



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE
A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

"Jim, where did you get those—had hurt him, bruised him, taken ideas about our—conspiring to get Jim from him Phoebe's pledge. . . . you into your position with Anthony Norreys?" I fenced uneasily, facing my angry husband.

"Are you denying it?" asked Jim—his eyes flashing dark and sombre as he spoke in a curt, cutting voice, utterly unlike that of the lover he had been only the night before.

"No—only you have the spirit that actuated us—so, so wrong! It seems as if some malicious person had twisted the story to suit—to suit his own purpose."

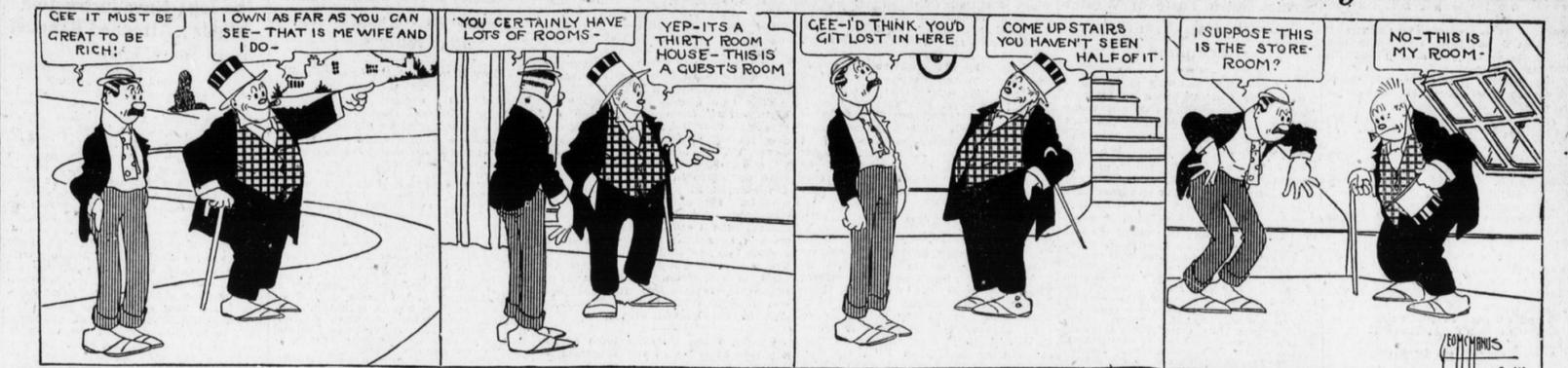
"Well, who could have told me?" Jim demanded, with almost a cat-and-mouse air. "Norreys wouldn't. Of that you may be sure. That leaves Terry and Betty and you—and Neal. Which of your fellow-conspirators do you suspect?"

"Not Neal!" I flashed out at him, in an agony of denial.

And yet—who else was there. Not Terry—for Jim had wanted to speak to him just now—no doubt, in order to verify some part of his information. Not Betty—certainly not poor Betty. And that left—just Neal.

"It wasn't Neal," I declared again. "After all—could it be Neal? Virginia—Jim's beloved sister—had lunged back at Neal the circlet of diamonds the boy had given Phoebe as token of his love before he went off to the last of the training camps. I had gone with every high thought of service abroad; he had given our mother's ring to Phoebe as a sign of his love—a betrothal—and Virginia had flung it back at him. She

Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

DO AWAY WITH INDIGESTION

How to Purify a Sour, Distressed Stomach in a Few Minutes

Let us talk plain English; let us all make a pledge.

Your food ferments and your stomach isn't strong enough to digest the food you put into it, so the food sours and forms poisonous gases and when it does leave your stomach it has not furnished proper nourishment to the blood, and has left the stomach in a filthy condition.

Take Mi-o-na stomach tablets if you want to change your filthy stomach to a healthy, clean, purified one.

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THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XXXIX.

When Katie ushered Tom Chandler into the Brents' large old-fashioned drawing room at seven-thirty, Mildred stepped forward and closed the doors leading into the hall.

Then she waited for the caller to speak, as a princess might have waited for a request from one of her vassals.

"Well," she queried when he remained silent, "what is it?"

"You got my note?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I got a note asking me to see you at half past seven. That is why I am seeing you now. I am going to ask you to explain your visit to me at once, as I have an engagement for this evening."

