

# 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 XXXVI

A neat, dark-blue touring car was waiting in front of the apartment when our quartet reached the street. "Nothing like a spin out into the country after a mid-day dinner," said Tom. "This is a sure-enough treat, Terry."

His tone had a touch of envy for Terry Winston, who owned the car and whose drive into the country was a matter of course; but that charming Englishman won my undying devotion by his reply:

"It's a treat to have you with me, matey. Will you let me have a visit with the Misses? That's it, get in front, Mrs. Jimmie. It's a nice little car, but I'll wager Jim will be driving one that's a lot more spiffy by the time his ankle is strong enough to hold down the brakes."

Jim's other rich friends flung favors at him, but Captain Winston's assumption that Jim would come into his own, as soon as he was over his wounds put us all on a happy basis of equality.

More than ever I hated myself for the pride that had led me to reject the offer of help from Betty, which I now felt came as much from the Captain as from her. But I felt that I would only humiliate Jim if I went to her and told her I had changed my mind. The mill will never grind again with the water that is past, and the opportunity to get help from these good friends was gone.

And so, as Captain Winston turned the car out toward green fields and open roads, regret rode with me. I never told myself—delight in the smooth motor of the car, the pressure of the wind against my body, the crisp, pine-needle, salty air—but I couldn't.

Toward dusk we stopped at a little inn called "The Blue Dragon." Captain Winston said he wanted to telephone to a friend who lived in the neighborhood and who would probably offer us the hospitality of his fireside if he changed to be at home.

"I'd like you to meet Norreys, Jimmie, old chap," said Terry Winston lightly, as he swung out of the car. But I saw him exchange a meaningful glance with Betty and I filed that name for future reference.

Norreys, at the moment after Captain Winston went into the inn behind my brother Neal coming out and scampering across the road to our parking place.

"Hello, people! People, hello!" he called. "Lady Evelyn spied Jim from our table, and she says she'll never forgive you if you don't come in and join our party. You won't turn her down, will you?" Neal looked at me pleadingly.

"No, we won't turn you down," replied my husband good naturedly.

Then he presented Neal to Mrs. Bryce. For a moment Neal seemed swept off his feet by Betty's beauty and graciousness. But when she put out her scarred white hand he actually quivered with distaste. Even though he had the privilege of taking her hand in his, he was not to be deceived by her beauty and graciousness. But when she put out her scarred white hand he actually quivered with distaste. Even though he had the privilege of taking her hand in his, he was not to be deceived by her beauty and graciousness.

Then she presented Miss Sturges. For a moment I fancied that there was a note of malice in her husky little voice, but a second later she swung over to Jim with an air that seemed to say she was glad to see him. Whatever it was that caused her to be so friendly toward Jim, she would not have forgiven me if I had not been so friendly toward her. I must be a meeting between the two men.

Mr. Dalton seemed to take a keen delight in making friends with Jim's friends. Betty and Terry responded to his undoubted charm, and agreed readily enough when he suggested a glass of wine. Of course they hadn't observed Jim's annoyance, and as I realized this I felt strangely left out. After all, none of Jim's friends knew all about him. Even I, his wife, must still come to know every phase of his life to weave all my knowledge into perfect intimacy.

When the wine glasses were put on the table I turned mine down, and when I felt a twinge of my old spurious action when I saw him merely motion the waiter away.

All through the dinner the waiter kept filling and refilling Mr. Dalton's glass. Jim watched him rather scornfully as he tossed off drink after drink, but the other man's eyes were within bounds, and was so entertaining and charming that young Neal fairly hung on his words.

Obviously I watched my brother drink his second glass of champagne and saw the waiter fill his glass for the third time. I tried to sign to him, but he refused to catch my glance. And my eyes caught Jim's—his face was cold and stern. First, Neal had offended Betty. Now he was making friends with the man Jim detested and drinking freely with him. And I was helpless to stop Neal.

"Don't worry, dear," Mr. Dalton said. "I'll look after you. I won't let break up the party soon."

Gratefully I looked up and caught Evvy's sneaky grin. After all she was my friend. I felt that I could trust her.

(To Be Continued)

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



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## Present Day Desserts

### Plain Cake

1/2 cup sugar.  
1/2 cup light syrup.  
1/2 cup fat.  
2 eggs.  
3/4 cup milk.  
5 teaspoons baking powder.  
1 teaspoon salt.  
2 cups wheat flour.  
1/2 cup cornflour or 3/4 cup barley flour.

Beat syrup, sugar and fat together until very light. Add unbeaten eggs and beat into syrup and fat mixture. Add milk and dry ingredients (which have been sifted together). Bake in moderate oven. This makes two large loaves or four layers. Spices, fruits or chocolates may be used to give added flavor.

### Boiled Icing

2 egg whites.  
3/4 cup light syrup.  
1/2 cup cream.  
Few grains salt.

Heat syrup and allow to boil until it spins a long, heavy thread (120 degrees C. or 248 degrees F.). Do not allow syrup to brown. Pour over the stiff egg whites beating constantly. Beat until creamy or of right consistency, and when cold, spread over cake. As this filling does not harden, it may be served as marshmallow paste is served.

