

Reading for Women and the Family

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE
A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER XLIX

(Copyright, 1918, by King Syndicate)
"Folks, you're all invited to dine wherever Evvy designates. I've just kenneped up almost two hundred on her hunch about that Yankee Kid Greyson," cried Jim in a voice of triumph.

He had rallied from the momentary collapse caused by his shock of happiness at the victory of the boy on whom he had staked all his money for the week to come. And this was his reply to Evvy's little murmur: "You can just take me to dinner!"

Was this big party what Evvy had intended? I looked at her face—her lips smiled, her wide blue eyes told nothing.

Jim was all animation now. As everything about him had twitched when he was waiting for the verdict of success or loss, so now he seemed to fairly dance in every pulse and fibre.

Betty and Terry didn't appear to share in the general rejoicing, but rather to draw close in a common cause. Virginia also was quiet and subdued. I wondered if she felt any of the terror that seemed to be actually tearing at my dry throat.

I realized they all had some knowledge they wished to hide from me. It was almost too late for that now. But whatever their attitude toward the means by which he had made his little store of wealth no one had the heart to deny Jim's right to be host to our party.

"Where do we go, Evvy?" asked Jim. "With a little air of importance, Evvy laid her hand on his arm: "Shall we have a committee meeting about it, Jimmy boy?"

There was no refusing her wistful eyes, her quivering lips, the little note of pleading in her husky voice. Jim leaned down to her.

And the rest of us shuffled about a bit impatiently, while the crowd began to surge by and make for the winning car, and the cameras focussed on the grinning "Yankee Kid."

At last Evvy jumped to her feet, eyes a-dance. "We're going round to the Bay, good people," she exclaimed. You follow our car while we direct Captain Winston to an adorable little inn where we can have a table out on the balcony and a dinner."

Evvy's voice trailed off into a whisper and she kissed me encouragingly but she stiffened again to remoteness as if I had failed to understand—and the moment passed.

Sheldon towered above Virginia protectively. He was completely satisfied with the day's events. "Lead on, Fair Evlyn—we follow," he chanted, burlesque fashion.

through Evvy fell silent. I wondered what thoughts followed so close on the prattling she had hushed. I peered around Jim's arm and found her smiling through narrowed eyes.

"Hurry, Jim; hurry! I think I see some one I know"—again her voice trailed off.

Through a gap in the crowd I caught a glimpse of a familiar figure, such a bulky large in the holiday throng. It was Tom Mason. And near him was a gray-haired figure at once strange and familiar.

"Do hurry a bit, Jimmie-boy. There's good old cousin Tom. Just back from camp, I'll wager—and Evvy wants to see her big cousin. Do push harder for Evvy, who tipped you to the 'Yankee Kid'—Jimmie boy!" pleaded Evlyn in her little throaty, trembling voice.

Jim turned to Sheldon, who was just back of us with Virginia. "Come on, Shelly—help me with a center rush. Evvy sees her cousin and she wants to welcome him home."

Sheldon, laughing like a boy planning to wiggle into the circus tent, put Virginia's hand in mine and said, "Virginia's hand twined close and warm in response. For the moment I was overjoyed, but only for the moment."

Then Jim and Sheldon "bucked the line" again. It heaved around then and closed, pushing us out into the open with them on a grassy spot near the cars. Just to the right, peering at the parked automobiles, was Tom Mason, and with him the gray-haired man.

"Tom! Tom!" cried Evvy, in a surprisingly penetrating voice. He turned and came toward us. His companion followed.

Virginia's hand turned icy in my clasp. With a jerk, she withdrew it. "Tom! Tom!" cried Evvy, in a surprisingly penetrating voice. He turned and came toward us. His companion followed.

