

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 CI
(Copyright 1918, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
Swept by an instinct deeper than mere impulse, I hurried from that strange luncheon party at the Clin- sarge, flung himself extravagantly into a taxi and gave the driver Vir- ginia's address.

There had been pleading in Car- lotta Sturges's eyes, and stark amusement in Tom Mason's gaze. None of that mattered. I had to go to Virginia with the message that I felt Pat and Virginia coming close to her through me each time we met and he fumbled sadly for words.

The feeling that I was a messenger conveyed me past the door- man at the entrance to Virginia's apartment building, up in the eleva- tor and so to her very door. I felt Pat and Virginia coming close again. Their happiness seemed real—accomplished.

Then the maid admitted me to Virginia's apartment.
And the very first thing I did— did instinctively, without fore- thought or planning—was to stare over at the console table where the silver basket of crimson Jacquemil- nots with the tiny pale pink "sweet- heart roses" had stood the night be- fore.

It wasn't there.
Anonymous, that basket of frag- rance had been allowed to deck Virginia's living room. Revealed as the gift of Pat Dalton, it had been removed.
But where was it? Had Vir- ginia transported it tenderly to her own room—or had she flung it out of her home in high resentment of her husband's darling? My own un- spoken words startled me. Never before had I thought of Pat Dal- ton as Virginia's husband. I'd just accepted them vaguely as Pat and Virginia—two persons who ought to be together and were apart.

The rustle of draperies in the hall made me drag my eyes away from their search of the room where Pat's gift had been denied a place.
"Forgive me for keeping you waiting," came Virginia's smooth tones from the hallway—and she followed close upon her words, "It's sweet of you to run in, Anne."
Perfectly meaningless, formal words. They might have been ad- dressed to a mere acquaintance. I tried to evade her chill influence.

No Luck for Him

This child won't play or smile. He is real sick. His tongue is white, breath feverish, stomach sour. He fears he is in for a dose of awful castor oil, calomel or pills. How he hates them. He would rather remain sick. No! He won't tell mother!

If his mother would only learn the value of candy "Cascarets." How children love this candy cathartic—how surely it acts on liver and bowels.



TO MOTHERS! Each ten cent box of Cascarets contains full directions for dose for children aged one year old and upwards. Nothing else "works" the nasty bile, sour fermentations and constipation poison from the tender little bowels so gently, yet so thoroughly. Even cross, feverish, bilious children gladly take Cascarets without being coaxed. Cascarets taste just like candy. Cascarets never gripe, never sicken, never injure, but above all, they never disappoint the worried mother.

—it has been done!

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take a dose the instant you know you are taking a cold—then inhale and exhale the breath deeply through the nostrils.
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Note: To check and abort an incipient cold there is nothing so sure as Mentho-Laxene. It is concentrated essence—a 2½ oz. bottle can be mixed at home with syrup or honey to make a full pint of wonderfully effective medicine for colds, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, hoarseness, whooping cough, etc. Full directions with each bottle—and guaranteed to please every purchaser. Money back by The Sclabbaro Products Co., Dayton, Ohio.

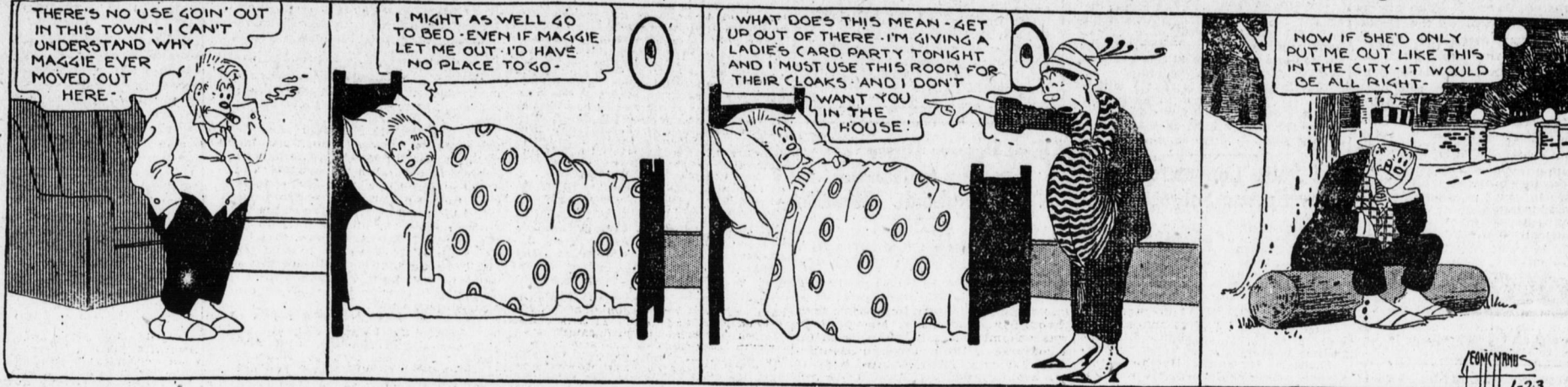
Sold by druggists everywhere.

