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

The ringing of the telephone punc-ated my uncomfortable reflections out the relationship Evvy seemed eparing to establish with Phoebe. lly, with little interest in any-ing this unfortunate day, could ing, I took down the receiver.

"Mrs. Harrison?" questioned a lus-ous, oriental voice which I imagin-was Doris West's. "Just a minute, ease. Mr. Harrison will speak to u."

"That you, Anne?" came Jim's ice over the wire a minute later. his is your night at the canteen,'t it?"

"No—to-morrow," I replied, gath-ng myself to meet something I used lurking in ambush.

"That's a shame. I'm mighty rry, girlie—but I got the nights xed, and now I've arranged a deal part business, part social—and I n't duck at the last minute. I n't want you to be alone. Run r to Virginia's and I'll call for u there as early as I can make it."

"Virginia won't be home—she has engagement with Sheldon," I told n, poll-parrot fashion.

"That's too bad," Jim said easily. hy not take the kid uot to din-? Phoebe's been moping ever ce Neal left; give the kid a nice ty."

"She's just lewt with Evvy."

ly voice sounded flat and dull as replied, and in the very tone of n's reply I could sense his effort jack me up and to smother his n feeling of unkindness for sink-me in depression first.

"That's a shame, girlie! Isn't there he old friend of yours you might to join you? I can't get out of —engagement. Some of the folks leaving town in a day or two—I have to keep to the arrange-nts we made."

"Oh, that's all right, Jim. I'll get self a bite here and sit and read you come in——" I began, but interrupted impatiently:

"For mercy's sake, don't take that ient Griselda tone. How do you think I'm going to get a particle of pleasure out of my evening if I'm conscious of you sitting all alone and lonely waiting for your truant husband to return to your side?"

I felt a sob catch in my voice at his irritation.

"Oh, Jim, I'll be at the canteen to-morrow night!" I cried impulsively. "Can't you change your engagement—so neither of us will have a lonely evening?"

"Huh!" If that isn't just like a woman!" Jim's voice snarled back. "You do what you please when it pleases you—calling it charity, or some fancy name—but I'm to change an engagement that is far more business than naything else—though of course it will be pleasant, too."

His voice modulated to amiability as if some one there hearing him had protested—I could vision that slim, oriental-looking Miss West pouting as he called his engagement a cold-blooded business one. My everready imagination swung me away to more painful hurts than the actual inflicted by Jim's words.

"Oh, go ahead, dear," I managed to reply. "I'll find something to do. Maybe I can locate Evvy and Phoebe."

"All right—amuse yourself and send the bill to me," replied Jim in a tone of relief. "And don't pout. After all, you get even by deserting me to-morrow night. Good-by girlie. Have to hustle!"

I hung up the receiver and turned away feeling utterly cast down. This was the drab anti-climax to a day of unhappiness and hurt, and impotent blundering. Suppose I did find Evvy and Phoebe—I wouldn't be welcome, and how with merely "a new French restaurant" as my object, could I hope to find htem?

It seemed to me that everyone was busy—everyone was paired off save of all the world. Drearily I went only myself. I seemed the "odd one" out into the kitchenette, put on a little spider and broke two eggs into it—then I noticed that I was still wearing my hat. I turned off the gas in the rings and went into my bedroom to slip into a negligee. The phone began to ring.

"Go on screeching. I don't care!" I exclaimed vindictively, making no move to go out in the living-room and answer its summons.

Louder and more insistent grew the silver shrilling of the bell. Of course. Hadn't I just answered the phone? The downstairs operator knew that I was at home.

"Go on!" I reiterated stubbornly. "I won't answer. It'll be to Mason or Carlotta or Pat—someone who only gets me down deeper in the dust."

Then there came a ringing at the hall-door. That I answered. It was the grinning elevator boy.

"Don't you hear dat tellyphone, ma'am? It a-ringin' fit to rouse the daid. And Nora she send me up to see if you all's all right," he said with puzzled interest.

"I—I'm just answering," I replied hastily.

