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PERTH JUNCTION, N.B., Jan. 22nd, 1920

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After Ten Years

BY MARION RUBINCAM

SMALL TROUBLES
Chapter 101

Paul laughed at Patty because of her theory that every married life to be quite happy, should have some trouble in it.

When Mrs. Munn came home, Paul repeated the idea to her, still laughing about it. Mrs. Munn, settled herself on the couch in her favorite lounging position, answered:

"Patty is quite right, Paul, that shows how lightly you've gone over the surface of life."

Paul was sitting on the floor on the bearskin now, his back to the fire and his arms hugging his knees. He managed to smoke in spite of this attitude.

"So the best thing you can do for me is to wish me trouble!" he said, his dark eyes dancing with mischief.

"Undoubtedly," Mrs. Munn answered quite unperturbed.

"But Patty says she likes me spoiled! If you reform me—how can I tell—she might find someone else more attractive, a movie actor perhaps even a tenor!".

"Don't talk nonsense," the girl scolded gently.

"No," Mrs. Munn was in an amiable frame of mind, and wanted to talk. She was always happiest when she could sit by the fire, with the boy on one side of her and the girl on the other, and make herself the heart and centre of their group. "No, Patty wouldn't. She'll be the adoring wife and the adoring mother to the end of her days, she'll think her husband the finest and her children the cleverest in the world."

"And you mean," put in Paul who would not be quite serious, "that if I had a little trouble now and then, lost my job and half starved, say, or had to live in a walk up in the Bronx that I would turn into a model husband?"

"Oh, you'll be right!" Mrs. Munn dismissed him lightly. "You and Patty are as nearly an ideal combination as I can imagine." She settled another pillow behind her head, and went on.

"Your only fault is youth, Paul and heaven knows that's an enviable fault. You've always had everything, undoubtedly you always will. You've really a great deal of ability." (Paul, from the rug, made a comic attempt to bow). "You have superb self assurance. You expect success, therefore you attract it and it comes easily. The apple fairly falls into your hand."

"Patty, as contrast, plays a rather a passive part, too passive. But when any trouble does come, as, for instance, the financial break up more than a year ago, she's ready to work her way out in an admirable, steady, if not entirely brilliant fashion. I'm not sure but what her little past troubles haven't made her even sweeter and nicer." And she smiled upon her little adopted daughter in the tenderest way.

"There's only the chance that too much success and happiness might make you shallow, Pat. That's what Patty meant."

"But," the boy objected, "There's Millicent, and, what's his name, Humphrey. They seem to have gone through nothing but trouble lately, anyway. And it doesn't seem to have made them happier."

He grinned triumphantly. Millie's troubles had been taken with a certain amount of seriousness by these two, and yet they were always half way a jest too.

Mrs Munn was not to be argued down.

"After all, it simmers down to a question of one's temperament," she decided. "I'm afraid that, forgive me, Patty, for saying this, but I must as long as we are being so frank—I'm afraid that Millie is, well rather shallow. Patty has depths that neither you nor I, Paul have ever explored. Trial and trouble can have no effect but an irritating one upon certain sorts of people. But Patty is not that sort. Neither are you."

And she pattid the cushion behind her head, as though she had adjusted everything to her satisfaction.

There was a little silence, while both young people sat and thought. Mrs. Munn went on, after a time.

"I fancy that Millie grew so shallow, because of a very careless life, that when trouble came she had nothing in her character to fight it. So beware, Paul! She did have everything a woman in her position could want, what was a good income for her town, what was a leading social position for her town, a husband that agreed amiably to everything she said and did. It was a carefree, but an empty life. That's why everything smashed. When any strain came, she had no reserve strength of character. She had no children, which was a pity."

