

By HAROLD GRAY

should consume so little time. When

It could consume so little time. When it was over she stood as if stunned, and then suddenly Peter took her in his arms and kissed her full upon the lips. She heard the delighted squeals—they were really that, she remembered afterward—of the wedding party. Fain Sutter, and Jack Goss and the rest insisted upon kissing the bride, despite the protests of Peter; and at length she found herself in a corner of the big room, trembling and scared—yet somehow happy.

She was grateful when Peter came to her again. "There'll be time to talk this out," he whispered. "The thing for you to remember, until we can be alone, is that I love you. Will you believe that?"

"Always," Helena said. "And you'll remember that—that it goes double!"

He kissed her again. "We'll have a real honeymoon, darling. And I'll get you a ring that is a ring." Peter's "ring" had been Peter's own, used because there was neither time, nor place, to get another.

"I won't want to change rings now," Helena said slowly. "No ring could mean as much to me as this one."

She saw Sandra coming toward them. "Well, all over now, Peter," she exclaimed. "It's all over now. And just to celebrate, we'll all going for a swim—after the caretaker has brought us cocktails to drink to the bride."

Peter turned to her. "You've been grand, Sandy. Helena and I will never be able to thank you enough. But we'll slip out on the evening train. If you don't mind. I know you won't expect us to stay over Sunday night. I mean..."

"He stopped, as embarrassed as a boy. "Well, after all there's been a marriage, Sandy."

"Of course there has," the Leigh girl laughed. "We all expected you to leave at the night train. Good heavens, Peter, you'd better think we all expected to stay with them, the remainder of your married life, did you?"

Helena had a sudden, frightening thought. "I'd forgotten to telephone Miss Landes at Helvig's that I won't be at work Monday."

"Skip it," Sandra told her. "I've wired her, and she'll get it Monday morning!" She turned toward the group around the table where the cocktails had been set out. "A toast to the bride! And then everybody into their swim suits!"

Bernard Helvig laughed, raising his glass. "Right, Sandy! A toast to the bride—and then we'll launch the bridegroom in the lake. I've always wanted to see a bridegroom launched."

"So have I," mentioned Jack Goss.

"In fact, I insist on breaking the bottle of champagne over his head!"

It was over an hour before they really got into their swimming trunks and were headed toward the shore of the lake. And meanwhile there had been more than a toast to the bride. A toast to the bride had called for a toast to the bridegroom—and this had been followed by a toast to Helena for her bravery. After that there had been a toast consumed with only one particular reason; and Helena nervously saw that Peter took even more than the rest.

Despite his drinking he remained sensible and courteous, and she thought in sudden panic: He's used to drinking a lot. She noticed, too, how the women of the party clustered around him, obviously attracted, patently drawn by his charm. "I must be foolishly jealous," she told herself.

"I've heard how women have wrecked their marriages by being foolishly jealous. Peter's good-looking. I'll have to expect that some women will like him." But nevertheless a small, hungry, raw clutched at her heart.

The last cocktail finished, Sandra gave them all 10 minutes in which to get into their suits. Nervous and trembling, Helena took longer—and when she appeared on the lodge veranda she discovered that the rest were already down on the shore.

"Hurry!" Sandra called to her. "We've begun a diving contest. I'm putting up a secret prize!"

Peter's blond head poked up over the lake. "Hello, Mrs. Henderson!" he called. With a few swift strokes he was ashore. "I'm cutting the record for that short dive," he announced. "Five from the tree—it's higher than the top rung of the diving platform."

"Don't be a fool!" Jack Goss told him seriously. "It's at least 10 feet higher."

Peter answered him with a glance slightly alcoholic in his bravery. "After all," he said, "it's my wedding day—and if I feel like diving from a tree top I'm going to do it!"

No one considered, then, just what was happening—not even Helena. More with pride than with fear, she watched Peter climb recklessly, swiftly, to the topmost branch of the tall fir which stood by the shore of the lake. Almost before she had realized that he had dived. She saw his body hurtling, saw it strike the water and disappear beneath the surface.

There was cheering laughter from the crowd. Then silence. Silence during which the surface of the lake smoothed itself. Suddenly Helena knew that something had happened.

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
AFTER EVERY MEAL

By HAROLD GRAY

DIDJA HEAR WHAT MR. HALK'S BUTLER SAID? WELL, WE'LL SURE BE BACK TOMORROW-EH, SANDY?

ARF!

HAROLD GRAY

By E. C. SEGAR

By **EDDIE SULLIVAN** and **CHARLIE SCHMIDT**

THAT BAG SEEMS HEAVY - LET ME CARRY IT FOR YOU.

WHAT?

By MARTIN

ISNT THIS SWELL,
BOOTS --AWAY FROM EVERYONE--
ALL BY OURSELVES? GEE EE

By LYMAN YOUNG

OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . Major Hoople

AH WOODEN GO IN DEAH IF AH WAS YOU, MISSUS HOOPLE, 'CAUSE DE WHOLE ATTK IS FULL OB BEES AN' LIGHTNIN' BUGS-YAS'M! MISTAH MAJAH IS PERFECTIN' A HALF BEE AN' HALF LIGHTNIN' BUG, SO DE BEE KIN SEE T'WORK AT NIGHT, AS WELL AS IN DE DAY!

SO THAT'S THE NIT-WIT IDEATHAT'S HAD HIM MUMBLING TO HIMSELF THE PAST WEEK--WELL, BEES IN ONE ATTIC IS ENOUGH IN THIS HOUSE! AT LEAST, WE CAN OPEN THE WINDOWS AND CLEAN THEM OUT OF THIS ONE!

MUCH TOO MUCH FOR MARTHA=

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"THE RAIL BIRDS" 1-22 J.H. WILLIAMS
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