

THE GLAD SURRENDER

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR
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Preparations for the Wedding

Two people from two different worlds met when the Chronicle sent Laurel Stone to interview Granville Burton. Burton had been married before and quite suddenly he decided to make this girl his wife. But to Laurel, life had brought love, love enough to make her surrender everything to the one man in the world.

CHAPTER XI
HE BROUGHT her a ring, a great emerald ruby set in a fragile band of platinum. It seemed to weigh down her finger as he slipped it on. It did not seem to Laurel at all the kind of a ring that a girl wore who was ordinarily engaged to be married. "Do you like it?" he asked idly, holding the slim fingers in his and looking at his ring critically. "I wanted you to wear something different."

"Why?" asked Laurel suddenly, lifting her eyes. "He had given her a ruby, and he had not even kissed her. From the very first, although Laurel had been somewhat blinded by her own love, he had not made love to her. "Why?" he repeated. "because I want my wife to be different in every way from the tip of her tongue to her toes. Not because you love me so much, but because you are so different. That's why I love you. It was sufficient that he loved her enough to ask her to marry him, she had no right to question his manner of showing his feeling for her. And certainly there was no doubt of the fact that he loved her, there was no other reason in the world for his having asked her to be his wife, and she had promised to marry him immediately.

Laurel was dumfounded at the suggestion. He had never dreamed of such a thing. He had known somehow that Laurel did not care for him that way, but he had not thought of her marrying a man like Burton who would carry her off from her old friends and acquaintances, and who would take her to a boarding house for Jewish girls that he hoped she would be happy. And Laurel saying that she was sure she would be happy, stary blue eyes all night and the ruby blazing on her finger, was a sight to make a man's heart ache if he loved her and knew that he could never have her for himself. Laurel did not care for him that way, but he had not thought of her marrying a man like Burton who would carry her off from her old friends and acquaintances, and who would take her to a boarding house for Jewish girls that he hoped she would be happy. And Laurel saying that she was sure she would be happy, stary blue eyes all night and the ruby blazing on her finger, was a sight to make a man's heart ache if he loved her and knew that he could never have her for himself.

Wishes were made for her. All her indifference had disappeared, and she and Winona shopped dresses and bought shell pink lingerie, and embroidered fringed, lace petticoats and cobweb stockings, shoes and slippers, a Chinese wedding robe for Laurel to wear as a negative, and many smart street clothes. While she was shopping Laurel was radiant, but sometimes, after she had been with Burton, Winona noticed a troubled look in her eyes. Laurel could not get used to Burton as a lover, he was so distant, so cold, so apparently unimpressed by the fact that their wedding was only a few days off. He was always cour-

teous, always considerate, but always sure of himself. In fact, he was exactly as he had been before he had asked Laurel to marry him. And then one evening at a dinner, Mrs. Kearney, who sat opposite Harriet Long, and who delighted in gossip, sent a bombshell across the table. "Who is the beautiful young woman that your brother-in-law is seen with so often?" she asked with that purring note in her voice that is so obvious to another woman. Harriet raised her brows. Centuries of good breeding prevented her from showing any surprise. Her attitude expressed a slight interest, that was all. "I really don't know," she answered languidly, and the subject was engulfed in a sudden argument that sprang up about current politics. The next morning, however, she went to Granville's office and out of a clear sky asked in that direct way that was so much a part of Harriet: "Gran, who is this woman you are seen with so much?"

There was a silence while Harriet leaned forward eagerly waiting for an answer, expecting she knew not what. "She's the woman I'm going to marry," Burton said evenly. Harriet sat back in her chair with a little gasp. "But, Gran, who is she?" "She's a young newspaper woman."

"A newspaper woman! Who are her family?" "I believe she comes from the West," Burton returned slowly. Harriet clenched her hands until the fingers were nearly cracked. She was furious, angry at the fact that he had not seen fit to tell her his plans, and anxious for the outcome of this mad and totally unconventional attitude of her hitherto ultra-conventional brother-in-law.

(Tomorrow—Harriet Long calls on Laurel.)