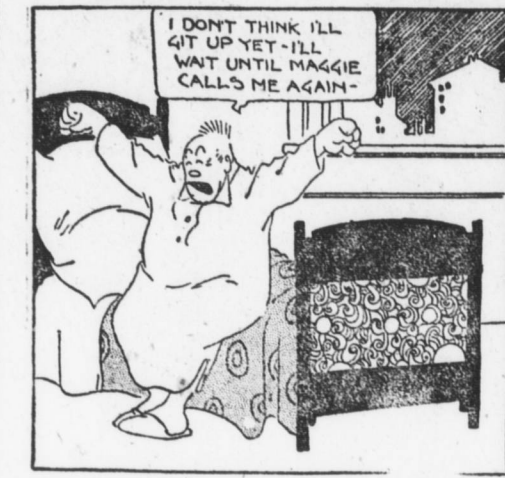
Tom Mason's companion was her husband—"Pat Dalton!" There was nowhere for Virginia to go, nothing for her to do. The rest of our party were somewhere behind in the press of people surging on.

Tom fairly hurled himself upon us in greeting—and a yard or two behind sauntered handsome Pat Dalton in his careless fashion. I flashed my eyes around to Evvy. She was biting one corner of her red mouth, but he seemed bubbling with laughter that brimmed up to the corners of her narrowed eyes.

Pat Dalton was within three feet of us now. His glance roamed the crowd. Then it turned to "Tom's friends"—and focussed on Virginia. A flash! Then a glared curtain over his eyes. A quiver of the nostrils, like the quivering of a sensitive, thoroughbred horse.

Then Pat Dalton turned on his heel, and the crowd closed about him. (To Be Continued.)

Bringing Up Father



LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Why do mothers teach their children to be afraid?

We all know that they do. Most of us had carefully graded lessons in fear throughout our childhood. And we've seen this kind of education going on all about us ever since.

Fear is the easiest thing in the world to learn, and the hardest to unlearn. So it's a very poor service to a naturally fearless child to teach it to shrink and run away.

I know a healthy little boy of six who has never been afraid of the dark. He is accustomed to going to bed alone in a dark room and sleeping peacefully all night long.

Recently, his mother being away, a relative with children of her own came to take care of the child. All day long she warned the little boy of things that might happen him.

There wasn't any form of infant disaster that she forgot to mention. She told him of all the accidents that had befallen her own children, of all the things they didn't like and were afraid of, of all the things they wouldn't do and wouldn't eat.

At the end of a week the little boy was entirely changed. He had learned, among other things, to be afraid of the dark. He would no longer go to bed without a light in the room. And if he awoke at any time during the night he expected to call out and receive an answer or else rouse and thoroughly awaken the whole household.

Naturalists tell us that even animals of apparently hostile species are not afraid of each other instinctively, as we used to believe. They are patiently taught fear by their elders, just as human babies are. Normal, well children are not born with fears. They acquire them.

Girls have, of course, fared a good deal worse than boys in this respect, through having been kept so much more closely at home. It is girls alone who have been taught that most absurd and artificial of fears, the fear of mice. If there is a gentle and unaggressive living creature, it is a mouse. It would be quite as sensible to be afraid of a goldfish, or a sparrow.

It might be a little harder to make out a case for the harmless-ness of snakes, though it is certainly very foolish to tremble at the sight of one. Since we know that there are very few dangerous

snakes, and that most of us pass our lives without encountering one of them, wouldn't the really wise parent teach children how slight a cause there really is no fear?

The Feather Pillow Brigade Then there is the matter of terrors. A mother who is not ashamed of communicating fears often starts the family of self-defense drill at the mere sight of a black cloud gathering. Every door and window is closed tight. Every child is armed with a feather pillow. Then the whole group is mustered and taken to the cellar while countless stories are told of victims of lightning strokes.

By the time the tempest is over the children are so thoroughly fear-soaked that one could scarcely expect them ever to enjoy a rainy day again. For Mildred was very gay and happy this evening. Honora wondered if it was because she enjoyed Arthur's company. Then she reminded herself that Mildred had shown no special fondness for this man. In fact, she had even criticized him.

She was just now telling her host of young Hilton's departure for Canada. "Don't you think it's a fine thing for him to do, Mr. Bruce?" she demanded.