A bit later she went on, seriously:

"Financially, you two will never have any trouble. But that's not everything. You've all the real life ahead of you—you have to adjust your own temperaments to each other, that's a complex process. You'll have the pain and the joy of having children. You'll have my death sometimes, for I'm an old woman, and Patty will have her mother's daeth, and you yours, Paul, for we're all old, and you two are so young yet. You've troubles enough—but I envy you."

MILLIE
Chapter 102

Mrs. Darlington, true to her word, began to "take up" Patty in the most violently enthusiastic fashion.

She never gave a tea, during that early Winter, but what Patty was called up, and asked to attend. She never had a dinner or a dance except with Patty present.

She even gave her he name that the girl herself used but rarely.

"I want you to meet Miss Patricia Parke-Munn," she would say, hyphenating the name. Patty, legally had taken her adopted mother's name thought somehow she never used it, and never felt it quite belonged to her.

Being a clever woman, Mrs. Darlington decided that Miriam and Patty must be friends, so Miriam MacKeen was always asked to these affairs too.

"She's really a most charming girl," she gushed once or twice to Miriam.

And that subtle minded little lady half closed her pretty dark eyes, assumed an expression of debutante innocence, and said.

"Isn't she? Quite adorable."

She might have been resentful because Paty had enticed Paul away from her—for the friendship between herself and Paul was a long and close one, but she never showed it. And during the Winter an exceedingly nice young man, with a great fortune and several other desirable qualities began paying attention to her.

All of which was consoling and helped her to smile upon Patty and to ask her to dinner parties.

As for Patty, in spite of this, she felt more at home among the older women, the friends of Mrs. Munn. She had met many of them when she was merely an ignored secretary, and she was amused now when she found that none of them ever referred to her past at the Committee, nor even to the Committee, which was functioning feebly at the same place. But she kept her eyes open, and learned as fast as possible the intricate details of a certain complicated state of society.

"I shouldn't doubt", Mrs. Darlington would confide to her best friends, "But what there is something between little Patty and my Paul."

Then she would add, after the exclamations died down,

"She's such a dear girl—I always liked her so much, you remember even before—at the Committee, you know. Yes, she comes from an excellent family—I met the sister. Paul knew them all sometime ago. Yes, I hope it does happen, just the girl for Paul."

Thus, cleverly, she led up to the announcement. For the announcement did take place about the middle of December.

"We'll let her have her way," said the amused Mrs. Munn. "No harm in that. Patty dear, you become engaged next week. I'll give you a party for it."

And the local paper in Wissakeagan printed another excited paragraph lifted bodily from an Eastern paper.

"Friends of Mrs. Parke will be pleased to learn that her daughter, Miss Patricia Parke, now Miss Patricia Parke-Munn, of New York, has become engaged to Mr. Paul Darlington of that city. Friends of the family here will not be so surprised. It was rumored sometime ago when Mr. Darlington came to play our local tennis club—"

And so it went on, the paragraph multiplying itself down the length of a column, with a picture of Patty to accompany it.

This was loaned by Millie, who had a large photo of Patty sitting on the mantel in her living room. And Basil, already married and expecting to be the father of a baby any day now, read this item with great interest to his wife. Basil had none but impersonal feelings, so fast does life really move in what Easterners are pleased to call a "slow" town.

And meantime—what with newspapers and magazines with pictures and stories about her, Patty's sister and mother found themselves very proud of all this publicity. Millie shone in its reflexion she gave a tea so all her old friends could see the clippings she had.

For Millie and Humphrey were living in their old house once more. They had been able to buy it back, at but little more than Millie sold it, they had even secured some of their old pieces of furniture. Mrs. Parke arranged to live with them in the Winter, and with her sister on her sister's country place in the Summer. She could not get back her home, nor her old maid, and a new house somehow was unthinkable.

So there they were.

"Just as though nothing had ever happened," Millie said cheerfully. And she was so impatient to furnish her house again, that she almost bought out the local furniture, well knowing that she would not like the things when she had lived with them for awhile.

