

The Husband Hunter

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BY RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XVIII

It was Bobby Lambert's voice that came to Alan over the wire. Bobby, inebriated and left alone by the servant who was filling Nellie's place on her night out, followed a childish impulse to talk with his best friend.

"Why don't you come over to see me, Uncle Alan?" he demanded in the shrill treble a child uses at the telephone. "It's awful in-ner-ous!"

He went right on talking without giving Alan a chance to reply. "If you'll come over I'll let you look at the new boxer gloves you sent me, Uncle Alan."

"How about putting them on for a few rounds, old man?"

"Whoopoo! Will you?"

"The fight over, sonny?"

Alan didn't know why he promised, unless it was that he didn't want to go to bed, and there was nothing else to do at home. He had tried to read on the train, and found it impossible to become interested in the news. Magazines and books had even less appeal.

Bobby was at the front door to welcome him when he arrived. The boy had on his sleeping suit and a bright red sweater pulled awkwardly over it. His arms were filled with boxing gloves.

"I brought down yours to," he said, and dropped them all to fly to Alan and get his customary big toes.

"Why the sporty costume?" Alan asked when he put Bobby on the floor again.

"It's in train," Bobby proudly announced. "It's reduc'n my tummy. Nellie says I ain't built like a prizefighter."

Alan looked him over with mock seriousness. "Never mind Nellie," he said. "I've got to tell you a secret, Bobby. Women are wonderful, but they don't know much about men. Why just look at your shoulders!" he patted the boy admiringly; "when you stand like that, Bobby, you're a future champion."

Bobby straightened up until he leaned over backward. "Come on, get your gloves, Uncle Alan," he exclaimed happily, "and let's work out."

You mean "lets have a work-out," Alan corrected.

He carried the boy upstairs pickaback, and so thoroughly enjoyed himself during the "work-out" they had that he only thought of Natalie half the time.

But Bobby tired finally, and Alan had to let the maid put him to bed.

After that he wandered home, and went to bed himself, to toss and turn, and seek vainly to escape his thoughts. Just before daylight, he fell asleep. When he awoke, he had only 20 minutes to catch his train.

He rushed into the hall and called to Frances. When she came up, he gave her his instructions through a crack in the bathroom door. "Bring up a cup of coffee and put it down somewhere; then call me a taxi. Tell them I've got to make the next train."

He didn't want to be late. The preceding day, when he'd missed his regular train, he found so many people waiting in his office to see him, that he had to give up most of his lunch time to unfinished morning business. Even then he had an uneasy conscience concerning several neglected matters.

"Natalie certainly picked out a nice time to put the skids under me," he reflected bitterly, as he tried to check the flow of blood from a small cut on his chin. "With the market behaving like a prima donna, I'm half licked to begin with."

Frances brought up a toasted bacon sandwich with the coffee. Hannah had insisted upon it; she said the poor man ought to have something. Alan tried to eat it in matches while he dressed.

"On the train he suffered an attack of indigestion and began to feel sorry for himself again."

When he reached the office he was as cross as a bear with a sore toe, and didn't know when he would write to Natalie.

at the time in her reaction to the information, so she concealed it from him.

Today it was just the same, except near closing time. Alan was getting his hat and coat, when the prospect of dining alone suddenly became unendurable to him.

He rang for Phillips. She came in, ready for the street.

"Dine with me?" Alan said briefly.

Phillips hesitated, a trifle offended. She made a quick recovery, and so intoned the words that Alan thought her decision was warmly impulsive.

"Of course, I'll go," Phillips said, and so intoned the words that Alan thought her decision was warmly impulsive.

After dinner they went to a theatre, then to a club to dance. Alan got home tired to sit up and write a letter. Not only that, he wasn't certain of what he wanted to say to Natalie. He was fearful of spoiling their chance of future happiness together by encouraging her in her unreasonable business.

She should, he thought, be allowed time to realize what a goose she was. Still, he wanted very much to write to her. His eyes turned often to his desk in the corner, while he was getting ready for bed, but he resisted the temptation.

Just before he fell asleep he thought of Phillips, of her unfeeling understanding. For one thing, she had not nagged him for arguing with the waiter over a minor matter he recalled.

"She's a real girl," was his grateful verdict. "She knew well enough that I realized I was making a fool of myself. If Natalie only had half her sense..."

The uncompleted thought was with him in the morning. He greeted Phillips with a touch of warmth, when he passed at her desk on the way to his office.

She smiled brightly and Alan was reminded vaguely of morning glories, of some shining, cheerfulness. There was not even a shadow of fatigue about her.

True, she hadn't had to commute such a distance after her night of pleasure, as Alan had, but her radiance was due less to the sleep she'd had than to her pleasant frame of mind.

