

RELATIONS OF A WIFE The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCLXX

WHAT KATIE WISHED MADGE TO
TELL THE MAN SHE LOVED

As Katie felt the touch of my arm around her shoulders and heard me ask her to tell the reason for her sudden outbreak of tears and sobs, she clutched me convulsively with both her strong young hands and putting her head down on my shoulder wept as if her heart would break.

I let the tears have their way, reasoning that no matter what their cause, they would relieve her. But I could not understand the outburst. Katie had always seemed such a volatile, happy-go-lucky creature, with only occasional fits of sullenness. Since her engagement to Jim she had been wildly happy. But as I reflected on it, I had seen her several times musing as if worried.

Her sobs gradually grew quieter, and at last she withdrew herself from my arms, and faced me, her face all swollen and creased with tears.

"I guess you think I'm crazy, Missis Graham," she said, "but I so worried. I not know vot to do. I have

to tell somebody somethings. I 'fraid to tell Jim. He maybe get so mad by me. I guess I tell you. Maybe you tell me vot right to do."

She walked over to the door, closed and locked it. Then bringing her rocking chair over to me, she pushed me gently into it and sank down on the floor at my feet, clasping my knees and looking up into my face with all the pathetic humble trustfulness of a dog.

"Don't sit down there, Katie," I said, with a vague dislike of seeing her in that posture. "There is another chair over there."

"I feel so mooch better here," she returned, pitifully. For a long time she sat silent, while I waited for her to regain control of herself.

"I not know jooost how to tell you," she said slowly. "I so ashamed."

"Never mind being ashamed, Katie," I said, a bit impatiently, for that was Katie's phrase, her excuse for everything that went wrong. "Just tell me whatever worries you. Perhaps I can help."

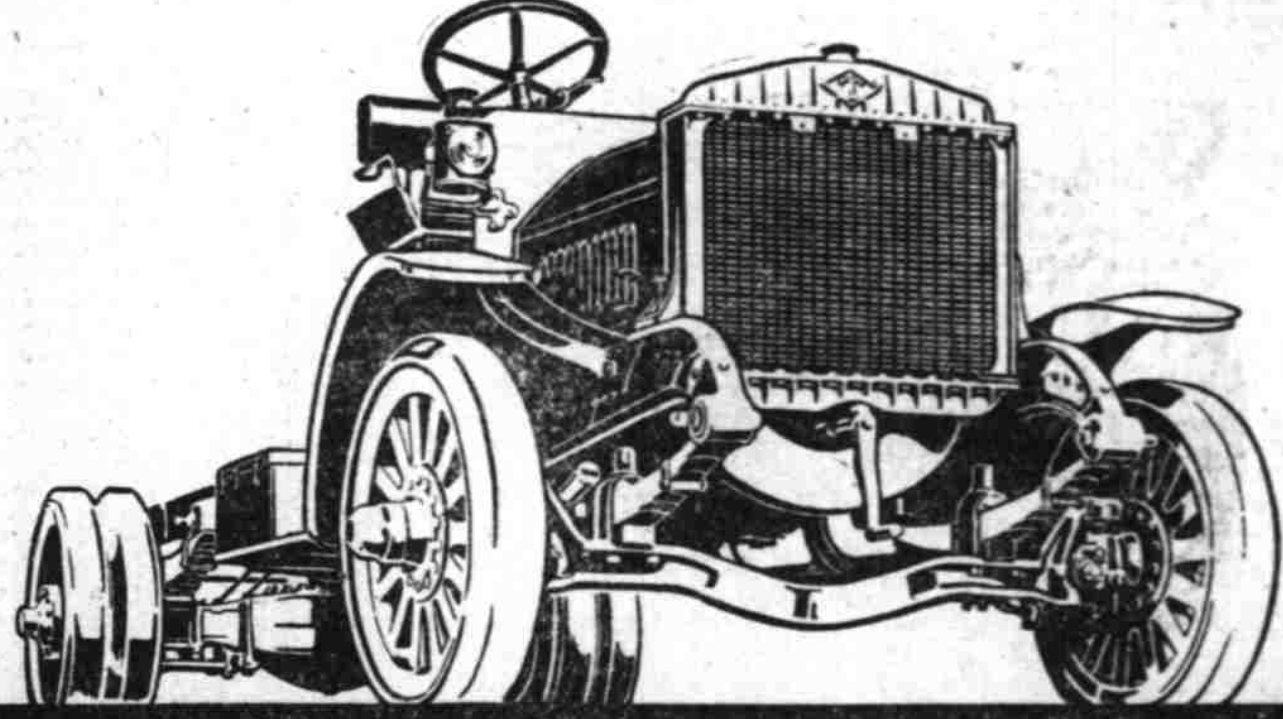
"I guess I begin at the beginning," she said, after another long pause. "Dot vas back in Poland when I so

Pershing's Son Falls Back on Baker-Welz Line in His First Battle With New York Reporters



WARREN PERSHING SERGT. JOSEPH A. WELZ

thing to say, ab-so-lutely nothing to say," was how Warren Pershing attempted to win his first encounter with the New York ship news reporters who interview notables when they leave for abroad. But the 19-old son of the leader of the A. E. F. found it expedient to make a bit to the line held on the deck of the Leviathan by Secretary of War and confer with Sergeant Joseph A. Welz, his chief of staff. It was by Secretary Baker and Welz that Master Warren might talk for a while. He explained that he and Welz hoped to surprise his daddy, so everything must be "shushed." Welz, Croix de Guerre hero who was wounded at Chateau Thierry, was sent back after his release as an instructor in army camps. He was selected by Secretary Baker to bring young Mr. Pershing to his father at A. E. F. headquarters.



