ARGAIN BRIDE

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR © 1933 NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHAPTER XV

an adventure coming home with her in the house! What e she would be! He saw him- going from his coat, hurrying drawing room. Stooping to in his arms. Was it fair to dream this way, not knowing felt? He must hold himself . But he had never wanted very much without getting it. sured himself. He knew he , and if he thought he could er as happy as she should be ld use that force. Then—to- the rest of their lives! His ks warmed, thinking thus. could ever say, "I love you!" d ask nothing more!

* * *

in a way, had enjoyed Miami. Carter had been there, as de- usual, and she had been True, his infatuation had a es made him difficult for even handle. She had had to make she had never intended to These bothered her a trifle, al- time, Lida had found, often el the webs that follow the ceit. Still she did wish Carter ade her say she would divorce ll to marry him as soon as lla died.

rote Miss Ella dutifully, tell- that the cough which had her to leave "dear Bent and was almost gone. She knew lla approved a mother who re- ed her obligations.

he end of three weeks Lida ecrations for the trip north. nd Hal were going on to Ha- They had spoken of it fre- and a bit too pointedly, with el above Lida's head.

told Carter that it was tragic ends disappointed one. She had liked Carra until living in the ouse with her, she had found disapproving of "nothing at all" ng with each day and becoming nd more combative.

e had said, eyes narrowing, t I were you I wouldn't play ore with Vance Carter. It's cruel, don't you think?"

Lida's innocent, "But Clara 't think what you mean!" had othing but make the other look at her with a disconcert- illness, laugh unpleasantly and ntly, "Don't be a fool! You amned well what I mean!"

visit had, as this continued, ather disappointing.

loathed trains and the people upon them. She arrived in erk in a smoldering mood to at the motor for which she ed was not waiting for her. within, she gave a taxicab er the Park avenue address anned the stinging reprimand uld voice to Bentwell and Eli- ey should have seen that she et!

let herself into the apartment r key, taken from a bag Carra ven her—forced by Lida's en- loudly voiced admiration. Later had said to Hal, "She's hope- completely without pride and e. I can't see how I was fool- so long!"

e the apartment Lida paused a t in the foyer. Then she heard beyond. Elinor's voice and some She couldn't place the man but ew it was not Bobby Tolfair d long been devoted to Elinor. berately eavesdropping, Lida d to the door to hear what they aying.

* * *

leaned forward, listening nkly. She wanted to know Elinor and the young man saying. Her eyes took in a nquet of red roses on a table hall. Beyond, in the drawing she saw butterfly orchids in r bowl.

she heard Elinor say, "But, ...?"

ss Barrett Colvin. Lida real- ized. She did not want to have Barrett Colvin devoted to Elinor! She wanted him to admire her; to recite her good qualities to Miss Ella Sexton who was devoted to Barry and obviously easily influenced by him.

A tragedy it would be, Lida decided swiftly, for Aunt Ella to leave the bulk of her fortune to Elinor. And Aunt Ella was quite likely to leave a large part of it to anyone Barrett Colvin admired. Elinor's tastes were too simple; Elinor would have been perfectly happy living on the smallest allowance while Lida simply had to have money! Elinor, of course, would give her mother what she needed, but Lida did not want her daughter in the position where she could give, nor have her capable of spending what she pleased and where she pleased. Elinor would be altogether too generous with such people as the Thropes and Philip Sexton.

"Any young girl is better off for control," Lida thought often. She could always make herself comfortable concerning any lie and assure herself that whatever she wanted was the thing that was right.

She tiptoed a little closer to the drawing room doorway and stood close to a billowing curtain, pressed against the wall. Elinor was saying, "But I've never known anyone so fine as you are, Barry. It's ridiculous for you to keep harping on age as you do!"

He blurted out, "I want you to have the best."

* * *

There was a silence. Then Lida heard his deep-drawn breath and knew he had kissed Elinor.

"I didn't mean to do that before—," he said and hesitated. He was going on, Lida was sure, to say, "before I asked you to marry me."

Oh, but she could not have that! Lida moved swiftly toward the drawing room door. On the threshold she paused, knowing the picture she made.

"My dear, dear, dear child!" she exclaimed tremulously. She saw the color drain from Elinor's face and her eyes grow big and dark. Elinor had on a new dress and was wearing her hair in the way Lida had declared to be absurdly theatrical. Barrett Colvin did not like the interruption, she saw. He was flushed and looked sullen. But she would manage it so that he would thank her and later, with a little more managing, she could bring him to heel.

The envious malice asserted itself and brought a tinge of pink to Lida's lovely skin. It would be an absurd marriage for Elinor, she decided. Elinor would be far happier married to some poor man, puttering about at housework as Bessie Thrope did, trying to stretch pennies and nickels, than attempting to manage the household of a millionaire.

"Be a little glad to see me, please, dear!" Lida begged wistfully of Elinor and very tenderly kissed her. She saw a question in Barrett Colvin's eyes which she knew (with satisfaction) had been put there by Elinor's turning a cool cheek for that kiss.

Lida laid her small hands on Elinor's shoulders. "I can't tell you how good it is to see you, my darling," she said, her voice full and throbbing. "I've missed you so much."

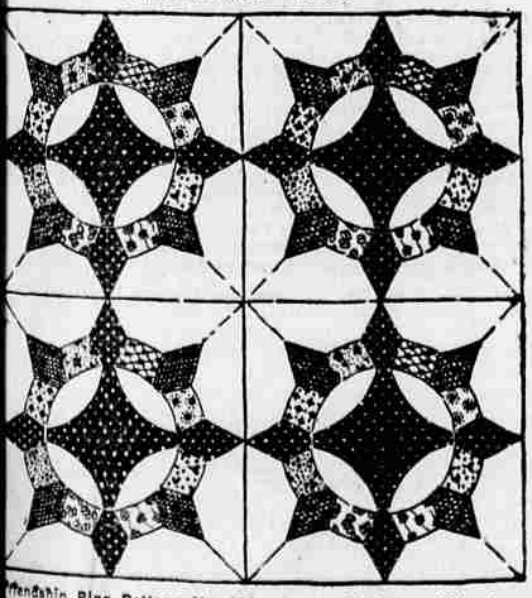
"It's going to be ridiculously easy," Lida thought. But she mustn't leave them alone until she has had a chance to speak to Barrett in private!

"Darling," Lida said, pulling off her gloves, "would you do something for mother?"

(To Be Continued)

The earth travels around the sun at an average speed of 18.52 miles a second or nearly 70,000 miles an hour.

FRIENDSHIP RING



Friendship Ring Pattern No. 484 By Laura Wheeler

e Friendship Ring is an old-time favorite that enjoys great arity today. It is made of scraps of material; there are old in which each block was made of different scraps, making a attractive quilt, if the pieces used in each block were har- ons. In this way, the pattern affords an excellent opportunity ing up small pieces of material or for the popular Friendship devoting each block to the materials given by one friend. ttern No. 484 comes to you with complete, simple, instructions tting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, dia- of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the es and suggests contrasting materials.

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

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

SWEETENS THE BREATH

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Dirty Weather Ahead — By HAROLD GRAY

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

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK — By LYMAN YOUNG

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Justice! — By MARTIN

BRINGING UP FATHER — By GEORGE McMANUS

POPEYE — By E. C. Segar

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"HEADLINE HUNTERS" TOMORROW—"SPELL-BOUND"

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — By AHERN