

A VICTORY WON

By Winston Clifford.

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"Father will never consent to our marriage," Majorie lamented tearfully.

"Why not?" Tom asked, kissing the pretty, pouting lips.

"Because he'll say you can't



**"Marjorie Can't Marry Any Man
Who Has Nothing More
Than You."**

support me," she cried. "And I'll never be happy with anyone else."

"Of course you won't; for I don't intend to give you a chance to try it," Tom laughed, and caught her again in his arms. "Come, I want to kiss you again

to celebrate," he said quietly, taking toll of her lips again.

"Celebrate what?" Marjorie asked, smiling, but not seeming to object to the process in the least.

"The anniversary of our engagement," Tom remarked. "It is now 10 o'clock. At exactly 9 o'clock you promised to marry me, so our engagement is an hour old," was Tom's explanation.

"We'll never get father's consent."

"Marry me without it," Tom suggested.

Majorie shook her head. "No, I love father too well," she said slowly. "We'll have to think of something else."

"What?" Tom asked. "I'm no Napoleon of finance who with a single dollar can meet and defeat your honored sire, as the stories would call him, on Wall street. In the first place, he doesn't move along that thoroughfare himself, and in the second, I know about as much about frenzied finance as you."

"Father takes such good care of himself that I fear there's no chance of you saving his life," Majorie put in sadly.

"To say nothing of it being a somewhat difficult task for a light-weight like me to pull off the rescue stunt with prospective father-in-law's 250 pounds," Tom grinned.

"Don't make fun," Majorie pleaded, for it was a serious matter.

"All right, dearest, I'll try and see what he says right now," and