



# A SUITOR TOO MANY

MILDRED BARBOUR

LILA LATHAM becomes the bride of HERBERT WARE, but the picture of an old sweetheart, CAPTAIN JACK FARQUAHAR, lures 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 meets GILROY HOLMES, a war-time buddy of Jack, and she faints. She learns that he 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 manages to keep Jack in ignorance of Jack's existence.

Great excitement is created by May Varney's husband, who hears the rumor of her former romance and engaged partner. Questions are renewed by demands for an early marriage, and Lila is again beside herself.

She meets her father, while in Jack's company, but manages the situation so that there are no serious consequences. But immediately afterwards she and Jack meet Gilroy Holmes.

**CHAPTER XXXIII (Continued)**

"Lately you don't seem very much concerned with my happiness or comfort," Lila, when she is going to break that preposterous engagement and marry me?

"My father—" she began, with a guilty side glance toward the four middle-aged men.

"He's no better today?"

She shook her head and then snatched at a straw of truth:

"He's no worse."

"Well, that's something," remarked Farquahar gloomily.

A few minutes later, out of the corner of her eye, Lila saw her father signal the waiter, pay the check, and rise from the table with his companions.

SHE bent over the tea-service and fumbled, with trembling fingers, with the lid of the teapot.

If only he would pass without recognizing her!

The hope was vain. He saw her, said a brief word to his companions, who passed on without him, and came over to Lila.

"Hello, Lila. Haven't seen you in a coon's age. How goes it?"

His inquiring glance rested on Jack Farquahar, who had already risen.

Lila murmured an introduction that neither man understood.

"How's Herbert?" asked her father blandly.

"Quite well, thank you," she said hastily.

"Come to the house for lunch tomorrow. By the way, how would you like a little cruise to Florida in March. I'm getting out the Naiaid this year."

"Splendid!" bubbled Lila, with false enthusiasm, hoping devoutly that he would go away quickly.

To her infinite relief, he went, after an inconsequential word or two more.

Farquahar resumed his chair. His look was dark, his handsome mouth grim.

"Who is that man who asks you to lunch along with him and to go on a cruise?"

"A relative," stammered Lila. Farquahar's brows lifted.

"What relative?"

"My uncle," said Lila promptly, having once used an uncle successfully to help herself out of a difficult situation.

Farquahar relaxed; but only for a moment.

"Who is Herbert?" he demanded, with suspicion.

"My father!" gasped Lila wildly. She must keep this affair in the family, at all costs.

"Indeed?" Farquahar laughed shortly. "Then why did you tell your uncle that your father was quite well, when he is, according to you, at death's door?"

That was a facer. Lila, however, managed to say:

"He—my father won't—doesn't like to have people say he is ill. He—he—"

"Lila," said Farquahar deliberately, "how do you account for the fact that your father's Christian name is Leonard, not Herbert? I know, because I consulted the telephone directory when I sent you those flowers."

It seemed to Lila that dark, cold waters were closing over her head. She made one last desperate effort.

"Herbert Leonard," she said weakly. "My uncle always calls him Herbert."

Farquahar sat for a while in silence.

"Shall we go?" Lila suggested timidly.

He made a gesture of assent, summoned the waiter, and paid the check. He looked uncompromisingly stern. Lila was scared to death.

They were passing in silence through the lobby, when a hand descended suddenly in Farquahar's shoulder and an amazed voice cried:

"It's never—but it is—by heaven, it's Jack Farquahar!"

Lila heard Farquahar exclaim joyously:

"Holmes, old man!"

**CHAPTER XXXIV**

The Escape

FOR the third time in her life, where Gilroy Holmes was concerned, Lila did a quick bolt.

The lobby was crowded, and while Farquahar and Holmes were shaking hands enthusiastically, Lila put all the space possible between them and herself.

She dived into the nearest dressing room and powdered her nose. Her hands shook so that twice she dropped her puff. The maid looked at her curiously.

