



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 LXXV.

Bright and early on the day after Neal started for training camp, Terry came to call for Jim.

"I'm going to drive you to work like a captain of industry, mate," said he. Then to clench the lie of our friendly conspiracy against my husband, he added: "That's the least a chap can do, Jim—after the way you stood by and took on this job as a favor to me—and to release a man for the war."

When a sturdy, upright man like Perry Winston decides to lie for a friend, I suppose he fairly has to make a good job of it. But I wonder, if one day Jim will discover and exact payment from Terry and me.

After Terry and Jim had left I started off on the day's usual round of housework. But one minute I was washing dishes, the next I was plunging into dusting and a moment later that I was engaged in making beds. Restless! I just couldn't stick to any one thing. That little apartment of mine seemed as large as an empty barn and twice as cold and dreary.

I fairly ached with missing Neal. He was all that had been left to me of my old life. And now, with him going, I felt that a milestone had been passed in my new life.

Jim is booked for a splendid salary, and there's the monthly "kit" from Haldanes. Never in my life have I had so much money. And with the earning of this amount Jim is back on the threshold of his old life. He thinks utterly unknown to me. With all my heart and soul I'll try to follow him there. But shall I succeed?

At noon I woke to the fact that neither Phoebe nor Virginia had phoned me, and with pride in myself for making the advances, I called first the Rochambeaus, then Virginia's apartment. But the girls weren't to be found. My loneliness increased. I made a hasty lunch of crackers and milk—took it in the kitchenette and standing. That carried me back to my boarding-house days.

Toward the close of the long, lonely afternoon the doorbell rang. Even the laundryman would have been a welcome break in my day, but when I went to the door there stood Tom Mason.

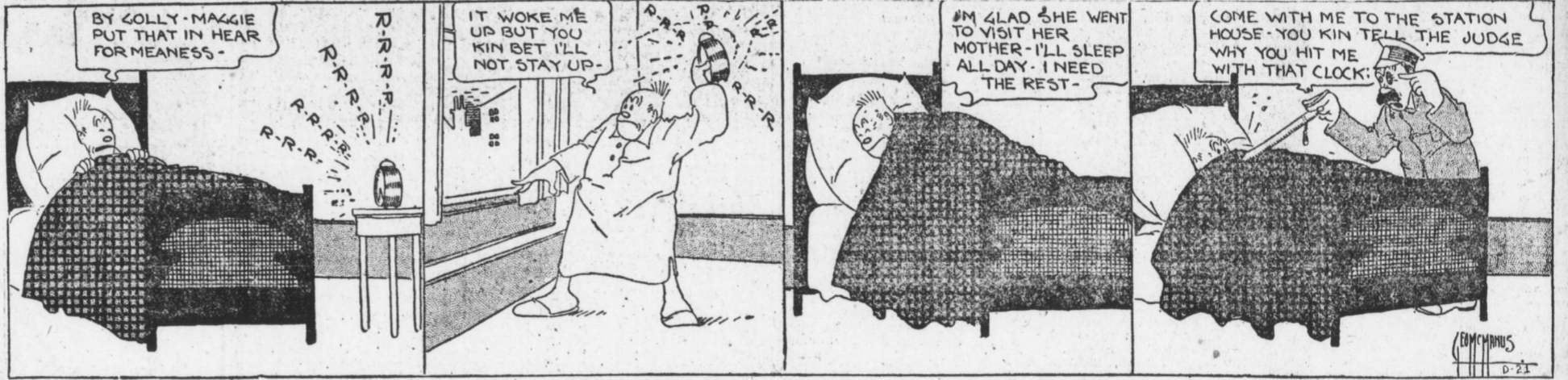
"Hullo, Lady Tenant! At last I get a real chance to visit you," he announced. "Evvy just dropped me here with a message—she's going out to the River road to get Jim. He motored up there with a chap named Nerreyes. Their car broke down—Nerreyes took the train and as Jim couldn't stand the long cross-country walk, he called Evvy, and—there they are—and here are we."

"That's very nice of your cousin," I said colorfully. "A friend in need

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XVII

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One afternoon several days after Mildred had told her sister of Tom Chandler's return to Fairlands, Honora Brent came home from the office sooner than was her custom.

It had been one of those unseasonably warm days that come sometimes in early spring. Even her employer had been affected by the sudden change in the weather and had left his office at 4 o'clock, advising his secretary to do likewise.

"Don't stay after you have finished those letters, Miss Brent," he had suggested kindly.

