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 CCCXXIV

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"Yes I've a confession to make," I repeated.

Intent as I was, however, on the fact that I was about to take Jim completely into my confidence, I noted his odd manner of accepting my statement.

Then suddenly I found I dodn't know where to start. I swept back to the very beginning—the loss of the ring, my realization that only two persons had had a chance to take it and Bertha's confession that her husband was a crook just out of jail and that she didn't dare stay in service with me.

"You said only two persons had a chance at the ring," interrupted Jim gravely. "Have you forgotten Booth?"

"No, but of curse he wouldn't," I began evasively, choking back my inclination to add, "and even though you dislike him, you know that." Then I blurted out "Oh, I felt from the beginning that it was Daisy."

"So did I," replied Jim calmly.

"You knew?" I gasped.

"I can't say I knew. But I knew what you thought."

"Oh, Jim—I wasn't very clever at hiding my suspicions."

"You were clever enough for the honest, transparent darling you are," replied Jim smiling over the chairtop sweetly and understandingly. "But I'm your husband I've spent a while studying you, living with you, coming to be more and more completely one with you. Your mental processes aren't dark to me."

"Jim!" I cried in the light of a revelation. "Early this evening when you asked if I trusted you fully and entirely—this was what you meant. When you said if it wasn't for my wanting to help folks we'd have come to a nasty place in our affairs more than once within the past weeks—again you were thinking of this. Oh — I've been such a fool, thinking I was so clever all along—"

"Do you want to be cleverer than I?" asked Jim gravely.

I leaped to my feet and ran to his side.

"No, I don't!" I cried putting my arms around his neck and laying my face against his hair. "I want you to be just what you are—dozens of times smarter and more efficient than I am. I'm your wife—that's what I am. Jim Harrison's wife. I'd hate to have it the other way around and you merely Barbara Anne Lee's husband."

"Bless your heart; you dear, human, funny little thing, you're the cleverest person hereabouts. But I'm used to thinking things out — in a game where you have to outguess the other fellow. Ann, you're a good sport and a nervy little gambler. Now go on with your story, please."

"Jim," I said, stumblingly. "I'll never forget that you let me work it out. You made yourself sympathize with me even if you couldn't with my poor Kate's little sister. And I guess you just ached to get into the game and make a decisive move."

"I sure did!" laughed Jim, reminiscently. "But it was your game. You see, kiddie, that gambling spirit you hate in me was on your side this time."

"How?" I cried.

"Well, I've told you my theory before. The fellow with a good poker face and a fine sporting disposition wins — no matter what cards the other fellow holds. You kept a straight face that told nothing. And you acted like the whitest little sport I've ever heard tell of. You couldn't help winning in the end. You had the kid licked from the start. So I held off. I'd have hated it if you could have gone on much longer without telling me. What made you decide tonight? Notice anything? See anything—queer?"

"Why no," I replied, and told him of my search for the blue dress I'd given Daisy and of the way I'd had a mental housecleaning while I was rensacking the place for it."

"Now I've a confession to make," said Jim.

"You?" I asked uneasily.

"Sure. When I breezed into the room and found the ring lying there I noticed a parcel on the chair. Thought it was some new shirts I'd ordered. Opened her up. Found that blue dress. Oceans too small for you. Suddenly figured out whom I'd seen wear it. Flung it into my closet because I didn't want to force your hand. And then you came in and finding me with the ring and the lavender thing you'd worn when the jewel was lifted and couldn't tell me an out and out lie, but thought I'd fall for your yarning to Uncle Ned over the phone."

"Oh, Jim!" I cried hiding my face on his shoulder.

"The blue dress is on the shelf of my closet," said Jim." I thought you'd have to come to me about it eventually."

"I came without having to," I said softly. "I'll always be glad of that. I'm always coming to you about things, dear. Maybe some day you'll come to me. Then there will be perfect confidence between us.

Jim gave me an odd start and controlled it suddenly. Then he said returning with obvious relief to the subject of Daisy:

"Now the next thing is to get the dress back to the kid. She needs it like the very old Harry—that I'll bet."

"Jim, darling, you're wonderful!" I cried. "I haven't told you how — agonizingly she took it — how she suffered and wanted to pay by going to jail. I haven't even told you she brought it back of her own free will. And yet you understand. You have pity for her."

"Pity!" repeated Jim, and I was never more surprised that at the way he said that, for I'd thought the Harrison pride had no understanding of the need of mercy. "Pity? We all need it. Go as far as you like with the Condon child or apyone else you want to help. I'm with you."