I hurried over to the summons which it appeared there was no escaping.

"Hello"—I said, impatiently. "Hello! Mrs. Harrison at the phone?"

Rich and full and deep and kind a voice answered me. It was Anthony Norreys speaking.

(To be Continued.)

DO AWAY WITH INDIGESTION

w to Purify a Sour, Distressed Stomach in a Few Minutes

et us talk plain English; let us a spade a spade.

our food ferments and your stom-isn't strong enough to digest the d you put into it, so the food sours forms poisonous gases, and when oes leave your stomach it has not nished proper nourishment to the od, and has left the stomach in a ly condition.

ake Mi-o-na stomach tablets if want to change your filthy nach to a healthy, clean, purified

Mi-o-na fails to relieve your in-estion, rid you of dizziness, ousness and sick headache your ler will cheerfully refund your ney

you want to make your stomach strong that it will digest a hearty l without distress, and you want e without that drowsy, all tired-feeling, take Mi-o-na; it should e you prompt relief. For sale by C. Kennedy and all leading drug-s.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

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.

Children use methods on their parents just as truly as parents use methods on them.

And children are equally as keen when it comes to observing and profiting by the results. In fact, sometimes they seem even more rational on this point. As an example, many parents have continued to whip their children long after the results showed the method to be unwise.

Children will use a method only so long as it is effective. When it ceases to "work," they soon drop it. But sometimes parents do not understand this—the child discovers the means of securing attention and works the method hard so long as it pays.

To illustrate, a mother writes to me:

"This morning our boy aged three started the electric toaster as is his custom. He usually takes the bread off the toaster also, but as the toast was burning the father took off one piece. Result—one dreadful howl. We gave it to him to put in again to pacify him; down on the floor he threw it. His father took him into the living room and talked to him but nothing would appease him; he howled and howled. Then I took him upstairs and tried to hold him in bed as punishment until we both were exhausted. Please tell me what to do as I am almost sick over it."

The out-standing point in the analysis of your case is the fact that you have given this boy entirely too much attention at wrong times. For example, when your husband took off the burnt piece of toast, and the boy set up a howl, you certainly looked upon it as an undesirable thing for the child to do—and it was—decidedly so. Then, in order not to encourage the very same kind of action in the future he should not have been rewarded for his conduct on this occasion. By giving the toast to the child to put in again, he virtually was rewarded. And scarcely anything worse could have been done!

The fact that this boy threw the toast on the floor after you offered it to him indicates that he probably has discovered on previous occasions that he can put others into a box. He finds a certain pleasure in getting others to go clear out of their way to cater to his slightest whims. If wrong methods are continued, this boy later will be compelled to get some very hard lessons in the world.

He will cause you endless trouble unless you start in at once to teach him that howling or screaming gets him absolutely nothing. Don't even talk to him when he starts a howl, much less try to do anything with him. Simply pay the least possible attention to him.

The big mistake that most parents make in dealing with a boy of this type is that they let the child's mood influence theirs and consequently they show temper. But this is very unwise.

If you want the best results, show a calm but firm attitude, which suggests to the child that you have the situation absolutely in hand. Then, you are in position, the moment the boy shows the least sign of a friendly spirit, to respond to him courteously and thereby reward him for his desired change of attitude.

Your child's obedience as well as his self-control will practically be assured if you are consistently friendly, and at the same time, consistently firm when firmness is required.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

Seeing's believing, says the old adage.

That's wrong. If we accepted it as so, we would be fooled a hundred times a day. The fact is, not one of our senses deceives us so much or so often as does sight. Why, what we actually see in every instance—that is, the image imprinted on the retina—is upside-down; it is only the familiarity with objects gained by our sense of touch that enables our brains to correct the inverted vision.

No wonder that the blind man suddenly endowed with sight cried out that he saw men as trees walking. They appeared to him head downward with their legs waving in the air.

"Things are seldom what they seem," warbles Little Buttercup in Pinafore. "Skim milk masquerades as cream."

So the truth is not that we believe what we see, but that we see what we believe.

