

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 CCCXXVI.
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"Bad beginning makes good ending," says the old proverb. I quoted this to myself earnestly, but it didn't do much to cheer the birthday which had begun so badly.

In addition to the pain of having Jim ignore "my day" there was the other pain of having him fail to tell me his plans. That suggested that he hadn't been willing to risk having me know lest I make a scene. Then there was the disappointment in Uncle Ned. He had simply ignored—without even the grace to say he was sorry—my little plea that he shouldn't take Jim away on my birthday.

I felt unhappy, disillusioned and cheap—yes, cheap.

Then I remembered that Neal and Phoebe had asked us to have dinner with them in the evening. I could not bear the thought of being the fifth wheel on the wagon the gooseberry. At my own birthday celebration. Besides, my pride couldn't contemplate any more remarks from Phoebe on the subject of how Neal would never desert her for business. If those two youngsters had pitied me for being alone the evening before, how they'd despise me when they found me deserted on my birthday!

"You have a little pride of your own, Barbara Anna, to match the famous Harrison variety," I told myself curiously.

Then I swept to the telephone to call Neal. Perhaps if I'd waited until I'd had a bit of breakfast I would have come under the sway of second sober thoughts and would not have proceeded to perform that silly operation known as cutting of one's nose to spite one's face. But I was at the sort of nervous tension where one doesn't wait. When Neal's voice came sleepily back:

me over the wire I plunged into the hot water I had set to boil:

"Am I too early, liddle?" I asked in an elaborately untroubled voice. "I thought I'd call you first thing this morning before you got your plans for the day made."

"You woke me up, Babbie, darling, but you don't think I'll approach you for that to-day, do you?" asked Neal. "First off, I want to wish you the kind of birthday you deserve, and that's the happiest ever. Here's every good wish in the world for my Babbie. Get that? No? Wait a minute—here's another. It's a birthday kiss."

"Oh, Neal!" I cried. "I wish you were here so I could hug you!"

"Me, too. That goes double, Babbie. Tell Jimmie to give you an extra hug for me. Have you decided where we're going to go to-night?"

"That's just it, if you'll let us off we won't go. Jim has other plans."

I temporized, skimming delicately on the line between falsehoods I didn't want to tell and the truth I wouldn't tell for the world to disclose.

"You won't go with us?"

Neal sounded like a hurt child.

"If you'll be good sports and let us off," I replied with a lump in my throat.

"Of course if you don't want to come—but we did so want you, Babbie."

"I—we can't. It doesn't fit in with our plans," I said, even while I wished I could take it all back and tell Neal I wanted nothing so much in the world just now as to be with him.

"Have it your own way, sis."

Neal's voice was cold and he made no suggestion of seeing me at another time. Nor did Phoebe suggest a substitute engagement when she telephoned and wished me joy half an hour later.

The morning mail brought letters from Father, Andrew and some of my friends out at home. In Father Andrew's letter was the most exquisite, cobwebby real lace handkerchief imaginable. His love gave me a moment's joy and comfort, but it didn't last.

Suddenly, when my loneliness and feeling of being a stepchild-left-out-in-the-cold became unendurable, I bethought myself to Aunt Mollie—alone and deserted, too. So I telephoned, with the pleasant anticipation of telling that dear, sane motherly soul troubles and so having them brushed away. A strange voice replied when I got her apartment.

"Mrs. Pettinill?" it said. "She's gone away for an automobile trip with Mr. and Mrs. Cosby and some young ladies staying here. This is the chambermaid, ma'am—Mrs. Pettinill said I was to take any mes-

Bringing Up Father



FATHER—THAT MR. M.T. HEAD IS GOING TO SPEAK TO YOU TODAY FOR MY HAND—PLEASE REFUSE HIM AS I THINK HE IS A PERFECT FOOL.

HE ISN'T EVEN PERFECT AT THAT.

MR. JAGGS—I CAME HERE AS I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T COME. HERE TO GIVE ME SOMETHING.

I WANT TO GET YOUR CONSENT TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER.

YOU HAVE IT—ME BOY—BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET HER MOTHER TO CONSENT ALSO.

I'M A HAPPY MAN.

HA-HA—WHEN HE TELLS MAGGIE I CONSENTED SHELL THROW HIM OUT—SHE WOULDN'T AGREE WITH ME ON ANY THING.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXIX.