"Then why didn't you phone me not to come?" Tom demanded.

"He looked at the girl before him curiously. She appeared like a stranger whom he had never met until now. She was dressed in a close-fitting gown of some dark, clinging material. Her figure was very straight and very slender. He suddenly remembered that this man was her social equal—won't you sit down?"

"If you will," he rejoined.

"She took a chair, still holding herself very erect. She looked like a child played the part of a grown woman. The humor of the situation smote her caller, and he laughed.

"May I ask what you are laughing at?" she questioned sharply.

"At your funny manner," he informed her. "You have always seemed so sort of jolly and companionable and young—and such a good sport. But now you are assuming the airs of a woman of the world—and they are not becoming. Come, Mildred, my dear, this pose doesn't impress me the least little bit, for I remember the past."

Her eyes snapped with anger. "And it is because I remember the very recent past that I wish you never to speak to me like that again!" she declared. "I saw you on Sunday night—as I told you—drunk. You were also drunk on the night that I took that drive with you."

"Hold on!" he checked her by an upraised hand. "Please answer me, on the second occasion you mentioned, you, yourself, had something to drink. Were we not in the same boat—or car—if you prefer?"

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"I drank only what you gave me!" she accused.

"Yes," with a patronizing smile, "you could hardly expect me to allow you to pay for your own drinks when you were in my car and care, could you?"

"You claimed that what you gave me was not intoxicating."

"I know I did. Why?"—widening his eyes—"was it intoxicating, Mildred? The very idea of you, Mildred Brent, being under the influence!"

"Oh," she interrupted him angrily. "What a fool I have been to trust you in any way. No—I was not 'under the influence,' as you put it."

"Then what made you think I gave you anything that would affect your head?"—gentlemen don't do such things."

"No," she rejoined, "gentlemen don't, but cads do. You were on the train on Sunday night with a girl to whom you had evidently given something to drink. Anyone who saw you would know the condition you were both in."

Tom apologized.

Chandler rose to his feet. "I came here," he said slowly, "to apologize for speaking to you as I did over the phone on Monday evening. I had been taking a couple of highballs. When you taunted me with what you saw on Sunday night, I spoke roughly."

"I see I made a mistake in coming. In the first place, I had a right to drink if I wished to do so. I also had a right to ride on the same train with you. I deny that I was drunk. Wait!" as she started to speak, "I acknowledge that I spoke discourteously over the wire. I must also remind you, however, that your manner and speech to me to-night have made us."

She gasped. "And I thought you were a gentleman!" she exclaimed.

He laughed harshly. "I fancy you rather liked me—gentleman or not. If not, you concealed your feelings very effectively."

She felt the tears of rage and chagrin start to her eyes. She remembered, as she knew he did, the kisses he had given her, and which she had received unresistingly. This memory put her terribly at his mercy. But she had not played her last card.

"I did like you," she said. "At least I fancied I did—but then I did not know—I was not sure—how I cared for someone else."

"Ah?"

The monosyllable contained no sound of curiosity. She had supposed that he would demand an explanation. But he did not. Well she would shake him from his indifferent pose.

"You may be interested in knowing that I am engaged to be married," she said.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A RIVAL WITH A CONSCIENCE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

My chum and I are both 24 and he is in love with (though not engaged to) a girl of 22, who is also a good friend of mine. He neglects her very much sometimes for no reason at all. They quarrel and, without such other's knowledge, both confide in me and ask my advice, and then become friends again.

This has happened several times, and the perplexing part of it is that I love this girl dearly myself, and have very, very good reasons to believe I could win her away from my chum to try, as he is a true and good friend. But they have quarreled again, and I am torn with doubts. Shall I confess my feelings and lose my friend? Or should I go away and forget? This is hard, for I do not make friends very easily and have so few, and I do love her. Tell me the fair and square way and I will be very grateful.

G. F.

I agree with you that this is an extremely difficult situation, and you surely deserve high praise for the honorable part you have played in it. You ask my advice as to your next move. If the other two were engaged, I should say you had no alternative but to forget the girl. But a close friendship of three years which has not resulted in an engagement is surely a different matter. Under these circumstances, would you feel justified in going to your friend and asking him if he expects to become engaged to this girl and marry her, frankly telling him your reasons for putting the question? I make the suggestion very tentatively. You know your friend better than I.

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