

A SUITOR TOO MANY

MILDRED BARBOUR

LILA LATHAM becomes the bride of HERBERT WARE, but the picture of an old sweetheart, CAPTAIN JACK FARQUHAR, lurks in her mind. DOROTHY CLINE, an artist.

While in France during the war, Lila had promised Jack that she would become his bride when his regiment came home. But later his insurance is forwarded to Lila, who gives it to disabled veterans.

Herbert learns of the gift, and Lila says the money was her uncle's and was given in memory of his son. Several other complications arise over the gift, but Herbert's mind is put at rest.

Lila one day sees GILROY HOLMES, a war-time buddy of Jack, and she faints. She learns that Jack is not dead and is to return to New York that day. She meets him, and he invites her to lunch. During the meal, Jack asks Lila to marry him.

While he 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, because, to save her father from financial ruin, she has become engaged to one of his business associates.

Various crises, after this, keep Lila's nerves on edge, but she keeps her promise to Jack in ignorance of her marriage to Herbert in ignorance of Jack's existence.

CHAPTER XXVII

With the Assistance of Rain

LILA'S thoughts were in a whirl as she dressed that night. Her deft, quick fingers were all thumbs; she couldn't even fasten the clasp of her necklace.

"It is nothing," she said, trying to speak lightly, but, when the woman had gone away, she sat staring into the mirror with sick, frightened eyes.

Gilroy Holmes was coming to dinner. As hostess, she couldn't avoid him. There would be that awful moment when Herbert would look into her face and his eyes would light with recognition; when he would exclaim involuntarily: "Why, it's Lila Latham!"

After that—the deluge!

Perhaps he had already seen Jack, or, at least, had learned that the latter was alive.

Lila shuddered.

She dragged herself down to the library. Siddons was already binging in the cocktails, and Herbert was impatiently consulting his watch.

"Holmes is late," he announced. "I don't like that. It's bad enough for an ordinary guest, but for a man in my employ, it's unpardonable."

"Perhaps he couldn't get a taxi," murmured Lila absently. "It's begun to rain, you know."

"He should have taken that into account," frowned Herbert. "If he's late in social obligations, it doesn't argue any too well for his business habits."

Lila was blessing the delay. Anything to put off the dreaded moment.

While they waited, the telephone rang. It was Dorothy.

"HELLO, Lila," she said casually. "Hope I'm not disturbing your dinner, but I forgot to ask you, when you were at the studio today, if you'd mind very much giving me an hour of your time tomorrow. I simply can't get a model suitable for the drawing I've promised to do for a very special order."

"Of course, I'll be glad to," assented Lila eagerly. She turned to Herbert: "It's Dot. She wants me to pose for her tomorrow. You don't mind, do you?"

"If it won't interfere with our luncheon together, I give my consent," said Herbert firmly.

Lila paled.

"We—you—I didn't know we had an engagement."

Herbert's brows lifted.

"You know it now," he remarked stiffly.

Lila spoke into the receiver. "I'm sorry, Dot, but Herbert wants me to lunch with him," she faltered. "If you wanted me around lunch-time, didn't you?" she asked significantly.

At her end of the line, Dorothy said guardedly. "Do you want me to try to force it?"

Lila's murmur was an assent.

"Then let me speak to Herbert, please."

Dorothy wants to talk to you herself," Lila said. Herbert picked up the receiver, frowning.

Dorothy's voice, sweet, coaxing,

cheerily pleasant, came over the wire.

"Herbert, do be a dear and let Lila off this once. I need her frightfully. As a favor to me—please."

Herbert replied stiffly: "I fail to see why some other hour will not serve quite as well."

"But the light is at its best in my studio then," said Dorothy.

"Why," asked Herbert suspiciously, "couldn't you have made your sketch while Lila was there today? I understand from her that she was at your studio all day."

Dorothy laughed lightly.

"HOW suspicious you sound, Herbert! Quite like the husband in a French farce. Of course, Lila was at my studio. Do you want me to give you the exact hour of her arrival and departure?" she asked, with a tinge of irony.

Herbert resented her tone. "Certainly not," he answered shortly.

"And as for not making the sketch today," Dorothy went on, "I didn't know when Dorothy was here, that I couldn't get a suitable model tomorrow."

Herbert was mollified. In fact, he felt a little foolish. Dorothy always gave him the impression that she was laughing at him.

"Very well, I give my consent," he announced, to Lila's ineffable relief.

It was scarcely five minutes later that the telephone rang again. Gilroy Holmes was calling. He begged

How Bright Is Baby?

Very early in his life baby shows fear.

There are certain happenings that make the brand-new baby afraid.

