

Readers for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

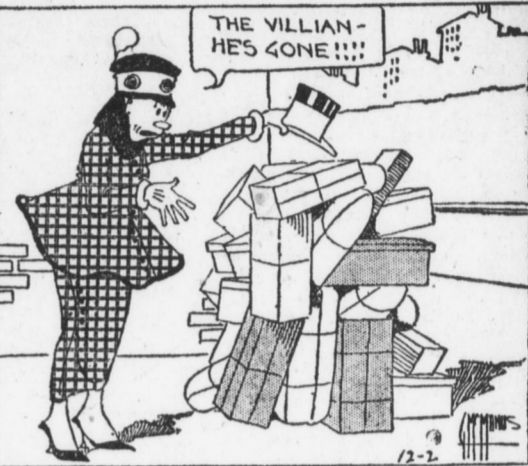
By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER XVIII.
(Copyright, 1918, by Kings Features Syndicate, Inc.)
"If you don't mind, Babbs, I'll tumble right into bed. I hate to confess it, but city hours are kind of getting you old, foxy Neal and making him think he isn't so foxy after all," said my brother ruefully the very second the door closed after Jim and Phoebe.
"But I do mind. I want to talk to you first, Neal. I don't understand you at all. Why didn't you offer to take Phoebe home? Couldn't you see that Jim was tired?"
"Yes, I could see that all right—but couldn't you see that he didn't intend letting me go with her? I wasn't going to have him make a boob of me right in front of Phoebe by turning me down," replied Neal, with a good deal more energy than his plea of tiredness had led me to suppose he possessed.
"How do you know Jim didn't want you to take her home? Maybe he looked at you so sternly because he thought you were too lazy to exert yourself!"
"Like fun he did! A lot you know about your Jim—or any man for that matter. Life—life wanted to be with Phoebe. Probably had something to say to her. And I know better than to nag at that husband of yours once he gets his mind made up. Now you stop nagging at me. Are you sore because I didn't turn Evvy down when she left you and Jim out of her dinner, asked me impatiently, unfastening collar and

the with an air of dismissal as he spoke.
"Oh—Evvy! She doesn't matter. Of course, Neal, I would like to see you show a little more—stability, and for the life of me I can't understand how you can earn from Phoebe to Evvy."
Neal swung around and faced me with an air of laying down the law and of intending to have it heeded.
"Well, who called me to the phone, anyway? I'm not going to behave like a cad to the girl who gave me my social start in the city when I might have been darn lonesome except for her. It isn't her fault that you misunderstand Evvy's life-long friendship for your husband, is it? The little girl has had one shady deal from this family. I'm not going to give her another."
I stared at Neal in amazement. Evidently Evvy had told him of our tea and the bitter conversation that spoiled its flavor. But had she managed that in the brief minutes that Neal talked to her with Phoebe and me listening to his sobs and "Yeses"—or had she phoned him at the office after she left me?
Could it be Evvy Neal had talked over with Jim after refusing me his confidence? And was it because of that that Jim hadn't been willing to let Neal take Phoebe home?
I had vowed not to ask, yet I couldn't let Phoebe suffer through my silence. I ventured one question:
"Neal, was Evvy Jim's reason for not letting you take Phoebe home?"
Neal stared at me for a moment

Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERRHUSE VAN DE WATER

and then broke into a jerky laughter.

"Well, I like that! What kind of an old fossil do you take Jim for? Say—he and I have more important things to discuss than the silly quarrels you women get into."

His words were cocky enough, but his independence drained out as he uttered them, and he finished on a shaken, miserable note.
After that there was nothing more for me to say. I helped him turn the corner, kissed him good night and went into my room. Presently I heard a murmur of voices. Jim had come back, and no doubt he and Neal were discussing the secret from which I was shut out. I went on brushing my hair, bringing the brush down with heavy strokes to the end of the heavy strands flung over my right shoulder.
"Thirty-nine—forty," I heard myself count—and then after a time, "Twenty-six—twenty-seven, twenty-eight."

Ruefully I laid my brush on the night cover that lay across the dressing table, and with slow and fumbling fingers began braiding my hair into its two long plaits.
Suddenly the door opened and Jim stumbled in. He swayed for a moment on the threshold, then felt his way to the great chaise longue that lay at the foot of the beds, and flung himself into it—an inert heap.
I felt my fingers fly from their plaiting to the ribbons of my coral-colored negligee—all in the same second it seemed, they were caressing my husband's face as I knelt beside the chaise lounge and lifted my hand to the warmth of his forehead.