After a while she opened the door cautiously and peeped out. She had an unobstructed view of the lobby. Farquahar and Holmes were deep in conversation. Had she but known it Jack was saying:

"What luck to run across you like this—and at this particular time! Lila is with me," he turned around and stared at astonishment. "Where the deuce did she go to? She was here a moment ago."

"I'll be jolly glad to see Lila again," said Holmes. "Funny I never run across her, but then New York's a regular jungle. Once I thought I saw her in a shop and started to speak, but it was the wrong girl. Darned awkward!"

"She'll be alone in a minute," said Farquahar. "Let's wait here. We've a lot to talk about, old chap."

They seated themselves, and Lila watched them from her doorway. The minutes passed. She was becoming desperate. Somehow, she had to get away without coming face to face with Holmes. If he saw her he would know that she was the girl who had deliberately run away from him in Vanderpool's shop.

And there was the dangerous possibility that, sooner or later, he would learn that she was Mrs. Herbert Ware. What would happen then? She closed her eyes and refused to contemplate the situation.

Much better to avoid all meetings, in either character, whether as Jack Farquahar's betrothed, or the wife of Holmes' employer.

AFTER awhile, when the two men showed no signs of leaving, she slipped out of the dressing-room and, hastening down a corridor in the opposite direction, made her way to the street through a side entrance.

But how to explain to Jack her abrupt disappearance?

As usual in moments of stress, she hastened to Dorothy and poured out her story.

"What on earth can I tell him that will sound lucid?"

Dorothy considered, pressing the tip of an etching-pen into her pink cheek.

"I don't believe there is any explanation that would hold water,"

she said at last. "You can hardly claim to have been taken ill, because your escort is the person you would have asked to see you home."

Lila groaned.

"Oh, I dare say, I should have stayed and faced it. Running away was fatal, but I'm so used to running away from Gilroy Holmes that it's become instinctive."

"Why not take the offensive?" suggested Dorothy.

"What do you mean?"

Dorothy motioned to her desk.

"Find a sheet of note-paper—not my monogrammed stuff—take a pen. Write what I dictate."

Lila obeyed, wondering.

"My dear Jack," dictated Dorothy. "I trust that you have some adequate explanation for your outrageous behavior this afternoon. I am not accustomed to being abandoned without a word of apology in a public lobby by a man who has appointed himself my escort and host."

"Nor would I consider lingering while you gossip with some one you preferred not to present to me. Under the circumstances, I think the least you could have done was to place me in a cab, where I could have awaited you in comfort."

"If it is possible to explain your conduct, do so by letter at the usual address. I shall not accept an apology by phone."

There was a moment of silence.

"That provides against his ringing your father's house," explained Dorothy.

Lila stared at her admiringly.

"Dot, you're the cleverest thing!" Dorothy smiled.

"I'm not sure that I don't make matters worse—a good deal of the time. But, when something has to be done, there's nothing like trying."

She went to the telephone and called a messenger.

"You'd better send the note around to Captain Farquahar right away, before he has a chance to act of his own accord."

LILA kissed her gratefully and went home, where she waited demurely for Herbert and delighted him by flinging herself into his arms the moment he was inside the front door.

They dined alone and went to the theater, and Herbert was very happy. He forgot all about her mysterious engagements, the suspicious episode of the ring, and the \$10,000 donation to charity.

And Lila was happy, too; she forgot that such a person as Jack Farquahar existed. When, during the drive home, she slipped her hand into his and sighed: "Darling, there was never any one in the world like you," she meant it with her whole heart.

Next morning, she rang up Dorothy.

"Was there a reply to my note?"

"Yes. It came by messenger late last night."

"Please open it, Dot, and read it to me. I haven't time to run up town. I've promised to lunch with Dad."

"I thought Herbert insisted that you lunch with him ever, day this week," Dorothy reminded her.

"He did, but he's letting me off for Dad. But he's driving me to the house himself," she added ruefully. "Read me what Jack says."

(To Be Continued)

**How Bright Is Your Baby?**

The brand new baby doesn't know that his hands belong to him. Little by little he learns to use his hands.

