# 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 XXXIX.

A telegram came for Jim the next morning just after he had gone to work.

My husband and I never opened each other's letters. But this was different; and, after pondering over the matter for several minutes, I decided that a telegram demanded immediate attention—so I opened it.

And because of what I read there I set about dusting and scrubbing and putting my little home in such marvelous order that I had actually just finished with the four rooms when Jim came home.

"Tired, dear?" I asked sympathetically, I was a bit tired myself.

"A little. But an hour or two alone with you in this little nest of ours would rest me all right," answered Jim, tilting up my chin for his kiss.

Then I remembered the telegram. I gave it to Jim, and he read it quietly. He looked up with eyes aglow.

"Virginia and Phoebe get in from Chicago at 10:10!"

"I know, dear—I opened the message, I thought I ought to. I hope you don't mind."

Jim dismissed that as trifling—unimportant in the face of his news.

"Virginia's coming!" he said, looking at me as if to see whether I understood how much that meant to him. Then his glance eluded me. It seemed to travel away where I could not follow—back to the youth he had shared with his sister Virginia. I suppose. I slipped into the kitchen and left him to his dreaming.

Neal did not come home until after seven. He brought with him a faint aroma, but I dared not ask him if he had been drinking. My face betrayed me, however, for he grinned at me impishly and said:

"Don't preach. Babbsie. Evvy called round at the office for me. We took a little spin and then stopped for a 'sup of tay'—only the 'tay' was a mint julep for mine. It gave me an appetite, too. Dinner ready?"

"It will be in a little while, dear. Jim's shaving now and putting on clean linen. His sisters are coming this evening.

"His sisters? Didn't know he had any folks." Neal replied indifferently. It was just on the tip of my tongue to tell him that Pat Dalton was Virginia's husband, when Jim came in fairly beaming.

"Hear the news, Neal? Virginia and Phoebe came in to-night."

It was the first time he had called Neal anything except "Hyland"—and the boy responded to his jovial tone with delight.

"Great! I'm tickled to death to hear it. I'll be glad to show the girls the town."

Jim laughed.

"Virginia is a married woman—twenty-nine, Neal— a bit old for you, eh? And Phoebe is a kid. But thanks just the same, lad."

Jim's friendliness gave Neal courage to advance a bit further. And when we had finished serving up the dinner and were cheerfully devouring our veal chops and baked potatoes he suddenly burst out:

"Say Jim, could you lend me a fiver. I'm pretty near stony."

Jim scowled:

"Out of cash already, Neal? This is only Tuesday. Saturday's pay-day, isn't it?"

"Yep," replied Neal tersely, ready to be on the defensive.

"Well, you're flinging money around pretty fast. Sorry, but I can't encourage you in this extravagance."

"You won't give me the fiver?" asked Neal.

"No."

My brother rose in a fury:

"I've got to have the money. I'll pay you back."

"Sorry," Jim said again grimly.

Neal turned to me with twitching lips:

"I've got to have the money. Will you lend it to me, Anne?"

I went into the bedroom, took the ten dollars Neal had given me from its hiding-place and brought it in to my brother. He picked up one of the five-dollar bills and flew from the apartment. I wonder if he knew it was his own money I gave him.

Jim gazed at Neal's empty place silently for a moment. But when he spoke it was not of my brother.

"Poor little girl—giving up her savings!" he said sadly. "I didn't have the money to spare, dear; but I couldn't tell Neal that. I've only a little money on hand, and since I can't offer Virginia the hospitality of my home I want to take her to a hotel and pay her bills. That's the least a man can do for his own sister."

I wanted to reply that what I had done was also the least I could do for my brother, but humiliation gripped me as I realized that it was my extravagant young brother who was costing Jim his chance to offer his sisters a home.

But I dared not risk putting that into words, and Jim, too, was repressing emotions that must not be expressed, so we finished our dinner in a silence that remained unbroken until we found a safe temporary outlet in washing the dishes.

