

ARGAIN BRIDE

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

CHAPTER XIII

passed a corner of the street the Thompson lived. "Dear Aunt," she thought, "I must see her soon." The tenderness within her was spreading wide. Perhaps she would have such an afternoon as this. Well, she could remember it. Had that rosy box of candy, a young man who had little girl looking lonely and forlorn.

was a strange mood that had over her—one she did not understand. Perhaps she reminded herself, could be talking. Her companion, he hated her silence. "My aunt lives in Brooklyn," she said. she flushed. That must have been all.

he did not seem to think so. Thompson?" he asked.

the women of Mrs. Thompson's were kind to me."

he really wonderful! I love her. been very kind to me."

my have boys?"

three of them. Getting along age age. You'll see them at Aunt some day, I presume."

Ellnor hoped as she had a and times that Aunt Ella would be through college. Jim never seemed to have any Everthing seemed to go bad in. Sometimes Ellnor, in her way, felt that she couldn't if it Aunt Ella didn't give the help they so deserved. were so good, so kind, all of other bridge. That meant not so moments before they would the yawning, unopened door that admit her to the apartment she called home and never to be a home.

he enjoyed the drive so much!" as the roadster nosed its way to the avenue.

ally?" he asked abruptly.

yes, really?"

can't we go again?" he asked, usually as he could.

you like?"

do like!" he assured her almost. "I'd like nothing so much as one of your friends."

she said, "that is so kind of put his hand on hers; he could to the gesture. Ellnor returned pressure, frankly and warmly. it's heart turned over."

(To Be Continued)

TWELL STAFFORD sat have the fire, flushed and heavy. The usual decanter and glass beside him on a small table easy reach. For the first time he could remember Ellnor had greeted him as he came in. Altho the home-coming had left him it warmed him, too. He hoped she was out with some young man having a good time. The fact she had so few good times made her fill with those tears that came from alcohol.

little stir at the door made him to see Ellnor, her eyes bright shining.

"Well, child"—he offered in a low voice after the cough was habitual.

"Dear!" she exclaimed. She came and swiftly, stooped and kissed then settled on a low stool at her feet.

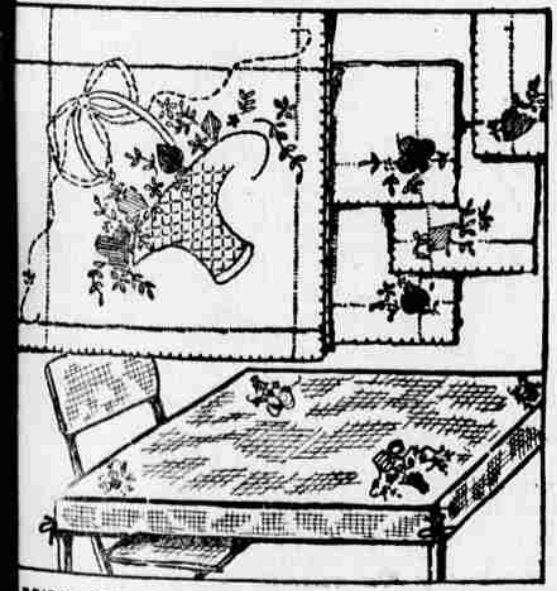
father studied her. She was beautiful—rarely, undoubtedly beautiful—didn't see how even the dullness could miss that fact.

and what?" he asked. It was a very kind, one that had started in the days when it prompted a cry of her play hours and of how she had done at lessons.

had a ride," she replied. She staring into the fire and trying

(To Be Continued)

BRIDGE ACCESSORIES



BRIDGE SET PATTERN NO. 424 BY LAURA WHEELER

The clever hostess knows that even a casual game of bridge is need it all accessories are attractive. No household can boast so many bridge clothes. This pattern lends itself either to the necessary bridge refreshment set, the cloth with four napkins the bridge cloth that is made of practical sateen or some other material that shows off the cards well. Only the simplest are used, and a variety of colors, with the red and black card motifs predominating, make an interesting color scheme. No. 424 includes a transfer pattern of two baskets 5x9 inches, smaller corners 2x3 1/2 inches, and four napkin corners 1 1/2 square, directions for making the set and color suggestions, and for this pattern to Eugene Register-Guard Needlecraft 22 Eighth Ave., New York City.

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The Girl With the Hoe



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DOGGONE SMART ALECKS



YES-THIS IS MRS. JIGGS- IS THIS DOCTOR DICKEY?



I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO I'LL TELL HER THAT I'M GOING TO SEE A DOCTOR- THEN I'LL GIT OUT.



COMING BACK MEAN, WEE, AN' I'LL TELL YUH ALL TH' COWCAMP JOKES, SO YUH GIT SOME SLEEP AT NIGHT, AN' YOU, TOO!



By HAROLD GRAY



By LYMAN YOUNG



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