



# Reading for Women and of the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER CCCCIV  
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When we sauntered into Val's living room at the end of a sumptuous dinner I almost had to convince myself that it was all real.

Val and Lane had two other guests besides us. They had been introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Pettin-gill, a name which fitted them well enough. But all through dinner "Uncle Ned" and "Aunt Mollie," and once or twice I had pulled myself up on the verge of addressing them in the same informal way. They seemed like old friends to me. But never did two people seem more inconspicuous than they as Uncle and Aunt of exotic, creamy-voiced, provincial Val.

Uncle Ned—to give him the title that just seemed to fit—is a tall, rangy, gray-haired man with big hands and big feet that shuffle a bit in congress with his ready-made bow tie and a sweeping white mustache that seemed part of his costume. He kept stroking it with knotted, veined old hands gullible of acquaintance with any manicure, past or present.

At first glance Uncle Ned seemed like a caricature of a Civil War veteran. But his rugged shoulders, his clear skin and, above all, the keenest, bluest eyes I've ever seen make him a personality. He breathes power and ruggedness, and he has an air of being accustomed to have people listen when his drawing voice rolls out with its slow air of final, authoritative fact.

Aunt Mollie is a dear little old

lady, with apple cheeks, little brown beads for eyes, and thick, gray hair, parted in the middle and crowning her head in neat braids. Her figure is scant across the chest and rolled out a bit under her waist of brown shot silk. She wore a round collar of tating, a large pink cameo to fasten it and a black velvet ribbon clasp in amethysts on each of her round, pretty white wrists.

Severe gold-rimmed spectacles that would slide down from her little fine nose as she worked, and a bag from which she kept dropping the gray wool she was knitting into socks when at dinner, completed my inventory of the dearest little old lady I'd ever seen.

Val seemed to adore the old couple, and they treated her as if she were the apple of their eye. And yet they were precisely the sort of people whom I would have imagined holding up their hands in puritanical approval at the intently shrouded and exotic manner. But she and they were clearly on a basis of complete understanding and affection almost from the first.

I couldn't make it out. What under the sun could this amazing old pair see in Val? Didn't they disapprove of her? They are clearly home folks from her part of the country. Don't they know the story of the way Val lived Lane from his poor crazy first wife, Loreta?

A question from Aunt Mollie promised an answer to one of mine ere long.

"Mrs. Harrison," said she, "our Val tells me that you ain't from a big city, either. It's wonderful how you two girls have got on to city ways. You got here, first though, and you're real careful what folks you let our Val meet?"

The little apple-cheeked old lady was peering at me intently, shrouded by her glasses. And out of the tail of my eye I could see her husband watching her with admiring approval as he sat tilted back in a Sheraton chair smoking with an accustomed air the sort of clear which come wrapped in silver foil and doesn't come less than two for a dollar.

"Val knows all the people I do now," Mrs. Pettin-gill. Probably you'll meet them if you stay here for a real visit. Then you can see for yourself. I've an idea you're an excellent judge of human nature, Mrs. Pettin-gill, I said, with what I hoped was tact, for I found myself wanting this little old lady to like me.

"Mercy, child, call me Aunt Mollie. You're our Val's friend, and that makes us feel kinda kin," she said briskly, turning the heel in- tently, and then resuming the thread of our conversation. "Well, now, I met one friend—or rather acquaintance—of Val's I didn't think was such great shakes. Is she a lady friend of yours, too, Miss Mason, Miss Evelyn Mason by name?"

"She's no friend of mine," I replied, and the words burst out more emphatically than I realized until they were spoken.

"I knew it!" said Uncle Ned, rising and coming over to shake my hand as if he had decided that I was worth knowing. Then he turned to the little old wife with courtly dignity. "May I speak my piece, Mrs. Pettin-gill?"

"Go on, Neddie," she smiled, looking up from the stocking heel to flash him a glance of affection and understanding that was like a benediction.

