

The Rose Garden Husband

The Odd Romance of a Marriage That Preceded a Courtship

By Margaret Widdemer

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When Women Strike

By Maurice Kettner



had never known of Allan's doing any reading. That he had cared for books before the accident, she knew. At any rate, she was resolved to leave no point uncovered that might, just possibly, help her Allan just a little. "Why not?" he asked idly, yet interestedly too. "I was otherwise occupied. I was a Daughter of Toil," explained Phyllis serenely, setting down her own coat to relax in her chair, hands behind her head; looking, in her green gown, the picture of graceful, strong, young indifference. "I was a librarian. I didn't you know?" "No, I wish you'd tell me, if you don't mind," said Allan. "About you, I mean, Phyllis. Do you know, I feel awfully sorry to you this afternoon—you've bullied me so much it's no wonder—and I really ought to know about my wife's dark past."

It was a great many years since any one had cared to hear the cry. And it was so dark, and the hand keeping her up, the shadow might have been any kind, comforting hand. She found herself pouring it all out to Allan, there close by her, the loneliness, the strain, the hard work, the lack of all the woman things in her life, the isolation and dreariness at night, the overfatigue and the hurt of waiting youth, and womanhood sliding away, unused, with nothing to show for all the years; only a cold hope that her sock of little transient joys might be a little better for the guidance she could give them. "You were here in rustic speech a while. As in this earth a Grecian vale."

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD RAW GOLD

By Bertrand W. Sinclair

"What that's not all," said Allan. "What about now?" "What about now?" Phyllis inquired. "Why, now you were interested in, of course," he answered. "There weren't any," said Phyllis. "I had no reason to stay, I should have gone anywhere to entertain them if I had met them. Oh, yes, there was one—an old bookkeeper at the boarding house. All the boarders there were old. That was why the people who had come had chosen it. They thought it would be safe. It was all of that!" "Well, the bookkeeper," demanded Allan, "see any reason why I should not like him especially, and I would probably have gone on with my work afterward. There didn't seem to me to be anything big for any one like him—for of course I'd have had his meaning and all that to do when I came home from the library, and I scarcely got time for my own. But I was a teacher, and I had to go to school. I didn't want to. Then, of course, men would try to flirt in the library, but the janitor always made them go. I was lovely to you, and you loved doing it. Was Allan, it must be 7 o'clock! Shall I turn on more light?" "No. . . . Then you were quite as shut up in your noisy library as I am in my dark room," said Allan musingly. "I suppose I was," she said, "though I never thought of it before. It was fun, lots of it. Only there wasn't any being a real girl in it."