

BARGAIN BRIDE

KATHARINE HAYLAND-TAYLOR

CHAPTER IX

the old lady, Lida went on. Again she sighed. She felt a pleasant sense of long-suffering saintliness, untouched by the fact that her manner of "enduring" was so extremely vocal that it had, more than once, driven Bentwell to his club to try to forget the lash of her tongue.

Vance's hands tightened on her hand violently. For the first time he looked away from her. Stealing a side glance at him she saw his face drawn by emotion. His chin was set. "I can't bear to think of you having to endure anything," he said harshly, unevenly and too loudly. "I want to give you—everything, Lida. I want to take care of you!"

Privately she thought, "On \$50,000!" and found the thought amusing. To him she said, "Vance, you're so sweet! So kind!"

He moved suddenly and again his eyes were upon her, depriving her. Lida saw that he was going to be difficult. It did not frighten her; instead she felt stimulated, enjoying this proof of her charms.

"Vance," she appealed, "baby me! I'm really so pitifully weary. Nothing has gone as it should today. You know how I long for peace and quiet and love and—clear companionship. I've been lonely for years, Vance!"

She raised her large, slate-gray eyes which could fill with synthetic feeling to his face that balked hunger had made stern. For the first time he paid no heed to her appeal.

"Lida," he exclaimed, "I'm tired of it. Meeting you like this for half an hour or so. It's not enough. I can't stand it! You know what I want. You—all your time—everything! Look at me, Lida, sweetest!"

Suddenly, then he was silent, leaning away from her, looking away from her. His grip on her hand made a ring cut deep. Lida adored such moments, playing a role and finding warmth from a fire she never felt in her heart.

A few moments later she spoke again, staring down at her lashes, outlined and made ebon by her perfect skin.

"Some day all this will be over, Lida," he promised a little thickly. She gave him a fleeting glance, shy and warm. She said, "You know that's my dream, darling."

"Together," he went on. "Oh, Vance, if that only could be!" "It will be. It must! My God, Lida—"

There was another stretch of silence in which Lida felt the growth of satisfaction in her power. Oh, yes, she could do with him exactly as she wished. Vance worshipped her. Would do anything she said!

Suddenly he turned. His shoulder pressed against hers. Vance said in a quiet tone, "Almost forgot that I've some news for you!"

Vance went on smoothly, "Carra and Hal Woodbridge want you to go down with them to Miami for a week or so. They spoke of it last night. You will, won't you? Then I'll come later."

"I don't know—Vance," Lida Stafford said the words hesitantly, her eyes averted.

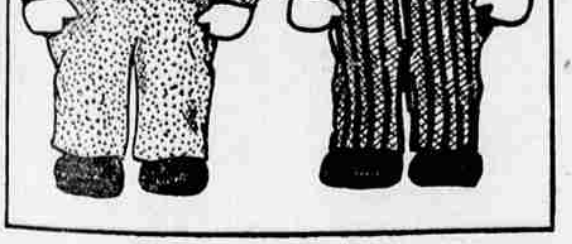
"Please, dearest!" Lida protracted the moment, although she knew she would go if Carra and Hal went down in their plane, "La Paloma." Protracted the moment because Vance, begging, was so really satisfying. This was the addition and attention she craved.

A waitress wearing a black dress, rather worn and in need of pressing, stood by the table, pencil tapping on her pad, waiting to take their order. Vance had completely forgotten that they were to have tea. He exclaimed, "Oh—I see—what do you want, Lida?"

"I don't know, dear. Won't you order?"

(To Be Continued)

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Word from the Departed By HAROLD GRAY

NO USE LOOKIN' BACK, SANDY— WE'RE NOT GOIN' BACK TO COSMIC CITY, AND THAT SETTLES IT— GUESS IT'D BE SAFE, NOW— BUT WHAT'S TH' USE?

TH' FUTILES, AND OUR OTHER FRIENDS, ARE GETTIN' ALONG O.K.— AND I SEVED THIS DOUGH IN MY DRESS A WHILE AGO, JUST IN CASE— SO WE'RE SET FOR A WHILE— ANY WAY, I FEEL LIKE TAKIN' A TRIP— DON'T YOU?

A CARD FROM ANNIE— IT WAS MAILED TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE— SHE'S SAFE— SHE TELLS JUST WHAT HAPPENED, AND HOW SANDY FOUND HER AND HELPED HER ESCAPE—

IT'S A MIRACLE— ANNIE'S ALIVE AND SAFE— OH, MR. AGATE— READ IT ALOUD—

WELL, THAT CLINCHES IT— THE PHOENIXJAYS HAVE CONFESSED EVERYTHING, AND WE HAVE THIS CARD FROM ANNIE—

YES— NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO— IS TAKE THEM BEFORE THE JUDGE AND SENTENCE PASSED— IT WILL TAKE LESS THAN AN HOUR—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

LIE STILL, SPUD! YOU'LL BE OKAY— LIE STILL, BUDDY—

HE'S DELIRIOUS!

NO, SIR, I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE A COLONEL! YOU CAN'T HIT ME AN' GET AWAY WITH IT! COME ON AN' FIGHT LIKE A MAN, IF YOU'RE GAME! PUT UP YOUR HANDS— PUT 'EM UP!

