

THE LUCKIEST LADY

-By- RUBY M. AYRES

XL—THE CABLE

Biddy sat with Marna all the afternoon, for Liscard had called and said that on no account must she be allowed to get up.

"Better—yes, she's much better," he told George Paget. "But a little extra rest will do her all the good in the world. Let her stay in bed."

And Marna was glad of the rest—glad to sleep and dream, and let the world slip by unheeded.

"I shall get quite, quite well and strong again," she said several times to Biddy, meeting the Little Plapper's anxious gaze. "And then we'll all go away and be happy."

She tried to believe that such a thing was possible.

"After all, will-power is everything," she told herself. "If I say I will get well, I know I shall."

In the evening Paget came upstairs, smiling and mysterious.

"I've had a letter," he said, leaning on the foot-rail of his wife's bed, and looking at her with adoring eyes. "Guess who it's from!"

Marna shook her head.

"I can't. I was never any good at guessing, and don't tease."

"It's from Hugh," George said triumphantly. He screwed his monocle into his eye and produced the letter from his pocket.

"You'd better read it yourself," he said. "He writes so badly. I can't make half of it out. But one thing I've managed to decipher, and that is, he's not to be married. Never was! Says he thought we might have heard rumors, and that it's all rot."

He watched his wife's face anxiously as he spoke, but could detect no change of expression.

"Like to read it?" he asked again, rather stiltedly.

"No, thank you. Just tell us what's in it," Marna answered. But her pulses were beating fast, and she was conscious of such an acute sense of relief that it was almost pain.

Like one in a dream she heard Paget's stammering attempts to decipher his friend's difficult writing.

"He says it's as hot as hell—at least, I think the word's 'hell.' Says he's busy—hopes we are all well. Had a good voyage out—says it's all rot about him being engaged—sends his love to you and Biddy. That's all."

There was a little silence, which Biddy broke.

"Well, I'm glad he's all right," she said lamely.

George Paget chuckled.

"Yes, glad he's all right—good old Hugh! He thrust the letter back into his coat-pocket and beamed at Marna. "Made up your mind where you want to go yet, you two?" he asked.

"Not yet, dear. We're going to talk it over, aren't we, Biddy?"

"Yes."

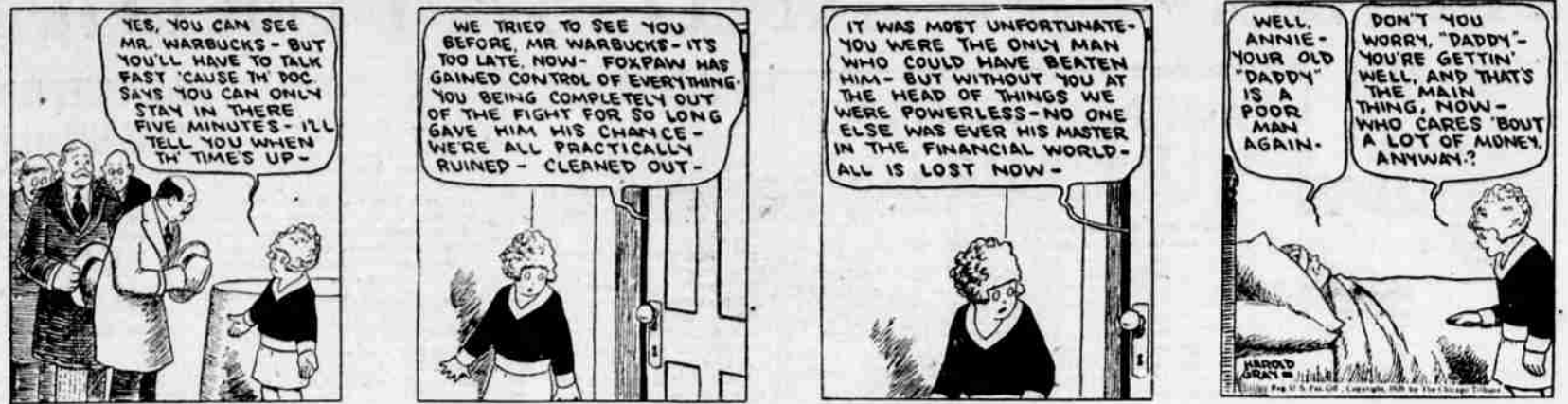
"Right-ho! Just let me know, and I'll fix it up—eh, what?"

