



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN SLE

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

**CHAPTER LI**

We drove home from Jim's dinner in the state of utter quiet which is likely to follow a day packed over with excitement.

Now and then Evvy's spirit flared up. But Jim was so tired—or so completely wrapped in his own thoughts—that he did not respond. I felt sorry for Evvy now that had begun to feel sorry for her when Neal rose dutifully to wait with her and then fell to dancing mechanically, leading her around in a dull maze that permitted him to look over her though her attentions had been forced on Jim, his had been given to me.

I have been miserably jealous in the past—jealous of both Evvy and Betty. But now I realize that I have a rival to face who is far more dangerous than any woman, however beautiful and charming. And I wonder can I deal with it?

Our good-nights said, Jim and I hurried upstairs. And with thudding heart I was preparing myself for what I had to do.

"It sure has been a large day, hasn't it, Princess Anne?" yawned Jim, with no attempt to concealment, as he switched on the lights in our living room. "Little Jimmie for bed instance—or quicker?"

"Jim, wait a minute, I—I want to ask you something."

"I was fencing for an opening and Jim gave it to me."

"Ask me for anything you want, Light of My Life—but not for five cents worth of 'fifty lure.' Because I'm cleaned out and will stay broke until my check for two-eighths comes to-morrow morning."

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## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER

"Habit!" Jim laughed. "Habit nothing! The thing hasn't got me—you see that for yourself. If it had, I couldn't put it off for months, the way I do. If I can take a little flyer now and then and clean up a tidy little pile, why should you whimper?"

It was brutal and cruel. The Jim who spoke wasn't my Jim at all. I didn't know how to answer the tense, eagle-like, glittering-eyed man who had taken his place.

In the second I stood hesitating, the door opened and Neal came whirling in. He wasn't tired at all; he looked happy and young and vital. Jim turned on Neal with a snarl that held all the venom I had called up.

"We got in half an hour ago," he exclaimed. "Where have you been, young fellow?"

There was no anger, no resentment in my quick-tempered young brother's manner as he replied. Only gentleness and sweetness. His voice was hushed, full of young happiness: "I was with Phoebe," said Neal.

(To Be Continued)

**CHAPTER V.**

In silence the two sisters went softly upstairs. The door of Mrs. Higgins' room was open, and she called out a sleepy good-night to them. When Honora had switched on the light in the large front room which she and Mildred shared, the younger girl spoke.

"You are very quiet, Honora. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," the older girl tried to speak naturally.

"I thought perhaps you had overheard what Arthur said to me as he told me good night," Mildred went on. "It sounded very mysterious, didn't it? I don't really know myself what it's all about—but he asked me earlier in the evening to let him know what I would be doing to-morrow night. He wants to call if I am to be at home."

"What was the brief comment elicited by this bit of information."

"What are we going to be doing anyway?" Mildred questioned.

"Let me think," Honora evaded, as if trying to remember some engagement. "Arthur night— isn't it?"

While she spoke she was having a little inward struggle with her suspicions and inclinations. If she said she had no plans and expected to remain at home, she might share with her sister the pleasure of Arthur Bruce's company. If not, the man would have an hour or two alone with Mildred—which was probably what he wanted.

Her latter impulses conquered. "I think," she said, "that I will go with Mrs. Higgins to hear that Englishman who is preaching at Agatha's Church to-morrow night. I know Mrs. Higgins wants to hear him, and she has to go out alone so often that I like to go with her when I can."

"All right," Mildred rejoined. There certainly was no shadow of disappointment in her clear eyes. "You certainly are good, my dear, to be so willing to trot around with Mrs. Higgins. She is as good as gold, of course, but things she likes bore me."

"I won't be bored," Honora affirmed. "And you won't be bored either to-morrow night if you have Arthur here with you."

Mildred shrugged her shoulders. Perhaps not—yet I don't know, for Arthur is not wildly exciting either. Do you know that since my talk with that Hilton to-day, Arthur seems dreadfully ambitious and peevish?"

**Not Without Ambition**

"He is not ambitious, and not peevish either," Honora defended him. "He is just the product of his environment. He has always had his own way, and it's been an easy way at that. But now he has reached the place where he appreciates that he must work. You will find that he will prove quite equal to what's ahead of him."

"You like him better even than you used to, don't you, Honora?"

The question was asked with such absolute guilelessness that Honora

### London Proposes Statue of President Wilson

London, Nov. 22.—Lord Weardale, presiding at a luncheon given to James M. Beck, former United States Attorney General, made reference to the erection in London of statues to Washington and Lincoln. He added that the conclusion of the war could not be marked better than by asking President Wilson to permit a statue of himself to be simultaneously erected with those of Washington and Lincoln in a prominent position in London.

