

BARGAIN BRIDE

CHAPTER XXXV

her natural appeal and he failed. (To be continued)

ONE warm day in the middle of March Barrett decided he would ask Elinor whether he had any chance at all to make their marriage something more than an unromantic business arrangement, to make it not merely for the remainder of the year but for always. His faith in her had been growing. Even to his critical eyes her conduct had been exemplary since the day he had brought her to his home.

She was docile, sweet, gay. "And Lord, but you're dear to me!" he thought frequently as he looked across the chess table or listened to her music.

He had fallen into the habit of indulging those small gestures which indicate a comradely affection—a hand on her arm, a pat on her shoulder, a shoulder pressed to hers as they watched the unfolding of some play. Even, once and again, a hand beneath her rounded chin, raising it to ask anxiously, "Now what's wrong?"

Slowly the conviction had been growing in Barrett's mind that she was fond of him, that she really cared. She had followed him into the hall that morning as he was about to leave the house. "I'm going to Aunt Bessie's after lunch," she said, "but I'll be back in time for tea. That is—I will if you'll be here—"

He was engaged on a research job, a rather demanding piece of work that had kept him away from the house more than he liked.

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," he assured her.

"Then I'll be here," she said, smiling. Almost at once she had looked away and before he could reply Higgins appeared to say that Mrs. Radnor wanted to speak to Mrs. Colvin.

"Just a moment, Higgins," Elinor answered. Barrett, stooping, kissed her lips.

"For Higgins' benefit," he explained as the butler disappeared. "The moment Barrett eyed her steadily, 'No,' he said. 'I kissed you because I wanted to—'

She said nothing but her smile was a little tremulous, her eyes misty. He kissed her hands suddenly as he had never kissed her lips, then turned hurriedly toward the door.

She stood where he had left her, hands above her head, eyes closed. For weeks she had known something of his growing feeling for her. She had heard it in his voice which softened as he spoke to her. She had seen it in the hungry eyes that followed her. It had been charted, too, in his concern for her entertainment, in the flowers and books and music that had come to her from him. Almost daily there had been some offering.

"Oh—make it come true!" she prayed. "I can't live without him!"

"Mrs. Radnor is waiting," Higgins reminded humbly.

"Oh, yes!" she laughed unsteadily. She had forgotten. "Yes, Marcia?" she said breathlessly a moment later. Barrett had kissed her because he wanted to. Kissed her because he wanted to. "I'm sorry, Marcia, I didn't catch that. Oh, yes—for the baby's bath. I'll come right down. No, nothing's wrong. The connection is a little bad—"

The result of Barrett's working day could have given to even a less ambitious workman, no reason for pride. He dallied over this and that; looked at a statuette, plaque to lay it down without seeing the heliograph which he was supposed to consider; picked up a seal of freedom to lay that down, too. He had run his hands through his hair and then pretended to examine a cuneiform inscription.

At two o'clock Barrett rose. "I'm going to luncheon, Blinker," he said, "and I'm not coming back today. Have Miss Pringle's American Indian donation ready for me. I'll look it over in the morning." (To be continued)

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MAKE THIS CALICO CAT



Cat Pattern No. 497 — By Laura Wheeler

Calico cats are cuddly and have the advantage of not scratching. Their tails are pulled. It is no wonder that kiddies favor whether they are of calico, velvet or saten, any of which make attractive kitties. This cat is a simple animal to make and, when sewed, is 12 1/2 inches long. Pattern No. 497 includes not only the pattern pieces but full directions for making and stuffing the animal.

Send 10c for this pattern to Eugene Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept., 12 Eighth Avenue, New York City.



WERE WITH YOU!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Another Day Wasted Away

By HAROLD GRAY



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

OH, I'M SURE OUR LUCK WILL TURN VERY SOON, ANNIE—

SH-H— HERE COMES A BIRD WHO LOOKS LIKE A LIVE NUMBER. HE'S TH' FIRST CHEERFUL-LOOKIN' GUY I'VE SEEN IN THIS TOWN— MUST BE A STRANGER—

EAST SIDE— WEST SIDE— ALL AROUND TH' TOWN—

HE'S GOT A BUCK— I'VE GOT A BUCK— I'VE GOT A BUCK— HE DOESN'T LIVE IN THIS TOWN— AM I TH' FOLKS HERE HAVE FISH HOOKS IN THEIR POCKETS— WELL, IF WE DON'T DO BETTER TO-MORROW, WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HERE FOR STAMPE—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG



THEY SAID HE WAS A WITNESS IN TH' WHITE MAN IS COMIN' TOWARD US— ALONE!

