



# 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

The next morning Sheldon phoned to suggest taking the invalid and his nurse out for a breath of air at three.

"It's Sheldon—to ask if you want to go motoring," I whispered, turning with my hand over the receiver. Then I had to listen hard with two ears, for Jim shouted an excited:

"Surest thing you know! I'm fed up with accounting. Tell Shelly we'll be there with bells on."

And into the other ear this was pouring:

"I've asked Mrs. Dalton and she says she will be delighted to go—hasn't seen old Jimmie for a couple of days—so busy moving into her new apartment. We'll have a jolly afternoon, won't we? And I propose not to show them our little path in the Park."

I thought fast. It would be a far from jolly afternoon if Virginia and I met and aired our feud.

"Will you take Phoebe in my place?" I asked coaxingly. "I've a magazine article of Jim's to copy, and Phoebe hasn't seen him for days either. It would be such a treat for the child. Will you do this for me?"

"Oh—for you! Little Lilac Lady, I'd do anything for you," cried Sheldon the gallant.

So we settled it over the 'phone and before long radiant little Phoebe herself came up to call for Jim. After she had hugged me gratefully she bore him off in a great rig, while he faintly protested that he hoped I wouldn't be lonely.

Not lonely! This was the first time since our marriage that Jim had gone off on a pleasure excursion from which I was omitted. Of course, I had planned this, but that didn't make it any easier for me.

For Jim I had left my own world—the world where I counted, where I was loved. I had left it and had gone into his world, where I was the outsider—to be tolerated, flirted with a bit, perhaps, or patronized and "helped"—as by Betty—but never accepted with that complete understanding Betty and Virginia felt for each other.

And now Virginia and I were not even on speaking terms. Betty, it seemed, had dropped me, and I scornfully kept up a show of friendliness because she had to endure me in order to see Jim and Neal—which ever it was interested her most.

At the thought of Neal I had a bad moment. Even Neal had turned to Jim—but at that point I caught myself back from gray self-pity. The one splendid friendship that had sprung out of our headlong marriage was the tender, understanding big brotherly relation between Jim and Neal. I fixed my mind on that. There was the blue in my sky—the friendship between my boys.

And then like a whirlwind Neal came into the room. He flung himself upon me and, seizing my cold hands in his strong, warm clasp, he began swinging me about at arm's length in a regular whirlwind dance.

"In fit. They took me, I report Monday. I'm a soldier. Little Neal's off for the artillery camp out near home. Ain't it bully? We've got to fall to and pack—pretty darn quick—pronto. Come on, Babs—give us a hug, and then we'll get busy."

But I bit my lips and steeled my voice as I murmured:

"Boy, dear—I'm proud of you! There will be no soldier finer than my brother. Oh, Neal—how gloriously proud father will be!"

Then we sat and planned for a little while. How soon he'd be a corporal—when he'd get the sergeant's third stripe—and how long after that before they'd discover that he was "officer material." Other women—all over the land—have talked to like that I'm sure. And other women have folded in a tear or two, like lavender, between layers of socks and

ties and laces as they packed for their soldier boy.

But Neal didn't see the tears. I was the sister of a soldier now, and if my loneliness was complete, I had to be a fine enough woman to bear it without stealing his strength to help me meet it.

By six our packing was finished, and then came a wonderful twilight chat. We sat close together on the big couch. Neal forgot his boyish horror of being "soft," and sat quite unashamed—his fingers locked in mine. Whispered confidences, little promises—our youth conjured up again. Then Neal—very shyly:

"Babs—do you think I might have this evening with Phoebe? We may start to-morrow in order to report Monday. I don't know yet."

"You shall have it, lad, dear. I'll see to that," I promised rashly.

But how Virginia was to be managed, I didn't know. Then into our quiet room came Jim and Phoebe aglow with the zest of their afternoon. We told them that Neal was starting for camp at once, and Jim took it as the best news in the world. But Phoebe started back with startled eyes and trembling lips.

"Oh, Neal!" she cried, "I'm so proud—and so lonesome."

"Not yet. You ain't going to be lonesome yet awhile Phoebe," cried Neal, beaming with tender joy because she cared. "We're going to have this evening—if Jim is willing."

Phoebe turned to Jim—cheeks ablaze, hands flying out to him.

"Virginia!" she pleaded. "Make her let me have this one evening."

"This evening is yours by every right in the world, children, said Jim. "I'll come with you and tell Jeanie."

Then he loped out with them to claim their one evening from Virginia.

After five minutes he came back alone—and with quiet understanding of what Neal's going meant, he caught me to him.

"You'll be lonely, honey. I wonder if it wouldn't be better for you if we arranged to share an apartment with Jeanie and Phoebe?" he said.

