

Bargain Bride

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

BEGIN HERE TODAY

ELINOR STAFFORD, 28, falls in love with 35-year-old HARRY COLVIN who has made a name for himself as an architect. He is about to ask her to marry him when his jealous, scheming mother, LIDA STAFFORD, intercepts and succeeds in breaking up the romance.

When Elinor's aunt, wealthy MISS ELLA SEXTON, dies she leaves her entire fortune to Harry. Then comes VANCE CARPENTER, Elinor's father, STAFFORD, who is a miser and succeeds in making up the romance.

The marriage takes place next day. Harry finds himself more in love with Elinor than ever. Then one day he sees her with MISS FELPARD and his suspicions that she is a heartless flirt are renewed.

The doctor orders a change of climate for Elinor's father and she goes to Alaska with him.

Years before Harry, who is a half-brother, MARCELA, when a youthful romance ended disastrously, MarceLA had a son whom Harry adopted. Harry has promised MarceLA never to tell anyone the truth about the boy.

Lida Stafford asks Harry for \$5000. When he refuses she sends detectives on his trail and learns about his wife, MARCELA. Lida concludes the boy is Harry's son.

Barrett goes to Alaska without telling Elinor. He tells her that now GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXV

BOB rose. "Time for me to be getting on," he said. "I'm a fifth wheel — always have been and I've always known it!"

Would that tell Colvin anything, Bob wondered. He didn't want him making Elinor unhappy. "Why, you're one of the best friends I've ever had!" Elinor protested warmly.

For a moment Barrett wondered. Her voice seemed sincere. Then he chilled, remembering Lida's art. The child was as clever an actress as her mother. That was all.

He rose, bowing stiffly, as Bob Telford said his farewells.

"See you again, perhaps," said Bob. "If you're going to be down here for a time?"

"Perhaps," said Barrett.

Driving his low, open car toward the inn where he was putting up, Bob decided that he'd better be off and give Elinor her full chance. Surely a man who was with her each day should know her! He couldn't believe Barrett Colvin was such a fool.

It was rather awkward, too, to try to show another man his wife's good qualities. Bob didn't see how he could do that. Lord, wouldn't Colvin freeze him if he should try such a thing? He could almost feel the congealing air. Nevertheless Bob decided he would tell Colvin all he knew of Elinor if Colvin were hurting her by misunderstanding their friendship. He'd knock Colvin down, sit on his chest and tell him, if he had to. He'd give them a month, then nose around a bit and find out how things stood. Maybe Bessie Thorne could help him out if help were needed. Bessie was a peach and she did the most adroit tinkering with human maladjustments while cleverer souls who would have botched the job spoke of her with affectionate amusement as "dear, good, bungling Bessie."

AFTER dinner and some telephoning to arrange north-bound reservations Bob did the worst thing he could have done. He left for New York. His own honesty made him see this as the best thing for all concerned. He did not for a moment imagine that Barrett Colvin would convert his departure into a confession of guilt.

Bob paid his hotel bill, left instructions for shipping his car and was driven to the station to board a hot, airless sleeping car. He lay awake most of the night, arguing out the situation with himself.

He could not forget the menace of Colvin's attitude because it menaced Elinor. She was a peach and she had had a rotten hard break. She had always been surrounded by the sort of life she loathed. Darn it, if he had to he would have it out with Colvin. He'd say, "Look here, you give Elinor a square deal or—" He planned on it in the naive, blunt manner of a young man who knows more of blue ribbon manners, long distance swimming and golf trophies than of diplomacy.

Miss Hemmingway, the nurse, came to the terrace after Bobby had gone.

Miss Hemmingway was a compound of stuffy starched, rustling linen, smooth hair, pert, small cap and ready smile that told nothing with scientific reserve. Her smile the last few days had been as artificial as the stiffness of her regiment. She had been nursing for 15 years, but she still felt the oppression that comes from losing a patient. She always felt it more when she had had the patient for a long while and he'd been on this case several months.

She had pitied Bentwell Stafford, at first, knowing him through Lida. Now, pity being akin to love, she really cared for him as a poor, broken human being who had led a horrible life with "that woman," and who had not enough reserve strength to make the fight to get well. Elinor she worshipped. And Elinor, she knew, was going to take what lay ahead with the keenest suffering.

ON the terrace she shook hands with Mr. Colvin after expressing mild surprise at seeing him. He was a wonderful looking man,

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

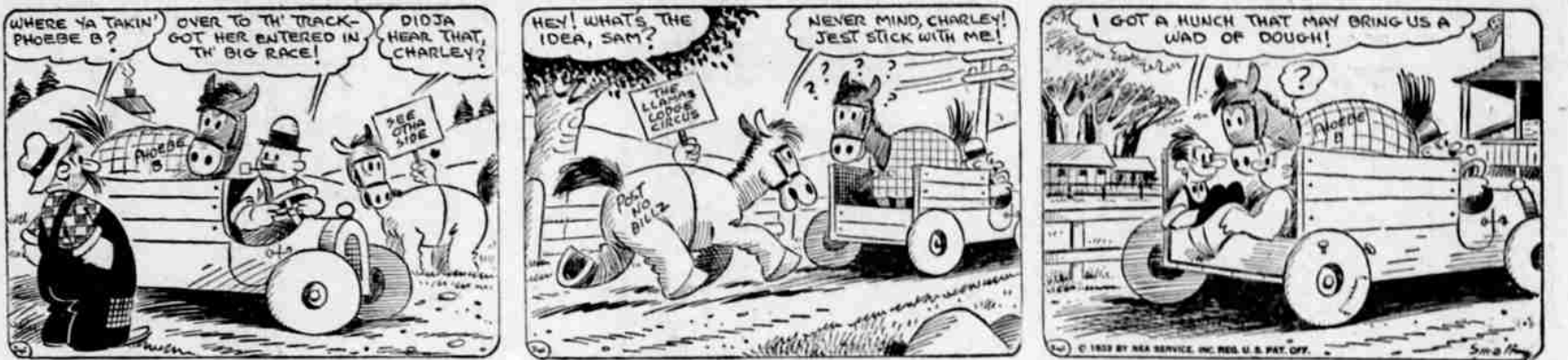
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



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



Flapper Fanny Says



Social butterflies are apt to be caught in the long run.