



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

### CHAPTER XXXIV

"Mrs. Bryce," announced the operator, "ask her to come up." I returned mechanically.

And mechanically I continued to try to puzzle out the mystery of Betty's return to town and her discovery of us—though, of course, both would be explained in a very few minutes.

Then, hoping I was going to manage it with some of the finesse that was one of the things in Jim's world I most admired, I opened the door to greet her.

"This is a nice surprise," I said, whether to be proud of my insincerity—or ashamed of it, puzzled me; but it turned to sincerity under the warm friendliness of Betty's eyes and words.

She took my hand in her strong, steady white ones and I saw again that red scar under the knuckles of her right hand—that scar which stood for the new chivalry and self-sacrifice of womanhood.

"One of the nicest things about coming back is seeing you again, Princess Anne," said she. "Now let's put me into an apron so I can help you with the dinner party you don't know you're giving!"

I entered into the spirit of her friendliness and liked myself for doing it! Then Betty explained, and I was gladder than ever that I had been recent even before Betty made it all clear: "I got back only yesterday, and there wasn't a soul to help me strip covers off my furniture and make the place habitable. Terry came over to explain about the new work of rehabilitating crippled men the Red Cross wants me to do here in New York—and we were on our way to a dreary Sunday dinner in a hotel when we saw Jim running down the steps of a house over on the other side of the Arch. He took pity on us and invited us here. And I took pity on you and taxied ahead to warn you."

"Now may I have an apron right away quick? The boys will be here in just about five minutes."

In spite of my protests, Betty insisted on taking that lavender loveliness, into the realm of pots and pans. Off came the chain mail, and Betty's little hats always are; off came the cape, and Betty pinned up her chiffons and hid them away under the pink and white checks of my prettiest bungalow apron. And she looked an aristocrat even in that!

"Anne, do you see much of Tom Mason?" demanded Betty suddenly.

All the warm friendliness I had started before the attack. So Jim had told her about Tom and the robe. I resented it, and all the more since my husband had assured me that the whole thing wasn't worth talking about.

"Why do you ask?" I warily inquired.

"Isn't it natural, little friend? Here you and Jim are—established in his apartment. Tom Mason is a cad, Anne—a cad, and a—great lover of the beautiful. You're very lovely—but, surely, Jim tells you that a hundred times a day—well, don't let the Mason-man tell you, too!"

Jim had not told me that he thought me "lovely" for longer than I liked to remember. I resented Betty's taking for granted that he spoke often of my looks, which I felt were in and enough contrast to Betty's regal beauty. I resented her supposing that it must be for my looks and nothing else that Tom Mason liked me—and I felt myself rising up in arms at her calling him a cad.

A moment before I had been ready to like Betty, but now the barriers were up again. It is always so—I don't mind being called lovely, but when she's sure to do something at which I fairly must take offense.

A ring at the door saved me from answering Betty rudely. I jerked the strings of her apron into a bow and ran to the door.

There was a telegram—addressed to me, signed for it and then I studied it for a moment, as if the typewritten address on the yellow envelope could tell me something about its contents. Of course, there was no reason for fright, but somehow I felt terrified by that mysterious little envelope.

Betty came to the door between the kitchenette and the living room.

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

### STUDY CONDITIONS BEFORE LEAVING HOME.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

"I peeked into the oven, Princess Anne, and saw a delicious lamb roast. Shall I light the burners again? The boys will be here directly."

"Please," I replied, "and will you put on some water to boil? I make my corn soup the old-fashioned way—with the yolk of an egg."

Then I crept over to the window, hid behind the curtains of apricot silk and ran my little finger under the flap of the yellow envelope. Of course, I looked first at the signature—"Thomas C. Mason."

At that I fell to trembling as if with cold. But, as I stared out the window, I could see Jim and Captain Winston coming down the street—and I must read and digest the message before their arrival. It was a night letter.

