

The Testing of Julia Grant

By HAZEL DEYO BACHELOR
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READ THIS FIRST

Julia Grant is engaged to Dan Carson when, like a bolt from the blue, she tells her that he no longer loves her. She decides to train for nursing in order to forget. In the hospital she meets another man, Doctor Norville, the head surgeon, but she does not realize her love for him until after she has given her promise to Dan a second time. He has had an unfortunate experience with the other woman and decides that Julia is the one for him after all, therefore he comes back to her. Complications set in when Julia discovers that Lucy, her younger sister, is also in love with Dan. She is willing to release him to Lucy, but Dan does not care for Lucy and admits it. Finally, Lucy discovers the truth about why Dan came back to Julia and threatens to tell unless he releases Julia from her promise. In this way Dan is forced to give Julia up and he disappears. Then Julia hears that John Norville, who has gone to Hawaii to take charge of a hospital there, is back in town.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

AND then quite suddenly, two mornings later, he came for her. It was so characteristic of him to take this method, to come to her unannounced after so many months and with no word of explanation, nothing to herald him. Julia came to him in the shabby parlor, which always seemed to her, worse than ever in the clear, searching light of day, and they stood looking at each other for a long minute.

He looked at her as he had always looked with his head thrown back on his shoulders, and his gray eyes narrowed and inscrutable. His keen, nervous face was cold, and yet Julia knew that behind that mask of his there were hidden fires too intense to release.

"I've come for you," he said after a moment, "can you be ready to leave in a few minutes?"

Julia caught her breath, her heart contracted, leaped, and went on beating, and yet with her eyes fixed to his face she did not seem to feel. Too much had happened, they had wasted too much time for that.

He did not so much as take her hand, and yet that air of suppressed force about him was evident enough to be felt.

"We'll be married immediately," he announced.

It was a strange proposal, and yet up in her room Julia trembled so that she could hardly pack her little bag. She wore one of her straight simple blue serge dresses and a close little hat. Her one really lovely possession, a short seal coat with collar and cuffs of lynx, she carried over her arm. Her usually pale cheeks were flaming with excitement as she went slowly down the stairs to him, and without a word of explanation she walked out of the gloomy old house in which she had lived for so long.

They were married at noon in the dingy little chapel of a tiny picturesque church, and they had lunch together in the dining-room of a large hotel. They talked of everything but themselves, and Julia was gay, even mocking, excepting when she looked into his eyes. Something in them robbed her of speech, but that look would be gone in an instant and there would be an instant return to light baninage.

"Shall I take you home?" he said, as they emerged into the street. And without waiting for an answer, he helped her into a taxi. They turned into a quiet street and stopped before a gray stone apartment house, and then there was a fleeting impression of an elevator that whizzed them swiftly upward. Doctor Norville unlocked a door at the end of a corridor and the next minute Julia was stepping into his home. It was a small place and a man's place essentially. Books lined the walls and the light came through old gold curtains. It was small, only three rooms, but perfectly appointed, and it was his home, where he lived. Somehow she did not even now understand that it was to be hers, that from now on her life would be a part of his own.

He unbuttoned her coat as though she had been a child and she took off her hat and ruffled her hair in the way women have. He stripped the gloves from her fingers and lifted her hands to his lips, then he said quite openly: "Look at me."

She raised her eyes to his face, half frightened dark blue eyes, and met

Don't be discouraged about reaching the end of the "Testing of Julia Grant."

"Cinderella's Daughter" a very different kind of story, but one that is just as absorbing and full of incident and is written by the same author, HAZEL DEYO BACHELOR, will start in

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his, steel gray, but an longer inscrutable. It was a fleeting glance, for almost instantly she was in his arms. He was not the cool, sense-fingered surgeon now, but a man with the woman that he loved held closely in his embrace.

Julia did not know till later that Dan had gone to Doctor Norville to tell him that the way was clear, and that Julia was free, neither could she look ahead into the future and see the inevitable coming together of Dan and Lucy. Julia's time of selflessness was over; she was in the arms of the man she loved, alone with him, with the world shut out, and there was no room in her heart for anything but her own glorious present.

