

ARGAIN BRIDE

KATHARINE HAYLAND-TAYLOR

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CHAPTER XVII

ploded slowly up the broad
As Higgins looked at him a
of Barrett's father appeared
him. The "old master" had
him slowly, wearing up those
almost the same way when
known that something wrong
on behind his back, some-
one would tell him.
understood that something
was wrong now. He hoped it
wasn't Barrett's boy, for other-
wise, Higgins would be in a
fix. He didn't want to see
Mr. Barrett come to care
at all. He didn't want to see
him reach for a note from
Barrett's father waiting
for him. He didn't want to see
him read and reread it. He
didn't want to see him
refused point blank to go
see Aunt Ella. He didn't want
to see her mother asked her to do this. She
could not endure the street or the
possibility of meeting Barrett there.
She shook, refusing, and Lida smiled,
noting the girl's show of emotion.
"So naïve!" she reflected.
At the end of three long days El-
linor telephoned Barrett. She could
not keep from doing it. At the tele-
phone she hesitated, choked out the
number, had to repeat it and waited,
knees growing weak, hands cold and
wet. Then came the answer and she
gasped. "Is—Mr. Colvin at home,
please?"
Higgins did not recognize this new
version of the sweet voice that had
become familiar to him.
"Mr. Colvin is out of town for a
few days," he replied. "Is there a
message?"
He barely caught her stifled, "No,
thank you."
For a moment she sat on the small
chair, one hand pressed against her
stiffened, dry lips, staring at the tele-
phone, seeing Barrett smiling down
at her. She had never dreamed love
could hurt in this way. Not that she
loved him! She told herself fiercely
that she despised him; that she
would despise anyone who could so
play with another's feelings. Yet
she dreamed of seeing him, of meet-
ing him somewhere and having it
all magically understood and as it
had been. She dreamed thus by day
and twice, as she slept fitfully, she
dreamed of seeing Barrett looking
down at her mother as he had looked
at her. She was breathing hard, her
hands clenched.
Of course she had to get through
it and of course people had been
through it again and again; again
and again. She knew suddenly that
the world was full of people who
had loved unwisely and far too well.
They had all said, so easily, that
Aunt Ella had been "disappointed in
love." She herself, Ellynor, realized,
might live to be as old as Miss Ella,
now close to 90. Ninety years! Of
course the pain would dull but al-
ways it would be beneath the cover-
ing made by time.
Bentwell suspected that Lida's
white, slender fingers had been in
the pie. Lida had not wanted Ellynor
in the first place. Lida had wanted
nothing but the money she felt
would be hers through Miss Ella,
Bentwell's aunt. Ellynor's coming had
made a tragedy for Lida and she had
never ceased to resent it. What she
called Miss Ella's "meanness and ob-
stinacy" had made for Lida another
tragedy. Her life, she said, had been
"a series of frustrations." Nothing
beautiful could endure for her, she
stated naively.
(To Be Continued)

The California palm saves its old
leaves from year to year and drops
them over its trunk as a protective
covering.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

Young and Healthy

WELL, I WONDER HOW THAT
MEAN FARMER FEELS NOW—
HE CHEATED ME OUT OF A
FEW Dimes AND GOT HIS
BARN BURNED BY LIGHTNING—
COURSE, I DON'T SAY THAT'S
WHY LIGHTNING HIT HIS
BARN, BUT IT SURE LOOKED
LIKE REAL JUSTICE—
EH, SANDY?

THIS SEEMS TO BE QUITE
A TOWN— OH, LOOKIE— AN
OLD GEEZER PLAYIN' A
FIDDLE— WHY, SANDY—
THE POOR OLD FELLOW IS
BLIND— THAT'S SURE TOUGH—

NOBODY'S PAYIN'
ANY ATTENTION TO
HIM— HM-M-M—
JUST AS I EXPECTED—
HE HASN'T TAKEN
NIA CENT—

WELL, WE'RE NOT SO
FLUSH OURSELVES—
BUT I GUESS WE CAN
SPARE A QUARTER—
WE'VE GOT EYES AND
WE'RE YOUNG AND
HEALTHY—

By HAROLD GRAY

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

THERE'S GOING TO BE
ANOTHER RAID, SPUD!
EMPEROR KARLOS IS
GOING TO SEND OUT HIS
TROOPS TO CAPTURE
A RICH CARAVAN!

