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 LXIII

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"Anne, dear, I snatched the 'phone from Vee because I wanted to hear from the bride herself, how our Jimmie is getting on," said Betty in her clear vibrating voice.

But even while I was assuring her that Jim was almost as well as he thought himself, my lips were trembling with the hurt of Virginia's snub and the clever twist Betty had given to facts in order to save me from being hurt.

"You'll come to see Jim to-morrow, won't you, Betty?" I asked hopefully, "I'd like a chat with you, myself."

"Maybe I'll run in and take you out for a breath of air while Virginia is visiting with Jim," suggested Betty.

Then we said good-by, and I set my face into a smile before I turned to face my boy. But there wasn't a smile in my heart—for in the very way Betty was standing between Virginia and me, I recognized the intimacy and understanding between them.

"Which shall we move, Jim—your throne or the table?" I asked in a voice I hoped was light and casual.

"Neal and I will give Jimmie a ride," laughed Phoebe, answering for him. "Say, Anne, you're lucky that you didn't get to speak with Vee. My, wasn't she peeved because I didn't phone home the tidings that I was staying here for dinner! Vee acts as if I were an infant."

"Darling 'infant,'" murmured Neal as he managed to lay his left hand very close to Phoebe's right for their joint taks of swinging Jim's couch alongside the table.

Phoebe hung her head for a moment, but that didn't hide the swirl of pink that rode triumphantly from the tip of her little pointed chin right up to the shadows of her long eyelashes. Then she flashed out with an idea she considered so daring that it left her almost breathless:

"Neal, let's do every smidgin of the work. We'll wait on Anne and Jimmie and play we're the butler and maid. Want to?"

"I want to do everything you want," declared Neal softly—so softly that again his words escaped Jim, who seemed wrapped in thoughts of his own.

I entered into the spirit of their play, and dressed Phoebe up in my best ruffled sewing apron, with a tiny twist of lace and black velvet for a cap to crown the soft fluffiness of her hair.

Then I devoted myself to my boy, who had to be coaxed to eat even his delicious little steak and mealy, baked potato. He seemed sunk in gloom and when I nestled against him on the couch his response was perfunctory—absent-minded.

Suddenly, when our "maid" and "butler" had gone to fetch in the sweets, Jim turned to me with an expression of what was in his heart:

"Oh, little sweetheart—if only I really could give you servants to wait on you. It's wonderful to see you sit quiet and actually enjoy your dinner. And to think I'm down-and-out—haven't even a job!"

"Jim, darling—please, please! For my sake don't think about a thing in the world but getting well. Next week we'll do the third Haldane article, and that's another hundred dollars to add to our fat bank balance——"

"It is fat," mused Jim, "thanks to my haul at the automobile race the other day. A few winnings like that and I wouldn't have to eat my heart out because I can't find work."

And on that terrifying reminder of his betting and of his joy in the gambling for stakes, the phone sounded once more.

I answered and turned with thumping heart to Jim:

"It's for Neal—I'll go call him."

Unsteadily I made my way to the kitchenette, so intent on my own thoughts that until I was full upon them. I didn't perceive Neal and Phoebe. Then I stopped in fear, for the sweet trusting youth of little Phoebe as a flashing memory came back to me of the day when Neal and Evvy had come out of the kitchen—her hair filing and on his face the same look of smiling triumph it wore now. Neal was leaning back against the icechest, and close in his arms with her head tilted up and her lips softly parted for his kiss stood Phoebe. They didn't see me—and as part of the merciful deception I was to practice all that evening, I slipped behind the screening door and called:

"Neal—wanted at the phone."

Then—with masterly east at the game of evasion—east that made me tremble anew for Phoebe—Neal began doing his part in the play Terry had outlined to us. As he approached the point where it was his cue to say that the job was too big for him, but that maybe with coaching on the accountant and bookkeeping end of it, Jim would help out at least till they could get another man, I was hard put to it to keep my teeth from chattering—Neal did it all so well—with such joy in his play-acting.

His concluding words rang out nonchalantly:

"It's like—this, Captain Winston. I'm darn proud you thought of me, and I'd be a bit prouder yet if I were capable of handling a job like that of your friend. Now, I can't speak for Jim, but I'll bank on him to help you out if there's any way he can see to do it. Let me talk to him, and in half an hour I'll call you—with good news, I hope."

Then he turned from the phone, but before he could say one syllable my Jim did precisely what Terry had counted on his loyalty to prompt.

"Say, lad, is there actually something I can do for Terry? Call him back at once and say I'm on."

There was no question as to what was required, no thought of pay; but at the mere suggestion that he might be able to help his friend my generous sick boy fell neatly into the trap Terry's affection and understanding had set for him.

