



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLIE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

Chapter XXVIII

Just a little while after Jim and I arrived at home and had welcomed brother Neal, Evelyn and Sheldon Blake dropped in to solve the mystery of my sudden disappearance from the luncheon at the Santovort. I insisted on making my apology substantial, and on substituting a cozy little picnic supper for the luncheon I had deserted so shamelessly.

We had a jolly time and Sheldon congratulated Jim warmly on his escape from "the gang," as he called them. I waited breathlessly for the suggestion of some other position for Jim, since I knew that he himself was down in "the street," but the suggestion did not come and Jim made no effort to invite it.

As they were leaving, Evvy gave me a startling bit of information: "Tommy has gone to his Adirondack camp for a month. He was sorry not to say good-by—but you went chasing off so fast. Anne dear," said Evelyn. "However, we'll all forgive you, because you saved our dear, impractical Jim and bobbed up serenely at the end of the day with this nice, new man."

Neal beamed. Not very many recognized his right to the title, "man." My young brother's last contribution to the conversation, before I

tucked him in cozily on the big couch in our livingroom, was: "Harrison's friends sure are hum-dingers. That little Mason girl has had over every other girl I ever saw."

Jim laughed good-naturedly when I told him. I felt his mirth boded well for a protecting friendship with my beloved Neal—still a child at twenty-two.

But in the morning I found my husband inclined to grumble a bit over the visitor, who was still slumbering peacefully and whose presence in the livingroom made me suggest that we breakfast in our bedroom and let Neal have his sleep out at twenty-two.

Jim was nervous and moody during breakfast. Remote and distrustful, he would jerk himself back to an earnest effort at friendly attentiveness a minute later, thought he was angry about breakfasting in the bedroom, but after a few nervous efforts to say something my husband at last blurted out: "Anne, have you a little money you could—lend me?"

My heart sank. I had paid all my bills the night before, when I went out to buy the extra for our "company" supper. And at that moment there was only a little change in my purse.

"I've only about a dollar, dear," I acknowledged.

"Only a dollar? Why, Anne, what's become of the money I gave you a couple of days ago?"

At that it seemed as if my blood drained away from my heart in a flood and then went pounding up to my head in a hideous, warm gush. Was my Jim the sort of man to call his wife to account for every cent she spent? It didn't seem consistent with his generosity. I tried to keep my voice steady as I answered: "You gave me \$30 ten days ago. I tried to make it last—but food and ice, and gas and the laundry, and shoes, and yesterday the taxi and—"

But Jim interrupted: "Why, sweetheart—don't go on cataloging like that! Do you think I want an accounting? What worries me is that I didn't realize you were—stout broke, and that you did not ask for more when you were down to bedrock. Only a dollar in my wife's purse—and Dicky Joyce has hundreds to—fling—at Sally, my Anne—with only a dollar!"

He fumbled in his hip pocket—and found nothing. In startled unbelief, he turned it inside out. It was empty. From his vest he drew some change. Then, in a sort of panic, he began fishing in all parts of his clothes. Meagerly—one at a time—he drew out four \$1 bills. His lips tightened, but he contrived a rueful little smile and a casual tone as he murmured:

"I must go to the bank."

And as I remembered the great roll of bills he had drawn from his now empty hip pocket only ten days before, a sudden chilly doubt assailed me—how long could Jim get money from a bank into which he was putting none?

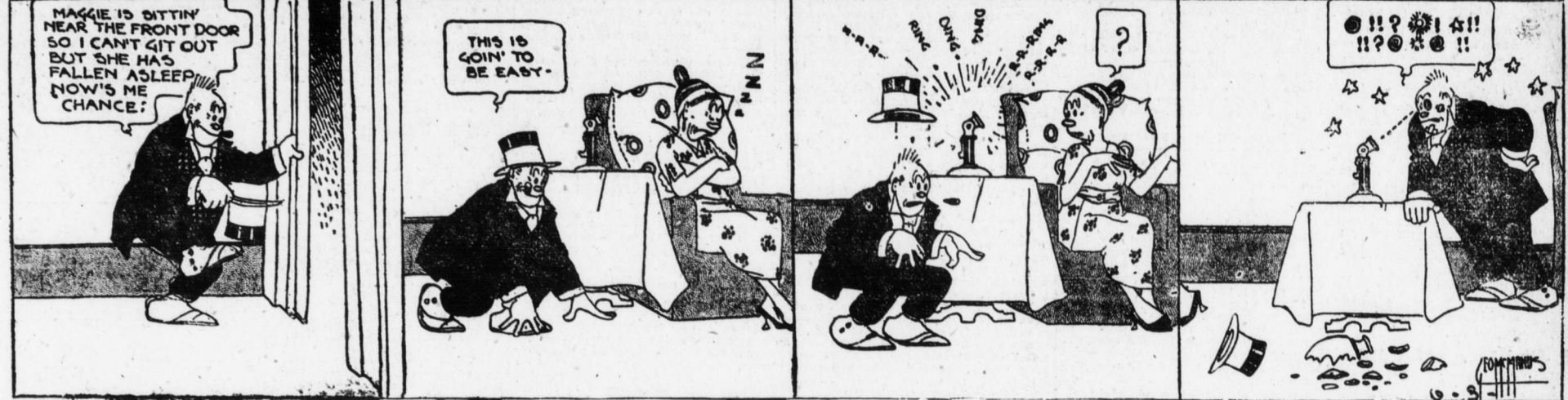
"Here, dear, we'll share, and share alike," he said, offering me three of the bills.

