



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LITTLE

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

CHAPTER LXXX
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"By crickets!" You're a regular butter-fingers, Barbara Anne—don't you think you better let me cut that string?" asked Father Andrew.
"Go on! Hurry up, dear—I'm anxious to see what Virginia is sending you," urged Jim in actual excitement.
"I'm getting the knot—wait a minute!" I insisted.
We three had come in from our evening at the theater, and after tossing my coat across a chair, I was standing at the refectory table struggling with the wrappings of the little box from Virginia. At last I got it open—and there it lay—what I had feared all along I would find. With a word I laid it in the palm of my hand and held it up for Jim and Father to see.
"By jove—that's a pretty thing!" Jim exclaimed. "Mighty nice of Jeanie—but what's the occasion?" His voice trailed off suddenly and he stared a bit uneasily from Father to me. Father Andrew's big, grizzled fingers were holding my wrist and his steady hands were fixed on the circlet of diamonds Phoebe had bought at night before she went to the ring Neal had given her.
"Open the letter, Barbara Anne," very said dear Father Andrew, very gently.
"What is it, dear?" asked Jim.
"Somehow I couldn't speak. Father Andrew closed his hand over the ring and held my strained little first against his heart for a second. Then he turned to me and said:
"It's the ring I gave her dear mother when she plighted his vows to me," he began in a voice that was moist with feeling. Then he went on heartily, "By crickets, my Neal gave it to your Phoebe, and my Neal's little hand last night! Must be something wrong. Read us the letter, Barbara Anne, so we'll know what this means."
So I gave the ring to Father, turned my eyes resolutely away from his face and read Virginia's letter aloud:
"Dear Anne—Last night your father and I both noticed this ring on Phoebe's hand. I think he was fully as anxious as I to know what it meant. And I feel that he will agree with me that what it meant was not do. Little Phoebe fancies she is engaged to Neal. They are both young—ridiculously young—and I don't mean real suffering for Phoebe. Marriage at best isn't easy, and I mean to use my own experience to save Phoebe pain. So I am sending Neal's ring to you—this way we will save the hurt of having Phoebe return it to him. I think it best that the children should just forget each other for the time.
"I'm getting into the apartment today. To show that there is no misunderstanding between us, will you and Mr. Hyland and Jimmie dine with me at seven Saturday?
"Affectionately yours,
"I looked up from the letter with my heart aching, and as I crunched the paper I made an experience I could not describe.
"Of all the cold-blooded, heartless creatures I hate her do. I hate her. Just because she couldn't make a success of her own marriage, she needn't cheat at love and ting Neal's ring back as if it were a soiled glove. Poor little Phoebe—no wonder she's timid and cowed."
Vaguely, through a mist, I saw

Bringing Up Father

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LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

A nightmare childhood! Left motherless at birth; until she was thirteen years of age a drudge in a racetrack boardhouse, where the rough talk and actions of "swipes" and stable helpers were her daily portion; then "on her own," a subject for all those unwellcome experiences which fall to the lot of a young and unprotected girl.

No wonder she has few illusions left in regard to either life or men. At an age when most children are learning kindergarten songs she was a sophisticated woman of the world, listening wide-eyed to the Rabelaisian jests and broad allusions of the stablemen as she ran errands and saved steps for the overworked mistress of the boardhouse. In the years when pink and white girlhood awakens to romance and dreams of a possible Prince Charming she was struggling for a living, repulsing the attentions of would-be mashers, and facing the crude, hard, ugly facts of existence.

"I found my way up," she writes. "Life became easier for me and I graduated into a better environment than on every hand there were men, men. There were times when nothing saved me but my steady nerve and cool insolence. I have every man—almost—that I have ever known."

"No, she has no illusions. Or, rather, perhaps, she is the victim of a very great illusion, when she believes that all men are vicious. Even she herself is compelled to make one exception; for, as if by way of compensation for her early hardships, into her life she relates ends in a happy marriage, with a husband who she regards as little less than perfection.

And so, like a second Pilgrim, having after many trials and tribulations attained Paradise, like a second Eve, she promptly proceeds to the garden of Eden, something to fret and worry about.

"My dear Mrs. Woodrow," she writes, "my husband and I are confronted with a problem that we ourselves are unable to solve and which we desire to submit to you. We have a little daughter who is five months old to-day, and are anxious to take the step on account of the superior school advantages which town life offers for we want to educate her in the best possible way.

"We hope you will be able to help us, because we can't feel sure in our own hearts just what is the wisest course to follow to attain our purpose."

