

Reading for the Entertainment of the Family

"When a Girl Marries"

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

CHAPTER XXVIII
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"Anne! Come here this instant, had does this mean? Come here," called Jim's voice insistently.

I was in the big closet off the living room hanging away the dress I'd worn to Virginia's dinner—but at the moment in Jim's voice I flung a glance across my shoulders and hurried into the bedroom.

Jim was standing over at the big wardrobe where his clothes were piled. His back was toward me and he seemed to be hunched down in the nearest study of something. Now he turned around and faced me.

In his hand was a bit of green paper. He held it out to me accusingly. It was the \$10 he'd flung at me that morning—the \$10 I had put in the box where his studs and links are kept.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "Is this the money I gave you for a parcel and a little pretty?"

"Yes," I replied dully—stupidly, wondering even as I spoke how I was going to make him understand the rejection of his gift.

"Since when do you refuse to take money from your husband?" he cried, when he saw you fling back my money at me."

"Oh, Jim—I didn't," he mimicked. "What do you call this, I'd like to know?"

"I put it there—I couldn't take it, you wait a minute, Jim. I'm tired. It has happened to-night. I've been worrying about Phoebe—and al, and thinking about Pat Dalton, and whether I'd done the best thing in seeing him. I can't get back all a minute to—"

"Indeed! Well, I'll just trouble you to keep your hands off my sister's affairs until you prove yourself capable of handling your own. A fine mud-sucker you're in now. Getting Norreys under his money on your old nineteen—and getting me in wrong with Tom Mason."

Jim's voice got more and more agitated as he went on cataloguing my misdemeanors and shortcomings. And again I felt the illness of anger.

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Bringing Up Father

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HOW ARE THE GOLD-FISH YOU'RE TAKING CARE OF FOR ME GETTING ALONG?

BEAUTIFULLY—MY USUAL CARE IS GUARDING THEM AGAINST THE NOW-ILL GET THEM.

JIM—DEAR—WILL YOU BRING DOWN THE GOLD-FISH?

HERE YOU ARE—MAGGIE!

FOOL—I SAID GOLD-FISH!

WELL—THE GOLD-FISH ARE IN HERE—

ME—OW!

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.

When your child first attempts to change your commands or wants to put off a task that you want done at once, he compels you to undergo an important test.

Your future control of that child may greatly depend upon how you meet the test.

Some parents use threats and severe methods; others are too lenient. The correct method consists in striking a happy medium between the two extremes.

Let us take a case. A mother writes to me:

"My boy is now three years and nine months old. He has been an unusually healthy child and I believe he has been well-disciplined. But recently he has gotten into the habit of whining and trying to put off commands. For example, when playing, I have always required him to put all his things away before he was to get our blocks put up before the sandman comes around, he will cry, 'I don't want to pick them up now.' Can you tell me where I am wrong and what is the correct course to pursue?"

Your method probably has been right up to the present time. Good results practically presuppose good methods. Of course, now that your boy has begun to take advantage of the method of mild, cheerful suggestions it will be necessary for you to change your method slightly to meet the new emergency.

A little more firmness is required now. But you have to use caution lest you antagonize him and encourage stubbornness.

A great deal of importance attaches itself to your first few attempts at using firmness. Therefore, it is advisable to follow out some such plan as I shall immediately suggest.

The next time he says, "I don't want to pick them up until tomorrow," or tries in some other way to put off doing what you ask, smile slightly, reach out your hand in a friendly way, saying, "Come over here with mother." Lead him in a friendly way to the nearest chair, sit down,

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Suppose you were 29 and liked a boy about 18, your senior. (You might nickname him "young man.") Suppose also that though this youth met with your approval, one of your parents was inclined to be unfavorable to the friendship and to his other friends (inclusive of girls) in general. Suppose, too, that you had a very little money and action one might make. Suppose under these conditions you were to become intimate with the young man or sever home relations. What do you advise?

Now suppose the friendship is broken through some roundabout manner and you are left with a broken heart and self unable to forget the youth. Suppose, unknown to the parent she has spoken of, seeks to renew the old friendship and is told to do so by the ill-treated youth in his desire for revenge; "to pay back in one's own coin." What do you advise?

The girl justifies his every action inasmuch as he is not aware of the cause of his trouble (though he may have an idea of them) and he may have an idea of them. What would you do then, if you were the girl?

Isn't this a case where frankness might have prevented heartache on both your parts? (You young man, you often have an unhappy result. I think you owed it to your friend to explain to him as fully as you could why you felt obliged to discontinue seeing him. Perhaps it isn't too late to write him and explain your whole course of action. I can advise nothing else.

Has a Dangerous Vice

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 22 and in love with a man four years my senior. He knows that my love is reciprocated. What would like to ask you is this: He has a habit of taking a drink of whisky once a week. He has tried to get him out of this habit. He promises he will not drink, but he always breaks his promise. He has asked me to marry him. Now, Miss Fairfax, should I continue going with him and try again to break him of the habit, or should I give him up, which will break my heart, because I love him dearly?

P. D.

It is a very serious defect in the young man that he is not able to keep a resolution. I think it may be that you haven't taken a sufficient strong stand in talking to him about this. You explain well to persuade him by some means to give up the whisky habit before marriage.

Prefers the Jolly Lover

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have two soldier friends, one whom I have gone out with and like very much, the other whom I have just cared for as a friend. The second one I have not seen for a long time, but have corresponded with. My mother says that I should stick to this one, as he is the better of the two, just because he is religious. The first one is jolly and outspoken, but a little rough, and my mother does not care for him. Can you help me?

I certainly cannot advise you to become engaged to the soldier you do not love, however worthy he may be. On the other hand, roughness isn't a recommendation. But perhaps you may be able to persuade him to an unconventional manner, that he is of the "rough diamond" type. In that case, I should think you might persuade your mother to become reconciled to him, and follow the inclinations of your own heart.

Shaffer's Last Flight

Continued

The aviator took his departure, my dinner arriving at that time marking as he did so that no doubt I was accustomed to better eating than the meal on the table. Incidentally, he forgot all about my address, but I was too hungry to notice the significant omission, just as if he had any intention of dropping said information over the line. I thought I was one hungry man, but the looks of that basin of soup drove all my hunger away. In fact, I've seen better meals mixed up for pigs. This was my first acquaintance with German soup, the one "big" meal of the day, and I certainly did not get any pleasure out of it. One must eat, however, to live, and the Lord only knew when they might give us anything else; so with some curiosity I tasted the mixture of cornmeal and sour apples. Neither my eyes nor my revolting stomach had been deceived. The taste was horrible, and worse luck, it was not half cooked. Even will give you an idea how hungry I was. That night I was given some more coffee—nothing else—and my hard, plank bed yielding no more warmth than sleep. Next morning came coffee again, I was getting pretty well fed up on this doggone coffee diet, and I hope you are not thinking of that coffee as nicely as both black, unsweetened and sweetened and milk to help out. This tasteless, and one had no bread to help out. However, there being nothing else to do, I drank it, wondering at the same time when there would be a change in diet.

Uses Precious Soap

To keep my mind off my suffering stomach, I used some of my precious soap in washing my face and hands. There was much to talk about with my fellow-prisoners, except the lack of eats and how soon we would be sent away from here. It interested me, too, because it was a pretty lonesome life being coupled up all alone with nothing to do. One had too much time to think, and I found my thoughts turning many times to the idea of my granddaddy, who had starved to death in a Confederate prison. That day my lot was bettered a little when I was placed in a room with four others, three Frenchmen and an Italian lieutenant. In general, they were all decent; all of whom were in the same spare time hunting "cooties." This occupation may have been interesting from their point of view, I was; but for an unaccustomed spectator like myself it was more than anticipating. The beds were made a little softer here with a thin layer of straw, but my bones, unaccustomed to such beds, refused to accommodate themselves to the circumstances, so I passed another meatless, breadless, sleepless night.

Increased Rations

Next day we were given a loaf of black bread and a small slab of rotten cheese, said cuts to be divided between five men and, to last a night was laid. It's a cinch we were not going to save anything on such rations for a probable escape. As for the rations, it was only because of extreme hunger that I could eat at all, even though the Frenchman pronounced it "pas mal" (not bad). I prudently put it away for morning.

"Was well I did so, because in the morning I ate it with gusto and was sorry there was no more. As for my share of bread, breakfast finished it. What I was going to eat for dinner was a question which could take care of itself when that time arrived.

A Change of Scenery

Since we were to be put aboard a train at 10 a. m. I figured the scenery would make up for the lack of dinner, for I had never a doubt that we would be sent into Germany. Naturally, I was curious to see what this cultured country looked like, and how much was true that had been said of the inhabitants. I found out the latter much sooner than I anticipated and much to my sorrow. However, it was not discovered until we were on the train. I carried none of the necessary trappings of a soldier around with me, so it looked as if I was out of luck. A French man, working in the kitchen, noting my costume, and lack of spoon and bowl, had no doubt thinking I was an officer, kindly brought me a basin filled with hot soup. It was not at all bad, either in taste or in quantity. Anyway, there was not enough of it. I wanted a second helping, but politeness was not a virtue of the Boche—one cannot expect it of an animal—and this was not offered. In fact, he saw to it that no one passed his

many potatoes, cabbage, turnips and carrots had disappeared that even the Boches noted it. They had not seen them taken, you understand, but they had a pretty shrewd suspicion just the same where they had gone, and decided to hunt for them. The rumor of what was up spread ahead of them like wildfire, and hiding places of every conceivable nature were immediately filled. In our particular barracks planks were pulled up on the floor and bags of cabbage and potatoes quickly slipped under, and the plank nailed down. One bright Frenchman opened the little skylight window and deftly slid a sack of carrots out on the roof, just as the searching Hun came in the door. Believe me, that Hun sergeant went out the door one angry man, for all he found was several potatoes which a Frenchman had put in his trouser pocket. Naturally they made a big bulge, and having first come out of the stove where he had been baking them, were somewhat hot. In his endeavor to cool them as much as possible, one was discovered peeking out of his pocket. The Boches saw to it that the rest were cooled off quite thoroughly.

(To Be Continued Monday)

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