To Be Continued

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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

WOMAN SPEAKS ON SUSQUEHANNA

Student of Conditions Along Stream Enthusiastic in Support of Navigation Idea

MRS. CLARA WALLER

Columbia, Pa., Dec. 7.—Mrs. Clara Waller, of Marietta, who recently delivered an address before a public meeting of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, and the Woman's Club, of Columbia, enjoys the distinction of being the first woman to publicly espouse the cause of Susquehanna river navigation and present the subject before a public audience.

Mrs. Waller has spent some years in the study of the navigation problem as it relates to the Susquehanna river and in her investigations has reached the conclusion that the proposition is not visionary nor impracticable. She has visited several towns along the river and endeavored to interest the citizens in the project, and now rejoices in the fact that her efforts are being recognized. She is thoroughly conversant with the Susquehanna river and the many obstructions that are met with in pursuing the subject, but having become thoroughly convinced that the scheme is not merely a dream, she has kept up the agitation in the face of ridicule and opposition from different sources.

Now that the proposition has been revived, Mrs. Waller is discussing and urging the subject before public assemblies. Her address at Columbia awakened considerable interest among some of the leading businessmen and plans are being made for a mass meeting in the future, when Mrs. Waller will be among the speakers to advance the project. At this meeting there will be representatives from neighboring cities and Harrisburg has promised to send a big delegation.

Congressman J. Hampton Moore, president of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, has signified his intention to be present at this meeting and will be one of the speakers.

Advice to the Lovelorn

AN UNHAPPY GIRL-WIFE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 19 and married and have a child. But I am not happy as others are. Since the day I married life has gone wrong with me. My husband never takes me out, and he hardly ever works, and I am tired of him. What made me marry young was that my parents insisted. Everybody says I'm nice and I could have a good chance in life yet. Please advise me what to do.

A CONSTANT READER.

You are very young, my poor child, to be facing these problems and responsibilities. There should certainly be a limit of endurance in a wife's dealings with her husband, but I urge you not to be hasty in assuming that yours cannot mend his ways. Since you cannot at present depend on him for companionship, why not try to build up a life of your own? Reach out for many friends and as many interests as possible. Perhaps this will make your husband more eager to gain your respect and he will therefore change his course.

IS THIS MOTHER TOO STRICT?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

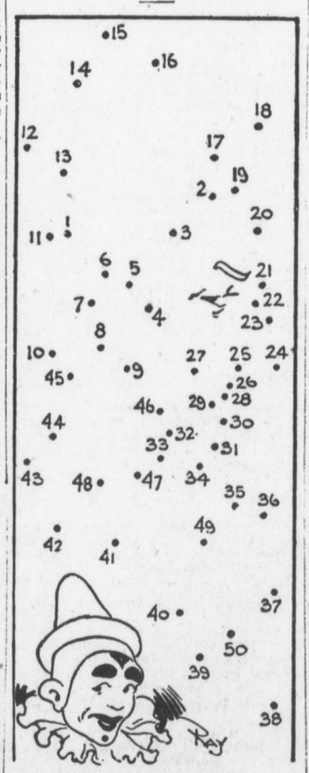
I am 17 and I see a young man two nights a week. He has asked me to go to a play with him and my mother objects. On Sunday nights I go to the movies with him and do not reach home until a quarter of 11. On other evenings that I go out with him I get back by 9:30 or 10. But my mother expects me, even when I go to the movies, to be back by 10 o'clock.

Please tell me, is my mother too strict with me? I work—if that makes any difference.

WAITING.

No, I do not think your mother is too strict. She might even be considered indulgent, considering your age. For 17 is very young, indeed, even though your working outside your home doubtless makes you feel grown-up. At your age a girl still needs regular hours and plenty of sleep.

Daily Dot Puzzle



A man of wonderful renown
Is my big brother—he's a ——.

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

HAIR COMING OUT?

Dandruff causes a feverish irritation of the scalp, the hair roots shrink, loosen and then the hair comes out fast. To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of Danderine at any drug store for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub it into the scalp. After several applications the hair stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff.

THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XI

"Won't you come in?" Honora said as she and Arthur Bruce reached her gate.

"I'd like to," Arthur replied. "Do you know," with a wistful look, "that you have helped me a lot? When I met you I was as blue as indigo. Now things look a lot brighter. You are quite a wonder as a cheerer Honora?"

"Won't you come in?" she repeated. "I would be very glad to have you do so."

His expression changed. "Others might not be," he remarked.

The girl seemed not to understand. "Mrs. Higgins is always glad to see you, and nobody else is here. You know Mrs. Higgins considers you an extremely nice young man," she added, teasingly, with a light laugh.