"I take it we're all friends," he said, and the compelling glance of his keen eyes would probably have

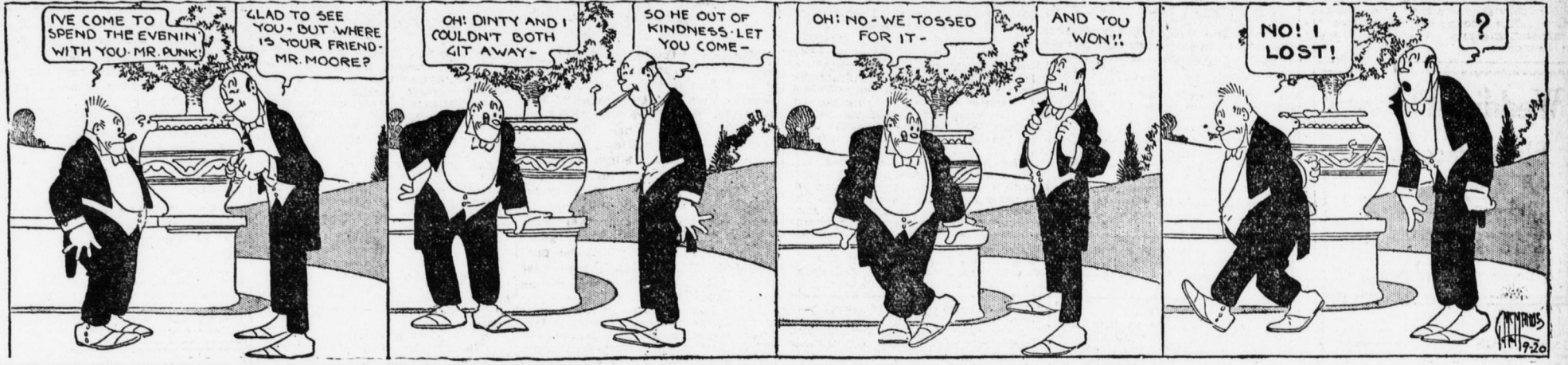
## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LIX

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During the two days following the events just recorded, Desiree Leighton avoided seeing David Smith.

The first day, Wednesday, she did her errands on foot. She had spoken a brief negative to her father's question as to whether she would need the car or not.

"I need exercise," she said. "I shall walk instead of riding." The next morning dawned raw and cloudy. That in itself gave her an excuse for remaining indoors. But she must face Smith this evening, for he was to drive her to a dance that she had accepted. She felt much embarrassment at again meeting the man to whom she had sent the unexplained telegram. She made a timid suggestion to her father.

"It seems hardly necessary to have the limousine out just for me this evening, Dad. I can go to the Burnhams' dance in a taxi."

"Because," she tried to explain, "it seems rather selfish for me to keep Smith and the car out the entire evening, doesn't it?"

"No more selfish than it has always been," her father smiled teasingly. "That is what a car is for, my dear—to use when needed. Smith will come to see you at the Burnhams' then go back for you at any hour you name."

"Then make it 12 o'clock promptly, please," she said, "and I will give the order."

"You are planning to come home rather early considering that the affair is a big dance, are you not?" Samuel Leighton demurred.

"I am feeling a bit tired," she admitted.

"It's all right if you are coming back early by preference. But I will not have you humoring a chauffeur and cutting your fun short so as not to keep him up late. That would be absolutely ridiculous."

Desiree said no more, but a slow flush crept to her face.

She wished she need not see the chauffeur for a while. She also wished that she dared ask her father if he had made any investigations about Smith. If so, he had not taken her into his confidence.

A Vague Anxiety.

Samuel Leighton, as was his custom, escorted his daughter down the steps to the waiting car that night. The chauffeur touched his hat politely in response to Desiree's murmured "Good evening!" "Wouldn't you like me to accompany Smith when he returns for you?" Leighton asked as he saw Desiree comfortably seated.

He had a vague sensation of anxiety about her and wished that she had been in the habit of having her maid go with her to evening functions. She was paler than usual, and her eyes looked very wide and dark.

"Why, dad," she smiled, "what an idea! I shall be all right."

"Yes, I am sure Smith will see that you get there and back safely," the parent said loudly enough for the driver to hear.

Leighton wondered as he returned to his warm library if he was trusting this fellow too much. He hoped that Jefferson was much back in New York by to-morrow.

so that he could question him as to what he knew of the man who called himself David Smith.

The floorman at the Burnhams' home assisted Desiree from her car, so she had no occasion to speak to her chauffeur.

"Perhaps it is, and I have had a delightful time," she rejoined. "But I have been feeling a little tired lately, and I really ought to be getting home and make up for lost sleep. I do not usually tire so easily as I do now. Good-night!"