"We're together." I said. "Together at last."

And if Fate knew what was going to happen the very next day—how she must have grinned.

(To be Continued)

Bringing Up Father

-:- Copyright, 1919, International News Service -:- By McManus

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXIX

Most loving fathers are jealous of men whom their daughters admire. Desiree was the only creature whom Samuel Leighton loved deeply, and, had Smith been her equal, he would have been irritated by her championship of the young man As it was, added to the parent's natural jealousy was his wounded pride that his daughter should show a sentimental loyalty for a man in his employ—a chauffeur of whom he knew nothing except what an unknown correspondent had written.

Leighton had already forgotten that only a few hours ago he had declared to Jefferson his confidence in Smith. It was one thing to believe the fellow was honest, but quite another for Desiree to try to prove the chauffeur in the right and her father in the wrong.

For a while Leighton was very angry.

His temper was of the quick and rather violent type. But his love for the child was stronger than his temper. When he had sat alone smoking for an hour, after Desiree had retired to her room, he was willing to regard the whole affair in a more temperate spirit.

Of course, Desiree has spoken very foolishly — yet, after all, she was ony a girl and had inherited her mother's impulsive disposition. The man's face softened as he remembered Desiree's mother—so like her child in looks and disposition. Desiree had been attracted by this good-looking chap, first because he had had a wound stripe on his sleeve—then because he had been suspected of a theft of which he was innocent.

Any warm-hearted girl would have espoused the cause of a young soldier who had been wrongfully accused. So, after all, Desiree, with her sentimental tendencies, could scarcely be blamed for her passing indignation.

Her father was sure that it was a passing sentiment. For one thing—she would never see Smith again. The chauffeur had left his position in anger. He would know better than to show his face here in the future. He need never expect his former employer to recommend him to anyone!

A Comforting Reflection

A second later Leighton was calling himself a fool for fancying that Smith would ask a favor of him.

"I really can't blame the chap for getting a bit hot over the situation," he mused. "Had I been in his shoes I would have been vexed, too. But now he is gone and we can drop him and his behavior from our minds. In a few days Desiree will have forgotten all about him."

With this comforting reflection he went to bed and to sleep.

Desiree, too, spent an hour in deep thought—although she went to bed and put out her light before letting her thoughts dwell on her recent dispute with her father.

She tried to convince her conscience that she had been in the wrong—but her efforts were vain. Surely she had been right in resenting her father's sneers at a man who had been his faithful employe.

Then she appreciated that in taking this line of argument she was not dealing honestly with herself. She had championed Smith because she cared for him.

In the darkness of her room she felt the hot blood rush to her cheeks with the admission. But she must be candid with herself. She trusted Smith entirely. She longed to see him again.

Her father had said that his chauffeur's real name was not Smith. She could scarcely credit this statement—yet her father had spoken as one who was certain of what he said. She would die sooner than ask for an explanation. And, anyway, if the young man was using an assumed name, it was not because he had dishonored his own name. Of that she was certain.

Then, as at other times, she dwelt on her father's goodness to her. She loved her parent He was all she had. In spite of her indignation at his attitude, she must remember her duty to him. She would show by her manner that she loved him and did not harbor any ungracious sentiment toward him.

A Change of Attitude

This hour of communing resulted in a pleasant and affectionate interchange of greetings at the breakfast table the following morning. After which Leighton expressed regret that he had not yet engaged a new chauffeur so that his daughter might use the car to-day.

"I stopped at the garage to see if they knew of a good man there," he went on. "But the only chap who had applied, was one that Smith mentioned to me yesterday. He handed me the fellow's name and address."

Desiree's heart gave a quick bound. This man knew Smith—was, perhaps in touch with him and might possibly talk to him and his present whereabouts! She tried to speak calmly.

"Why not engage him?"

"Because I do not care to take a man recommended by Smith," was the blunt answer.

Desiree was silent, but a shade of disappointment crossed her face. Her father saw it.

"You want me to engage him?" he demanded.

Her voice was indifferent. "I might like to use the car to-day if we had a chauffeur — but never mind."

"Well," Leighton said, "perhaps I may look up this man's credentials. After all, Smith did not know him—never saw him until the fellow asked him about a job and said that he could furnish good references. Since you wish it, I will see about him to-day."

"Oh, not on my account," Desiree said hastily. "I take so little exercise it might be a good thing for me to do without the car for a while and walk every day."

Leighton gazed at her, puzzled by her change of attitude. He could not know that, since learning that the suggested chauffeur was not even an acquaintance of Smith's she did not care whether her father engaged him or not.

