

## BARGAIN BRIDE

By KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
BARTETT COLVIN, back in New York after years abroad, falls in with his old friend, Lida Barrett. Lida is made a name for herself as a actress, before he sheltered his sweetheart MARCIA, when a youthful romance ended between Marcia and the man whom Barrett adopted. Marcia is constantly in fear that her husband will return. Lida, a woman of the world, schemes constantly to keep in the good graces of MISS ELLIE SEXTON, her host and aunt, who is in the share of the Sexton fortune.

What she fears is that Barrett is about to drop the hint and deliberately tries to break up the romance and succeed in getting him back. Lida does not hear from him. One day they meet at her aunt's home. Barrett has come to see Marcia, who is dead, decrying she does not smoke. Rebellious at her mother's hypocrisy, Ellie takes a cigar and smokes it. Ellie's son, Bert, who once more resives her will, after a few days, still claims he will leave practically his entire fortune to Barrett. He does not want it and yet can not turn it over to the rightful inheritors.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN (Continued)

Jim Junior came pounding down the stairs, an 18-year-old boy whose feet were still ahead of the rest of him. He was followed by Bert, 16, and Sexton, almost 15.

"Do I go to college?" Jim Junior asked from the landing.

Bessie shook her head. For a moment the boy was silent. Then he drew a deep breath and his shoulders squared. "Oh, well, I can go to night school," he said after a hard swallow.

Sexton alone was loudly resentful. "Gosh," he wailed, "here I have to go through life—bored by dumb cracks about church because of my darned name and—"

"Never mind," said Jim, slipping from his overcoat. "We'll have a real nice dinner!" Bessie promised, her lips trembling on the smile that she forced. Jim Junior slipped an arm around her. It made her cling to him a moment and sob again.

At half past seven Sexton opened the door to Elinor Stafford, who was still in the black she had worn at her great-aunt's funeral. Although tears did not leave unhappy traces on her face, Sexton saw, by the languor of her eyelids that she'd been crying too.

**CHAPTER EIGHTEEN**

BESSIE called out, "Who is it, Sexton?" and her son answered, "Cousin Elinor."

"Why, dearie!" Bessie was up in an instant, hurrying to the hall.

"Come in! Come in!" barked Jim. "Just in time for dinner!"

A moment later Elinor sat looking at the faces about the table. Sexton had brought a chair for her. Bert was getting the silver. Elinor was crushed because Aunt Ella hadn't done something for the Thorpes.

"I'm so glad you ran over, darling," said Bessie warmly.

"I had to come. I—" but she could not finish. Her lips were trembling again.

"Have some more fried potatoes," Jim urged. They were all so kind, Elinor realized, as she always did when she was with them or thought of them. Her eyes rested on Jim Junior's thin face. The boy already was at work since his father couldn't seem to make enough to keep things going.

Jim Junior, working on ledgers, dreamed of being an engineer, a bridge builder. Bert was strongly artistic. With help, Elinor was sure he could be a real success. Sexton's bent was as yet a mystery but he certainly needed good schooling. Why had Aunt Ella made such a will? If only there was a way, even now, to right the matter!

Before the meal was finished, Jim junior said boldly, "Well, let's decide how well we'll spend that \$100!" Everyone laughed in a way that ant the tension was relieved.

IDA, meantime, was having a bad half hour. Vance Carter had pushed past Benson to reach her, although she had given the strictest orders about receiving no one.

He found her curled up on aaise longue in the drawing room, looking frightfully untidy and showing the rage and tears that she had shed.

"Darling!" he whispered unsteadily near her.

She sat erect, frightened, angry because he had come. He took her hot hands.

He laughed the brimming, assured laugh of a man who feels that he is near his goal.

"They'll all know how it is—has been—with us, soon, anyhow," he stated. "You know that!"

She sank back. He obviously was going to be very difficult!

"You'll start your suit soon?" he asked, bending toward her, his eyes narrowed.

"I—I don't know, Vance—"

"Why?"

"Bentwell depends on me so," she confided with nervous haste.

"After we came in from the funeral—

he told me how much I mean to him. He's threatened my life if I leave him—"

"Lida!"

"I can't seem to see any way out! I can't bring myself to give him that blow just now. Vance. He's been—so disappointed! Aunt Ella left him \$100!"

"But you said—"

"I know, dear, but how could I forgive?"

"I'm not going to let anything keep us apart!" Vance said. Lida had not known that his chin could be so hard.

"Oh, dear!" she whimpered. She covered her face.

WHEN Vance left an hour later, he realized that she was firm in her resolve not to ask for a divorce. Miserable, he hurried to his favorite speakeasy. Two cocktails and he felt somewhat cheered.

An hour later he was unsteady on his feet but certain otherwise and smiling grimly. He summoned a taxicab and went to his rooms. There he took from a desk drawer a small Spanish revolver and inspected it.

"All right—" he murmured thickly. He put it into a pocket, returned to his waiting cab.

"Where to?" the driver asked.

"Park avenue. Know the number—can't seem to remember—" However, with a second's thought he had it. Wilkins, spelling the night doorman, opened the taxicab door. It was that Carter man again, he saw. The one who had been coming there so much to see Mrs. Stafford. And more "shot" than usual, too.

Smiling cynically, Wilkins watched Vance Carter lurch toward the elevators.

Wilkins saw Vance Carter fumbling in a rear pocket as he stepped into the elevator that had come rushing down in response to his ring. Wilkins supposed he was reaching for a flask. "You need another drink?" Wilkins thought scornfully.

The elevator boy winked at the doorman; Wilkins raised his stocky shoulders and again turned toward the street.

A moment later tenants of the fourteenth floor heard a shot. They thought, rushing hysterically toward the elevator corridor, that the sound had come from above.