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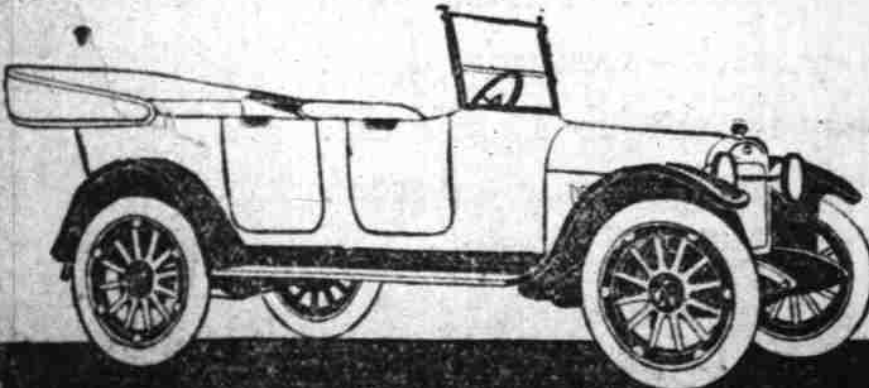
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**OAKLAND
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young, so foolish."
Her Youthful Romance.

Katie's air of maturity, of having experienced all the problems of the ages, made me want to smile, but I knew better than to do anything which would stop the flood of confidence she was evidently about to pour out to me.

"I only sixteen," Katie went on. "ven such a handsome man came to our town. Oh! so handsome, beeg-like Meester Underwood, jooost sooch black eyes like one devil."

I smiled mentally at the comparison, wondering what Harry Underwood would say if he could hear her. But I could not resist one mischievous question.

"Handsome than Jim, Katie?" I asked slyly.

"Oh, dot Jim!" Katie's tone held a half-contemptuous "inflection," although it was full of the very real affection which I knew she had for the man she was to marry so soon. "Jim, he not handsome. He jooost goot."

"Which is much, much better, Katie," I could not help saying.

I was really bewildered at the girl's attitude and worried lest the secret which she seemed bent on telling me should prove something which might stand in the way of her marriage.

"Yes, I know," the girl agreed quickly, "but ven I sixteen I not tink so. I ting dis man dot coom to my town jooost one big god."

er she no like heem. So I meet heem, you know, on sly. I one little fool," she reflected calmly.

"Katie, Katie," I reproved.

"Plees excuus, Missis Graham," she answered mechanically, evidently too bent on her story to mind either reproof or interruption. "But ven I tink of dot man, I get so mad I could jooost keel."

"Meets me lots times, make me so much lof I tink I lof him. I jooost crazy about dot man, so ven he say, 'Your moder' one old fool, you run away and marry me', I go right along."

"But, Katie," I protested, shocked and horrified, "you have no right to marry Jim if you have been married once."

"You Tell Jim."

"Jooost you wait," Katie said calmly. "I go wit him to anoder town, long way off. We get married, we live dere free, four mont. Den my moder and fader, dey find me, after dey hunt for me lots. You see dey find out dot man he have one wife, four kids already, and my fader pretty near keel him, he beat him up so."

"Den my fader, my moder, dey say dey not take me home, because my marriage to dot man not real marriage. Dey say I dis-gr-ace. But dey goot to me. My moder she stay wit me. My fader go back, get all my clothes and dis stuff."—she indicated the embroidered linens on the bed— "from my grandmoder, bring back, gif the money, put me on train so I get ship for America. Send letter to my cousin in New York, de one I stay with before I coom to you, to

look after me."

"Well, Katie," I said relieved, "there is nothing in all this that you cannot tell Jim. Of course, you were a very foolish and wicked girl to run away from your people, but you thought you were married to the man. I do not think Jim will be ugly about it."

Katie's face still held a worried look.

"I not worried so mooch vot Jim say," she returned, "but dot oder man, after my fader beat him up, he get back. He coom to house where my moder and I stay. He says he crazy about me, say to remember if I ever get married, he find me, keel me, keel man I marry. You tink he find me?"

Katie's eyes were full of reminiscent terror.

"What utter nonsense, Katie," I spoke sharply that I might better bring the girl back to herself. "If that man stayed in Europe he very probably is dead before now in the fighting over there, and if he came to this country, even if he ever did find you, he wouldn't make you any trouble. Men like that talk a great deal, but never do anything. He probably has forgotten all about you long before this."

Katie looked mutinously unbelieving.


"Maybe so, maybe not," she said non-committally, "but I wish you would do one ting for me. You tell Jim all dis, find out vot he tink. I afraid."

(To be continued)

The Victory Loan

TOMORROW the Government extends probably its last call for patriotic investors in Bonds. The Victory Loan is for the balancing of the Nation's accounts, and it is no less of a duty to meet the issue now than it was during the war. It is really a final test of citizenship.

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