

The Glad Surrender

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

When Laurel Stone interviewed Granville Burton for the Chronicle she did not know that he would ask her to be his wife, but her appeal to him was different, and he needed some one to mother his children and take care of his home.

CHAPTER XIII

THEIR marriage was so simple that it was merely a ceremony. If Laurel had dreamed of a different occasion it was no difference in her feeling, for she was utterly happy and radiantly content. Even Winona did not accompany them, but she did help Laurel dress for the occasion and her silence was so noticeable that even Laurel remarked on it.

"Aren't you glad for me, you're so quiet," she said as she drew the smartly veiled hat over her ruddy hair. But even while she waited for Winona to reply she was peering at the clock and Winona sighed.

"Why shouldn't I be quiet? I suppose you know that I'm going to miss you."

"And I'll miss you, too," Laurel returned impulsively. "Oh, surely you know that, but it isn't as though we weren't going to see each other often."

"Laurel, you know as well as I that things will never be the same. Do you think that after your marriage you would enjoy one of the old parties down at Mucci's with the messy appetizers and Tom growling out funny things? You're going into a different world, why shouldn't I be quiet?"

Laurel's radiant face grew grave. "I thought that I'd be miserable."

"Winona shook her head. "Oh, no, you wouldn't. Granville Burton would make up to you for all the rest of us put together. Laurel, look at me a minute; do you love him so much?"

"There was a silence before Laurel lifted her head and looked into Winona's eyes. "More than anything in the world, more than life, more than happiness," she said quietly.

"As much as you expected to love the man you would marry?"

"Yes."

"There was another silence. "You still think that Ted and I are too platonic?"

In Winona's question there was a note that Laurel did not understand, and that wonderful low white brow of hers wrinkled.

"Not for you perhaps," she said after a minute. "But I can't feel the same as you do, Winona; I'm just different, that's all."

It was their last girlish talk together and Laurel remembered it long afterward when she realized how canny

Winona really was. In spite of her love for Winona, however, nothing had the power to cast even a temporary cloud over the sunshine of that day. Laurel was almost oblivious to outside influence or suggestion of any kind.

The bell rang and Winona threw her arms impulsively around Laurel.

"Say good-by to me before he comes," she said fiercely. And even while Laurel's arms went around her and they stood close together, Winona was conscious of the fact that Laurel was straining away from her in spirit and that her quick gesture toward the door was one of almost relief.

Winona turned toward Burton un-naturally fast.

"Here she is," she said indicating Laurel. "Isn't she a wonderful bride?"

Laurel lifted intensely blue eyes to his gray ones. It was a long look, a searching look and something about the expression of his face gave Laurel pause. Something, she could not have told what it was, made her realize that he wished her to be this way, that he would be better pleased if she were sophisticatedly indifferent rather than shyly glad. Thus it was that although her heart was in a tumult as she went down the three flights of stairs for the last time as Laurel Stone, she was quite calm outwardly.

"I'm glad you're standing in the middle of the room, her eyes closed.

"God," she whispered softly, "God, please let her be happy."

Winona was not given to sentiment but this prayer was breathed from the very depths of her being. Laurel could so easily be hurt, and hurt women with pride so often become embittered.

In the taxi Laurel was silent, she felt strangely shy. She wondered what Granville was thinking of, and her own thoughts were in such a whirl that she kept her eyes on the bright June sunshine without. Burton was thinking of Harriet's report of Laurel and it amused and pleased him that she was thinking of a perfectly running establishment no longer given over to servants, but presided over by a beautiful woman. He would put his home on a par with his office. It would become a power in society, just as his office was a power in the business world. The idea was fascinating to dwell upon. And by his side Laurel dreamed dreams, but he was the center of each one and her days were built about love.

(Tomorrow, Granville takes his wife home.)

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36 REMOVED SNOW, PUPIL WRITES MAYOR

Inform Executive That Taylor Schoolboys Cleaned Out 49 Gutters During Storm

Mayor Moore today received the assurance from a youthful admirer that pupils of room 22 of the Bayard Taylor School, Randolph street and Erie avenue, are with him in his fight for clean streets.

Thirty-six pupils cleared forty-nine gutters of snow, according to the letter written by George Schwinn, and received by the Mayor this morning.

"We, the pupils of room 22 of the Bayard Taylor School, report that in response to your request in the recent storm that each person help a little, in a class of thirty-six pupils, we have cleaned out forty-nine gutters," the boy's letter stated.

The Mayor, much gratified, immediately wrote this reply:

Dear George—I wish you would say to the pupils of room 22 of the Bayard Taylor School that their report to me through you of your service in clearing forty-nine gutters during the recent snowstorm is much appreciated.

Just as you say, if each person would help a little when unusual emergencies arise, we could tide them over quicker. There are many full-grown people who might profit by the example set by pupils of room 22.

Very truly yours, THE MAYOR.

STRICKEN IN CHURCH, DIES

New Jersey Woman Was Talking to Friends When She Collapsed

A woman, believed to be Mrs. Catharine Clark, about fifty-five years old, of Woodbury Crest, N. J., collapsed last night in the Fourth Church of Christ,

a Christian Science congregation, at 5830 Hoffman street.

Mrs. Clark, who was standing talking with friends at the close of the services, suddenly fell to the floor. She was at once taken to the Philadelphia Hospital, where she died at 4:30 o'clock this morning. The physicians said death was caused by apoplexy.

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