# "THREE **By RALPH** MATTHEWS ily in Washington would have noth- asleep. He slipped away from her.

## Leslie Kayne Makes a Losing Fight ing to do with me. But it was win-Against Falling in Love with His Former Sweetheart, Now the Wife of Another

# WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR---Lealle Kayne, a young Bailimarean, dis-appointed in love, has fortaken his profes-sion of iew, and is in New York, where he has made an envisible reputation as a song-write-

#### CHAPTER II

Leslie was standing over her now. "What are you driving at?" he demanded. "What note?"

has made an envisible reputation as a now has made an envisible reputation as a now writes. This disappointment has made him a critir and he has turned against all established multinions, such as love, marriage and the church. He has teriated to his friend, Al Freeman, how he was robint of his sweet-nest, Gwendolyn Maymard, of Washington. The la hast related to his friend. Al Gwendolyn comes to his apartment. Is in how GO ON WITH THE STORY NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY Now GO ON WITH THE STORY eyes. I tried not to believe that it as nothing more than an accepted should be bother? She meant noth-

It was three minutes, which seemed like as many hours to Leslie, before she opened her eyes. His face flushed as she Leslie made no comment. He was

tonight I am destitute."

gested Leslie, "most wives choose pretty, so talented, he thought. that."

woman but money." experienced "Well, I have come to look upon it

keep."

to was four years ago, gave me courage to come to you tonight. You said if I ever needed a friend to call on you, and God knows I need one now!" "No, but you have. I can see

though, that perhaps it was not your fault.

"No, Leslie," she replied, "it not my fault. I could not see it then, but could see our position later. You were so young. You perhaps did not know your own mind and then you drew away her hand which he had been rubbing vigor-ously. Tears were in her eyes as she pulled herself up. when Rupert came along and asked in the so young. For pering the per and forgave you and tried to forget -but I couldn't Leslie. I loved you then, and I still do."

"I am to believe that, I suppose?" asked Kayne ruefully. "If my expe-rience around New York has taught me nothing else, it has at least taught me not to believe a woman's pretense at love when-when she wants something."

"Why, Leslie. It matters not what ther treatment I deserve at your other your hands, I surely do not deserve your insults. Has not life been cruel enough to me without that from you? My happiness, my family, my home-everything and everybody-has turned against me, and now you, like all the rest. You once said that I was worth more than anything in the world to you."

She burst into tears when she saw no trace of sympathy in those cold, relentless eyes that looked into hers.

"And I suppose you expect me to place the same value on you now that I did when you were young and inno-cent? You forget that the best that you can offer me is damaged goods. Damaged by marriage, damaged by that viper, Rupert, your husband, Ev-en in human souls you must allow a discount for second hand goods.'

"You are just like the rest of your sex. The one who is to blame for a girl's condition is the first one to condemn her, and you are responsible for mine. Your fickleness made me marry Rupert and that marriage brought me where I am tonight."

"Not my fickleness, but Rupert's decorrected Kayne, "Listen, and I'll tell you a story."

"I think we were both victims of fate," said the girl, after Leslie had related his experiences on the night that they had planned to wed.

They were very close to each other as Leslie bent over her, wrapping a heavy blanket about her shoulders. Her arm crept up over his shoul-ders. She pulled him closer.

"It's been so lonely for me here; New York is so cold."

She was breathing rapidly. Leslie could see her heaving bosom. His lips almost touched hers. He pulled him-self away with a jerk. "I can't Gwen," he cried, "by God, I cant! You are another man's wife.

You can't stay here tonight, even though we love each other. There are those damned custom-made laws,

asleep. He slipped away from her. His brain was in turmoil — such else. He cursed under his breath, ter and I could get no work. I soon thoughts! A flickering light played the whole institution. He cursed exhausted what resources I had, and upon her face. Her drawn features Rupert. were mute testimony of what she had

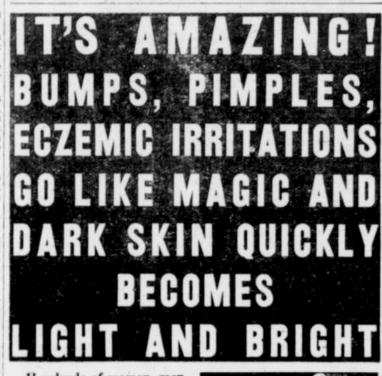
"There is the alimony route," sug- gone through-and she was once so things. It was driving him mad. He

That hacking cough raised a ques-"But for me. I have already been tion in his mind. Could ahe ever thing to take the load off his mind. accused of marrying that man for his money, and now I am done with him. I want nothing he has. You talk as though marriage means nothing to a woman but money." Even while he was turning the dials, sure she had suffered affected her voice? Had the disillusion she had experienced robbed her life of its

3

He could not go on thinking these walked to his radio and began adjusting the dials. He had to do some-

Continued on Page Four.



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"Even in human souls you must allow a discount for secondhand goods," said Leslie.

"I know you think I am the worst me to go for a ride I went, and when woman on earth," she faltered, "com-ing to your apartment at this hour in the night." Be asked me to marry him, I did-to get even with you, Les. I regretted it a moment after and have regret-

"I do," said Leslie, coldly, "but not r that reason. Here, drink this, it being an analytic for the said the sa will bring you around." He handed her a glass. She pushed it aside.

"You have left him, then?"

"Yes Les I could stand his beat-He handed her a glass. She pushed it aside. "Tm all right now, except for this cough," ale added, as she was seized with a spell of coughing. "Well, hurry and tell me what you wish. It's time I was in bed now. I would ask you to rest your things but

