



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

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Chapter XIV
"Don't always carry a chip on your shoulder, Anne. Of course Virginia meant to include Neal in her invitation. Aren't we three one household? Now don't put any non-sensical ideas into the boy's head, and start him to wishing motives and spitting hairs."

"Jim!" I cried, startled at the clearly implied criticism of myself. "Jim! I may have been too sensitive—but I don't have to swing to the other extreme and force my brother on people who may not like him."

"I'm swinging around, his dark hair boyishly tousled, a military brush in each hand, and enveloped me in a bear-hug.

"Gossie, darling!" There's little danger of your ever forgetting yourself where you're not wanted—and equally small danger that you won't be darn near welcome wherever you go.

"I want my sister Jennie to love you—so for my sake, won't you forget yourself and try to break through the reserve that comes pretty near being a tragedy for her!"

"I will, indeed, I will try!" I cried, putting my lips against my boy's cheek to seal my vow.

And as we clung together it came to me that Jim had broken through his own reserve and had given me a clue to Virginia's story. I wanted to follow it up—but somehow I never can cross-examine the people I love.

For I feel that they will tell me what they want me to know. I wonder if I'm wrong—and if they think I lack interest when all that fails me is courage.

So now—stupidly, perhaps—I switched the conversation, and burying my face in Jim's coat, I began to talk about the thing it is always so hard for me to discuss with my boy.

"You must have a regular allowance, Anne. I'm going to turn over the Haldane check to you each month. I wish it were more—but, at least, you can be sure of that hundred dollars. And with this game ankle of mine about all you can be sure of is the money I make—writing about it."

"Oh, Jim, tell me the truth!" I exclaimed, rushing over to the his seat. "Is that inspectorship too much for you? You must give it up at once!"

Jim laughed. "There we go—off at a tangent again. I like my job—fine. Now I'll go see how near ready young Neal is—and you stop preying me up and do a little prinking of your own."

I hurried into my very best gray chiffon—chief extravagance of my engagement days—tucked an orchid—artificial and guaranteed to last a season—into my belt, flung on my last year's coat of amethyst chin-

chilla cloth, and with a little prayer that Virginia might like Jim's lilac lady, I hurried out to join my two handsome boys.

On the way out Jim stopped at the telephone desk to leave word that he was at the Rochambeau in case Mrs. Bryce and Captain Winston called. I couldn't stifle a pang of jealous wonder. Was it Betty with whom Jim had made plans for the evening—without consulting me?

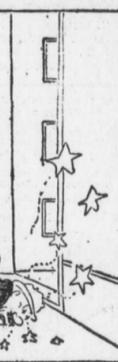
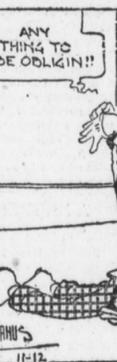
In another moment I just choked that fear to death and girded myself for the winning of Virginia.

She greeted us very graciously on our arrival—and her cordiality extended to Neal, who was too absorbed in Phoebe to notice whether or not Virginia was among those present at her own party. Things went along splendidly at first, and I began to hope that the beautiful hostess might at least like me—even if the warmer loving were several degrees removed.

After an delicious and well-chosen dinner that stayed within the war-time "three courses," Virginia suggested that we go to the little "game room" for our coffee and cordials. And when Neal followed Phoebe's lead and said he didn't want so much as a creme de menthe, I decided that this was indeed the end of a perfect day.

Everything looked peaceful and like the best lithographs of "The Happy Family." There sat Jim and Virginia and I sipping the pretty

Bringing Up Father



emerald green mint through tiny straws and chatting together with real interest, while Neal and Phoebe balanced the little tumbling figures of the odd little game called "outrage" and Phoebe clapped her hands with delight whenever her opponent juggled one of the leaden little men into the hole marked "100."

Suddenly I became aware of the fact that Jim was watching the game with avid interest, and that Virginia was watching Jim with two creases between her eyebrows.

There was something breathless about the pose of both brother and sister. But even while I was wondering what it could all be about, Jim straightened and glanced around the room and with a glad cry rushed over to greet Terry and Betty, who stood in the doorway searching, no doubt, for us.

Betty was marvelous in the jade-green she so often affects. She was as distinguished in her old, mermaid way as Virginia in her marbled Greek-staircase beauty.

"Who is that charming woman?" asked Virginia in the most enthusiastic tone I've ever heard her use to or of any one save Jim.