I gasped and my heart missed a beat. How could I tell Jim that Virginia and I weren't eten on speaking terms?

### Daily Dot Puzzle

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

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## MAKING THE MOST OF OUR CHILDREN

### A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A., President of the Parents Association.

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"MOTHER, WHERE'S MY HAT?—ER! WHERE'S MY HAT?"

We all remember the age-worn story of the boy who couldn't find his cap because it was in its proper place. Indeed, it frequently is recalled as a result of actual experience in many of our homes.

Looking for things out of place (or without a place) is not only a waste of good time but the practice often results in friction and ill feeling.

System in business is essential to success. And orderliness in the home is just as important for the standpoint of domestic efficiency and happiness.

Let us take a case a father writes to me:

"Our twelve-year-old boy tells absolutely to keep his personal effects scattered around the room, the dresser drawers open and his tools lying where he used them last. Will greatly appreciate any suggestions."

Procure a separate hanger for each of the boy's coats. Either paste a slip of paper on each hanger telling which coat it is for or tie a ribbon on the hanger the color of the coat for which it is intended. Have a hook for each hat or cap. Be sure to have hooks or a pole low enough in the boy's closet for him to be able to reach the hangers easily.

Show him or explain to him the custom businessmen follow of always putting a given article in the same place in their stores and even on their desks to save time.

Watch for an opportunity to tell him that you see an improvement in him.

Let him suggest places for tools that will be convenient for all and then when he leaves a tool out of place kindly without further comment ask him to put it away.

If after fixing his room so that it is most convenient possible for him to take care of his clothes, you find that he has left things out of order, ask him to put them in order at once, very kindly but in an expectant manner.

Let no time go by when he is not required to put his belongings in their proper place. But no fault-finding comments. He soon will learn that it is easier to put his clothing in rights while in his room than to return to it later to "straighten up." A constant condition of orderliness will beget a desire to him to keep order.

If you find that his "memory" about putting things away is improving to slowly, after you have furnished him with the hangers have a little frank talk with him some time when you both are in a friendly humor.

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

Militarism is dead. The day of the fighting man is over. In the era of peace upon which we are about to enter there will be neither wars nor rumors of war. Let us hope so.

But what is going to take the place of the soldier in the heart of woman?

She worships the matinee hero, the popular clergyman, the football star, the frock-coated, eminently correct diplomat; she stands somewhat in awe of the big banker or business executive; she likes to be seen with the literary or artistic lion, the noted explorer or eminent man of science, and she has a soft spot in her heart for the out-and-out scamp.

But none of them—not the greatest statesman or actor or daredevil or polished courtier, not even a darling and resourceful Raffles—can give her the same thrill as does the mere sight of a straight, upstanding lad in khaki.

And this is true, be she old or young, plain or pretty, a Maud Muller raking the hay or Lady Clara de Vere.

For the soldier symbolizes to her all those elements which stand for manhood—protection, tenderness, the intrepid facing of danger, even death, for her sake.

The lack of soldierly quality is the one thing no woman can forgive; the possession of it in her eyes covers a multitude of sins. The slacker to her is tainted through and through with evil; the man who stands eager and ready to do his bit, no matter what his other faults, must have a leaven of good in him which in time will ennoble his whole character. And perhaps she is not far wrong.

This has been brought home to me by two letters I have recently received—one breathing the most utter detestation and loathing, the other glowing with ardent admiration.

The first is from a woman who has had an extremely unfortunate matrimonial experience. Her husband must be a man of considerable ability, since he has won a rather pronounced business success. He must, moreover, be possessed of charm and fascination, as I gather from her letter that she is a woman of unusual intellect—not easy to be won.

However, using the vernacular, she "fell" for him, and for five years thereafter regretted it every day of her life. He abused her, nagged her, maltreated her in every conceivable way. Finally she was enjoying a good income, he left her penniless.

Yet even all this did not arouse the woman to such indignant scorn of him as his most recent exhibition, when having fallen a victim to the draft, he came whimpering to her to save him by signing the statement on his questionnaire that he contributed \$10 a week to the support of his children, a concession she had wrung from him only through threats of legal procedure.

Breaking the silence she has maintained through all her troubles, she writes me in utter contempt for the fellow:

"The only proper place for men of that stamp is in the front line trenches, and I shall certainly do nothing to prevent his being sent

there. The only objection is that a soldier's death would be too honorable for such a coward. Still, he might serve to save the life of a better man."

In contrast with this is the other woman's letter, also detailing the story of a man. She speaks of him only as a "friend," but one does not have to read very deep between the lines to gather that he will probably be something more.