### SLAIN AT SEA TOTAL \$42

Washington, Nov. 22.—Loss of 145 American passenger and merchant vessels of 354,449 tons and 715 lives through acts of the enemy during the period from the beginning of the world war to the cessation of hostilities November 11, is shown by figures made public by the Department of Commerce's Bureau of Navigation. Nineteen vessels and sixty-seven lives were lost through use of torpedoes, mines and gun fire prior to the entrance of the United States into the war.

### Life's Problems Are Discussed

Before the war we women were drowned in leisure. We did not realize it — and of course every one of us will deny it now—but there is abundant proof that, in the words of good old Dr. Watts, Satan found mischief for idle hands to do.

For one thing, we built up an elaborate sex convention in regard to babies' bonnets and other belongings. We felt it was absolutely necessary for a girl baby to have a rosette over each ear; bereft of this the bonnet was without sex and void. But we should have regarded it as a sacrilege to thus adorn a small lord of creation — even at the age of six weeks. No, he must have a rosette on the top of his bonnet, so as to present a warlike and menacing aspect.

And the mothers, aunts and grandmothers regarded this "he and she" business of the bonnet question as a thing of cosmic importance. Its place in the scheme of things they felt to be somewhere between the fixed stars and the laws of gravitation. Medes and Persians, and there was a general feeling that no good could come of it.

**Feelings Were Hurt**

And if anyone gave a boy baby a bonnet with two rosettes, or a girl baby a bonnet with one, every one connected with that grossly infested infant had his or her feelings deeply hurt.

Usually the mischief began right there, over-emphasizing the sex question while children were still in their baby carriage. With their first conscious breaths girl babies were implored to be "refined," while boy babies were entreated to be "brave," and take their castor oil like a man.

Unconsciously each of these small unfortunates began storing up impressions that later on meant a ball and chain on their heels. Mary felt she must be refined and a little lady and to get her clothes dirty or her hair rumpled was to break all the commandments at once.

And John was equally well outfitted with a set of false standards that promised to be as useful to him through life as a millstone in swimming. It wasn't necessary for him to be thoughtful, tactful or kind to things weaker than himself, because these things might convert him into a sissy.

If he played with girls, or occasionally combed his hair, or stroked a cat, these things were dangerous manifestations of possible idleness. And John, who was called to his duty, and made life hideous for every one connected, not because he enjoyed it especially, but to conform to the approved manly ideal.

Looking like a "little lady" and who has not sympathized with the pale little girl denying herself coveted exercises, that was essential to her development — that she might not rumple her clothes and look less like a little lady.

In trying to make of John a kindergarten cave-man, to preserve

## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

was annoyed at her feeling of embarrassment.

"I always liked him," she rejoined, "even when we were kids together. I do like him better now than I used to, because he has developed and become much more interesting."

"Well, to me he seems just about as he always did," Mildred commented with a yawn. "I must confess, however, that he has a way of looking at me that he never used to have—and that tickles me."

Mildred laughed as if flattered by the admission.

"Other chaps besides Arthur have looked at me that way," she continued. "But until this fall he has always seemed to take me for granted. Now he acts as if he had come to the conclusion that I am actually worth something."

To this Honora made no reply. She could think of none to make.

It was when the lights were out and the two girls were in their respective beds that Mildred spoke again.

"I say, Honora, what do you suppose Arthur wants to talk to me about to-morrow night? Now that I know you've decided to make an engagement for that evening, I don't mind telling you that he asked me especially if he could see me alone. I was just wondering."

"He stopped, and her sister, after waiting for her to complete the sentence, demanded brusquely:

"What were you wondering?"

"Oh, nothing—in a way. Only it went so funny—wouldn't it?—if Arthur should be planning to tell me that he is falling in love with me?"

**Not a Nice Thought**

"Don't!" Honora's exclamation was sudden and stern. "I mean," she went on to explain her impetuosity, "that it is not quite nice, my dear—to you think it is?—for a girl to speculate about the possible affection of an old friend like Arthur?"

"Perhaps, if I was sure that I cared for him in a serious way, it might not be nice," Mildred rejoined. "But as matters stand, I do not see why I should not discuss his feelings for me."

"Perhaps it's all right," Honora said, more gently. "It surprised me—that's all."

"Well, nothing that any man can say or do would surprise me, I guess," the younger sister remarked, with a struggle. "My, but I'm sleepy! I'm glad to-morrow's going to be Sunday, so that I can sleep as late as I like. Good night, Honey!"

"Good night, dear," Honora replied.