How does he do this? Check the items below which you have noticed the baby doing. Then look at the key and see when the average child does them.

1. Get hands or fingers into his mouth.
2. Spreads his fingers, closes hands.
3. Uses his hands to explore his mouth and face.
4. Touches his hand together.
5. Uses his hands to feel objects.
6. Voluntarily puts his hand in his mouth.
7. Sucks his thumb.
8. Tries to put things in his eyes.
9. Reaches for and takes hold of his rattle.
10. Picks up his ball.
11. Looks at his rattle before he puts it in his mouth.

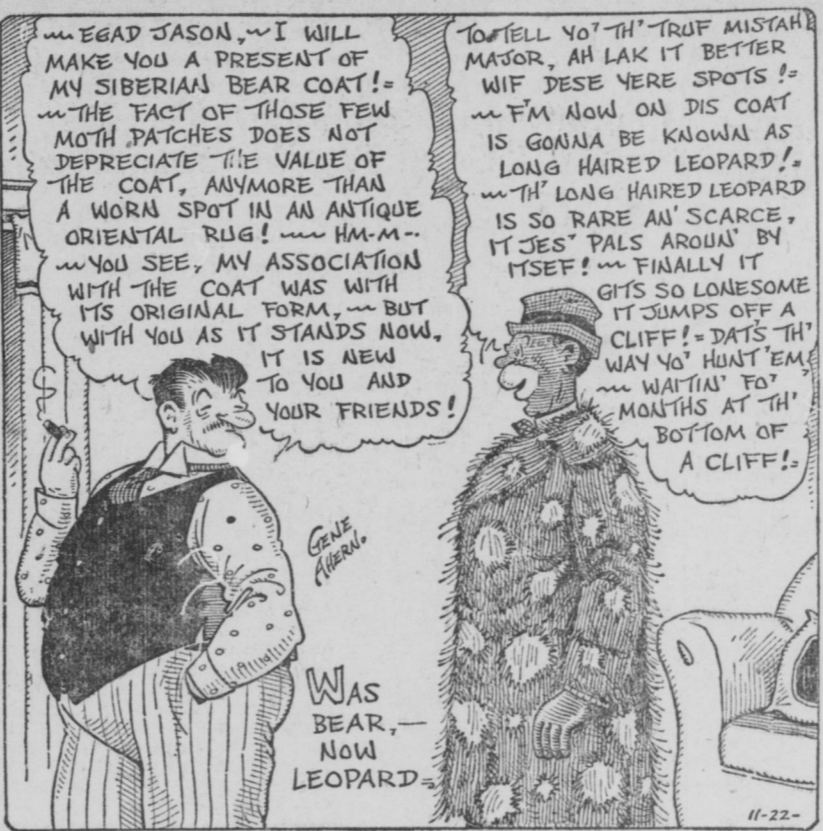
**Key to Questions**

1. This happens a few hours after birth.
2. This occurs any time after birth.
3. Some babies do this when they are 2 days old.
4. Most babies do this when they are 8 or 9 weeks old.
5. This "active-touch" occurs when baby is 8 or 10 weeks old.
6. This happens when baby is 9 or 10 weeks old.
7. At 12 weeks he does this. (The mouth really seizes the hand that comes into contact with it.)
8. When baby is learning to hold things, he often tries to put them in his eyes.
9. This he does when he is 3 months old. (He uses both hands. Little babies use either hand equally well.)
10. When he is 6 months old he does this.
11. This happens about the age of 5 months. (The lips are so sensitive to touch that the baby finds out a great deal by "mouthing" objects.)

Next: We will have more to say about baby's use of his hands.