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David Smith DeLaine sat in the office of Henry Andrews, giving courteous heed to what the lawyer was saying about stocks, bonds and other investments. David hoped he seemed to understand all that was said.

Outwardly he was calm. Inwardly his mind was in a turmoil. It was almost an hour since the truth had been communicated to him, he reflected, glancing at the clock on the desk near which he sat. An hour since he had been told that his uncle, Francis DeLaine, in dying had left a large fortune, and that he, David Smith DeLaine was the only heir.

"Mr. Francis DeLaine had made no regular will," the lawyer had explained. "But, strange to say, only a few weeks ago he wrote to me about a little business transaction I had with him years ago. He told me that he had a son who was not well, and said he supposed that when he died his brother's son would be the heir. He added that the law would make a good enough will for him and that, although he knew little about you, he supposed you were all right—that he got what he went west to get, and that he had died in the hospital after it after he was dead. He was very eccentric, you know."

"Yes, so I have heard my aunt say," David replied. "He started now. He was glad he could speak a short sentence sedately. He started now, as Andrews turned to him with—

"I hope I make all these matters plain to you, Mr. DeLaine?"

"Oh—ah—yes, I hope so," he said with a half smile. "To tell the truth, Mr. Andrews, I can scarcely grasp what all this means. But I want to put my affairs in your hands—and later I hope to be more clear-headed than I am to-day."

"Henry Andrews flushed with pleasure. I thank you, Mr. DeLaine! I shall do my best by you—as it was always my pleasure to do by your aunt. I feel honored that she should repose so much confidence in me. And I congratulate you on the acquisition of this fortune, my dear sir. I only wish that your aunt could have known of it."

"Perhaps she does know now," the young man remarked gravely.

Still in the dark as to the nature of the fortune, David was not given to speculations on the state of those who had passed from mortal sight, so he changed the subject.

"You know, the matter of the settlement of your aunt's estate must hang fire for some time to come. You are her possible heir until two years after her death. The will she made complied with the terms she named, the property passes to various charities."

"Yes, I know," David said quickly. "I authorize you to pass it on now. Andrews shook his head. "That is something you have nothing to do with my dear sir. Unless with a meaning smile, you intend to comply with your aunt's request."

David flushed hotly. "My aunt was aware that I had never met the young lady in question when she made that will," he said. "I cannot understand her suggesting such an arrangement."

"Well, she has never too busy a streak in her make-up, as her brother Francis had—if you will allow me to speak frankly. I may add that I have never seen a sign of it in you—except (with a little laugh) in your neglecting to meet the girl of whom your aunt was so fond. I understand that she is very lovely."

"I have no doubt of it," was the reply. "But the fact that my aunt was determined to throw me at her head was enough to make me wish to save the poor young lady the trouble of dodging."

He felt a strange delight in talking of this girl whom he loved to a man who did not suspect that he had ever seen her.

"Well," the lawyer said confidentially, "there is now no harm in my telling you that your dear aunt complained to me of her neglecting to seem quite as averse to meeting you as you were to meeting her."

"Ah?"

The interrogative exclamation was non-committal, but it was the only word that David could say at that instant. Then he added lamely and with an effort at a laugh: "I can hardly blame her."

He thanks the Lawyer

After listening to a few more remarks on business matters, David arose and held out his hand. "I thank you very sincerely for the trouble you are taking for me, Mr. Andrews."

He had never had a lawyer before and did not know if this was the kind of things one should say to his legal advisor. Yet he did feel grateful to him.

"What are your plans for the winter—if it is not impertinent to ask?" Andrews questioned.

"To tell the truth," David confessed, "I do not know. I have made none."

"Why not take a run out West and look over some of your uncle's property there? You know you can

well afford to travel now"—with a smile—"and it would undoubtedly complete your restoration to health, although if you are not entirely well now appearances are certainly deceptive."

"I might go West," David rejoined. "I must think it over—must take a few days in which to learn to believe that I am a man of property who can go and come as he pleases. But I must not get lazy."

"If you look well after your investments you will have enough to do to keep you out of mischief," Andrews assured him. "Good day!"

David returned to his hotel thinking deeply. But what was uppermost in his mind was not his newly-acquired wealth, but the fact that Desiree had been so anxious to avoid seeing him in bygone days as he had been to avoid seeing her.

