

Lew Tyler's Wives

The story of a Lovable Ne'er-do-well.

By WALLACE IRWIN

INSTALLMENT XL
LEW TYLER tries his long-enduring wife, Jessie, too hard when he keeps up a secret alliance with COLEMAN MILES, and fails to appear in time for their baby's funeral. Jessie leaves him and is divorced. Completely reformed, Lew does well in business before the war, wins his property in the army and later reverts to go in business in New York.

MECH GARRICK, a Californian and hopeless worshiper of Jessie, who had helped the Tylers in their hardest times, is now "broke." Buzzy tells Lew. In France, Lew had met RITA KEMBALL, a New York society woman. Through her, at home, he becomes acquainted with VIRGINIA PHILLIPS, or "Jinny," her cousin, a woman of about 32 years, who is strongly attracted by him. She tells her father, Seumas Phillips, however, that she would as soon think of marrying the man in the moon as Lew Tyler. Virginia, however, marries Lew. She plans to have him enter the domestic service. She is jealous of his memory of Jessie, although Lew does not even know where his first wife is. Virginia is soon to become a mother. Her jealousy is increased by a telephone message and by a telegram announcing the death of Jessie's father in California. Mandelbush shows her an undated advertising card where Lew's social connections are made to do service in booming "Lord Algy" shirts. Mandelbush tells her Jessie's hair was red, and says there are "two kinds of red-headed women."

CHAPTER XXI
Meech Reveals a Bit of the Past.
"Is there anything in what they say about babies being marked?" Virginia asked Dr. Myron Havelock. "Birthmarks, you mean. Children deformed by parental ideas? Old wives' tales! Funny how many college graduates, right today, go around spreading this kind of stuff. Big the most baseless superstition I know of."

Nothing else on your conscience, I hope?"

Farmer Brown's Boy Tells About His Encounter With Four Bears

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Farmer Brown's Boy was excited. Wouldn't you be excited if you had just met four Bears? He hurried to get back to the sugar house. Now and then he glanced back over his shoulder. He was a little scared. At least, that is what he told himself. But every time he thought of how big and terrible Mother Bear had looked he shivered a wee bit. You see, he didn't know that that fierce-looking bear had been all a bluff on Mother Bear's part. He didn't know that she had been only pretending.

When he got back to the sugar house he told Farmer Brown all about his adventure. How Farmer Brown did laugh! But presently he became serious. "Those Bears," said he, "are likely to make us a lot of trouble. A bear is as full of mischief as the most mischievous small boy that ever was. They won't be able to keep away from here while we are making bear and syrup. You remember what happened when two cubs got into this sugar house one time while we were away."

"I should say I do!" exclaimed Farmer Brown. "It was the worst mess I ever saw! If two could turn things upside down the way they did I don't know what would happen if three got in here."

"Which means," said Farmer Brown, "that one of us must remain here all the time. It will not be safe to leave this sugar house until the season is over. Bears will do almost anything to get sweets."

Farmer Brown's Boy began to chuckle. "We'll entertain those Bears if they come around here," said he.

That evening while the sap was being boiled to make syrup and sugar, Farmer Brown's Boy was very busy. He filled an empty tomato can with soft maple sugar.

The young Bears. Then he scattered the snow some small pieces of maple sugar. He scattered some more among the trees where the young Bears had meddled with the sap pails. From there he went straight back to the little clearing where the sugar house was. All the way there he kept dropping little pieces of sugar.

In the clearing just a little way from the sugar house was a birch tree. Farmer Brown's Boy climbed this, and to one of the branches, as far out as he could get, he tied the rope which he had made fast to the wire that was fastened to the can of sugar he had fixed the night before. When he was through, the syrup-covered can hung above the ground just about the height of one of those young Bears when standing up. The other sugar-filled, syrup-covered can he placed on an old stump.

"Now," said he, "we are ready to entertain visitors if they come."

(Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "The Visitors Arrive."