WH— HE IS SUSPICIOUS OF US! STAND BACK— I SHALL TALK TO HIM—

YOU'RE THE OFFICER ASSIGNED FROM FT. LE COR TO ACCOMPANY MY PARTY? WHERE ARE YOUR MEN, CAPTAIN?

MY TROOPERS ARE RESTING IN THE SHADE OF YONDER GROVE. WHEU! BERNOT— RETURN TO YOUR CARAVAN AND ORDER THEM TO COME FORWARD—

WHY DID YOU LET HIM GO BACK TO HIS OUTFIT, CAPTAIN? WHY DIDN'T YOU CAPTURE HIM WHILE HE WAS HERE?

FOOL! HIS CARAVAN WOULD THEN TAKE FLIGHT AND ESCAPE US! WE ARE UNMOUNTED!

SEE! THEY ALL COME NOW! IT WILL BE EASY TO SURPRISE AND OVERHELM THEM HERE— FROM AMBUSH—

CAPTAIN, YOU INTEND TO CAPTURE THEM WITHOUT FIRIN' A SHOT— DON'T YOU?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Spence Has Ideas!

By MARTIN



HAVE YOU FOUND OUT WHO TH' 'BEAR' WAS, THAT Y' SHOT?

NOT YET— BUT I WILL, DOGGONIT!

LISTEN, BOOTS— WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR?

SURE

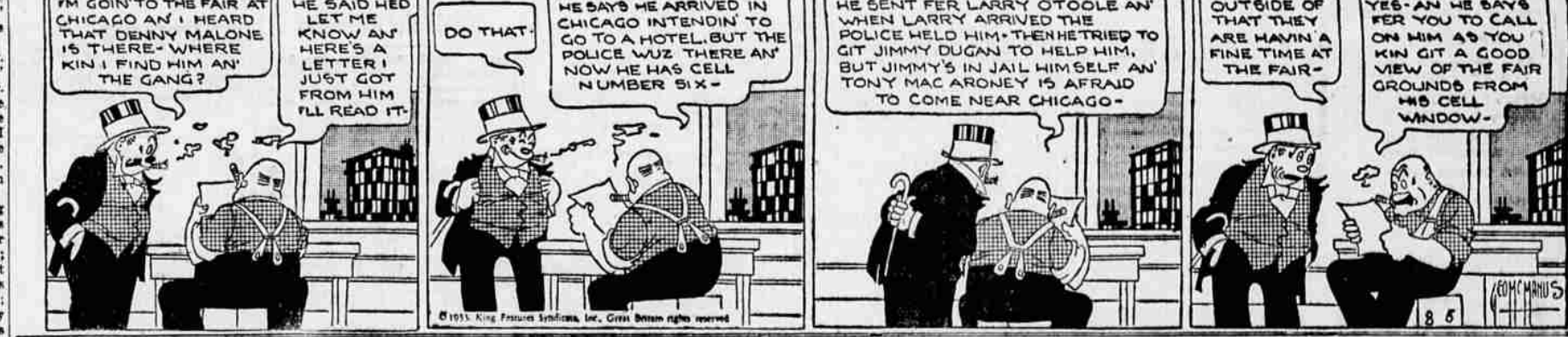
THEN HAVE A PARTY OF SOME KIND AND INVITE ALL THE FELLOWS FROM THE LODGE OVER TO THE LODGE FOR DINNER

WHY, OF COURSE— BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND

WELL, HEH HEH— THE ONE WHO WON'T WANT TO SIT DOWN WILL BE TH' 'BEAR'

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS



I'M GOIN' TO THE FAIR AT CHICAGO AN' I HEARD THAT DENNY MALONE IS THERE— WHERE KIN I FIND HIM AN' THE GANG?

