



# 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 CCXLIX.  
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A more ill-assorted party than one composed by Valerie Cosby, Carlotta Sturges, Tom Mason, Anthony Norreys and me I can't imagine. And yet when Val and Tom stood at our table out at the Inn by the river and asked to have coffee with us I had to do my share to call that party into being. An introduction or two and invitation were all that was needed to bring on the deluge, but I couldn't refuse them.

Val sat down, studying Carlotta's over-vivid personality and make-up with suave insolence, which Carlotta breezily ignored. Smooth-jawed, lazy-eyed, luxurious Tom and gaunt Tony, with his keen ice-blue eyes were as startling in their contrasts as were the two women. I expected to see sparks fly, and I wondered whose feelings would prove inflammable. While I was rummaging in my mind for some nice, safe topic to introduce, Val's most indolent tones rolled out: "I wondered how you were amusing yourself to-night, Anne, while our lords and masters are hard at work. I invited your little sister-in-law to be to dinner, but tonsillitis patients don't convalesce easily. This nice man went to call for his cousin Evvy and bring her to me, and when she couldn't come he took pity on my loneliness. I beg your pardon," she added with

elaborate carelessness turning to Carlotta, "I suppose Anne's Canteen friends don't know her social world. I didn't mean to bore you."

"You couldn't. I'm interested in everyone," replied Carlotta, brushing Val's dart aside without seeming to notice the prick. Then she turned to Tom. "It isn't customary to congratulate the bride's folk, but the girl who gets my young partner marries a prince."

"Oh, you're in business with Mrs. Harrison's family," said Val smiling, as if that explained the presence of this alien creature.

"You haven't accounted for me as yet, Mrs. Cosby," said Tony challengingly.

If a woman had made this remark it might have been caty, coming from Tony at this stage of the game I knew it was meant only to save Carlotta from the insults she was either big enough to ignore or too big to get. Val flicked her amber eyes across Tony's face and held them to his for a moment. Then she turned her head and looked mockingly at me before she replied:

"Are you easily accounted for?" Val's such a child — impetuous, hot-blooded, self-willed under that Japanese lacquer of hers—don't let that Englishman of yours twist her around his finger," muttered Tom close to my ear.

I wanted to burst out laughing, so this was the mental picture of herself with which Val was furnishing the evidently infuriated Tom. Why? After the first, normal, human pang of chagrin at the way she had effaced me from his consciousness, I had a sudden feeling of gratitude toward Val for stepping in between me and the always unwelcome attentions of Tom Mason. The egotism with which he displayed his change of feelings was in taste as bad as the impudence with which he had showed his previous feelings.

But what did Val want of Tom? Did she like him? Was she consoling herself with him for Jim's loss of interest? Was she simply the sort of woman who must have a masculine satellite or two? Or had she a deeper motive in cultivating Tom Mason?

Val's motives didn't reveal themselves clearly. There were moments when I felt that even she didn't know exactly what kind of a game she was playing, or that perhaps it was complicated for her by wearing desires.

"Why don't you all come down to my place and have a little bridge?" she suggested suddenly. "Anne wants to learn and this is a wonderful time, for we'd both have to sit up long, lonely hours for our husbands if our good friends didn't entertain us. You play—don't you, Miss-er Sturgeon?"

There was calculated insolence in the way she turned to Carlotta Sturges and mispronounced her name.

"I'm taking my two little Canteen workers home and admonishing them to run along to bed when they get there," said Tony, breaking in almost sternly.

I was sure he disliked Val as much as he liked Carlotta. Somehow it gave me a queer feeling of satisfaction.