And then there had been the warm bath her mother had prepared for her at exactly the temperature she liked best. She had to wake her mother up when she got home, and ask her to have it ready, but Phillips didn't mind the bother of that. It gave her a few minutes to luxuriate in it in the morning.

She had heard her father grumbling when her mother went for the big flannel towel, one of those that belonged exclusively to Phillips, which she had been warming in the kitchen—the bathroom being heated only by a steam pipe. Phillips had laughed good-naturedly at her father. She could afford to be tolerant, she told herself. Alan's wife had carried out her oftentimes repeated threat at last. He was no woman's man now.

Why shouldn't she be in a gala mood. Why shouldn't she look bright and shining? She was conscious, as Alan gazed at her, that he knew she was thinking. She felt no need to hide it from him.

"You're looking as fresh as a daisy," Alan told her approvingly. "No one would guess you'd danced until 1 o'clock this morning."

"I don't get tired when I'm having a lovely time," Phillips replied.

"But you were out with a terrible grouch," Alan said.

Phillips's eyes grew meltingly tender as she looked back at him. "I thought you were splendid," she said softly.

Alan laughed, a bit self-conscious. "I'm glad you weren't annoyed with me," he said, and stopped. Happening to glance quickly toward the outer office he noticed several of his employees were watching him.

soon as Alan had disappeared into his private office.

She didn't care if they understood her gesture. She had the power to discharge any one of them. They might as well learn new she considered Alan Converse her own particular game. It would soon become known that Natalie had left him.

With the first sound of the summons to his office she arose, pad in hand, and looked back at the girls with an air of triumph.

(To Be Continued)

Battery D Enlists Seasoned Veteran

A new recruit, Calvin N. Ellis, who has had several years of army service and was in action in France, was added to the ranks of battery D, 249th Coast Artillery, last night.

Private Ellis was with the Idaho National Guard, company 1, when it was drafted into federal service with company B, 146th machine gun battalion. Later he was transferred to company B motor supply, first division and was discharged in 1919.

Sunday, the battery's rifle team shot off a state rifle match at the local range, with the following men shooting: C. Leveque, V. R. Killenwater, D. E. Van Vactor, Elroy Call, Lorin Osborn, Donald Statter, Leveque shot high score, and the local team won the match.

Fly to Eugene In Two Hours

Paul Landry of the Wilson-Landry abstract company, and Albert Austin of the Hotel Wilton, are flying to Eugene in the Klamath Flying Service Travelair plane in one hour and fifty minutes. Norman Hansen piloted the ship.

STILES HELD HERE

Leslie Stiles was arrested yesterday by Sheriff Lloyd Low and is held in the county jail pending the arrival of a warrant from the sheriff of Lakeport, Lake county, Calif.

CORNS REMOVED ONLY 10 CENTS

Corns Come Out Without a Murmur; Pain Gone At Once—Guaranteed.

WAFERS THIN AS PAPER SHOES DON'T HURT

"I never saw their equal." Yank corns right out by the roots and never a pain or sting. It's a joy to stick an O-Joy Corn Wafer on a tender, achy corn. Away goes pain immediately and then later out comes callous, corn, roots and all. Slip shoes right on—they won't hurt. O-Joy Corn Wafers are thin as paper. Stop using ugly burning acids and doughnut plasters. Thousands of people tormented with corns have joyfully praised O-Joy Wafers. Results absolutely guaranteed. Six wafers for 10 cents. At leading druggists.

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Simple Home Remedy at Last Banishes the Trouble. Now Feels Like a New Man

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"I suffered and doctored for years with troubles of this sort that I learned about Colac Pile Pills—my stomach trouble disappeared—piles quit bleeding and hurting, and I feel like a new man. They are 100 per cent efficient, and I can't recommend them enough," writes Joseph Schindler, Brick Mason of Ghent, Minn.

"Thousands of men and women in agony with troubles of this sort have found Colac Pile Pills stop the pain and banish every sign of their trouble almost as if by magic. Just a couple pills with a swallow of water at each meal for a few days does the work. Down deep inside to the root of trouble where no suppository or salve could reach go these remarkable pills, harmless, healing, soothing and effect no other part of the body. Doctors endorse new internal way. Obtain of druggist on guarantee of complete relief or money back, or send 75c for regular bottle postage paid return mail. Colac Chemical Co., Brentwood, Md.

Mom'n Pop

"THIS WAS EASY—SNEAKIN THIS CANNED STUFF OUT—MR. FARBAR WAS TAKIN A NAP AN' ALL TH' OTHER FELLAS WERE TOO BUSY TO SEE ME—GEE! RILEY WILL HAVE A FEAST ON THIS!!"

