

A SUITOR TOO MANY

By MILDRED BARBOUR

LILA LATHAM becomes the bride of HERBERT WARE, but the picture of an Indian chief, JACKIE QUAHAR, lurks in her mind. She confides her plight to her friend, DOROTHY CARLISLE, who is shocked.

While in France during the war, Lila had promised Jack that she would become his bride when he returned and back from the war. Jack is reported dead from the war, but his insurance is forwarded to Lila, who gives it to disabled veterans.

Herbert's name was on the gift, and Lila says the money was given to her and was given in memory of his son. Several other complications arise over the gift, but Dorothy helps to clear them up.

Lila one day sees GILROY HOLMES, a war-time buddy of Jack, and the two old friends meet again. Holmes is dead and is to return to New York that day. She meets him and he invites her to lunch. During the meal, Holmes asks Lila to marry him. Holmes is explaining his miraculous escape from death and the circumstances of his return. Lila is laying her plans.

She doesn't dare tell him she's married, so she says she can't marry him now, but she can't bear the thought of financial ruin, she has become engaged to one of his business associates.

CHAPTER XXV CONTINUED

IT was well for Lila that her wits had been working overtime in the past few months, for, quite suddenly, she had her excuse.

"Jack, dear," she said, in her most coaxing tone, "you must listen to me and try to understand and not be angry. When you were given up for dead, I was really free again, in a way, wasn't I?"

His gray eyes narrowed dangerously.

"There was our pledge, made in the presence of our comrades," he reminded her grimly.

"I know," she nodded, "but there were circumstances—My father—well, he brought pressure to bear upon me, because he was in business difficulties. There was a man who could help him, a very wealthy man."

She stopped, terrified at Farquahar's expression as he leaned toward her. But he only said quietly: "Go on."

"I—I had to become engaged to this man, or he would not have come to my father's rescue," she faltered.

"Yes, and then?" questioned Farquahar between his teeth.

Lila abandoned any further effort.

"That is all," she said, with a helpless little gesture.

"It's quite enough," remarked Farquahar grimly. "You will, of course, break this engagement at once."

"But I can't!" cried Lila feverishly. "My father is under financial obligations to my—to this man. He could ruin my father in a moment, if he wished."

"Then your father must take the consequences," announced Farquahar determinedly.

"But," protested Lila, searching desperately for another excuse—and, luckily, finding it. "Dad is ill—very ill. Any shock might be fatal. Oh, Jack, don't make me do something I'd regret all my life."

Her voice was so poignantly appealing and her eyes so beseeching that Jack Farquahar relented a trifle.

"I don't want to make you unhappy, Lila. I hope never to ask you anything but joy, because I love you. But isn't it a bit unfair to ask me to wait longer, after all these wasted years?"

"Yes. But, Jack, how could I help it? How could I guess that you were alive?"

"That's quite true," he conceded.

"And, after all, this thing was not of your choosing." He failed to notice that Lila winced. "It was to save your father. Quite the splendid thing that any one would guess you would want to do."

Lila turned her head away. She felt like a worm.

"What do you propose to do about it?" Farquahar asked, after a moment. "I am not proposing to give you up to this chap. You may be quite sure of that."

"Give me a little time," Lila pleaded. "When dad is better, perhaps I can free myself."

"Perhaps!" echoed Farquahar grimly. "You're earn well right you will. I'll see to that, I promise you."

"But you won't do anything rash now," pleaded Lila. "You will give me time?"

What she would do with time in this ghastly situation she had no idea. But anything was better post-

THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin © 1928 by NEA SERVICE, INC.

Crystal waited until the guitar-player had almost reached her and his serenade was ended, before she exclaimed, holding out her hands, "Bienvenida!"

Between her Spanish-English dictionary and Pablo Mendoza's teaching during the four other times she had met him, Crystal had learned a good handful of Spanish words and phrases, her remembrance of which delighted the Mexican youth inordinately.

"But Pablo," she cried, looking him up and down amazedly, "where did you get those clothes? Oh, you look exactly as I thought you would!"

The boy smoothed the wide purple sash that divided his scarlet silk shirt and his tight black satin trousers, and grimmed at her with engaging shyness and satisfaction.

"You wish to see toroador costume. I send Mexican city. My mother send. You like music? I sing you 'La Paloma'?"