The Woman's Exchange

Boarding House for Jewish Girl
Dear Madam—Could you inform me of any boarding house for young girls where I would be assured of reasonable comfort? I should like to move, but do not know just how to go about it. I make about \$75 a month, so the board would have to be reasonable. I am a Jewess, and the reason I am writing this fact is because some houses do not admit girls of this faith and I want to make sure. R. L.
The Rebecca Gratz Club, at 710 North Sixth street, has a boarding house for Jewish girls. In case it is filled I am sure Miss Smulyan, who is in charge, will recommend a nice, inexpensive place for you.

Wants to Locate Film
Dear Madam—Being that you are so kind and helpful to so many now I am asking for your help. I would love to know if the picture that was filmed here at the Liberty Studio in Germantown, in 1915, called "Virtue," that the censors would not permit to be shown in many cities and towns now, is still on the go or if it will ever be near Philadelphia where I could go and see it, as some one very dear to me took a good part in it. I would be very grateful for any information you could give me. Thanking you very much and long live the helpful corner and its workers.

THE NAME AND THE GAME

By FANNIE HURST

Marjorie Clark is trying to live down her early days in the slums, and refuses an invitation to spend Christmas with Charles Scull in his mother's home in the suburbs because she does not trust him. On her way home she is met by Blink, a disreputable friend of former days, who persuades her to have supper with him.

CHAPTER V
WOMEN with faces the fatty white of jade and lips that might have kissed blood slipped from the dark tide of the night: R. H. H. Head your invitations with the old nursery rhyme: "Hark, hark, the dogs do bark. The beggars are coming to town! Some in rags and some in tags, And some in velvet gowns."

Then under this aid: "You are cordially invited to meet them at the home of (inserting the name and address), on Thursday evening, February 11th, at 8 o'clock. Of course it would do to embarrass them, so please wear your very oldest, raggedest clothes." Serve the refreshments on wooden plates and have fancy paper napkins. Have sandwiches and coffee, followed by pie (real tramp food). The guests, of course, will all have their own ideas about their clothes, but the hostess might wear a regular Cinderella costume, which would be pretty as well as appropriate. This would consist of white waist, with short, torn ribbons. The stockings should be cotton and the shoes should be low ones, half laced, so that the tongue hangs out and falls over like a colonial slipper. The hair could be very hanging, or if you prefer, you could wear a sort of Dutch dust cap (any kind that is becoming), torn just in a convenient place to let a few locks of hair escape.

I am sending you some games that I hope will be enjoyable. Since it is so near Valentine Day and Washington's Birthday, I will inclose those games, to hope your party will be a great success.

To Remove Snow Spots
Dear Madam—Please tell me how to remove water spots made by snow on taupe gray radium silk taffeta. Would it be advisable to take it to a cleaner, as the skirt is just new and has never been worn as yet, or is it ruined? MRS. J. H. L.

Ordinarily water spots can be removed by writing a piece of the same material with lukewarm water, placing it over the spots and pressing with a moderate iron until dry. Perhaps it would be safer with the radium silk to try the experiment on an extra piece before touching the skirt, or you could try it on the under side of the skirt or somewhere where it would not show if it was not successful. If it does not work I'm afraid you will have to take it to a cleaner. But I am sure he would be able to get the spots off. I hate to think that a perfectly new skirt would have to be given up before it was worn.

It Was 1900
Dear Madam—Kindly excuse me for giving you so much trouble. I thought I had written down the year. It is February 8, 1900.
DAILY READER.
The 8th of February was on Thursday in 1900. Your mistake did not give me any trouble at all. It was only too bad that you had to write your whole letter over again.

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"Hi, Blink," he said in passing. "Hi." Roder, your heart lifted up and glowing with Yuletide and good will toward men, turn not in warranted nausae from the reek of Harry's Place. Marjorie Clark met her companion's eyes above the rim of his stein. "Looks more like hell on a busy day down here than like Christmas eve, don't it?"

He was warmed, and the tight skin had softened as dried fruit expands in water. "Ah-h-h, but I feel better, kiddo."

"That's the best steam I've had, Blink. And there's no telling what you filled up on those three times you went out." "It's Christmas eve, kiddo. What kind of a good time do you want for your money? A Christmas tree trimmed in tin angels?" "Do I? You just bet your life I do."

