A SUITOR TOO MANY

By MILDRED BARBOUR

LILA LATHAM becomes the bride of HERBERT WARE, but the picture of an old sweetheart, CAPTAIN JACK FARQUAHAR, lurks in her mind. She confides her plight to her friend, DOROTHY CAINE, an artist.

While in France during the war, Lila had promised Jack that she would become his bride when his regiment came back from the front. Jack is reported dead, and 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 luncheon. 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 manages to keep Jack in ignorance of her marriage and Herbert in ignorance of Jack's existence.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Dangerous Ground

IT was a very worried Lila who kept her luncheon appointment with Jack Farquahar the following day.

She was resolved that something must be done to avoid a daily engagement with Farquahar; it was too risky, with Herbert in his present suspicious state of mind.

She hadn't slept much, but the evening at home with Herbert had passed off fairly pleasantly.

Fortunately he had not connected Holmes with her supposed fainting attack at May Varney's, but she felt uneasy, because she hadn't quite succeeded in allaying his suspicion that there was something odd about her manner when she learned of Holmes's accident.

Farquahar was waiting for her in the foyer of the restaurant she had appointed—another of those discreet places where Herbert was not likely to lunch.

He looked very handsome and masterful. His smile of greeting faded to an expression of disappointment.

"You didn't wear them?"

She wondered what he meant, as she smilingly slipped off her glove and exhibited the circlet of diamonds—the one that had caused such a troublesome scene between herself and Herbert.

In fact, she was rather congratulating herself on her cleverness in remembering to put it on; also it had cost her a pang, to take off the ring of the man she adored.

Farquahar's gaze softened at sight of the ring he had slipped on her finger during those hideous war days.

"Ah, I was afraid you had lost it. But why didn't you wear my flowers?"

"Your flowers?" echoed Lila bewilderedly.

"I sent you orchids this morning."

"You sent me—where did you send them?" asked Lila hollowly.

"To your home, of course," he answered puzzled. "Where should I send them?"

# # #

LILA knew a moment's panic. Had Herbert intercepted them? What message had Jack written on his card?

"I believe I had the right address. No. 21 East Sixty-fourth, isn't it?"

Lila was weak with relief. Her father's house!

"You didn't receive them?"

"I—I left home early," evaded Lila. "How did you find the address?"

"In the telephone directory, of course. I called you, too, but the telephone was busy."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Lila to herself. Aloud she said: "Jack, you must promise never to telephone me or to come to my home. My—that man I spoke of yesterday is very jealous. He keeps a very close watch on me. And nothing must happen to disturb dad while he is—er—ill."

"I see," he said, his dark brows contracted in a frown. "But why have you always been so mysterious about your address? Why did you tell me to send all my letters to some place far uptown?"

"Because my dearest friend has a studio there and she takes the trouble to look after my mail, and—er—forward it, when I'm not in town. She's really a darling. She's——"

"I don't care to talk about her," broke in Farquahar abruptly. "I want to talk about you. Lila, will you give me your word that as soon as your father is out of danger you will break this infernal engagement and marry me?"

"Oh, Jack, why do you torment me?" she pleaded tearfully. "You know my hands are tied."

"For the moment, yes. I admit that. But I won't promise to let you have your own way long. Why can't I talk to your father?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Lila in panic. "I tell you, he must be kept perfectly quiet. The slightest excitement——"

"Oh, very well," sighed Farquahar. "But it's trying—this waiting."

"Yes, yes, I know," murmured Lila consolingly.

He leaned toward her.

"You do know, sweetheart? You do love me a little, too?"

"I want you to be happy, Jack," declared Lila evasively.

"You know the only thing that will give me happiness," he murmured bitterly.

Lila was distracted.

"Let's go for a walk in the park after lunch," she suggested. Surely, she thought, that was safe enough. He wouldn't kiss her in public, and nobody she knew would be in the park at that hour.

HE agreed, a trifle sulkily. As they strolled along, Lila told him how his identification tags had been found on the body of a soldier. But he refused to be interested; he already knew about it.

"The spy who stole them got his shortly after, apparently," he remarked gloomily.

She told him, too, very tentatively, about the insurance money.

"And I gave it away Jack. I didn't need it, of course, so I gave it to a charity for disabled soldiers, in memory of you. Now, I suppose, it's got to be returned, and I— well, I daren't ask Dad."

"I'll return it,' he said. "I have a little money that was saving for our marriage. But it doesn't look as though I'd need it for a long time," he added bitterly.