AM I WHEN I GET THROUGH BEATIN' YOU UP, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE YOU CAME OUT OF A CONCRETE MIXER.

SPUD— DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!

SPUD— THIS IS ME— TIM! ARE YOU AWAKE NOW?

OH—HELLO, TIM! S-SAY, WHERE AM I?— GOSH— COLONEL STAGGS— HE'S STILL INSIDE TH' BURNIN' HUT! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT— I CAN'T LET HIM— DIE IN THERE— LET ME UP!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN

WELL, CORA— WE'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THAT BOOTS IS CERTAINLY PUTTING THIS VACATION IDEA OVER IN GREAT SHAPE.

ISN'T SHE THOUGH?

BUT I THINK YOU CAN TAKE A BOW YOURSELF, STEPHEN, AFTER ALL, YOU HAVE DONE THE MANAGING.

THANK YOU, MY DEAR— THANK YOU! AND, NOT TO BE OUTDONE, I'D LIKE TO ADD THAT YOU ARE FILLING THE ROLE OF HOSTESS MARVELOUSLY.

HOWEVER, A PLACE OF THIS SORT IS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE CASH CUSTOMERS— AND BOOTS HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR PRACTICALLY ALL OF THEM.

ISN'T IT A RIOT? I SUSPECT THAT MOST OF THE BOYS ARE HERE SOLELY TO BE NEAR BOOTS— AND THE LODGE MIGHT AS WELL NOT BE HERE.

WHAT DOES OPAL THINK OF THE SITUATION?

OH, SHE SAYS HER JOB, AS COOK, IS A SNAP— BECAUSE THE BOARDERS ARE SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH BOOTS THAT HALF OF THEM DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE EATING— AND THE OTHER HALF DON'T EAT AT ALL.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

WELL, I'M GLAD THE FAMILY HAS DECIDED AT LAST TO GO TO THE SEA SHORE— I THINK I'LL TRY ON MY NEW BATHIN' SUIT—

GREAT SCOTT! FATHER!

SURE— WHO DID YOU THINK IT WUZ— CLARK GABLE?

HELLO! IS THIS MRS. HUGH MIDITY? STOP WORK ON MY BEACH SUITS— I'VE DECIDED NOT TO GO TO THE SEA— SHORE.

POPEYE

THIMBLE THEATRE

NOW SHOWING—"POPEYE—THE FACE-LIFTING EXPERT" TOMORROW—"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

By E. C. Segar

I WILL SIT UPON MY THRONE AND DREAM OF THE NATION THAT IS NO MORE.

AVAST, YA SWAB! HOLD EVERYTHING!!

BLAST YER OL' HIDE YA'LL, DO AS I SEZ.

NOW YOU SET RIGHT DOWN THERE ON MY THRONE—

AN' HERE'S ME CROWN, YA KIN WEAR 'EM BOTH.

YER NOW KING OF THE UNITED NATIONS— NAZILIA AN' POPILANIA— PEACE BE WITCHA DURIN' YER OL' AGE.

POPEYE, YOU'RE A GOOD SCOUT— I'M HAPPY.

I REALLY AM HAPPY!

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

NO, SIR! SHE BET ME, AN' YOU HEARD IT— SHE BET THAT GUY WHO'S PAINTIN' OUR HOUSE WAS BORN UNDER TH' BRITISH FLAG— BUT I AST HIM, AN' HE SAID HE DIDN'T REMEMBER NO FLAG BEIN' OVER HIS HEAD WHEN HE WAS BORN— SO, HAND ME TH' MONEY!

DON'T YOU GIVE HIM THAT BET MONEY— HE KNOWS WHAT I MEANT, AND SO DO YOU— JUST HAND ME THOSE TWO DIMES— THAT MAN WAS BORN IN WALES.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

SAAY— YOU DON'T THINK I GO FOR THAT?— YOU CATCHING HORNED BULL-FISH IN SPAIN, BY WAVIN' A RED CLOTH OVER TH' WATER AN' STICKIN' 'EM WITH A SWORD AS THEY RUSH TH' RED CLOTH? THAT'S SLICIN' IT THICK!

EGAD, FRIEND— YOU DOUBT IT JUST BECAUSE IT'S ODD? WELL, HERE'S ANOTHER AMAZING ONE! EVER HEAR OF THE MAGNET-FISH, OF PATAGONIA?— WELL, SIR, LAKE SPATOOKUM IS IN A RANGE OF IRON ORE MOUNTAINS— THEREFORE, THE BED OF THE LAKE HAS A HIGH IRON ORE DEPOSIT IN ITS MUD!— THE SHOVEL-NOSE HALIBUT ONLY FEEDS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE AND NATURALLY SWALLOWS A LOT OF IRON ORE— AND I USED TO CATCH THEM WITH A MAGNET ON MY LINE!

THE MAJOR IS JUST WARMING UP!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

By J. WILLIAMS

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

THE MAJOR IS JUST WARMING UP

By AHERN

THE MAJOR IS JUST WARMING UP!