She gave David Smith DeLaine no order. Of course he knew where to drive, and she did not want to speak to him if she could avoid it. She had a foolish shrinking from doing so.

As the car started uptown she leaned back with a sigh of weariness.

What ailed her, she wondered. Only a few weeks ago this dance would have been a source of genuine joy to her. Yet now that the war was over and all conditions much happier than they had been for the past four years, she had been conscious of a sense of vague depression and a desire to be alone.

Unruly Thoughts.

For, do what she might, her thoughts would turn to the man who was her father's chauffeur. She suspected that he was in danger and that she could not help him. Yet how could she help him? Had she not been told that she had urged him to stay in New York a little longer, for she knew that his sudden departure would confirm her father in his doubts of him.

Yet how could she help him? She was striving to be fair and to give the matter of the missing pendant fair judgment.

And she reflected with a twinge of compunction, what a good father he was to her.

He was always doing something for her pleasure. Only this evening he had brought home to her a handsome leather automobile pocket of a new make, to take the place of the old and shabby one now hung on the rugrail opposite her.

She hoped she had shown him how grateful she was. She remembered that she had kissed him and thanked him. She had also said that she would have Smith attach the gift to the rail that evening—then had forgotten all about it.

Well, she would take the old pocket to the house with her now. That would prove to her father that, at least, she remembered his gift to her and meant to use it.

(To Be Continued.)

modestly in Switzerland and are said to have little or nothing.

The Countess Coloredo Bann- field, who was the beautiful Nora Iselin, of New York, is said to have gone into trade and to like it.

The Princess Braganza, formerly Anita Stewart, of New York, is in Switzerland waiting for relief.

Other widely known Americans

who married titles are living in small colonies on borrowed money, among them are mentioned the Princess Isenburg-Birsten, remembered as Bertha Emma Lewis, New Orleans; the Countess Manfred Matuschka, formerly Ella Walker, of Detroit, and the beautiful Nancy Leishman, of Pittsburgh, who mar-

ried Duke Karl, of Crov.—New York World.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING  
"Miss Lily, this is the silly sea- son."  
"True, but if you are going to offer yourself in marriage, I call that carrying a joke too far."—Courtier- journal.



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## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

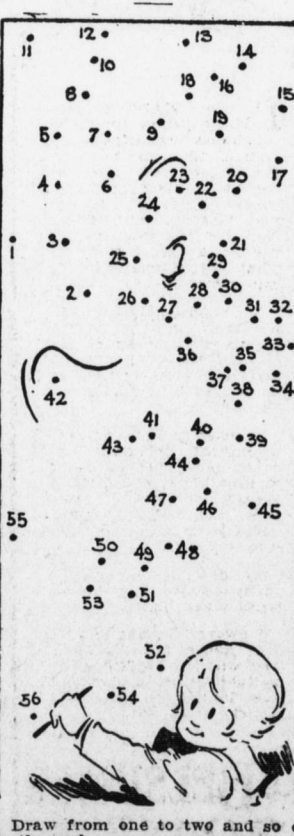


A SIMPLE, STYLISH FROCK  
2754—Soft crepe, crepe de chine, satin, serge and gabardine are good for this style. The dress may be made with plain skirt and sleeves. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4 5-8 yards of 36 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 1 5-8 yards.  
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## Daily Dot Puzzle



## AMERICAN GIRLS WHO WEDDED TITLES 'BROKE'

Cable dispatches from Berlin report that several of the former richest American heiresses who married German, Austrian and Hungarian noblemen are "dead broke," and for the first time in their lives able to understand the pinch of poverty.

Most of them may soon return to America to cast aside titles, be known by good American names, or do anything else that may be required of them to get a little ready cash from their estates.

They will be permitted, it is understood, to repatriate the title and become plain "Miss" by naturalization, thus recovering for their wives the wealth held by the alien property custodian.

The Countess Lizzie Szecheny, formerly Gladys Vanderbilt, and the Countess Anton Sigray, formerly Harriet Daly, of Butte, sister-in-law of Ambassador Gerard, are living

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# A Woman's Warning

Why will women continue to drag around in misery, suffering with the ailments peculiar to their sex, that drag them down to misery and despair, with backache, nervousness, the blues, derangements and irregularities, when there is a proved remedy for just such conditions?

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