BARGAIN BRIDE

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

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CHAPTER XXII

I never counted on much," she d, and again she sobbed, "but I thought it would be this way,

ther did I," he answered r.

train shot into the station. s poured from it. There was al tangled push made by those rished to get on. Many of them curious glances at Bessie and time she realized this she sob- eply after a futile effort to keep he sob.

slipped her hand into Jim's. anaged to whisper, "Anyway, re the boys—and each other!" nodded, eyes misted.

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had never seen the shabbiness Brooklyn home more clearly she did a little later when they d there. The linoleum on the of the small, dark entry had worn through. The edge by the s warped, broken, curling. She hought that perhaps some day would be able to have nice tiles entry. Tiles washed so well! all paper of the inner hall was nd soiled. The boys had broken bob from the newel post by slid- own the banister. There was a piece of furniture in the that did not need repair. Aunt adn't understood that. She had een able to realize that boys n't help tumbling about occa- ly, wearing things out. You n't nag them all the time and a home!

sie took off her rusty, black hat he black coat that she had bor- from a sympathetic neighbor. Junior came pounding down the , an 18-year-old boy whose feet still ahead of the rest of him. as followed by Bert, 16, and n, almost 15.

o I go to college?" Jim Junior from the landing.

sie shook her head. For a mom- he boy was silent. Then he drew ep breath and his shoulders ed. "Oh, well, I can go to night ol," he said after a hard swallow. ton alone was loudly resentful. h," he wailed, "here I have to rough life—bored by dumb cracks churches because of my darned and—"

ever mind," said Jim, slipping his overcoat, "We'll have a real dinner!" Bessie promised, her trembling on the smile that she d. Jim Junior slipped an arm d her. It made her cling to him ment and sob again. Then she ed to the rear of the house. It d steady her to get her hands cold water and the potatoes were ing to be pared. It was Margie's noon out, which was just as well. half past seven Sexton opened oor to Elinor Stafford, who was in the black she had worn at her -aunt's funeral. Although tears ot leave unhappy traces on her Sexton saw, by the languor of eyelids, that she'd been crying,

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SSIE called out, "Who is it, Sexton?" and her son answered, is Elinor."

Why, dearie!" Bessie was up in instant, hurrying to the hall. or clung to her.

Come in! Come in!" barked Jim. t in time for dinner!"

moment later Elinor sat look- at the faces about the table. ton had brought a chair for her. was getting the silver. Elinor crushed because Aunt Ella hadn't something for the Thropes. Her tactlessness could not have had thing to do with their being left as they had been, with no help in sight and the constant fight against poverty ahead. She would have done anything to get them what they deserved.

"I'm so glad you ran over, darling," said Bessie warmly.

"I had to come. I—" but she could not finish. Her lips were trembling again.

"Have some more fried potatoes," Jim urged. They were all so kind, Elinor realized, as she always did when she was with them or thought of them. Her eyes rested on Jim Junior's thin face. The boy was already at work since his father couldn't seem to make enough to keep things going.

Jim Junior, working on ledgers, dreamed of being an engineer, a bridge builder. Bert was strongly artistic. With help, Elinor was sure he could be a real success. Sexton's bent was as yet a mystery but he certainly needed good schooling. Why had Aunt Ella made such a will? If only there was a way, even now, to right the matter!

Before the meal was finished Jim Junior said boldly, "Well, let's decide how we'll spend that $100!" Everyone laughed in a way that meant the tension was relieved.

Bessie began to plan. Elinor's eyes filled, hearing her. So many needs were made plain by Bessie's plans—a suit for Pim, a new linoleum, the hall repaired, a nice set of glass cooking dishes (Bessie had always wanted to bake in glass), some new sheets, a new rug for the stair, some bath towels, shirts for Bert, a suit for Sexton, a new white porcelain sink for the kitchen.

"Whon!" said young Jim when the $100 had been spent at least four times. Everyone laughed—Elinor with the rest but unsteadily.

"You haven't told us, Elinor," Bessie was saying, "what you're going to do with your $10. I do wish, dear, it had been more for you!"

"I'm going to blow it in on a party that we'll have here!" Elinor answered. Sexton let out a whoop. "Ice cream and everything!" she added, smiling at her youngest cousin.

"Cousin El'nor, can we have that kind of cake you get at the German shop on Hays street? You know—it has whipped cream on it and jelly inside—!" Sexton said excitedly.

"Certainly!" she assured him. "We'll have that cake!"

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Lida, meantime, was having a bad half hour. Vance Carter had pushed past Benson to reach her, although she had given the strictest orders about receiving no one.

He found her curled up on a chaise lounge in the drawing room, looking frightfully untidy and showing the rage and tears that she had shed.

"Darling!" he whispered unsteadily, nearing her.

She sat erect, frightened, angry because he had come. He took her hot hands.

"Some one may hear!" she warned.

