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After Ten Years

BY MARION RUBINCAM

A THREAT
Chapter 77

People are frequently swayed by opposition. Paul was particularly. He was first touched because Patty obviously cared for him, then he became genuinely interested. Then when she carried out her threat of not seeing him, he learned how much he missed her, and her opposition to his wishes made her the one person in the world that he did want to see.

Miriam McKeen was clever enough to know this, and often worked upon Paul's weakness. But Miriam was an adept at finding the little weaknesses of her friends, and Paul knew that and was on the defensive against her. Cleverness often defeats its end.

Mr. Midsey's scribbled word of caution had this effect upon Paul.

He hadn't seriously meant to tell his mother just yet that he was engaged, or that he wanted to be engaged. Now, as he thought of his elderly friend's advice, it seemed to him to be the only thing to do, to tell her and "have it over with," as he put it.

They dined home that evening and alone, which was unusual. "The Bensons and some others are coming in at 9.30 for bridge," Mrs. Darlington told him. "There will be seven of us."

"I'll be delighted to make the eighth then," Paul answered, though he hated bridge.

"That's charming of you."

Both recognized this as strategy and neither was deceived.

Paul talked politics knowing his mother was helpless here, as she never read newspapers.

She talked some new gossip, about people Paul was not interested in. Each one was very sweet to the other, and neither one paid any attention to what the other was saying.

"If I get you into Mr. Midsey's office next summer will you come with me to the Riviera for the rest of this cold weather"? she asked suddenly.

Paul expected this and had his answer ready.

"This is a busy time down town. If I left now, I'd lose my position."

"I've just said I'd get you"

"I know. But don't you see that's not fair? I want to get along on my own merits as much as possible, and on family influence as little as possible."

"With noble sentiments," she mocked. "You have been under an uplifting influence."

"I have, if you mean Miss Parke when you say uplifting influence," Paul answered, determined to ignore her sarcasm.

"So you're really serious about that girl!" Her fine eyes flashed. "It's that, not your desire to hold a ridiculous job, that makes you refuse to go with me."

"I haven't refused!" Paul answered, and silenced her for a moment. "When do you want to go?"

Half a dozen plans came into her mind at once.

"It would be so nice to have you," she began, her manner and voice soft enough now. "I thought we might sail in about a month."

"And I thought," Paul said, looking steadily at her across the table, "that we both might go"

"We? You and I? Whom"

"If I could persuade Patty to marry me first, we would join you at the villa, it would be an ideal wedding journey."

Once more she stood up suddenly, Paul could not help but admire her. She was a magnificent picture in her artfully wrapped gown that made her figure seem young, with her thick grey hair waved and piled high above her head; her skin stimulated and touched up by a skilled maid, her really splendid eyes. A long rope of pearls dangled over her gown and made soft sounds as they swayed and touched the table.

The butler and his little rabbit faced footman came in again, and she sat down, smoothing the frown from her face. While the servants were about, she talked with great composure about nothing in particular. When they were alone, she waited until Paul lighted his cigarette from the silver spirit lamp at his elbow. She made a great pretense of drinking her coffee, and then

"Of course, you can't be serious about all this, Paul. You are scarcely 26. Thirty six is a better time to marry. You know so many nice girls, suitable girls."

"But I happen to want this one, He smiled at her as he said this, he was determined to stay good natured.

It was more than his mother could do.

"If you make such a marriage as this, I'm through with you. You have some money, your share of your father's estate. It isn't much, the family money was always mine. Doubtless you could manage in her backwoods town!"

Paul had only made matters worse.

MILLIE'S LETTER
Chapter 78

When Paul next managed to see Patty, it was by taking his car around to her office, and waiting outside until she came out at 5.30.

"We're going to run off somewhere and dine together, and we'll telephone your mother," he announced, tucking the rug around her.

"Oh, that's all right. You're going to give that up now you are going to marry me."

Patty leaned back with a little sigh of content. Why, of course. She hadn't thought. If she were Paul's wife what would she want with short hand? The world was full of interesting things to study, short hand bored her to tears.

And the chief joy was that dropping the class gave her every evening that Paul wanted to be with her.

"Have you told your mother yet, about us?" he asked, eyes ahead as he dodged in and out of the traffic, winding his way through a confused pattern of home going autos and omnibuses.

"No, I don't know why, though," Patty answered her eyes on Paul as they talked. "Have you?"

The boy gave his sudden amused laugh.

