

LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 By NEA Service Inc.

THIS HAS HAPPENED. BERTIE LOU and ROD are happily married, until LILA LORE, who is married to ROD, because he was poor. She meets and marries CYRUS LORE, and persuades him to aid Rod in business while she gains Bertie Lou's confidence by showing her with favors.

Gradually she arouses Rod's interest and faith in her while she plants seeds of mistrust about his wife. When Bertie Lou discovers that they see each other secretly, she is disturbed and indulges in the dissipation of idle wives which Lila has learned.

They drift apart but Rod will not commit himself to Lila. She takes a level robbery in which it appears that he is the thief; then insists on trying it to save his reputation. He discovers her treachery and she says she did it to gain his love.

He repudiates her disloyalty to her husband, and she reminds him that his wife is out with MARCO PALMER, who sees Marco and Bertie Lou in lounching and demands without learning that they were merely coming upstairs from the swimming.

When Bertie Lou gets home, Rod is more teasing and more shocked for \$2,000. Not realizing that he left because of his suspicions, Bertie Lou denounces Lila for trying to take him away from her. Both women try to locate Rod without success. Bertie Lou secures a position, and is puzzled when Rod makes no move to get a divorce. The suspense maddens her, and to avoid the agony she continues to go about in a gay crowd with Marco. Then she thinks of a plan.

NOV. 20 ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIX
"I AM going to build a house," Bertie Lou said it softly, tremulously, almost under her breath. Her eyes were glowing brightly behind misty tears and a tender half-smile parted her lips. Bessie Rogers thought they would be very pretty lips if they had more color.

She hardly knew what to say to Bertie Lou about the house. It was a trifle embarrassing not to know more than the mere name and occupation of any one who chose to confide in you. Was Mrs. Bryer going to be married? Bessie had wondered about Mr. Bryer. . . . Bertie Lou never spoke of him.

"That's fine," she said. "I'd love to build a house, too."

Bertie Lou turned her head and looked at her. "Do you mind if I ask you a personal question, Miss Rogers?" she asked.

"Please call me Bessie," the other replied. "Miss Rogers sounds like the boss calling me down. What do you want to ask me?"

Bertie Lou hesitated. "I was wondering, Bessie," she began hesitantly, "if you had a sweetheart?"

Bessie was quick to reply. "I haven't a steady, if that's what you mean."

"Well, then, it isn't too late for you to start right," Bertie Lou astonished her by saying. "If a man wants to marry you, Bessie, and build a house for you, let him do it—build the house, I mean, even if it's only a portable shack."

She smiled, but there was a touch of earnestness in her tones that told Bessie a story lay behind her admonition.

"Well, I guess I wouldn't be saying no if I cared for the man," Bessie said uneasily, but emphatically. She couldn't understand Bertie Lou. Did she mean a girl ought to marry just to get a home?

"Of course, but some girls want marriage all their own way, Bessie. They don't think much of what the man they're going to marry would like."

"He may want a six-room cottage with all his heart; it may have been his dearest dream to have his own roof and a family under it, but if he's like most men he will let the girl have her way—and they may move into an apartment, or even away from town and . . . if things don't go right, they'll never have that house—not together."

She turned her head and blinked hard on the tears that threatened to spill themselves on her rwan cheeks. Bessie was silent because she didn't know what to say, which was the best thing she could have done.

Suddenly Bertie Lou turned back and smiled at her. "I haven't any idea of how to help me build my house," she said, "because I didn't know what it was like to want one all my heart. But maybe some one else will find happiness in it. That would be nice, don't you think so, to have people being happy in your house?"

"Yes . . . yes," Bessie replied doubtfully. She thought it would be much nicer to be happy in it yourself. "When are you going to build it?" she added.

"Just as soon as I can get up," Bertie Lou told her. "See here," she reached down on the foot of the bed for a folded newspaper that lay there. "Here's a whole paper and a company that's building a lot of houses at Moonfields. Isn't that the loveliest name? I was out there once. . . . She paused, and took a trembling underlip between her teeth to still it.

She had gone there with Rod, shortly after they came to New York. He'd been deeply interested in the tiny English cottages that were going up like magic—an architect's dream come true; he had succeeded in interesting a wealthy builder in pretty homes at a small cost.