WHAT'S
UP, TIM?

SERGEANT, HAVE THE FIRST
PLATOON SUPPLIED WITH
SUFFICIENT FOOD AND AMMUNITION
FOR A TWO WEEKS
CAMPAIGN!

VERY
GOOD, SIR

BUT, FATHER, YOU
CANNOT SEND YOUR
SOLDIERS INTO THE
DESERTLAND! THE
FRENCH COLONIALS
WILL ATTACK AND
DESTROY THEM!

WE HAVE NO NEED TO
FEAR THE FRENCH, MY
DAUGHTER!

By LYMAN YOUNG

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

LOAFING
LODGE

GEE, BASE—THIS PLACE
IS SLIPPIN'—
SOMETHIN' AWFUL

RIGHT! AN I
HAVE A HUNCH
WHY, TOO

THERE'S SOMETHIN' DIZZY
ABOUT IT ALL! IT'S JUS'
HAPPENED SINCE SPENCE
HAS BEEN MEETIN' TH'
TRANS

YEAH, TH' LITTLE
SO N' SO WASN'T
BROUGHT A
SINGLE YOUNG,
GOOD LOOKIN'
ROPEO UP
FROM TH'
STATION— NOT
ONE

WELL, I SEE WHERE
WE'LL HAVE T' TAKE
THAT JOB OVER
AGAIN

HEY! ON FOR—
GRAB A GAP AT TH'
LOAD HE'S JUS'
BROUGHT IN

Caught in the Act!

WELL, I SEE WHERE
WE'LL HAVE T' TAKE
THAT JOB OVER
AGAIN

HEY! ON FOR—
GRAB A GAP AT TH'
LOAD HE'S JUS'
BROUGHT IN

By MARTIN

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, I'VE SENT FER ANOTHER
DOCTOR— I AIN'T SICK AN' I'M
GONNA FIND A DOCTOR WHO
WILL HAVE SENSE
ENOUGH TO SAY SO—

WHAT ARE YOU
DOIN' WITH
THE BURGLAR
TOOLS, DOCTOR?

QUIET PLEASE—
OPEN YOUR EYE
WIDE— NOW
CLOSE IT— HUM—
DEAR— DEAR—
MY— OH MY—

GOOD GRACIOUS—
MY— MY— MY—
MAY I USE YOUR
TELEPHONE?

HUH?

HELLO! IS THIS DR.
CUTTEN? WELL,
THIS IS DR.
KILOR CURE— WILL
YOU COME OVER
TO MR. JIGGS HOUSE?

WELL, I'VE SENT FER ANOTHER
DOCTOR— I AIN'T SICK AN' I'M
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By GEORGE McMANUS

THIMBLE THEATRE

YOU SAY THERE'S AN
UNCONSCIOUS MAN LYING
ON THE SIDEWALK DOWN
BY THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING?
OKAY— I'LL SEND MEN
FOR STORY AND PICTURES

HEY, YOU AMATEURS!!
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN
HANDLE THIS ASSIGNMENT—
THERE'S AN UNCONSCIOUS
MAN—

AH, WE ALREADY GOT THAT
STORY, MISTER SIZZLEGOOD—
AND HERE ARE
SIX PHOTOGRAPHIC
IMPRESSIONS

GREAT! YOU MUST HAVE
BEEN RIGHT ON THE SPOT
WHEN IT HAPPENED—
SAY! WOW!
THIS IS THE HEAVY-
WEIGHT CHAMP
OF EUROPE

THAT'S A GOOD JOKE
ON ACCOUNT OF I KNOCKED
HIM OUT MESELF JUS'
TO GET SUMPIN' TO WRITE
ABOUT

WE GET
OUR MAN

Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"ON THE SPOT"

YOU SAY THERE'S AN
UNCONSCIOUS MAN LYING
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HIM OUT MESELF JUS'
TO GET SUMPIN' TO WRITE
ABOUT