She supposed that Mildred's suspicions were correct and that Arthur Bruce was in love with the girl whom he had hitherto regarded as a pleasant little friend.

The probability made Honora draw in her breath sharply. Then, as she remembered Mildred's declarations with regard to her own feelings, she wondered if the child knew her own heart.

If Arthur cared for Mildred — as he certainly did — would not she learn of it without surprise, in time, if he got over his affection for her?

Here Honora Brent resolutely turned her mind from the future. Sufficient unto the day was the evil — or the good — thereof.

(To Be Continued)

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

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the masculine ideal, and of Mary an anemic little fashion plate, that she might grow up "refined," parents wholly lost sight of the important thing — that it is better for children to grow to be vigorous, healthy little animals with no thought of these artificial distinctions at all.

Questions of sex loom on the horizon soon enough and vast enough, in all conscience, without anticipating them with ribbons and sentiments that might well be placed on the non-essential list.

History has not preserved the name of the woman who first conceived the notion of putting little girls into play rompers, but she ought to have some kind of medal conferred on her for such a long step in the right direction.

And if we have been hidebound in the matter of ribbons and sentiments, we are doubly so in regard to games and toys. Many a little girl has coveted a toy chest full of dolls' furniture and houses, only to be told by her mother that such things were not intended for a little girl.

How much genuine constructive ability and real architectural talent may have been snuffed out by such a "short-sighted policy!"

It is a liberal and indulgent mother who will consent to her daughter playing blindman's buff, I spy, or prisoner's base anywhere within earshot of the house. These games come under the heading of romping, which is supposed to be as deplorable for Mary's manners as for her clothes, not to mention the noise, which is hard on "grownups."

The consequence was that if Mary was a young person with her full share of animal spirits, she was obliged to do a bit of sneaking now and then, or indulge in sedentary games.

How many have saved her clothes and the nerves of her relatives, but they were bad for Mary's muscles and nerves. The former were apt to be under-developed, and the latter over-developed. John had too much savagery, Mary not enough. And all on account of that unduly anticipated "bugbear sex," which should have been as much ignored as possible in the interest of both children.

## BELGIUM FACES CLIMAX

London, Nov. 22.—Belgian history will reach a climax to-day when King Albert makes his official entry into Brussels, says the correspondent of the Daily Mail with the British army in Belgium. The day is to be one of political regeneration as well as one of regal ceremony. The Belgian parliament, the correspondent adds, will meet and "make a great decision."

## After the Grippe

To regain your health and strength again you must take a tonic, and for this purpose the Medical Profession is prescribing Iron, Nux Vomica, Gentian, Capsicum and Zinc Phosphate in some form. Many preparations containing Iron are very constipating, but this is overcome by the addition of Aloin in Chase's Blood and Nerve Tablets, which contain all of the above tonic remedies.

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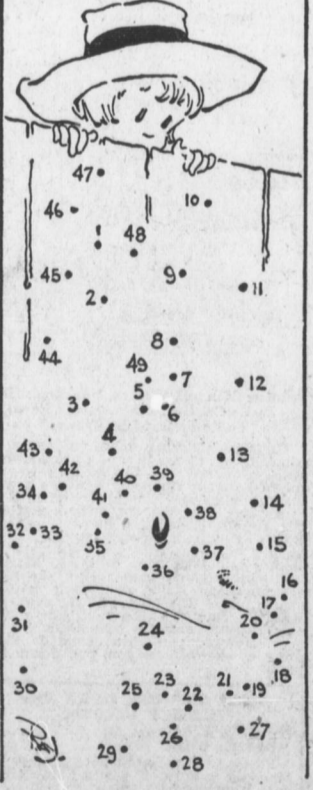
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### Park Policeman Has Tale To Tell

Monroe Says He Hadn't Finished the Bottle Before Change Came

Officer W. S. Monroe, who lives at 1721 Sixth street, Harrisburg, and is so popular among visitors to the Park, says:

"My stomach had gone back on me entirely. Was constipated and my kidneys troubled me greatly. Then I remembered that I had read a lot about folks who had been helped by Tanlac so I bought a bottle and started taking it. Well, sir, you can believe me or not, but the very first doses did me good. I could feel it sort of nosing around inside of me, hunting out the trouble, and before I had finished the first bottle I felt a hundred per cent better.

"Now I set with a solid, my stomach is in fine shape and those bad headaches I used to suffer with have left me entirely and I can only thank Tanlac for him! If not, would he get over his affection for her?"

Here Honora Brent resolutely turned her mind from the future. Sufficient unto the day was the evil — or the good — thereof.

(To Be Continued)

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