

MARGAIN BRIDE

By KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

CHAPTER XXXIII
"No, it isn't. It would kill me if you fell in love with anyone and were hurt by this. I don't know what I'd do!"

She was twisting a handkerchief, staring at him with eyes not yet world-wise enough to be able to tell any tragedy.

"You're an adorable child," he said, "and you're talking nonsense. Now suppose we go to the library and look over your problem?"

They settled side by side before his big desk. Humbly and with some embarrassment Elinor gave him a paper on which she had written very carefully large figures under the names, "Bessie," "Mother," "Father."

He considered these as his brows tightened. "But you'll have nothing left for yourself!" he objected.

"Why, I don't need anything! I couldn't, really, take it. I'd feel as if I'd been small, scheming, working for myself."

He turned to face her. "Of course," he said slowly, "you'll have your all-moments!"

"Oh, no! I couldn't take anything from you!"

"Look here, child!" He moved, speaking, to face her more fully. "We should have had this out before we were married but since we didn't, here goes. Do you think I would let any woman—or stubborn youngster—be my wife without seeing to it that she was provided for adequately when the time and circumstance makes her cease to be my wife?"

"I don't know." He had never seen her more feminine—maddeningly, alluringly so. "But I can't," Elinor went on. "I really can't take any money from anyone—as things are. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see!"

"Barrett said, frowning at me. Then he smiled unwillingly. 'You next time.'"

"And there really wasn't any more to it."

Barrett made ready for the fight to hear Elinor moving in the next room. She had heard the key in the lock, he said, and by that small omission plain her trust in him. He lunged over his cigarette.

He would make her as comfortable as he could be, and she must have all the things she had lacked. He told her next day that he had transferred to her account the sum that had been left him by Ella Sexton's will. After reflected, he would probably further disillusionment. She paid the bills for her father's debts \$1,000 was enough for her and keep the rest for her. That, however, was not his. He had done all he could for the fortune to Miss Ella's.

There was enough there was trouble the money, but not the trouble expected. Three days later arrived home toward the afternoon to find Elinor in the hall.

"Barrett, will you help me to trouble you but I've and worked and nothing comes of it so stupid!"

"Am I here for?" he questioned from his coat with untidy.

"About Aunt Ella's money," she said. She sighed. "I never was at about figures."

"Don't worry over that," he said. "We'll fix it in no time."

patience in her glance made away.

"You know," she said, "how think you are—how wonderful been about all this!"

"Dear child, that's ridiculous."

By Laura Wheeler

the good old Victorian days, chairs were fitted not only for but for durability as well. The back and the arms, where we may think that much of the Victorian taste was stodgy, were found that many of their ideas were not only practical but also beautiful. So today we revive the style of covering our chairs in decorative cross-stitch chair-back and arm rests. These simple designs can be done on white, natural or ecru linen, or to match the chair or in black or brown, and finished with a row of buttonhole edge in the same color. Pattern No. 12412 inches. The pattern comes to you with detailed directions for making the set and necessary yardage.

For this pattern to Register-Guard Needlecraft Dept., 12412 Avenue, New York City.

WE'RE WITH YOU!

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Just Another Day, Another Town

By HAROLD GRAY



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

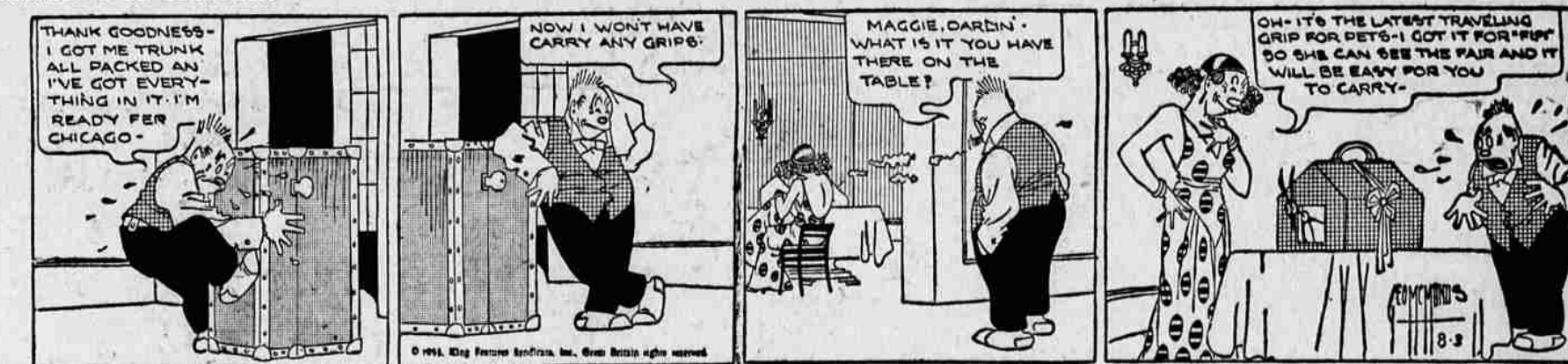
Oh—Oh!

By MARTIN



BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS



THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"HIS DAILY DOZEN."

TOMORROW—"A SERIOUS OPERATION."



OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