Lila was infinitely relieved.

"I'm horribly sorry, Jack."

"It doesn't matter. Nothing matters but you. And it seems to me that you're acting very strangely, Lila. I don't believe you're glad I'm back."

"Oh, Jack, don't say such unkind things," she begged.

"Then why do you give me so little of your time?" he demanded. "Why do you seem to want to avoid me? Why do you walk me around this infernal park, instead of receiving me at your home?"

"I've told you that my father—the man I'm engaged to——"

He whirled on her angrily.

"Do you have to see that fellow every evening."

Lila nodded dumbly.

"And yet you try to tell me that he never kisses you?" he scoffed bitterly.

"He's an old man," faltered Lila. "He doesn't really love me. It's only—my position——"

Farquahar's gray eyes, brillant with anger, were on her.

"Do you know what I think, Lila?"

She shook her head.

"I think you're telling me untruths from start to finish! Don't drive me too far, Lila!"

(To Be Continued)

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How Bright Is Baby?

What a good time the baby has making noises! Sometimes he cries just to hear himself cry. He loves to hear himself gurgle and coo. You know how he makes the same sound over and over again until sometimes you do wish he would stop. Scientists call this the "circular reaction," everyday people call it a nuisance.

Of course, you don't really wish he would stop making noises, for if he did not practice these sounds he never would learn to talk.

You enjoy hearing him make the same sounds as you do. It is fun to listen to him "talking" without saying anything. Before long he really is saying something.

Have you noticed the steps he takes in learning to talk. Can you write down the age at which you think he does the following things. Check your answers by the key.

1. When does he first cry? Yes No
2. When does he begin to crow? Yes No
3. When does he imitate the sounds he hears? Yes No
4. At what age does he spend most of his time babbling? Yes No
5. When does he first say mama and dada? Yes No
6. At what age does he first say "bye-bye?" Yes No
7. When does he begin to use short sentences like, "Daddy shoes wet?" Yes No
8. When does he use longer sentences, real ones like, "Mother go to park all day without taking R. along?" Yes No

Key to Questions

No. 1. As soon as born. (It is not a good sign regarding baby's mind when this first cry is hard to start.)
No. 2 Third to eighth week.
No. 3. At 3 months.
No. 4. At 6 months.
No. 5. At 9 months.
No. 6. At 1 year
No. 7. At 18 months.
No. 8. At 2 years.

Next: Baby's vocabulary.

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THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin ©1928 by NEA SERVICE, INC.

It was not in Crystal's nature to refuse to see a man who had called upon her, no matter how much, for once, she would have liked solitude in which to weep her heart out, but it was a very subdued girl who greeted Harry Blaine, the clever young reporter who was obediently following Tony Tarver's suggestion that he see Crystal about his new play.

"Hello, Harry," Crystal greeted him quietly, with no foolish fluttering of eyelashes or hands.

It was the first time the young man had seen her behave naturally, uncoquettishly, and he was instantly concerned. "Sick, Crystal? If you are, I'll beat it. Nothing important," he lied. "Just wanted to talk to you."

Crystal's spirits, which she had considered permanently wilted by the plight into which she had got herself with her manfactured "Pablo Valencio" and the real Pablo Mendoza, revived a bit. It was sweet to be wanteo, needed.

"I'm glad you're here, Harry," she said sincerely, and for a moment Harry Blaine was dreadfully afraid she was going to "flutter" again. But she did not. Very subdued still, she led him into the sun parlor.

"What I really came for," Harry Blaine began, "was to get your advice and help on a new play I'm keen to write."

Crystal's spirits rose so rapidly that she felt ashamed of herself. "There's nothing I'd like better, Harry, if you think I can really help. I wrote a one-act play myself at Bradley—"

"And Tony told me it was a corker," Harry Blaine assured her warmly. "That's why I want your help. And I haven't forgotten the swell 'curtain' you gave me for the third act of my other play.

"I sent it to New York. Well, about the new one; you may throw me out on my ear when you hear the subject of it—"

"Not me?" Crystal cried, with just the beginning of a "flutter."

"We-ell, no," Harry grinned, abashed, smoothing his nice brown hair with a nervous hand. "It's—well, the fact is, Crystal, that I've been reading up on Cherry Johnson's trial for murder—Cherry Lane Wiley, she was then, and I think it would make a humdinger of a play."

