DARLING FOOL

by MARGO McELLIOTT

CHAPTER XLV

ty dear, I had no idea you'd come so early!" Miss Anstice, ing in silver cloth with a col- of gray fox, stared frankly at traveling companion. "I thought d be out until all hours. 'Paint- the town,' as they say. Are you ing all right?"

"Yes—no," Monica stammered, not ing how to explain. Then on a en impulse she blurted out the h.

ll, Mackenzie's sailing unex- ly for home tomorrow," she "He—Miss Anstice, he wants to marry him and go with him."

ell, I declare," Miss Anstice's ful coiffure of silvery Grecian fairly quivered. She sat down ently. "Of course, I knew some- like this was in the air," she breathlessly, "but not so soon! dear!"

—I haven't decided," Monnie ssed. "I don't know what to do. me, Miss Anstice. What shall y to him?"

you're considering me in this," the older woman shrewdly, e forget all about it. I can get splendidly although I shall miss of course. The truth is Sally ardson is dying to do Paris with with us I mean and wants to go Switzerland afterward. So you shouldn't be alone. Do as your bids you, my dear! I never e in matters of this sort. Too But I will say this. Mr. Mac- 's a splendid man and very of you—anyone can see that."

* * *

—I don't love him," Monnie ed. "I'm fond of him. I like as a friend but—but—"

e doesn't make your heart still, eh?" Miss Anstice con- ed this, bright head on one like a silver-plumaged bird. ll, my dear, I've seen many a riage in my time. Love ches. They don't always turn so well, either. You have an chance for happiness, start- with friendship and respect. , too, my dear, there's the er of money to be thought of. not a worldly person. You that. Been poor all my until just lately. And now I have had my taste of luxury afraid I shall never be able without it again. It's all so ant—breakfast in bed, nice , being able to tip the waiter ut worrying about it. Yes, y's important.

'd be the last person in the d to tell a girl to consider y only when thinking of riage and I know what poverty do to young people. I'd like e you get some of the whip- cream of life while you're g."

was a long speech and Miss ice was rather breathless at end of it. She stripped off her y gloves and smoothed them ther.

here's your family, too," she nued after a silence. "Kay—t what a brilliant marriage d do for her."

've thought of that," Monnie briefly. She crumpled the in her hands, looking at the in the grate.

child, child, you're shivering!" older woman said, appalled. to bed. You mustn't catch We'll talk of this in the ing."

onnie escaped, her head in a t, the letter still clasped in hand.

e clock struck one, struck In the room beyond she d hear the faint snore of her ctress. Monnie knew that herself would be a wreck to- row, look a perfect fright, if didn't get some sleep. She tossed and turned restlessly between the crisp English sheets. Yes, Miss Anstice was right. Reason triumphed over emotion here. Her mind had been almost made up when the conversation had begun. Miss Anstice had crystalized her feeling. She would be a fool to throw away such a chance. She would say "yes" to Mackenzie on the morrow and go away with him as his wife. She would forget all the old ardours of young love. They were silly, weren't they? What was that old song she had heard somewhere? Oh, yes, "Oh, how I laugh when I think how I cried about you."

That was the right spirit, no doubt about it! Take love lightly! The trouble with her was that she had been too serious about Dan, probably had bored him by the very earnestness and steadfastness of her devotion. That wasn't what men wanted or what they cared about. They liked you to laugh, to be gay and foolish and inconsequential. Monnie had been all of that with Arthur Mackenzie.

* * *

Well, pirate or not, she liked him. A girl liked to be swept off her feet. The boldness, the swiftness and unexpectedness of the situation appealed to her. Beyond the morrow she would not look. When his deep voice came to her over the telephone she would say: "I am coming with you."

There would be, naturally, notices in the newspapers. Mackenzie was too important for his marriage to go unnoticed. People would say, "Who is she? A nobody!" and dismiss her. Except in Belvedere. People there who had ignored her, turned their faces when they passed her on the street, would be anxious now to say they'd known her. It was silly—it was unworthy and Monnie knew it—to feel a thrill of triumph at this thought but she could not suppress the feeling.

She could not sleep—at least until she read Dan's letter. It was burning a hole in the pillow underneath which she had thrust it.

Reluctantly Monnie drew it forth and, snapping on the rose-shaded lamp beside her bed, ripped open the thick envelope. She had steeled herself to coolness, to indifference, but in spite of herself her heart beat faster at the opening sentence.