Mentho-Laxene For Colds and Coughs

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1918, International News Service

By McManus



brain there was the thought that if Virginia's happiness could be re- stored—my own love might revive to fill its wonder and fullness again. And now Virginia turned her far- away eyes to me. They were warm and tender, ready to welcome dreams.

(To be continued)

THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

Before Mildred Brent slept that night, she wrote a note to Arthur Bruce, asking him to set a time when he could come to see her. "I have been thinking of you a great deal for the past few days," she said, "and remembering what good times we used to have together. And I have missed you. Don't let business crowd our pleasant friendship out of your life, Arthur." She did not think it necessary to read to her sister what she had written. Nevertheless she asked her to send Katie with the letter to the post-box at the corner.

"Why not ask her yourself?" Honora queried.
"Oh, I don't know," the other objected—"except that she might not want to go, and might be a bit crusty about it."
"And you think I would not mind her being cross to me, do you?" Honora teased. Well, I would mind. Not that I think Katie would be cross about it, but if she is it may as well be to you as to me."

The older sister congratulated her- self on saying this, for it proved to her that she had the courage to force upon Mildred some of the difficult tasks she was always avoiding.
Nor did she voice any protest when her companion declared testily that she would go to the corner and mail the letter herself sooner than she would allow.

"Just as you please, dear," was Honora's only comment.
Mildred stared at her in astonishment. It was evident that she was baffled by her sister's change of attitude. Until now, the older girl had always done the disagree- able things from which the younger or girl shrank. A sudden realiza- tion had come to Honora that she had helped to make Mildred the inconsequent and self-indulgent creature that she was.

Mildred did run out with the letter, and returned in a few minutes as cheerful as if her will had not been crossed, which fact only con- firmed Honora in the belief that her own plan of action had been right.
The following morning Mildred's pleasant mood deserted her.

Rather a Surprise
This change was caused by the arrival of the mail. The girls had almost finished breakfast when the postman's whistle sounded. Mildred sprang from the table and went to the front door.
She returned to the dining room with letter whose address she was scrutinizing.

"This is Arthur's handwriting," she remarked, "and it's addressed to Miss Brent. I wonder if it wasn't meant for me."
"Why?" Honora asked. "You are not Miss Brent."
"I know that!" was the brusque retort. "But he may have addressed this without thinking. I don't see what he would be writing to you about."
Honora felt herself flush with vexation. "Let me see the letter," she said. "I'll then tell for whom it is intended."
Mildred resigned it reluctantly and stood by, watching her sister as she opened it.

"It is for me," Honora informed her. "It begins, 'My Dear Honora.'"
"What is he writing to you about?" Mildred queried curiously.
"I have not read the letter yet," the other replied. "I prefer to eat my breakfast first."
She slipped the missive into her belt and went on eating. Mildred sat down sulkily and finished her meal in silence.

Honora knew that her taciturnity had irritated her sister. But the first line of Arthur's letter had warned the recipient that she had no right to share its contents with any one else.
"Will you let me see you about a confidential matter?" she had read in one hasty glance.
Later, when Mildred, still vexed at her sister's reticence, had gone upstairs to get ready for the office, Honora finished the note.

"I do not want to impose upon you, but I feel that I must talk over with you a matter that lies very close to my heart. I have grown so accustomed to depending upon you, and your understanding of me and my perplexities, that I am ask- ing this favor of you, certain that you will grant it."
Not Much Satisfaction
"When can I see you alone?" she can get away from the office earlier than usual this afternoon—if you can do the same. Suppose we meet in the reading room of the Public Library at four-thirty and go for a walk into the country?"
"I suggest this, as we will be less likely to be interrupted than if I were to call at your house."
"I do not want to bother you to- day, even Milly of our meeting, do not have settled some matters upon which I want your help. I cannot get along without it, Honora."
"I do not want to bother you to- day, even Milly of our meeting, do not have settled some matters upon which I want your help. I cannot get along without it, Honora."
The girl folded the letter and thrust it into her handbag. She would take it to the office with her. She wanted it where she could read it again during the day.
It had made her heart beat more quickly, and as she went up to her room for her hat and jacket a smile curved her lips. She told herself that it was because she was glad that Arthur trusted her friendship.
"Well, have you read the letter?" Mildred asked suspiciously.
"Yes," Honora replied. "Are you ready? I will be in a minute, and then we can walk downtown to- gether."
Mildred looked at her in perplexity. Honora certainly was behaving very queerly.

