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SMILES

SOMETHING TO HER
"Yes, she's pretty, but there's nothing to her."
"The scales say there's about a hundred and fifty pounds."

HEARTS AFIRE
By Mae Christie
(Continued)
CHAPTER XXVI
The Enchanted Kiss

In the narrow hospital bed, Prudence looked up at Peter Armstrong, her heart afire with a strange, new ecstasy she had never known before. . . . never in the blinding period of infatuation never in all her thoughtless girlhood!

The girl was speechless. Great emotion somehow makes words seem so futile and so weak. She loved this big, strong man as she had never known it possible to love.

She would always love him. Something greater than herself, something infinitely stronger, something as old as the hills, as permanent, and yet with all the freshness and the newness and the fragrance of the spring had caught her, never to let her go again.

The thing that poets, from time immemorial, have sung about. The thing that makes the world go round.

The one thing in the world worth having, and indeed—without which—life must be ever incomplete. She—Prudence Page—had never guessed there was such thrilling ecstasy, such a flow of nameless loveliness as beat about her heart just now, when Peter Armstrong, bending over the hospital cot, caught her fluttering fingers in his own strong grasp, and looked long, and deep, and wordlessly, into her hitherto unawakened eyes.

The nurse had gone, and they were alone. . . . alone with the amazing discovery that brought a hot, delicious flow to Prudence's very temples.

"Peter!"
"My little girl!"
"Oh! magic words!
Had she dreamt them? Was this some fantasy of her own imagination? Would she wake up and find herself once more in the white-walled ambulance, and the nurse bending over her and telling her she must lie quiet?"

But no! The nurse's presence never had held enchantment such as this! The nurse's touch had never generated magic such as flowed in a strong, steady current from Peter's big, brown fingers, rushing in a surge of loveliness to the girl's heart.

There was silence in the little ward, save for the hum of traffic from the street below. . . . and what was that?—something that beat about them like the throb of violoncellos, like the perfume of violets, like the moonlight, like the song of nightingales.

The thing that sets young hearts afire. The thing that brings such poignant pain, and yet whose sweetness is so potent, so intoxicating, that—for one hour of it—one would recklessly endure all pangs, all future sorrows.

Long and deep did Peter look into the eyes of Prudence Page. How deep and dark and true they were, those eyes! What purity, what wistfulness, what longing, lay behind them!

And who was he to wake this little sleeping princess?
But he was human, and he loved her. Loved as he never thought it possible to love. The agony of mind of the last hour had shown him, clearly, all that this young girl meant to him.

He bent his head down lower, and an arm slipped round her shoulders, holding her fast. How very nearly he had lost her! With her clipped, boyish little head, and that pale, lovely little face, there was something immeasurably appealing, something that roused every instinct of protection. . . .

"My. . . little. . . girl!"
The words were out now. She had heard them. A wild rose colour stained the gardenia-whiteness of her face.

And then—
How he ever had the courage, afterwards he never knew. But, without any further parley, his lips—reverently adoring, passionately tender—were on her lips, in a long, enchanted kiss that seemed to have no end.

Even the traffic down below seemed hushed at that enchanted moment. In a breathless silence, all the world was waiting. . . . In Prudence's heart the song of ecstasy was being sung as though by angel choirs.

"I love him! I shall always love him! He is mine. . . mine. . . mine!"
But, none the less, an age-old instinct in her made her draw back first.

Would he—this wonder-man—think her "easy cheap"?
This sudden surrender, without any preliminary wooing. . . ? In calmer moments, would he think the less of her for it?
She drew her "bobbed" head away from him, shaking out a tremenda-

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ous little laugh that somehow seemed to break the magic spell like the tinkle of falling glass. There were satumulous tears behind that laugh.

"I—we we shouldn't—should we?"
Peter put his two hands on her slender shoulders, and in a voice that shook with feeling, said:
"If there's any reason why we shouldn't, won't you tell me, and—and let me show you just how foolish all such reasons must be—darling?"

Like a flash, the thought of Traymore darted through his mind. With all the honest attempt of a very genuine, honourable nature, Peter despised the Traymores of this world. They preyed on women. They were liars.

Words, indeed, were feeble to describe them, though a few apt phrases had drifted across the Atlantic Ocean. . . . such as "lounge-lizards," "parious snakes!"

To the clean-cut mind of Peter, Traymore was a leech of the most poisonous type.
But—did this unsophisticated little girl still cherish an interest in him?

Why was there such a hesitant look upon her face?
Then he remembered the recent strain she had come through, and a wave of self-reproach caught him. He cursed himself for a blundering fool.