"No, but I do know why," he answered, and told her about his interview the previous evening. The girl turned away and watched with troubled eyes as they gradually worked their way towards the quieter uptown streets.

"We'd better not say anything", she said finally. "I think Millie suspects, which means that mother does too. Of course, it would be safe to tell them, only poor Millie has been so miserable lately, I somehow hate to let her know how happy I am. It would make her case seem worse."

"All right, let's not say a word." Paul was glad of time, he thought he might find a way around his difficulties.

"Please," began Patty, after a silence. "May I tell Mrs. Munn? She might help, and I've never kept anything from her, she would be glad, and she's been ill you know."

"Of course, sweetness." And they both laughed a little at Paul's new pet name.

"We'll give mother a little time to come around," Paul said in a judicious manner. "If she doesn't well, we'll be poor, Patty. Do you mind?"

"No!" the girl answered and laughed with pure joy at the idea of being poor with Paul. "Think how much better I could look after you then, than if I had a house full of servants! I think it would be rather fun to be poor."

"I don't," the boy answered. "I think I'd hate it. But I'd hate still worse to go on like this without you. You see, mother always had the money. Father lost his before I was born. From the little he really left, I get about $5000 a year."

"Oh, if you call that poverty!" Patty exclaimed and turned to laugh at him.

In Wissakeagan, it was being well to do. Millie hadn't had much more than that.

She wondered whether Millie would feel less envious if she knew that Paul and herself would be poor if they married. Money counted so with Millie!

She had almost decided to tell her.

But when she got home, Millie's eyes were alight with excitement She had news of her own.

Characterisifically she plunged an account of her own affairs, without asking Patty what she had been doing.

"Listen to this," she began, pulling a letter from the table. "Here is word from Humphrey a long letter." She opened it and began to read scraps of it here and there

"Assistant foreman at the camp now, which means that I'll get a house to myself when it's built, likely in about a month. Not much, sort of a log hut. But you could ship furniture to the station and I'll be able to get it here when our teams come back, they're always empty."

She looked up. "He wants me to go out there and live in a log hut. Imagine that! And here I'm used to the convenience of a city anywhere." She plunged into the letter again.

They're hundreds of miles from "Nice views and lots of mountains. The air's fine, it would do you good. I've lost 20 pounds, I should think. And you ought to see me swing an axe!"

She laid the letter down. "It seems to have done him good," she observed unnecessarily.

"Are you going?" asked Patty.

"Huh! Want to get rid of me? No, of course I'm not going. Who wants to live in a log hut? Anyway, Humphrey and I can't get along, you know that." But she began reading the letter again.

FRIEND'S COUNSEL
Chapter 79

Patty felt relieved that she could, at least, tell her friend, Mrs. Munn. Girl-like, she wanted to talk to some one about this great event that had happened, and she could not yet tel her own family.

"It is odd," she said once to Paul, "that there should be so little sympathy between my mother and sister and myself."

"Nothing very odd about it," Paul answered practically, "You're just entirely different sort of people."

"It sounds wrong," Patty went on thoughtfully. "But sometimes I feel as though Mrs. Munn were, well almost my real mother, as I used to feel that Mary and I were sisters."

"Well, there's nothing surprising in that," Paul replied, "You are more like them than you are like Millie and Mrs. Parke."

This vague explanation seemed to satisfy him entirely.

They had gone for a walk that day, for the snow was too thick in the streets to take out the car. Animoved by a mutual idea of keeping from sight, they had gone to one of the big parks in Brooklyn, sure that no one they knew would be there. They were standing now on the shore of a frozen lake, watching the skating over smooth ice swept clean by the wind.

Patty still looked a little worried, the lack of sympathy between her family and herself troubled her more and more as it became more evident.

But Paul laughed at her for being troubled, and carried her off to a tea room where the electric lights were shaded with red crepe paper and the walls covered with tarnished gilt scrolls on a vivid green background. Paul removed the large bunch of colored paper flowers that decorated the table.

"I love this place," he remarked, twisting about to grin at the lace curtains, the lithographs, and china ornaments, the imitation bronze statue, on an imitation marble pedestal. "Patty, I hope you like it too. We're going to come to it when we're married, you know. We won't be able to afford anything better."

Patty smiled at him by way of answer. But his remark only worried her more, for it brought back forcibly the knowledge that Paul's mother was "through" with him if they married.

