

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 XXXIII.

"Where's Betty?" I echoed my voice taking on a note of fear from Terry Winston's.

The Canteen was ready to close for the night, and there were not half a dozen persons there—but if there had been a hundred I'm sure Terry, the reserved, wouldn't have noticed them.

"Yes—where's Betty?" he repeated impatiently. "You saw her. Did she mention her plans?"

"No—not a thing. Who told you I'd seen her?" I asked cautiously, ready in my new-found loyalty to protect Betty even from Terry.

"I met Norreys at the club, and got it out of him that he dined you and Betty last night. Now she's no slacker—Betty—doesn't chuck up her work except for good cause. I didn't like it—directly I heard she was back. I telephoned her place—nothing stirring—called Virginia Dalton—no information—nor yet from the Red Cross. It's a bit thick—and not like Betty."

"No—there is something!" I felt it last night—her eyes, and the way she held her hand to her lips all the time. I said that a friendship was two-sided, and I'd like to help her the way she does me. Then she answered just this: "Not to-night—soon perhaps, Anne. Oh, Terry, what can we do?"

"I don't know," replied Terry half under his breath. "I don't know. I felt it last night—her eyes, and the way she held her hand to her lips—and, of course, the operator at the switchboard will tell me all we care to know. I'll go 'phone at once."

On the word, Carlotta hurried off in the direction of the telephone booth at the rear of the long room. I noticed that she stopped on the way and spoke to the lieutenant—and suddenly the center lights switched on again, brightening the shadowy glow of the canteen, which had been ready to close for

the night when Terry burst into it. Then "Lootie," as we sometimes disrespectfully called our lieutenant, came over and beckoned me to his side:

"Take your time, Mrs. Harrison—take your time. I'll leave the place in your charge, and you put out the lights, lock up and send me the keys by registered mail. That will be all right, as our unit doesn't come on again for three days. Miss Sturges tells me that you have a very important communication for one of the Red Cross workers and want to locate her at once. Hope you get her. Good night."

"Oh, thank you—thank you so much! Good night," I said, with more fervor than originality, and returned to Terry.

"We've got to find her!" he declared again, and added: "But there's no use taking the world on it. Betty wouldn't like a fuss. I'm glad Miss Sturges put your lieutenant on a false scent. But, it's unfortunate, Miss Sturges has taken charge—"

Before I could reply, a very sober Carlotta came out of the telephone booth and joined us again.

"It's so silly—but I can't seem to make the operator understand me. Shall we go over to the building?"

"You're very good," said Terry with a formal air that would have dismissed anyone but Carlotta.

"I called a taxi," said Carlotta efficiently. "It will be here by the time we lock up. Take a cup of hot coffee, folks, while I shut up shop."

And Carlotta set two cups of steaming coffee on a da plate of sandwiches before us. For a second Terry stared after Carlotta, in puzzled fashion. Then he said quietly: "She's a—by Jove—she's kind."

Whereupon he gulped down a sip or two of the hot drinks.

Afterwards I realized that Carlotta wrote a day-check and put it on the bill-file; afterwards I reacted to herself she didn't stop to pour herself a cup of coffee, but that she took a sandwich along and munched it in the cab.

"Where's your car?" I asked Terry once we were embarked in the taxi and away across to the quiet East Side of town, where Betty's apartment was located.

"I left it in front of the club."

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Mildred Brent was pretty under all circumstances. Arthur Bruce thought her prettier than ever this evening.

She did not open the front door for him, but stood waiting while he answered his ring. She had given orders that her guest was to be ushered into the library.

She was standing in front of the hearth as he entered, and the ruddy glow brought a richer color to her cheeks, and her eyes reflected the light.

The evening was not very cold, but there was a chill in the air. The furnace fire had been allowed to go out, now that spring was really here. The open fire was becoming, and Mildred knew this. That was why she had thrown on an extra log as she heard the doorbell ring.

"Mildred!" Arthur exclaimed, hurrying forward and seizing her outstretched hand. "You are expecting me?"

"Yes," she answered. "Honora told me you were coming. She also told me of the walk you and she took. I almost envied her."

"Why?" eagerly.

"Because it was such a lovely afternoon," she replied, demurely. "I had to sit and work in a stuffy office."

"It is a shame," he sympathized. "If I had my way you would never have to work."

"I wish you had your way, then," she laughed. "I like my job fairly well—at least I like the independence it gives me—but in the spring I get a bit tired of it."

A Challenge.

"I am afraid you do not wish I had my way in everything," the man ventured.