The elderly man smiled. "Yes, my dear, I do if he feels that his duty calls him. But you must remember that he has reasons for wishing to connect himself with the Allies. There's a kind of nursery phanton that has been used to frighten children into good behavior, though I hope this is no longer done. It's spoken of as a great, big, black something-or-other, the name varying with time and place, and it is supposed to seize children after dark, or bite them, or take them away some-where, if they do not just as they are told. You can make a child obedient by this means. But you can also injure his nervous system. There's all never thoroughly recover as long as he lives."

Family Fear-Hobbies Some families have their special individual fear-hobbies, which they are eternally riding, and which are perhaps bred into the children more thoroughly than anything else that they learn. Sometimes it's the kidnapping fear, exaggerated to a point where the child is never left alone to play in peace. Sometimes it's the burglar fear, which causes a vast amount of time to be consumed in bolting and barring doors and windows, and in locking up beds. Sometimes it's the sickness, which is particularly undesirable to get deeply planted in a child's mind.

It is unnecessary that a child should be afraid of being alone, or of the dark. It is pitiful that he should be afraid of animals, who are so willing to be his friends. It is absurd that he should be afraid of wind or rain or snow or ice when these are but so many separate invitations to come and have a thoroughly good time.

Happily, there have always been a few children who would learn the fear-lesson. There have always been "wild" boys and "tom-boy" girls who would climb to the top of the tallest tree, whatever penalty might be imposed, and who would be audaciously ready to make friends with a burglar, if they met one. Children who refuse to learn fear should be highly valuable men and women, and I am sure that if we could follow them up we should find that they always are.

It is true that we are only just beginning to discover what an wholesome thing fear is. It isn't so long ago that fear was deliberately made use of in dealing with children, not by mothers only, but by the whole formidable conspiracy of adults. And it wasn't merely fantastic fears that were employed, fears of bogies and giants and ogres and goblins, but practical, painful fears, fears of one's own parents and of one's teachers at school.

It doesn't seem possible that parents could be willing to have their children afraid of them. But parents used to believe, or many of them did, that a child had to be "broken" like a horse. That if it transgressed and was made to feel pain, it would be afraid to transgress again, and that this was what "bringing up" consisted of.

Fearedness the Best Gift The truth is, as the wisest people will tell you, that if you can keep your child sound and fearless, you are doing infinitely more for him than if you should leave him a fortune. I say "him," but this is of course true of girls as well as of boys. It is just as important for women to be fearless as for men. And the best kind of fearlessness is always the invisible kind. It isn't so necessary to have courage to stand on the end of a precipice, which after all won't do anybody any good and will merely prove that you have strong nerves, as to have the kind that won't tell lies or even sit still and allow anybody else to tell them.

THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY
By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER IV.
The automoblist stopped at the Bruce home long enough to enjoy the sandwiches and coffee. Mrs. Bruce insisted upon this, as the night was chilly.

"Mrs. Higgins will not object," she urged. "She knows you are with me, and perfectly safe."

"Of course she does," Honora agreed. Mr. Bruce joined the quartet in the diningroom and proved himself a delightful host. Honora had always admired him. To-night she liked him better than ever. She watched his amused countenance as he listened to Mildred's merry chatter.

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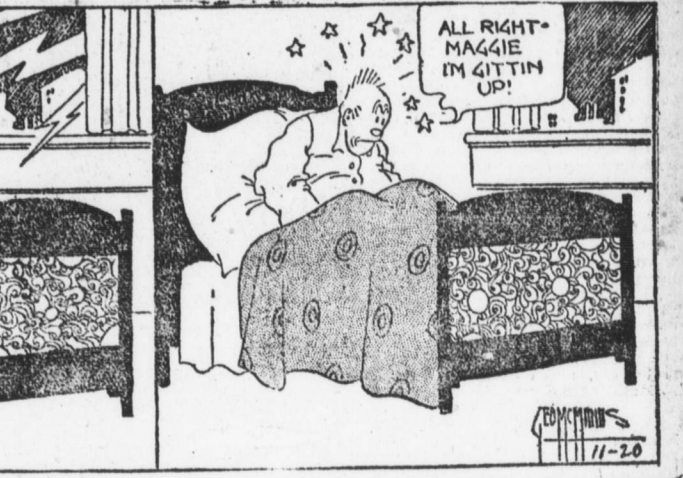
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By McManus