"Betty Bryce—she's a friend of Jim's—he met her abroad," I replied in a tone I struggled to keep even and uncolored by a new phase of the jealousy Betty always caused me.

But all during the rest of the evening that fear grew. For the Virginia who was revealed to Betty was warm, interested, gracious, anxious to please. Without effort, Betty evoked in Jim's sister a friendly warmth I had struggled in vain to summon. In a chill premonition I was myself "outside the pale" and Betty and Virginia—friends.

(To Be Continued)

Each of the half dozen, instead of faintly replying, "I don't know," would stare at me fish-eyed for a moment or two, and then stammer: "The way to Suburbia? Why, let me see. Oh, yes; you go such and such a way," giving succinct directions, which, if followed, would land one almost anywhere from Pawtucket to Pease.

And it is not from any conscious intention to mislead the inquirer. In fact, they rather hope they may be right. But, ashamed to appear ignorant, they are willing to take a gambler's chance to your expense.

I will give you another experiment of the same character. Mention some book, play, picture, newspaper article or prominent personage to any five people of your acquaintance, and, although they may all be absolutely unfamiliar with the subject you bring up, it will be a very exceptional individual who admits it. They may not openly fib, but they will so hedge and squirm and camouflage their reactions as to give all the effects of a barefaced deception.

With the great majority of us a seared conscience is far easier to bear than the mortification of avowing our ignorance. Lecturers and talkers—especially those who are the mouthpiece of some cult—constantly trade upon this weakness in human nature.

"You remember, of course, what Propertius says," they coo, and their auditors nod knowingly, although it is probably the first time they ever heard of Propertius in their lives, and no one outside of a dry-as-dust bookworm could possibly be expected to remember any statement he ever made.

"But is it in the fields of folly that this dread of betraying ignorance reaches its rankest growth. The sternest-soiled and most blameworthy Roman matron is flattered at being accused as a flirt. She will bridge and slant her eyes in the endeavor to appear subtle even while she denies the imputation. "Never have I known a man who did not claim to be an adept at mixing a mint julep, although he probably did not know a single one of the ingredients required outside of the mint."

The other day in a public conveyance I overheard a discussion between two men on the evils of gambling. Finally, in disgust at some rash statement which was made, one of them exclaimed:

"Why, I don't believe you know what a tonk looks like."

"Oh, no," replied the other with obvious sarcasm. "Never saw one in all my life."

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LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

There are people who would rather be convicted of any one of the seven deadly sins than to confess their justifiable ignorance of some perfectly simple and immaterial matter.

That is partly the reason there is so much wrong information in the world.

If I wanted to go to one of the suburbs of New York and were to inquire my way of the first half dozen men I should meet, the chances are that I would get exactly six totally different answers, and none of them correct.

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Why do we labor so hard to make people think us worse than we are? We feel that we can afford almost

anything better than to appear unsophisticated. We would die rather than be called a "boob." Innocence is the last virtue to which we aspire.

Yet none of us can know everything. And each of us knows some one thing better than anybody else in the world. It may be a very simple, little thing—merely one slant or angle of a certain subject or question. But that is our talent, and instead of cultivating it and priding ourselves upon its possession we will nine times out of ten hide it away in a napkin, while we air the empty bubbles of our pretenses.

I have never yet found a man or woman uninteresting when he was talking simply and unaffectedly about the thing he really knew. It is only when they get launched upon their hobbies or fads, or pound the table and grow red in the face over things of which they know little or nothing, that they become boring and nauseating.

And what a tangled web of deception one is lured into by all this pretense! "You are familiar with

such and such an author?" someone asks, and either tacitly or openly you indicate that you are. Then comes the question, "What did you think of the way the heroine acted in his last book?" and immediately you are in a bog and have to stumble around frenziedly in the effort to extricate yourself. How much easier simply to admit one's ignorance, and so be in a position to ask questions and possibly gain valuable information.

How much easier! Ah, that to most of us is the hardest thing in the world! We try to make the very skim milk of our knowledge masquerade as cream. We like to have it appear that there is nothing in the heavens above, in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth or on Broadway—especially in Broadway—that we do not know.

And usually we make a mess of it.

HUN TROOPS RETIRING
With the American Army on the Sedan, Nov. 12.—Germans who came into the American line late yesterday said their orders had been to retire with as little delay as possible. They added that they had expected to be back in their homes in Germany a week from Sunday.