"Why not?" she challenged.

"Because," taking her hand, "if I had my way you would give me the right to care for you."

She let her hand lie in his, and kept her face averted.

"Mildred," he pleaded, "is there any chance that you will ever learn to care for me?"

"Are you sure you care for me?" he murmured.

With a vain woman's desire for power she longed to hear him declare his affection, and she said: "Am I sure?" he repeated. "Can you doubt it? You know I love you, Mildred. Why do you pretend not to know it?"

The telephone bell broke in sharply upon the silence following this speech. Neither spoke as Katie went to answer it.

"It's for you, Miss Mildred," she announced.

"Excuse me!" Mildred said hastily, hurrying into the hall.

She was not sorry for the interruption. Uncertainty would only what her suitor's desire to learn the truth.

It was Tom Chandler's voice at the other end of the wire, and she grasped the receiver in a nervous grip.

"What is it?" she inquired coldly.

"I want to know when I can come up, my dear," the man said. She noticed that his voice was thick and that he sturred his consonants. Had

cial security made him a little uneasy." (To be continued.)

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The State of Colorado is showing special interest in the new book by Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, "Industry and Humanity," (Houghton Mifflin Company), because of a great personal interest in and respect for the author. During the trying fuel and iron strike in that state Mr. King showed wisdom and tact which earned for him the lasting regard of the people of Colorado. It was he who devised the plan of settlement which finally solved the problem. Thus does one of his western admirers speak of his book: "To this volume Mr. King has brought a strict education, a careful exact mind, and long practical experience as investigator and conciliator in the industrial field. He differs from many writers in that he has been in contact with workers as well as employer and has profited by his opportunities. In other words he is not a bookman adopting a preconceived or theoretical outlook to the work before him and reasoning from the abstract, but one who views industrialism and industrial unrest from different angles and with a sincere sympathy for the worker."

For a book by an American about another country to meet with the approval of the authorities of that country is perhaps unusual. Such approval seems to have been given to the new book "Japan at First Hand," by J. I. C. Clarke (Dodd, Mead & Company). The publishers of the book announce that five hundred copies have been ordered by the Japanese Counsel General in New York.

eight hundred copies have been distributed by the Japan Society and fifty copies were taken to Paris by the Japanese Peace Commissioners. In addition five hundred copies have been ordered by the American Library Association for shipment overseas.

It has been said that the best books about America have been written by Englishmen, as witness Lord Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Dickens' "American Notes," Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," Arnold Bennett's "Your United States"—to mention a few. One of the best recent books is "America's Day," by Ignatius Phayre (sounds like a non-de-plume) written originally for English consumption, just published in this country (Dodd, Mead & Company). Mr. Phayre (if that is his name) seemingly has had unequalled opportunities to serve us at close range during the past five years and he writes in a

most illuminating way of the cross-currents sweeping the country prior to our entry into the war; of our participation in the war and closes his volume with several prophetic chapters devoted to our after-the-war relations. He is frank in his admiration of certain things; outspoken in his condemnation of others, but as a whole he is eminently fair in his judgments. He writes interestingly and his book should be read both by the student of history and by "the man in the street."

It is interesting to note how extensively the motion picture art depends upon contemporary fiction. More and more do the leading actors and actresses choose to star in plays based upon our modern novels than in simple photo-plays. Anita Stewart is at present devoting herself to the chief role in "Mary Regan," a novel by Leroy Scott recently published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Mother and Her Pets" Love Candy Cascarets

Careful mothers know that Cascarets in the home means less sickness, less trouble, less worry, less cost. When one of the kiddies has a white tongue, tainted breath, sour stomach or a cold, a Cascaret quickly and harmlessly works the poisons from the liver and bowels and all is well again.



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DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



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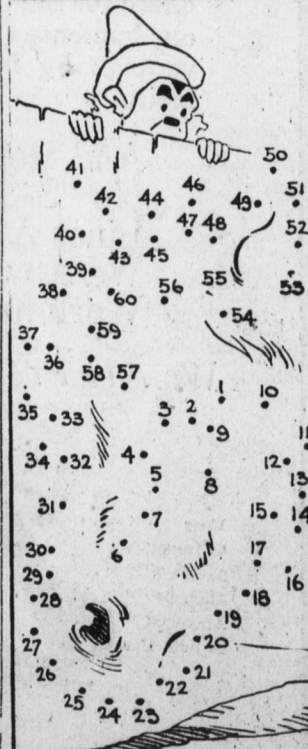
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