It was nine by the time we were through. There was just time for me to make myself fine and start for the station with Jim—I wondered if he would ask me to go.

He came into the bedroom with me and began limping heavily up and down the room, while I smoothed my hair. At last he spoke jerkely:

"I think I'll start alone, Anne. I want to walk. I'm a bit jumpy. You know I haven't seen Virginia since I went to France; she's never seen me—hobbling around on this game foot of mine."

"Go along, dear," I contrived to say steadily—brightly even—in spite of my longings to be asked to go with him. But he kissed me good-by without speaking the words I wanted to hear.

Without the least effort I could have indulged in "a good cry," but I took myself sternly in hand and tried to laugh instead.

"Barbara Anne, you bathe your eyes in ice-water instead of drenching them in briny tears!" I admonished myself sternly.

When that was done I put on the lavender dress that belongs to the Anne who is Jim's "orchid lady" and then sat down with a plump basket of Jim's socks.

Two unhappy hours dragged slowly by. Lonely hours—hours filled with little fears and terrifying premonitions. But when I heard Jim's key in the lock, I steadied myself and rose and crossed to the door with a smile of welcome winging its way from my heart itself to my lips. I would try to make Jim proud of me.

The door opened. Through a haze I saw three figures dimly. I heard Jim's voice—it seemed to come from far away:

"Anne—here are your new sisters. This is Virginia—this Phoebe."

A tall, beautiful woman came forward and took my hand in her gloved one. Virginia Dalton looked startlingly like my Jim. I could have loved her at once for that. But her black-lashed gray eyes appraised me calmly, unemotionally—and she kissed my cheek.

Then a demure little girl sidled up to me. In a flash I saw appealing hazel eyes up-curving at the outer corners; soft, creamy kin, a clear-cut nose that tilted up and teased her short upper lip after it, and a dimpled chin. Then I was caught in eager arms and hugged with childish abandon.

"My new sister! You will be a real sister, won't you, Anne?" she cried half shyly, half passionately, and pressed her lips to mine.

And as I held her close and murmured:

"Yes, dear. Indeed, yes. I am your sister already, Phoebe."

I looked up and caught Virginia Dalton's eyes fixed on us with a strange mixture of amusement, scorn and doubt in their depths—and my heart sank."

(To Be Continued)


### Try Making Your Own Cough Remedy

You can save about $2, and have a better remedy than the ready-made kind. Easily done.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ 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.



## VEGETABLE TEA FOR CONSTIPATION

Thousands of families brew it at home and keep well.

Sick headache, nervousness, sallow skin and drowsiness are nearly always caused by constipation and can easily be conquered by the use of Dr. Carter's K. and B. Tea.

Brew it at home the same as you would the regular mealtime tea and drink a cupful just before you go to bed.

A small package will last a long time and any druggist will tell you that he has been selling it for years and that many people swear by it. Drink it for inactive liver and clogged up bowels. You'll like it.

Being purely vegetable and gentle in action, it is fine for children and nearly all of them like it.



## RHEUMATISM LEAVES YOU FOREVER

**Deep Seated Uric Acid Deposits Are Dissolved and the Rheumatic Poison Starts to Leave the System Within Twenty-four Hours**

Every druggist in this county is authorized to say to every rheumatic sufferer in this vicinity that if two bottles of Allenrhu, the sure conqueror of rheumatism, does not stop all agony, reduce swollen joints and do away with even the slightest twinge of rheumatic pain, he will gladly return your money without comment.

Allenrhu has been tried and tested for years, and really marvelous results have been accomplished in the most severe cases where the suffering and agony was intense and piteous and where the patient was helpless.

Allenrhu relieves at once. Immediately after you start to take it the good work begins. It searches out the uric acid deposits, dissolves the secretions and drives rheumatic poison out of the body through the kidneys and bowels.

It's marvelous how quickly it acts. Blessed relief often comes in two days, and even in cases where the suffering is most painful all traces disappear in a few days. G. A. Gorgas can supply you.