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## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



## HELP!



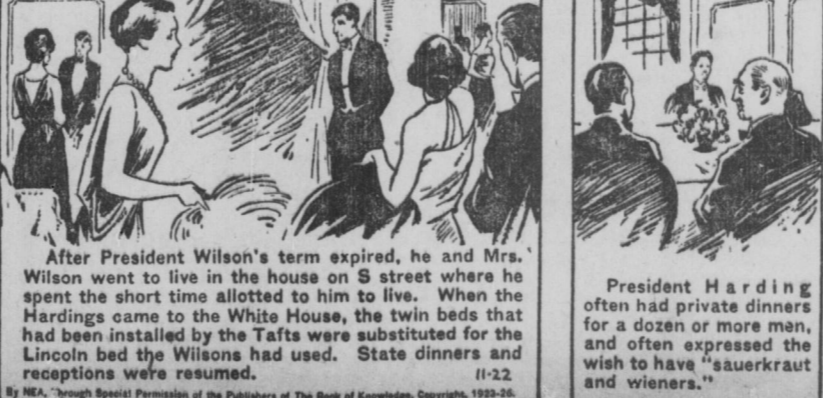
## SMAN SAM



## MON'N POP



## THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



## OUT OUR WAY



## OLD FASHIONED NECKING



## OH-A MONOPLANE



## WELL, THEN WHERE DID YOU GET IT?



## GOOD BY AND GOOD LUCK, BOLE.



## HE'S ALL WRONG



## OH! IT'S YOU, POP!



# THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin

After Harry Blaine had hurried away, intent upon arranging for passage to New York in Sandy Ross's plane, the quicker to confer with the producers about his play Crystal Hathaway had an almost overwhelming desire to go back to the postoffice and demand the return of the package of pitiful little presents which she had addressed to Pablo Mendoza.

She knew now that it had been Harry Blaine's comradely, affectionate interest in her and appreciation of her efforts to help him with his play-writing which had given her the courage to break with the Mexican boy.

Now that Harry Blaine was going to New York she would be devastatingly lonely again. Why shouldn't she keep Pablo's love for a little while?

But as she turned impulsively to ward the postoffice she had a sudden mental picture of Pablo as he had looked that first time she had seen him—Pablo in a hideously bright blue ready-made suit, vivid pink shirt, yellow blocked-toe shoes.

When she returned to the office Miss Morse, the middle-aged, aged, long-tongued spinster who paid Crystal the compliment of hating her for her youth and near-prettiness, greeted the disconsolate girl with tart sarcasm.

"Why did you hurry back, Miss Hathaway? It's only twenty minutes after two! You've only been out to lunch an hour and twenty-seven minutes. No girl can be expected to eat in that short time."

"Oh, please!" Crystal protested, almost humbly, near to tears. "I'm sorry I'm late. I had a luncheon engagement.... Has Mr. Pruitt been asking for me?"

"No," Miss Morse answered, a little mollified. "He's still out to lunch himself. But Mr. George Pruitt stopped in to see you and he left this note."

Crystal tore it open eagerly. She had expected to find a letter from Pablo. "Life-saver! He might prove a life-saver! As I'm leaving for Chicago on the 3:10 to be gone for about ten days. Take care of yourself, George."

So—that was that! Crystal felt as if she were drowning in a sea of loneliness as she rolled a sheet of paper into her typewriter and began to write automatically, the reading and rewriting of her shorthand notes interfering not at all with the flow of her miserable thoughts.

At half past three Tony's blithe, eager voice announced over the phone: "Oh, Crys—grand party! We're all driving to Hangman's Hill tomorrow—six of us, including you! Lunch on the way, dinner there. They've got a peachy new roadhouse at Hangman's Hill called 'The Deal-Downs.' Don't you love that? What?"

Crystal cast a swift glance at Miss Harris, the switchboard operator, saw that that ally of Miss Morse was listening in. "No, Tony. Don't make me feel too bad about it. I really can't ask for the half day off. Thank! awfully for thinking of me. I'd adore going—"

"You're a good kid, Crys. I admire you, but gosh, how I'd like to shake you!" Tony gave in as gracefully as possible. "Have a good time over Sunday, honey. We won't be back until late Sunday night. By the way, Harry and Sandy are off for New York tonight.... Good-by, darling."

(To Be Continued)