

"The Love Pendulum"

By MARION RUBINCAM

GOING BACK

Chapter 90

"Would you think me rude if—I left you?" I asked.

Colin looked at me in surprise. There was enough light from a big swinging arc on the corner for me to see him plainly.

"What do you mean?" he asked in return, though he must have guessed at once.

"Would you think me rude, if I left you and went—up there?" I looked again at the yellow glow from the windows of my old home.

Colin looked very much troubled. "Of course I wouldn't think you rude," he answered. "Only—it isn't a question of rudeness."

He took my arm and began to lead me down the street.

"Don't do anything too impulsively," he began. "That's one of your faults, Connie. You'll stand almost anything, then you go off your head suddenly—"

"And do the wrong thing," I finished as he hesitated.

"Yes."

We walked on down the street. I do not know why Colin wanted to get me away from the apartment house, unless he felt that if it were out of sight it would be out of mind too.

"Do you think it would be wrong—to go back—to try and make it up again with Win?"

"No. But I'm not sure this is the time."

"Why not?"

He walked on, fairly urging me along.

"Why not?" I repeated. "Didn't you just say that Win had come often to the exhibition to see my picture? Doesn't that prove that—well, that he isn't entirely indifferent?"

Down in my heart there was a little exultation. It increased every time I thought of what Colin had told me. If Win had taken the trouble to hunt out my picture and look at it—if it had taken him to an art exhibition alone, a place he would never have dreamed of going, it certainly seemed to me a sign that Win cared.

And that was the one thing I wanted. I would willingly have given up everything else in the world, to hear Win say with his own lips that he still cared for me.

Yet Colin had given me what I thought proof of Win's affection, at least of his interest. And there from the windows of our old home was the cheerful inviting glow of a light, a welcoming light, a sign that Win must be at home.

All I had to do was to go up there—and I was sure I would hear him say he still loved me. I could not have done it before—the old bitterness would have come up in me at once, and made a reconciliation impossible.

But now it seemed to me so long since all those unpleasant events, that I could easily forget them when I saw Winthrop again.

And there he was, and here was Colin with his arm linked through mine, urging me away from his sudden possible chance of seeing him!

"Of course, if you've fully made up your mind, I shan't try to stop you," Colin said, walking rapidly all the time.

"But you are stopping me. Why don't you think it wise?"

"I don't think it's time yet. After all, you and Winthrop had rather serious differences. I'll admit. Time is the great healer of all ills—but you've only been separated a year."

"Only a year! That's a long time."

"Besides, what will you do, when you get up there? What are you going to say?"

"I don't know! How can I tell now? He may not be glad to see me. He may not be in. The fact that there's

a light in the window doesn't mean he is there."

"No, it doesn't," Colin released my arm.

"Let me go back alone," I said. "And come and have luncheon with me tomorrow, and I'll tell you all about it."

He smiled a little as he held out this hand.

"If he doesn't go down on his knees and beg forgiveness he ought to be whipped," he said.

I almost ran down the street, my heart beating so rapidly it nearly choked me. I went into the big hallway—for the first time in more than a year. The huge Turkish rug on the marble floor was still there, and the mirrored walls. There was a new man at the elevator—I was glad of that. I did not want to be recognized and gossiped about.

"Mr. Taylor, please," I said. And as he went to the telephone to announce me, "Never mind, I am expected."

He stared at me curiously. I held my head high, trying to look calm. But he said nothing more, and took me up in the elevator. I rang my own doorbell.

There were footsteps—did he have a housekeeper, or a valet? Who would answer the bell? If there had been no sound, I would have turned and run. But the door began to open.

Tomorrow—The Unexpected.

150 PERSONS ATTEND RALLY DAY PROGRAM AT W. MANCHESTER

WEST MANCHESTER, Ohio, Oct. 24.—An attendance of 150 was reported for the rally day exercises in the morning at the Christian church here, with a larger number at the homecoming program in the afternoon. Dinner was eaten by more than a hundred in the Odd Fellows' hall.

A feature of the day was the presence of Dan Aydelotte, of Dayton, in his former position as sexton. Mr. Aydelotte rang the bell for all services during the day.

Music was directed by Jess Miller of Miamisburg, and he also sang a duet with his wife. Music was also furnished by the Ladies' Quartette of Miamisburg.

Short Talks Given

Short talks were given by Roy Coe, of Dayton, Dr. Wolverton and wife of Greenville, Dr. Trone of Dayton, John Horine of Eaton, Rev. Crampton of Mt. Sterling, Ohio, the only former

minister who was present, and by Mrs. Jenkins-Corry, a former teacher of West Manchester.

A duet by Mr. and Mrs. Selman of Greenville and a solo by Mr. Selman also were included in the music.

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl of twenty and am married. My husband is twenty-three. Four months ago we moved to Ohio. We do not know any one and as we are used to a lot of company it is most terribly lonesome. We have gone to church but have met no young people. Is there some other way in which we might meet some of the young people?

LONESOME.

They do not realize at church that you are so lonely. I would suggest that you talk to the minister and ask him to make you acquainted with the young people. Getting acquainted is a slow process and there is no adequate means except through churches and clubs. Be friendly to your neighbors and to the older people you meet. In time your acquaintance will grow and you will have friends of your own age as well as older ones.

A HOOSIER.

If your daughter is strong there is probably little danger that she would contract the disease. On the other hand, she might be in a run-down condition and susceptible to it, although she herself does not realize it. She should certainly consult a physician before she runs the risk.

H. L. B.—The best thing you can do is to follow the dictates of your own

heart. The young man really ought to finish his college course. Your parents certainly cannot force you to marry a man unless you want to do so. Your opposition should be strong enough to offset all pressure that might be brought to bear on you.

Brown Eyes—Your inquiry regarding reducing will be answered in this column. Watch here and also in the Beauty Hints department conducted in this paper by Edna Kent Forbes.

Answer Soon—Your letter received. It is of course difficult for a girl to

make acquaintances, but if you are patient you will have no trouble meeting some one you really like and will later love. You are still very young to think of falling in love.

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and competent women, who are giving whole-hearted thought to the perfection of methods that will save clothes, and lighten the labors of wives and mothers. You will find a clean, well-ventilated, many-windowed establishment—thorough in service; sanitary; worthy of confidence. It may be that you will happen upon the means of obtaining complete future relief from all home washday work.

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