"Oh, I don't need it, dear. I've

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



plenty for to-day and if there were any sudden call, Neal would let me have."

Jim's face darkened.

"Anne, you don't mean that—so I won't let it hurt me. I can't have you borrowing from that boy. Take these."

He tried to put three of the bills into my hand, but I shook my head in earnest protest and fairly snatched my hand away. Finally, when I saw that it hurt him to have me refuse, I accepted two of the bills.

"Babbie!—Sister! Come on give a fellow a good morning kiss!" came Neal's voice through the door.

"I wish that boy wouldn't call you Babbie," Jim said, irritably—but I knew that this was only an outlet for the unhappiness it had caused him to have me see how little money he had.

Neal grinned up at me with the same warm-hearted affection he had shown back in the days when he was a toddling four-year-old and I was "big sister Babbie" all of eight and in the dignified third grade at school.

"Hello, Sis—do you still kiss a fellow before his face is washed?" cried Neal gaily.

I sat down on the couch by his side and buried my face in the wayward curls that hadn't yet been smoothed back. How I longed to sob out some of my worry and uncertainty. But I knew that Jim would come into the room in just a minute—and besides I didn't want to give Neal cause for asking difficult questions.

He came into the room, greeted Neal with a brisk "good morning," and hurried away without kissing me good-by. For a second Neal scowled angrily, then the twinkle came back into his eye, and he let the incident pass without comment.

While Neal dressed, I did our bedroom. When I got over to the bureau, there on the cushion, and through it, was a dollar bill, and crumpled against it a slip of paper on which was written:

"The lion's share for you, sweetheart—your're more than my better half."

I crushed the bill in my hand and set my lips to the words Jim had

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This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Really and cheaply made.

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To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

I have been receiving some very unusual letters lately. Among them is one I give below—so touching, so appealing that I am sure the readers of this column will be as much impressed by it as I have been.

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow, I read your article in the paper about then man who wrote to ask you how he could bear his life. How low the wife he loved so dearly was gone from him.

"I think it is very hard for any one to answer this question unless one has had sorrows of one's own. I would answer, and I think every mother in the world would answer the same way, that now that your wife has passed away he should give the love he gave to her to the things that were dear to her and were a part of her—her children.

"To let them be adopted by other strangers perhaps, would be cruel; to go back to his old, roving life would make not only them but him unhappy; his own life would be making less in the dark. He might not find her come back into his life, but such means to do so, it is bad enough that his little children are left motherless, why should he consider leaving them fatherless, too?"

Doesn't he know what her last smile meant? To him, to her, to her children. Do not forsake them when they need you most. Love them always as I have loved you.

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow, I write this letter with a broken heart. When I was only 23 years old my husband died and I was left with two little children. My sorrow made me selfish, I forgot the little ones. I felt that there was nothing left for me to live for; the world was black. I grieved so that I lost my health and became so ill that I was finally sent to a hospital.

"One day the children were brought there to visit me. I saw them and I ached to take them to my heart, to hold them tight, to kiss them in the hope of cheering and comforting them. But I was too weak and ill to do so. My little boy came to my bed, and said, 'Hello, mother, dear, how do you feel?' Of course, I can't write you my feelings then. And when the time came to go, my little boy cried and my little boy couldn't say good-by for his tears.

"I couldn't talk. But after they went I began to realize that they still needed me; they still wanted me. From that day I began to fight for my life just for their sakes. I am still fighting and hope some day to win back my health in order that I may give my little ones their mother again.

"This man who has written you has health. He can work and give his children a good home. He is ahead of me. But I will not give up. I tell you, though, do you believe it is possible for me to win out?"

"Respectfully," "R."

I do believe it is possible for you to win out. I do not say that lightly or in the hope of cheering and comforting you. I say it because I believe it.

Any doctor will tell you that the will to live, the intense desire and determination to do so, is the strongest factor in the recovery of a patient. I do not know any other places where your malady, its cause, or how serious it may be. But I do know that the age of so-called miracles is not past. Doctors of long experience have told me from time to time strange tales of the startling recovery of patients who were in extremis—beyond hope. It is a matter of common knowledge that bedridden invalids under stress of sudden fear or some equally strong emotion, will get up and walk, and they usually retain the use of the limbs thereafter.

If you are a Catholic, you may be acquainted with the cures that have taken place Lourdes and other spots sacred to those of that faith. These cannot be disputed. The incurably lame have thrown away their crutches, sight has been restored to blind eyes, hearing to deaf ears.

