



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 XLII

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"Dread this job! Why does it have to begin in the middle of the night?" growled Jim as he made ready to hurry off to work.

"A fellow ought to be Johnny-on-the-spot the first morning after his sisters arrive! I don't suppose the girls are awake yet, but I hate to start out for the day without even saying good morning to Virginia. You'll be sure and call her up by ten, won't you, Anne?"

But Virginia and Phoebe had left the Rochambeau when I phoned at just ten, and they hadn't said when they would be back again. So I left no message.

I stayed in all day waiting for some word from them, but none came. At six the phone rang for the first time in a long lonesome day. When I took down the receiver Jim's voice greeted me:

"I'm at the Rochambeau, Anne; got off an hour early and stopped to see Virginia. She says she hasn't heard from you all day."

There was reproach in his voice.

"Oh, Jim, dear, I phoned at ten and the operator said that Virginia and Phoebe had gone out leaving no message, so I didn't leave word either—I thought it wasn't any use!" I cried.

"I'm sorry, dear," said Jim again. "I think I'll have to make up to Virginia for our lack of attention by going with her now to look at two apartments she has seen. She can't quite decide which to take, and as I'm not free during the day she arranged with the agent to let me see them between seven and eight."

"Oh, Jim, won't you be home to support?" I gasped.

"How can I, Anne? Now, don't be unreasonable, dear. You'll not be alone; Neal will be there, won't he? So I'll have dinner with Virginia and Phoebe and then run out with them to see the apartment. That's the only thing to do, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," I agreed, but as I spoke and while Jim was saying good-bye I wondered would he have asked me to join him and his sisters even if Neal hadn't been here?

I turned away with a feeling of numbness. And it wasn't until I heard a wild buzzing a few minutes later that I realized I had forgotten to hang up the receiver. I hurried to the phone, but got the tantalizing old reply:

"There's no one on the line now. If they ring again I'll call you."

Carefully I put the receiver in its place this time and turned away, telling myself with feverish insistence that it had been Jim calling to assure me that he missed his "Princess Anne."

"Then I went to get supper." Supper, indeed, since cold meat and salad, cake and apple sauce and tea and biscuits were as much of a dinner to Neal as a formal dinner was to Jim.

I set the table for two, and while I did it I resolutely held back the foolish tears that wanted to come because the other of those "two" was only Neal. "Only Neal," indeed! Wasn't Neal my brother—the lad I had always adored?

When everything was ready I ran into my bedroom and began pressing the glass stopper of my perfume bottle across eyelids that were heavy with the delicate cologne.

"Table set for two, Babbie. Who told you I was going out?"

"With sinking heart I remembered that he had spoken of a party with Evy and Beldon! And I determined that I wouldn't spoil his evening. So I went out and kissed him cheerily.

"Didn't you speak of this party last night?" I asked.

"Yes, dear—he's over there now." Neal drew on his watch—father's hunting case gold watch.

"It's 7 now. Is Jim coming home to try to lie—but I couldn't."

"No, Neal—he isn't."

I explained about the apartments. But Neal was wild with rage—he whined to the telephone and cancelled his engagement for the evening, and then came to face me at the table, where I had seated myself at the percolator.

"It's a measly shame!" he began.

"But I interrupted him. I wanted him to realize some of the things I had figured out in the hour that had gone by since Jim's phone call—the hour I had spent in thinking—thinking hard.

"Lad, listen. I'm going to make a long speech, but I want you to get everything clear."

"Go to it," said Neal gravely.

"Virginia and Phoebe are all Neal has. They're the last of a once rich and important family. And Jim is wounded, lame, thrust out of the army he was so proud to be in. Can you think what this means to him?"

Neal bowed his head and muttered: "I can see what his darn family means—to you!"

"I did not let him see me wince as I went out."

"Jim is—poor. Neal. He hasn't much to offer his sisters. So he gives them—himself. Virginia isn't a very happy woman. I can see that back of her coldness. To her, losing her husband is like—like Jim's lameness. It brings them very close. This is the first time she has seen him since the war changed Jim, and when she comes back to him needing him most—here I am. He has to make it easy for her. They are his people, Neal—his own flesh and blood. And I'm new—I've taken him from them in a way. I couldn't begrudge Virginia a little of the love she had long before Jim knew I—was on earth. Could I?"