"I—I'm awfully sorry. Your nurse will give me no end of a talking-to, if she knew hte way I—I'd upset you." He gazed anxiously at the invalid. "I'm a selfish beast to come here and think only of myself, and the way I feel about you, and forget how weak you are, and everything."

Prudence tried to laugh again, but a lump had crept into her throat.
"I'm all right. A narrow escape, wasn't it?"
Despite her valiant attempt at nonchalance, her eyes were shimmering in her own—tears of weakness and of happiness and a whole variety of emotions that mere man could never understand.

Why did he stand there, so far off, who should have been so near?
But for the very life of her, she couldn't put her wishes into words. Love made one shy and humble and distrustful of oneself, didn't it?

He drew a chair near the bed, his fine eyes on her face.
Haltingly, she told him the story of the fire, and her own hair-raising experiences.
She tried to laugh over the adjective.

"Hair-razing, it should be spelt. She passed a hand over her moist cheeks. "Nurse trimmed it a bit with the scissors—just before you came. She—she was sure you would be coming."
Then, with a vivid blush, Prudence realised how queer the last phrase must sound to him.

Peter leant forward in his chair, his face alight.
"You told her about me, then?"
"No. Oh no." She shook her head. Inwardly he thought:
"She must have told the nurse about some one? Some man?"
Had she expected Traymore?

We are told that true love casts out doubt, but in real life, it isn't always so.
Peter was human, with a man's power of loving, and a man's jealousy when he does set his heart idiotically on woman.

Had she not been only the trouble at Wyndham Towers that had forced Prudence to leave home and run away, but had her flight been planned in order to meet Traymore up in town?

The thought was an unworthy one, but it persisted, torturingly in Peter's mind.
Was she expecting Traymore at the hospice?
Did she love the fellow?

Had her recent surrender to his—Peter's—kiss been merely the instinct of an invalid to cling to a familiar hand, or was Prudence a coquette bent on collecting "scalps," enjoying the shallow thrill of each new declaration?

Although he did not know it, Virginia's hints had sown the dangerous seeds of doubt. . . .
"If you are expecting some one, then I'll go." He tried to make the phrase sound easy, but the words were stilted.

Prudence, with a quick surge of the heart, realised that he was jealous, and hastened to set his mind at rest.
"I'm only expecting my people. Father and mother. Nurse sent a wire to them. She said they would be in a terrible state if they heard about the fire, and maybe not knowing."
Here she broke off. The part she had played in running off, like coward, struck her forcibly, and

That Car Of Yours
By WILLIAM ULLMAN
Heart-to-Heart Talks With Automobile Owners and Drivers on How to Get the Most Out of Their Cars at the Least Expense.

DISCHARGE NOT REVEALED
Because the ammeter does not register the current discharge when the engine is being started, many motorists do not realize that the rate is very high. In the case of a large, heavy engine, the current use runs as high as 200 amperes when the starting switch first is closed. The average discharge runs around 100 amperes. This offers an excellent clue as to why the engine should be kept in such condition that it will start with ease at all times.

MAKES BUSHING LARGER
If the bushing in the steering column becomes worn and difficulty is found in acquiring a new one, the old unit may be made to serve for a time at least. Take out the old bushing and split it lengthwise with a hacksaw. In the split, insert a liner of thin sheet brass or copper. The thickness of the liner, of course will depend upon the amount of wear. A new bushing should be inserted at the first opportunity.

LEAVE THIS UNIT ALONE
Unless the car owner is an expert mechanic, one part that he never should attempt to repair is the circuit breaker which automatically connects and disconnects the generator and battery. This unit is one of the most delicate features of the car. Tampering with it is likely to get it far out of adjustment. If it really needs attention, leave the job to a skillful repairer.

REMOVE ALL RUST FIRST
In re-painting the car, never brush on the new finish over a rust spot. It will come off almost immediately. All rust spots should be removed before the repainting work is started. In this connection, however, it is well to remember that the work of removal should stop just before the metal begins to take a polish. If the surface is left slightly rough, it will hold the paint better. These points are essential if the car is to profit by the treatment to a new finish.

REMEDY HAS ITS DEFECTS
Heavy oil frequently is used to compensate for wear of engine parts. It is well to realize that lubricants of this nature have their deficiencies which may do more harm than good under certain conditions. The heavy oil, in the first place, does not atomize readily and this is likely to result in under lubrication of vital units of the engine. If cylinders, pistons or rings are worn badly, they should be re-ground or replaced.

FIND OUT WHY FUSE FAILED
With night driving at its height, headlight troubles are more common. One of the most familiar maladies of this nature is the burned out fuse. This should be the first point of inspection when trouble is experienced with the lighting system. There always is a cause when a fuse burns out and it should be discovered before the new one is inserted. Failure to locate the cause probably will mean that the second fuse will meet the same fate as the first and even more serious trouble may result.