This poor fellow has struggled all his life against the heavy handicap of an asthmatic affection which came upon him in childhood. It retarded his education and has served time and again to interfere with his progress in business, to say nothing of the physical suffering it entailed. The greatest hardship to him, though, was when the war broke out and he found that this disability would prevent his serving his country.

Then, nerved to desperation, he demanded of the doctors an heroic measure. "Kill or cure," he said, and they took him at his word. The other day, the girl writes, she met him at the door of the hospital, pale and shaken from the ordeal, but with a broad grin on his face. "Well," he greeted her exultantly, "I'll be in a big scrap soon!"

She admits that he has been a failure most of his life, that he hasn't much to offer, that she could probably "do better," as the saying goes. But, oh, the pride-ful in a way, but still, exultant—with which she tells of his gallant determination.

So there you are. The soldier stands as the king of hearts in the feminine deck of cards, and nothing seems able to alter it. Fortunately for the girls of the present generation, there will be no dearth of soldiers when the boys come

marching home—soldiers equal to the best the world ever saw, men of proven mettle.

But what of the future—in that long, soldierless era of peace stretching ahead? It simply means that men will have to instill into the humdrum avocations of peace the soldier's spirit of valor and discipline and the same high ideal of public service; or the women will never be content.

**SORE THROAT**  
or Tonsillitis, gargle with warm, salt water then apply—  
**VICKS VAPORUB**  
NEW PRICES—30c, 60c, \$1.20

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This store is overflowing with practical gifts for women—the kind they most appreciate. There is a lasting pleasure in the long service that a gift from the Ladies' Bazaar will give. To buy here is to buy wisely and economically. Come and see.



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Georgette blouses in all shades and models, \$3.95 to \$18.95  
Crepes de chine waists in white, flesh and stripes, \$2.95 to \$4.95

White and figured voile Waists, plain and embroidered, 95c to \$3.95  
Satin waists in high and low neck models, flesh, \$4.95 and \$5.95

### New Arrivals In Silk, Jersey and Heatherbloom Petticoats in the nick of time for Christmas Shoppers

Jersey Silk Petticoats with silk ruffles, \$2.95 to \$4.95  
Taffeta Silk Petticoats, plain, changeable and flowered, \$3.85 to \$5.95  
Genuine Heatherbloom petticoats in a variety of shades, \$1.95  
Heatherbloom petticoats, with silk ruffle, many shades, \$1.95

### Truly Wonderful Values In FURS

Wolf Scarfs and Muffs \$16.95  
Fox Scarfs \$22.95  
\$35 Values.  
Beautiful large shawl scarfs in genuine fox, in taupe and brown only.  
Others in natural fox, red fox and cross fox. \$40 to \$69.95.

### Rare Values in Bath Robes for Women and Men

We bought the manufacturer's surplus stock at a price. We pass them to you the same way—at a big saving. It's a rare opportunity for gift-buyers.

Made of excellent quality blanket cloth in light and dark shades, and a wide assortment of patterns. Some satin trimmed, others plain.

5.00 values	6.00 values	7.50 values	8.00 values	10 values
3.95	4.95	5.95	6.95	7.95



### Dresses, Suits, Coats and Dresses Also Make Highly Acceptable Gifts

You will find them all here in the smartest models of the season at very low prices

Your first Purchase Here Makes You a constant Patron.

## Ladies Bazaar

8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST.

Buy Better Goods Here For Less

**IT IS YOUR PATRIOTIC PRIVILEGE to save and conserve. When you eat wheat be sure it is the whole wheat. Don't waste any of it. It is all food. Shredded Wheat is the whole wheat—nothing wasted or thrown away. It is a nourishing wholesome substitute for meat, eggs and other expensive foods. No sugar is required—simply milk and a dash of salt.**

### Dwarf Tailor Is Head of Brunswick Republic

London. — A hunchback dwarf, four feet in size, Merries by name, formerly a tailor, is now president, and a washerwoman is minister of education of the republic of Brunswick, the Daily Chronicle learns from its Amsterdam correspondent. The duchy of Brunswick was one of the first German states to be turned into a republic and its monarch led all other princes in abdicating. The former duchy is now completely in the hands of the German "reds."

The hunchback-president gets \$17,500 a year which he insists on having paid him in daily instalments. His first act was to order a search of all houses and arrest all enemies of red rule. Thereupon he appointed as minister of education a washerwoman, the goings-on in whose house used to call for serious attention from the police under the old regime.

**RETURNS FROM SERVICE.**  
After service at the Naval Training School in Newport, R. I., Jesse D. Wells, 1933 Paxton street, has returned to Harrisburg with an honorable discharge. Wells is widely known here. He enlisted in June. He was formerly credit manager at Bowman's Store, and also a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

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Pyramid Pile Treatment gives quick relief, stops itching, bleeding or protruding piles, hemorrhoids.

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