Darling Fool

By MABEL McELLIOTT

at him. She had never felt such a passion of violence in her life. "One hears things." Charles lit a cigaret, watching her coolly. "And you assume I couldn't resist the charms of great wealth." "What girl could?" Monica whirled on him, a verifable small fury. "You mean what poor girl? Oh, how dare you talk to me like that? You severe would—to someone—someone like—" She could not go on. She was afraid, desperately afraid, she was going to cry.

"Like whom?"
She regained her composure after a struggle. "Like Eilen Willard-or-or-Sandra." Her tone had a wealth of bitterness in it, a deep, abiding hurt.
Charles' tone was contrite. "Monnie, I didn't mean that. You know I didn't. I'm sorry."
She would not, could not, forgive

him the injury. All the pent-up pride and loneliness of the past few months flowed over her and, put-ting her head down on the desk,

she wept bitterly. He hovered over her, desperately

"No, no, don't touch me. You're

Nor forgive, added her sore

Kay came in as she was putting

"What's this king of finance like

hird they'd all be on our door-

Flapper Fanny Says

The girl who tries to become

step."

she was going to cry. "Like whom?"

REGIN HERE TODAY

MONNIE O'DARE rushed home
from Europe in response to a deinyed letter from her former
sames, DAN CARDIGAN, only to
and him dying from injuries received in an automobile secident.
Horeover, just before the secident
Dan had married SANDRA LAWRENCE, a designing siren who
pretended to be Mounie's friend
but led Dan to believe Monnie no
longer cared for him.

The O'Dares have little money.
Mounie works to help support her
mother, younger brother and sister. BILL, her older brother,
works in a garage. On the European trip, Mounie was the paid
companion of her old friend, MISS
ANSTICE COREY.

AUTHUR MACKINZIE, rich,
middle-aged New Yorker, whose
she met on the trip, asked her to
marry him but she refused. After
Dan's death Mounie tries to pick
up her life anew. She takes a joh
in DR. WATERINAN'S office.
CHARLES EUSTACE, the doctor's
rephery, who has been friendly
with her, new seems aloof and
cool. Arthur Mackenile writes
frequently. cool. Arthur Mackensle writes

GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XLIV

NNIE was at the telephone the following Monday morning, trying to get a blurred con-

"No, no, don't touch me. You're all alike—all of you!"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Everybody in this wretched place." The words came between sobs. "At first you were so nice—wonderful, really. I never had known anyone like you. But now you're like all the rest, Go away! I never want to see you again!"

Presently she was able to raise her head, to dry her eyes. Charles stood watching her wretchedly.

"Monnie, if you'd only listen—"She shock her head with tragic dignity. "You can't do anything now. You're done the worst. I shall never forget it..."

Nor forgive, added her sore "Long distance calling," the perator droned. "Calling Miss operator

Then came a man's voice, leisurely, deliberate. "Monica?"

"This is Arthur Mackennie, I'm passing through your town tonight. May I stop to see you?"

Almost before she knew it she

had answered him and the brief

bad answered him and the brief connection was broken. A step sounded behind her and there stood Charles Eustace.

"Sorry I interrupted."

She smiled at him. "You didn't. It was just a friend." Then she thought, "How stupid of the to be like this with him!" She explained, "It was Arthur Mackenzie. He's dropping in to see me tonight."

"Dropping in?" Charles' voice was sarcastic. "From London or Paris?"

She flushed, lifting her chin. "Neither. Merely from New York. Why don't you like him?"

heart.

MONNIE dressed half-heartedly for the coming of her visitor that evening. He had said his train would arrive at seven and he would arrive at seven and

Why don't you like him?"

Charles shrugged. "He's all right. the finishing touches to her hair. "Nice," commented the younger sister briefly. "I like your hair that way. Makes you look frail and interesting." She grinned, One of those picturesque buccaneers of finance. Rich enough for-" "For what?" Monica prompted

"For anything." Charles' tone dropped the subject. Courteously, as one stranger to another, he asked, "Is the doctor
in?"

"No, he's not." How odd, she
"What's this king of mance like,
anyhow?" Kay demanded, dropping
on the bed and propping her chin
on her linked fingers. "I'm dying
to see him. If the country clubbers
thought we had baged such a big

"No, he's not." How odd, she thought, that he didn't know Dr.

thought, that he didn't know Dr. Waterman had gone to Chicago for that conference. Surely she had heard him tell Charles only yesterday about the trip.

