



# Reading for Women of All the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER CXXXIV  
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At noon the messenger from the broker's office arrived with Jim's check. He signed it and after the boy had gone Jim stood with the envelope in his right hand tapping it against the fingers of his left slowly and thoughtfully as if he were weighing it and all it stood for.

I watched him in silence as at last he ripped it open with his forefingers and stood with the bit of yellow paper held taut between his hands. It rattled crisply. Jim's eyes turned down at the slip of paper and he kept moistening his dry lips and swallowing perkily.

Presently he looked up and caught my eyes. He grinned at me—almost maliciously. Then he crossed to me, his shoulder dipping as his limp dragged him to one side heavily.

"Look at this!" he cried, flourishing the check. "Even if I invest it conservatively it'll bring as much as I could earn saving at old Norrey's desk eight hours a day. And Jim is not saying I'm going to be conservative."

"Jim, promise me you won't won't take any big risks with it. Put it into something safe, something legitimate," I begged.

Jim stared at me coldly for a moment, and his voice was curt: "You'd better hurry into your things and call a taxi or you'll be late for Virginia's."

As he spoke, I remembered with a start that the evening before Virginia had invited me for luncheon. Until now I had forgotten. But Jim was continuing in his curt, impersonal tone:

"I'm going to rush down to the bank with this certified check. Better let me sign one for you before I go. You can fill it in for what you need. I may stay down for a while with Tom and West. I'll telephone a message to Nora downstairs if I do. Here's your check. So long."

Without a farewell kiss, Jim flung out. This was the first fruit of our golden harvest. I whirled into my clothes and over to Virginia and didn't dare be late and treated to any more Harrison iciness, so I adjusted girdle and veil in the taxi and watched the clock spin round to sixty and seventy while we were still blocks away from Virginia's—and I had a dollar fifteen in my purse beside the check Jim had signed. Of course the doorman at Virginia's would pay for my taxi, but I was bitterly tired of these makeshifts and evasions, these narrow squeaks out of the troubles in which my lack of ready cash was always getting me. I got a grim joy out of the realization that by money embarrassments

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## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XLVI  
(Copyright 1919, Star Company)

After a telephone conversation that was at least ten minutes in length, Mildred Brent restored the receiver to its hook and went into the library, humming a gay little tune.

Her air of innocence irritated Honora, who laid down her paper and spoke sternly.

"What did Tom Chandler want?" Mildred waited for some seconds before replying. Then she tossed her head defiantly.

"What do you mean?" she evaded. "I mean that it seems strange that a man with whom you quarreled should call you up as soon as he comes to town on a furlough. I cannot understand it."

"I suppose it does not occur to you that he likes me and enjoys talking to me," Mildred retorted. "Yes, we did part in anger. Then when I saw that he was willing to do what some model young men shrink from doing—and when he proved this by enlisting—I tried to think kindly of him."

"Honora interferences. 'Did you write and tell him so?'" "I did not. But when he sent me a postcard the other day saying he was coming home for a few days, I decided that I would bury the hatchet. So I just wrote him a postcard back again with the words 'All right' on it. That was all. Certainly nobody—not even you—could object to that."

"I may add," Mildred remarked airily, "that Tom asked me just now if he might come and see me tonight, and I told him that he might. So what's the matter with you?"

"Then she began humming her gay little tune again and went on up to her room."

Honora sat still for a long while after Mildred had left her, thinking over the situation.

"Something was due to Arthur. She must in some way keep him from being hurt by Mildred. Yet if Tom Chandler is encouraged to call here, and was allowed to see Mildred alone, he would exercise his fascination once more."

"There was but one way to avert this without avert the mother's secret. And this was the way that she, Honora Brent, must take. She must make herself an intruder—must be the undesired third that makes 'a crowd' of what would otherwise be an agreeable 'company'."

"I hate it. It is a horrid task—but it seems to be up to me," she muttered. "It will mean Milly's indignation and Tom Chandler's hatred—or, what is worse than his hatred, his ridicule. But it is for Milly's sake."

"Was it for Mildred's sake? The question thrust itself into her mind. She answered it in the affirmative, yet she knew that she was going to interfere because she did not want Arthur to be hurt. He had quite enough to bear already."

"She remembered his harassed expression of countenance these days. He was anxious about his father's health, worried over business. Surely all these cares should not be added a shadow of doubt as to the loyalty of the girl to whom he was engaged."

"The girl he loves!" Honora forced her lips to murmur. She must say this to confirm herself in her conviction.