If you are a Protestant, you may be ever aware of the remarkable and inexplicable cures among the early Wesleyans and the Quakers. Christian Science healings are so common as to have come within the observation of almost every one.

But the great point is this: The fact that your children need you and that you feel this need so deeply is a spiritual call that in its vitality and intensity may easily, perhaps instantaneously, vanquish the ills of the flesh."



Best for Washing Sweaters

YOU take no chances when you wash sweaters with 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips. They cleanse perfectly and without injury because pure Borax and pure soap are the only ingredients in



Sweaters washed in a luke-warm solution of 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips will not shrink. They will be soft, fluffy, and hygienically cleaned because the Borax purifies them of odors and dirt which woollens absorb so readily.

To get best results make a soap jelly by dissolving three tablespoonfuls of 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips in a quart of boiling water and add to wash water. After cleansing, rinse sweater in warm water, pull out, shake thoroughly and dry in sun or air. An 8 oz. package of 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips equals 25c worth of ordinary laundry soap.

It's the Borax with the soap that does the work

AT ALL DEALERS

Using All of the Meat

Wherever there are meat markets which sell hearts, livers, kidneys, tongues, sheep's heads, calves' heads, brains and sweetbreads, the housewives of the community should make it a point to purchase and use these. These receipts are for the use of such products and conform well to principles of general economy laid down by the United States Food Administration.

What Shall I Pack in Their Lunch Pails?

The old question of school lunches has come back to the minds of many mothers with added force this fall after the intensive campaigns for child welfare this summer. It is difficult to send in a lunch box all the wholesome milk dishes which should be a large part of the child's diet and a great deal of thought is necessary to always have on hand food for a well-balanced school lunch.

The packing of a basket in the usually comes at a time in the morning when the housekeeper is very busy and it is easy for her to put together a few hastily selected articles for the children's moon meal, believing that the loss in nutrition can be readily made up at night.

A few suggestions from the United States food administration may be of help to mothers who have morning lunches to pack. The foods listed are readily kept on hand in any home.

Hard boiled eggs, celery, crisp baking powder biscuits, maple sugar sandwich.

Baked beans and lettuce sandwich, jar of apple sauce, cookies.

Bread and butter sandwiches, steamed slices of meat loaf or bean loaf, or fruit, small cakes.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A BRUTAL HUSBAND

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

My letter is different from those you answer every day. I have been married four years, have no children, and have been abused every day of that time. My husband is one of those men who keep up appearances, even though his wife starves. He is the most jealous person I have ever known. He can't bear my leaving the house for any reason at all, yet I never remember his getting home before midnight. He is in the draft and expects to leave for camp very soon. He beats me every day, because he is afraid I may keep company with other men while he is away, although since my marriage I have not as much as spoken to another man.

You may think it strange that he can be so jealous, when I was only a child when we were married, and am only 20 now. He will not insure himself for me, or send me one bit of alimony, and still I love him.

L. O. T.

It is beyond understanding how you can be so jealous, when I have treated you so brutally, and if you wish to put up with treatment of this kind there is nothing to advise. He is obliged to give you an allotment, and I should advise you to talk your case over with some lawyer or the Legal Aid Society. No woman is obliged to stand daily beatings, and you would do well to consult your priest or minister if you have no friends in whose discretion you can trust.

No man entirely sane acts as you describe your husband. Your health and life may be seriously in danger. I should advise you to act immediately.

Stop Itching Eczema

Never mind how often you have tried and failed, you can stop burning, itching eczema quickly by applying a little zemo furnished by any druggist for 35c. Extra large bottle, \$1.00. Healing begins the moment zemo is applied. In a short time usually every trace of eczema, tetter, pimples, rash, blackheads and similar skin diseases will be removed.

For clearing the skin and making it vigorously healthy, always use zemo, the penetrating, antiseptic liquid. It is not a greasy salve and it does not stain. When others fail it is the one dependable treatment for skin troubles of all kinds.

The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

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In the Camp and Home Music Is a Necessity



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Piano Player-Piano Victrola

is to the home. Music will not only keep the family circle together, music will give to your home the calm and courage needed to sustain until victory is won. Is there music in your home? If not, we have

A Helpful Plan

for putting it there now. Come and ask us about it and learn of the many other advantages we offer. Pianos \$325 up, Players \$525 up; Victrolas, Edisons, Vocalions, \$22.50 to \$300.00.

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Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.

Canada Preparing for Victory Loan

Ottawa, Ont.—Preparations have been under way for some time past for the coming Victory Loan campaign in the Dominion of Canada. Sir White, Minister of Finance, has recently been in consultation with the leading financial men from all parts of Canada on the loan. He has commended the services of all the bond and stock exchange houses at his disposal and has placed at his disposal a large body of experts in the business of selling securities. As a preliminary step, until early in December, all the financial houses are precluded from handling new issues, and from carrying on their usual business.