Humphrey came home as usual for an early supper at six, cooked by a new Bridget. He lounged into smoking jackets and slippers, rummaged for in the living room closet. He drank much too much coffee at dinner and sat with his feet high on another chair, reading magazines.

"Gosh, this is the life," was his favorite expression.

Millie did not agree.

A WEDDING
Chapter 103

The formal announcement of the engagement caused a great deal of excitement both in New York and in Wissakeagan.

In Wissakeagan, Patty's affairs were talked over, praised and condemned, her past was delved into and her future speculated about.

"Of course, I've always felt there was a slightly mercenary streak in the Parke family," Mrs. Werner declared. She said that because there was open warfare on now between Millie and herself. Both were out for the presidency of the Thanatopsis Club. There were two factions and a bittle war was going on between them, though the actual election was sometime distant.

Her bridge party took up the theme—evidence seemed to prove the hostess correct. Hadn't Millie made life unbearable for Humphrey, poor man, when he lost his money? Hadn't she rejoined him and made it up only when he was making good again. It didn't in the least matter that Millie had gone west before Humphrey was making money—one of them stopped to figure out the time element. Now Patty had attached herself to a rich woman—and was to marry a rich man.

It was rumored that Patty had gone to New York after Paul, rumor based apparently upon the fact that she knew Paul lived in New York, and that, as soon as possible, she had gone to that city to take a position.

"Of course, I'm very fond of both families," Mrs. Werner said in her rich, throaty voice, "but you bid two clubs Clara? I'll make it two diamonds. Particularly the mother—she seems to be the one who has suffered, not the girls. I wonder why she allowed Patty to be adopted? The other woman may have offered money. You never can tell."

She got the bid, and leaned over the table to peer near sightedly at her partner's hand as it went down on the table. She always frowned intensely at the dummy, looking as though she had every right to expect all sorts of trump cards there and disapproved highly of their absence. It was really only her short sight, but if she had a meek partner the partner was apt to shrivel up inside.

She went on.

"It does seem like desertion—doesn't it? I mean the girl's action in regard to her mother." She examined her own hand again, smiled broadly and gave her attention to the game.

Cora had nothing but pleased feelins about the marriage—she secretly hoped that Patty would never have to go through the jealousies she had gone through with Jim, for Paul was handsome too and certainly attractive to women.

And Maude was glad in the sweet resigned fashion of one who sees younger and prettier women come, and fall in love and go off and marry—while she herself stayed forever on a side and watched life pass by.

Millie went East for the wedding. Mrs. Parke thought she might but the dread of seeing and living in a big city again made har change her mind at the last moment.

The wedding was in February.

"You've had a sufficiently meteoric career," Mrs. Darlington told Patty. "You've come to us almost unknown, won our hearts, made yourself a social success, and run off withone of the most attractive of our young men—I must put it that way even if he is my son. And all this, apparently in a few months. At least, put off the wedding till the end of the season."

Paul decided this was an excuse of his mother's for delaying the wedding. But he was so pleased at the way things turned out, that he did not care very much, so long as his mother pretended to like the engagement.

Millie stayed with Mrs. Munn. She adored the exquisite trousseau which Mrs. Munn had given Patty.

"I never saw such beautiful things, she told Cora later. "Real handkerchief linen and hand made lace things—I've decided they're the most economical after all, you must see the lingerie I brought home with me. And the softest silk, everything made to order, every single piece.

"And the dresses: The wedding dress was the best of all, though. Oh yes, white satin and an old lace veil that was Mrs. Munn's when she married. No, no trains. They're not wearing them this year!" This with a very superior manner. "Patty looks too young anyway for a mature style. Poor child, she was dead white. I had the maid rouge her cheeks a little. She looked lovely—like a marble statue."

This description sounded more like a corpse than a bride. But Millie had wept copiously at the wedding, and wished Patty happiness in such a doleful fashion that Patty suddenly began to laugh.