Train Porter Routes Governor From Berth

St. Louis, Mo.—Governor Gardner boarded a Santa Fe sleeping car at Edina, Mo., at 2 a. m. and climbed into an upper berth as all the lower ones were taken. Three hours later he was awakened by a shrill voice. "You'll have to get up now, sah," said the porter. "De fellows in de upper berths has to dress first."

A member of the governor's party tipped off the porter that it was the governor that he had routed. If not, no harm was done. As if reading her thoughts, Mr. Bruce spoke.

"If you young people do not object, I will make the fourth on the home trip. You have said so much about the beauty of the night that I would like to share it with you."

Honora said cordially, while Mildred seconded her wish. "It will be lovely of you, Mr. Bruce."

Honora and Arnold Bruce shared the rear seat of the car. There was no question about the seating arrangements this time. It seemed to be taken for granted that Arthur and Arthur were to occupy the front seat.

"It is odd," Honora remarked to her companion, "that you should have offered to accompany us home. It was not really the least bit necessary, yet dear Mrs. Higgins is so old-fashioned that she will be more comfortable to-morrow when she knows we were chaperoned all the evening. Such conventionalities seem absurd to us youngsters."

"In this case they do," the man agreed, "for you girls and Arnold are old friends. But if one is lax in one case, one must be in all. So conventions are useful to hold fast to."

"I suppose they are," she admitted, ill.

Washington Has 21,000 Children on Farms
Seattle—Twenty-one thousand children in the state of Washington are enrolled in agricultural and stock clubs through the efforts of Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, in charge of boys' and girls' agricultural clubs in this state under the direction of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Are Advertised Medicines Worthless?
There is no more reason to condemn all advertised medicines than there is to condemn all physicians or all druggists. Fakes there are in every profession and in every trade, but they do not last long. Take a medicine like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the true test of its merit is the fact that for forty years it has been relieving women of America from the worst forms of female ailments, constantly growing in popularity and favor, until it is now recognized from ocean to ocean as the standard remedy for female ailments.

CUTICURA HEALS BABY'S HEAD
Of Blisters, Sore, Inflamed and Itched, Would Lie Awake.
"When baby was about three months old she started to get a crust on top of her head. She scratched, and when the crust cracked there would be little blisters that would break and run. Her head was sore and inflamed and itched. She was cross and would lie awake nights."

"When she was about nine months old a friend told me to try a sample of Cuticura. I saw a change so I bought more, and I used one box of Ointment with the Soap when she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. M. McCoe, 1647 S. Etting St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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When you order Coca-Cola, ask for it, by its full name and demand the genuine. Your palate will tell you whether you've been imposed upon. If you suspect that you've been served with a substitute, put the question squarely up to the dealer.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

STOP DANDRUFF! HAIR GETS THICK, WAVY, BEAUTIFUL

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Spend a few cents! Dandruff vanishes and hair stops coming out.

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It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Danderine and Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed, and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, softness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will, you can not find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.

Do Your Xmas Shopping Now and Make It Easier for the Sales People There Never Was a Thanksgiving Like the Coming One Will Be

The whole world will rejoice. The bitterness of the past four and a quarter years will be brushed aside. A real thankful spirit will grip the hearts of men as never before.

PEACE—real joy—gratitude—happiness—these are the blessings for which we all will give thanks.

This 1918 Thanksgiving Day will never be forgotten.

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This 10-Piece American Walnut Cromwellian Dining Suite \$309

10-piece Solid Mahogany Chippendale Dining Suite, \$366	8-piece Solid Mahogany Adam Dining Suite, \$216.50	9-piece Solid Mahogany Queen Anne Dining Suite, \$300
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