"Perhaps she does," he smiled, "but I fancy she has found me a bit of a nuisance at times. But if you say not, I withdraw my statement."

Honora knew he had been thinking of Mildred, and of her only, but she pretended to believe that Mrs. Higgins had been the person he had had in mind.

"Since I have set your fears at rest on that score, come on into the house," she suggested once more, opening the gate.

He started to follow her, when the sound of an automobile coming rapidly up the street made the pair pause and turn around.

"It's Mr. Hilton's car," Honora remarked. "Can he be bringing Milly home? But no—at least that it not his chaffeur with her on the front seat."

"Whoever he is, he drives like the devil!" Arthur observed. With a sudden grinding of brakes, the car drew up sharply at the curb. The driver sprang out, then held out his hand to Mildred.

"I don't know who he is," Honora remarked sotto voice.

She was not long to remain in ignorance. Her sister hurried forward, bringing the young man with her.

"Honora," her manner excited and her eyes shining, "I want you to know Mr. Hilton. He's Mr. John Hilton's nephew, you know. He's going to Canada in a day or two to enlist."

Honora bowed, repeated the stranger's name as she shook hands with him, then, turning to Arthur, said:

A Giggling Girl

"Mr. Hilton, allow me to introduce our friend, Mr. Bruce.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Bruce," young Hilton said, genially. "I have just been giving myself the pleasure, Miss Brent, of bringing your sister home. I dropped into my uncle's office and found he was not ready to leave just yet—so I swiped his car."

"But you asked his permission first—you know you did," Mildred amended with a giggle.

Arthur regarded her gravely. Her face was flushed and her whole bearing was that of one in a twitter of excitement or elation.

Some girls and women change their manner as soon as an attractive man appears on the horizon.

Mildred was one of these. Arthur Bruce had not noticed this tendency until now—because he had always been the lucky man for whom her manner changed. Now that it was for another man, he resented it.

Indeed, Mildred Brent had never been so much thrilled by anyone's attentions as by those of this embryo soldier. As she met Bruce's clear gaze she flushed self-consciously.

"You remember, Arthur, that I mentioned Mr. Hilton as the man who is going to do something worth while?"

"Yes, I remember," Arthur answered. Then he held out his hand to Honora.

"Good afternoon," he said. "I must be going. Thank you for a very pleasant walk."

She did not remind him that he had started to come into the house, and did not detain him when, after saying good-by to Mildred and her companion, he went out of the gate.

"Can't I give you a lift if I am going your way?" Hilton called after him.

A Compliment

"Thanks, no," Arthur replied. "I really need the walk.

"When do you start for Canada?" Honora inquired of young Hilton, as he strolled up the front path to the house with her and Mildred.

"To-morrow, probably," he said. "I meant to leave before this—but I was detained.

"I am glad you didn't," Mildred declared, looking up at him admiringly. "For if you had, I would not have had that spin uptown with you. You are a wonderful driver."

"I am a fast driver," he acknowledged. "If I am doing anything, I do not waste any time about it. It's a way I have about everything."

He gazed down meaningly into her eyes. "I wish," he murmured, "that I could spend even three days more in Fairlands."

The girl dimpled with pleasure. There was no mistaking the meaning he wished his words to convey.

"But you can write to Fairlands, can't you?" she challenged.

"I can—and will," he replied with a bow. Thanks for the blissful suggestion."

When he had gone and the sisters entered the house together, Mildred spoke impulsively.

"Isn't he a genuine man of the world? Can't you see what a difference there is between him and Arthur?"

"Yes," Honora agreed, promptly. "I see a great difference between them."

"He's lots of fun to flirt with," Mildred said, with a reminiscent sigh. "I wish there were more men like that. Life would be much more interesting."

To Be Continued

2 KILLED, 30 HURT IN WRECK

Wilmigton, N. C., Dec. 7.—Two persons are believed to have been killed and thirty others injured in the wreck near Elrod, N. C., last night, of an Atlantic Coast Line Express train from New York to Key West.

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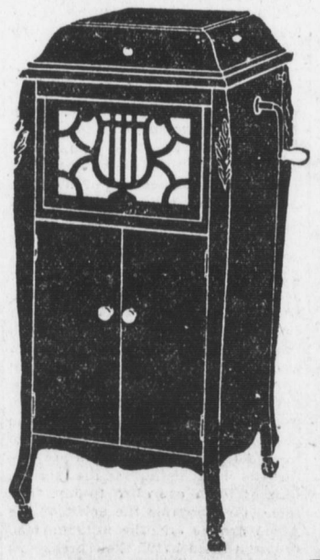

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