When Honora reached her own house and opened the front door, Mrs. Higgins hurried downstairs to speak to her.

"The widow's usually placid demeanor was ruffled and she grasped a yellow envelope in a tremulous hand.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come! My sister—Mrs. Wilkinson, you know—is ill in Hartford. They have telegraphed for me."

"What must go at once," Honora declared promptly.

"I suppose so," the older woman hesitated. "But it's Katie's afternoon and evening out. I don't know what to do. I can't leave you poor children—"

"Poor children!" scoffed the girl. "What nonsense! We are able to keep ourselves from starving or freezing. I should think. As to to-night's dinner, if we can't get that for ourselves, we deserve to go hungry. You must start at once, Mrs. Higgins. If Mildred and I are able to earn our own living, we should be equal to keeping house for a while. Have you packed your bags?"

"No," faltered the matron. "I did not know whether—"

"Well, I know," Honora cut her short. "Come upstairs now and I will help you. First let me telephone for a taxi. You can catch the 5.22 train if we hurry."

Under the older woman's agitated directions the girl packed a suitcase, helped her adjust her bonnet and don her coat, then saw her, still murmuring regrets, into the cab.

"Stay away just as long as you wish to," Honora advised. "Drop us a line when you can and tell us how Mrs. Wilkinson is. I'm sure her illness isn't anything very serious. Good-by, dear."

The cab rolled away and Honora returned to the porch. Here she sank into a chair and smiled affectionately at the memory of the bustle and flurry that had pervaded the house for the past half-hour.

Then her thoughts wandered to more personal matters, and she sat still, watching the late sunlight die away from the budding treetops across the street. A man's voice roused her from her self-absorption.

"A penny for your thoughts!"

Arthur Bruce came up the walk, laughing.

"I spoke three times," he accused, "but you were so wrapped up in your own reflections that you never heard me at all. I was about to go away with my hurt feelings, believing that you had decided to break off my association with me. Then I thought better of it. What were you dreaming about?"

Honora smiled. She could not admit that the object of her reverie stood before her, his head bare, holding out his hand in greeting.

"Thank you," he leaned back in a chair with a sigh of comfort. "It is good to be resting," he added. "I've been working hard all day and have not had time to loaf since I got up this morning—though probably you won't believe that."

They chatted for a few minutes before he put the question that in her heart she had hoped he might omit.

"Where is Mildred—still at the office?"

"Yes," she replied curtly. Then,

"Honora helped her."

"Well, I know," Honora cut her short. "Come upstairs now and I will help you. First let me telephone for a taxi. You can catch the 5.22 train if we hurry."

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more gently, "Mrs. Higgins has gone away."

"Illness seems to be the order of the day," Arthur commented when she had explained the widow's departure. "Mother has a cousin living out at Wildwood, and she is very ill. Mother wants me to drive her out there this evening."

"I don't know," Honora began. "Oh, come on!" he urged. "And make Mildred come, too. It will be a genuine reward for my alleged charity-errand, and I know mother will be delighted to have you."

"I'm not sure what Mildred's plans are," the girl said slowly. "But I think it's a lovely plan. This weather makes me want to get out of the city."

"Fine!" he exclaimed boyishly. "I'll call it settled, then. I'll be here with a car at 8 o'clock."

When she had watched his strong, slim figure swing away down the street, Honora entered the house and finished preparing the dinner upon which Mrs. Higgins had been at work when she received her disconcerting telegram.

The hour for Mildred's arrival from downtown came and went. Twilight fell, and Honora was growing vaguely uneasy when she heard the familiar click of the gate latch. Her anxiety sent her to the front door.

Mildred was saying good-by to a man at the foot of the steps. There was enough light in the western sky to enable Honora to recognize Chandler. He raised his hat, spoke a word of greeting, then, with a low and final word to Mildred, went down the path.

"Were you worried, Honora?" the younger girl queried as she followed her sister into the house. "I met Tom on the way home, and we stopped at Hall's for a soda."

"Yes, Honora said over her shoulder as she went towards the kitchen. "I was worried. It is dinner time. Please hurry and come in."

(To Be Continued)

Philadelphia, Dec. 21. — Twenty girls at the Adelphia Hotel threatened with suffocation when a fire started in the roof garden late yesterday afternoon, were carried to safety by girl elevator operators.

Traffic in Chestnut street, near Thirteenth, was blocked for some time and considerable excitement was created among the thousands of shoppers while the fire, which caused little damage, was being fought.

The blaze was discovered in the kitchen while the maids were eating. As soon as Dora Fowler, one of the elevator operators hurried their cars to the roof. After all the maids had entered safely, the operators took them to the first floor.