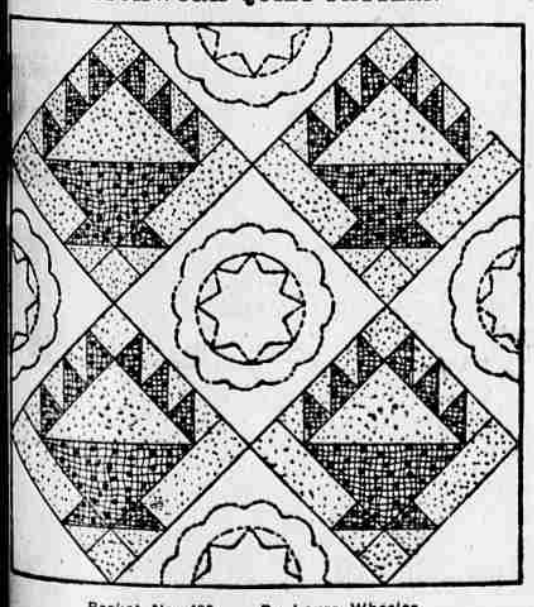
"Darling Monnie," (Dan wrote) "I have been all sorts of a fool and can you forgive me? You know I'm not very good at letter-writing—never was. I can't say what I want on paper. But will you just drop me a line to say everything's all right? I wired you at the hotel but they said they couldn't deliver the message because you'd already gone. I got home just as you were leaving. Wasn't that rotten luck? I'll be waiting. All my love."

Monnie stared at it, turning the thick sheet in her hands. It was the longest letter she had ever received from Dan, the most articulate. All his love! Why, she had been a fool ever to think she'd lost it! When two people felt as she and Dan did about each other, when the whole world was changed and glorified for one merely by the knowledge that the other existed in it, it was stupid—wasn't it?—to take second best.

Suddenly everything was clear to her. Her course was clear. Miss Anstice admitted she would get along without her. She would leave tomorrow morning, not as Arthur Mackenzie's bride but as Monica O'Dare, going back to the man she loved. Calmness descended upon her. She slept.

(To Be Continued)

PATCHWORK QUILT PATTERN



Basket No. 405 By Laura Wheeler

Baskets were one of the motifs used repeatedly in the old-time quilt. e baskets were formed of small triangular patches that formed basket. Others, like the one illustrated, were formed of one large gle with two smaller ones making the basket. Here the small ches placed inside the basket represent flowers or fruit which, of se, go with a basket. The simple quilting motif adds interest to plain block that alternates with the basket block to make the quilt. The pattern comes to you with complete simple instructions for ting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of w to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, quilt- motif, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing patches and suggests contrasting materials.

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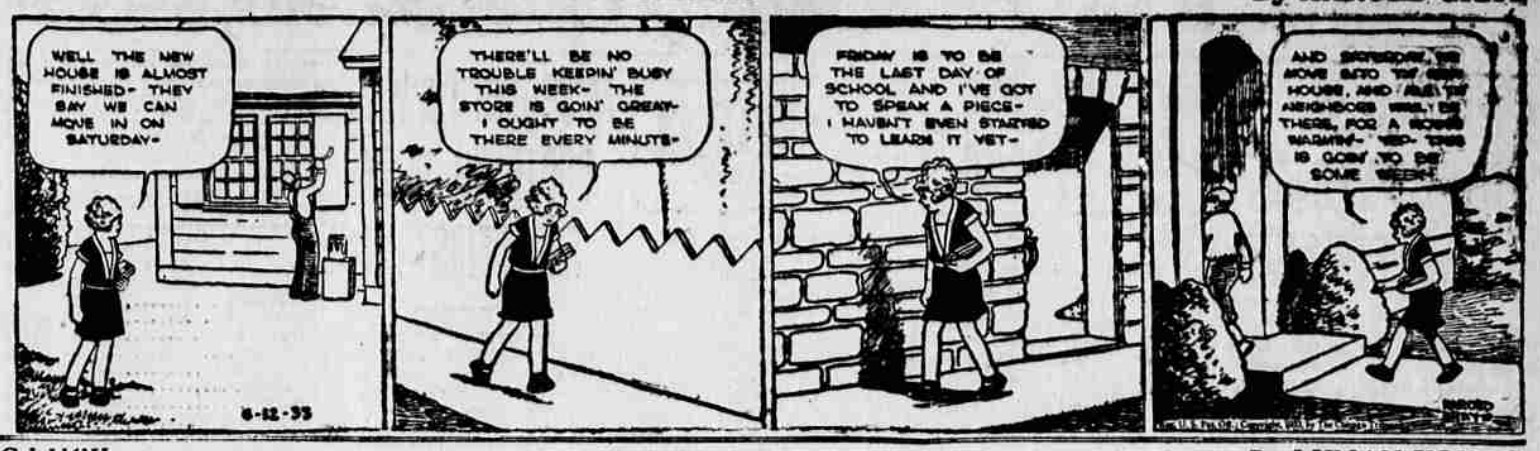

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