"Yes."

But it was several weeks before Marna was strong enough seriously to contemplate going away. She kept putting it off with some pretext or another. The weather was too cold—she was too tired to think of packing. She liked her own home best when she was not feeling quite fit. She manufactured a

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE The Bad News

Harold Gray



REGULAR FELLERS

THE DIPLOMAT

BY GENE BYRNES



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Herb Makes A Queer Request

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



DUMB DORA

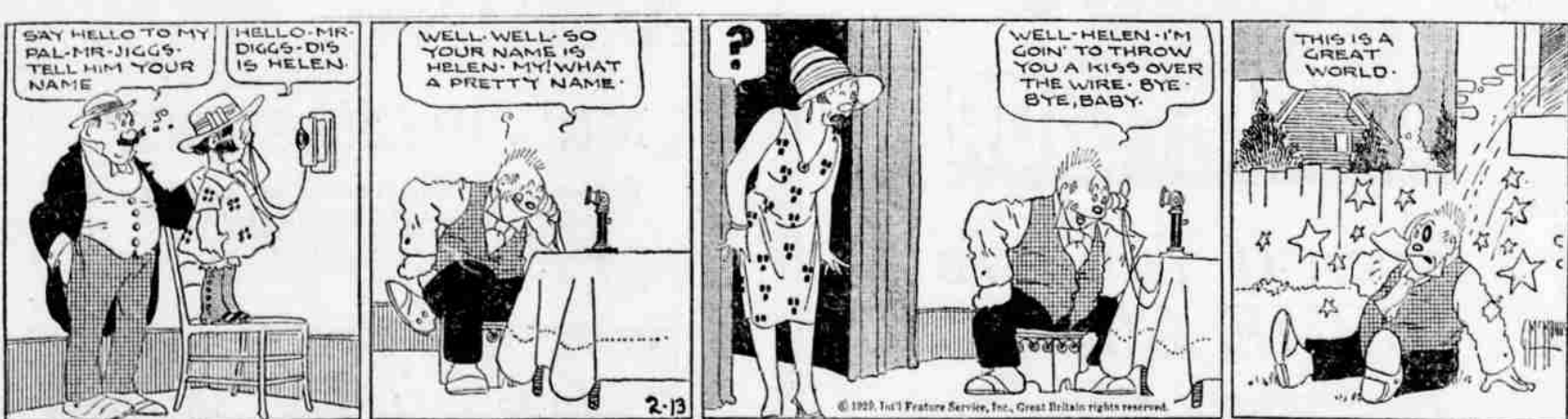
That "Destruction" Company's Holding The Fort

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

That's Going Too Far With An Innocent Deception

By Bud Fisher



Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



- HORIZONTAL
- 1—solemn declarations
 - 13—repeal
 - 14—a place of worship
 - 15—the select part
 - 16—a game fish
 - 17—sun of Nut
 - 18—my own
 - 19—large tubs
 - 20—hog
 - 21—solid water
 - 22—a harbor protection
 - 23—sand
 - 24—pronoun
 - 25—recent
 - 26—nutritive material
 - 27—wan
 - 28—froth
 - 30—str
 - 31—actual
 - 32—Greek letter
 - 33—inland sea
 - 34—a ring
 - 35—in place of
 - 36—metallic rock
 - 37—fine powder
- VERTICAL
- 1—sea nymph
 - 12—slope
 - 16—large bundle
 - 19—elect
 - 20—out of
 - 22—man
 - 23—aim
 - 25—bathe
 - 26—colt
 - 27—nudge
 - 28—exploit
 - 29—art of healing by
 - 30—sea soldier
 - 31—cease
 - 32—a little bit
 - 33—reel
 - 34—thick soup
 - 35—dreads
 - 37—hurl
 - 38—a dandy
 - 40—pastry
 - 41—constellation, the Lion
 - 43—symbol for thallium
 - 44—prefix signifying twofold