"Then let me get it for you, sugar-plum. You just stick to me tonight and you can have any little thing your heart desires. Here, waiter." And he jingled again in the depths of his pocket. "If you want to lose my company double quick, just you order another stein. Just look at you, seeing double already."

"I'm all right, baby; never felt better in my life." "You caught me when I was down and blue, didn't you, and pumped me full of a lot of Sunday School talk, that's what you did. And I was fool enough to get soft and come down here with you. I was! But I felt it in my bones you was lying. I knew I was right about the coke. I knew I was right about the high sign to that twinking guy in the forefinger etched a carless 'Merry Christmas.'"

From her table near the door Miss Marjorie Clark pushed her a lot of half-tasted dishes and sent her dark glance out over the room. A few pairs of too sinuous dancers circled a small clearing around the electric piano. Waiters with fans of foin-drifting steins clatched between fingers, justed them in passing. At a small table adjoining a girl slept in her arms. Two more entered elbow in elbow, and directly a youth in a wide-striped wool sweater muffled high to his teeth and features that in spite of himself would twitch and twitch again.

WHAT a cheery bustle of coming and going there always was in the delightful Louisiana household where Aunt Jemima was cook! Such confusion in carrying all the carpet-bags and hat-boxes in and out! Such a pleasant flurry of excitement in greeting unexpected arrivals—such cordial last-minute efforts to urge the parting guest to stay a bit longer!

And yet there was never any commotion about caring for them all—though a whole family might "happen in" for a lengthy visit. There were plenty of extra rooms in the big pillared mansion—plenty of chickens and butter and eggs and rice and other good things to serve any number at any time! And always, at a moment's notice, Aunt Jemima could whisk up a batch of her famous pancakes—the like of which you'd never taste in all the old South!

How Aunt Jemima's cakes did taste! So rich-flavored, so fragrant! And how light they were, with the most delicate curly edges! No wonder the great piles of the tender hot cakes set before Col. Higbee and his guests would disappear in no time!

Aunt Jemima Pancakes with syrup or sausage gravy! Nary a speck of precious sugar! What an easy and delicious solution of the sugar-saving problem!

Yas suh! yas suh—de Cuv'n! sho do like lots of company!"

"I see in town, Honey!"

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"You—"

"Sure, I seen you. I was loafing around the Grand Union a whole hour before you seen me today, baby doll. I seen the whole show. Grabbed the slick little Checkers right out the line, didn't you? Bowled him over with those black eyes of yours. Went for him right like he was a stick of candy and you was licking it, eh? Pretty slick to rake in a big eyeful like that, wasn't it? Some little Checkers, he was."

Red leaped to her face. "Cut that!" "Gad, what you mad about, kiddo? Gentleman friend, eh?"

"You just cut that talk, and double quick, too." "After bigger game, eh, kiddo?" "Fine chance."

"Not good enough down here, eh?" "No, if you want to know it. No." "He liked you, kiddo."

"Yes, he liked me. He liked me all right, like they all do. If I'd ever run across a fellow that was on the level with me, I'd get the hysterics right in his face. I would. Right in his face!"

"I'm on the level, Marj, only—"

"You try to begin that, now." "I am, and you know it."

"You're about as straight as a horse-shoe." "I may backslide now and then, sweetness, but—"

"There's no backsliding for you any more, Blink. After that Gregory raid business you slid back as far in my mind as a fellow can slide."

He drained his glass, and this time caught his swan a bit too late. "I can't. It was that that showed me plainer than all that went before how I was wasting my time working over you."

"Ain't I got something on you, too, peaches; but you don't hear me throwing it up to you, do you? Aint I got Checkers on you?"

"But I ain't blaming you. Come, Marj, let's swap our real names."

"Sure. I ain't blaming you. Only be on the level, girl—be on the level. If it's big fry you're after, and we don't measure up down here, say so."

"You—I think you're crazy, Blink."

"I know lie, kiddo. I've used up thirty years of my life on it getting wise to it. Come now, is it Checkers? Queenie? What's your game?"

"She leaned forward, looking him evenly between the eyes, but her lips stared as if from his hot insult. "You take that back."

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