(To be Continued)

American Canned Milk Delivered in Berlin

Berlin, Oct. 14.—The first delivery of American condensed milk has reached Berlin and will be distributed in accordance with directions from the donors to the systematic "milk cure" for underfed children.

This relief body has also received funds from New York to send 1,000 tubercular children to Switzerland. Other relief contributions have come from San Francisco, Milwaukee, Rochester, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, St. Louis, Portland, Omaha and Seattle.

Greater Berlin faces a shortage of a million pounds of meat this week, less than one-tenth of the amount contracted for having been delivered. Municipal officials have appealed to national authorities for help.

NEEDS FUEL AND RAW MATERIAL

Germany Losing Trade Because of These Two Factors

Leipsic, Oct. 14.—Robert Schmidt, Germany's food and oconmic minister, in a speech at the Leipsic fair, said Germany was "sick with two diseases, lack of raw materials and fuel.

"During my visit to the fair buildings," he said, "I heard constant complaints about the lack of coal. We have the workers and we have the orders in plenty, we can easily get millions, even billions of orders. But when I asked each individual exhibitor why he did not accept orders he replied invariably that he lacked raw material and fuel. It is true that every effort is being made to force Germany back into an inferior place, not in the usual way of competition, but through political methods. German trade, however, will build its way in world trade, for no power can prevent the hunger for goods where it can be advantageously satisfied.

"People are accusing us of again having recourse to the 'dumping system.' We do not merit this accusation, and I must deny it most energetically. I have the hope that in spite of all hindrances we will soon climb up to prosperity if work and constructive power, raw materials and coal are placed at our disposal in sufficient quantities.

"We need the world market. The pressure will be removed from Germany, and we will get credit abroad. We must be convinced that we are again to climb. This people is not to be destroyed economically. If all energies revive, I hope that we are not at the end of our rope, but that the German people will overcome these sad days and that the joyful times will come again. I am building on the never-failing creative power of our industry, our technique, art and science."

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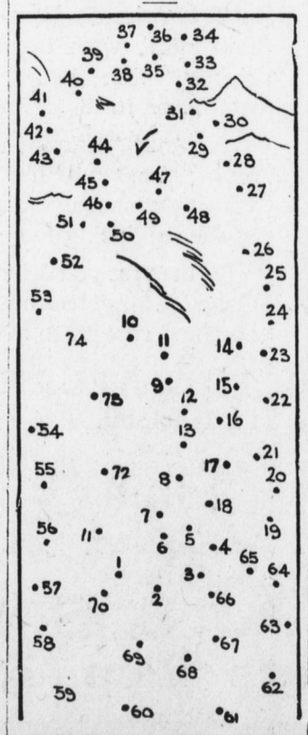

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

A Short Visit With a Lasting Memory

"I never know what to make for dessert when the maid's away," said Mrs. Martin as she glanced at the clock, and put aside her sewing.

"Let me get it for you," said Mrs. Blair who was visiting her for a few days. "I'd love to do it."

Dinner time came, and Mrs. Blair, who had insisted on making the dessert with utmost secrecy, left the table and returned with a rich, brown chocolate blanc mange.

"Tastes even better than it looks," said Mrs. Martin delightedly. "How did you make it?"

"Why it's Puddine," replied Mrs. Blair mysteriously, "wonderful Puddine."

"I insist upon knowing all about it. Where did you get it, and what is it?" laughed her friend.

"I'll tell you. I slipped out and got it at your grocer's," said Mrs. Blair. "Jack loves cornstarch pudding and if there was one thing I couldn't make, it was cornstarch pudding or blanc mange. Then I heard of Puddine."

"Is it hard to make or expensive?" interrupted Mrs. Martin.

"Oh, no, indeed. All you have to do is to add milk, either fresh or condensed, and sugar, and boil for three minutes. Then when it's cool, you have a firm, rich mound of delicious creamy dessert. And a 15c box of Puddine will serve 15 people."

"The only thing is," objected Mrs. Martin, "the children are not so fond of chocolate, and I guess it's really too rich for them anyhow."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Mrs. Blair. "It isn't too rich. Why, it's so pure and wholesome you can let them have as much as they want—and it comes in any number of flavors—rose, vanilla, orange, lemon—and you can make all sorts of things with Puddine—creamy cake and pie fillings, and smooth ice cream."

"That being the case," smiled Mr. Martin, who had listened to their conversation with interest, "I vote for Puddine. It certainly is good."

Puddine can be had at your grocer's! Order a box to-day!—Adv.

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