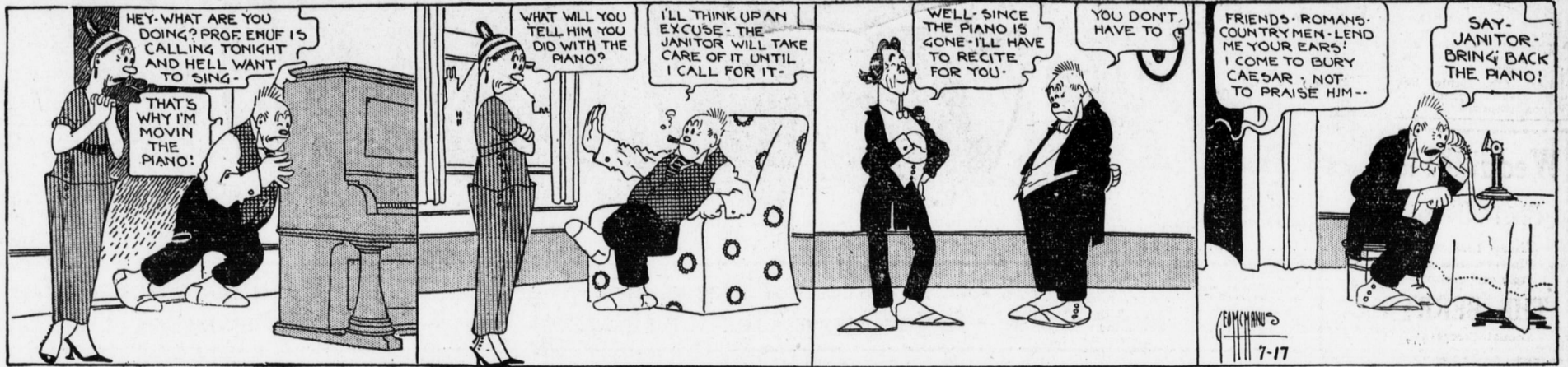
"All right, Mister Tyrant," replied Val, smiling out of narrowed eyes. "But would you give us a lift homeward bound, too? We taxied out, and I've seen the Norreys' limousine. So you can understand why luxury-loving Val begs a ride."

Tony acquiesced gracefully, but

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



Tom's face had gone an awkward red at Val's first words and it hadn't faded up to the time we dropped him next in rotation after taking Carlotta home.

At the door, Valerie, the unchastened, turned to Tony warmly in spite of the remote and elaborate courtesy with which he treated her, and murmured in her creamiest tones:

"You can't think how grateful I am — for this rescue, and for the chance to know Anthony Norreys." As she spoke, two questions flashed across my mind:

Why was she so anxious to establish an entente cordiale with the evidently indifferent and disapproving Tony?

To be continued

## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXXXI  
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Samuel Leighton met his daughter as she reached the head of the stairs leading to the upper floor.

"I was looking for you, dear," he remarked. "I wanted to give Smith his orders for tomorrow. Shall you want him?"

"I do not know," she said. "But if I do, I can telephone him in the morning. I saw him just as he was driving off. By the way, I fancy this paper belongs to you. It fell from the car. You must have dropped it as you got out."

She held toward him the folded paper. In the bright light of the hall she noticed what she had not observed before—that the double sheet was of a vivid shade of pink—the last kind of paper that a man would use. It was folded across three times and turned down at all four corners.

She laughed. "After all, I do not believe you ever owned this," she commented.

"I should hope not!" her father declared with a glance at it. "It is the yours—or Smith's."

"It is not Smith's—for he handed it to me," Desiree said. "And I assure you I was never guilty of such noisy stationery as this."

"It is getting late, my dear; if you are going to have a little rest before dressing for dinner, you would better trot along and lie down for a while," her father suggested as he moved on toward his room.

Desiree went into her apartment, the folded paper still in her hand. She tossed it upon her desk in passing, meaning to look at it later. Her only idea now was to rest after her long walk, then dress for dinner.

The Note Forgotten  
Norah entered to ask if there were any messages for her young mistress. On being answered in the negative, she went back to the dining room to finish setting the table. She had not noticed her own note on Desiree's doorstep when she passed by now it was in the chauffeur's hands.

In her long walk this afternoon, Desiree had thought about her own actions of this morning and decided that she had made too much of the seeming friendliness between her maid and her chauffeur. In spite of the fact that we were probably the most casual of acquaintances. It would be a mistake to take any further notice of Norah's evident admiration for a good-looking man.

The girl was silly, that was all. Unless Smith had encouraged her, Norah would not expect further attentions from him—and, upon sober reflection, Desiree was sure that Smith was not the type of man to encourage a girl of Norah's stamp.

Norah waited at the table more quickly and with less gusto than usual that night. When the meal was ended, she addressed her mistress.

"Please, ma'am," she ventured, "might I go out for a while this evening?"

Desiree was an indulgent employer and did not insist that her maids remain indoors when there was no reason why they should not go out. "Certainly," Norah, she replied, "You may go as soon as you finish your work."

"Thank you, ma'am." Then, timidly—"And when you give me my work for me if I don't get it done in time. I was thinking I'd like to see a movie that's being given downtown."

"Very well—if Annie's willing to do your work, that's all right. You can settle that between yourselves," Desiree remarked, as she turned away.