"Please send blue Venetian robe to Camp Cornwall, Ruyter's Landing, as soon as convenient. Arranging pageant Italian war sufferers Wednesday. Wish you were here to lend yourself to work—but let me robe instead to girl who will not be as good Venice as you. Greetings to you and Jim."

Mechanically I began to count the words—just fifty. I smiled at myself for that and actually laughed in relief. How matter of fact Mr. Mason was about the robe. His attitude made me realize that he looked on the whole episode casually—as Jim did.

I had the telegram in my hands when I went to the door at the first click of Jim's latch key. I could greet Captain Winston without any "Mrs. Jimmes." I did so like the big, blonde Englishman, and I was so sure of his honest friendship for my boy and his kindly regard for that boy's wife.

Betty popped in from the kitchen and I felt Captain Winston's hand tighten suddenly over mine as she came into the room. Red stained his bronzed face.

"Jove, Betty, you look wonderful doing the domestic," he cried. "Like Hebe or one of those ladies from Mount Olympus. As if she'd be a good wife for a poor man doesn't she?"

"Yes," I gasped miserably. He and Jim were both lost in admiration of Betty in my pink apron—and my dull little gray silk dress and white "housemaid's apron" now seemed as dingy as a November sky.

"Jim, what did you do with the package?" I asked, seeking for an opening through which to introduce the subject of the telegram.

"Oh, dropped it at his home," replied my husband carelessly. "Dinner ready, girls?"

"In a minute, dear—the first I want to tell you is that I began again."

"Come on, chef, the coffee is calling you. I'm starved and I know these masculine persons will get savage if we don't feed 'em, and I don't trust my touch on that luscious roast," interrupted Betty, tucking her arm through mine and impelling me kitchenward.

And I reached the door I lifted my hand and tucked Tom Mason's telegram into the bosom of my dress. (To Be Continued)

mail box—showed that she paid \$36 a month for it.

"My family has sent its men into the service, and I, the only daughter, came to Washington just as our men went to war. We thought it was the thing to do. My parents were not anxious that I should come and it was not necessary that I earn my living. At home I was in the habit of buying thrift stamps and war savings certificates; I brought a card of these with me.

"This week some of my money disappeared mysteriously, and all of the girls in the house happened to be short of money at the same time. I was expecting a check from home, so I let my money get down to thirty-four cents, and, as we take our meals out, my situation was pretty bad.

"I took my War Savings Stamps down to a certain drug store near where I live where there is also a branch post office.

"I explained my predicament and gave the druggist my card of identification, showing that I worked at the Bureau of War— I had on my service badge with its three stars, and I told him I did not want to sell my stamps if I could borrow a certain per cent, and leave them as security till the first of the month, or, when my check arrived from home.

Received Coolly.

"This man refused to look me in the eyes and said he did not keep a regular post office and, besides, certain formalities would have to be gone through with before anything could be done. I was near to crying then and didn't hear all he said."

"But what can I do?" I asked.

"I am sure I don't know."

"But I am almost penniless."

"I don't know what you can do. You might try a downtown post office."

"Not one word of advice or sympathy. I was afraid to try downtown. I had been trading at this place and had rented books from his circulating library and returned them. If he would not trust me or give me credit, what could I expect from an utter stranger? So I tried a bank and finally found a gentleman and a Christian—who gave me money on his personal account and took my stamps as security. He shall not state where this bank is, for a man of this type would hate the publicity.

But I ask public-spirited citizens, and the other kind, too. What are you doing about the war workers? Do you resent their presence, as the lady in the street car who said, before one of us: 'These horrid war workers swarm over everything?'"

"Do you treat them like human beings when you take them into your homes? Remember, in many instances, they have left comfortable homes and an easy life to come here at the Government's urgent call for war workers."

"This druggist represents a humane profession, and his conduct was a surprise to one who expected different treatment. But there was a devil who passed by on the other side."

"Is it any wonder that when the checks do arrive from home the girls use them to buy return tickets?" "A WAR WORKER."

