

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 CXLIX.
When I promised Dr. Lucas that I'd tell any one who had to know that our Betty had only one chance in a hundred to recover the use of her right arm, I hadn't more than half an idea what I meant. And yet I suppose my decision rested completely formed and unchangeable in the back of my mind from the very beginning. Now I realize that my very next question showed that.

"Does Miss Moss know?" I asked.
"Yes, she saw me just now. It was a blow. Things looked so hopeful. She has too strong a sense of professional etiquette to say a word, but she begged me to tell you at once—because of the wedding, I suppose."

"Yes, Doctor, that's why. Well, then, if under the stress of her feelings when I told her about the wedding she didn't tell, I suppose we can count on her not to spread the news?" I asked beginning to be half-conscious of my purpose.
"No, can count on her," said the Doctor studying me under intent brows. "And I suppose I can count on you to do the right thing?"

"Yes, I'll do the right thing."
"Brave little friend," said the Doctor, smiling at me very gravely. He trusted me—I was sure of that.

Then I left him and went in for a good-night chat with Betty. Her happiness—sweet, peaceful, undisturbed—fairly twisted my heart. Her gratitude to me, her faith in Terry, her joy in having his strength to lean on, and the depth of her love for him she was darning at last to acknowledge—were at once very precious and very painful.

Miss Moss let me have only a few minutes with Betty and then she bundled me off to a room in Greyfriars Hall. I lay there sleepless all through

the long night, thinking of Betty, remembering each shy glance, each timid flush of blood under her smooth cheeks as she spoke Terry's name. How Betty loved him. How happy she was now that she dared at last to confess it!

At dawn I slipped into my clothes and went out to walk in the fragrant pine woods stretching away from the sanitarium to a little lake of gentle blue-gray. And in the peace of outdoors, I stopped struggling and decided to do what all along I had known I must do. I didn't doubt Terry. I didn't feel for a moment that knowledge of what Betty was facing would make him other than more tender, more loving. I knew the ugly truth wouldn't give him a moment's pause in the marriage into which he was rushing Betty.

But I wanted that marriage to start with good cheer and with high hopes. Terry had a right to his share of unclouded joy.

Betty and Terry must start even—loving, hoping, dreaming together. I wasn't going to let Terry have a bitter secret to hide from Betty. I couldn't permit him to pity her—too much, and I refused to consider the day when they must both find out.

When that day came I felt sure Betty and Terry would forgive me and would understand that I had acted through love of them. I hadn't promised the doctor that I'd tell Terry. I had only said I'd tell whomever had a right to know. Well, Terry had a right to be saved from knowing. And then my thoughts insisted on focusing on the problem I had been avoiding all night long.

What I was planning to do meant gambling with human lives—gambling as desperately as ever Jim did at the games of chance to which I objected

Bringing Up Father



so bitterly.
"Jim! What would Jim say? How would Jim, who had felt that he could forbid my forming friendships, that he could decide who were to be my friends and who not, react to my making so momentous a decision for myself and my friends?"

Somehow in the back of my mind was the feeling that things could never be quite the same between Jim and me again unless he understood and sympathized. Somewhere in my heart was a little prayer that he wouldn't fall me—that he would uphold me if our world criticized me for the silence I was going to keep.

Suppose even that when the day of revelation came, Terry resented what I was going to do, felt that I hadn't trusted him, that I had been unwarrantably bold in making his decision of him—would Jim help me make clear to him, would Jim stand by?

If Betty felt that I had owed it to Terry to give him the chance to change his plans—would Jim help me convince her sensitiveness and pride that Terry never would have changed?
I didn't know. I couldn't be sure. I had to take a momentary step without consulting anyone. And once it was taken there was no turning back.

"It's for Betty's happiness," I said to the pines and the lake. "It's for Terry's happiness, also. They'll have their honeymoon lighted by the hope that he's nursing her back to health again. They must face their pain soon enough—and it's their right to face it together. Terry has longed for happiness and served for it, and waited for it. Now I won't cloud it for him by telling him how Betty may have to suffer. He's going to believe she'll be all well. And she's going to believe that she'll be all well. And maybe a blessed miracle will make it happen."
Then I smiled sadly at the lake and

THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY
By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER LIV.
An hour passed, and Mildred Brent still sat in the library, knitting busily on a khaki colored sweater. She recalled Tom Chandler's question as to whether she could knit. He should come and find her engaged with her patriotic work. When he rang the bell she would go to the door with the half-finished sweater in her hands.

