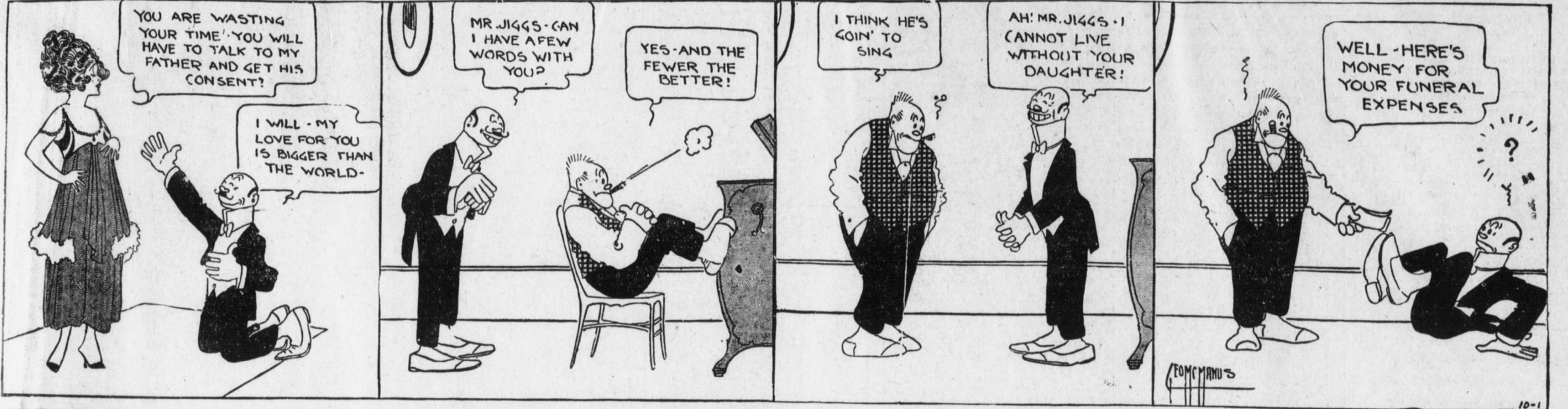


Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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Continued

"I wonder if I could?" Stella murmured. "I'm almost afraid to try."

"What is it—something new?" Lord looked at the scale. Looks like one of those screaming arias from the "Flying Dutchman".

And still they say they can't come back," he remarked at last. "Way, you're better than you ever were Stella."

"How did it happen that you've never tried your voice lately?" he asked after a time.

"I gave it up long ago," she said. "Didn't I ever tell you that I used to sing and lost my voice?"

"No," he answered. "Charlie did just now. You rather took my breath away. It's wonderful. You'd be a sensation in opera."

"That's too much for me," Charlie grinned. "That's too much for me."

"Oh, just so you give me a little support here and there," Stella told him. "I can't sing sitting on a piano stool."

Benton made a face at the music and struck the keys. "It seemed to Stella nothing short of a miracle. She had been mute so long. She had almost forgotten what a tragedy losing her voice had been. And to find it again, to hear it ring like a trumpet—it did! It

was too big for the room. She felt herself caught up in a triumphant ecstasy as she sang. She found herself blinking as the last note died away. Her brother twisted about on the piano stool, fumbling for a cigarette.

self this miracle of her restored voice. She was very quiet, very much absorbed in her own reflections until it was time, very shortly, to put Jack Junior in his bed. That was a function she made wholly her own. The nurse might greet his waking whimper in the morning and minister to his wants throughout the day, but Stella "tucked him in" his crib every night.

"Well, I occasionally do things to please you, don't I?" "Not so spontaneously as you did this, though. I was never so surprised in all my life as I was when you actually offered to take me. You know I've never been to a real first night."

Warren grinned good-naturedly. "I hope the play is as good as you expect it to be. It seems ages since I've seen the program? Here's yours."

"Helen took the programme and ran her eyes quickly down the page, murmuring, 'I wonder who is in the play besides the star?' Then her eyes became fixed on one name and she almost gasped in her astonishment.

"Why, Warren," she said suddenly. "You know it? I never even knew she had gone on the stage."

"I knew that, Warren returned quickly, evading the first question. "Why didn't you even mention it to me?"