These are:

1. Loud sounds.
2. Sudden removal of support; that is, if baby falls even a tiny distance, he is frightened; or if his blanket is jerked just as he is going to sleep, he becomes frightened.
3. Here are some things that frighten older children. If you think the little boy is afraid of them, underline Yes, but if you do not think he fears them, underline No. Then compare your answers with the key.

1. Is baby afraid of thunder? Yes No
2. Does he learn to fear lightning? Yes No
3. Is he afraid of a sharp, loud noise? Yes No
4. Is baby afraid when you bring your hand close to his eyes in a threatening way? Yes No
5. Does he recognize a grouchy expression? Yes No
6. Is he instinctively afraid of a cat? Yes No
7. Is the little baby afraid of the dark? Yes No
8. Are all babies willing to be picked up by strangers? Yes No
9. Is baby more afraid of a strange face than of a strange voice? Yes No
10. Is it instinctive fear that makes baby cry so loudly when he falls? Yes No
11. Have most 3-year-olds learned to be afraid of the dark? Yes No

Key to Questions

1. Yes. The baby is instinctively afraid of thunder because of the loud noise.
2. Yes. He learns to fear lightning because it comes with the thunder.
3. Yes. When he is 3 months old he raises his arm to protect himself.
4. Yes.
5. Yes. At 6 months he draws back and begins to cry.
6. No. He learns to fear animals.

to be excused from dinner; his taxi had skidded and he had been cut by flying glass.

"I had to go to a doctor for a couple of stitches and I'm not a pretty sight," he told Herbert. "I'm afraid I'd give Mrs. Ware rather a shock."

When Herbert turned from the telephone, after announcing the news to Lila, he found his wife all in a flutter. The respite seemed too incredible to be true.

But, to her horror, Herbert interpreted her manner according to his lights. He gripped her shoulder fiercely.

"Lila, tell me this instant—what is Holmes to you?"

Lila fairly gaped at him. Was it possible that he suspected?

"I—I don't know what you mean?"

"Isn't it obvious?" snapped Herbert. "You learn that he has been injured, and it upsets you so that you're trembling like a leaf. Actually, you're shaking and white and—" he paused suddenly and a great light seemed to break.

"Yes, and, by Jove, it's happened before! The night you learned he was in my office you dropped a cup and spilled coffee all over the rug. I remember very clearly now, Lila...."

She stared at him, wide-eyed and breathless, hoping devoutly that he wouldn't connect Holmes's presence with her sudden fainting fit at May Varney's party.

(To Be Continued)

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DEMOCRATS 'STICK'

Next we will inquire how baby learns to talk.

(Copyright, 1926, Science Service, Inc.)

State Organization Put on 'Peace-Time' Basis.

Returning to a "peace-time basis," the Democratic organization in Indiana will be kept intact for the 1930 campaign, R. Earl Peters, state chairman, said today.

"Since the election Nov. 6," Peters said, "I have talked with at least two-thirds of the Democratic county chairmen of the state. They are not discouraged and are keeping their organizations in tact for the next campaign."

Jackson day will be the signal for Democratic rallies throughout the state, Peters said.

To place the state organization on a firm "peacetime" financial basis, county chairmen are obtaining pledges from leading Democrats in their counties, equal in number to each county's delegate apportionment to the state convention, each of whom will contribute \$1 monthly to the state organization. This will afford a revenue of \$1,182 monthly, sufficient to accumulate a reserve while maintaining state headquarters at the Claypool.

POLICE TERMINATE MYTHICAL SHOWCASE

Utah Cops Hold Man After Swindle With Store Furniture.

By United Press

PROVO, Utah, Nov. 16.—G. W. Thayer would not give away his mythical showcase any more as his "gift" complex has been terminated by the Provo police.

Thayer's method if livelihood, according to authorities, was to "give away" his showcase to dealers who needed one. There was a string attached, however, whereby Thayer came out with a profit.

Investigators declare that Thayer would approach a merchant with the offer of a showcase—he always had so many many he couldn't use them all—and offer it gratis if the merchant would pay freight charges from a nearby city.

Often the merchant was so impressed with the deal that he gave Thayer the money to pay the freight charges. Then Thayer would leave town hastily.

EMPLOY COLLEGIANS

Business Firms Go to Schools for Their Workers.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Nov. 16.—American business and industrial corporations have come to regard colleges as employment bureaus since the World war, according to the annual report of Dr. Walter T. Marvin, dean of the colleges of arts and sciences of Rutgers university, to President John M. Thomas.

Corporations, the report said, have discovered college men possess the training and character essential to success in business.

TOWN IS FOR SALE

Abandoned Missouri Village Hunts a Feudal Lord.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 16.—Any one with a desire to own a town has his chance in the Ozarks.

West Eminence, a community which grew to a population of 10,000 when the timber industry was at its height and then lost every citizen when the slump came, is for sale.

