

A SUITOR TOO MANY

By MILDRED BARBOUR

CONCERNING THE ACTION AND
CHARACTERS

LILA LATHROP was the bride of HERBERT WARE, but the picture of an sweetheart, CAPTAIN JACK FARQUHAR, came to her rescue. She sides her plight to her best friend, DOROTHY, an artist, and sends mysterious letters, awaiting her at Dorothy's studio, and it brings back memories of the war.

On returning from her honeymoon, he is told that a communication from the flash, she's back in the past.

Memories of her first meeting with Captain Farquhar, when she was still a war work, come to her.

She sees again the scene in a little French inn—dinner to celebrate her marriage on the morrow to Jack—then orders, that very night, sending.

There is no wedding, but before Jack's brothers overcomes, she promises him that she will wait for him, and that she will be married when he returns, no matter what time he comes, at least three months later, is reported missing.

But he is not officially reported dead until after a year. It is then that Lila feels herself free to marry Herbert.

Her letter from the War Department tells her that Jack's insurance is to be paid to her as his fiancée.

Lila's explanation is being interviewed by a man who has called in regard to the man she has chosen to be a suitor of Dorothy's and that she is urging him to cease his unwellness.

Herbert's unsympathetic attitude—for he is jealous of Lila's friendship with Dorothy—causes him to a quick make amends, he buys her a bracelet and puts it in her jewel-case, as a diamond circlet that looks like a wed-

ding-ring. For an explanation, she says the ring belongs to a friend, MRS. VARNEY.

Explains further that Mrs. Varney gave her the ring, against her protest, as security for bridge debt. Herbert believes her story.

After this lull, the sight of a certain man in a shop throws lila into a panic.

CHAPTER XIV

Face From the Past

IN the dingy parlor of the side-street hotel, Lila explained to Dorothy why she had run ignorantly from the shop and taken refuge in this shabby retreat.

"That man—the one who started to speak to me—was Captain Gilroy Holmes!" she announced dramatically.

Dorothy's pretty brows puckered.

"Yes? What of it?"

Lila made a despairing gesture.

"Don't you see? Can't you guess?"

He was Jack Farquhar's pal. One of the brother officers who gave us that supper in France the night

the night that—

"Human!" Dorothy perched on the edge of one of the doubtful red plush chairs and considered.

"Do you think he'd remember—

"How could he help it?" countered Lila desperately. "You can't understand what that occasion meant. Jack and I were mad about each other, and we were torn apart at the eleventh hour. You could never realize how solemn and sacred our pledge seemed not only to us, but to those officers and girls who witnessed it."

"It didn't occur to you that any of the witnesses might show up later," murmured Dorothy thoughtfully.

"No," declared Lila vigorously. "I've never laid eyes on any of them since that night. The officers were scattered to the four winds, afterward—probably, they're all dead, except Gil Holmes. And," she added, "what on earth can bring him here? His home's in Kansas City."

Dorothy laughed: "There's no law to keep him there, however."

"I wish to Heaven there were," said Lila viciously.

"What are you so afraid of?" asked Dorothy curiously. "New York is a big place; you're not likely to run across him again, and, even if you did, it couldn't endanger you to speak to the man civilly, instead of bolting as if you'd seen a snake."

"DON'T you see?" demanded Lila, despairingly, "that it will be just my luck to run across him when Herbert is with me? And, before I can make Gil Holmes understand the situation, he'll begin to babble about Jack. It's only natural, because he wouldn't realize that I haven't told Herbert and that Herbert's insanely jealous and—

"I do see," agreed Dorothy gravely. "Yes, I dare say you're right."

THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

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"We'll have tea under the trees in the garden," Cherry decided.

"Rhoda will serve. She adores making tiny half-moon and star-shaped sandwiches, filled with all sorts of detective-defying, but delicious mixtures. . . . Now, Crystal, tell us all about it! Was it Harry Blaine? Faith says you're about to throw the rope around his neck."

Crystal flushed. She hadn't thought Faith would take so seriously her harmless exaggerations about the extent of the young reporter's interest in her. "No, it wasn't Harry. A new man," she explained. "That is, Faith does not know about him." Crystal decided to play safe, or as safe as possible, now that she was in it.

"A new man? How thrilling!" Cherry mocked gaily. "You make me quite envious."

"As if you hadn't played the shameless flirt all summer!" Nils gaped fondly, putting his arm about the tiny figure and holding it close.

"Gets herself in a runaway, so she can be rescued by the best-looking man at Lake Minnehaha," Nils explained to Crystal. "Sheik by the name of Alan Beardslay, Lady-killer. One of these chaps that knock 'em over in rows as soon as he heaves in sight." His brilliant blue eyes twinkled merrily.

"Don't be too sure I didn't fall in love with him!" Cherry warned him, tweaking a lock of his sun-yellow hair. "But go on, Crystal. Who is he? What's he like? And why the tears when we discovered you alone in the woods?"

"He's extremely handsome—for-
eign, or rather, of foreign ancestry," Crystal answered carefully, determined that all her stories about this phantom suitor of hers would tally, if notes were ever compared. "But very poor."

(To Be Continued.)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



OUT OUR WAY



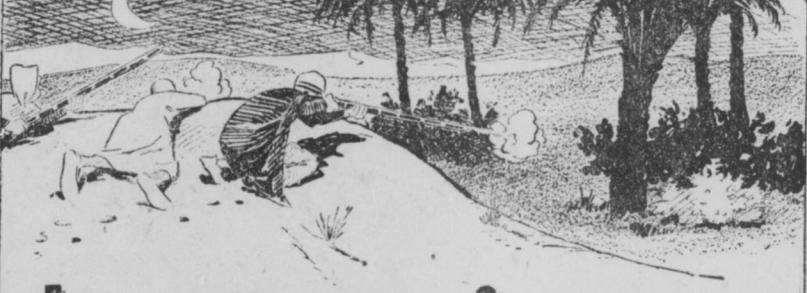
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



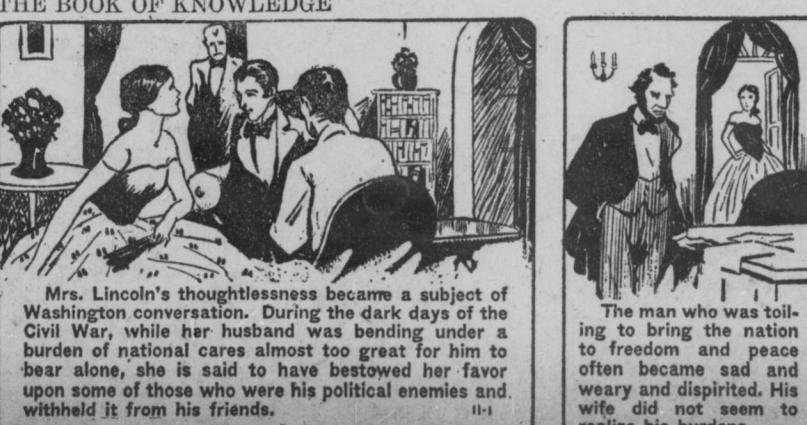
SALESMAN SAM



MON'N POP



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



500 SMACKERS!

WHOOO

SOO SEE!

500 SMACKERS!

WHOOO

WHOOO