"Dearest—dearest! What is it?" I cried in terror. "I guess—I'm about—all in," muttered Jim. Then he closed his eyes and nestled his head close to me like a tired child hiding all the world in its mother's bosom.
Frantically I began to loosen his clothing. He did not resist. When I held a little glass of brandy to his lips he took one or two sips and then pushed it away.
"Poor little tired boy," I crooned to him holding him close again. "I'll put you right to bed. You will be all right in a minute, Jim darling. You're so tired! Poor boy—just a minute and Anne will have him all warm and comfy."

And then, as if he were my tired little son, I undressed him and helped him into bed. Dazed, shaking as if with cold, blue of lip, and yet muttering feverishly, my boy let me have my way with him. He was too weak, too ill to resist.
When at last he was resting comfortably I lowered the lights and flung myself on top of the covers, holding him against the warmth of my body. For a time he lay jerking and starting nervously. Then he grew still—so still I thought he must be asleep. I was stiff and chill, but I didn't dare stir lest I wake him. At last Jim spoke.
"You wonderful girl! Don't lie there in the cold—I'm all right now."
His voice was steady—natural. Then I knew how terrified I had been, and a sob broke from my heart before I could stifle it.
"You're never going back to that dreadful job—that inspectorship—walking, walking all day long, miles and miles!" I cried. Oh, darling, forgive me for letting you take it. We'll write your resignation.

Actually Jim laughed, but there was a little irritation in his laugh.
"Write nothing! You're so cold your teeth are chattering. Under the covers with you, you little brick—and no nonsense about me! I'm no invalid."
I dared not protest. So switching off the lights I crept into bed and lay staring into the darkness, and waiting for the even breathing that would tell me Jim was asleep. But fears kept my eyes open—staring into the darkness.
(To Be Continued)

KING ABDICATES
Copenhagen, Dec. 2.—The King of Wurttemberg has formally abdicated according to reports from Stuttgart.

Advice to the Lovelorn

A LOVER'S HANDICAP
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: For eight months I have been in love with a man two years my senior. I am 19. My mother has always doubted him, because some one told her that his left arm is a little smaller than his right. He says that the doctor told him that his arm is O. K. and will never trouble him. I suggested to mother that we go to a fortuneteller and find out the fortune-teller told us that when my friend gets older he will not be able to use his arm. Therefore, mother wants us to break our friendship.
Now, Miss Fairfax, I love this man very dearly and he returns my love, so I want to know from you what to do.

You were a foolish girl to think of accepting the judgment of any one but a doctor on a matter of this sort. If you haven't confidence in the young man's own physician why not ask him to consult some other doctor, recommended by you? But if you are so deeply in love with the young man, and he is eligible otherwise, why does your mother regard an impaired left arm as an obstacle to your marriage with him, even though he may earn his living with his hands? Men have had useful and successful lives with far greater handicaps than this, as you should be able to convince your mother.

What are you looking so sad about this morning?"
"Was I looking sad?" Honora parried. But she did not smile.
"Well, I can hardly blame you for looking gloomy on such a morning as this," Mildred commented, sitting up in bed and gazing out of the window. "It's cloudy, isn't it?"
"Yes," Honora replied, "but I had not noticed it before."
Mildred decided that the best way to reach a desired point was by a direct and short route. She spoke bluntly.
"I say, Honora, what's the use of being peevish because of what I said last night? You were cross, you know. Yet I am willing to overlook it. When I told you what I did about Arthur I did not suspect that you would be disappointed or annoyed. Now I understand."
Honora started violently, her face coloring.
"Understand? What do you mean?" she demanded.
"Now, don't look so startled," Mildred laughed, setting up and crossing the room to where her sister lay and perching on the side of Honora's bed.
"Too Young to Marry"
"You dear old Goose!" she teased. "I understand that you fancy if I were to marry Arthur I would be safe for ever afterwards. I know, also that you have hoped I would do this and have planned in a harmless way to bring it about. You see you cannot deny it!"
"But—but—I can; you don't understand. That is—Honora began colorfully.
But her sister's merry laugh at the attempted denial, checked her in the middle of her speech.
"Don't try to get out of it!" Mildred exclaimed. "I see through it all just as plainly as anything. And I know that you were only thinking of what you really imagined the road to the best thing for me and for my future. But, dear sister, I don't want to marry anybody yet, even to please you."
"You are entirely mistaken, Milly," Honora forced herself to say. "I do not want you to marry yet. You are only eighteen, remember—and of course that is too young of course you do not want me to get married just yet," Mildred interrupted. "But you would like me to become engaged to Arthur and marry him within the course of a week!"
"Well, Honora, I just can't! For I simply do not love him, and I never could love him, and you would not want me to accept him under those conditions, would you?"
"Most certainly not!" Honora declared emphatically. Then, to the younger girl's astonishment, she put her arms about her and kissed her. "I am sorry I spoke as

sharply as I did last night, dear," she murmured.
"Oh, that's all right," Mildred said easily. "Now that you understand, you are satisfied, aren't you?"
"Yes," Honora replied, "I am satisfied."
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Eisner is expected soon, and that Herr Auer, a Socialist, is mentioned as his successor.