But Bertie Lou had been unable to enthuse over them as Rod did. They were attractive, yes, adorable even. "But so small, you know Rod; how could we entertain? It might be all right for some one whose future is limited, to come out here, but what would the Frasers think if we did?"

Bertie Lou remembered their conversation almost word for word. Rod had reminded her that these houses were larger than the apartment she was looking at.

"But the apartment is only temporary," she had argued. "When you get where you belong in the business world, Rod, dear, we will have a house, but it must be in a more exclusive neighborhood than this. And we need a real dining room."

Rod thought it would be cozy to have a table in the living room. "Right before the fireplace, and a nice cheery log fire going."

But they didn't build. And now Bertie Lou enshrined it in her memory. It was the temple of light-havens.

"See, where it says 'small payment down and balance like rent,'" she pointed out to Bessie, who leaned over the bed and studied the advertisements with her.

"Gee, what a sweet little home!"

THE NEW Saint and Sinner By Anne Austin © 1928 By NEA Service Inc.

Tony Tarver found Sandy Ross in one of the long, low sheds of Stanton's commercial aviation field. She threw up a hand in a gay salute, then watched the boy who had been brother and chum and Father Confessor to her, lounge unhurriedly toward her.

She liked his leanness and his great height; his shock of wiry, sand-colored hair, and his lean, long face, sand-colored, too, from wind and weather. As a child, Sandy had been very freckled. Tony had often told him that his eyes were freckled, too, for there were glittering little slivers of green and bronze all through the sand color that blended with his hair and skin.

"Quit squinting at me as if I were a speck on a far horizon, Lone Eagle," Tony challenged when Sandy reached her. "How are you, Sandy? By the way, I'm sore at you."

"Here I've been bragging that you're the greatest flier in the world, and you go and let Lindbergh get all the glory. When are you going to hop off for a trans-Atlantic flight?"

"Ho, Pest," Sandy drawled, offering her a big brown hand that he had just wiped clean of grease upon his sand-colored overalls.

"Ain't got no business on the other side," he answered her complaint and her question. "I'm coming to a drive. Pat's given me a roadster. There's a father that understands the wild younger generation," Tony grinned up at him, well content with his greeting.

"Can't. Busy. Big crowd of fliers this afternoon. Gotta get my plane in shape," Sandy answered.

With no other man in the world would proud Tony have pleaded for a date. But Sandy was different. She tilted back her beautiful white face with its crowning crest of black hair, and gazed upward at him with blue-diamond eyes that had suddenly gone solemn and wistful like a child's. "Got to talk to you, Sandy! Got to!"

Sandy's bronze-and-green freckled eyes narrowed, but an understanding grin jerked upward at the corner of his broad, thin-lipped mouth. "Jam?"

"Mess!" Tony confirmed. "You're still a rotten driver." Sandy drawled cheerfully, as Tony started her car with a protesting squeal of the brakes.

"Just look who taught me," Tony retorted. "Good flying weather today," she commented, her eyes sweeping a sky that was no bluer or brighter than they.

"I've invited myself to dinner at your house and Mom says to kidnap you if I can't get you none to dinner any other way. Making lots of money, Sandy? Why did you stop being a mail plane pilot? That was such a romantic way to make a living."

"Guess I'm not romantic," Sandy

OUT OUR WAY

FIVE YEARS—POOH! THAT'S NO ENDURANCE! WHY I'VE WORKED FOR THAT BIG LIVER-FOOTED SEAL TRAINER FOR TWELVE YEARS, AN' HE'S NOTHIN' BUT JUST A BIG DUM—A-A-U-H-A BIG—A BIG HEARTED—YES A VERY BIG HEARTED MAN.

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CALL THAT PREMONITION, INSTINCT 'ER INTUITION, BUT AT GUYS GOT EM ALL. HE DON'T EVEN HAFTO LOOK AROUND T'KNOW THERE'S SOMETHIN' THERE.

THAT'S INSTINCT. YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF IT IF YOU WORK HERE 12 YEARS. HE'S BEHIND YOU EVERY TIME YOU LOOK AROUND, AN' YOU SOON GET SO'S YOU DON'T HAFTO LOOK AROUND T'KNOW IT.

"It won't hurt you," Bertie Lou returned dryly.

