

THE LUCKIEST LADY

By RUBY M. AYRES

XLVII—WAITING

"Harrigan," said the Little Flapper suddenly, "how old are you?"

She was sitting beside Harrigan in the front seat of the big car, her small figure almost completely hidden in the depths of a fur rug, above which her pale face peered out wistfully at the foggy afternoon.

It was nearly a month since George Paget's death. Only a month! If anyone had told Biddy it was a year she would have believed it, and now she was waiting at Waterloo in reply to a wire from Hugh Hubbard saying he would arrive that afternoon.

In the last four weeks the Little Flapper felt that she had turned into a grown-up woman, if not into quite a middle-aged one, which was why she asked Harrigan with apparent irrelevance how old he was.

Harrigan sniffed, and folded his arms firmly across his chest.

"I really couldn't say, miss, I'm sure," he said stiffly.

"I only asked," Biddy informed him, "because, although I know I'm still quite young, I feel about a hundred! So I wondered how old you felt, and how old you really are."

"At times," Harrigan said after a moment, "I feel as old as I look and at other times much older."

"I see," Biddy said gravely. "How much longer have we got to wait?"

"The train is late, miss—fifteen minutes late. Owing to the fog on the line I should say, miss."

Harrigan spoke as if the fog were the exclusive property of the railway company.

She leaned forward and peered into the fog.

"Isn't the train signalled yet, Harrigan?"

"Not yet, miss."

Biddy glanced up at him.

"I'm going to meet Mr. Hubbard, Harrigan," she said with a note of defiance in her voice.

"Indeed, miss?"

"Yes; but Mrs. Paget is not to know. At least—you see, she will know later on, of course."

"Yes, miss."

Biddy frowned in exasperation. She wished John Blair was with her. It was so easy to confide in John, to shift the weight of one's responsibilities on to his kind and sturdy shoulders, but, although John had offered to come with her, she had refused.

"I'd much rather go alone," she told him.

And now she was sitting here in the chill fog, waiting, and in a few moments more she would be face to face with Hugh Hubbard meeting the steady kindness of his eyes, holding his hand.

The Little Flapper moved uneasily in her seat in the car and sighed.

She wondered what Hugh would say, how he would look.

She had written a long letter to him, which he must have received at Southampton when the boat docked, so he knew everything that had happened.

Everything! Biddy felt as if a thousand things had happened since that sunny morning when she went shopping with Marna, and yet only one thing had happened that really counted much in all their lives—George Paget's death.

There were tears of blood in the Little Flapper's heart whenever she thought of him. It seemed as if with each passing day she missed

him more, and realized more acutely all he had done for her—all he had done for everyone.

She had met Dolly Benson once—a pale-faced, clinging Dolly, who had not breathed one word of her last interview with George Paget on that tragic morning. So much the Little Flapper had been spared, at least, and nobody else who knew of her visit to the house had mentioned it. In the following tragedy, if Biddy had known—But mercifully she was not to know. Dolly had been reckless and defiant.

"No more money to be got out of you, I suppose?" she said, with bravado.

"No," Biddy answered, with trembling lips. "And now Marna knows all about the other, too. Marna knows everything there is to know."

Poor Marna! Whenever she looked at her the Little Flapper's whole body seemed to ache with tenderness and sympathy.

Even to Biddy's adoring eyes, Marna had aged a great deal since George Paget's death.

She had grown so quiet—she so seldom laughed—it seemed to Biddy that she was like someone slowly bleeding to death from an internal injury. And yet Dr. Liscard said she was wonderfully well, all things considered—so much better than he had dared hope. She had listened very quietly while Biddy told her about Dolly Benson, and the reason why she wanted the 40 pounds and when the Little Flapper had finished, she said gently:

"I'm glad you told me. I used to wonder sometimes—" She spoke as if it was all years ago. "But it doesn't matter. Nothing really matters."

John Blair and Biddy had talked things over between them, and had decided not to say anything about Hubbard's return.

"Wait till he comes and leave it to him to decide what to do," was John's advice, and the Little Flapper had eagerly agreed.

She was thinking of it now as she waited with Harrigan in the fog, wondering if what Dolly Benson had said when they last met would really come true.

Dolly had been brutal in her frankness.

"Poor old George! I rather liked him, but I suppose Marna's glad he is safely out of the way. It wouldn't have happened to anyone else but Marna. She was always lucky! She always gets everything she wants. The luckiest woman I ever met."

Was that prophesy coming true? Biddy wondered. Or once again was life to go awry?

"Things only end happily in books and plays," she told herself, and a new terror took possession of her.

Supposing the train had been wrecked in the fog—run off the line or collided with another? It was 15 minutes late already—supposing something dreadful had happened!

Biddy sat up, pushing the fur rug away from her.

"Harrigan!"

But Harrigan was sitting up, too, and showing signs of activity.

"The train's just coming in, miss."

(To be continued)

American capitalists will install an irrigation system in the fertile Arribonite valley of Haiti.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE Feinting For An Opening



TAILSPIN TOMMY A Temporary Truce



DUMB DORA Bird Seed



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF Isn't That Using The Old Bean? We Ask You.



Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60

HORIZONTAL

1—cot

4—decompose

7—allowances for weight

11—a river in England

13—discount

15—male singer

17—nominate

18—short letters

20—tried out

24—vote again

26—err

27—part of verb

29—to be

30—believed

32—seasons

34—writing implement

34—separated

36—before

37—pol

39—business proposition

41—you

42—organ of hearing

43—sat down

45—reach

47—destination

47—jewel found in oysters

49—line of junction

51—obtains information secretly

53—become stale

55—a chair

56—a flower leaf

57—baby

58—not wet

VERTICAL

1—a chirping mammal

2—level

3—one who donates

5—correlative of either

6—nine and one

7—subdue

8—town in Chieti province, Italy

9—prefix again

10—spoken

12—well known

14—abate

16—to make known

19—a cleaning medium

21—thin piece of baked clay

22—coverings

23—head

25—exchange

28—instrument for measuring fluids

30—relates

31—saw

32—by

35—harvest

36—an awa

40—jumps

43—fasten securely

44—participle of dry

45—jumps

46—flesh of a calf

48—a rich sauce

50—came together

52—pig pen

53—street (abbr.)

54—perform