

And So They Were Married

Episode Two—(Each Other's Friends)

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR
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CHAPTER IV
SCOTT found her where he had left her when he returned half an hour later. He was flushed with the cold, and she smiled as though nothing at all had happened.

"You should have come with me," he remarked, sitting down beside her on the couch. Ruth noticed that he did not offer her any endearment, therefore she knew that there was a breach between them in spite of the fact that he avoided speaking of what had occurred.

"You know we haven't. What are we going to do, give up the affair?" "I don't know."

He was calm and supposedly uninterested; she was trembling with nervousness. Her control was not as good as his, therefore she always gave way first.

Suddenly she began to cry. "We are always having misunderstandings lately," she sobbed. "I don't see why." "Neither do I, sweetheart," he said, taking her in his arms. "You used to agree with me before we were married," she went on, knowing that she was losing her dignity, knowing that she was not advancing any convincing argument, floundering desperately in her effort to get her own way. The thing had advanced to the point where she knew that if she gave in this time there would never be another instance where she could prevent these people from coming to the apartment.

Scott did not answer, simply stroked her hair, and angrily she asked him: "You pretend to care about me and yet you purposely make me miserable," she flamed childishly.

"Ruth, you know better than that." "Then why do you do it?" "You want me to tell you that I was wrong to insist upon having my friends here at the house, and to withdraw my right to asking them?"

"Yes, if I don't want them, if I don't like them, what possible use is there in making friends of them?"

"You don't seem to realize that although I may not like them, I do; that although you don't care about having them for friends, I do."

"But if we have them at the house it will mean that I have to accept them, and I don't want to. Why can't you have them for friends without asking them here?"

"I can." Ruth stopped crying. "Oh, Scott, then you are willing not to have them here and to have the affair anyway?" Ruth's tone was glad. "Are you? Oh, darling, you'll find that we'll have a much better time," and instantly she began to chatter happily.

If Ruth had looked into the depths of Scott's heart then she would have trembled with a new fear, for it was the heart of an alien. It was not bitter, just cold with realization. He simply could not afford to go through these emotional experiences with Ruth, these warring arguments about trifles. Rather than do it he would give in, but there was just one alternative. If they could not do things together, then each would go ahead separately. Not to invite friends of his own choosing to his home made him not a free agent there. Certainly matters were not adjusting themselves very well, but he could not hold out to a point of quarreling about a thing. It would be far better to give in at once.

When marriage for the first time forces a chain on a man, and he recognizes it as such, when in any way he feels himself limited and not a free agent, then for the first time does he resent the marriage tie. Women as a rule do not know this; they count their

petty victories triumphantly, forgetting the real principle that underlies them just as Ruth did. For the time the only thing that counted was the one fact that she did not wish to invite these friends of Scott to the house. He had given in, and her affair was to be of her own choosing, but what of the wall that her attitude had erected between them? What of the fact that in the future Scott would keep everything that had to do with his friendships to himself? Scott was not the type of man to give up a friend for any reason save lack of friendship. Ruth was simply forcing him to have his friendships and everything that proceeded from them entirely apart from her, which is always a bad thing.

Once having gained the victory Ruth was anxious to atone in a hundred small ways. She was anxious to wipe out the impression Scott must have received from her loss of temper, she found it hard to regain her self-respect, she kept thinking of her tears and the foolish things she had said and wondered if Scott remembered them against her.

They went out to the kitchen together for sandwiches and sat on the tiny kitchen table to eat them as usual, but in spite of the fact that there was really nothing that Ruth could put her hand on things were not the same; something, no matter how infinitesimal, had been taken out of their midst just because Ruth had lost virtually all that she had gained in her effort to be tolerant that time in the country; she had forgotten to extend her tolerance to people as well as things.

(Tomorrow, a line on the friendship between Ruth and Isabel Carter.)

MADE GERMANS RUN FASTER

Soldier-Cartoonist Praises Pennsylvanians' Bravery at Argonne

The Pennsylvania and Ohio soldiers in the 146th Infantry were the real dyed-in-the-wool shock troops at the Battle of Argonne Forest, according to Private Hugh Deeney, company G, of that unit, former sports cartoonist of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.

"The men in the 146th were the real crazy bunch," he writes. "They just chopped, hammered and sawed everything aside and made the Dutch throw off their packs and overcoats so they could run faster. Everybody ignored the Hun machine-gun fire and we reached our objective, a shell-sweet hill. High explosives, whizz-bangs and everything else in the German bag of tricks were fired our way, but we just held fast, dug ourselves in and stuck to that old hill. We stuck after the French tanks were forced to retreat."

Deeney also pays high tribute to New York troops who occupied an adjoining salient.

Address in Gold Box for Wilson
London, Dec. 13.—The corporation of the city of London has passed a resolution inviting President Wilson to accept an address of welcome in a gold box and asking him to a luncheon at the Guild Hall.

CAMP LEE SENDS OUT 1000 SOLDIERS A DAY

By Christmas Probably 20,000 Will Have Returned to Civil Life

Camp Lee, Va., Dec. 13. With 1000 men discharged from the service today and 500 transferred to other camps for discharge, the functioning of the machinery for the muster of men out of the service at this camp gave evidences of having reached a state of perfection. It was announced that once the system was well established 1000 men could be discharged every twenty-four hours in each of the larger camps of the country. Present plans are that for the seven-day period ending tomorrow night there will have been 10,000 men mustered from the service at this camp.

The work of returning the men to civil life is being directed by Major John S. Graves, chief mustering officer. By Christmas Day 20,000 men who were in the army on November 11, the day the armistice was signed, will be out of the service. A special train leaves the camp every afternoon for Washington with the discharged soldiers. Yesterday there was a special special carrying men from this camp to Camp Dix, N. J., and from there they will be sent to live within a radius of 350 miles of this camp and were forwarded to those places for discharge.