"GOOD MORNING" Always when you serve

SUPERIOR CHASE & SANBORN'S SUPERIOR BLACK TEA BLACK

IN 1/2 AND 1 LB. CARTONS

"Oh, no," she laughed, and sent him on his rounds. How could she tell him that she was obsessed with the spirit of a red-headed woman? Red-headed Jessie had elbowed out the other phantoms that came to crowd a pregnant woman's brain. Red-headed Virginia worked incessantly, reconstructing Jessie out of that one fact, just as paleontologists will build up a monster's skeleton on the thigh bone of a dinosaur. Auburn people, she reflected, were apt to be very plain or very beautiful—the former more likely. Therefore she built herself an ugly Jessie, fat, heavy, fiery locks dangling. She abandoned this image for a lovely Jessie, a slender figure with pale gilt hair—the way Audrey Vale's had been before she lost her looks. This version, too, was unsatisfactory. She remembered the voice over the telephone. "Lewis Kensington Tyler, junior, will start right," she told Lew one morning as he leaned over her bed. "Have your way!" he laughed, but his eyes shifted, almost imperceptibly. "Lew, don't you want him named after me?"

"Well—" his grin was boyish now—"they do name a lot of girls after men nowadays! It would be rather cut to have a daughter named Lewis Kensington."

"Don't be silly," she begged, "you old dear!" Before he went she laid her cheek against his vigorous blue jaw and whispered, "Do you still love me?"

"It's been a wonderful year, Jinny," he said, then sunk away as if ashamed.

She stayed abed through a lazy morning. A great calm seemed to have come over her spirit, banishing the phantoms that had plagued her days. After all, nine years is a long time—sufficient time, certainly, for a man to forget.

Katherine, her maid, brought in a long box. Virginia snatched the string and raised the cover with a little murmur of delight to see the rows on rows of American Beauties, their petals flowing ardently through a covering of oiled paper. Two dozen of them, her practiced eye computed at a glance. Among the leaves there was a little note:

"Just to remember the day. 'LEW.'"

She was so glad he hadn't forgotten! A year ago he had compelled her to confess her love and accept his, despite her resolutions to send him away.

Virginia gave way to a pleasant languor and let her mind roam around the Tyler home. When the baby was a little older, she mused, they must rearrange everything to make place for a play room.

An apologetic knock aroused her from her comfortable dream and she looked up to see Katherine, carrying some tall object which was elaborately swaddled in paper.

"What is it now?" asked Virginia.

"Open it," Katherine unwound the paper, and as the concealment fell away the room flashed with scarlet. Here was a most unusual gift; some ingenious gardener had planted a climbing geranium in a greenish pot and trained it like a rose tree up a miniature trellis where the blossoms flaunted their red against the less vigorous colors of Virginia's bedroom. A novelty, even for De Camp's!

At the base of the trellis, concealed in the knot of a big bronze ribbon, Virginia found a note. That it was unsigned, signified little—her father and old Dick Galway, who professed to adore her, often sent anonymous flowers. But the wording of the stubbly, scrawled message gained all her attention, once she tried to understand it:

"Dear Jessie: Here's Old Sturdy's grand-daughter. Tied to see you yesterday. Better luck today."

Virginia stilled a hundred wild surmises.

Alone, her eyes wandered from the queenly roses which Lew had sent her to the staring red blossoms. Lew's first wife might be standing there with fiery locks and triumph in her eyes. She read the note a third time and could make less of it than before.

How was Virginia to know that this day marked another anniversary—that nine years ago the boy who bore Lew's name had lain dead in the arms of Jessie Tyler? And how was she to know that "Old Sturdy" was the geranium that grew in Lew and Jessie's apartment in California?

Some one connected with the life of Lew and Jessie was in New York, had called the day before, had sent a curious flower and a more curious note. Jessie, then, must be very near.

Soon Katherine announced that a Mr. Garrick had called "about the flowers."

"Have him come up," ordered Virginia.

"My mistake! I got the wrong Mrs. Tyler," said Meech Garrick when he had seen Virginia.

"But the flowers came for Mrs. Lewis K. Tyler," said Virginia. "I'm Mrs. Tyler."

"Oh, I see." He began backing away into the foyer with mumbled apologies.