ARMY STRENGTH TO DATE
Washington, Nov. 12.—The American Army had reached a total

strength of 3,764,677 men when hostilities ceased, according to official figures at the War Department. Of that number 2,200,000 had been sent to France, Italy or Russia. The remainder were under arms in camps in this country.

Washing Won't Rid Head of Dandruff

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.

Do this tonight, and 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 or trace of it; no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop at once, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better than it ever did.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.

WRIGLEY'S

Help Our Boys—Give to United War Work Nov. 11-18

We will win this war—Nothing else really matters until we do!

Be patient here—Our Boys are getting **WRIGLEY'S** over there!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT

Plenty of Milk Each Day

Two general maxims should be learned by the people of the United States: "Every adult should have at least a third of a quart of milk each day," and "no family of five should buy any meat until it has bought three quarts of milk."

One reason for urging the use of much milk, is that it is our best source of certain mineral salts, notably lime, which the body needs. It is so easy to use milk in cooking that one scarcely needs these reminders of different ways; from the United States Food Administration.

For Breakfast—Milk to drink on cocoa, on cereal, milk or creamed toast.

For Lunch, Dinner or Supper—Milk soups and chowders, oyster stew, cottage cheese, creamed sauces for vegetables, meat, etc., custards, ice creams, sherbets, blanc manges, rice puddings, tapioca puddings, junket, in all baking and in milk drinks, such as malted milk, egg nog, etc.

No "Fourth Meal"

Patriots are not having fourth meals. Three meals a day are enough. A fourth meal uses some of the food that should be on its way across the Atlantic in cargo ships—food that this country has pledged itself to send.

When the country pledges itself, that means you. One way to keep the pledge is to stay away from afternoon teas, when you have had a good luncheon and expect to have a good dinner a few hours later at home.

Other fourth meals are late suppers, church suppers, some banquets and club luncheons. When these meals take the place of the regular luncheon or dinner or supper there can be no objection to them as long as they follow the regulations of the food administration. In that case they are not a "fourth meal," but one of the three necessary daily meals.

If you belong to a club or church or society that is planning any kind of banquet or luncheon see to it that this meal is a third and not a fourth. The fourth is no more necessary than a fifth-wheel on a wagon.

King George Rejoices to See Dawn of Peace

London, Nov. 12.—Speaking from the balcony of Buckingham palace to the crowd celebrating the signing of the armistice, King George said:

"With you I rejoice. Thank God for the victories which the Allies' armies have won and have brought hostilities to an end. Peace is within sight."

Crowd Tries to Smash Statue of the Kaiser

Paris, Nov. 12.—During revolutionary disorders at Cologne, a crowd tried to demolish with machine gun fire a statue of William II, but finally contented itself by mauling the statue and placing upon it a card inscribed, "A Good Journey."

It is reported that Prince Henry of Prussia has fled to Denmark, taking with him his personal fortune.

Why Compare Beef and Coal Profits?

Swift & Company has frequently stated that its profit on beef averages only one-fourth of a cent a pound, and hence has practically no effect on the price.

Comparison has been made by the Federal Trade Commission of this profit with the profit on coal, and it has pointed out that anthracite coal operators are content with a profit of 25 cents a ton, whereas the beef profit of one-fourth of a cent a pound means a profit of \$5.00 a ton.

The comparison does not point out that anthracite coal at the seaboard is worth at wholesale about \$7.00 a ton, whereas a ton of beef of fair quality is worth about \$400.00 wholesale.

To carry the comparison further, the 25 cent profit on coal is 3 1/2 per cent of the \$7.00 value.

The \$5.00 profit on beef is only 1 1/4 per cent of the \$400.00 value.

The profit has little effect on price in either case, but has less effect on the price of beef than on the price of coal.

Coal may be stored in the open air indefinitely; beef must be kept in expensive coolers because it is highly perishable and must be refrigerated.

Coal is handled by the carload or ton; beef is delivered to retailers by the pound or hundred weight.

Methods of handling are vastly different. Coal is handled in open cars; beef must be shipped in refrigerator cars at an even temperature.

Fairness to the public, fairness to Swift & Company, fairness to the packing industry, demands that these indisputable facts be considered. It is impossible to disprove Swift & Company's statement, that its profits on beef are so small as to have practically no effect on prices.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.
Harrisburg Local Branch, Seventh & North Streets
F. W. Covert, Manager

1 Ton of Beef Value \$400.00 Profit \$5.00 or 1 1/4%
1 Ton of Coal Value \$7.00 Profit \$25 or 3 1/2%