To Be Continued

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

2757—A style like this is practical youthful and becoming. In brown, or blue serge, for waist and sleeves, with skirt of contrasting plaid or striped woolen, it will make a splendid dress for general wear. Silk or satin and serge are nice too, for this model.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 16 will require 4 7-8 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Form for requesting a pattern: Name, Address, City and State, Size, Pattern No.

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

A few weeks ago a household was plunged into sorrow. The wife, who seems to have been the tie that held the family together, died. And thus, quite apart from the natural sense of loss and bereavement, a difficult and perplexing situation was created for those left behind.

So now a group of people, with their relationships and half-relationships and lack of relationship, are gathered under one roof, and, deprived of that tender, tactful hand which formerly smoothed out their differences, are facing the question what to do.

The son of the husband does not appear to cut any marked figure in the equation, and may, therefore, be dismissed from consideration. It is the oldest daughter of the mother who writes me, signing herself "Doubtful," to state her problem and ask me if I can shed any light upon her quandary.

She is now a girl of nineteen, she says, and consequently must have been about half grown at the time of her mother's second marriage. But she and her stepfather have never been able to agree from the first. There has always been an antipathy between them. One gathers that it was the mother's influence alone that kept her at home, and also that she herself is a strong rather outspoken character. The mother's death has left her practically alone in the world, the only person to whom she is connected by any ties of blood being her two little sisters and brothers.

"Now the question that stares me in the face," she writes, "is, what ought I to do under the circumstances? I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself, and were I to follow my inclination, would unhesitatingly do so. But what about my poor mother's children?"

"My stepfather wants me to step into my mother's place and make a home for him and them. If he were my own father, I would not question this solution for a moment. But the fact that he is no more than a stranger to me, now that my mother is gone, an old, distasteful stranger at that, puts a very different complexion on the matter. Would not people be very apt to gossip about me, living in the same house with a man who is in no way related to me?"

"Yet on the other hand, if I go away and allow things to take their own course, it is almost inevitable that my stepfather will remarry if only to secure a home for himself and proper care for the children. Must they know the meanness of a stepmother, as I have had to know the meanness of a stepfather all these years?"

Let us take up the most important query first, and dismiss it in a word. No one whose good opinion is of the slightest value—no one in fact except the possessor of a peculiarly depraved and vicious mind—would ever question for a moment your perfect right to assume the charge and direction of your stepfather's home, as fully as if you were his own blood-daughter. It is done every day without the least adverse comment in hundreds of cases where the justification is far less than yours.

As to the advisability of your doing so, I am not so certain. Resolving it down to the strict terms of duty, there are two points to be considered: first your duty to yourself; second, your duty to your little brothers and sisters. They owe a moral obligation toward these motherless children to see that they are properly brought up and cared for in an undeniable. No one can practically do it as well as you for no one else will give them the same tenderness and love.

Yet, you must remember that their father is their natural and legal guardian, with the first claim upon them and he has shown no desire to evade his responsibilities. In fact, so far as you indicate, there is no fault to be found with his attitude toward them. Should you go away, I fancy that the children would not greatly suffer. As you say, it might probably result in the introduction of a stepmother; but then, all stepmothers are not the dragons of the story books. The majority of them are more deserving of a martyr's crown.

You know the circumstances better than I do. You know whether their father will give them the protection and supervision they deserve. I am free to admit that so far as I can judge from your letter, he seems a very decent sort of a man. It always takes two to make a quarrel of a disagreement and it may be that he has not always been to blame for your differences. At any rate, he appears ready to sink them now, to start on a new basis. And while we are on the subject, I am not sure but that you also owe a duty to him, however unsatisfactory it may have been to you, he has for several years extended to you the protection of his home.

Yet, provided the children do not absolutely need you, and, provided your going away does not savor of ingratitude toward your stepfather in his trouble, your own life and your own inclination come first.

And, in any event, if you are going to bring a spirit of dissension into that home or to set those children against their father, while you essay your task in an attitude of stiff-necked defiance, it is better for you, better for the little ones and better for the man that you go—even though there were fifty stepmothers in the offing. It is for you to decide.

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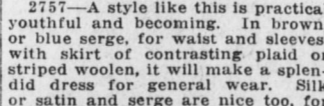
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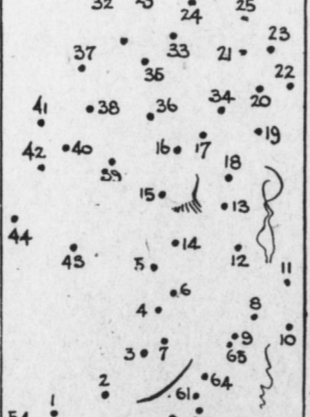
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