Freckles and His Friends

HOO-HOO! POP, YOU CAN'T GUESS WHERE WE'VE BEEN

LET'S LOOK AT THE FRONT OF YOU, NOPE, YOU HAVEN'T HAD A SODA, LET'S SEE—

GIVE UP? WE'VE BEEN TO THE BARBER'S

Hair Cut

HO! HO! WHAT'S BECOME OF YOUR HAIR?

THEE!

THE BARBER BOUGHT IT FOR FIFTY CENTS!

SHE GOT GUM IN IT

Public Benefits By I. O. O. F. Rates

The seven-day special excursion to Portland, effective Sunday, May 18, is for the benefit of the public as well as members of the I. O. O. F. and Rebekah lodges, it was announced yesterday.

Desertion Charged In Divorce Suit

Anona Voorhes Monday filed suit for divorce from Davis LeRoy Voorhes, whom she married in Newton, Kans., on September 8, 1923. She charges that he deserted her three years ago and has not since returned.

Portland Store Looted of Hose

PORTLAND, Ore., May 12. (A.P.)—One thousand pair of hose and other articles were stolen from the Thomas drygoods store during the week-end. Police were told the goods amounted to \$1,000.

Sunday Accident Hurts Klamathites

Mrs. Edith Ream of 329 Washington street and G. G. Shadinger, a recent arrival here from California, were injured about noon Sunday in an auto accident near Medford.

Former Evangelist Says Moonshining Is Really Hard Job

Charles Garmon, 25, who admits that he was an evangelist in Oklahoma for four years, has been a well known youthful rodeo rider and trick roper and who knows Lorena Trickey, was arrested Sunday by State Prohibition Officers Davis and Merritt about 10 miles east of Crescent.

WAS IT AN OSTRICH?

PENDLETON, Ore., May 13. (A.P.)—J. T. Lowe, a rancher of this section, today displayed a double yoked egg, measuring eight and one half inches by five and one half inches, which a hen of his flock laid recently.

FORESTS CLOSED

ALBANY, N. Y., May 12. (A.P.)—The state forest reserves were closed to sportsmen today until the forest fire hazard abates.

RELIABLE MACHINE WORK

We desire to call your attention to the fact that our machine shop is equipped to do all kinds of work from the making of all makes and types of machine and engines. Be your job large or small it will pay you to get our prices. We promise satisfactory work and prompt service. Let us get at your work now.

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KLAMATH FALLS, ORE.

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SIDE GLANCES By George Clark

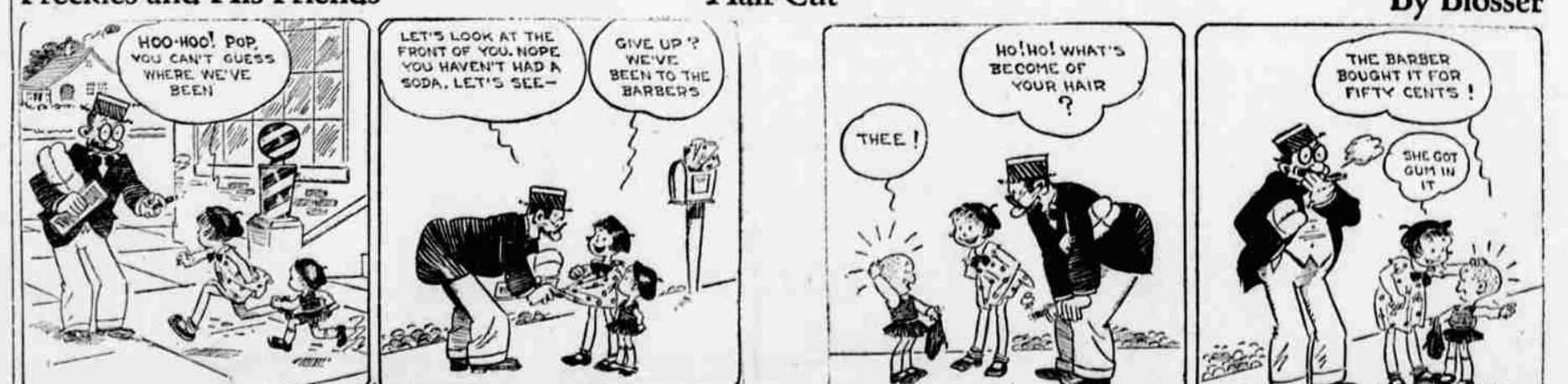


Folks, I wish you could be here and see what a wonderful time everyone is having, dining and dancing—

That's Just Who It Is By Gowan



Freckles and His Friends Hair Cut By Blosser



Folks, I wish you could be here and see what a wonderful time everyone is having, dining and dancing—