

Bargain Bride

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

BEGIN HERE TODAY

BARRITT COLVIN, back in New York after years abroad, falls in love with 20-year-old Elmor Stafford. Barritt is 35, wealthy, and has made a name for himself as an archaeologist. Years before he shielded his half-sister, MARILYN, when a youthful romance ended disastrously. MARILYN had a son whom Barritt adopted. Marilyn is constantly in fear that her husband will learn of the affair.

LIDA STAFFORD, Elmor's beautiful and successful mother, is crying on a situation with VANCE CARTER. Lida schemes constantly to keep the good graces of MISS ELLA SEXTON, her husband's aunt, in order to inherit a share of the Sexton fortune.

When she learns that Barritt is about to propose to Elmor she deliberately tries to break up the romance and succeeds. The girl is heartbroken when she does not hear from him. One day they meet at her aunt's home. Barritt offers Lida a check and she refuses, declaring she does not want money. He then takes a check, thereby offending Miss Sexton who once more reviles her with. Her will leaves practically her entire fortune to Barritt. He does not want it and she can not turn it over to the rightful inheritors.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVIII

BESSIE called out, "Who is it, Sexton?" and her son answered, "Cousin Elmor."

"Why, dearie!" Bessie was up in an instant, hurrying to the hall. Elmor hung to her.

"Come in! Come in!" barked Jim. "Just in time for dinner!"

A moment later Elmor sat looking at the faces about the table. Sexton had brought a chair for her. Bert was getting the silver. Elmor was crushed because Aunt Ella hadn't done something for the Thropes. Her own tactlessness could not have had anything to do with their being left as they had been, with no help in sight and the constant fight against poverty ahead. She would have done anything to get them what they deserved.

"I'm glad you ran over, dearling," said Bessie warmly.

"I had to come, I—" but she could not finish. Her lips were trembling again.

"Have some more fried potatoes," Jim urged. They were all so kind, Elmor realized, as she always did when she was with them or thought of them. Her eyes rested on Jim Junior's thin face. The boy was already at work since his father couldn't seem to make enough to keep things going.

Jim Junior, working on ledgers, dreamed of being an engineer, a bridge builder. Bert was strongly artistic. With help, Elmor was sure he could be a real success. Sexton's bent was as yet a mystery but he certainly needed good schooling. Why had Aunt Ella made such a will? If only there was a way, even now, to right the matter!

Before the meal was finished Jim Junior said boldly, "Well, let's decide how we'll spend that \$100!" Everyone laughed in a way that meant the tension was relieved.

Bessie began to plan Elmor's eyes filled, bearing her. So many needs were made plain by Bessie's plans—a suit for Jim, a new linoleum, the hall repaired, a nice set of glass cooking dishes (Bessie had always wanted to 'bake in glass'), some new sheets, a new rug for the stairs, some bath towels, shirts for Bert, a suit for Sexton, a new white porcelain sink for the kitchen.

"Whoo!" said young Jim when the \$100 had been spent at least four times. Everyone laughed—Elmor with the rest but unsteadily.

"You haven't told us, Elmor," Bessie was saying, "what you're going to do with your \$10. I do wish, dear, it had been more for you!"

"I'm going to blow it in on a party. We'll have here!" Elmor answered. Sexton let out a whoop of "free cream and everything!" she added, smiling at her youngest son.

"Cousin Elmor, can we have that kind of cake you got at the German shop on Hays street? You know—it has whipped cream on it and jelly inside—" Sexton said excitedly.

"Certainly!" she assured him. "We'll have that cake!"

LIDA, meantime, was having a had half hour. Vance Carter had pushed past Benson to reach her, although she had given the strictest orders about receiving no one.

He found her curled up on a chaise longue in the drawing room, looking frightfully untidy and showing the rage and tears that she had shed.

"Darling!" he whispered unsteadily, nearing her.

She sat erect, frightened, angry because he had come. He took her hot hands.

"Some one may hear!" she warned.

He laughed the brimming, as usual, of a man who feels that he is near his goal. "They'll all know how it is—has been—with us, soon anyhow," he stated. "You know that."

She sank back. He was obviously going to be very difficult!

"You'll start your suit soon?" he asked, bending toward her, his eyes narrowed.

"I—I don't know, Vance—" "Why?"

"Bentwell depends on me so!" she confided with nervous haste. "After we came in from the funeral he told me how much I mean to him. He's threatened my life if I leave him."

"Lida!"

"I can't seem to see any way out! I can't bring myself to give him that blow just now, Vance. He's been—no due ointed! Aunt Ella left him \$100!"

"But you said—"

(To Be Continued)

The first motion picture ever produced was "Miss Jerry." In October, 1894, Alexander Black was the author, scenario writer, director and cameraman.

Johnny Lind realized net receipts of \$175,675.09 from her American concert tour under the management of P. T. Barnum.

Flapper Fanny Says



Paying for a wrap beyond one's means may be a heavy burden to shoulder.

OUT OUR WAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



SALESMAN SAM



By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Martin

WASH TUBBS



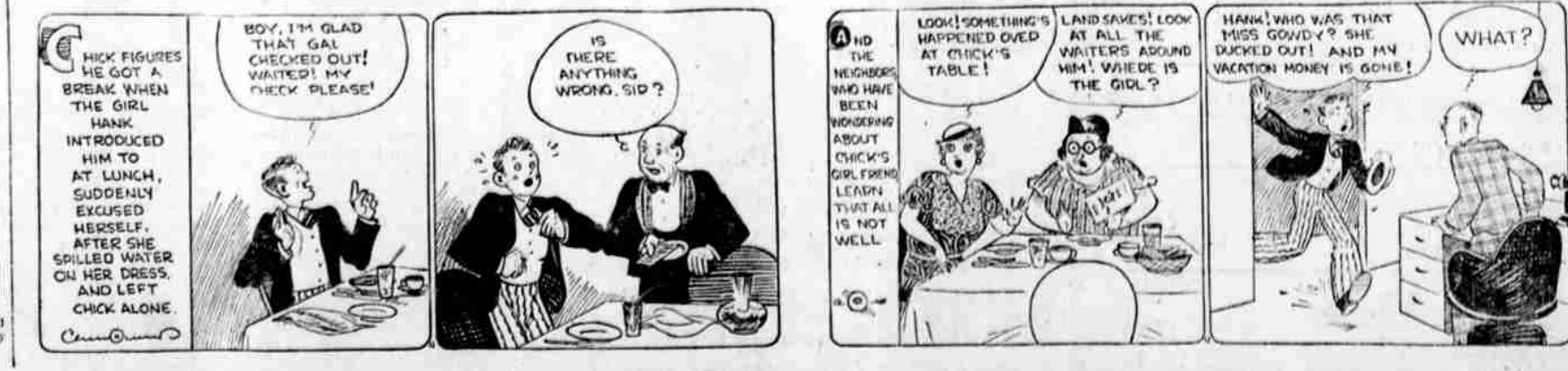
By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser

THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



By Cowan