Methodists Seeking 53,000 Fund Workers

New York, Dec. 2.—One-fourth of the Methodist Episcopal churches in Bavaria say the fall of Premier

tors, it was announced here by the Joint Centenary Committee of that denomination, in making public plans for a campaign to recruit 53,000 religious workers. The recruits, 13,000 of whom will be clergymen, will be utilized in helping to raise \$30,000,000 to advance the cause of Methodism throughout the world. The fund will be in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first Methodist mission in this country.

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SOUTTER'S 25c DEPT. STORE

Buy Here Not Alone Because Prices Are Lower, but Because Qualities Are Better



GIFTS BY THE HUNDREDS

At Prices Exceedingly Attractive

- True, the war is over. We have all economized to help win the war. Now we must all economize to help in the reconstruction period.
- Let us dry clean your clothes so that they will give you much longer service and look like new all the time you are wearing them. Our work is guaranteed satisfactory.
- This Christmas, more than any of its predecessors, is going to be a Christmas of the practical gift. War times, with consequent high prices, have necessitated economy all along the line.
- Everyone has endeavored to make everything do double duty. What formerly might have been discarded and replaced by something new has been called upon to render longer service.
- So the practical gift—the utility gift—the gift that will render service—is the gift that will be most welcome.
- And it's going to be a greater Christmas for gift-giving than any before. There's never been such a Christmas—a Christmas that has brought us face to face with such a realization of what the day really stands for—Peace.
- Yes, it's to be a Christmas of practical gift-giving, and this store of practical, utility merchandise has prepared to meet your gift requirements.
- Gifts—practical, utility, welcome gifts—are here by the hundreds, and in keeping with our policy they have been priced with the aim to enable you to fill your wants here at less cost than you're accustomed to find elsewhere.
- Departments are teeming with Christmas merchandise—everything is in a state of readiness for you—Come, investigate, buy, and with the savings you will be able to effect, help your country to go over the top in another of its campaigns by buying more War Savings Stamps. Indirectly, that will be a gift to our boys "Over There."

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to have an operation before I could get well. My mother, who has helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to such an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my housework without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and it will do as much for them as Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St. N. E., Canton, O. Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal. If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years' experience is at your service."

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Where Every Day Is Bargain Day
215 Market St. Opposite Courthouse

Break a Cold In Few Hours

First dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" relieves the cold and gripe misery—Don't stay stuffed up!

Relief comes instantly.
A dose taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.
It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dull-

The Government Still Urges You To Save

True, the war is over. We have all economized to help win the war. Now we must all economize to help in the reconstruction period.
Let us dry clean your clothes so that they will give you much longer service and look like new all the time you are wearing them. Our work is guaranteed satisfactory.

We Call For and Deliver All Work Promptly

PINKELSTEIN
1322 N. G. St. HARRISBURG, PA.
BOTH PHONES

BLISS NATIVE HERB TABLETS THE GREATEST FAMILY MEDICINE

It is very gratifying to receive words of praise every day from all parts of the universe as to the beneficial results experienced by the people in all walks of life for taking Bliss Native Herb Tablets. Yet the ingredients used in these tablets contain nothing injurious, consisting of roots, barks, and herbs, scientifically compounded in proper proportions. They assist nature to perform its functions, correcting constipation, indigestion and biliousness, relieving sick headache and rheumatism. They have been serving people for more than thirty years and are the favorite household remedy in many thousands of homes.
Mrs. Mary Jackson, Scott City, Kans., writes: "I know Bliss Native Herb Tablets is the best family medicine in the world and would not be without them. I am now

eighty-five years old and for the past twenty-two years have used Bliss Native Herb Tablets when needed. I live alone, do my own housework, and thank you for your wonderful prescription, for it is due to them that I am able to do my own work."
If you feel run-down, fatigued or have no appetite, take Bliss Native Herb Tablets, and you will be agreeably surprised at the improvement in your condition. One tablet at night will make the next day bright.
Bliss Native Herb Tablets are put up in a yellow box of 200 tablets. The genuine has the photograph of Alton O. Bliss on the cover. Every tablet is stamped with the trade mark. Take no other. Price, 11¢ per box. Sold by leading druggists and local agents everywhere.