



# 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 CCLXXXIII.**  
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"My poor little girl! My poor frightened little girl," cried Jim, flinging himself down at my side. "Have you wondered why I was neglecting you—why I let you suffer and didn't come? Are you all right, Anne?"

Without seeming to notice Val, Jim gathered me in strong arms and crooned over me as if I were a baby.

"Val took good care of me," I explained, feeling horribly hurt and piqued at all Jim had let me suffer from the time I missed him at the office to the awful moment when Lane and Val rescued me from the drug-maddened thing Dick West had been causing me.

After my months in a fool paradise, dreaming I was all in all to Jim, this moment revealed to me clearly that I never could be everything to him. I held my lips tight together, fearful lest some word of my disappointment and hurt leak out before Val.

"I guess my big brown bear's waiting for me," said that young woman, rising indolently and smiling in her usual challenging manner at Jim. "And as Anne has her man to take care of her, nurse will run along."

"Here's your B. B. B.," sounded Lane's voice from the doorway. "Come to call for his girl and to see how Jimmie's girl is getting on. That drug-eating scoundrel has kept off afraid of his shadow, Anne. Nothing more to worry you. Jim and I took care of him—plenty, between us. So rest up, little invalid."

With a parting interchange of sympathy from the Cosbys and of grateful appreciation from us, Lane and Val left. Jim came back from seeing them to the door and fell upon the ice-pack in a systematic manner.

"Tell me about Dick West," I pleaded.

"Not to-night, little lady," said he, offering me a white tablet and a glass of water.

After that the night was a series of dozings and wakings to pain and

adjustment of the ice-pack and doses of the sedative the doctor had left. It wasn't until morning that I was considered able to listen to the story of how Lane and Jim had "called West's bluff," as my husband put it. They had presented a solid and completely united front and insisted that nothing he could say or do would stop them from sending experts to examine the properties where West claimed to have started drilling for oil and to have located a "gusher" or two.

"Oh, Jim—aren't you afraid?" I began.

"Of what, little scare-cat?" he bantered.

"Why, he kept threatening things last night, Lane and Val. And he was trying to kiss me when they came. And he said he'd make it so hot for Lane he'd have to leave this district and then he'd ruin you when your backer was gone."

"He tried to kiss you? Threatened you, did he? The dirty rat! Do you think I'll spare him now? What have I to fear? Lane isn't taking water, so I certainly don't have to. We'll put West and his phony stock out of business. But if we didn't—Anne—don't you see what would happen? This fake stuff of his being located right in the district where our wells are drilled might discredit us. We've got to drown this rat."

"I'm kind of sorry for him," I found myself saying unexpectedly.

"Just like a woman," laughed Jim. "Quit worrying now and tend to getting that ankle back in shape. This is a great game we're playing with West. As exciting as craps."

The old, dangerous glitter came to Jim's eyes.

"You like the gamble," I breathed with a terror-stricken fear.

"You bet your sweet life I do!" cried Jim. "This whole game I'm in is a gamble, and the fellow who has a good poker face and a fine sporting disposition wins—no matter what cards the other fellow holds. West's beaten. And if any other fellow gets in my way, he'll have to take a beating, too. Like the gamble? It's the greatest game in the world, little lady. And Jimmie & Co. are in it to stay."

To be continued

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



"WE ARE GOING TO A SWELL RESTAURANT I HEARD OF."

"WELL, I HOPE I'LL GET SOME THING TO EAT."

"WHEN WE GO IN, DON'T LOOK SO MEAN. SMILE AT THE MANAGER. TRY TO LOOK PLEASANT."

"ALL RIGHT."

"YES, I'M THE MANAGER. TABLE FOR TWO?"

"UH HUH!!"

"BUT MAGGIE—"

"I SAID WE'LL NOT EAT HERE!!"

## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLVIII.

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The festivities of the evening were well advanced when David, glancing at the clock, noted that it would soon be time to repair to the dining room for refreshments. She had told Smith that she would send him word when to get the punch ready.

The two musicians she had engaged had begun to play a waltz, Helen Goddard caught her eye and hurried forward.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes," Desiree replied gratefully. "I promised this waltz to Mr. Jefferson, so can't leave the room. Tell Smith to put the ice and fruit into the bowl and pour the punch in at once, please. We shall wait in less than a half hour."

"I suppose it is flavored all right, and everything," Helen asked.

"That's hardly necessary," she said. "Smith needs no apology. He has already been in France and has done his share."

"Ah?" Jefferson appeared interested. "Then confess I did him an injustice. I thought he was an Irishman who was willing to escape the service."

"You're hardly seeing how you could have fancied that of an Irishman," Desiree retorted. "The Irish are not conspicuous at any time for lack of courage."

Jefferson laughed. "It is evident," he teased, "that your chauffeur's valor is a tender subject with you. I have no doubt that he is a fine chap."