An Eager Question  
In the kitchen, Annie greeted Norah eagerly. "What time are we going to the movie?" she asked. "Oh, you and me aren't goin' to-night," Norah evaded. "In the letter that I wrote to Smith I only asked him to let me know some other night when you could go with us. That's up to him."

"But you said you was goin' with him this evening!" Annie insisted, her face clouding with disapproval. "And you as good as told me you'd take me, too. I suppose I was goin'."

"Well, you supposed wrong, my dear," was the flippant response. "And, besides that, Miss Leighton says she wants you to stay in to-night. She don't want us both away at one time. But you were a good girl to get that note to Smith. I'll see to it that he takes the two of us somewhere soon."

Then, as the cook entered the kitchen, Norah subsided into silence. The cook was a middle-aged woman and had scant patience with the "goings-on" of young girls.

Mr. Leighton and his daughter had callers that evening. It was after 11 o'clock when Desiree went to her room for the night.

She was almost ready for bed when her eyes fell upon the sheet of pink paper still lying on her bed where she had tossed it some hours ago. "I forgot to look at the thing!" she muttered, unfolding it.

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Shall She Forgive Deceit?  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty and have known a young man of twenty-one for over a year. He has been very attentive to me, and a week after meeting me he told me that he loved me. At first I did not feel like caring for him, but as time advanced I have grown to like him more and more until now I love him dearly. Of late he has been acting very strangely. He has broken a few engagements with me and afterward has tried to make up with me. A few days ago he told me that he was going to a distant city, and I now learn he was falsely speaking—that he has been in this city all along. His actions have puzzled me greatly. I would like your advice on this subject. I do not feel I can forgive him for all these little misunderstandings.

HEARTBROKEN.  
"Misunderstandings" is, I think, a very gentle term to use. I do not think you should go on condoning the young man's incivility and deceit. You should really either drop the acquaintance without explanation, or give him another chance by attempting to have a really frank talk with him with the idea of discovering whether there can possibly be any legitimate excuse for his actions.

"STUPID LOOKING" BUT GENEROUS  
Dear Miss Fairfax:  
A young man in my place of business has often asked me to go out with him. He is very stupid looking, but is good to me and would give me anything I asked for. I am ashamed to go out with him as my friends might see me and criticize my appearance. Will you please tell me what I should do? I do not wish to say anything rude or displeasing to him, as I should like to keep his acquaintance.

ANXIOUS.  
I am glad you realize how dishonorable it is for a girl to allow a young man to give her presents and take her to places of amusement when she has no interest in him. It will not be difficult for you to kindly, but definitely, that you can't go out with him.

"Dutch Treats"  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
We are a crowd of girls aged seventeen, and have practically been brought up with boys, who are very good friends of ours and who are eighteen and nineteen years old. Most of these boys go to college and cannot afford to spend much money in order to take us out. But we long to go out and have therefore thought of a Dutch treat



A Dainty Dress  
2889

This portrays a style as attractive for foulard, embroidered crepe or voile, as for serge, gabardine or satin. The underwaist and sleeves may be of crepe de chine, or georgette, chiffon or net. Linen and organdy, serge and satin are good combinations for this design.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, if skirt is made with tucks, and 4 3/4 yards if made without tucks. Width at lower edge is about 12-13 yards.

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plan, which means that each of the boys and girls is to play his or her own part in the summer home.

It seems to me that you are rather young to get into unchaperoned with boys, especially since you are in pursuit of amusement that involves expense. But if your parents have no objection to your going, the Dutch treat idea is a good one. It would in any case be much more sensible for you girls to pay your own way, even if the boys did

### Nothing stops me between the grocery store and home when I have a package of

Post NEW Toasties Superior Corn Flakes

have more spending money. There is no reason why such a suggestion should hurt your boy friends' feelings. Ask them frankly whether they care to join a Dutch treat club—or however you choose to put it.

An Imaginary Love Affair  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I am in love with a young man who is not in love with me. This young man sometimes says he is engaged to a young lady, yet when she is spoken of he says he doesn't care for her. He has asked me to go out with him, but I refuse. Would you advise me to forget him, or live in hopes of his breaking his engagement, which he said he would do some day?

You are indulging in a very foolish dream. A man who speaks as this one does of the girl he is engaged to would be an undesirable person for any girl to marry. Your only sensible course is to cease seeing him and do your best to stop thinking about him.

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## Daily Dot Puzzle

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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