He laughed the brimming, assured laugh of a man who feels that he is near his goal. "They'll all know how it is—has been—with us soon anyhow," he stated. "You know that!"

She sank back. He was obviously going to be very difficult!

"You'll start your suit soon?" he asked, bending toward her, his eyes narrowed.

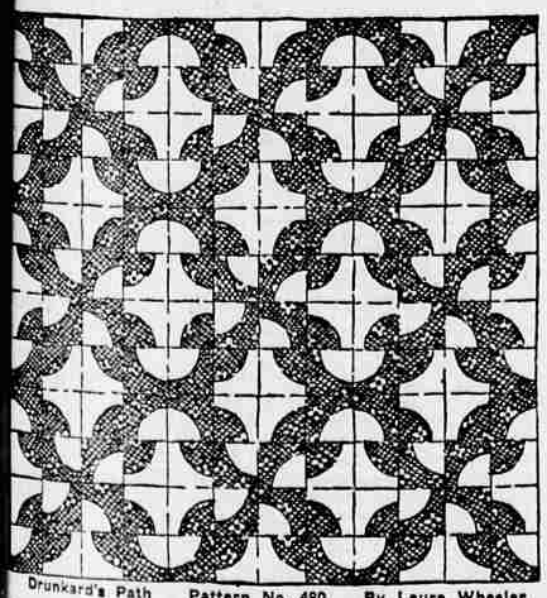
"I—I don't know, Vance—"

"Why?"

"Bentwell depends on me so!" she confided with nervous haste. "After we came in from the funeral he told me how much I mean to him. He's threatened by life if I leave him—"

(To Be Continued)

PATCHWORK QUILT PATTERN



Drunkard's Path Pattern No. 480 By Laura Wheeler

The drunkard's path has always been pictured as most thorny and e to be avoided. It is rather astonishing then, that the old-time iltmaker chose to call something so choice as this lovely pattern, Drunkard's Path. It does indeed shift from side to side but doing this achieves a most decorative design. When done, the lt, whether carried out entirely in patchwork blocks as shown, or alternating patchwork and plain blocks, as is often the case, ms a lovely continuous pattern. Though it may look intricate, it really formed by simple blocks made of but two pattern pieces t alternate in the two materials.

The pattern comes to you with complete simple instructions for tting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the tches and suggests contrasting materials.

Send 10c for this pattern to Register-Guard Needlecraft Dept., 82 ghth Ave., New York City.

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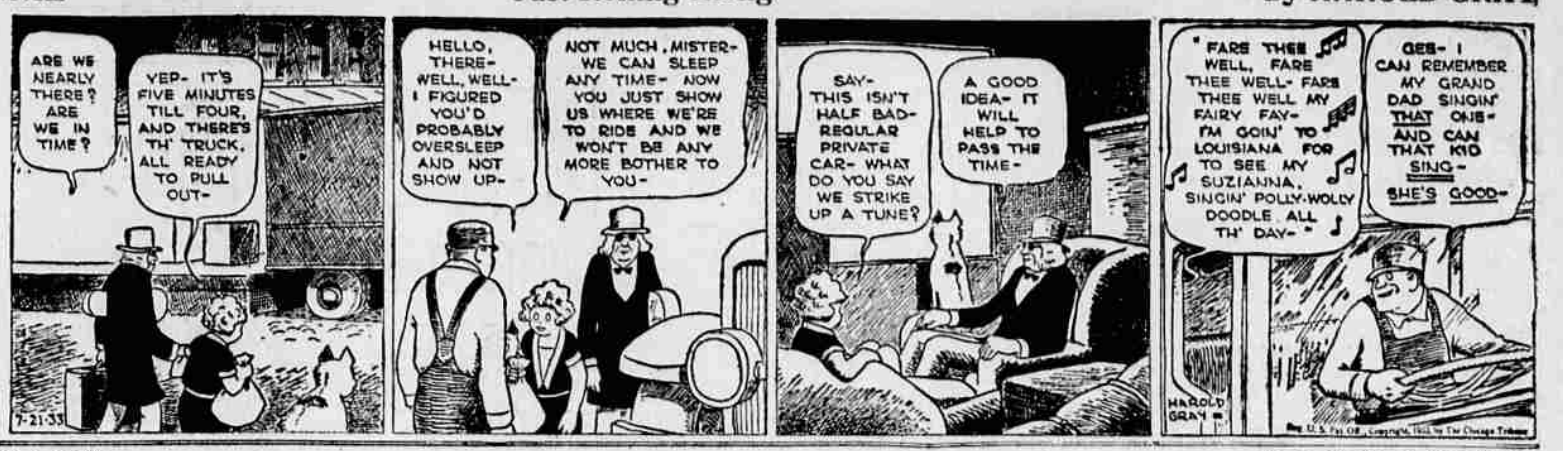

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