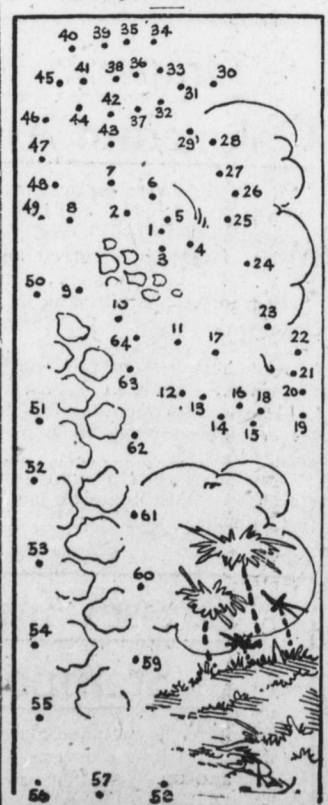
## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DOES SHE REALLY CARE?  
I am 29 and have been going about with a man 24. Lately we have had a disagreement. He works out of town and is only able to come home once every two weeks. Every time he comes he complains about the railroad fare having gone up. He seldom takes me any place except to the beach or the movies. He works out of town and is only able to come home once every two weeks. Every time he comes he complains about the railroad fare having gone up. He seldom takes me any place except to the beach or the movies. He works out of town and is only able to come home once every two weeks. Every time he comes he complains about the railroad fare having gone up. He seldom takes me any place except to the beach or the movies.

YOUNG GIRL CASHIER, PLEASE SEND ADDRESS  
If the young girl cashier who wrote me on July 25, and described herself as one of a family of nine, will send me her personal address I will give her the information she asked for.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



## LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"My dear Mrs. Woodrow: My greatest ambition is to become a writer. When I was a little girl I dreamed of it. I was a conceited little thing, and I was the more spoiled because my teachers praised me and mapped out a brilliant future for me. I remember one day after reading one of Louisa Alcott's books, I cried because I couldn't write as she did. I was only nine then; I have had time to outgrow those ambitions.

"I realize that if you hitch your wagon to a star, you are more likely to get a harrier bump when you fall than if you had hitched it to an ox. My teacher in physics would have said the velocity was greater. "There are many girls and boys who can write a little, or think they can write a little, and are more likely to get a harrier bump when you fall than if you had hitched it to an ox. My teacher in physics would have said the velocity was greater. "There are many girls and boys who can write a little, or think they can write a little, and are more likely to get a harrier bump when you fall than if you had hitched it to an ox. My teacher in physics would have said the velocity was greater.

"But, why talk of writing? Why even think of it? I am going to take up another occupation. I have to write a short story, and it won't be a prize. I had never attempted one before. Many girls when congratulating me said: 'Isn't it nice?' I wrote a short story, and it won't be a prize. I had never attempted one before. Many girls when congratulating me said: 'Isn't it nice?' I wrote a short story, and it won't be a prize. I had never attempted one before. Many girls when congratulating me said: 'Isn't it nice?'

"Why did God give me a little talent? None at all would have been better. They say a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Surely a little talent is more dangerous. "I thought that I had outgrown ambition, but I have not. But, oh, I would rather be a dull clod than the bundle of wild desires that I am. "This may seem like petulance to you, but it's a real trouble to me. Yours sincerely, "HAZEL."

My dear Hazel, why be so humble? You have not tested your own powers. You have had nothing to discourage you so far, except your own self-depreciation. And yet you give up the game before you begin to play.

I am not urging you to become a writer. Heaven forbid! For I know nothing of your capabilities. Your talent may be as small as you think in that direction. But, whatever you set out to do, whatever the issues that face you, stand up to the undertaking in a spirit of true sportsmanship.

Why claim defeat instead of victory? Why predicate failure instead of success? And, above all, don't lessen your abilities by depreciating them. There is a vast difference between conceit and a fair appreciation of one's powers. Self-depreciation and self-pity are two very great sins.

Why should you, a young girl, prepare to go through life murmuring mournfully: "It might have been!" It is a silly, sentimental idea to hold of one's self. The Might-Have-Beens sob and sigh, but if you will consider them you will find they were too lazy to really dig and grind, too egotistical to stand hard

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## Sugar Savers

An excellent apple sauce can be made without sugar and kept for some time if placed in a crock or glass jar with open mouth, sealed with paraffin as jellies are.

Wash apples, rim spots out do not peel, cut into quarters and core. Put into saucepan with very little water and cook down until they mash easily. Crush to a fine consistency, spread on large platters or clean mixing board, protect from flies and insects by cheesecloth or wire netting, and leave in the sun to dry until the surface seems sealed. The mixture should be spread thin so that the sun penetrates it and dries it out. Two or three days will be sufficient if he sun shines brightly. When dry cut in squares or with a round cutter to fit size of the jar to be packed in, and pack one layer on top of another until container is filled. Melt paraffin and pour over the top of container to seal.

## Dandruff Soon Ruins the Hair

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips. By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it. You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.



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## MULE TEAM BORAX

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