## Bringing Up Father :-: :-: Copyright, 1918, International News Service :-: :-: By McManus

## Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

My home is in the Middle West, and it seemed to me when I was home among my own people that if I could only come to Washington and do war work my cup of happiness would be running over.

Finally I got the opportunity and I rushed to Washington with a feeling that I can only describe as consecration. I was going to do something definite for my country, I was going to help win the war.

The government bureau to which I was assigned seemed to my frantic eagerness to be conducting its affairs in a somewhat leisurely fashion. They all worked industriously enough during office hours, but I wanted to come back and work nights and begin at seven in the morning. My chief told me he had seen them like that before, and they always got over it in time.

At any rate, I soon got the feeling that the war was not waiting for me to win it. And with that came a curious letting down of my energies, my work grew irksome and I began to miss my friends in the Middle Western town where we used to have such good times. I began to realize that I was a stranger among strangers; that I was living in cramped and uncomfortable quarters, eating at cheap restaurants, and my part in winning the war appeared to be negligible.

A horrible feeling of loneliness overcame me; no one seemed to care whether I lived or died; no one spoke to me—and the work I was doing was not very important.

When I finished my crying spell, and it lasted nearly all one Sunday, I wanted to take the first train home. I had a useful place in that small community, even if I were a superfluity in the National Capital. But I was ashamed to let them know "back home" that I had made a fizzle of things. Perhaps fizzle is not the right word, but I had not been necessary to my country and it took every cent I made to live in the utmost discomfort.

**A Difficult Question**

What was the use of this "martyrdom?" If I were doing anything vital it would have been different, but anyone—someone who needed it more than I, perhaps—could do this work as well.

On the streets and in restaurants I would see men who attracted my attention, and the lawless half of my brain would urge me to speak to them, but the respectable half would say: "Anne Veronica, you are not that sort of girl." And Anne Veronica, true to her respectable traditions, would go home to her wretched hall bedroom and weep for hours.

That is my story up to date, Miss Fairfax. I have remained true to my conventional upbringing, but I am beginning to ask myself what is the use of this, when I am eating out my heart with loneliness? I am just a human girl; I want companions of my own age, and I want—don't shudder at my brazen candor—I want a beau. I want to go about with a man of my own age, preferably in uniform, who will tell me what a good pal I am and that I am pretty.

Do you think it would be very bad if I spoke to some of them? I don't want to be anything but what I am—a good girl. But I want companionship—and youth— yes, and I want a beau.

ANNE VERONICA.

Don't expect me to be scandalized, Anne Veronica, because I am not in the least. I am only very sorry that you neglected to send me your address, and more than sorry that, like Cinderella's fairy godmother, I can't appear on the scene, wave my wand over you and bring on the fairy prince—in a uniform, of course.

I think you are an honest and delightfully frank young person, and I know this temporaryunhappiness is only the preface to better things. I would not lose a moment in remedying the blunders you have made in getting properly acquainted. But, at the same time, I shouldn't speak to any possible Prince Charming I met on the street or in a restaurant without an introduction.

"All the king's horses and all the king's men" could never quite persuade him that Anne Vronica was not addicted to that sort of thing. He might learn to appreciate your fine qualities, he might even learn to love you, but way off, in some remote corner of his brain, there would dwell that rankling thought that you had "picked him up."

**The Practical Part**

Now for the practical part of getting acquainted in the inhospitable National Capital—or any other city for that matter where a girl goes as a stranger to make her way. Recall your list of relatives, friends, acquaintances even—and if there is one among them whom you remember as having friends in the city where you are taking root ask for a letter of introduction. Say you are working there, that you know no one and would greatly appreciate the opportunity of meeting people.

If this does not bring the desired results, join some one of the girls' clubs that are now a feature of nearly every city. I know of several in New York, and they are genuine social centers. They have delightful dances that are given as much for the entertainment of the soldiers as for the girls.