"I know you didn't approve of her. Women like you never do." "Just what do you mean by that?" "That women who are married, living easy lives with plenty to eat and wear, can't understand the lives of women who have to make a living for themselves. You couldn't understand Lola Wilcox and her methods of life probably any better than she could understand yours."

"Do you understand her so well?" "I understand her better than you do. I always admired her for her attitude and the fact that she was independent."

"Yes and the fact she showed so plainly that she liked admiration. Helen could not help retorting. Well, I hope she comes up to your expectations in this play."

She waited for him to say something, to deny that he had known that she was to be in the play, but Warren made no effort to do this. He simply went on stating his program and Helen felt baffled.

For a moment she had a wild idea of leaving. This was just at first, however, for she got control of herself almost immediately and wondered dully just how it was that she could sit there so calmly.

So Warren had known that Lola Wilcox had become an actress, that she was to appear in his play. How like Fate to play a trick of this kind. Out of all the plays in New York she, Helen, had picked out the one play that she wouldn't have seen for anything. She tried to be calm and to think logically, she even tried to convince herself that Warren's knowing all this did not necessarily mean that he had anything to do with Lola Wilcox. But she found this beyond her power to believe.

All that she could do was to sit still, with a wooden feeling about her heart and a stiffness that was almost like physical pain. Before any mere conversation could be had on the subject the lights went down and

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Isn't it just great to get back to the theater?" said Helen expectantly from her chair. "It seems ages since I've seen a good play."

"This ought to be good, too," Warren said good-naturedly. "Warren, you were a darling to come," Helen exclaimed, impulsively. "Well, I occasionally do things to please you, don't I?"

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Advice to the Lovelorn

A SOLDIER'S WIFE

Dear Miss Fairfax—I am twenty-two and have been going with a young man one year my senior for two years. One year and a half ago he joined a regiment, much against my will, and ever since then we have had little quarrels.

On the stage as in life, she was to typify that kind of woman that Helen feared and hated most. It is the kind of woman known in the movies as the vampire, but known in more polite society as the woman who does not show all her cards at once. And keeps herself veiled in a subtle mystery always calculated to tear the heart of man right out of his breast.

Helen's speaking voice was clear, and as she began to act Helen could see that she had some talent. Given a small part, she was making the most of it, and the audience was plainly with her. Her exit from the stage evoked a ripple of applause, and Helen glanced sidewise at Warren to find a look of keen interest on his face.

Helen was not sure how to proceed. Her thoughts were in a turmoil. She wondered if she had done wrong to show so plainly the fact that she did not approve of Lola Wilcox. Perhaps the other woman's very subtlety, matched with Helen's transparent attitude, had kept Warren's interest alive.

Helen knew quite well that, if she allowed herself to think, she could imagine anything. As it was the strain on her was quite evident. She wished wildly that she had met Lola Wilcox with more indifference than disapproval. In dealing with a woman of her type it is necessary to fight the woman herself, not the man who is interested.

What is your husband's side of the story? He must have one, or else he is such a brutal person that you probably would have left him long ago. I think that no daughter ought to stay away from her mother, even to be at peace with her husband, and if you are weak enough to do this and to know of no other way of keeping him satisfied, you really must be a bit of a failure as a wife. I do not mean to be hard, but I want to make you think. Look over the situation carefully. Don't feel like a martyr or an unapproving wife, but try to figure out how you can make yourself respected. It is absolutely your right to be friendly with your mother, unless she has gravely offended your husband or interfered in your married life. If you will give yourself over to working out your seemingly tragic situation I think you will find yourself too thoroughly occupied with your puzzle to be lonely.

Dear Miss Fairfax—I have been married three years and my husband positively refuses to allow me to visit my mother. Rather than have words over this I obey, although it breaks my heart and I know my mother must also suffer. She likes my husband, but he will not be sociable. I went to business the first two years of our married life to help us along, but it was not appreciated. There was a baby, but it died. Please advise me, I am very lonely.

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Advertisement for children's clothing, featuring an image of a young girl and text describing the styles and materials.

Daily Dot Puzzle

A grid-based puzzle with numbers and lines, intended for daily entertainment.

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