



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

**Chapter XI.**  
I awoke with a quick jerk. All the details of my ugly quarrel with Jim the night before came trooping back to my mind in a mass. Almost before I peered over the covers I knew I should find Jim's bed empty, but at the actual sight of it my heart began thumping with emotions of anger and pain. Anger triumphed. With set lips and heart as tightly folded against any gentle feelings, I got up and set about preparing for my bath. For the first time since our marriage I found myself uncompromisingly angry with Jim. Generally I took sides against myself and saw his side of things. But now it was different. Stimulated or real, his jealousy of my friend Anthony Norreys was outrageous, unforgivable.

In my sore heart I suspected that it was because he knew he had given me so much cause for jealousy and distrust that Jim had jumped in and acted as if I had offended him.

"He beat me to it!" I shrieked to myself with terse and pungent wrath. I did not go near the living room until I had finished dressing and was ready to set the breakfast table.

Then, at sight of Jim, I stopped and braced myself against the rush of my own feelings. He had tumbled down among the cushions of the couch like a tired child. And he lay snuggled into a cross heap, warming his knees against the cold by folding them almost up to his chin. I got a cover and put it over him. Then, because I couldn't keep the tears from my eyes, I folded my lips tighter than ever; my own tender, traitor emotions must not betray me.

Jim woke at sound of my stirring about, muttered a good morning and disappeared into the bed room. When he appeared again he carried his hat and overcoat.

"Won't stop for my breakfast," he said, avoiding my eyes. "Oh, Jim—you'll be sick—take your coffee!"

I began. Just then the bell rang. Jim stepped back and I answered. At the door stood a little boy with a big package.

"Collar, Wesson and Company," he announced in a piping child's voice. "Collect eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Collar, Wesson?" I began—"I didn't buy anything."

"Ain't you Mrs. H. H. Harrison?" piped little Mercury again.

"Yes."

"Well, it's for you, all right. Collect eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Then I remembered. It was my Canteen Uniforms and the caps and aprons, I had ordered the week before.

"Jim, will you let me have twenty dollars?" I asked—hating to break our silence with a request for money.

"Haven't it," he muttered.

I turned back to my boy.

"We don't seem to have the money, this morning, son. I'll have to rush around to the bank and cash a check. Can you come back later?"

"Not to-day, Ma'am. Against the rules. Be back tomorrow. Better have the cash then—cause we only make two or three stops like this," said the boy, his wizened young face wrinkling into a worldly-wise grin.

"I wouldn't have asked for the money," I explained, closing the door and turning to Jim with a check doesn't seem to reach as well as it used to, and I've only a dollar or two left till the fifteenth of the month, when the next one is due."

Jim laughed in cutting fashion.

"Sure, I know," he twisted out of the side of his mouth. "The minute a man begin to earn a bit of money his women folks blow it in. I suppose you expect me to make good your bluff to that kid about having a check cashed. Well, I haven't any spare change myself. And eighteen seventy-five for uniforms to wear

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

to that silly canteen is sheer nonsense. "But what can I do, Jim?" I cried in a sort of panic.

Jamming his hat down on his head with a gesture of nervous fierceness, Jim lunged toward the door, crying as he strode past me: "Do anything you jolly well like. Only don't nag me any more. I can't spare the money, I tell you. It's just like a woman to go whimpering around about some fool clothes she doesn't even need when her husband's all tired out and has his mind full of really important things."

This Jim who was snarling and snapping at me didn't seem any one I knew. I gathered myself for an effort to banish him and to bring back my own husband. Forcing myself to forget for the moment our ugly scene of the night before, I placed myself between Jim and the door, and laid my hand on his coat sleeve.

"Jim! I'll phone and tell them I don't need the uniforms. I can make the one I have do by washing it myself between my days of service. Don't go without your breakfast. And don't—dash into business ventures without consulting your—partner."

Jim stared at me for a moment, sulkily. Then the old look came into his eyes. But he smiled, and flung down his overcoat.

"You're a pretty good scout, Anne—about some things. Now we'll drink a peace-cup of coffee—and keep off ticklish subjects. I'll put you to-night to my business plans in good time—be working on 'em again to-night while you're canteening. Only remember one thing. I'll stand for no gallivanting with Norreys."

A lump came into my throat. Anthony Norreys was coming to the canteen sat very day. Must I renew the quarrel I had just glossed over? Must I tell Jim?

(To be continued.)

Chapter XXXV.  
One of the peculiarities of a selfish person is that when she has made a loved one acutely uncomfortable she is willing, even eager, to be on friendly terms. And she feels that tender words and blandishments should eradicate all memory of harsh and unkind awow waftsamk fabn and unkind speeches.

Therefore, when Honora Brent burst into tears after telling her sister what she was determined to know, Mildred felt that she could afford to be magnanimous.

"Why, you poor dear!" she exclaimed, springing from the bed and switching on the electric light, "I did not mean to make you unhappy! Are you so wretched at the thought that I am going to get engaged?"