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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.

How shall I teach my daughter to say her little prayer?

It is fine to see children show respect to their elders. And it is finer to have them show reverence to God.

Great additional power can be tapped through a prayer by those who have learned how to pray. The child who early has been taught to pray in a proper way has a distinct advantage over one who has not been so taught. There is daily striving at self-important for the good of others in the case of the child properly taught which is unknown to the child of unchristian or neglectful parents. The resulting difference in character is often remarkable.

So whatever you do, do not neglect the spiritual development of your child.

Some parents have the highest ideals for their children but do not know the proper way of including the child to act in accordance with those ideals.

For example, one mother writes me:

"I have always tried to teach my little daughter to say her prayer at night before going to bed. Even before she could talk, I always said

for her while she was listening. Since she has learned to talk, I make her say it every night, but she is getting where she does not care to say it at all. What can I do or say to her to make her want to say her little prayer?"

To get your daughter to take more interest in her little prayer, appear to be more enthusiastic about it yourself. Pray about new and interesting things. For example, say, "Dear Jesus, when we take some little cookies over to Mary Jane's to-morrow, help us to make her feel cheerful and happy."

Put some human interest into it. Talk about her little anticipated pleasures, about her little trials and encourage her to talk to God in a natural way about her experiences during the day and those to take place on the morrow.

Abstract ideas are not interesting to children. Talk about specific things for your daughter to ask Jesus for, just before she starts to pray. Then no matter in what word she puts the request, show decided enthusiasm and your feelings of satisfaction which she will tend to imitate.

Some children often say very

amusing things in their prayers and parents should guard against showing that they are ever amused. Many children have been spoiled by parents who repeated in front of them expressions used in their little prayers. The children get to thinking it is smart to say cute things in their prayers and their attentions are diverted.

In the case of a young child it is better to encourage him to emphasize his thankfulness in his prayer rather than his various wishes which are so often purely selfishness. For example, the prayer of a small child will start out thus: "Dear Jesus, I am thankful for the good things to eat, for the sunshine and the birds." The child also should be taught to say, "Take good care of father and mother and— and —"

Children should not get the idea that night is the only time to pray. Vary the program once in a while. Set the example before your child, showing him that you can pray asking God's help at any time of the day. Don't be afraid to do this. It will help you. It will help your child.

It is no wonder our children are not more religiously inclined than they are when so many of us have a feeling of timidity about speaking God's name in the day time, or in the daily routine, as we do other matters of importance. The effect of the parents talking to each other about God, about God's laws and about God's pleasure in the children's hearing (not to them) would be a most wholesome one and would mean more real influence than much exhorting.

If we live an upright life ourselves and prove to be a real companion to our children, the chances are that their lives also will be guided by right principles.

Moose Minstrels, Orpheum Theatre, night of January 23, 1919. adv

British Fleet Likely to Come to America

London, Dec. 21. — It is reported that the Admiralty views favorably the suggestion that a large part of the British fleet commanded by Admiral Sir David Beatty should visit the United States. It is understood that it will be made immediately after peace has been signed. Subsequently the fleet will make a tour of the British dominions.

Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, former chief of the naval staff, will visit the dominions and India in February to advise on naval matters.

NO BEER BREWING YET

Washington, Dec. 21. — Although there is a plethora of rumors that the government is to rescind the order that ended all brewing operations December 1, none of the reports are confirmed. According to officials of the several governmental agencies upon the recommendation of which the President stopped beer making to save food and fuel there is no movement to modify the order, even in the case of near-beer.

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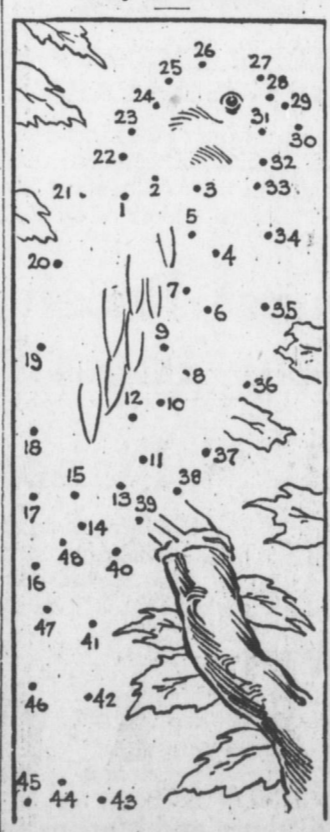
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