THE END
Please Tell Me What to Do
By CYNTHIA

He Finds They Smoke
Dear Cynthia—I have been a reader of your column for some time and notice that there are some very sensible opinions expressed therein upon different questions.

Now here is a little question that was brought to my attention the other night: I was out, for the first time, with a girl who comes from a refined family, and during the course of the conversation she asked me if I had a cigarette. Thinking she was joking, I answered in the affirmative, asking her what brand she preferred. She seemed well posted on the different brands and said which she would prefer. Now it happens that I am a strict adherent of

The Question Corner
Today's Inquiries
1. What cleaner that can be bought at the drug store is good for washing dark silks and cottons?
2. How can scratched talking machine records be made into attractive gifts for Christmas?
3. Describe a pretty waste basket to hang on the work basket.
4. What is the birthday superstition for Friday?
5. How is the bouffant effect acquired in suit coats of soft material that have a short full skirt?
6. What hair ornament for evening is returning to style?
Yesterday's Answers
1. If the edge of a velvet hat is worn and faded, cover it by binding with narrow grosgrain ribbon to match the hat.
2. European china is bluish white and American china is cream white.
3. The birthday superstition for Thursday is "Thursday's child has far to go."
4. In issuing invitations for an afternoon affair given by a mother for her daughter, the invitations are sent in the name of the hostess alone.
5. Crocheted flowers of bright-colored wool make a dainty addition to the gift, canelshades, work basket or sofa cushion.
6. A practical way of combining two colors or materials in an evening wrap is to make the upper part of the lighter material and cover the seam with a row of bright embroidery or trimming.

another make, so I couldn't accommodate her, but I found she was in earnest. I knew a good many girls do smoke cigarettes, but I took it for granted they were mostly of the rough-neck variety, but I find they aren't. They argue that if it is proper for men it is just as proper for the opposite sex, the only difference is that it isn't customary. They say that if all women would start smoking as the men do no one would think anything of it, and as it is now, if a girl wishes to smoke it is perfectly proper for her to do so. I don't agree with them, but yet I couldn't put up any good argument against it that evening.

I am beginning to fear I will have to give up smoking—it is getting too feminine. What do you think about it, fellows—are we safe in chewing tobacco?
It is a matter of personal choice. Many women do smoke and there is nothing immoral or unethical about it. It is only that some of us think it takes from a woman's sweetness, and that there is too much spicing of men's wares. It is not good for the health.

Don't Marry for Money
Dear Cynthia—I do hope you will

print this letter to the girl who believes in marrying for money. I have forgotten her name.
Dear girl, I do hope my letter will do you some good, for you are to be pitied very much. I was engaged to my husband just six months, and during that time he had a great deal of trouble and lost what little he had saved, besides, his father and only sister died. He told me this and I was ever ready to cheer him. He asked me should we postpone our marriage, and I said, "No, indeed, Jack; we can save together just as well." We were out walking just two nights before our marriage, and while helping me over a stile he tore his shoe. He said, "It is the only pair I have, Helen." And I said, "Never mind, I can sew it." And I did, and he was married in those shoes.

He said I was the dearest girl in the world. And I also possessed his suit the day we were married.
And I know God never joined two people who loved each other more than we did. He was a city boy, too, and I was a school teacher.
I was nineteen and he was twenty-five. Two other men had asked me to

marry them and one was quite wealthy. But no, I married for love. And we have been married five years now and we have a lovely little home and the dearest little boy four years old. Oh, yes, and a little runabout, too; and in my husband's wardrobe I can count at least six pairs of shoes and the ones I sewed for him are the best shoes he ever owned, he says, for they show him how true blue I was. And never a day passes without my husband telling me I am the sweetest little wife in the world. Marry for love, even if that fellow has not a cent in the world. Listen, my dear little friend, my husband could not even buy me a rose the day I was married if I had wanted one. He paid the last dollar for a marriage license. What do you think of that? But he had a splendid job and I had something better than a rose—the true love of a big, big heart. I do not think any one will criticize this letter of mine. It will appeal to the boys and to the girls that are true blue. What do you say, boys and girls?
JACK'S WIFE.

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