"I wonder if it isn't the first Mrs. Tyler that you're looking for?"

"Why, yes—it is. I didn't know that Lew was married again."

"Won't you come in, Mr. Garrick?" she urged, ignoring the fact that he had been in and was just going. "I should like to talk to you."

"Thanks." He followed her back into the big room.

"I haven't been in New York for two years until last week," he said. "And yesterday I was riding up Madison avenue, when a milliner's handbox got on the car and sat down 'longside of me. It looked like a spirit message, for there was Mrs. Lewis K. Tyler, written out in chalk. 'We'll entertain those Bears if they come around here,' said he. He filled an empty tomato can with soft maple sugar. The young Bears. Then he scattered the snow some small pieces of maple sugar. He scattered some more among the trees where the young Bears had meddled with the sap pails. From there he went straight back to the little clearing where the sugar house was. All the way there he kept dropping little pieces of sugar. In the clearing just a little way from the sugar house was a birch tree. Farmer Brown's Boy climbed this, and to one of the branches, as far out as he could get, he tied the rope which he had made fast to the wire that was fastened to the can of sugar he had fixed the night before. When he was through, the syrup-covered can hung above the ground just about the height of one of those young Bears when standing up. The other sugar-filled, syrup-covered can he placed on an old stump."

Late the next afternoon Farmer Brown's Boy went over to where he had found the telltale footprints of



"Anything important, Lew?" she asked.

money. . . .

"Tell me about her. What was she like?" The question seemed to burst from her.

"She was a very sweet woman," said Garrick; an epitaph in his commonplace words.

"I mean—her appearance." "You want to know what she was like? Neat. She was neat with the house and neat with herself. Call any time, day or night, always find her looking fresh as a daisy. Sometimes I couldn't believe she was running the whole show—keeping house, cooking, taking care of the baby."

The baby! The little man must have been something wretched in Virginia's face to cause him to stop so suddenly. His lips moved as if to form another apology.

"Whose baby do you mean?" she asked in a still small voice.

"Why, hers and Lew's."

"Taking care of the baby—that was a great deal to do, wasn't it?"

"It was pretty tough with his throat trouble and all," explained the visitor.

A baby. During her year with Lew he had never hinted that there had been a child by his first marriage.

But now that the blow fell—he it said to Jinny's credit and the credit of her kind—she endured the pain without flinching.

"He must be quite a large boy now," she said casually.

"Oh, he's dead. Poor little Buster!" "Buster. That couldn't have been his real name."

"Oh, no, indeed! Lewis Kensington Tyler, junior, was the name they christened him."

"Hello, Lew!" Seumas Phillips greeted his son-in-law that afternoon. "If you don't want people to steal your liquor you ought to lock it up."

"Go to it!" invited Lew. He went into the drawing-room and stood beside her a full minute before Virginia looked up.

"What's the matter, Jinny?" he asked, leaning down.

remember everything, Lew?"

"I—I think so."

As suddenly as she had seized him she pushed him away. Civilized women are sometimes savage in their reactions. Possibly this is because no woman is entirely civilized.

"What's the matter now?" he asked grumblingly just as Mr. Phillips, a tall glass of amber fluid in his hand, came merrily into the room.

As though drawn by an evil lodestone Lew had taken his course across the room to Garrick's geranium. His back was toward Virginia, but his whole body seemed to stiffen before the flaunting red.

"What do you think of Jinny's taste in flowers, Lew?" was Mr. Phillips' unfortunate question.

"Very odd," Lew stooped to smell the pungent clusters.

"I thought you'd like them," said Jinny.

"I?" He looked up, his face a puzzle.

"Men are always so fond of red," she explained gayly. "They hate things to be subtle."

"Oh, I object," whinnied Mr. Phillips. "Lew and I are both crazy about you, Jinny."

"Do you think I am subtle, Lew?" she asked.

"Sometimes." His look was moody

as he stood on the center of the rug, his hands deep in his pockets.

"Lew wants the baby to be a girl," she went on in the same wild strain.

"That's all nonsense, isn't it, Daddy?"

"Nonsense? Of course it is."