"Why should that make me unhappy?" demanded Honora, drying her eyes.

"Because it will lead to our parting later," Mildred explained, surprised that her sister had not considered this eventually. "But, even so, we will see a good deal of each other after I am married."

"I had not looked forward as far as that," Honora remarked dryly. "It seems a bit like counting chickens before they are hatched, Milly. You are certainly anticipating rather fast, aren't you?"

"Then what made you cry?" Milly insisted.

"I was tired, and you were so utterly unreasonable and jealous that I lost my temper!" Honora retorted. "Since you must have the truth, there it is!"

**Not an Idea, a Fact.**  
"I'm jealous!" Mildred scoffed. "What a ridiculous idea!"

"It is not only an idea, it is a fact," Honora rejoined. "You are not jealous now, because I have told you once more how Arthur feels about you. But you were jealous this morning when I got a letter from him, and again a while ago when you learned I had gone walking with him. It was not until I informed you just why he wrote to

me, and just what he wanted to talk to me about that you condescended to be civil to me."

"Why, Honora! Mildred exclaimed. "How cross you are!"

"Yes, am," the other acknowledged. "And I have cause to be. You do as you please, and tell me only what you want to tell me. Yet when I pursue the same course there is a row."

"I did not row—only I was hurt, because I had thought that Arthur was more fond of me than of you—and then all at once he behaved as if he wasn't."

"You did not trust him enough to believe in him when he wrote your sister an innocent note! Honora accused. "Oh, Milly—that is a poor way to begin life with a man you are supposed to love."

Mildred laughed. "Oh, well, you see, I don't really love him yet, but I like him better than any other man. And he likes me so much that I guess I'll learn to care for him."

"Then, if you do not love him, I do not see why you should be jealous of him."

"Perhaps I'm a naughty little doggie in the manger," Mildred laughed again. "Anyway, since Arthur's coming to-night, I'll dress up and look nice for him."

Which she proceeded to do, humming a little tune to herself all the while. Honora changed to her gown and went down to dinner with the dreary certainty that she would spend a lonely evening.

All signs of Mildred's annoyance were gone, and she chatted persistently all through the evening meal. The girls were just sipping their coffee when there was the sound of wheels outside, and a moment later steps were heard on the front porch.

**A Warm Welcome.**  
"I declare if here ain't Mrs. Higgins!" Katie exclaimed, running to open the front door.

Honora greeted the new arrival enthusiastically. "Oh, I'm so glad

you are here!" she said, kissing the matron on both cheeks. "I have missed you ever so much. But what decided you to return so soon?"

"I got homesick," Mrs. Higgins confessed. "So I hurried up all my affairs and caught the six o'clock train to Fairlands."

"That's the train Honora and I took yesterday," Mildred commented. "It's awfully slow, isn't it?"

"Yes," Mrs. Higgins agreed. "But I did not mind."

Honora regarded her sister suspiciously. Was it possible, she wondered, that Mildred was already indifferent to the recollection of the vulgar love-making she had witnessed on that train twenty-four hours ago? Yet the child had seemed quite overcome by the sight—and now she was as light-hearted as if it had never happened.

"You're looking very sweet and pretty all dressed up, Milly," Mrs. Higgins was saying. "But, Honora, my dear, you are paler than usual. Don't you feel well?"

"I have a little headache," Honora evaded.

"I had one before dinner, and Honora hadn't. Now I've lost mine, and she must have picked it up," Mildred declared merrily.

Her manner was gay, as if disappointments and trouble were unknown to her.

"Come in and let Katie get something ready for you to eat, dear Mrs. Higgins," Honora urged.

"I had supper before I left Hartford," the matron said. "But I would like a cup of coffee. I think I will take it up in my room, where I can rest, for I am tired. What are you two going to sit upstairs in your room and have a good talk with you," Honora answered. "Milly has an engagement. Arthur Bruce is coming to see her."

"That's nice," Mrs. Higgins smiled. "I'm glad."

She did not say why she was glad. It might have been because Milly was to have a call from "that nice young man." Or it may have been because she was to have her favorite charge to herself for a whole evening.

(To be continued.)

ature. Reports from several school districts in the county showed that the school janitors are receiving more pay than the teachers.

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**Declares Red Cross Saved Hun Prisoners From Starvation**

Washington, Feb. 3. — Interesting details of life in a German prison camp were given in a report to the Navy Department by Chief Gunner's Mate James Delaney, of Malden, Mass., one of the first men of the United States Navy to be captured by the enemy. Delaney and four other members of the armed guard of the steamship Campana were taken prisoner August 6, 1917, after their ship had been sunk by the U.S.L. With Delaney were: Boatswain's Mate Ray Roop, Boyne City, Mich.; Gunner's Mate Charles L. Kline, Reading, Pa.; and Seaman William A. Miller, Chicago, and Fred S. Jacob, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Delaney declared in his report that packages from the American Red Cross saved him and his companions at the Brandenburg prison camp from starvation—the fate that befell hundreds of Russian prisoners.

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