"I won't stop then." Charles said. He was gone with a cool and distant bow in her direction.

"I hate him!" Monnle said aloud in the quiet room. She was furlously angry. No one had ever made her so angry before. She wanted to quarrel with him violently, satisfyingly. idly.
"Oh, yes." Monnie polished

WHAT did you say?" Charles her nails.
"Don't seem awfully enthusiwas on the threshold again, "De lean and elegant. He had heard astic."

and elegant. He had heard ler!

"Nothing!" She stared back at im, all defance.

"Oh, yes, you did." Suddealy his acce was not two inches away from ler own. He, too, was ansyr. His ips were set grimly. Monica deliberately pouted her own, in the harpe of a kirs. Almost before she maw what was happening he had finned her arms to her sides, was fissing her fiercely, angrily.

"You asked for that."

"Ob, oh!" She panted, structing for release. "How dare you." him, all defiance.
"Oh, yes, you did." Suddenly his on, yee, you did." Suddenly his face was not two inches away from her own. He, too, was angry. His lips were set grimly. Monica deliberately pouted her own, in the shape of a kiss. Almost before she know what was happening he had

She would have struck at him blindly but again those strong arms pinioned her as in a visa. "Saving them for Mackenzie, ch?" Monica flushed a deep scarlet. Not only the words but the tone were insulting.

"Yes."

(To Be Continued)

The whippet is said to be the fastest thing on legs. This dog can travel 200 yards in from 19 to 12 seconds, or half the time a man would require.

"You-you're insufferable! I don't "You-you're insufferable! I don't know why I over thought you were my friend."

The well-schooled physician. Indister or lawyer can use about 25,000 words.

"Friend:" Charles laughed softly. "You must know that's rot-friendship between a man and a girl. Either they're in love and know it or-or-"

"Or what?" She was still furious with him but curiosity has her in its grip. She must know what he meant to say.

"Or they're in love and don't know it." Charles finished shortly. He walked over to a mirror, coolly straightening his tie.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to be-have like a cave man." he said.
"I just stopped in, really, to say goodby. I'm leaving day after tomorrow. Before I so may I wish you health, happiness and prosperity—all that sort of thing?"

"Thank you." Monnie was trembling all over. She could scarcely stand but she was deter-mined he should not know it. "I suppose I won't be invited to the wedding."

"I don't know what you're talk-

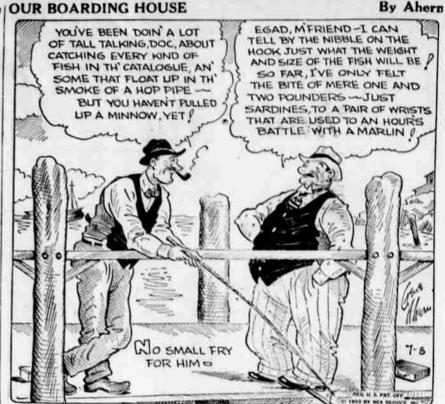
HIS voice was harsh. "Don't you? Miss Anstice says he wanted you to marry him in London and that you'd almost made ap your mind."

"Really? Who's listening to gossip now." She wanted to put is apt to find herself merely her hands on her hips and shout

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams OUR BOARDING HOUSE

OH, LUKE! 1-UH-IM SORRY! GOSH, I LAID TH' COMPANY WOULD BE AHEAD IF THEY'D TAKE A GUY WID A SORE FINGER AN' YEH, A SORE RNGER ER A LOOSE TOOTH! A GUY NEVER STOPS T'THINK THAT WHAT WE DON'T DO FER TH' THAT WRENCH RIGHT ON YOUR SCRE FINGER DIDN'T I ? SEND HIM ON A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE ER SCHEPLACE, AN COMPANY WHILE WE GOT SORE FINGERS PAY ALL HIS EXPENSES JUST ABOUT MAINES UP FER ALL WE THINK TH' COMPANY DON'T DO FER US 0 WELL. WORSE THAN ABSENT.



SALESMAN SAM









BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



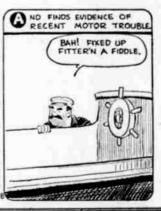






WASH TUBBS

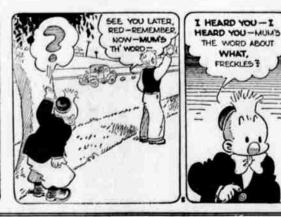
















THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP





By Blosser

By Cowan