

A SUITOR TOO MANY

By MILDRED BARBOUR

LILA LATHAM becomes the bride of HERBERT WARE, but the picture of an old sweetheart, CAPTAIN JACK FARQUHAR, is in her heart. She keeps her pitch to her friend, DOROTHY CAINE, an artist.

When Captain Jack died during the war, Lila had promised Jack that she would become his bride when his regiment came back from the front. She is now a widow, and her husband's insurance goes to Lila, who gave it to disabled veterans.

Herbert elangs of the gift, and Lila says the money was her husband's and was given to her mother. His son, a cynical other, complications arise over the gift, but Herbert's mind is made up.

Lila's day sees GILROY HOLMES, war-time buddy of Jack, and she faints. She learns that her son does not want his inheritance to New York that day. She meets him, and he invites her to lunch. During the meal, Jack asks Lila to marry him.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Story of the Missing Years.

LILA stared, wide-eyed and breathless, at Jack Farquhar, as he leaned across the luncheon table, urging her to marry him that afternoon.

"We've waited so long, Lila. Five years are gone from our life together. Don't let us lose another moment."

Lila's thoughts had stampeded. She had, at least, believed that she would have time to gauge and adjust the situation between them. She had never dreamed that Jack would be so impetuous.

"Jack, are you sure you still care for me?" she faltered, to gain time. His eyes answered her, and his hands that clasped hers across the table.

"Five years is a long time," went on Lila rather weakly. "I must have changed quite a lot in—in appearance."

"You are more beautiful than ever," he told her. "I had forgotten that you were so lovely."

"Oh, dear!" thought Lila. "This is terrible! I have no right to listen. It's disloyal to Herbert to allow Jack to say such things."

Aloud, she said: "But you, Jack, you have been through so much. How can you be sure that you still care for me? You must have known a great deal of suffering. Won't you tell me all that has happened to you?"

He nodded slowly.

"Yes, though I rather hoped we'd take that up later. There were so many other things I wanted to say to you."

"Oh, but do tell me now," urged Lila, thankful for a respite.

"You mean that you want to know how I came to be alive, after having been given up for lost? Well, I'll give you a brief idea; the details can wait until we're married and have long evenings to spend together. Isn't that so?" He smiled at her whimsically.

"I said vaguely: "You would like that, Jack?"

"Would I!" he breathed softly. Then, with a sigh, he went on: "Tell me how I came to return, and, after that, we'll have done with the past and talk about the glorious future, eh, Lila?"

His gray eyes were very tender; he fell before his ardent glance.

He made his story brief, slighting the hardship and suffering, as she had always known him to do. Three days after he had entered the trenches, three days after the night when they had made their pledge—he had been seriously wounded in a charge that had carried him far into enemy territory.

When he had regained consciousness, he was a German prisoner. His uniform and his identification tags were gone. Some German spy was profiting.

Wounded though he was, he managed to escape, making for his own lines, though he had no knowledge of where they might be. He thought that two days and nights must have passed. And then the enemy descended again and he was brought back to the prison camp. Now he was too weak to attempt to escape. He became desperately ill.

Discusses New System

By Times Special

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., Nov. 13.—"Reading for Honors," a new system of education is the topic of Prof. D. C. Brooks, Joseph Wharton professor of political science in Swarthmore college for two addresses here. Today he spoke before the Indiana university faculty club and Wednesday will address the regular university convocation.

THE NEW Saint and Sinner

By Anne Austin © 1928 by NEA Service, Inc.

Tony's hands, which had been limp with dismay when Harry Blaine reached for them, suddenly closed convulsively over his. Her voice was no longer gay and mocking, as she answered, but tender, persuasive: "Please, Harry, don't put it into words. If you say, 'Tony will you marry me?' and I have to say, 'Harry, I can't,' it will make it awkward for us to go on being friends, and I need you—honestly."

"I know—'m talking what sounds like conventional rot, but I do want you to be my friend forever and ever, Harry. I value you so . . .

Now—tell me I've jumped to conclusions, that you were going to ask me to go to the Thanksgiving football game with you and that your preamble was wholly concerned with your flat economic situation."

Harry Blaine withdrew his hands slowly, but not before he pressed her hard, gratefully. "You're a good sport, Tony Tarver! . . . I'll try to be one, too."

"All right, I was going to ask you to go to the football game, knowing that I have to get my bid in early, to avoid the rush." He lied gallantly, and Tony came very near to loving him then.

"It's a date!" she cried, winking valiantly at the tears in her eyes. "Let's dance, Harry. You must improve that step of yours—that one where you turn—Come along!"

"Let's bump Cherry Jonson and Alan Beardsley, just to show that, as members of the virtuous younger generation, we disapprove of their goings-on . . . Isn't she beautiful, though?"

"Yeah," Harry Blaine agreed. "She ought to incorporate her beauty and sell stock in it, since she seems to resent her husband's monopoly."

"Can't blame her much, though so far as Beardsley is concerned. He's really a big man, and I can

PLAN LEGION PARLEY

Auxiliary Leaders of Nation to Meet Here in December.

More than 100 women, department presidents and secretaries of the American Legion auxiliaries from all states of the Union, will meet at national legion headquarters here Dec. 4 and 5 for a national conference.

Mrs. Boyce Flick Jr., national president, and Mrs. Wm. Gwendolyn Wiggin McDowell, national secretary, are making arrangements for the meeting, the first of its kind ever held by the organization.

"I'd like for you to stand by as a nice, sane, wholesome American role for this poetic Spanish chap of hers. Between us, maybe we can keep her from doing something she'll everlastingly regret. Will you, Harry?"

(To Be Continued)

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



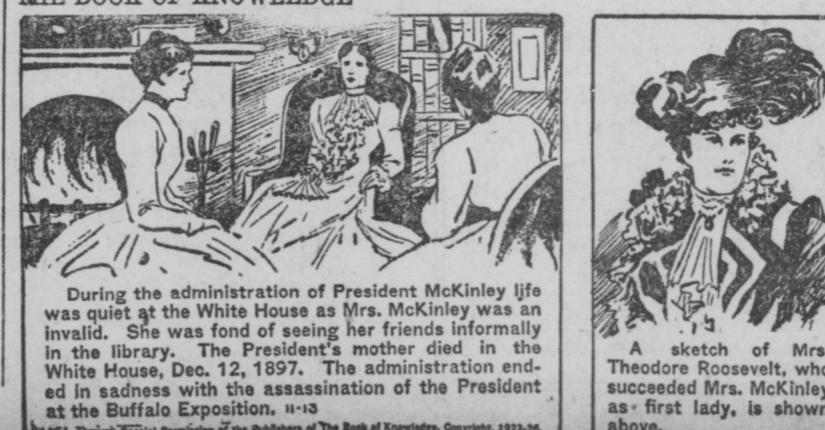
SALESMAN SAM



MON'N POP



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



This picture of Mr. Longworth, now speaker of the House of Representatives, his bride and President Roosevelt, is an old photograph, taken after the wedding, which took place Feb. 17, 1906. More than 1000 guests attended. In front of the East Room windows the ceremony was performed. (To Be Continued)

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