

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 CLXVII
"Hop in, baby," laughed Sheldon, seizing Phoebe by the elbow and swinging her into the place next to him at the wheel, as we started on our trip to Chinatown.

Again Dick West glowered, but before long his rumbling laughter seemed to convey the idea that Evvy was managing to cheer him up as they sat huddled so far in one corner of the tonneau that I had most of the big seat to myself.

Suddenly Tom Mason turned from the chair seat he was occupying and gazed at the empty space and then my face in the semi-darkness.

"Always room for one more!" he suggested in a wheedling voice.

"Please, no; I hate crowding," I replied in a matter of fact tone that scotched the embryonic sentiment at once.

Tom paid no further attention to me, and when we got to Cheng Fuy's, of the sinister back entrance, and had passed up into the lantern-hung dance hall, he swung Evvy out on the dance floor, while Sheldon followed with Phoebe, leaving me to the now satirical Dick West.

"Dancing?" he asked.

"No," I replied as tersely.

"All right—I'm glad; I want to talk to you. Phoebe likes you. Why don't you say a good word for your husband's partner?"

"Phoebe's a baby," I countered.

"So Blake calls her—but he doesn't treat her like one."

"He's an old friend of Jim's, I expect he knew Phoebe in the cradle," I replied, trying to make light of the situation.

"Well, he knows she's out of the cradle now—and a darn attractive girl. And I'm Jim's partner—that ought to entitle me to as many privileges."

Mercifully then the music stopped, or perhaps it wasn't "mercifully," for I was just on the point of telling Jim's partner in rather plain English just what I thought of him when our dancers swung back to join us.

"Next, Phoebe?" muttered Dick West, thickly.

She nodded. In a moment I was left with Tom Mason, who was very quiet and dignified again. Presently Evvy and Sheldon came back to the table. But no Phoebe. I waited a minute. Then I asked anxiously:

"Where's Phoebe?"

"Oh, they sneaked down the backstairs and disappeared. They offer to Phoebe likes snooping around the funny little shops," replied Evvy with husky sweetness. "And Dick's been saying he had one or two favorite haunts he wanted to show her."

I tried hard to make my voice calm as I replied:

"Let's follow them. Play detectives."

Tom Mason shook his head, but his voice was kind.

"Better wait here. We couldn't find them in a thousand years. Dick knows his Chinatown, underground passages and all. She's perfectly safe with West."

But somehow I didn't feel that Phoebe was safe with Dick West.

"We've been waiting for you. Run and call Sheldon, Tommy," said Phoebe without a trace of guile. "Anne look at my pretties. Dickie knew just where to find 'em."

Depending from Phoebe's ears were a magnificently carved pair of jade pendants—and about her throat was a long chain of the same marvelous green.

Were they a gift from Dick West? The lip-stick, the cheap familiarities were and enough, but when Phoebe actually accepting such valuables from a man?

(To Be Continued)

Bringing Up Father



LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

What price an education, as a Cockney would say?

The only education of any value is one bought of curiosity.

At least, that is the opinion of a big manufacturer, an acquaintance of mine, who in the ramifications of his business is brought into intimate contact with all sorts and conditions of people. A shrewd observer, he likes to generalize as a result of his experience.

In the present instance he sought to prove his point by citing the case of two girls who were employed by him as stenographers.

"When they first came to me," he said, "they rated about equal as to competence and education. Both were rapid at shorthand, accurate in transcribing their notes, and knew how to spell, paragraph and punctuate. So far, there was little to choose between them."

"But when it came to the quality of their work a vast difference soon de-

veloped, and this, as I eventually recognized, was due almost entirely to temperament.

"One girl was apparently quite content to rest upon her outlook and attainments as they stood. She was conscientious enough in what she did, but she never troubled to think what it was about, or the purpose back of it. Her attitude was purely passive, mechanical in every way. And as I am peculiarly sensitive to the character of the people about me, this reacted upon me and made it almost impossible for me to dictate to her when I was thinking something out, feeling my way, as it were."

"If I were lost for a word I never got it from her. She'd stare out of the window, bite her pencil in an abstracted way or consider her fingernails, but never give me a lead. I sometimes felt like throwing a book at her to shatter that unruined placidity."

"But the other girl was one of those alert, eager natures avid to comprehend and fathom every new thing they encounter. And she seemed to lift me along, as one is lifted and sustained by a person walking in step with them. I don't mean that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

"Tennyson's 'argosies of magic sails, pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales' seem clumsy, I told her, when one recalls the Oriental fantasies, such as that of Aladdin seated on his enchanted carpet and being transported whither he would in a second of time. Any dream or hope that the human mind formulated can always be made possible of accomplishment."

"And I tried to show her that the rule held in business, that it is for a vision and a dream, not the mere piling up of dollars, that men plan and labor. 'There is no new thing under the sun.' The ideas of Moses and Solomon and Caesar and Columbus are as possibly a commercial force to-day as those of J. Pierpont Morgan or Henry Ford."

"She profited by my instruction," he added a little ruefully, "or rather by the self-education that she got through her curiosity. I had to promote her to a more responsible position, and I'd be willing to wager that before she gets through she'll be a successful executive, or running a business of her own."

"And the other girl?" I asked.

"Oh, she is still chewing her pencil. I guess, and staring out of the window. But not in my office, as I had to transfer her to another department. She got on my nerves."

ship.

HOPE.

There is really nothing to do about it when a young man deliberately acts this way but accept the situation and make the best of it. You must see that he is quite unworthy of your love in pursuing this course and making no explanation. I should go about and enjoy myself and try to forget him.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am considered good looking. In

spite of the fact that I am just the right kind of girl for the right kind of young man. I have no boy friends whatever, and am always blue and lonesome. People tell me that unless I go to balls and clubs I will never meet young men. Is there no other way of meeting respectable young men?

LONESOME.

The Young Woman's Christian Association is an excellent medium through which to make girl friends, and girls have brothers, cousins and friends. I believe I should go even so far as to

break my iron-clad rule and go to a dance occasionally.

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