"Isn't there anything I can do to make you even think about marrying me?" Marco pleaded.

"Maybe some day I will if you keep on nagging me," she told him. "It will be your own fault if I do, Marco. You wouldn't get me. I'm just a hollow shell. I haven't any heart at all."

"I suppose I haven't any right to expect Lady Luck to shoot the whole works on me," Marco murmured in a philosophic tone. "But I'd rather have been born poor with a chance that you'd love me as my share of good fortune. Believe it or not."

"If you'd ever been poor I might believe it, Marco," Bertie Lou said, "but I can't love you, so you might as well enjoy the blessings you have. Besides, my love never blessed anybody."

"Give it a chance, and see," Marco urged. "You know what the mother said to her reluctant daughter: 'Love will come afterward.'"

Bertie Lou did not reply. She was thinking that sometimes love fed afterward. Why not, then, marry without it? If love was not a guarantee of happy married life why bother about it? And was Marco so far wrong when he brought her argument back to her? If she wanted to seek happiness through making others happy, why not begin with him?

Bertie Lou was too honest to stop there in the examination of her thoughts. Marco could make life a great deal pleasanter. Office work was different after you had left it and gone back to it.

Keeping house had been a real job, but at least she'd been able to arrange her hours to suit herself. And what was there at the end of her work now? It had been marriage before. Marriage seen through rosy glasses.

She knew more about marriage today. She'd have a greater chance if not for the bliss she had known with Rod, at least for a better understanding with the man she married.

And if she didn't marry? Years and years in a rooming house or a return to her home in Wayville. Rod and Lila would come back, too. Bertie Lou was sure of that. Lila would make him. Lila would ride her triumph like a high steed. Bertie Lou could feel herself being trampled.

She moaned softly and Marco glanced at her in alarm.

"Marco," she whispered, "Marco, I'll do it; I'll marry you."

(To Be Continued)

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BUT, WERE ONLY A FEW MILES FROM THE "GANG," AN' WE GOTTA GET THERE TONIGHT.

IF YOU GOTTA GET THERE TONIGHT, YOU BETTER START WALKIN'.

LEAVING BOOTS AND BARE TO THEIR FATE, LET'S TURN TO UNCLE JOHN AND BROT EMMY WHO ARE ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THEIR ARRIVAL.

BUT, I JUST KNOW SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED.

NOW, MA'AM—JUST STOP WORRYIN'! THEY'LL TURN UP SURE AS SHOOTIN'.

HEY, MISTER JOHN—CHERE, QUICK—THOSE GALS YOU'RE EXPECTIN'—HERE THEY ARE.

'LO UNCLE JOHN!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

I WONDER HOW MUCH MORE TIME WE'RE GOING TO HAVE HERE IN LONDON? I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM CHANGE GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE!

SO WOULD I. WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR UNCLE HARRY HOW LONG WE'LL BE HERE—HE'D TELL YOU!

SAY UNCLE HARRY—ARE WE GOING TO BE IN LONDON MUCH LONGER?

I'M AFRAID NOT, FRECKLES—I WAS JUST LOOKING UP SAILING TIME AND THE STEAMER I WANT TO TAKE WON'T SAIL FOR TWO DAYS SO I—

THEN WE'LL BE HERE TWO DAYS MORE! GEE—THAT WILL BE SWEET! BETTY AND I CAN GET LOTS OF THINGS IN THAT TIME!

I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT YOU BUT I'VE BEEN THINKING SERIOUSLY OF FLYING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN OUR PLANE—

HOW WOULD THAT APPEAL TO YOU?

FLY ACROSS THE OCEAN TO AMERICA! I WONDER IF UNCLE HARRY REALLY MEANT THAT OR WAS HE JUST JOKING??

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

WELL, I SEE BY THE PARIS EDITION OF AN AMERICAN PAPER THAT NON-SKID SOAP WASN'T REACHED A HUNDRED YET, CAN VERTER IT! A GAIN OF ONLY 2 1/2 POINTS SINCE WE LEFT HOME.

PRETTY TAME, EH?

YEH, AN SO IS TUNIS.

SALESMAN SAM

TAKE THAT ICE WATER UP TO THE OLD GAL IN ROOM 37.