Soldiers who were wounded in France or who were invalided home from overseas are expected at this camp every day. Included among those expected from the base hospital at Richmond are a number of members of units of the Eighteenth Division which were organized and trained at this camp. A number of officers reported to camp today from the units with which they served overseas and several had been wounded.

Stenographers and typists now in the service at this camp have no early prospect of being returned to civil life. Orders have been issued, on account of the shortage of soldiers with this specialty, that if an organization should be mustered from the service and a surplus stenographer created this stenographer shall be held and transferred to such organization as may need his services.

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

PETER'S TRIUMPH
By Mary Power

EMILY hated Peter. In fact, she despised all pain. When khaki-clad Ross, her beau, had excitedly announced one week-end that Mobba, a rifle officer at 13—, had made him a gift of two wee puppies, Emily recalled the news in frigid silence. The puppies were named Peter and Pansy, her intense disgust.

Then, to cap the climax, on that last memorable day together, Ross had said, and she had not been prepared for it, that he had lifted a wriggling form from within a capacious basket.

"Dear, Pansy died yesterday. I'm leaving Peter with you." Young as he was, Peter sensed the tender note and smiled appreciatively. Ross brushed his cheek along the sleek little body, then held it cupped in both hands. "I say, Em," he said, "Don't let the helplessness of the little tyke somehow get one."

"Put him down, Ross," said Emily crossly, and turned away.

The hours that ensued were their own, on which even Peter dared not intrude, and it was evening when a tiny whimper from the basket made Emily again aware of Peter's officious presence. Her first thought was to turn him over to Morgan, the gardener. But Ross would not like that. Frowning, she uncovered the basket.

"Little beast," she said wrathfully. Peter did not like the epithet and was on the point of growling. He changed his mind, however, and merely shivered, looking at her wistfully from out the corner of his eyes.

One day, some weeks later, Emily, returning home unexpectedly, surprised Peter royally sleeping on the sofa bed puff in her bedroom. She was furious. Instinctively, Peter fled. The woodshed was about the safest place he knew a dark corner where women could not crawl to. He supposed he ought to run far away, as other dogs did, but Miss Emily lived all alone, the gardener's abode being some distance away, and—well, only cowards ran away.

Coward! The word smote him. Was he really a coward? Then no wonder Miss Emily hated him. He shivered. But the bed puff was cozy, and, anyway, most everything he did seemed to get him into hot water. Nevertheless, he retraced his steps and crouched on the mat outside the kitchen door. He straightway picked up his ears.

"He's a nuisance," Miss Emily was saying, "and if I had my way I'd chloroform him. To Peter 'chloroform' sounded dreadfully ominous. The gardener's philosophical reply, however, cheered him.

"Now, Miss Emily, he ain't a bad dog, really. Puppies always cause more or less trouble. Don't worry, Peter'll out-grow it."

The months went by rapidly. Letters did not come as regularly now from way off where Ross was, and some days Emily was sad and downcast. On these days Peter avoided her. But when one did come she alternately laughed and cried. And she was gentle with him and called him "Peterkin." And one day she actually neglected to whip him when he overthrew a jar of cream. Peter guessed the letter contained glad tidings from "over there"; he caught a phrase occasionally between Miss Emily and the gardener. "Cited for bravery!"

—Peter had a vague idea what that meant. And it was Lieutenant Ross now, if you please. Thrills of pride ran up and down Peter's spine.

One day Peter lay on the mat at the woodshed door. Never since the day he had dared sleep on Miss Emily's bed had he been allowed within the house. Though the moonlight usually filtered through the door and on the mat where Peter was wont to bask, the evenings now were chilly, and if only Miss Emily would forgive him he'd never so much as peek at the dainty bird. He sighed and blinked at the sun and tried to find something to be thankful for. To be sure, he was well fed—some dogs weren't; he supposed he ought to be thankful for that. He decided he was and dozed lazily, body stretched full length.

Suddenly a woman's scream smote the air. Peter arose, alert at once. What ever had he done now? He peeked out. The next moment, with an angry growl, he darted forward. One bound and he had jastened his teeth in the form of the burly brute who had so terrified Miss Emily. In a frenzy the man tried to shake him off, but Peter clung with true canine tenacity. Suddenly Miss Emily fainted, and Peter, in affright, immediately suckered his hold. With

a well-directed kick the man laid him flat just as Morgan came into view, brandishing a pitchfork.

Peter was counting stars as he did at night on the mat at the woodshed door. Only it was painful work now; his head hurt so. He was glad when the last one twinkled out. Dimly he became aware of Miss Emily's voice. And, oh! his head lay in her lap. He tried to show his appreciation. Miss Emily understood. She stroked his head.

"Peter," she said softly, tenderly: "I called you a beast one day, 'member? Oh, but, Peterkin, I'm dreadfully ashamed!" She put her flushed face close to his.

She laughed shakily and for sheer joy let him lick her hand. "Peter," she resumed, "you shall have the softest, downiest bed puff to lie on, and I shall tell Ross when he comes home, which will be soon now. And—and Peterkin, we're to be—married!" She hid her face in his neck.

For answer Peter snuggled close, his

cold little nose just touching Miss Emily's soft, white neck, the wistful look in his eyes replaced by one of intense happiness. For Peter was indeed thankful for many things.

Tomorrow's complete novelette—"A Double Victory."

Allies Seize Two German Looters Paris, Dec. 13.—Two German looters named Roehching have been arrested by the Allied military authorities on a charge of receiving stolen goods. They are declared to have gathered a considerable quantity of machinery stolen from France.

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