But the door bell did not ring as soon as she expected. Four-thirty came and still her caller did not arrive. What could have detained him? She remembered with a throb of gratitude that it was against the law to sell liquor to men in uniform. One of the many corner saloons could not be keeping Tom from her.

At 5 o'clock she could stand the suspense no longer and telephoned the Chandler home. The maid answered. Dr. Chandler was out. So was Mrs. Thomas. He had gone out at 2 o'clock.

Two o'clock! If he had come directly to Mildred, what a lovely afternoon he and she would have had together!

She returned to the library, and, switching on the electric light—for the afternoon was cloudy—tried to read. But only for a few minutes. The tinkle of Mrs. Higgins' bell summoned her to the invalid's room.

"I just rang to ask you to turn on my light," Mrs. Higgins explained. "Has your caller gone?"
"My caller has not arrived yet," Mildred replied fretfully. "It is too bad, for I had counted on having somebody to keep me from being lonely and to get my thoughts off of poor Arthur's trouble and his father's illness."

Disappointment
Her voice broke. She was chagrined and disappointed, but the listener attributed the quavering accents to natural depression.

"And you have to take your dinner alone, too!" Mrs. Higgins sympathized. "What a shame! When your friend comes, why not ask her to stay to dinner? Mildred's ejaculation was fraught with astonished delight. That's a lovely idea! I'll tell Katie you proposed it."

"Yes, do," Mrs. Higgins advised. "You are entitled to a little pleasure. Hark! There's the door-bell now. Don't stay here for a moment longer, my dear. Run down and welcome your friend."

Mildred needed no second bidding, but in her haste to obey she did not neglect to shut Mrs. Higgins' door behind her.

Tom Chandler greeted her genially as she admitted him.
"Hello! I'm a bit late, I guess."
"A bit late!" the girl scoffed. "I expected you two hours ago. But if you can stand a short call, I can."
"But I can't stand it!" he declared laughing. "I'm not going home until your dinner is ready. I was awfully disappointed not to get here sooner, but I must go back to camp tomorrow, and there were some things I had to attend to this afternoon—military matter, you see."

"Oh, you go tomorrow?"
"Yes, I do."
"Where are you dining?" Mildred inquired.
"At home," Tom replied. "Why do you ask?"
"Why not dine here?" she suggested, her eyes bright with anticipation. "You see," she hurried on, "I am all alone to dinner. Mrs. Higgins wanted me to ask some friend in. Why not let it be you?"

"Good!" he ejaculated. "I told my mother not to expect me until she saw me. But I must leave by 9 o'clock," he added casually.

Tom is Willing
"That will give us several hours to talk in," the girl said. "Of course, if you are going back to camp tomorrow, your mother will have a right to claim you for a part of this evening."
"Of course," he echoed. "It is the least I can give her—for she had been fine about sparing me to go where I pleased."

Then the pair seated themselves in the library and Mildred took up her knitting.
"I thought," the man teased, "that you would never do any knitting when you had a guest—that it was not complimentary to him."
"So I did," she admitted. "But, you see, I want to get this sweater done."
"You mean that you want to prove to me that you know how to knit," he accused.


She flushed and put the sweater to her knitting-bag. This man's ability to see through her ruse was slightly disconcerting. Yet she liked his cleverness. He was much more exhilarating than Arthur ever was.
"One reason," he said davorily, after a moment's silence, "that I do not like you to knit is that I may want to take your hand frequently, and the needles interfere."
"Yes, she parried, only last evening you said that Honora's fingers looked so pretty when she was knitting that you liked to watch them."
"But yours look so much prettier that I want to hold them," he argued. "That is just the difference in the effect produced upon me by you two girls, my dear."

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By McManus



Are you always successful on baking day? Are your cakes light and spongy and your biscuits white and flaky? If not, let us help you with



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THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

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