To be continued.

135,000 Unemployed in 21 Cities, Says Federation Official

Washington, Jan. 22.—Reports from twenty-one cities showing more than 135,000 men unemployed were submitted to the House immigration committee yesterday by Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, in support of his contention that "there will be bread lines in every industrial center before May 1." Mr. Morrison appeared in support of legislation to restrict immigration. The reports submitted were in addition to those from thirty cities given to the committee last Thursday by Mr. Morrison. They showed: Detroit, 50,000 unemployed; Philadelphia, 10,000; Bridgeport, Conn., 15,000; Worcester, Mass., 12,000; San Francisco, 15,000, and Pittsburgh, 10,000.

House Republicans Discuss Legislation Before Next Congress

Washington, Jan. 22.—Republican members of the House, meeting in party conference last night, discussed the administration's three year naval building program and legislation likely to come before the next Congress, but no decision for party action on any questions was proposed.
Representatives Kelly, of Michi- gan, and Browning, of New Jersey, both members of the naval commit- tee, expressed opposite views of the naval program. Mr. Kelly was un- derstood to have endorsed the ad- ministration policy, while Mr. Browning was reported to have op- posed increase of the navy, urging that Congress await the decision of the Peace Conference as to reduction of world armament.

SUICIDE CURE FOR INFLUENZA

Northampton, Pa., Jan. 22.—Carroll Smith, 19 years old, son of a Fair- view Village fruit grower, was found hanging in his father's barn strang- led to death by a strap. He had been ill with influenza.

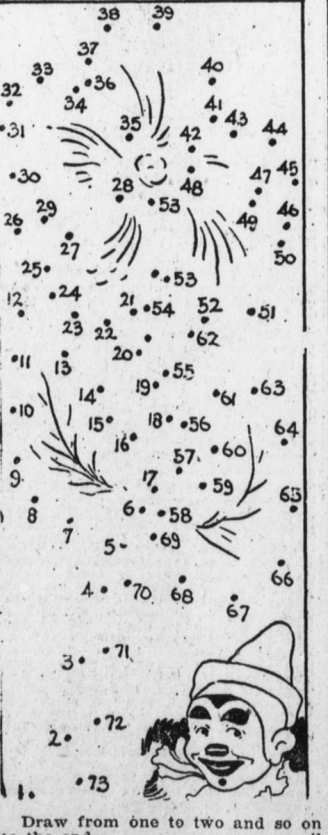
Just Apply This Paste and the Hairs Vanish

(Helps to Beauty.)
A safe, reliable home-treatment for the quick removal of superfluous hairs from your face or neck is as follows: Mix a stiff paste with some water and powdered delatone, apply to objectionable hairs and after 2 or 3 minutes rub off, wash the skin and the hairs are gone. This simple treat- ment is unailing and no pain or in- convenience attends its use, but to avoid disappointment be certain you get genuine delatone.

JERSEY BALKS BURLESON

Trenton, Jan. 22.—Judge Rellstab, in the United States District Court, yesterday signed an order requiring Postmaster General Burleson and the operating companies of the Bell system in New Jersey to show cause here next Monday why an order should not issue enjoining them from continuing the increased telephone charges put into effect yesterday.

Daily Dot Puzzle



CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA ON BACK

Itched Badly, Could Not Work or Sleep. Also Blisters On Face.

"I had been suffering with eczema that broke out in a rash all over my back. As soon as I began to perspire it would itch so badly that I rubbed it so hard it would bleed. I could not work and I could not sleep. Blisters also broke out on my face."
"I wrote for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bought some, and when I had used one cake of Soap and a half a box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Michael Chismar, 518 Ally Ave., Alliquippa, Pa., Dec. 18, 1917.

How often such distressing, disfig- uring skin troubles might be prevented by every-day use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment for all toilet purposes. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: Cuticura, Dept. K, Boston. Sold everywhere. Soap & Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcom Co.

When you want to make flaky biscuit, delicious muffins and gems, real doughnuts and cake of fine texture—then you need



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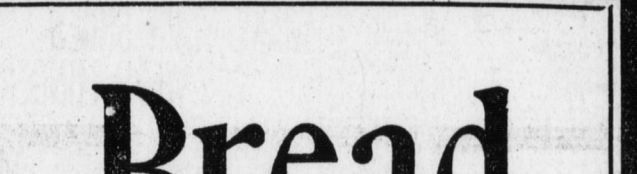
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