"Oh!" Crystal considered, startled. Then, "of course I see what gorgeous material it would make for a play, but——"

"Naturally I'd fictionize it a lot," Harry answered her hastily. "No one would recognize my heroine as Cherry, except maybe right here in Stanton, and I've a hunch Cherry would be flattered rather than insulted. I've even got the title—'Lying Footprints.' Do you remember the case at all, or did you follow it?"

"I read the papers at the time," Crystal admitted, "but some of the details are hazy. Of course, if it wouldn't hurt Faith and Bob, who really solved the mystery——"

Harry Blaine leaned forward excitedly. "I guarantee it won't hurt Faith! Will you help me, Crys?"

It was the first time he had used the abbreviation of her name which she loved, because so few people paid her the compliment of calling her by it.

"Will I?" she cried, thrusting out her hand. "Shake!"

(To Be Continued)

MUM ON RAP AT STATE HEALTH LABORATORY

Dr. King Declines Comment on 'Socialism' Charges.

Dr. William F. King, secretary of the state board of health, today refused to comment on charges made against conduct of the health board laboratory by Dr. B. W. Rhamy, president of the Ft. Wayne Medical Laboratories, in an open letter to the press.

The Rhamy charges didn't deal with the laboratory service, but were based on the allegation that the state laboratory was but a further step toward state medicine, which he termed "state socialism." Objections were based on the grounds that the laboratory service, provided free under the law, is ruinous to private laboratories conducted for gain, such as Dr. Rhamy's.

MAN FREED TO ATTEND TO BUSINESS MATTERS

Alleged Millionaire Briber Guarded as He Cleans Up Affairs.

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Daniel J. Shields, millionaire brewer, sentenced to two years in the Lorton (Va.) workhouse for bribery of a prohibition office employe, has been released for one week to clear up personal business matters in Johnstown, Pa., it was revealed here today, after Shields had suddenly reappeared in Johnstown.

Shields is visiting under armed guard, the United States attorney's office said, and it is regarded that his leave in Johnstown will be considered as part of his sentence.

It is understood that $250,000 in securities, owned by Shields, was under litigation and Johnstown bankers requested Shields be permitted to return to testify in a suit to prevent foreclosure.

NEW BILL ISSUE JULY 1

Small Notes From $1 to $20 Will Be Distributed.

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Undersecretary of Treasury Mills announced today at the conference of the governors of the federal reserve banks that the new small-size currency, except national bank notes, and all denominations from $1 to $20 will be included in the initial issue.

Mills said on July 1 federal reserve banks will have ready for distribution a sufficient number of small-size bills to meet reasonable demands.

ATTEND FARM MEETING

State Bureau Officers to Tell of Their Accomplishments.

Officers and directors of the Indiana Farm Bureau Federation will attend the tenth annual meeting of the American Farm Bureau Federation at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Dec. 7 to 12.

Lewis Taylor of Newburg, first vice-president of the Indiana state organization, is to tell the convention of the Indiana bureau's accomplishments in promoting economy in local government.

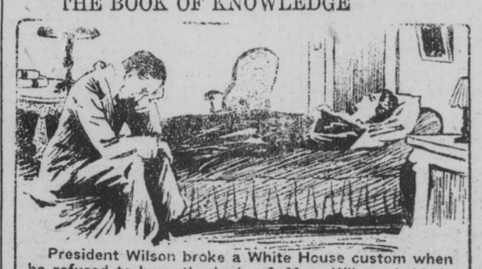
If you wish to give yourself a treat with something good to eat.
Lange's Tea Room
2035 N. Meridian St.
50c Table d'Hote Dinner 75c

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY — By Williams

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — By Martin

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



President Wilson broke a White House custom when he refused to have the body of Mrs. Wilson held in state. The body was placed on a divan in Mrs. Wilson's bedroom. For two nights the president sat alone at her side. Then the body was placed in the East Room and shortly after the funeral party departed for Georgia. 11-17

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It was in the following spring, about half a year later when President Wilson met Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, who was to be his second wife.

Mrs. Galt called at the White House to visit a Miss Bones, who had been ill. The president often had tea with her after these visits. 11-17

SKETCHES BY BESSEY. SYNOPSIS BY BRAUCHER

Friendship soon became love. In 1915 the summer White House was Winston Churchill's home at Cornish, N. H. Mrs. Galt and Miss Bones arrived soon after the president had taken his quarters there. Often after dinner, the president and Mrs. Galt would walk hand in hand in the moonlight, like youthful sweethearts. They were married December 18. (To Be Continued)

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