Reading for Women and all the Family

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problem of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CCC

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For a long time Virginia stood poised in the doorway, slim and elusive in her black gown, staring incredulously at Pat—saying nothing, doing nothing. Then, as if he couldn't bear the strain another moment, Pat stepped forward with a mockery of the reckless, devil-may-care manner he used to hide most of his real feelings.

"Here I am, Jennie," he cried.

Virginia's eyes swept him coldly, curtly. Then she turned to Neal, and a blaze swept up over her. With a gesture so careless it was insulting she gathered her black and silver cape up and about her. Then, without a word to any of us, she flung around on her heel and vanished quietly into the hall.

Pat stepped back, humiliated before us all. I started forward, but Jim hurled himself ahead of me, and in a moment was back again, fairly dragging Virginia by the wrist he had caught in his tense fingers. And when he had her so close no word could escape us he cried out to her in a voice that smouldered:

"What do you mean by turning and racing away without a word?"

"I go because I don't choose to stay," replied Virginia loftily.

"And you think I'll permit you to go?" from Jim.

Then Virginia took fire. The flame in her face blazed through her whole body. She gave up every effort at self-control, at the grande dame manner of aloof superiority with which she had tried to carry off the situation.

"Do you think what you permit or don't permit matters?" she answered. "Do you think I'll stay under your roof another minute? Do you think you can play any dastardly trick you like on me? How dare you—how dare you presume like this!"

Her questions slashed at Jim like hailstones. But in no one of them did she honor Pat by a direct mention of him. She ignored his existence in a way that must have made him writhe. But he stood, graceful and slim, wearing his air of nonchalance like armor.

"Will you say good evening to Anne?" demanded Jim, his exasperation and disappointment driving him to absurd efforts to stay Virginia somehow.

"How does one greet Judas?" sneered Virginia. "Yesterday I turned to your wife in all sincerity and friendship. I told her of my plans—of my intentions. I gave her my confidence. And to-night she inveigles me into coming to dine with my brother—and then arranges a cheap melodrama to satisfy her desires to run the universe. How shall I greet her?"

At that Jim flung her wrist from him. My brain registered the fact that his fingers hed left red marks on her soft flesh.

"You're speaking to my wife!" he said coldly. "I'll beg you to remember, Virginia, that in my house Anne is to be treated with the respect your snobbish soul never has known how to give her."

In the light of my conversation with Virginia yesterday this might have been comical if it hadn't been so tragically wrong. Virginia's mouth twisted into an uglier sneer as Jim spoke, and like a virago she turned on him — Harrison blazing out against Harrison, ugly and remorseless in anger.

"This is the brother who pretends to be my friend!" she cried. "Have you any new humiliations in store before you let me go? Do you think I'm the weak, helpless thing you're trying to make me? A parasite ready to drain my maintenance from—from any one? I won't stand this! I'll not have myself forced or any one—I'll not"——

And shaking with anger I thought very close to tears, Virginia whirled out of the room.

"Let her go," I cried to Jim who made to pursue her again. "Let her go."

But now, for the third time, Virginia appeared in the doorway. She seemed to loom up, tall and gaunt and old and tired.

"Phoebe," she commanded, fixing her eyes on the girl who was clinging to Neal in wild-eyed horror. "Phoebe, you are to come with me, I have that much dignity — that much authority, I hope."

Phoebe did not move. Virginia swept her eyes scornfully from the girl to me. For all her disdain and fury, I got the impression that her chin would tremble it she'd let it.

"My sister is to come home," she said. "I will not have her here. I will not have it. Perhaps your remarkable sense of diplomacy will make you tell Phoebe on which side her bread is buttered."

The amazing coarseness of this goaded me to anger.

"Phoebe will stay," I cried. "And if you have one grain of sense, you'll stay too."

But before Virginia could retort with the venom that was twisting her face, Neal stepped forward.

"Phoebe will come with you, Virginia—of course," he said in a voice so calm it startled me after all the strident, accusing, bitter tones I'd been hearing. "I will get a taxi and put you both in. Take you home, if I may."

Her head high, Virginia answered curtly:

"That's quite unnecessary. Mr. Hyland. But thank you for the consideration. It's amazing—and refreshing to-night."

Then she swept out, Neal propelling Phoebe in her wake.

"Of all the darn fools!" stormed Jim.

Pat sank down on the couch, clasped his hands in front of him and let them hang in dejection to match the stoop of his shoulders. I wondered what reproach he would fling at us. But after a moment he looked up, and a hint of the old smile curved his mouth—though his eyes looked burnt-out and said whimsically, wistfully:

"Yes old man—we were all of that."

"You know perfectly well I meant Virginia," snapped Jim.

But Pat only held up his hand as if to silence Jim.

