

"WINDS OF THE WORLD"

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN READING HERE TODAY WHO'S WHO IN STORY

JILL ATHERTON, who lives in Acacia Terrace, surrounded by poverty. Near her home, she stops to listen to the exhortations of a Salvationist, and accidentally bumps into a man. The man, a stranger to her, is immaculately attired. She wonders who he is as she begs his pardon, and hurries home to get supper for

DON, her invalid brother. Don lies alone, propped up on a couch all day, impatiently awaiting the arrival of Jill and

KATHY, another sister. Kathy is betrothed to RALPH HILLYARD. Don, made irritable by illness, looks with disfavor upon the match, but Kathy is girlishly happy. Jill is employed as a stenographer in the law office of

HENRY STURGESS. There, while alone in a room, she faints. When she opens her eyes, the man she had been revived her, he introduces himself as

CYRUS TALLENTYRE. She recalls the name as that of a man to whom she had written a letter for her employer. The letter indicated that Talleytre was in financial trouble.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

When Mr. Sturgess opened his door and called to Jill, she was sitting up, her hands in her lap; she started up guiltily.

"I want you to take down a letter for me."

She felt absurdly nervous as she followed him into his room; she could not raise her eyes as she went across to the chair he indicated; though she did not look at him she knew that Talleytre was standing back in the fireplace; her hands shook as she began to write.

It was perfectly ridiculous, she told herself angrily, as if it was any possible concern of hers who was there in the room; of course he had not even given her a glance—why should he? She raised her eyes quickly and met Talleytre's.

A little faint smile crossed his face, but he looked away at once and went on talking to Mr. Sturgess.

Jill sat silent—after a moment— "Oh, will you do, Miss Atherton—bring that to me to sign as quickly as you can—I . . . wait a moment."

Sturgess crossed the room, and opened the door leading into the clerk's office; he stood with his back turned—talking to someone there; Talleytre moved a step nearer to where Jill sat.

"Will you come and have tea with me this afternoon?" he asked in an undertone.

Jill sat very still; she thought she was dreaming; she was afraid to look up.

"Did you hear what I said?" he asked impatiently.

She forced herself to raise her eyes then.

"Yes," she said to a whisper.

"Well—will you come?"

"Yes," she said again.

He moved away instantly, and when Mr. Sturgess came back, Jill dismissed. She went back to her desk hardly knowing what she was doing; her cheeks burned; her heart was beating up in her throat.

She was going out to tea with this man. . . . She looked down at her shabby serge frock, and sudden tears swam into her eyes.

Oh, he could not really mean it!—but just have been a sort of joke. How could such a man as he be here to be seen with her?

She would not go—even supposing he had asked her seriously, she would not go; she returned to her work; she tried not to listen to the opening of Mr. Sturgess' door, she tried to believe that Talleytre would go out the other way.

But he did not; he came thru the clerk's room; he paused for a fractional second beside her.

"Five o'clock," he asked coolly.

Jill tried to say "Yes," but her lips seemed to die in her throat; she could not raise her eyes; when at last she did, he had gone.

CHAPTER III

It was 10 minutes past 5 when Jill dropped out into the gray evening.

There was a fine drizzle of rain falling; the street looked very dreary and depressing.

She glanced hurriedly up and down the street; he was not there—of course he was not—she had not really expected that he would be there because she had lingered to do her hair afresh; because she had borrowed some powder from a typist in the office below Mr. Sturgess'; Talleytre did not mean to come—her heart felt hot and angry.

And at that moment she saw him coming leisurely towards her, in a big overcoat with an upturned collar, and the inevitable cigar between his lips.

He fell into step beside her— "I have been waiting 15 minutes," he said. "I thought you were not coming. It's raining rather fast—wouldn't you have a taxi?"

Jill waited beside him mystically; when he opened the door of the taxi and stood aside for her to enter first, she stumbled and nearly fell over the steps; she was horribly nervous—she wished she had not come. Talleytre sat on the seat opposite to

ASPIRIN
Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on packages or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as directed in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and Pain. Handy tin boxes of Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost only cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade name of Bayer Manufacture of Monach, Germany.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Home, Sweet Home

BY ALLMAN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Who Knows But That She Does?

BY BLOSSER



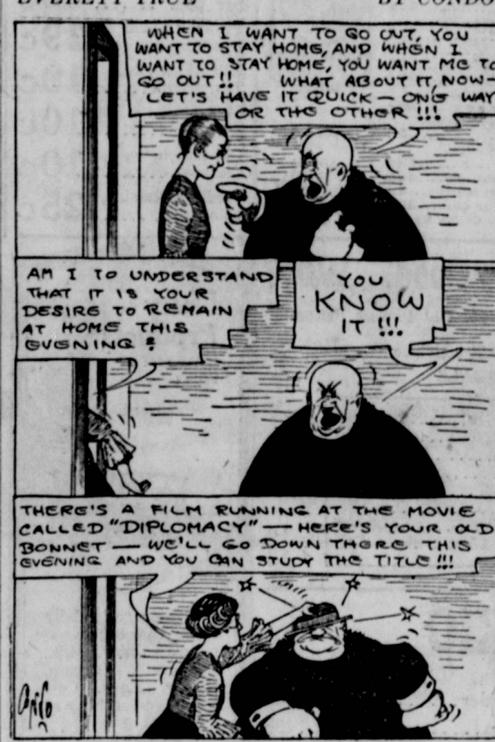
THE CRAZY QUILT

BY AHERN



EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

WALLY'S PLAN



Star Seattle Story Book

Page 446
THE BASHFUL MAN (Chapter II)