## When Fresh Vegetables Are Scarce

When fall came on and the fresh vegetables from her war garden were no longer available she began to grow worried. She had grown to depend on a delicious salad for the chief dish at her noon luncheon. But by means of her cook books, bulletins and recollections of good things she had prepared, she soon realized that she could continue to serve salads which were not only palatable and nourishing but patriotic as well.

This is part of the list which she kept for reference so that her family would not grow tired of sameness in her salads:

Flaked fish, celery and mayonnaise.

Cabbage, nuts and broiled dressing.

Beets, salmon, and boiled or mayonnaise dressing.

Chopped turnips with boiled dressing.

Cold baked beans with chopped onion and boiled or mayonnaise dressing.

Apples, celery and nuts with mayonnaise.

Combinations of different fruits which have been canned whole.

Potatoes and onions with dressing.

Salmon, onion and mayonnaise.

Prunes stuffed with cream cheese.

Chestnuts, celery and pimentoes with mayonnaise.

Every housekeeper will have many more combinations which she has successfully tried out. Keep a list of them and be sure that they are all war-time salads.



## To "Starch" Without Using Starch

MANY housewives may be glad to know that just the right amount of stiffness can be given lingerie, waists, etc., by dipping them in water to which has been added a tablespoonful of



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## TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA

If Mixed With Sulphur It Darkens So Naturally Nobody Can Tell

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is for about 50 cents a bottle, it is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft luster and appearance of abundance which is so attractive. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

## Make the Meals Simple

To keep pace with the ideas on general economy advocated by the United States Food Administration, it is necessary to make the meals very simple.

Breakfast.—Stewed apricots, poached eggs, muffins, coffee.

Lunch.—Cottage cheese, bread, cabbage baked with cheese, grapes.

Dinner.—Beef stew with vegetables and Victory dumplings (cabbage, turnips, potatoes, carrots), apple and celery salad, peach whip.

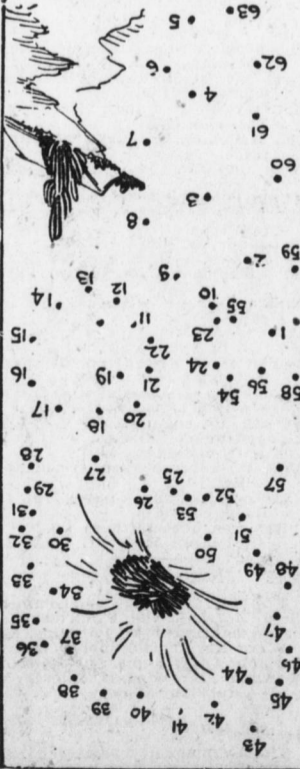
Cornmeal Spoon Bread

1/4 cup fat and cracklings from pork, beef or chicken fat, 3 cups boiling water, 1 cup cornmeal, 2 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Add fat and cracklings to water, and when boiling sprinkle in salt and cornmeal, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler one hour, cool and add well-beaten eggs. Turn into oiled dish and bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

White cornmeal made from the whole grain is partially desirable for this bread. It can be made with northern degerminated, cornmeal if it is cooked in a double boiler for an hour. Southern meal needs only to be scalded.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



## Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am very much in love with a man whom I have known for about three years. Lately I have noticed that he very rarely invites me to go out. This I know is not because he cannot afford it, as I am very well acquainted with his financial matters. Now, Miss Fairfax, I am 19 and considered very pretty and well dressed, and I like to sit out and have a proper time. But I can't ask him to take me. Kindly advise.

JEAN D'A.

## Why Not Wake Up?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going with a man for over a year, but an old sweetheart of his accused me of going with some one else, which was untrue, and we had a quarrel and have not spoken for two months. He is now called in the service and wishes to see me and say good-by. As I thought a good deal of him, would it be proper for me to have him call at my home and say good-by?

T. B.

I should certainly see good-by to the young soldier before he left. So far as I can see, there was really no grounds for your quarrel in the first place.

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