At any one of these clubs you will be properly introduced to the right sort of young men, and if you enjoy dancing you can dance to your heart's content.

You can also enroll yourself at your own church, or any other church, as willing to serve on one of the various entertainment committees. These look after the comfort and amusement of soldiers who, like yourself, are strangers in the city.

If you can sing or play the piano they will be delighted to have your help. I know of one church where the boys spend Sunday afternoons, not in singing hymns—but in singing rollicking war songs. Afterwards they have coffee, sandwiches and ice cream and the church hostesses are always delighted to find girls who are willing to help wait on the soldiers.

So you see, my dear girl, you have not gone about getting acquainted in the right way, if you have been playing role of "Mariana in the Moated Grange." Never were there such opportunities for girls to be useful and, at the same time, to have a good time. Perhaps without realizing it you have been a bit aloof with your fellowworkers and when they try to get acquainted with you maybe you make it difficult.

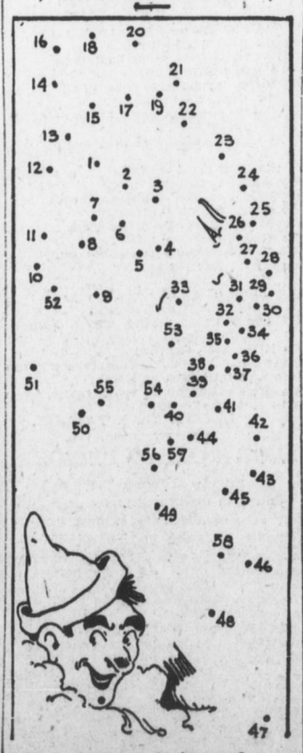
Unfortunately work is the portion of every one who achieves. We must work to live. work to make friends—unless we are very exceptional—and then work to keep them. It's a pretty safe thing to say that anything worth having must be worked for—and worked for good and hard.

## COL. ROOSEVELT GETS PART OF PLANE QUENTIN USED

New York, Oct. 29.—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was presented yesterday with a portion of the seat of the airplane which his son, Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, was killed in while flying in France.

The gift was made by Arthur E. Hungerford, a returned Y. M. C. A. official.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## Bacon on Picnics

Of course we do ship pork, but we may have some bacon once in awhile if we are not extravagant. Here's just a bit to consider. Is it the best thing to take on your fall picnics? Ordinarily it is cooked upon a stick and all that valuable fat drips, drips, drips into the fire, with nothing to show for it but a sudden blaze here and there. Would our thrifty grandmothers have stood for anything like that in Civil War days? Aren't we engaged in a war where things like "fats" ccunt at all? Entirely apart from their use in cooking, fats are needed for explosives and for coap making. There is no fat in the world to be thrown away. Can't you cook your bacon in a frying pan and save the fat which fries out or else take something else like wienerwursts on your picnics?

## Paris Shopkeepers Label Clothes 'Woodrow Wilson'

Paris.—The name of President Wilson has supplanted those of King George V, of England, and of the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia as a label for popular styles of men's wearing apparel in the Paris shops.

"I went to my tailor's to order a new suit, a blue serge, the sort of thing I've been wearing the last twenty years," writes a humorous contributor to L'Oeuvre, "and that worthy called out to the bookkeeper 'One Woodrow Wilson suit,' adding, in explanation to me, "That's the name of the goods.'

"Then I went to the shirtmaker's where I selected some shirts that only differed from those I used to buy before the war in costing $4 instead of $1.60, and I heard the salesman announce 'Six President Wilson shirts.'

"My new boots, comfortable, but devoid of elegance, bear branded upon their soles the name of the United States President.

"My hatter showed me a hat of the very shape that before the war we called 'Tyrolean,' and paid three times less for). The Tyrol has lost caste, and these hats to-day are 'Wilson's, although they were 'George Fifths' during the first years of the war.

