



# 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 CCXIV.

"Anne, have you noticed how much Betty looks like Val Cosby?" Jim asked as we sat cozily around a grate fire the last evening of our stay with Betty and Terry. "That reminds me, little Val Cosby is keen to meet you people."

"Betty's hair isn't like lacquer—it's soft, and her eyes aren't hard, either," I replied tactlessly, finding things suddenly as gray as the cold summer rain that had kept us housed all day, but that hadn't seeped into the cheery place till now.

"I should say my hair isn't like lacquer," lamented Betty, creating a diversion that turned Jim's angry glance away from me. "There's a white streak coming right on my left temple."

"James—at his pet occupation of blaming the particular woman for what's not interested in," laughed Betty. "Anne, have you noticed that about these phillandering men folks? They've a light word of flattery for all the lassies, yet they sometimes scold the one who's in their hearts for very shame at their own tenderness."

"I hadn't noticed," I gasped, wondering if she were actually so, or if Betty had said it merely to cheer me up since Jim's abrupt manner in talking to me was in sad contrast to Terry's tenderness with Betty.

"Well, when you are my age and gray haired," continued Betty in the kindest possible tone, "you'll know that love always comes home to roost, though he sometimes stops on the way and sings a particularly fine song on a bough where a stranger is pruning her pretty feathers."

"I wasn't referring to the roost," I replied, "I couldn't resist referring to what Betty had said."

"Jim, do you think love always comes home to roost—at last?" I ventured.

"Love?" began Jim, argumentatively. "That depends on what you mean by love. I often wonder if that folks call by that name isn't just infatuation or propensity or spring time. Any pretty woman gets most men going for a while—the job is to pick the right one. Take Terry and Betty—now, that's what he'd call a little bit of all right! They're mated; they trot along just right in double harness. You don't often see a thing like that, do you?"

"No, you don't," I replied, strug-

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XIII.

For an instant David DeLaine retained the small bag, his eyes fixed on the glittering letters. Then, with a start, he appreciated that the owner was holding out her hand for her property.

"I—I beg your pardon," he exclaimed restoring it to her, and at the same time raising his hat.

"He did not meet her gaze, but glanced away. The most casual observer might have noticed that something had shaken his equanimity."

"I shall not need you until a quarter of one, Smith," Miss Leighton said; "or—no, I shall not need you even then. I will remain here to work," she explained to the friend who stood waiting for her, "until noon, then get luncheon somewhere and go to an exhibition of paintings for which I have cards. Why don't you stay down and we will go together?" I have two tickets of admission to the exhibition."

"I would like to," Helen Goddard agreed.

"Then I shall not want the car, Smith," Desiree said—and now her chauffeur looked directly at her. He had had time to overcome his momentary embarrassment. "You may go for Mr. Leighton at five. I do not know when I will get home. Drive by the house and tell Norah—but no—I will telephone to her that I shall not be back for luncheon. Just take the car to the garage, and do as you please until time to go for Mr. Leighton."

She would not confess to herself that she did not want Smith and Norah to meet and chat again today. She would have scouted such a suggestion. Yet somewhere in the back of her mind the idea was working. It was this that had decided her to telephone to her house of her change of plans instead of sending a verbal message by David Smith.

"Some class to your chauffeur!" Helen Goddard remarked as the two girls went upstairs together to the Red Cross room. "Where did you pick him up?"

A brief reply.

"Father engaged him, of course," was the brief reply.

"Well, I am glad he is not my chauffeur," the other girl declared.

"Why?"

"Why? I would just as soon think of giving an order to the Secretary of State as to him!" the other answered teasingly. "My dear, he has the manner of some high dignitary! The way in which he lifted his hat and bowed when he handed you your hat, was really quite imposing."

"It was very awkward," Desiree retorted. "In the first place, he held the thing for fully half a minute, looking at it as if he thought it might bite me if he gave it to me. Then, when he did hand it to me, he lifted his hat and bowed—instead of simply touching his hat as he should have done."

"You are very exacting," her companion remarked. "I thought he had a wonderful bearing."

"One does not wish a wonderful bearing from one's chauffeur," Desiree objected. "But, more gently, I must not be too hard on him. He has been with us for only a little while. He will learn soon."

"Well, he may not be an ideal chauffeur, but he could give some young men I know lessons in courtly manners," Helen Goddard insisted.

These comments returned to Desiree's mind as she rolled bandages and made compresses. David Smith was a peculiar character. She found him hard to explain. His references had been excellent, and, to make assurance doubly sure, her father had privately made inquiries from an acquaintance living near the town in which the writer of those references lived. This acquaintance had reported that James Carey was one of the most highly respected citizens of that community.

Desiree decided at last that she must have some obscure complexity in her mind that made her thoughts turn to this young man. It was not her habit to concern herself with the ways or characters of her father's or her own employees, but as for David Smith DeLaine himself, his thoughts were even busier than were those of his employer's daughter.

Some time ago she had found to her surprise that it left him too much time in which to think. To avoid hours of inaction, he had recently indulged in the extravagance of buying some books that he wanted to read, and had become deeply interested in them.

His Thoughts Wander

But this afternoon his thoughts strayed from the volume of Conrad that, last night, he had found so absorbing.

For before his eyes two letters danced. They were D. L.

It was useless to remind himself that the D might stand for "Dorothy," or "Dorcas," or "Doris," or any one of a dozen names. He was sure that this girl—the daughter of his employer—was Desiree Leighton.

"And what if she is?" he demanded fiercely of himself. "What difference does that make to you?"

None at all, of course—only it made his adventure really more thrilling than he had anticipated. He wished he had kept some of his aunt's letters in which she had spoken of her favorite. He tried to recall what she had told him of the girl. Probably she had said she was

pretty, charming, etc.—in fact he was sure she had. But he had been so much annoyed by her plans for his future that he had paid scant attention to her ecstasies of her protégée and had thrust them from his mind as soon as possible. How he wished he could remember them now!

A new respect for Aunt Jeanne was stirring to life in his heart—and a passing regret that he had not called on Desiree Leighton when she was in Baltimore as his relative's guest. They might have become pleasant acquaintances.

"But then I could not have been her father's chauffeur now," he said aloud—"always supposing that the young lady for whom I am now driving is really the young person whom Aunt Jeanne wanted me to marry. At any rate, had we met as social equals, she probably would never have given me a second look."

(To Be Continued.)

### Advice to the Lovelorn

LOVE HER TOO WELL TO MARRY HER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Supposing a young man loved a

young woman he has not seen for six months, during which time he loved her more and more. Again supposing he earns a small salary, and he reasons that some of his friends married on such a salary as he now earns, and they had a hard time to make both ends meet, and usually the woman suffered.

Supposing his love was so great that he couldn't bear to think of her suffering under such conditions, and therefore does not tell her of his love. Now, supposing the young woman, through a third party, gives the young man to understand that she loves him, and also gives him some mighty broad hints that she does. She hasn't seen him for six months, during which time she has asked him (through a third party) to come and see her, and he does not. Perhaps you can advise the young man who is the writer of this letter, what to do.

P.U.Z.Z.L.E.D.

A great many young people find themselves in the position you describe these days of the high cost of living. And I always advise them to marry and suggest that the wife keep her position after marriage for a few years at least, during which time the husband's prospects may improve

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