A Cool Rejoinder

"He is an excellent driver," was the cool rejoinder. "Beyond that, what he is is of no importance—is it?"

Jefferson felt snubbed. It was odd that the only rebuttal this charming girl had ever administered to him had been when he criticized a man in her father's employ. What was there about this fellow that had awakened his own interest as well as that of Samuel Leighton's daughter?

Meanwhile the subject of this conversation was in the pantry preparing the punch for the guests of the evening. By Jim stood Helen Goddard. She had tasted the mixture and found it very acid.

"When the fruit is added it will be too sour for words," she complained. "Ask Annie to bring the sugar in here, please, Smith."

"I will get it myself," he said.

"Annie is busy with the salad," Helen insisted. "And pin this in front of you."

Taking one of Annie's aprons from a hook she held it toward him. "Really," he protested with a laugh, "I do not need it."

Helen smiled coquettishly. "I am quite sure," she said, "that you have never done this kind of work before, or you would know that you should wear an apron. You are neither a professional butler nor chauffeur."

It was a daring remark, and she waited breathlessly for his reply.

To her chagrin, her companion made none. Only with an "Excuse me!" he removed his coat and pinned the apron about his waist. Helen in silence he put the fruit into the bowl, sweetened the punch and started to pour it upon the ice.

A Battle of Wits

"Wait!" Helen said. "Let me taste it."

"Is it all right?" he asked when she had sipped a spoonful of the liquid.

"Perfect. Pour it in."

He did as he was bid, but so quickly that some of the punch splashed over one of his cuffs.

"Oh!" Helen ejaculated, seizing a towel. "Let me wipe that off."

She caught his wrist and rubbed the wet spot briskly. As she did so the cuff tumbled in her hand, bringing to her sight the gold links fastening it.

"What a stunning monogram!" she commented.

But the man jerked his wrist away.

"This is no work for you, Miss Goddard," he protested, adjusting the cuff and starting to put on his coat.

Helen giggled. "You have your apron on still, Smith," she reminded him.

"So I have!" he said confusedly. Then, as he removed it, he added,

## LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The dreams of youth! Who has the heart to crush such beautiful, iridescent imaginings? I have seen as many cases of their coming true as of their failure to materialize; and to paraphrase a famous line, it is better to have dreamed and lost than never to have dreamed at all.

But there is a great difference between one big, constructive dream that exclusively occupies the mind and a whim held for a little while, only to be replaced by another one.

If I can judge by the many letters from young girls I receive, the favorite, obsessing dream of girlhood today is that of being a great movie actress.

One girl writes me: "I am taking a commercial course in school. I get good marks in everything, but when I finish and go to be a stenographer I know I shall never be interested in my work. I cannot keep my mind on my books. I am not in love, but I want to be a movie star. I saw Miss Pickford in a play one evening, and I know I could have taken a part like that in a picture and proved a success. All my life I have hoped and longed to see on the stage. There are thousands of girls all over the country, my dear, who are dreaming the same dream. But they cannot, of course, all be great screen stars. Perhaps a few of the number will be, but a very, very few. The percentage of successes will be extremely tiny, when you consider the multitude of aspirants. And what is the reason?"

At first glance the answer would seem to be that the chosen few are either lucky above their fellows, or that exceptional opportunities came their way.

But what is luck, good or bad? If we could get at the secret mental processes of people we should find the answer. Their inward vision—what Plato called "the eye of the soul"—is turned unwaveringly in a certain direction, and they see only that. So why, completely aware of it, a mental picture of themselves which will inevitably come into manifestation. The opportunity comes to them because there is something in themselves which has created it.

Let us say that thousands of girls are, like yourself, longing to be screen stars. The large proportion of them are merely looking at results. They argue this way:

"I am prettier than many of the movie actresses. I am graceful. I can dance and ride and swim and skate. I know I could do it. So why shouldn't I use my talents in the pictures and get the rewards, the large salaries, the beautiful clothes, the applause of the world?"

But you must not only be graceful, but have the art of pleasing poses. It is some rare, vibrant, electric quality which is absolutely necessary, and, lacking it, all your other charms are as dust.

Also, have you the power to express all human emotions? "Certainly," you stand before the mirror and begin to "register" hope, fear, joy, grief, etc. It is highly probable that you are merely making faces.

A great actress does not content her features nor grimace. She conveys the effect of emotion. How? Ah, do not ask me. That is the secret of her genius, perfected by experience and hard work.

I am not writing this to discourage you or any one. From the ranks of the thousands of girls who to-day dream of this career will step forth the actresses of the stage and screen of tomorrow. But of the many who feel called very few will be chosen. To this infinitesimal minority the gates of iron will swing open.

So it is a good thing to pause now and then in your dreaming and con-

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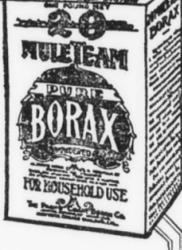
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