 469 by LAURA WHEELER

The Palm pattern is one of the handsomest old quilt designs which has been handed down to us. Aside from its pictorial quality, it has a grace of line that makes it a choice quilt. Added to its beauty is the simplicity of its construction. In some quilts, the name of the quilt is given a biblical origin. It refers to the day which is now celebrated as Palm Sunday, the day when Jesus was greeted with palms on His entry to Jerusalem.

The pattern comes to you with complete simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of 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 Eugene Register-Guard, Seedcraft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring **POPEYE** NOW SHOWING—"THE GOOD EARTH" MONDAY—"THE INCREASING POPULATION"

YOU THINK YOU HAVE A PERFECT NATION, BUT YOU'LL FIND YOU'RE WRONG— THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TROUBLE

OH, YEAH

HEY THERE, KING POPEYE!! US FARMERS HAVE GOT A KICK TO MAKE

WE WANT TO KICK ABOUT SOMETHING

HAW! HAW!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU!!!

WHAT THE HE'LL'S THE MATTER ANYHOW?

EVERY TIME WE DIG HOLES TO PLANT FRUIT TREES, OIL SHOOTS UP!

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

THERE'S WHAT I GOT HIM ON. IT WAS JUST GETTIN' DAYLIGHT WHEN HE HIT— AX, BOY, WHAT A BATTLE!

YOU GOT UP AT THREE O'CLOCK THIS MORNIN' FER THAT?

I COULDN'T BE A SPORTSMAN— NEVER!— BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE TO GET UP BEFORE DAYLIGHT— I DON'T LIKE MOSQUITOES, OR MUD, OR WET FEET, OR SAND BURS, OR STALE SANDWICHES, OR BOB WIRE FENCES, OR— UH—

YOU ARE A SPORTS MAN, HARV, AN' DON'T KNOW IT— YOU DON'T LIKE TIME— CLOCKS! YOU DON'T LIKE GREASE, ER OVER-ALLS, ER ROARIN' MACHINERY, ER COLD LUNCHES, ER SHOP WHISTLES, ER SMOKE, ER— UH— BUT YOU DO LIKE PAY DAY— THAT'S YOUR FISH.

SPORTSMEN ALL.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

YES— I'M SENDING THE WIFE FOR HER VACATION, EITHER TO AN OCEAN RESORT, OR ON A TRIP TO TH' CANADIAN ROCKIES, OR FOR MYSELF, BAXTER, I'M GETTING A YACHT— NOT A BIG ONE, Y'KNOW— JUST A LITTLE FIFTY-FOOT CRUISER!— THE SEA IS IN THE HOOPLE BLOOD, BAXTER— YES— WE GO BACK TO THE VIKINGS— AND ON DOWN THRU THE CENTURIES OF MARINE HISTORY YOU'LL FIND A HOOPLE AT THE HELM OF THE VARIOUS CRAFT THAT SAILED THE SEVEN SEAS, EGAD!

THE SEA IN HIS BLOOD— HM— M— NO WONDER HE LOOKS LIKE A BIG WALRUS! THE ONLY TIE-UP I CAN SEE, OF A HOOPLE AND A BOAT, IS A TRAMP STEAMER!

Tossing it over the fence for neighbor Baxter

WRIGLEY'S
FASCINATING FLAVOR
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM