

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

"I have rather monopolized Mrs. Harrison," agreed Anthony Norreys amiably when Jim came to challenge him as we sat talking after Virginia's dinner. "But for the matter of that I rather monopolize you, lad. I'm an old hulk that needs fine young craft to convoy it. You do that for my work. Your wife has just promised to do it for my charity. She's going to let me establish an endowment fund at the Canteen—we're going to dole out banana splits and cake and pudding."

"I'm not sure Anne will continue canteening," replied Jim darkly and ungraciously. "It's fine work—but I don't see that my wife is essential to it. It went on without her for a number of years—and as is always the case where he is concerned, Jim at once became peaceable and good-natured."

"Your dope's all wrong, Jim. The idea is to relieve the veterans who have stood the strain for years by having the reserves come in. Every time Mrs. Jimmie has to serve at the dinner hour she counts on me to share your lonely repast. I don't see why that needn't occur to you on your own—old chap."

Jim flushed and stirred uneasily—glancing at me almost in embarrassment at Terry's words. And that told me that what he'd done on the one evening I was on canteen duty was by no means so innocent as spending the time with Terry. I wondered if Terry knew—and was at one and the same time trying to secure my freedom for me and to make sure that Jim didn't take too lavish a portion of freedom for himself.

"As I look back on the evening, I wonder why I wasn't overwhelmed by the burning jealousy that usually overtakes me when I find myself questioning whether Jim is making use of his great fascination and charm for women. Was the faith in myself that Anthony Norreys had given me great enough to tide me over this situation?"

Phoebe broke in as suddenly as Terry had done.

"I want to work at a canteen, too. I've nothing to do with myself and the days are so long."

"A worthy motive!" commented Virginia drily.

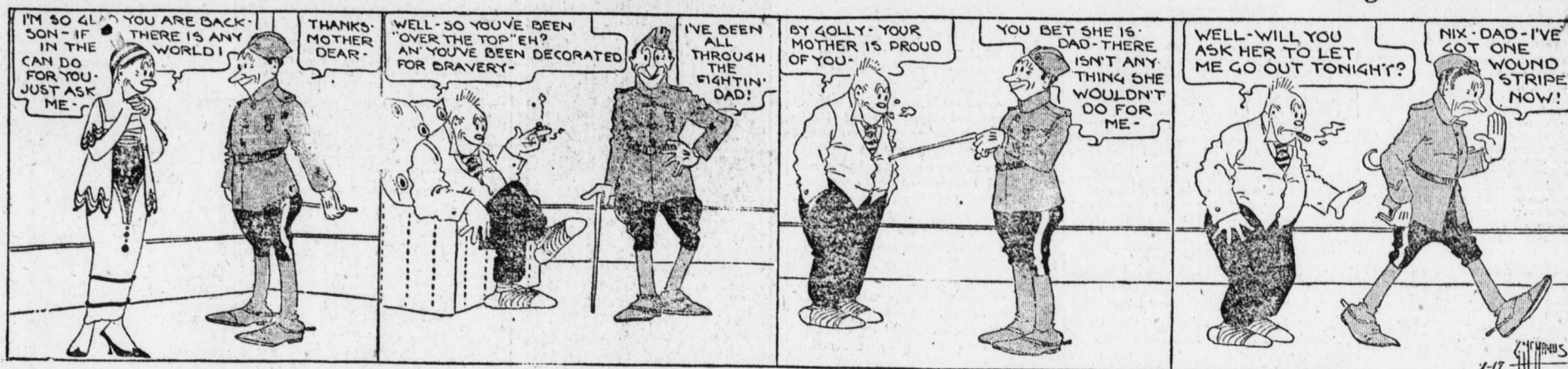
"I don't care if it is or not. I'm homesick. I guess the boys are all gone—so far from home and with the excitement of fighting all over. I'd like to meet 'em—and make a few friends. I don't know anyone in New York."

"That's gracious of you, Phoebe," said Virginia—still in the dry, dead tone so different from her usual curt decisiveness. "My friends—Jim's friends will appreciate being counted as nobody."

"Won't anyone understand?" Phoebe's voice broke and rasped. "You're all busy—and older than I—and you know where you're going—what you're going to do with your lives. I can't stand this drifting around aimlessly and having to take orders and always being a young-ster and not being vital to anyone."

So that explained Neal and his hold over Phoebe. The child's loneliness had driven her to accept his love. She needed him, rather than

Bringing Up Father



THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY
By VIRGINIA TERRIUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XXVIII

"Thank Heaven that's over!" The exclamation was Mildred's. "Yes, I am thankful the day is over," Honora agreed. "I dread it, in spite"—with a loving pressure of her sister's arm—"of your suggestion last night that I looked upon the trip as a diversion."

"Oh Honey," Mildred protested. "I did not mean that! But I hated to come to-day—and things had gone wrong with me."

"I felt we had to come on Mrs. Higgins' account," Honora explained.

The two girls were in the Hartford station waiting for the 7 o'clock train to Fairlands. They had attended the services at church and cemetery and were weary from the strain of the depressing experience. On the way to the station they had stopped at a restaurant for sandwiches and coffee and had been measurably refreshed thereby.

"The day has been hard even though the weather has been clear," Mildred commented. "If it had rained as it did yesterday it would have been unbearable. When does Mrs. Higgins return?"

"About the middle of the week, I told her to stay here long enough to settle various affairs that demand her attention. She says she is actually homesick to get back to us."

"I'm going to try to be nice to her when she comes," Mildred resolved. "Ah, here comes our train!"

As is often the case on Sunday nights, the cars were very full. Two elderly men sitting together gave up their seats to the girls. "Oh, thank you so much!" Mildred echoed her sister's expressions of gratitude in a voice so gentle that the men, both fathers of daughters, smiled kindly at her.

Honora's heart warmed toward her little sister when she was in such a mood as was hers to-night. All day the child had been very quiet, but now that the painful duty that had brought them to Hartford had been discharged she was like her best self—the self that Honora wanted to believe was the true Mildred.

The two elderly men who had resigned their seats to the girls sat behind them. It was one of those whose speech disgraced Mildred and Honora.

"It's disgraceful—that's what it is!" he exclaimed. "If young people must make love in that way, it's a great pity that they must inflict themselves upon the public!"

He did not know that his words were audible to the girls in front of him. But, instinctively, they both looked down the aisle.

The fellow in the slouch hat had his arm about his companion's shoulder. The bright red touque had slipped to one side, and he kissed her again and again.

As Honora and Mildred gazed—disgusted and shocked, yet curious also—the girl laughed, put up her hand suddenly, and jerked off the man's hat. As he turned his head to snatch it from her hand, his side face was revealed.

The man was Tom Chandler. Honora felt her sister's fingers close convulsively upon her arm, and heard the quick intake of breath that was almost a gasp.

"It's—it's—Tom!" Mildred whispered hoarsely.

The train was drawing into the Fairlands station, and the rumbly of wheels drowned the exclamation to all but Honora.

"Here we are at home, dear," the older sister announced practically. "Suppose we get off at this end of the car and shake the crowd that may be at the other end."

"Very well," Mildred muttered.

Honora arose and started toward the door, and Mildred followed her without another word.

(To be continued)

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

It was a very blind world that used to take it for granted that middle-aged women have outgrown romantic love.

Love?—an affair of the twenties. And ever afterward, home and fire-side and housekeeping, the cook book and the sewing machine. Whether a woman was married or single, whether she had known love or had only dreamed of it, the fires of romance were supposed punctually to die in her at thirty.

Then, two or three years ago, a European writer set the world gossiping by publishing a book called "The Dangerous Age." Dangerous, that is, because of its romantic susceptibility. Dangerous because while it is particularly hungry for romantic love, romantic love isn't always within its reach. You see, we're not speaking of eighteen and nineteen, the time when romance promptly answers to romance. No, the "dangerous age" is—forty.

Eighteen and nineteen don't understand this idea in the least. They are incredulous and derisive. Everybody's safely married at forty, they protest. Everybody has a husband and a houseful of children. Isn't it only a little short of scandalous for a woman at that time of life to talk of romance?

The Rebirth of Love

But the truth is, of course, that there are plenty of women in the world who arrive at middle age with hearts unsatisfied. There are widows who have known a brief season of love, the long period of loneliness, and who at forty, still young, and with a keen zest for life, feel within themselves such possibilities of romance as twenty only gets a glimpse of.