But she kept her ready smile until Paul left her at the steps of Mrs. Munn's house. The worried look only returned as she watched him walk away down the street, with an easy swing and a beautiful disregard of the slosh and slime of the melting snow along the pavements.

Then she was greeting her old friend again.

"Your trip did you good, you look much better," Patty said.

Mrs. Munn had been ill and had been convalescing at a sanitorium.

"For the sake of the healthy, the sick should be herded together," Mrs. Munn said, her gray eyes half laughing as she remembered her weeks of absense. "But it's hard on the sick. One needs a sense of humor to endure other creatures as miserable as oneself. I did not begin to grow well until I saw the funny side of my companions."

She began a humorous description of the other patients and the rules and regulations of the sanatarium, and kept Patty laughing through dinner.

"And now," she said, as she settled herself on the couch by the drawing room fire. "Now here we are, just as though we had not not moved, for, how long is it, six weeks I think since I've been away. In that time nothing has happened to me but stupid things, but I'm sure you have volumes to tell me."

A TRIAL
Chapter 81

When Patty was ready to leave, Mrs. Munn put an arm around her

"My dear," she began. "I'm not going to tell you a lot of things about the magic of falling in love, nor give you good advice about marriage.

"Your sensible enough to know all that, even if you are so young. I'm delighted that this has happened. I'm immensely fond of Paul and I think you've done him good. I know you'll be happy together.

"The only thing is, how to arrange for the marriage with the least amount of opposition from his mother. Leave that to me, I'll find a way around it".

Millie had a couple of friends there, a man and his wife whom Patty disliked. She waited until they had gone and Millie, yawning widely, was beginning to take down her hair. Mrs. Parke was still reading the remnants of the Sunday paper.

"I want to tell you both some thing." Patty began, looking uneasily from one to the other, and wondering how they would take it "Paul and I are engaged, only no one must know it for awhile."

Her announcement produced the expected sensation. Millie came to the doorway of her bedroom, hair hanging and brush in hand, shoes unlaced and blouse partly undone, a queer and not very attractive figure.

"My land!" she exclaimed. And Mrs. Parke, who had dropped the paper, asked,

"When did it happen? Today?"

"No. Several days ago, only I haven't said anything."

"I think you might have told me!" Millie's first reaction was resentment. Then her other self came out, she went over and kissed her sister. "But I'm awfully glad, she added.

"Yes, yes, so am I," her mother got up and kissed her too. "Paul's a nice boy. I can't say as I know him very well, he never comes around here."

Again the bitter and sweet were mixed!

"Why aren't you going to let anyone know for awhile?" Millie asked, getting into a very fancy lace negligee, and coming out to discuss the new event. "I'm dying to write it to Cora and Maude and the rest. Goodness knows, I have little enough that's nice or exciting to write them."

Patty tried to explain why it seemed best to say nothing. "Mrs. Munn thinks we'd better not for a time," she added, and at once felt her indiscretion in saying so.

"Oh, Mrs. Munn says so! She knows, does she?" Immediately Patty's mother was jealous of this other woman.

"I only just told her an hour ago," said the girl, feeling as though she were a culprit with a guilty secret.

"By the way," Mrs. Munn changed the subject. "Do you think Millie could be persuaded to make it up? Have you heard from Humphrey?"

"Oh yes; the other day. He had gotten our address from the post office at home I think, and wrote to Millie. He says he's been made assistant foreman at his lumber camp, and will have a house to himself as soon as they can build one. He wanted Millie to go out there, but she says she won't."

"Too bad. Because if she did it would be one complication less."

"You mean less complicated for Millie?" asked Patty who did not quite understand. "I suppose so she isn't happy here in the city. And mother is miserable. They both want to go back home. You see, I have Paul, and that makes everything different."

And she turned from the fire to smile at her friend.

"Of course it does. Something must be done, dear. You must try try and persuade Millie to go to Humphrey. Then we'll see that your mother gets back."

"It's, money," Patty protested "If I had enough I would send her and Millie and I could manage, for she would be happier in her old home, then even here with us."

Mrs. Munn offered to lend the money, and Patty would not hear of it.

"It must be accomplished somehow," Mrs. Munn said later. "Now, then, I want to know more about your own affair. Where have you two been meeting? Surely your family would know if you've been in that tiny flat".

"We've been going out for drives in Paul's car." Patty said, and then told her of the foolish, yet wonderful proposal in the car and over the luncheon table.