DO NOT REDUCE PRESSURE
Some motorists who have noticed that tire pressure is increased by the heat generated by friction in driving are tempted to make an allowance for this when they inflate the tires. This may prove costly. The tires are made to stand for any such additional pressure and the manufacturer has taken the factor into consideration, when specifying the normal amount of air. Regardless of the heat of the day or the length of the drive, the tires should be inflated to the specified pressures.

IN MEMORIAM
MISS NORAH TOOKER
Halifax Record:—Many acquaintances in Halifax will hear with much regret of the death of Miss Norah, only daughter of Captain W. T. Tooker, R. N., and Mrs. Tooker, which occurred at Victoria, B. C., Saturday. Miss Tooker had been ill for some time, and while hopes had been entertained for her recovery, she recently took a change for the worse. Commander Tooker was formerly on this station in command of H. M. S. Elinor, and about twenty years ago went to Vancouver, where he lived for many years, and afterwards Victoria. The family was well-known not only in Halifax but throughout the Provinces, particularly in Prince Edward Island. Miss Tooker was a charming lady, highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Besides her parents, Miss Tooker is survived by two brothers, Hugh W. Tooker (whose wife is a daughter of Dominion Engineer C. E. W. Dodwell), and Guy L. Tooker, of the engineering department of the city of Vancouver, both of whom were at their sister's bedside when she passed away. Capt. Noel Tooker, the eldest son of Commander and Mrs. Tooker was killed

she wondered what Peter could be thinking of her?
Had he heard that hateful story of the theft?
But—if he loved her. . . . and he must love her, for he had grown to mean so much to her!—he surely couldn't credit such a calamity?
But she couldn't tell him of it. No! She would break down and cry, and thoroughly humiliate herself, were she to broach the painful subject.

"How did you find me out? (She must say something, no matter what, for Peter was looking at her strangely, as though she were some one whom he scarcely knew!)
"I came up to town on business this morning. Then, in the street, I bought an early edition of an evening paper, and read about the fire. When I saw your name, I couldn't believe my eyes! The newsboy told me what hospital you were in, and I came on at once."

Prudence's eyes widened.
"I've caused a terrible lot of trouble," Her lip trembled, rather like a child's who has done wrong. "I didn't mean to make a fuss. Things got unbearable—oh, I can't explain it—and I was a coward, and ran away."
She looked piteously up at him, eyes brimming over, and put out a hand to touch his coat.

Peter trembled with an emotion that was a queer mixture of protective love and passion, and a torturing doubt.
At that very moment the door opened, and Bertram Traymore walked into the room.

CHAPTER XXVII
An Insidious Attack
"A nice fright you've given us all, young lady!" Traymore—the pink carnation in the buttonhole of essence of debonaire dandyism, a his smart grey flannel suit—stepped up to the little hospital cot with all the ease and assurance of a visiting doctor.

"What brings you here?"
stammered the invalid, eyes wide with astonishment, not unmixed with chagrin. It was the very irony of fate that Traymore, of all people most unwanted at this crisis between herself and Peter, should sail into the room as though he owned the place, and its occupants!

"A foolish question! You already know the answer, or—with a laugh, and a sudden brusque nod towards Armstrong, as though not till that very moment had Traymore seen the man—"if you don't, you ought to, oughtn't you?"
A tidal wave of red had flown to Prudence's cheeks. She was not strong enough, not sufficient mistress of herself as yet, to cope with this insidious attack.

And the awful part was that a quite wrong impression was being conveyed to Peter. . . . and her brain wouldn't act quick enough to set it right.
Traymore had come right up to the bedside, and with a professional manner that at any other time and in any other circumstances might have been amusing, lifted her right wrist and held her pulse between his fingers.

"Fit too rapid! I say, nurse—this is the intensely interested young person who now opened the door and dubiously regarded her flushed patient—"I say, nurse, after all this young lady's been through, ought she to be allowed to have a crowd of visitors?"
Peter rose at once. He was furious with Traymore, but the fellow was too much of a puppy to waste anger on. And for Prudence's sake, he wouldn't let his temper master him.

The nurse laughed merrily at Traymore's protest.

THE BEDTIME STRIP—
IF WE COULD WIDEN THOSE GAPS WE CALL SPILLWAYS AN' LET THE WATER THROUGH FASTER WE COULD SAVE THE WHOLE VILLAG.

LET'S TRY

YOU WANT HERE AN' I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET TO 'EM. BUT I CAN'T SWIM LIKE I USED TO

LET ME HELP

NO, SONNY, YOU STAY THERE. I LOST YOUR DAD THIS WAY AN' I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU TOO

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—By Arthur Chapouille

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