## Air Holes in New Quarter Make It Ring Like Bogus

Washington. — A shiny new quarter that rings "dead" is not necessarily counterfeit. In fact, the chances are that it is only one of the coins containing minute airholes which have slipped past inspection tests of the mints recently. The slight imperfection, invisible to the eye, makes a coin "plunk" like lead.

The treasury secret service recently has received several of these quarters from persons who believe they had discovered bogus coins. In each case a good quarter was returned and the "dead" money sent to the mint.

## Has Nine Brothers and Husband in War

Chicago. — At a large commercial school in Chicago, studying office work so as to do her part in the war, is a French woman who has nine brothers and a husband in the fighting forces of the Allies.

She is Mrs. Alice Carter, whose husband, W. J. Carter, although considerably over the draft age is a veteran of the Boer War, is now in the United States aviation service in Texas. He is an expert machinist and was formerly in the automobile repair business in Chicago.

Carter, who is of English birth, married Alice Latour in Paris eight years ago and then came to America, where he was naturalized. He also has three brothers fighting in the Western front.

"Unless one of my brothers is killed I will know nothing about them except indirectly," said Mrs. Carter. "Wounds are so—what do you say?—the common thing that we do not fuss over them any more. When a French soldier is wounded it is merely part of the day's work and he only mentions it casually."


**LUNG** Sufferers, write today for my words of value FREE about Weak Lungs and how to treat Lung Troubles. Address M. Beaty, M. D., 102 Cincinnati, O.



## DRUGGISTS!! PLEASE NOTE VICK'S VAPORUB OVERSOLD DUE TO PRESENT EPIDEMIC

Tremendous Demand Last Few Days Has Wiped Out Excess Stocks That We Had Estimated Would Last Until Next January. Last Week's Orders Called for One and Three Quarter Million Jars—Today's Orders Alone Amount to 932,459 Jars.

Big Shipments Are En Route to Jobbers. Until These Arrive There May Be a Temporary Shortage. All Deals Postponed — Buy in Small Lots Only.

RETAILERS CAN GET IMMEDIATE SHIPMENTS DIRECT BY PARCEL POST

This advertisement is written on Monday, October 21. It is directed to the attention of all distributors of Vick's VapoRub, both wholesale and retail. In an emergency such as the present epidemic, our duty—and your duty—is to distribute VapoRub in the quickest possible manner to those sections stricken by Influenza. We, therefore, call your careful attention to the following:

**DANGER OF SHORTAGE IF SUPPLY IS NOT CONSERVED**

On October 1st we had on hand, at our factory and in twenty warehouses scattered over the country, sufficient VapoRub to last us, we thought, until January 1, allowing for a 50 per cent. increase over last year's sales, and not counting our daily output. This big excess stock had been accumulated during the summer months.

Then this epidemic of Spanish Influenza hit us—and in the last ten days this stock has vanished. At first we thought this tremendous demand would last only a few days, but the orders have run:

Wed., Oct. 16—18,504 dozen.
Thur., Oct. 17—25,323 dozen.
Fri., Oct. 18—39,256 dozen.
Sat., Oct. 19—45,833 dozen.
Mon., Oct. 21—77,705 dozen.

Up to Saturday, October 19th, we have actually shipped for this month $400,284.10, or over two million jars of VapoRub.

**THE PROBLEM NOW IS TO DISTRIBUTE VAPORUB QUICKLY**

Most of this tremendous quantity is still en route to the jobbers, but freight and express are both congested nowadays, and it may be some time before this supply reaches the jobbers. In the meantime, therefore, it is necessary that we distribute, as widely as possible, the stock that we are manufacturing daily, together with that now on the jobbers' and retailers' shelves, in order that it may get to the Influenza districts quickly. Our normal output is about 4,000 dozen per day. We are putting on a night shift, but it will be a little while before that is producing.

**WHAT WE ASK THE WHOLESALE DRUGGIST TO DO**

Last Saturday we notified all of our jobbers, by special delivery, as follows:

1st—Deals and quantity shipments of all kinds are cancelled. Fill no quantity orders of any kind, whether taken by our salesmen or by your own. Sell in small lots only.