And Mrs. Munn lay back and alternately frowned and smiled. She was trying to think of some way to lessen the complications that stood between these two.

A LONG TALK
Chapter 80

If Mrs. Munn had seemed more upset than pleased when she first heard of Patty's engagement, it was because of a perfectly natural feminine feeling of pique at not having known of it all along.

She was a woman with a consuming curiosity about life. Every person interested her, at least for a time. She had a way of getting deep down into people's minds, and of understanding and sympathizing with their motives. She could sum up most people with amazing accuracy in five minutes.

It was her one egotism, this ability. Consequently, when she heard that this girl whom she cared for more than for any other young person, had fallen in love, she was very cross with herself for not having seen it.

But at once her genuine pleasure in the event asserted itself.

And she wanted to know all about it.

"There isn't a great deal to tell," Patty said. "I've wanted to let you know all along, only somehow I couldn't tell you I was in love with Paul, when I didn't know he was in love with me."

"Didn't you? After all, a clever women ususally knows before any formal sort of declarations takes place."

"I knew he liked me, of course," the girl answered, one hand idly stretched to the warmth of the fire. "But as for being in love, I mean seriously in love, why should he, with me?"

"Why shouldn't he? You are young, 21, aren't you?" The girl nodded her head. "You are pretty, you have charm",

"So have all the other girls Paul knows", Patty said. "Those virtues don't count much, not when they are common property. It's the things I haven't, social position in this city, money, family. I didn't know the world was so, so"

"Worldly," Mrs. Munn finished up and laughed. "And Paul's mother is very much that way."

"She says she'll disown him, so we would be poor."

"Do you mind?"

"Not for myself. I think I'd like it, really. I'd like to do thing for him, silly things like darning socks and cooking dishes he specially liked. I'm afraid I'm hopelessly domestic," she finished up, laughing a little because she felt her cheeks flush red.

"Its one of the symptoms of being in love," Mrs. Munn said gently.

"It must be, I hate dancing and I'm a dreadful cook." Patty went on. "It isn't the money that worries me in any way. I don't want to come between Paul and his mother. She may be hard and selfish, she may be wrong to oppose him, when he really wants me," the warm color as still in her cheeks as she talked. "He says he wouldn't care, but he would after a time. And he'd hate being poor, for it would be poverty for him, on his private income."

"It would be good for him though. Paul is a spoiled child of good fortune. He's never wanted for anything."

"I know, but I like him to be that way. He should be spoiled. He's that sort."

The other woman smiled a little, and her eyes were serious and tender as she watched the crouched figure of the girl.

"You are in love," she said. "Only, be careful. For that's all right and proper, but it doesn't make happiness."

"Why not?" Patty wanted to know. "After all, Millie never spoiled Humphrey, and they weren't happy,

She was glad of the quiet and the dark again when they were all in bed, for then she could shut out the real world and make up one that suited her better, peopled entirely by Mrs. Munn, Paul and herself. She and Paul were playing a game of tennis in some beautiful warm and sunny spot, with Mrs. Munn watching from a chair near the court, when she fell asleep.

There were other unpleasant scenes to follow the one in the evening. Next day at breakfast Millie remarked, out of a long silence.

"You'll be rich, won't you?"

"We're not married yet." Patty answered resentfully. "If we married now we certainly would be poor!"

"Oh, the stern parent would cut him off without a penny, would she?" Millie said flippantly.

Yet Patty felt the malicious sting underneath this, a sting perhaps not suspected even by Millie herself.

That evening, when she came home for dinner, her mother was in one of her frequent moods of intense depression.

"She writes they've moved in town," she said, producing a letter from her sister. "They've taken one of the new houses towards Maple Avenue. She wants me to visit them this Summer. "I'd like to go back."

Patty remembered the rows of new houses towards the edge of Wissakeagan, one of them Basil purchased when he proposed to Patty. That was only last Summer and it seemed ages ago, so much hapened since then.

In the evening Paul came and received the kisses and congratulations of the family. Millie developed a sudden reserve, possibly thinking of the few weeks during the summer when she had experienced a curious romantic attachment for Paul herself.

"I'm going to take you to call on Miriam," Paul announced. "I want her to like you. If she does, she can help. I want you to like her too."

Patty was glad she still had a nice looking evening dress. Her cheeks burned as she made ready, it was so exciting to be going out like this with Paul. But would Miriam like her?

(Continued on Page 2)

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