Neal leaped to his feet, flung his napkin to the floor and, rushing around the long table, knelt at my feet and laid his strong young arms about my waist.

"Babbie—Babbie, darling—you wonder? You have me—maybe I'm not much, but I'd—I'd just die for you. And if Jim Harrison ever hurts you, I'll—I'll kill him," he cried in his ringing young voice.

(To Be Continued)

Bringing Up Father



I WANTED YOU TO TAKE ME TO THE OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT BUT YOU ALWAYS HAVE AN EXCUSE!

THERE'S NO USE CRYIN' I'M NOT GOIN'!

BY GOLLY—AT LAST I'M COMMENCIN' TO ASSERT MESELF.

SIXTY GIRLS TONIGHT IN OH! PAPA OPERA HOUSE

MAGGIE—DARLIN'—FORGIVE ME FOR SPEAKIN' SO HARSH—I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE SHOW TONIGHT—I GOT TWO SEATS IN THE FRONT ROW—

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED



BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Four of us sat on the porch of a summer hotel watching the sea and the sky and the people. A woman in a light summer frock passed by.

"How can she look so serene and how can she bear not to wear mourning?" questioned one of the women dolefully.

"I'll tell you," replied a woman whose eyes looked understanding and upon whose face were the faint illuminating lines of experience. "She has known a great love. She and her husband over there without a tear that he saw—doubtless she shed many a one in secret—knowing well that he might not return, for his position gave him duties especially hazardous."

"The last thing he said to her was that if he were killed he would come and tell her himself; and so complete was the understanding and love and faith between them that she believed him."

"She was killed, and she says that he kept that last promise to her. That she knew of his death before the official notification reached her. Moreover, she says that she feels that he is often with her now. That is why she can smile; that is why she does not wear mourning. That is why she had an almost absent look on her face when she told me about it. She knows that he still lives—at least for her."

"And you believed her?" smiled the cynic.

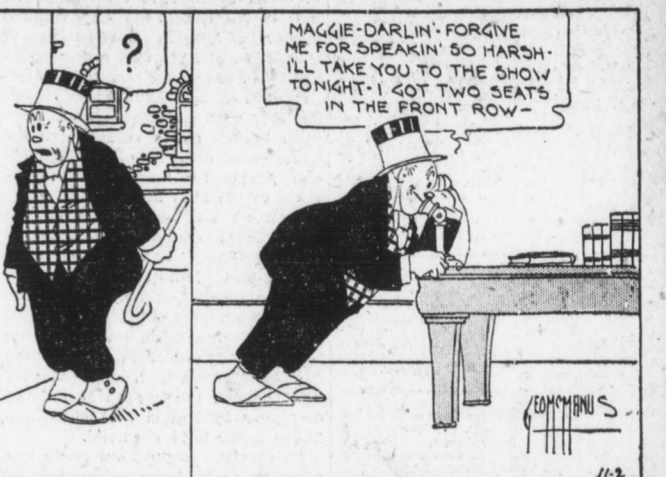
"I certainly did," was the rejoinder. "In these days I deny nothing that I hear. I am willing to believe anything, especially concerning the experiences of those who have lost their dear beloved. There is a whole world of things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, just as we grow from infancy into youth and on to maturity, but not to old age and death. As I say, I do not understand, but I am willing to hear and learn."

Mrs. French Vanderbilt Honored For Services



Mrs. French Vanderbilt has been awarded the American Liberty Medal by the Liberty Medal Committee of the American Social Science Association of the Council of the National Institute of Social Sciences. Mrs. Vanderbilt's efforts in the interests of soldiers and sailors at Atlantic ports have been untiring. The committee wrote her: "You have become a recognized leader in all that makes for sound, sane patriotism."