HE SAID HED LET ME KNOW AN' HERE'S A LETTER I JUST GOT FROM HIM I'LL READ IT.

DO THAT.

HE SAYS HE ARRIVED INTENDIN' TO GO TO A HOTEL, BUT THE POLICE WUZ THERE AN' NOW HE HAS CELL NUMBER SIX—

HE SENT FER LARRY O'TOOLE AN' WHEN LARRY ARRIVED THE POLICE HELD HIM— THEN HE TRIED TO GIT JIMMY DUGAN TO HELP HIM, BUT JIMMY'S IN JAIL HIMSELF AN' TONY MAC ARONEY IS AFRAID TO COME NEAR CHICAGO—

OUTSIDE OF THAT THEY ARE HAVIN A FINE TIME AT THE FAIR—

YES— AN' HE SAYS FER YOU TO CALL ON HIM AS YOU KIN GIT A GOOD VIEW OF THE FAIR GROUNDS FROM HIS CELL WINDOW—

THIMBLE Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"DEMOCRATIC OR REPUBLICAN?" MONDAY—"GOOD NIGHT NURSE!"

By E. C. Segar



THE BIG QUESTION NOW IS— WHAT'LL WE NAME THE BABY?

GO TO SLEEP, LITTLE LITTLE SWEET PEA. MAMA'S RIGHT HERE WITCHA

I SUGGEST YOU NAME HIM AFTER ONE OF THE PRESIDENTS

THERE'S GEORGE ABRAHAM THOMAS— BENJAMIN GROVER— THEODORE HERBERT— FRANKLIN—

NAW, THA'S OUT— I AIN'T GONER NAME HIM AFTER NO PRESIDINK—

ON ACCOUNT OF WHEN THIS KID GROWS UP I WANTS A NEW NAME IN THE WHITE HOUSE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



WHEN YOU GIT A LITTLE TIME, DAVE, LOOK THESE OVER, WILL YA? THESE LEGAL PAPERS IS ALL GREEK TO ME— I DON'T LIKE TO SIGN NOTHIN I DON'T SAVVY.

PUT 'EM IN MY COAT— I'LL LOOK 'EM OVER AT HOME.

GO ON, JOHN— HE SAT OUT IN HIS CAR, TOOTING HIS HORN— THEN WHAT?

WELL, AS I WENT OUT, I PICKED UP MY KIDS BALL BAT, AN' I JUST TOL' TH' GUY TA MOVE ON.

AN— WELL, THERE'S TH' LETTER FROM HIS LAWYER

I'D NEVER LET A SOUL KNOW, IF I WAS STUDYIN' LAW— BECAUSE YOU HAFTA HAND OUT SO MUCH FREE ADVICE. BEFORE YOU'RE A LAWYER, THAT PEOPLE DON'T NEED YOU AFTER YOU GET WHERE YOU CAN SOAK 'EM FER IT.

NO— THEY STILL GO TO LAWYERS, BUT NOBODY EVER BELIEVES THAT A GUY WHO WORKED WITH THEM ONCE CAN KNOW VERY MUCH

THIS HERE IS MY SILO, FOR STORIN' CORN, MISTER HOOPLE— AN' Y'KNOW, I HAVE TO BE KERFUL ABOUT FEEDIN' TH' CORN AT TH' BOTTOM TO MY COWS AN' PIGS?— Y'SEE, TH' JUICE OF TH' CORN SWEATS OUT AN', AFTER A SPELL, IT TURNS ALMOST INTO CORN LIKKER! YEP?— ONCE MY PIGS WERE GOIN' AROUND IN STAGGERS!

WHAT'S THAT, MR. BUTLER? EE— GAD— TELL ME AGAIN!— YOU MEAN TO SAY— UM— M— AH— KAFF— KAFF— WHY, THAT WOULD NEVER DO FOR YOUR PIGS?— BY JOVE! IF YOU'LL GET ME SOME PIPE AND A FAUCET, I'LL INSTALL A DRAIN TO RUN OFF TH' VILE LIQUID!— UM— M

WARR-RUMF UMP!