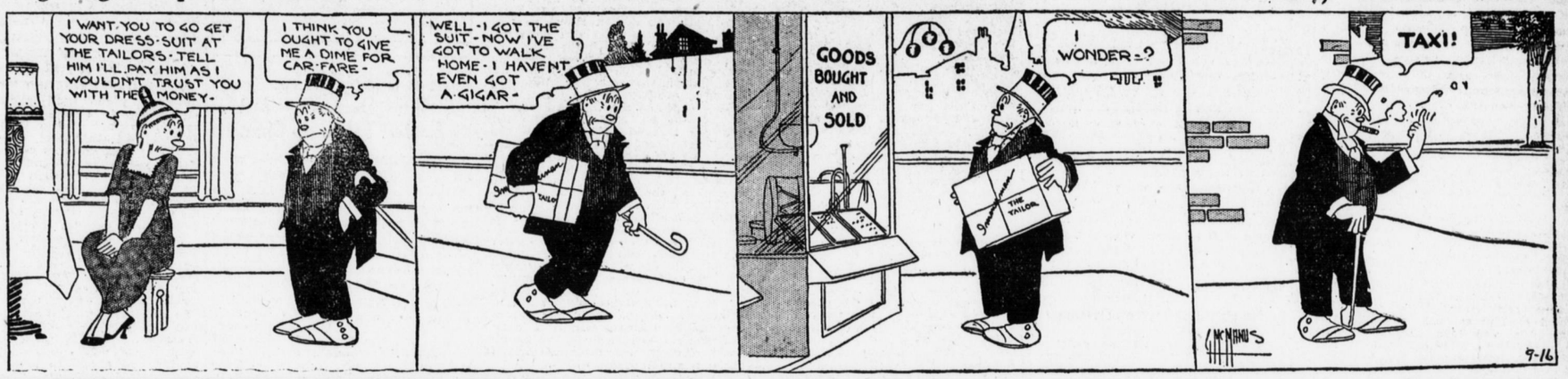
"What's the use?" he said grimly. "What's the use?"

(To Be ontinued)

RAISING MEMORIAL FUND.

Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 16.—The first money to be contributed toward the Memorial Athletic Park, in honor of soldiers who were killed in war, was entered yesterday by Clay Henninger for the baseball team which won from Carlisle on Saturday. The amount turned over was $179.65.

Bringing Up Father -:- Copyright, 1918, International News Service -:- By McManus



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LVII.

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This was a period of nervous tension for Desiree Leighton.

That evening, as she and her faher sat at dinner together, the parent made a remark that sartled her to such an extent that she almost betrayed her secret.

"I fancy," Samuel Leighton observed, "that my chauffeur is not in the habit of receiving telegrams—he answered so promptly the one he got to-day.

Desiree's fingers tightened convulsively on the fork she held.

"The one he got to-day?" she faltered.

"Yes,' her father went on. "I sent him a telegram to-day."

"Oh, did you?" The sentence sounded more like a sigh of relief than a question.

"Yes," the man said. "I decided that I ould better have the matter settled at once, so instead of writing my wishes to Smith I telegraphed them. It is such a nuisance," he added irrelevantly, "when people live where there is no telephone. The place where he lodges has no telephone—so information told me."

"No?"

"No, and as Smith asked me to address him there, I could not hope to find him by telephoning the garage."

Mr. Leighton proceeded to dispose slowly of the food on his plate. It was evident that his mind was at rest. She wished that hers was.

After ten minutes she summoned courage to bring him back to the topic on which he had begun in such a nerve-racking way.

"Go, on Dad, with what you were saying a while ago," she urged. "Perhaps, I interrupted you."

Back to David Again.

He looked across the table at her, inquiringly, "About what, dear?"

"Why,' she explained, clasping her hands tightly under the table as if the tension would keep her voice steady, "you were saying something about Smith's answer to your message. You did not explain whether he is going to stay or not."

"Oh, yes! of course he is," her father informed her. "If he had not been going to do this I would not be as content about affairs as I now am.

"Smith telephoned me at my office that he would arrange to postpone his trip—to the South, I think he said—for a week, or until I had secured his successor. Which quite suits me, as it gives me time to make some inquiries and to secure another man when I am satisfied that Smith, as I wish to believe, knws nothing about your pendant. And the more I think of the matter the more sure I feel that he is as square as he seems to be. And, by the way, have you questioned Annie yet about the matter?"

"No, father, I have not, but I will to-night,' the girl promised.

"Be sure you do," her father insisted. "You know I asked you about it before. It is only fair to Smith to clear him, if possible. To this end we must leave no stone unturned."

It was this reminder that moved Desiree Leighton to undertake a task from which she had hitherto shrunk. She was strangely reluctant to mention the pendant to her maid. But, after dinner, she summoned the girl and put a few questions to her.

"Annie," she asked, "have you Norah's address?"

"No, ma'am, that I haven't. Me and her did not part the best of friends."

Perplexing Details.

"Did you see her take downstairs the little jewelry box I sent Smith for on the day she left here?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt reply. "I seen her start down the back stairs with the box in her hand."

"Down the back stairs? But Smith was at the front door."

"Yes, ma'am, I know he was—but she went to the car first. I thought it funny she didn't go by the front way, so I looked out of the window to see if Smith had gone out to the car. But he hadn't."

"Then what did she go out there for?" Desiree questined, genuinely perplexed.