2nd—Order from us in as small quantities as possible. If you are out we will try to ship a limited amount by parcel post or express, and pay the charges ourselves.

3rd—In order to make distribution still quicker, we will ship direct to your retail customers quantities not more than three (3) dozen 30c size at any one shipment.

4th—We are now out of the 60c size and will be for the next ten days.

**WHAT WE ASK THE RETAIL DRUGGIST TO DO**

Buy in as small quantities as possible. If you have any quantity orders, given the jobber's salesmen or given to our salesmen, don't bother about them—no need to write us—it is absolutely impossible to fill these orders at this time. If the jobbers in your territory are out of Vick's VapoRub, we will ship you by parcel post, prepaid, quantities not more than three (3) dozen 30c size in any one order. Naturally, we can't open accounts at this time, so your check or money order for this amount must accompany order. Don't write us stating to ship through your jobber, as we then have to wait until we write this jobber and get his O. K. If you wish the goods to come through your jobber, have him order them for you.

**SNOWED UNDER WITH CORRESPONDENCE**

Our force has already been "shot to pieces"—twenty-four of our men are wearing Uncle Sam's khaki—and this recent rush has simply buried us. All our sales force has been called in to help in the office and factory. We just mention this so you won't hold it against us if your wires and letters aren't answered promptly.

**SPECIAL BOOKLETS ON SPANISH INFLUENZA**

We will send, on request, to any retail druggist 100 or more little booklets, just issued, on Spanish Influenza, giving the latest information about this disease—its history—the symptoms—the treatment, and particularly the use of Vick's VapoRub as an external application to supplement the physician's treatment.

**NEW WAYS TO USE VAPORUB**

In addition to the usual method of using VapoRub—that is, applied over the throat and chest and covered with hot flannel cloths—our customers are writing us daily telling of their success in using VapoRub in other ways, particularly as a preventive. They melt a little in a spoon and inhale the vapors arising, or melt it in a benzoin steam kettle. Where the steam kettle is not available. VapoRub can be used in an ordinary teakettle. Fill the teakettle half full of boiling water, put in half a teaspoon of VapoRub from time to time—keep the kettle just slowly boiling and inhale the steam arising.

According to a bulletin just issued by the Public Health Service, Dr. Stiles, of this service, recommends that the nose be kept greased as a preventive measure against the Influenza germs. For this purpose VapoRub is excellent.

THE VICK CHEMICAL CO., Greensboro, N. C.



Monito

## What's Your Gauge of Hoisery Value

¶ Do you judge by durability—appearance—fit—comfort—price?

¶ Different makes of Hosiery lay stress upon one or another of these features. But you don't know of any other Hosiery except MONITO which "makes good" on all five counts.

¶ It takes all five to give complete satisfaction according to our idea—and MONITO Hosiery IS satisfactory Hosiery.

¶ Made right here in Harrisburg.

Silk—Silk and Lisle—Lisle
For Men and Women.
Full-Fashioned and Seamless.
Plain Colors and Refined Novelties.

For sale generally by the good stores here.

Moorehead Knitting Company, Inc. Harrisburg, Pa.

Monito — SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD



## "Brother Feels Sick! He Wants a Candy Cascaret"

To Mothers! You will avoid worry and trouble by giving your children Cascarets instead of nasty Castor Oil, Calomel and Pills. Children look upon Cascarets as Candy and never refuse them even when sick, bilious, feverish, constipated. Besides Cascarets cost only 10 cents a box.

Nothing else works the bile, sour fermentations and poisons from a child's tender stomach, liver and bowels like good old harmless Cascarets. They never gripe, never injure, never disappoint the worried mother. Give Cascarets to children aged one year and upwards. Directions on each 10 cent box.



Register NOW for a Business Course; a big rush will follow the reopening of school. Each day, new students are arranging for entrance. Make your reservation AT ONCE if you desire a seat.

## SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

Harrisburg's Accredited Business College
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