



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 CXXXVII
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"Evelyn Mason," repeated Phoebe through stiff lips. I turned to Bertha bruski and gave my orders. "Please tell Miss Evelyn that I am engaged now and will call her in half an hour." "Please go now, Anne. Please," urged Phoebe jerkily. "It's too late. Bertha carries out orders promptly," I replied, going over to make a minute and unnecessary adjustment of the window draperies. "That gave me an excuse to turn away from Phoebe and give her a chance to adjust herself. Even with my back to her I could visualize her eyes—fixed far-away and propped wide so the tears shouldn't brim over. And her quivering chin—I could imagine that, too."

"When I turned to Phoebe she had risen and stood facing me. Little as she is, she looked stately. "You knew?" she demanded accusingly. "Yes," I gasped. "And as soon as we had Dick West disposed of—"

"You knew," she went on. "The day I couldn't even drink my lemonade because we always took it. You knew—and you let me make a fool of myself?" "There was a note of the Harrison pride in Phoebe's voice. Poor little girl, she also was bitterly proud. That would make things harder for both of us. For the moment I felt as if I were—again facing the aloof Phoebe of the painted lips and hard eyes who had shut me coldly out of her heart the day Neal returned from soldiering. And I almost let it hold me off—almost let it force me to stand discussing the matter academically when what Phoebe needed was some one to take her in kind arms and mother her."

In a rush of pity and affection I ran across the room, caught Phoebe to me and pulled her down on the couch with her head nestled against me. "Dear little sister, I wanted to tell you this—decently. And now you've heard it all in an ugly flash."

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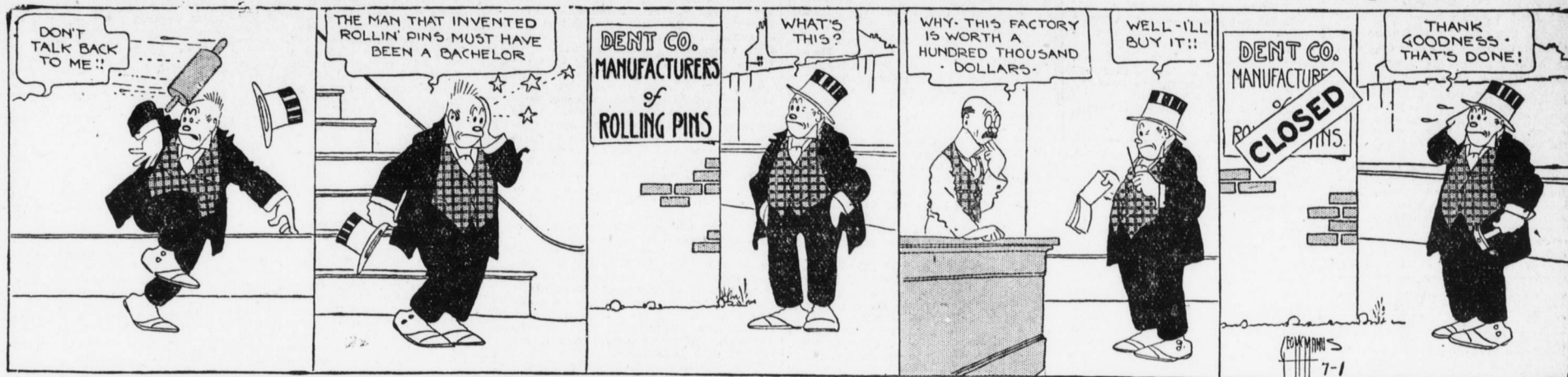
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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



"DON'T TALK BACK TO ME!"

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THANK GOODNESS THAT'S DONE!

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXIV.

Desiree was non-plussed. Her maid's claims seemed fair enough. The mistress had at the moment no argument with which to refute her. "Naturally, Norah," she began, "Mr. Leighton and I know that Smith is honest and a good driver. But as to his behavior in other respects, we know little." "There's nothing to fear from him, ma'am," the girl affirmed quickly. "I've seen a good many men, and I know what they're like. And the minute I first seen Smith, I sized him up." "Ah—did you?" was the dry rejoinder.

"Yes, ma'am," Norah detected no sarcasm in the question. "My mother always told me there was certain things no girl should let a man do—and that nice men aren't going to attempt them until they know a girl well—things like trying to put their arms around her—and free actions like that." "Desiree gasped. "Norah!" she exclaimed. "Yes, ma'am," the girl admitted, "it is dreadful, isn't it? But there is fellows as will do the likes of that when they first meet a girl—and don't mean no real harm in it neither. Now Smith, why, he's never so much as—"

"Oh, there's the bell! I guess Annie's in the kitchen. I'll just run down." "It's probably Smith with the car," Desiree began. "But the girl was already out of hearing, speeding on her way downstairs. She also suspected that it was Smith with the car. Which Desiree reflected frowningly, would account for her haste."

