

A SUITOR TOO MANY

MILDRED BARBOUR

LILA LATHAM becomes the bride of HERBERT WARE, but the picture of an old sweetheart, CAPTAIN JACK FARQUHAR, lingers in her mind. She considers 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's 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 XXIX

That Treacherous Radio

WHEN Lila hurried home, after getting rid of a distinctly suspicious and sulky Jack Farquhar, she found Dorothy descending from her car in front of the house. Dorothy looked relieved at the sight of Lila.

"You haven't seen Herbert, yet?" she asked quickly.

Lila shook her head, a premonition of disaster coming over her.

"I've just left Jack, and Dot, he was terrible! I think he suspects something."

"Never mind Captain Farquhar. Listen to me. Herbert rang up my studio at noon sharp."

Lila's knees threatened to give way.

"What did you say?"

"When he asked for you, I told him that I'd just posed you, and please not to ask me to make you break the pose, or I'd have to start my painting over again."

"Did he believe you," breathed Lila.

"Apparently—with reservations. But my telephone rang at intervals all the afternoon. I didn't answer it. Probably it was he. I wanted him to think that we'd gone out together. That's why I drove down to warn you. We can pretend we've done a concert."

"It's awful, Dot, these lies!" moaned Lila.

"Well, I never had much hope of seeing the golden days any way," said Dorothy whimsically. "And a fib told in a good cause to help a friend—well, I don't know, Lila, I rather believe a just providence will make allowance. But, if you feel squeamish, we might go in and turn on the radio—the Baranov Orchestra is to broadcast this afternoon."

Laughing shakily, Lila led the way into the house. Siddons opened the door with a smirk.

"Mr. Ware telephoned several times this afternoon, Madame."

"What did I tell you?" Dorothy's eyes telegraphed to Lila.

THE latter ordered tea, and when it had come, Dorothy, with a whimsical smile, turned on the radio. The sound of orchestra music filled the room.

"The Baranov orchestra!" exclaimed Lila. "Well, I shan't feel quite such a fibber."

She began to tell Dorothy about her interview with Jack.

"And he even sent me flowers," she wailed. "To Dad's house. Remind me to telephone over there later."

It was not long after the concert was finished that Herbert came in. His brows lifted at the sight of Dorothy.

"I telephoned your studio several times this afternoon," he was beginning, when Lila cut him off.

"I know," she nodded. "But Dot and I were listening to the Baranov orchestra."

She was congratulating herself that she had phrased her answer so that it was not a direct lie, when she became aware that Herbert was asking icily:

"You know! How do you know, if you were not there?"

See looked helplessly at Dorothy, who responded promptly:

"Weren't you aware, Herbert, that I always keep in touch with my studio by telephone?"

"But I didn't leave my name with your switchboard operator," Dorothy smiled negligently.

"Ah, you've no idea of the intelligence of that girl! She knows your voice, especially since you," she looked prettily apologetic, "made rather a fuss yesterday when you called to find out at what hour Lila had visited my studio."

Herbert flushed.

"I never fuss," he said stiffly.

Lila changed the conversation, unfortunately.

"Herbert, darling, you've no idea how wonderful the Baranov orchestra is! You should have been there."

He looked at her intently.

"THE Baranov orchestra?" he said politely, and added, with an irony that chilled her, "I should like to have been there, indeed, my dear—if there had been a concert this afternoon. Unfortunately, it was cancelled at the last moment, due to the illness of the leader."

He exhibited the last edition of an evening paper, which carried a brief notice to that effect.

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There was a horrible silence for a moment. Lila's and Dorothy's eyes met, asking the mute question: "What orchestra was it, then, that we heard over the radio?"

Then Dorothy began to laugh. Herbert looked at her, outraged, but she only chuckled the more.

"It's no use being angry, Herbert. Lila and I admit we're caught, but you'll never get us to confess—not in a million years."

Herbert was very dignified.

"I think I am within my rights in wanting to know where my wife has been this afternoon."

Dorothy shook her head. She knew there was nothing to do now but try to carry off the situation with a high hand.

"Old stuff, Herbert. You talk like an 1830 husband. It isn't done nowadays. If your wife's out with a girl friend, that's sufficient. Women have their secrets, you know."

"That I scarcely need you to tell me how to conduct my married life."

"A little good advice never does any harm," remarked Dorothy cheerfully, quite unimpressed.

At this moment, Siddons knocked and entered the room.

Lila's heart sank, when she saw what he carried.

It was a florist's box, in mauve and gold, tied with gold gauze. By the size of it, any one could tell that it contained a corsage-bouquet.

He walked toward Lila and seemed about to speak.

(To Be Continued)

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Second of Radio Bridge Series Set for Tuesday

Detroit and Cleveland Men Will Compete With Work, Cleveland.

The second of a series of twenty radio auction bridge games will be broadcast from station WFBM Tuesday afternoon at 3:30.

Each game of the series will feature Milton C. Work and Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York experts, in association with players from cities throughout America and Canada.

Listeners are urged to have four players ready with cards and to follow the game bid by bid and play by play as broadcast over WFBM.

Contestants in the second game of the series are R. R. Richards of Detroit, founder and first president of the American Auction Bridge League; Henry Z. Jaeger of Cleveland, now president of the American Auction Bridge League, and Whitehead and Work, widely known as teachers, writers and experts on the game.

Following is the advance hand for game two:

Richards, south, dealer, holds:
Spades: A, Q, J, 3, 2.
Hearts: 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3.
Diamonds: A, K.
Clubs: A, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.

Whitehead, west, holds:
Spades: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Hearts: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.

Jaeger, north, holds:
Spades: 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Hearts: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.

Work, east, holds:
Spades: 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Hearts: A, K, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds: J, 9, 4, 2.
Clubs: Q, 10.

Noted Professor Dead

BERLIN, Nov. 19.—Professor Felix Salomon, 63, historical author and professor of American, English and French history at Leipzig university, died today.

prosecuting attorney—we skip the defense, because the audience knows the defense hasn't much of a case for her—when the prosecutor is simply giving her hail-Columbia and stripping her of every last shred of reputation and rope. Faith and Bob come in with their real murderer—the slick crook that posed as a crippled beggar, you know. He's stripped off his disguise right there, their evidence against him is shown right in court, and Cherry is freed.

"See—Freed, but ruined for life just the same. Oh, I want to make it a bitter indictment against the whole trial-by-jury system, as practiced in this country!"

"Not that there's any better," Crystal objected mildly. Then, with enthusiasm: "Lots of jury and reporter stuff, Harry! Mob psychology, too, with distant shouts of newshoys shrieking her name."

"That's the ticket!" Harry Blaine agreed heartily. "I knew you'd be a big help to me. Tell you what, Crys, if we put this thing over, you're going to get collaborator's credit!"

"Oh, no," the girl protested, thrilled almost to tears. "What little help I can give you will simply be the greatest pleasure."

Crystal began, but the words ended unexpectedly in a sob.

"I say, Crys—there is something wrong!" Harry put his arm about her and held her close, in an embrace by which she would have been ecstatically thrilled the day before—not because she was in love with Harry Blaine, but because any eligible young man's marks of favor were so necessary to her, and so seldom received.

But now she knew only that it was comforting to be in his arms, and she did not flutter her lashes or giggle with pretended surprise when he kissed her gently, on a tear-wet cheek.

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