GOSH, THAT'S TH' TENTH DITCHER I'VE CARTED TO HER— SHE'S BEEN KICKIN' ABOUT TH' HEAT ALL DAY.

OH, THANK YOU, MR. CLERK—MY HUSBAND IT BEEN HOT?

YOU SAID IT! I'M BOILIN' OVER FROM RUNNIN' UP AN' DOWN STAIRS!

MOM'N POP

WHO'S THE SELF-IMPORTANT GOGGLE-EYED EGGS WITH THE CHEAP LUGGAGE SLAPPING THE BLITZ PUBLICITY MAN ON THE BACK?

THAT'S POP GUNN, A FRIEND OF DANGEROUSLY THE ECENTRIC WILSONS! THE PAPERS HAVE BEEN PRINTING BIG STORIES ABOUT THIS GUNN IS IN FOR A SLICE OF HIS FORTUNE.

—AND THE SEEBY LOOKING FELLOW YOU KEPT SHAKING HANDS WITH FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, WHILE I STOOD GUARD OVER OUR GRIPS—WHO?

—THE BLITZ HOTEL PUBLICITY MAN. HE'S POT SHERRIBORN WISE WHO BEARS HE WRITES SUCH GOOD FAIRY TALES THAT HE MAKES THE FRONT PAGE AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK.

—DID YOU NOTICE THE CLERK GREET ME LIKE A BROTHER TELK? SINCE WE'VE BEEN AROUND THE BLITZ WITH BRUCE THEY THINK WE'VE GOT DOUGH—

YES! AND THE PORTER BOUNCED THAT DIME YOU GAVE HIM DOWN THE FULL LENGTH OF THE LOBBY—WE'LL GET A FINE LOT OF SERVICE AFTER THAT!

—THE CLERK WAS EVENING OUR GRIPS AND WHISPERING TO A BIG MAN WITH A BLACK MUSTACHE WHO KEPT ROLLING A CIGAR AROUND IN HIS MOUTH AS HE TALKED—

—THAT WAS THE HOUSE DUTY WE COULDN'T AS A DOOR KNOB— WELL, IT'S HARD TO TAKE, BEING POINTED OUT AS THE WEIRDS TO THE DANGEROUSLY MILLIONS HOW I HATE IT!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

TO WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN—GENTLEMEN, I TRIED THE BLINDFOLD TEST WITH FOUR BRANDS OF CIGARETS, AND INSTANTLY REALIZED I WAS SMOKING—HOWS THAT FOR A TESTIMONIAL, JASON? I HAVE WRITTEN IT FOR EVERYBODY'S BENEFIT, AND WHOEVER CARES TO MAKE USE OF MY TESTIMONIAL MAY DO SO—

I HAVE SIGNED IT—SINCERELY, MAJOR A. HOOPLE—SCIENTIST, EXPLORER, BIG GAME HUNTER, LECTURER, ETC.—MY NAME IS A HOUSEHOLD WORD EVERYWHERE, SO BE SURE AND SPELL HOOPLE WITH TWO O'S.

MAYBE YOU CAN PUT ONE OF DEM P.S.'S ON IT AN SAY THAT I SAY THAT EVERY CIGARET WAS BIGGER AN' BETTER THAN ANY BUTTS I EVER SNIPED!

THE TESTIMONIAL—

Sketches by Bessey. Synopsis by Braucher

When this blackboard is stained a dark color and given several coats of varnish, it gives a most pleasing appearance. In rabbiting for the writing surface, use the same principles that you employed when making the picture frame. Use your own judgment as to the size of the groove you want to fit the wall board into. (Next: Tops.)

Sketches by Bessey. Synopsis by Braucher

The stretchers, marked A and B in this rear view of the board, are half-inch dowel pins. Cross strips are three-eighths by an inch.

Sketches by Bessey. Synopsis by Braucher

A toy which is interesting and inexpensive is this blackboard for children. The material used may be oak, seven-eighths inch by one and one-half inches, though other woods may be used. A piece of wall-board painted with blackboard paint will serve for the writing surface. The frame should be rabbeted deep enough to allow the blackboard to be covered in the back with quarter-inch soft pine.

Sketches by Bessey. Synopsis by Braucher

The pine boards should be placed on the back of the board to stiffen and support the writing surface. Here is a side view.

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