She was baffled. She could say no more on this subject unless she forbade Norah to speak to Smith, and she had no grounds for such a sweeping interdiction. Norah was a decent girl, Smith was a decent man. Why should they not be on friendly terms?

She hated the thought. Moreover, and the thought made Desiree feel slightly frightened at herself, Samuel Leighton could not possibly understand his daughter's viewpoint were she to express disapproval of any friendship between chauffeur and maid. So long as neither neglected any duties whose business was it how good friends they were? That would be her father's argument. And Desiree knew that he would be right.

Yet she hated the thought of Smith's chatting familiarity with her maid. Surely this was unreasonable. She must overcome the ridiculous prejudice. Downstairs, Norah was exchanging a few hasty words with David. He had spoken a brief good morning and announced that the car was awaiting its mistress. Then Norah had laid her hand impulsively on his arm.

"Smith," she giggled. "Listen, Miss Leighton says you can come to call on me. I've started so violently as to dislodge the hand resting on his arm." "What?" he ejaculated. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you needn't look so astonished." Norah said, bridling. "I'm only telling you you can come to see me any time you like—any evening, I mean. I don't often ask young men to come here. It's not generally allowed. But with you it's different. I ran some risk standing outside with you last night—and she didn't like it. But when I explained to her that you and me was friends, she looked at it different."

"So if you don't come to see me once in a bit, it's your own fault. You ought to like me," with another giggle, "after the scrape I most got into last night all on account of you. I had to make her think you had something special that you wanted to speak to me about, and that you'd asked me to come outside for a few minutes. If she knew I went out of my own self—well, she'd be that mad! She's awful particular. Sh—h! Here she comes and—"

Everything Goes Wrong
Then, to make matters worse the girl turned hastily away and hurried into the dining room. But quickly as she had gone, Desiree caught a glimpse of her in her flight and called her back.

"Norah! Where are you going?" "Oh—I was just going down to the kitchen," Norah said, reappearing. "You seemed in a hurry," was Desiree's grave comment. "Here, put this fur around me." "David stood, hat in hand, by the front door, too much dazed to know just what to say."

Ex-Ballot Dancer

Entertaining Soldiers

Le Mans, July 1.—How Fred Romanoff, former instructor in the Imperial Russian Ballet at Petrograd and later with the Metropolitan Opera Company, "put one over" on a soldier entertainment in the war zone recently, is told by J. W. Nash, of San Francisco, a Y. M. C. A. secretary.

Nash was putting on a soldier show at Souilly, when an insignificant little soldier, who had been watching rehearsals asked if he might put on a "stunt."

"If you can get by with it, yes," replied Nash, rather curtly.

A few nights later, Romanoff, whose right name is Charles M. Snyder, born in Racine, Wisconsin, put on a dance that took the house by storm. So much did Nash think of the dance and the dancer that he obtained permission for the soldier to take up Y. M. C. A. work. Romanoff has since handled the big water carnival at Cannes.

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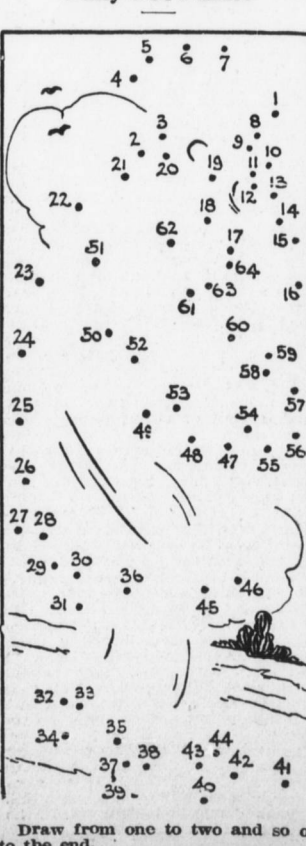
GIRL'S DRESS AND SUN BONNET
2860—Here is a comfortable "warm weather outfit" which will please any little girl who likes to flick her work out in the sunshine. Gingham, percale, seersucker, linen, drill, pique or poplin could be used for both the bonnet and dress. With bloomers under this dress, petticoats may be dispensed with. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the dress and 3/4 yard for the bonnet. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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