"All the way to Helen's house," Daddy continued, "Will was making up little speeches to say to her, but no matter how he planned to say it, he was just scared stiff every time he thought of asking that girl to marry him.

"He got to the house about supper time, and Helen and her mother welcomed him nicely and Helen's father seemed very glad to see him. He took his horse out and fixed him up for the night, brought in his own blankets and threw them down at the foot of the ladder."

"Ladder?" said David.

"Oh, yes," Daddy answered, "nobody had stairs. The house had only one room, with a sort of loft above it; the big bed had curtains around it for the mother and father. Under that was the 'trundle bed' for the children, and over it a higher shelf-like bed for Helen."

"There was the big fireplace and before it, at either side, two rude wooden benches.

"After supper Helen's mother and father sat on one of these benches and Helen sat on the other. The firelight flickered on her hair and her face and she looked very lovely, and she, of course, thought Will would come and sit down beside her, but he didn't."

"He stood first on one foot and then on the other before the fire, and when Helen's father said, 'Sit down, friend; sit down,' poor Will jumped and turned red as a poppy and said, 'Thank you, sir, thank you, sir,' and plumped himself down on the little end of the bench which was left right beside the father.

"Helen sniffed and tossed her head, and just then someone came knocking at the door and when the door was open there stood another young man, who was also in love with Helen, and he was jolly and thought quite well of himself and wasn't bashful a bit.

"Well, after a while the father and mother said good night and went to sleep in the curtained-off bed,

"And there sat poor Will alone on the bench, more embarrassed than ever; so he twisted around a bit and then, without another word, said 'Good night' and stumbled up the ladder.

"Helen and her other suitor laughed and talked merrily and all was still in the loft.

"But Will couldn't sleep; he kept wondering if that other man was going to ask Helen to marry him. So he crawled across the loose boards of the loft and peeped down at them. He leaned far over the edge of the trapdoor—too far—her shawl went to the board and down went William, but not all the way.

"Somehow or other he caught on a nail and swung with hands, feet and head dangling like a great spider right over Helen and her guest.

"'Help!' he called, but the young folk were laughing so they couldn't take him down.

"The father climbed up and unhooked him after a while, and before daylight the next morning he stole out of the house and was gone!"

WHEN A WOMAN TELLS

By RUTH AGNES ABELING

CHAPTER XIII—I OFFER SOLACE TO JOHN AMES

START HERE TODAY

Helen Bradford breaks her engagement to Tom Bradford after pursuing him for his money. She finds employment as a social secretary of Mrs. John Ames. The latter's brother-in-law, a ronder, interests himself in her. Also he is most affectionately attentive to Mrs. John Ames.

GO ON WITH STORY

After tea, of the fourth day of my employment, I sought the desk at which I knew I should find the letters Mrs. Ames wanted taken care of. Dusk found me still busy.

As the shadows began to gather in the garden below I saw Mrs. Ames and Philip, arm in arm, moving along the path toward the latticed seats at the end of the blue hedge. I stayed there in the shadows, watching the coming of night, for perhaps an hour or more, when I became conscious of another presence in the room. Hardly daring to move, I shrank back further into the shadows of the corner near the window, and waited.

I couldn't see anything. I couldn't hear anything. I could only feel intuitively that some one else was in the room with me. And I could only wait silently and fearfully.

Finally the lights of an automobile coming up the hill toward the house flashed for a second in the room.

Every sense alert, in that instant of light I envisioned a figure on the bed, half sitting, and then the shimmer of Lila Ames' flimsy dressing gown.

I wanted to slip unseen, but I couldn't. The door was at the other side of the room and I should have had to pass between the windows and the bed to leave, and so I would have been discovered. Thus I stayed on, clinging silently to the little desk chair until my shoulders ached and my knees felt stiff.

At length, after what seemed like an hour, I heard a faint movement. There was a stir of silk. The figure on the bed was moving. Vaguely I could get the outlines and see the shimmering silk of the foolish garment his hands had grasped.

There was a sigh, then John Ames straightened up. The frivolous silk-

GIRLS! LEMONS
BLEACH SKIN WHITE

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quartet pint of harmless and delightful lemon bleach. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, then shortly note the beauty and whiteness of your skin.

Famous stage beauties use this lemon lotion to bleach and bring that soft, clear, rosy-white complexion, also as a freckle, sunburn and tan bleach, because it doesn't irritate.