"Oh, do, please!" Crystal clapped her hands softly, her eyes shining like stars in the purple twilight. "And then I'll read you a poem. I brought a flashlight."

They sat silent again, but now Pablo's hand, free of the darkened flashlight, was lying big and warm upon her hand.

He tried to forget, did forget almost completely, for her whole body seemed to become charged with electricity from those stroking fingers.

Then, just as in the poem she had been quoting to herself before Pablo arrived—"And suddenly there was an uproar in my woods"—there came the harsh, bellowing voice of the Grayson foreman:

"Where's that darned greaser? Pablo! No more sense than to leave pasture gates open! Pablo!"

(To Be Continued)

"We're forgetting my poem!" Crystal cried finally. She gave him the flashlight to hold, and

poned until the morrow. Dorothy could help her, somehow.

"It's an ingenious yarn!" Farquahar told her. "Don't expect me to be patient. But, in view of the circumstances, I'll try to be fair. Only you must let me see you every day. I can do without that." And his eyes darkened suddenly, "does he does he?"

"W—who?" faltered Lila.

"That man, of course."

"He'd better not," was Farquahar's grim reply.

CHAPTER XXVI

An Exacting "Fiance"

FARQUAHAR refused to listen to Lila's leaving him directly after luncheon.

"You owe it to me—after five years of separation," he reproached her.

He hired a car, and they drove into the country for tea at a roadside inn. He held her hand and told her all the things that a woman adores hearing from a man she loves, but finds wearisome when her thoughts are all of another.

Lila was thinking only of Herbert. She wanted to run to him and take refuge in his arms and confess everything.

She wanted to impress him with her beauty and keep her safe from this masterful young man with the lean, handsome face and the brilliant gray eyes.

But she reminded herself daily that Herbert's arms would be closed forever against her, if he had the slightest inkling of the truth.

When Farquahar spoke of plans for the evening, she demurred quickly:

"I can't, Jack. Honestly, I can't. You must understand my position. It would never do for my fiance to suspect the truth."

"Don't call him that!" commanded Farquahar bitterly. "By Heaven, isn't it bad enough for me to know that the fellow exists, without you reminding me of him, from time to time?"

"I'm sorry," murmured Lila weakly.

Swiftly penitent, Farquahar swept her into his arms. She yielded, because there was nothing else to do, but she made a quick resolve to be careful in future not to be alone with him. It would be difficult to manage, but it must be done.

She sighed with weariness as she sought an adequate explanation, Herbert went on:

"We'll forget the discrepancy for a minute. Please do me the favor of getting ready for dinner. My new manager, Gilroy Holmes, is dining with us."

(To Be Continued)

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How Bright Is Your Baby?

The new-born baby is deaf.

He can not hear because the outer ear is filled with fluid or because there is too little air in the middle ear or because the walls of the auditory canal are too close together.

Very shortly after birth, however, he begins to use his ears.

If he does not hear by the end of the fourth week, there is ground for concern.

Check each item that you have observed in your baby. Then look at the key.

1. Did he start at a loud noise?

Yes No

2. Did he start when you shook a rattle near him?

Yes No

3. Did he squirm at the sound of a rattle?

Yes No

4. If he was "fussing," did he grow quiet at the sound of a rattle?

Yes No

5. Did he waken at the sound of a rattle?

Yes No

6. At the sound of a voice did he squirm?

Yes No

7. Did he start when you spoke to him?

Yes No

8. Did he stop fussing when you spoke to him?

Yes No

9. Did the sound of a voice waken him?

Yes No

10. Did his cry have the sound of short a?

Yes No

11. Does he enjoy musical sounds?

Yes No

12. Does he turn his head toward a sound?

Yes No

13. Is he pleased when he hears your voice?

Yes No

Key to Questions

No. 1. This happens within a few hours after birth.

No. 2-9. During the first week any of these things may happen.

No. 10. The cry of little babies has these vowel sounds.

No. 11. At 3 months baby shows that he likes musical sounds.

No. 12. The average baby does this at the age of 2 or 3 months.

No. 13. Baby recognizes familiar voices when he is from 3 to 5 months old.

Next we will see what baby is afraid of.

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DOMESTICATED HUSBAND

By Times Special

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 15.—Mrs. Keturah Wedding, well known in Evansville society, testified in a divorce suit against Charles Wedding that his peculiar ideas about their home life caused them to part.