There are unmarried women who have lost their lovers. There are others who never found the love ideal that their fastidious youth demanded. At forty life has taught these women a good deal. They feel that above all other things they have learned how to love. And their lonely natures cry out for an object to spend this love on.

Isn't it entirely natural and reasonable?

A deeply interesting instance of this has just come to light in the love-letters written by the brilliant English woman, Anne Gilchrist, to our great American poet, Walt Whitman.

M. Gilchrist was a widow. She hadn't cared deeply for her husband. He hadn't in the least typified romance to her. She was the affectionate mother of four children. She had a circle of friends, including the foremost writers and artists of England. She cared greatly for books and poetry. And she was a little more than forty. That is, she was at the very height of the dangerous age.

Then Walt Whitman became famous the world over by publishing his wonderful book of poems called "Leaves of Grass." The poems showed how deeply he understood the realities of life and love. To the lonely English woman, they were like a personal voice crying loudly and directly to her hungry heart.

With perfect simplicity and naturalness, she answered the cry.

Love letters to a Poet

She wrote Whitman a long letter, indeed a series of letters, telling him of the profound personal love that his poems had awakened in her, and taking it for granted that he, too, would be ready to love her and claim her as his wife.

It was magnificently romantic. And the letters themselves were the very breath of romance.

"My love rises up out of the weary depths of grief and troubles upon despair," she wrote him. "I can wait—any time—a lifetime, any lifetimes—I can suffer, I can dare, I can learn, I grow, I can die, in life or death, yet nothing will heart the passionate belief that one day I shall hear that voice."

It was tragic that Whitman could never answer her in her own language, the language of passionate love. Instead he wrote her kindly, gently, briefly and therefore discouragingly. Yet after a few years still undiscouraged, Mrs. Gilchrist came to this country with her children and came to know Walt Whitman as a friend.

Two years later, when she went back to England, she who wanted so much more, had learned the hard lesson of accepting the poet's mere friendship. Since Whitman could not meet her love with love, she found a way to quiet that tumultuous heart of hers. And her dangerous age was over.

But her letters alone, as eloquent perhaps and as ardent as any love-letters ever written, would of themselves disprove the old-fashioned notion that twenty is the supreme and only age of romance.

No twenty-year-old girl could love with the sustained fervor that Anne Gilchrist did during the five un-

nourished years that she addressed continual outpourings to that poet across the seas whose face she had never seen, whose voice she had never heard.

Mature Love Unrewarded

A woman must live considerably beyond twenty before she thoroughly understands the capacities of her own heart and gets near to the real meanings of life.

But the unhappy truth has to be faced that by the time she has learned to love in the most thorough and big-hearted way the chances are considerable against her finding a heart that can answer to her own.

It's like coming too late to a dance. Everybody's card is filled. Everybody has his partner. No matter how gayly and deliciously one can dance, there's nothing for it but to be a wallflower.

That, of course, is the real tragedy of the dangerous age. The list of possible congenial lovers becomes so appallingly reduced by the time one is forty; there were hordes of them at twenty—when it didn't seem to matter and one couldn't seem to care and one could never quite make up one's capricious mind.

But now, at forty, where are they? They're married to women whom you think are not quite worthy of them. Or they're gone

to South America. Or they've changed their aspect altogether and become fat and florid and uninteresting. And here are you, not yet begun to feel the least bit old or weary, but lonely, unloved, shoved aside by a hurrying eager feet of a younger generation.

I wonder if women who, a little too late, perhaps, have awoke to a

consciousness of their own flaming hearts, really envy the average happily married woman, the woman who has comfortably settled down to domestic tranquility and fireside love.

Do they cherish their own unrequited emotion? Or would they change places with the woman who has no dangerous age?

WHEN DO WE DIE? NO LONGER A MYSTERY

Practically speaking, many people actually begin to die years before they cease to live. Many times you see a comparatively young person with shrunken features and pallor that you might expect to find in a hospital ward. That unfortunate person is suffering from impoverished blood and every vital organ of the body begins to die the moment the blood becomes impoverished.

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Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary, mild coconut oil which is pure and harmless, and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonsful will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, sunny and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified coconut oil at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.—Adv.

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