"Indeed, ma'am, an' I don't know—without it was to get something out of the car. She opened the door quick and reached inside like as if she was lookin' for something. Then she run back into the house."

"Then what happened?"

"I watched a minute longer, then I seen Smith come out and get into the car."

"Did he have the box with him?" Desiree asked anxiously.

"Why, sure, ma'am—I seen it in his hand. He stopped by the car and opened his coat and stuck the little package into his inside pocket."

There was a silence. The girl looked uncomfortable.

"Please, ma'am," she asked nervously, "there ain't no trouble about the jewelry, is there?"

Desiree forced a smile. "Oh, no," she said, "only, as the chain was broken, I wanted to be sure it was no more broken when it reached the jeweler. If not it should have been returned to me by now."

It was the second time to-day that Desiree, the truthful, had told an untruth.

To Be Continued.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

A COOL AND BECOMING SUMMER DRESS

2915—Here is a very pleasing combination of organdie and gingham. It is just the dress for "shore" or "country wear" and lovely for other cotton materials. Voile, crepe, linen, taffeta and washable satin could be used. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 5-8 yard.

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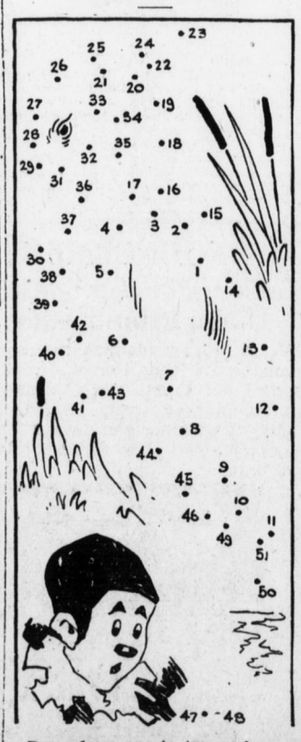

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

While I stood patiently before the counter in one of the big department stores I could not help overhearing a conversation between two women shoppers. One of them said:

"I never saw anything like Sadie; she gives away everything. You know those good ostrich feathers of hers. She gave them to Carrie. And that blue dress; she could have worn it another year, but she gave it away, too."

"She didn't?" exclaimed the other woman in a shocked tone.

"Yes, she did. I'll bet if you went through her closets you'd find them almost bare."

"I think she's foolish," said the second woman.

"Of course she's foolish. You never know when you can use things over again. Now I keep everything, even to scraps. And every once in a while they come in handy in making things over. Sadie will suffer for her extravagance some day."

Perhaps "Sadie" will; but I, for one, don't believe it. I got an immediate and pleasant impression of that woman who gave so much away. She couldn't have done it if she had not entertained an agreeable belief that the gaps she made by giving things would all be filled up with better and fresher and different ones.

I pictured her as living in some suburban town, where she had a garden. I could not imagine Sadie without flowers about her, and if I dropped in to her uninvited and unexpected I am sure she would go out and pick me a generous bunch of them, serenely sure that plenty more would bloom in their places. And she would, I know, offer me a cup of tea and perhaps cake, and that with such a good will that I would enjoy them all the more.

And she would be delightful to talk to She would have chucked all sorts of dusty rubbish out of her mental storehouse and would be anxious to fill it up with fresh, new ideas and interests. She would not be one to shake hands with the devil before she met him, and neither would she be one of the mournful sisterhood who like to sit and sigh beneath the rain of their own tears.

If the tears were coming down very heavily Sadie would put up an umbrella and would be peering out from under it to catch a glimpse of a rainbow.

But I could not consider with joy the imaginary prospect of spending an afternoon with the woman who hoarded things. She would not pick her flowers for me; it would make the garden look too bare. And if she gave me tea it would probably be too weak to taste; for she would feel that it was wasteful to give good measure. And she would be sure also to entertain me with an account of her grandfather's funeral or of her sister-in-law's last illness.

Her husband is no doubt well off. She looked as if she enjoyed comfortable circumstances. But I don't think I would stop at her gate, no matter how thirsty I might be nor how much I admired her flowers. She was too poverty stricken to be companionable. I prefer to associate with the rich, even if they have not an extra dollar to bless themselves with.

Sadie, whoever she was, was rich, because she realized that to be happy ourselves it is incumbent on us to give something to the general fund of happiness. I do not believe that her giving stopped with some old feathers and frocks out of her wardrobe. She would also give kindness and smiles and sympathy and understanding.

Some one has said that all we take with us when we die is what we have given away.

Wild extravagance is, foolish, but so is wild miserliness. There is a via media, the golden mean.

It is the part of justice and common sense to be good to yourself; but why shouldn't you be just as good to other people? The saying, "If you don't look out for yourself no one will look out for you," is true, but it is equally true that if you are not considerate of others, others will not be considerate of you.

Our virtues so easily degenerate into our vices. It's of course decent and orderly to be thrifty to a certain extent. But to be thrifty to the point where you go through life with your eye always on that proverbial rainy day is tempting Providence.

I never saw any one who was always preparing for the rainy day and talking about it that missed it. It came, and then when it came it rained cats and dogs.

FICTION OUTDONE IN DAILY LIFE

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