According to the wife, her husband insisted upon doing the housework; would not permit her to walk on floors except where she could step on rugs; forced her to change shoes when coming into the house and accused her of permitting ice in the refrigerator to melt too quickly.

Then, just as in the poem she had been quoting to herself before Pablo arrived—"And suddenly there was an uproar in my woods"—there came the harsh, bellowing voice of the Grayson foreman:

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(To Be Continued)

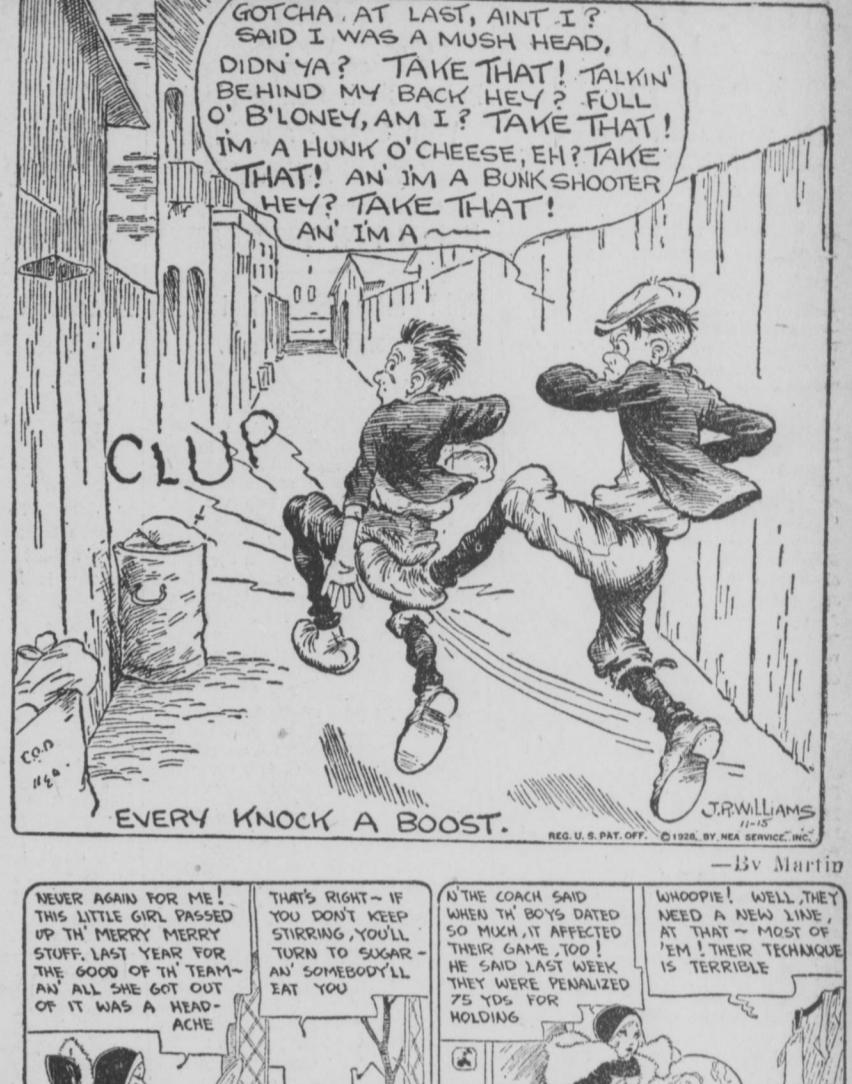
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern

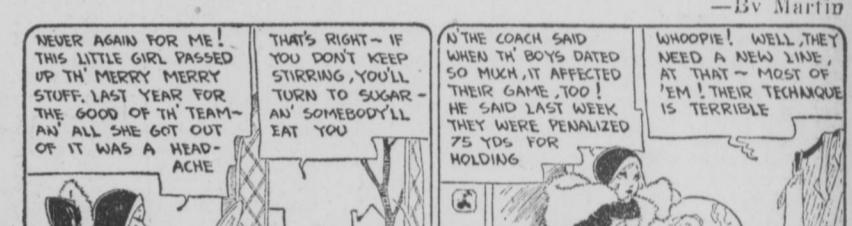


OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



EDGAR AND HIS FRIENDS