WE GET
OUR MAN

MONDAY—"A PERSUASIVE REPORTER"

YOU SAY THERE'S AN
UNCONSCIOUS MAN LYING
ON THE SIDEWALK DOWN
BY THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING?
OKAY— I'LL SEND MEN
FOR STORY AND PICTURES

HEY, YOU AMATEURS!!
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN
HANDLE THIS ASSIGNMENT—
THERE'S AN UNCONSCIOUS
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OF EUROPE

THAT'S A GOOD JOKE
ON ACCOUNT OF I KNOCKED
HIM OUT MESELF JUS'
TO GET SUMPIN' TO WRITE
ABOUT

WE GET
OUR MAN

OUT OUR WAY

WHOA!
WAIT A
MINUTE,
HERE!
PICKIN'
MY FLOWERS
HEY?

VAL, DE BUSS
HESS SAY, GO
GAT DE PIECE
SAX EENCH PIPE
FROM DE SCRAP
PILE.

TH OL
WATCHMAN'S
LIKE TH'
DUCK THAT
LAID HER
EGGS WHILE
FLYIN'

MORE
LIKE A
HEN THAT
LAID HER
EGGS IN
A SKILLET.

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

EGAD, MARTY, SUCH IDYLIC
SURROUNDINGS MOVE ME TO CLASSICAL
POETRY— HARR-R-RUMF LUMP—
"THE BARE, BLACK CLIFF CLANG'D ROUND
HIM, AS HE BASED
HIS FEET ON JUTS OF SLIPPERY CRAG
THAT RANG,
SHARP-SMITTEN WITH THE DINT OF
ARMED HEELS—
AND ON A SUDDEN, LO! THE LEVEL LAKE,
AND THE LONG GLORIES OF THE
SUMMER MOON—
UM— THAT'S TENNYSON,
MARTY!

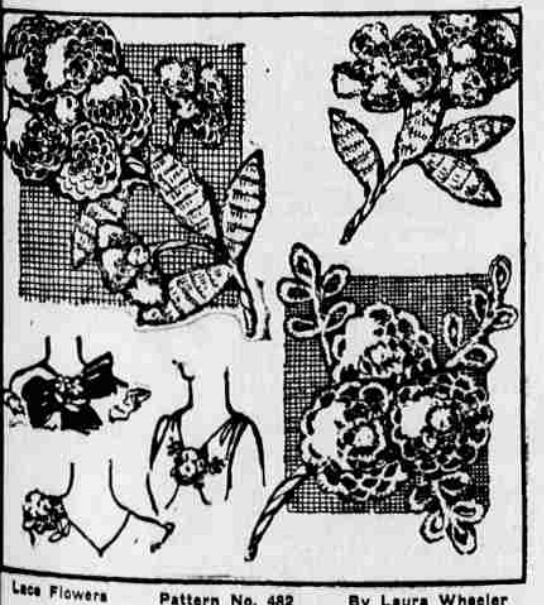
HERE! I'VE BEEN BARGING
YOU AROUND FOR HALF AN
HOUR, AN' MY BACK IS
SAGGIN' LIKE AN OL' BARN
ROOF!— C'MON, GRAB A
HOLT OF THESE OARS AN'
WORK UP SOME S2 SWEAT!
YOU ROW, NOW, AN' I'LL
GIVE YOU A LOAD OF
THAT VOLGA BOATMAN
YODEL!

By AHERN

EGAD, MARTY, SUCH IDYLIC
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POETRY— HARR-R-RUMF LUMP—
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YOU ROW, NOW, AN' I'LL
GIVE YOU A LOAD OF
THAT VOLGA BOATMAN
YODEL!

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The most fascinating quality of Dame Fashion is her love of
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pleated and formed into petals and leaves, with flower stamens
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Pattern No. 482 contains complete illustrated directions for croch-
eting and making the boutonniere as illustrated, as well as sug-
gestions for other arrangements of the petals and leaves. For those
who do not enjoy crocheting, there are directions for making these
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WRIGLEY'S

ASCINATING
LAVOR

WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT
CHEWING GUM