The town has several residences, a hotel and a general store.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

"EGAD LAD, I NOTICED AT THE FOOTBALL GAMES THAT THE VOGUE THIS WINTER WOULD BE FUR COATS!—MM-M. I'LL BE IN STEP WITH THE STYLE THIS SEASON!—I'VE HAD THIS COAT PACKED AWAY FOR SOME TIME!—Genuine SIBERIAN BEAR THAT I SHOT MYSELF, WHEN YOU WERE A LISPING TOT!—"



"SURE, I REMEMBER THAT MOTH RANCH, YOU WORE IT THREE YEARS AGO!—THAT'S TH' COAT YOU SAID YOU 'OOK SPECIAL AIM AT TH' BEAR, SO THAT TH' THREE SHOTS COULD BE USED FOR BUTTON-HOLES!—BUT LOOK AT TH' MOTHS POPPING OUT OF IT!—YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO HANG THAT HEATER UP, IT CAN FLY UP ON A HOOK!"



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



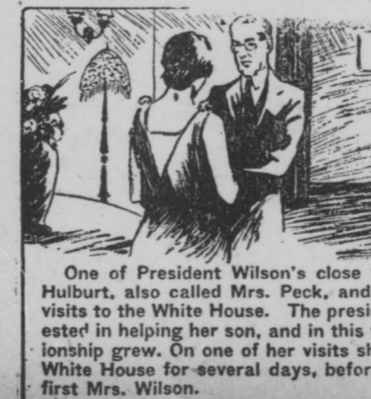
SALESMAN SAM



MON'N POP



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



OUT OUR WAY

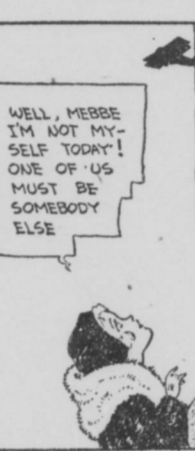
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THE "HIJACKER"



By Blosser



By Crane



By Small



By Cowan



SKETCHES BY BESSEY. SYNOPSIS BY BRAUCHER



THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin ©1926 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

Crystal was almost hysterical by the time she reached the haven of the interurban station, to wait for a car to take her back to Stanton. What a fool she was!

She began to laugh, laughed aloud, and a young farmer gazed into the city to see a movie eyed her curiously, and then concerningly as the girl began to cry.

She felt that she had escaped some horrible fate, although, concretely, she had faced nothing worse than being discovered in the company of a decent young Mexican farm laborer by his foreman.

She had almost reached Stanton before the apices of the conclusion of "The Voice," the Rupert Brooke poem she had been quoting to satisfy her poetic mood, occurred to her. She opened the book then and read the line with swimming eyes:

"The noise of a fool in mock distress, Crashing and laughing and blindly going, Of ignorant feet and a swishing dress, And a voice profaning the solitudes."

Of course the foreman hadn't laughed; neither had he worn a swishing dress, but his voice had profaned the solitudes which the Mexican boy's unspoken but ardent love had made holy. There it was, in the very next line:

"The spell was broken, the key denied me—"

"Why did that foreman's bellowing roar for 'that darned greaser' have to shatter the most perfect moment she had ever lived? Certainly with Rupert Brooke she almost could cry, in heartbroken rage:

"By God! I wish—I wish that you were dead!"

Then Crystal bowed her face in her hands, unconscious of the other passengers, and knew that she

wished it were she, not the foreman—not Pablo—but she who was dead.

For she knew the truth, had probably known it all along but had refused to admit it: she was in love with this Mexican boy who worked on a farm, painting barns and valuing "toros," an uneducated alien, who wore hideous bright-blue suits which didn't fit him, and pink silk shirts.

But, oh how magnificent he had looked in that tuxedo costume he had sent to Mexico for, just to please her! And how rich and tender Pablo's voice had been when he had sung "La Paloma."

What was Pablo doing now? Chasing wildly about the Johnson pastures, trying to round up the bull which had escaped from the Grayson field? What would the foreman think of Pablo's tuxedo costume? ... No, no! She must not laugh and cry again. She must not think of it all any more.

"Your stop, miss," the conductor said kindly, touching her shoulder.

Crystal thanked him and stumbled down the steps. "Had a row with her young man, I guess," she overheard him say to the man who had boarded the car with her.

Her cheeks flamed with color. Shame and an obscure terror lent wings to her feet. She sped down quiet Serenity boulevard to her cousin's house, praying that she could gain the sanctity of her own room without being seen and questioned by Faith or Bob. But it was too early to hope that—only 9 o'clock.

Faith met her at the door. "Harry Blaine's here to see you, dear ... Why, what's the matter, Crystal."

(To Be Continued)