To be Continued.

Advice to the Lovelorn

WANTS TO BECOME A NURSE
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-two and have been friendly with a young man nine years older than I am.

I met him while visiting a sister and learned to love him dearly. In return showed some affection for me. I have known him four years and have corresponded with him during that length of time. A year ago he enlisted and left for France, but promised to present me with a diamond ring if he returned.

I had written to him to keep him in good spirits all the time he was abroad. On his return he went west and I did not hear from him for four weeks and his message was to the effect that he is very busy. Therefore I am under the impression that he no longer cares to write to me. It is now five weeks and I have not replied to his letter.

As tired as I would be coming home from business during his stay in France I have never too busy to write to him. Does it pay to be true to any man? My life is so disappointing and unhappy that I am determined to take course in nursing and spend the rest of my life at it as I never wish to marry, this

Daily Dot Puzzle

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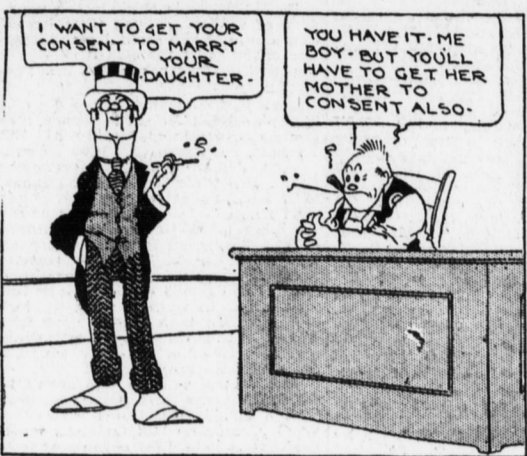
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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having been my second disappointment. Now can you advise me what course to take?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Your decision to take up a course of nursing seems very wise under the circumstances. The complete change in routine that such study entails will be the best guarantee for forgetting the past, and beginning life all over again. Twenty-two is young enough to wipe the slate clean, as you will discover in time, and doubtless you will meet some one who will make this episode seem trivial enough.

Consult your family doctor or some first-class hospital in regard to becoming a probationer; the requirements are different in different institutions.

FAILS TO KEEP PROMISES

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am on friendly terms with a young man who is my senior by quite a number of years. Please do not misunderstand me, I am not in love with this young man, nor do I believe he is in love with me. We are just good friends.

He has always treated me with admirable courtesy and consideration. There is but one thing that mars our friendship. He has a tendency to break promises. Do you think I should talk this over with him and come to some sort of an understanding? I value his friendship very much indeed.

J. P. C.

IT WAS AWFUL

"Waiter," he called, sniffing the air suspiciously, "never mind my order now, I can't eat when there's a smell of fresh paint around."

"If you'll just wait a few minutes sir," replied the waiter, "those ladies will be going."

—Mess Kit.

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The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 will require 6 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

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Name
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"I have been afflicted for several years with Stomach, Liver and Kidney disorders, and have used several remedies all of which were practically no avail. I suffered greatly with bilious attacks, dizziness, headache and restlessness at nights, due to the inactive condition of the vital organs. Your Bliss Native Herbs were recommended to me. I purchased a box of the tablets and they have certainly made a wonderful change in my condition. I can gladly recommend Bliss Native Herb Tablets to those who suffer from these ailments."

HENRY THOMPSON
"Elwood, Ind."

These attacks are usually the result of constipation, which is the most easily acquired disorder of the human system. It is the hub around which nearly all liver and kidney diseases radiate. Take a Bliss Native Herb Tablet at night, and you will escape from the misery caused by this affliction. Bliss Native Herb Tablets are put up in a box of 300 tablets. Each box bears the photograph of the founder, Dr. Alonzo Bliss, and every tablet has our trade mark.

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All wool serges—Jerseys—Serge and Taffeta Dresses. They are special at
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All wool plaid Poppins, Serges, Poret Twill and Silk Poplin.
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Voiles, Organdies, Madras, Georgettes, Crepe de Chine, Striped Pussywillow, Taffeta and Tub Silks.
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Petticoats
Taffeta, Sateen and Jersey Heatherblooms and Sateen.
\$1.95 to \$9.95