



# 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

BY ANN LISLE  
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"I'm not getting much chance for a quiet word alone with you," murmured Pat toward the end of the dinner. "You wouldn't let me walk home with you, would you?"

Pat's face crimsoned and his blue eyes darkened to sombre black. I could see that Carotta had attacked a vulnerable spot, and I wondered if his reply would be seasoned with wrath. But when it came it had the lift of his Irish cheer for all its undercurrent of bitterness.

### Be Careful in Using Soap on Your Hair

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle. The best thing to use is just milled coconut oil, for it is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats the most expensive. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

"Why not?" I replied wondering as I spoke just where this very subdued Pat came from.

Evidently Carotta also wondered for suddenly she broke out on the hysterical note that was to me the most grating thing in her whole vivid personality.

"Oh, the flash of your eyes will always stimulate me past sobriety, Alanna. And who knows but the 'cup that cheers' will be a better friend to our Pat than ever the glass that cheers managed to be?"

"You asked her?" Pat repeated—and laughed a bit unsteadily, "then that's all right. I'm glad Jeanie doesn't want to cut me off your list, Mrs. Jimmie. Somehow I want you to be my friend, but not at the price of her friendship. If it ever comes to choosing between us, take her."

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

"Having it out" with Mildred did little good, for her temper did not subside as quickly as it usually did. Nor did she admit that she had been at fault.

"I don't like the folks she's traveling around with. I don't like the places they take her. She's hitting it up on high, that nice little Phoebe-kid; and I'd like to see you—slow her down."

"What do you mean—that sounds pretty serious, Mrs. Dalton?"

"It is pretty serious when a youngster like Phoebe travels around with a man like Richard West night after night," said Pat earnestly.

"Dick West!" I cried, "surely you don't mean that?"

"I do. He's not the right sort for Phoebe to know. I've been a mining man out West myself, Mrs. Jimmie—and I know West's dance-hall reputation. He won't do for little Phoebe."

"Are you sure?" I repeated in a daze, and forced by something within myself to withhold the information that Dick West was Jim's partner.

"Sure!" repeated Pat grimly. "I'd be glad for the prodigal to repent if he wanted to. But West is up to his old tricks again. Speaking in at the back door of a Chinese dance hall and dragging a nice girl, who thinks it's all a lark near the smell of opium—and worse."

"What can we do?" I cried.

"Stop it. Get Phoebe away from that bunch she's traveling with—West and that little cat, Evvy Mason and Sheldon Blake. A dangerous crowd for Phoebe, Mrs. Jimmie, and a dangerous pace they're hitting."

"But what can we do?" I said, taking Pat right into partnership with me. "Jim likes Evvy and Sheldon—and Dick West is his partner."

"His partner?" repeated Pat.

"I don't care whether she would or not," Mildred muttered as she left the room. But Mrs. Higgins did not hear.

Studiously, the sisters chatted of various matters during breakfast. Honora commented on the fact that it was a rainy morning for church-going, and Mildred agreed with her.

"But the weather need not keep well people at home," the younger girl added.

Remembering these words, Honora took it for granted that her sister was starting for church, when, at a quarter of eleven, she saw her walking briskly down the

path to the gate. She wore a new and stylish raincoat and carried an umbrella.

"I wish," Honora sighed, "that she would call on poor Mrs. Bruce; but I shall not suggest it. She has shown me plainly that she considers it none of my business. And I suppose it is not."

Then she went in to talk to Mrs. Higgins and congratulated her on her improved condition this morning. After which she announced that she was going to read aloud to the invalid instead of attending church.

Mildred has gone, so there will be one person in our pew," Honora remarked.

This was the only reference she made to her sister. She did not want to talk of her just now.

Meantime Mildred went on her way brooding over her fancied wrongs. She was sure that Honora was trying to supplant her in the estimation of Arthur's family. Her heart was beating fast as she approached the Bruce home. Arthur was angry with her, and she felt a strong distaste for him. Moreover, she knew that his mother did not like her and that she did like Honora. It was not fair.

The maid who opened the front door in response to her ring informed her that Mrs. Bruce was not well and was seeing very few callers.

"Kindly hand her this card," Mildred ordered stiffly.

Honora should not fancy that she was the only person whom Mrs. Bruce would receive.

She waited in the drawing room that Mrs. Bruce would see her.

Dumbly and nervously she went until the maid returned and said upstairs. She shivered as she passed a closed door at the rear of the second hall. How she dreaded illness and death!

Mildred Explains  
Her timidity made her look very pale as she greeted the widow who arose from an easy chair as her caller entered the room.

"It is kind of you to come, Mildred," she said. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," Mildred stammered. "I do not want to intrude. I only

came to express my sympathy and to explain why I was not here yesterday.

"No explanation is necessary. I thought nothing of your absence," the widow said. "Honora did all anyone could do for me."

"Still"—Mildred's voice was steady now—"I would have come if I had been told how matters were. I am not heartless, Mrs. Bruce. And as Arthur's fiancée, my place was here."

Mrs. Bruce looked at her searchingly. In the wild eyes there was not a gleam of pity, nor was there any softness about the full, curved lips. The sad woman wished the girl would go home.

"I did not think of that Mildred," she said. To tell the truth, my only thought was of our loss—Arthur's and mine. I regret that you did not understand."

"Oh," Mildred smiled reassuringly. "That's all right! I only wanted to explain and to assure you that I will come to you at any time you need me. Just telephone to me if

I can be of use."

"Thank you," Mrs. Bruce rejoined. But in the tone there was no warmth of gratitude, nor a suggestion of affection.

To Be Continued

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