Otherwise the girl was a serious faced bride. First pale from excitement, during the reception her cheeks began to flame a bright pink. After all—not even Mrs. Darlington could come between them now. She never knew how much she had feared that lady, until she waved goodbye to her and to Mrs. Munn as she drove off in Paul's car to the station. They were going South, and would be away for months. She turned to Paul with a [illegible] suddenly tired smile.

A VISIT
Chapter 104

Millicent Buchanan stood at the window of her living room looking out on a world that was drenched with rain. It was Spring and as cold and raw and forbidding as only a Spring day can be. As she stood there it occurred to her suddenly that almost exactly two years ago she had stood at this very same window on an almost identical day debating whether she should go to a party at Cora's and whether, if she went, she would dare take out a perfectly new silk skirt into such a downpour. She smiled now at the idea of having nothing more serious than that to think about. What a lot had happened since!

There was the noise of a closing door behind her, and she turned abruptly as her mother came into the room.

"It's awful weather," Mrs. Parke croaked, her voice coming hoarsely from her throat. "It seems as if Spring would never come."

Millie turned again to the contemplation of the drenched world outdoors.

"You always say that, Mother," she answered. "I don't believe weather ever was made that suited you."

Mrs. Parke stretching a woollen shawl closely round her shoulders croaked some indistinguishable answer and settled down to her book at the table.

Millie went on. "It's beginning to clear up already, the sky is lighter. I shouldn't be surprised if the rain stopped by the time Paul and Patty arrive," and she peered optimistically at a sky that looked capable of a never ceasing downpour.

Even this insignificant remark showed what a change had come over Millie. A great deal had happened to her in two years. Fundalow, indifferent character, but in a mentally she was the same, shalthousand little ways she was a new person.

Discontented lines were sometimes visible around her face, but they were not always present. She looked five years younger than she had looked on that other day when she stood and glowered from the window. The 'phone rang and she ran out to answer it. She came back to report.

"Cora wants to know when I'll take Paul and Patty to see their new house. I wish ours was built, I think even Paul would be impressed with it. I hear Mrs. Werner is going to build out there too."

She went back to the window again, but kept up a cheerful stream of comment.

"That makes the sixth house to be built out there. There's been a lot of change in the town since Paul was here before. Do you know that, Mother A lot has happened in two years."

Mrs. Parke grunted. "Nothing has happened," she said. "We are all here just as we ever were."

She spoke with the point of view of an old, old lady, to whom change means nothing. She had planned all her life to live with one of her married daughters, instead of alone in her old house. She did not care which one it was. And here she was living comfortably with Millicent and Humphrey, with her own room, her own friends, her own income again. For Humphrey had paid back to her the money that he had lost. She no longer regretted the sale of her house. She no longer thought of the unhappy Winter in the city. Everything was quite as she had planned it should be. Consequently it seemed to her that it had always been so.

Millie, watching from the window, saw a man't figure running through the rain. It turned up the path to the door.

"Here's Humphrey," she said and ran out of the room to open the door for him.

He was stamping wet feet on the porch and shaking himself as though to get rid of the weight of rain that had fallen on him.

"You're soaked through and through," Millie scolded, busting about him wth a certain affection ate officiousness, taking away his hat and gloves and helping him off with his coat. "Why did you come home on a day like this? You could have hired a car at the station."

"Think a little shower like this would hurt a hardened lumber jack like me?" Humprey asked, with a damp arm around her shoulders. "Besides, we don't want to bring our new brother home in a hired jitney when I've got a brand new car!" He was into a dry coat and out of the house before Millie could protest. Half an hour later he drove up and Millie ran out in the rain to greet Paul and Patty, who were on for a visit at the end of their honeymoon.

THE NEW AND THE OLD
Chapter 105

This was Patty's second home coming. The first had been on a nice day. This was in the flooding rain. But Patty had a white rubber raincoat over her dark blue suit, and so managed to accomplish the almost impossible feat of looking well on a rainy day.