Advice to the Lovelorn



FAMILY SHOULD KEEP QUIET

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young woman of 30, and have worked since I was 17, always earning a good salary and giving all to my mother, and still continue to do so. I have four brothers who also take excellent care of our home and mother; all are single and do not even go out with girls. I have had a number of young men to pay attention to me, but on every occasion my mother and brothers would find some objections to them and insist upon my giving them up.

About a year ago I met a man whom I really loved; he is eight years my senior and a fine fellow, of good character and earns a fairly good salary. A few months ago he gave me a diamond ring and asked me to marry him as soon as he has a definite answer to some questions involving draft matters. Mother and brothers again began to sum up their objections, saying he had never held the luxuries I now have at home, and persuaded me to break the engagement or they would speak and break it for him a great deal. The only objection I have is that he is not as good looking as I would like him to be, although he makes a very neat appearance. All I hear my girl friends speaking of are the good-looking fellows they are going with, which I think nothing of.

I would like your opinion as to whether good looks are necessary or not.

ANXIOUS.

"Good looks" are certainly not necessary, and I wonder at your giving the subject any further consideration, especially, as you say you care for him.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Would you kindly advise me what to do. I have been going around for several years with a young man, who idolizes me and would do most anything to make me happy. He has a very fine character, not only judged by myself, but by everyone. He is also very ambitious. I respect and care for him a great deal. The only objection I have is that he is not as good looking as I would like him to be, although he makes a very neat appearance. All I hear my girl friends speaking of are the good-looking fellows they are going with, which I think nothing of.

I would like your opinion as to whether good looks are necessary or not.

ANXIOUS.

"Good looks" are certainly not necessary, and I wonder at your giving the subject any further consideration, especially, as you say you care for him.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

An unfortunate accident deprived a very dear friend of mine of the use of his right foot. A man's lameness would doubtless not even present itself as an obstacle to a woman who truly loved him. But I would not do this to him unless your reluctance completely disappears.

FASCINATION VS. LOYALTY

I am 20, and a member of the United States Navy. I have been corresponding with a girl for the past three years and we have learned to love each other. But about three weeks ago I was introduced to a fascinating girl three years my senior, and she tells me of her love for me. The first girl has written me that she has found out about this new young woman and told me that she doesn't think I ought to go with her. I think that love, that is, real true love, over-looks all obstacles, even if the obstacle be deformity?

E. E.

I think this circumstance supplies an excellent if severe test of the sincerity of your love. A man's lameness would doubtless not even present itself as an obstacle to a woman who truly loved him. But I would not do this to him unless your reluctance completely disappears.

IT'S AS OLD AS THE WORLD, this exciting dilemma in which you find yourself. Hundreds of thousands of youths before you have been asking themselves whether they should be faithful to the good, sweet girl to whom they had pledged loyalty, or whether they should surrender to the bewitching arts of some new siren who puzzled and disturbed and for the moment utterly enchanted them. Sometimes they have tried to reconcile the two attachments, as I think you have tried to do. But it can't be done.

The fascinating woman who has the great advantage of being older than you has succeeded in disenchanted you with your first love, and you come in time to be absolutely sure that this is so. I am afraid you'll have to own to it and let the old business follow. I imagine, however, that she has merely been flirting with you, and that you will shortly realize this and feel more than ever drawn to the girl whom you have treated badly. In that case, confess the whole thing to her and ask her for forgiveness. I think she will.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have a brother who is 17. He had been going with a girl of the same age for a long time. They are in the same class at High school, and in fact, were very much in love with each other.

Four days ago my brother learned that his girl had been receiving some attention from a student of the local college for two weeks. He asked for an explanation, but they disagreed, and since then my brother has spoken to the other. I think they still love each other, but are too proud to openly show it.

My brother has brought his troubles to me, and asked my advice. He has since started to go with another girl, but still secretly loves his former girl. He would like very much to renew his friendship with the former girl, but his pride will not permit him to make the necessary advances.

I am at a loss as to what I should do.

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

"Did She Do Right?" Don't miss Elinor Glyn's Love at First Sight Romance in next Sunday's New York American.

WOMEN DRIVE TAXICABS IN JAPAN

This war has not made it necessary, yet it has come about that women have begun to drive taxicabs in Japan. Many of them have begun work in Tokio.

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