Elinor was wiping dishes for Bessie, painstakingly and a trifle slowly, when the telephone rang. "You go, Junior," Bessie called. "Mother's hands are in the dish water."

Bert moved toward the dark rear hall where Junior was barking "Hello!" Bert had a girl and didn't want the family to know. He was aware from past experiences of the ragging that would be his if they got onto it.

"Mother!" Junior called, turning toward the kitchen. "It's Benson. He wants to speak to you—"

"Yes, Benson?" she said a moment later. "Mrs. Thorpe speaking. You wished to speak to me? WHAT?"

There was a moment's pause. Bessie turned from the telephone. "Jim," she called steadily, "take Elinor into the front room and show her that nice little footrest Sexton made at school. Then she turned again to the telephone. "Just a minute, Benson—"

Elinor followed docilely, but she was troubled almost alarmed. Her aunt's tone had been sharpened by some real shock. Elinor was afraid something unpleasant had happened. She admired the footrest generously, but she continued to wonder and worry.

Bessie was slow to appear. Elinor heard her calling her husband, heard him coming down the stairs. Then there was an interval punctuated by the sibilant, buzz-broken silence that means a whispered colloquy.

(To Be Continued)

**A BOOK A DAY**  
BY BRUCE CATTON

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS," A fat book edited by Charles A. Beard, emphasizes the fact that the very idea of progress is a relatively new force in human affairs.

Through antiquity and the middle ages, Dr. Beard points out, the race as a whole had no conception that continued progress could possibly be made.

Only with the dawning of the industrial age did people generally get the notion that mankind had an indefinite developing future, and that it could somehow, year by year, work its way out from under such ancient curses as poverty, disease, oppression, war and hunger.

An American citizen of 1833 would have rejoiced mightily, Dr. Beard points out, if he could have known that during the coming century the Union would be permanently cemented, chattel slavery would be abolished, universal education would be established and complete suffrage would be granted.

Those things have in fact been done. We face grave problems for our next century, to be sure, but we are justified in being rather hopeful about them.

This book reviews the progress that has been made in such diverse fields as invention, social legislation, finance, transportation, labor and industry.

I would have liked it better if Dr. Beard had written all of it; but the articles by Jane Addams, Frank Lowden, Watson Davis and Grace Abbott are excellent, and the book as a whole is remarkably good.

Published by Harpers, it sells for \$3.

**Today's Almanac**  
July 1<sup>st</sup>

1821—Spain surrenders Florida to the United States.  
1863—Battle of Gettysburg.  
1862—Congress establishes Dept. of Internal Revenue.  
1933—Confused taxpayer makes out check to Dept. of Eternal Revenue.

**WRIGLEY'S**  
FASCINATING FLAVOR  
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM  
FRESH FLAVOR

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small

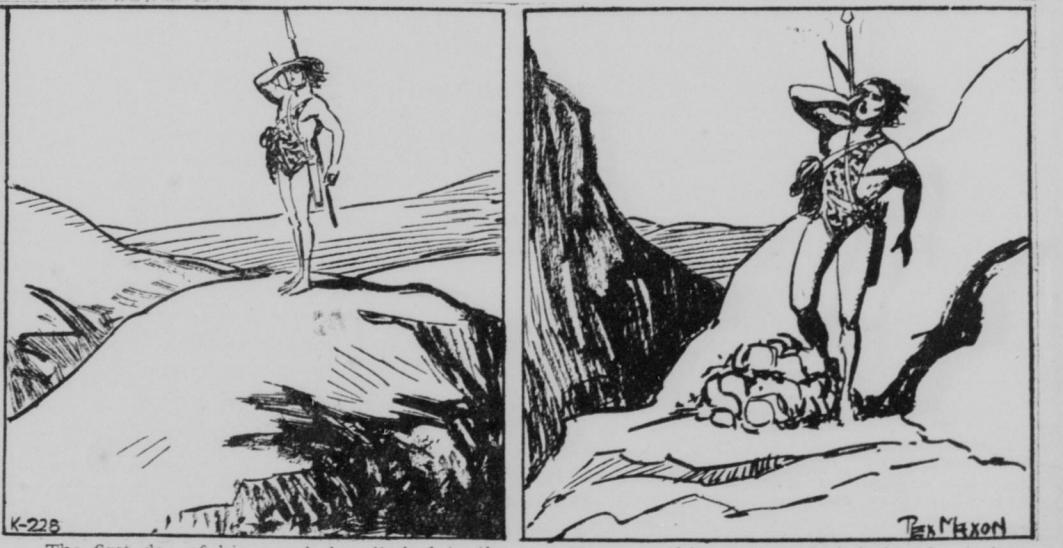


## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



## TARZAN THE UNTAMED



On the surface of the ground or through the swaying branches of the trees the spoor of man or beast was an open book to Tarzan of the Apes. But even his acute senses were baffled by the spoorless trail of the airship whose path had lain through the shifting air thousands of feet above the tree tops, before it fell.

Eyes, ears and sense of smell were all useless to the ape-man this morning. Only on his sense of direction could Tarzan depend in searching for the fallen plane. Before he left the valley of plenty he made several small kills and carried the spoons of the airship which had lain through the shifting air thousands of feet above the tree tops, before it fell.

The first day of his search he climbed to the highest hills where only sparse, sickly scrub grew. From here his keen eyes searched the arid landscape before him. He saw again those terrible gorges that had so nearly claimed his life once before and which he must recross. For two days he sought for some clew to the whereabouts of the machine.

He saw nothing that would help him locate it or its occupants. He crossed the first deep gorge and circled far beyond it. He cached portions of his machine at different points, building cairns of rock to mark their location. Occasionally he stopped and called aloud, listening for some response but only sinister silence rewarded him.