And I am supposed to be a sort of a fairy godmother, who, by the mere wave of my magic wand, can send this baby girl with all the blessings that humanity yearns for—a Cinderella coach with horses and footmen and at the end of her journey a Prince of Dreams to claim her. I only wish I could.

Parents have always made the mistake of thinking that if they were able to control circumstances they could make certain the well-being of their children. Napoleon, who was the master of the world, tried it; and the son for whose sake he divorced the one love of his life and plunked Europe into a succession of bloody wars, whom he pictured as a mighty monarch wielding universal dominion, died a pitiful little exile, a dependant in an alien court.

No one can govern the happenings or destiny of another person. Each child born into the world is an individual, with just a little different

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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A child whose cries have always been awarded with attention is most unfortunate. Such a child has to realize at some time or other that everyone in society is not going to cater to his every selfish whim, and the earlier in life he realizes this the easier it will be for him.

We find children of all ages being catered to by their parents in the most unreasonable ways. Cases like the following are not uncommon:
"My 3-year-old daughter has been unusually slow about getting her teeth. Even after a tooth appears, it takes so long to come through the gum that she naturally has been fretful most of the time. Certain others in the household go to pieces when the daughter cries and the only way I could ever quiet her at times was to let her nurse. I knew at this time the milk was of no nourishment to her, but I could not resist this way. Now the problem facing me is to wean her after I have been nursing her all this time. Please advise me the best way."

That your daughter has plenty of minerals in her food, so that her teeth may develop more rapidly. The following foods contain much mineral matter: Soda crackers, oatmeal, peanut butter, shredded wheat, oysters and salt codfish gravy.

You can hardly expect to wean a child of 3 years without having her teeth begin to decay. Begin to wean her at once, even if she does cry a little.

You can make it easier for her by preparing her mind beforehand in a proper way. Begin to praise her for little things that she does for you, suggesting that she is getting to be such a big girl now. Perhaps it would be well not to deprive her of nursing until a day or two after you have begun lodging these suggestions.

Just before she goes to sleep at night impress upon her mind in a quiet way that she is getting so big that she does just like mother in so

Dauphin Homes Filled With Christmas Visitors

Dauphin, Pa., Dec. 28.—(Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lutz, of Oberlin, Pa., are the guests of Mrs. George Gil Johnsbury, in spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Kinter.

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Daily Dot Puzzle

British Premier's Wife Who Aided His Campaign

Illness Among Children Prevents Church Exercises

Elizabethville, Pa., Dec. 28.—Sickness among the children of the United Brethren church caused them to cancel their Christmas exercises, the remaining churches, however, rendered their programs to well filled houses.—Ralph H. Whitman has purchased the electrical outfit of A. B. Collier, and will continue the wiring of houses.—Mrs. F. N. Riegle returned on Saturday evening from the Harrisburg Hospital, where she underwent an operation. She is some what improved.—Mrs. Silas Cooper has returned from a several weeks' visit at Baltimore.—Miss Beulah Shutt, a school teacher of Johnsbury, is the guest of her sister, Miss Ella Shutt.—Visitors here during the Christmas week were the following: Lieutenants Edwin Howard Fetterhof, of an aviation camp in Texas, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fetterhof; Lieut. Laurence Zerling, of Fort Monro; Corporal Miles Stroup and father, Dr. C. B. Stroup, of Allentown, at the home of Isaac Bonawitz; Private Edwin Bechtel, of Chicago, and his brother, Isaac, of Reading, at the home of Alfred Bechtel; Private Ellsworth Grove, of the Wireless Training School, at Brooklyn, N. Y., with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Grove; Private Lester A. Harner, of Camp Meade, Md., with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Harner.—Miss Hannah Swab returned to her home after spending several weeks at Harrisburg, spent several days with her parents.—Paul Stroup, of Jefferson Medical School, Philadelphia, and Harold Swab, of Camden, N. J., are visiting relatives here.—Mr. and Mrs. Emery Shoop spent Christmas with relatives at Millersburg.—Edwin H. Zeigler left on Tuesday for Laurel, Miss. He will become director of physical culture in Y. M. C. A. work.—Miss Mildred Swab, of Peirce Business School, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Swab, of E. Duffington, superintendent of finance of the post office department, at Washington, and Mrs. Buffington, are guests of I. T. Buffington.—Miss Agnes Snyder, at Millersville State Normal, is visiting her parents in Main street.—Dr. Gordinier, president of Millersville Normal school,

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