She did look well too, as her family cried joyfuly when they saw her.

"Got a coat of sunburn ahead of time," Humphrey exclaimed in great good humor over the arrival of these guests. "Say, will Paul be jealous if I kiss the bride?"

He gave her a rather resounding kiss and bustled out again, leaving the two newcomers in the general confusion of exclamations, embraces ad explaining that always accompany family reunions.

He came back again, proudly carrying Patty's small trunk on his shoulder, to put it on the floor with a thump that made Millie's new china ornaments dance on their shelves.

"Couldn't have done that in the old days," he announced proudly. "Nothing like sawing down a few tree to keep a fellow fit. Beats tennis, heh, Paul?"

Paul agreed, naturally. But Patty was amused to see that Humphrey willingly accepted help in carrying the trunk upstairs.

"Of course after all your grand hotels, you'll find this awfully countrified," Millie felt obliged to apologize, as she led the way to the guest room.

Paul went out to help Humphrey take the car around to the garage—there to get into an absorbing discussion of motor engines and equipment, and to begin oiling and cleaning and examining parts, a pastime which brought them into a state of friendly intimacy such as two women can only attain over a new crochet stitch and a cup of tea.

Millie, meantime, was regaling her sister with all the small bits of information she did not want to disclose either before her mother or Paul. She wanted to see all "the brides" new possessions, and touched the silk lined traveling case enviously and handled the exquisite French enamel fittings.

Patty meantime chatted about the trip, while she slipped into a little black satin dress, that Millie had seen in New York, and let her hair down in a pale gold mass in order to brush it. She was feeling ridiculously self conscious, all over the fact that it was her old room so obviously done over for a married couple! And Millie was a little self conscious too, and when Paul appeared, his hands grease stained from the car, she made an awkward excuse and left.

"It's so awfully odd to be home and treated as 'company'", Patty confessed to Paul a moment later. "They've put out the best bureau scarf and all the best embroidered towels for us, and I'm sure we'll have mother's blue and gilt cups for dinner."

Paul perched himself on the window sill and lit a cigarette, slowly taking in the details of the place.

"It might be labelled 'Any Hotel Bedroom Anywhere,'" he decided. "I can see how it was done, one grand set of furniture purchased as a show piece and displayed in the store window," to an audience of envious passersby—I say Patty, I'll make our fortune if I lose my job anytime, I've a fine idea." He blew forth a long cloud of smoke. "I'll open a furniture warehouse and print a catalogue 'Homes Painlessly Furnished,' 'Complete Suites for any Room, Entire Contents Supplied Without Thought on Your Part.' How does that sound? 'Houses Equipped for Any Size Family up to Six Children.'"

"Paul, don't talk nonsense," Patty protested, laughing heartily at the nonsense, nevertheless. She was undecided as whether to wear a certain carved tortoise shell comb or not. It's dark rich color set off her gold hair so beautifully. At the same time, it might seem a bit ostentatious for a famiy dinner.

"Better wear it," Paul decided for her, watching her with affectionate amusement as she turned to her head this way and that holding an and mirror and adjusting the comb to just the proper angle.

"You know you want to, Anyway, all the town will appear after dinner to inspect you and congratulate you on your handsome husband."

"You mustn't make fun of everything", she protested again.

"Can't help it. You always look so amused." Paul defended, catching her hand and holding her as she started past him. "Anyway, I like Humphrey a lot. He's sincere. He doesn't pretend to be a thing that he isn't. He's not ashamed of having lost money, nor full of mock modesty over having made it.

"And I like Millie—I like to tease her. She's so—well, she has a mind like this bedroom suite, full of the correct number of conventional pieces of furniture."

"But she is improved—don't you think? Don't you think she's happier" Patty asked anxiously.

"I don't know—I don't care—all I want is for you to be happy." And his teasing mood passed swiftly into something serious and tender.

(Continued on Page Two)

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