She caught up her father's hand and was turning the blue signet ring round and round his finger.

"Because, Daddy, I've decided on a boy. And do you know what?"

In the short pause, Lew caught his breath and Mr. Phillips glanced uneasily at one who scents unknown

trouble.

"Lew and I have been thinking of a name for him," she said, "and I've made up my mind to name him after you."

"After me? By George!" Seumas Phillips spat his hands together in hearty appreciation. "By George, Jinny—that is mighty sweet of you."

Lew Tyler stood silent, his back turned to the geranium.

(Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Fine, brisk flavor! Best of all in the ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY

FURNITURE PIECES To Endow Your Home With Spring Happiness

DRAPERY SPECIALS

at Money Saving Prices

Puffed Marquette Curtains, with tiebacks, per pair	\$1.69	Colored Scotch Madras, 50 inches wide, all colors, per yard	78c
Ruffled Dotted Marquette Curtains, with tiebacks, per pair	\$1.98	All Lace Curtains, per pair	\$1.35
Ruffled Cross Bar Muslin, per yard	31c	SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY LINOLEUMS, all widths, large assortment of patterns, per yard	85c
Scotch Madras, figured, per yard	25c	TENNESSEE RED CEDAR CHESTS, Guaranteed mothproof.	\$16.50

RUGS RUGS
Axminster in all new patterns—
9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in. \$45.00
9 ft. x 12 ft. \$50.00
Tapestry—
9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in. \$22.00

Refrigerators!!
Famous Ham & Nott Brandford Refrigerators, in all sizes, priced from \$14.50

Mattresses
Layer Felt, in all sizes \$7.50

STORE OF BETTER VALUES.

WYATT FURNITURE CO.

349-351 TALBOT STREET BETWEEN KING AND YORK

Beginning Tomorrow At 9 o'Clock the Greatest Easter

MILLINERY SALE

WE HAVE EVER ATTEMPTED

1,000 Wonderful New Spring Hats
At Bargain Prices

This is the first time we have attempted an event of such magnitude. Our entire store of 2,000 square feet will be devoted to this Easter Millinery Showing.

EVERY HAT NEW—JUST RECEIVED!

EVERY WOMAN AND MISS WHO READS THIS ANNOUNCEMENT OWES IT TO HERSELF TO INSPECT THIS MOST MARVELLOUS ASSEMBLAGE.

HATS FOR EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY

Here every woman, no matter what her desire, may choose to suit her taste as to color, shape and materials. Hats for all occasions—sports wear, the afternoon function or shopping trip, street and dress wear. Hats suitable for all ages and types.

EMPHASIZING NEW COLORS — Black and White, Sand, Wood, Pearl Gray, Red, Blue, Brown, Navy, Black and Purple.

NEW SHAPES AND MATERIALS — Tricorns, Turbans, Large Hats with Flare, Pokes in many styles, Off-the-Face Hats, Hair Hats and Dressy Hats.

230 HATS
In this lot you will find Tailored and Ready-To-Wear Hats.
On Sale at \$3.95

285 HATS
In this lot you will find Trimmed and Tailored Hats.
On Sale at \$5.00

175 HATS
In this lot you will find Trimmed Hats and Bonne Hats.
On Sale at \$6.75

110 HATS
In this lot you will find Model Hats, Trimmed Hats and Dress Hats.
On Sale at \$7.75

Also a good assortment of the new Sailors, now so much in demand,

\$3.95 and \$5.00

ROYAL MILLINERY AND FUR CO.

246 DUNDAS STREET.

90 HATS
In this lot you will find Dress Hats, Model Hats, Hand-Made Hats, all individual models. On Sale at \$8.75

65 HATS
In this lot you will find Imported Hats, Dress Hats, Model Hats, Hand-Made Hats, all individual models. On Sale at \$10.50

45 HATS
In this lot you will find Imported Model Hats, Dress Hats and Hand-made Hats. On Sale at \$12.75

Smart Spring Fur Chokers
Rich, Silky Foxes, in the new nigger brown and Isabella shades.

\$19.50, \$25.00, \$29.50, \$37.50