This was rather forcefully borne in upon me the other evening. A woman I have known quite a while dropped in to see me. She is a breezy, very much alive person, with a hundred different interests, so animated and buoyant that she is always good company. I thought as she came in that she was looking especially fit, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling from a brisk walk, her fur collar drawn up about her throat, and wearing a very becoming, somewhat dashing hat.

As I say, I had known her some time, but I had never stopped to consider her age. I had simply accepted her at face value, as one gets into the habit of doing with the people one meets in a city. I knew, of course, she was beyond the first blush of maidenhood; but if I had been asked how much beyond I would have been puzzled to answer. Probably I should have put her at about thirty to thirty-five years old.

During the course of our conversation, though, I happened to mention another acquaintance of mine, referring to her as a "dear old lady" and speaking sympathetically of her infirmities. I have never hesitated in mentally assessing her age as in the close neighborhood of three score and ten, and she looks every day of eighty.

"Oh, do you know her?" said my caller. "Why, she and I came from the same town. We were school-girls together."

I stared at her in astonishment. "But—but," I stammered before I thought, "she must be years older than you?"

She did not answer at once; then a grim little smile flitted across her lips.

"Not so much as you might think," she said. "I believe the difference between our ages is exactly five months."

The conversation shifted then to other topics, but each time I looked at her during the rest of her call a more and more marked change seemed to have taken place in her appearance. I noticed now that her neck—for she had thrown back her furs—was drawn and stringy; that her hair was touched up, that the corners of her mouth sagged, and that her face was etched with hundreds of fine, little lines. She grew visibly old before my eyes.

And as if her confession had loosed some measure of restraint she held upon herself, her manner perceptibly changed. She was no longer the assured buoyant woman who had come in at my door, but querulous and uncertain in her tone, even a shade pessimistic.

Imagination, you will say. Possibly; nevertheless my whole impression of that woman has been altered. Before that evening if I had been a big man seeking some person to fill a position of responsibility I would have unhesitatingly picked upon her. She seemed to me the embodiment of that self-reliance and "pep" and initiative which accomplishes results. But now I am sure I would pause and reflect. I would be afraid that she would prove pokey and slow. Even if I took her I would be constantly watching to see her exhibit some of the limitations of age.

I see her as old because she has made me believe her so.

It always pays to put your best foot forward. The world takes us largely at our own valuation, and of all the handicaps that you can put upon yourself self-depreciation is probably the worst.

If I praise the hat or frock a woman is wearing, and she immediately begins to speak slightingly—"Oh, do you like that? It's just a cheap, little thing I picked up"—I naturally start to wondering if my admiration hasn't been misplaced.

If I speak to a man of his achievements and he shrugs disparagingly at the mention, why, naturally I begin to have a slight opinion of them too.

Not that one is called upon to blow or brag, but neither is one called upon to decry themselves or what they are doing, simply out of a false sense of modesty. Of the two, I am not sure that the latter isn't the greater vice.

It's a poor salesman that runs down his own goods; and we are all selling ourselves and our personalities in some market—either for the coin of love, or friendship, or business advancement, or society, or politics.

Then why regard it as a virtue, persistently to advertise our weaknesses and imperfections?

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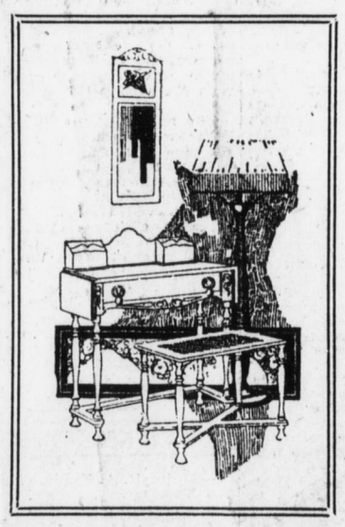

February Furniture Sale

A Regular Semi-Annual Event Begins Saturday February 1st

Tomorrow, Thursday & Friday

Have, As Is Our Custom, Been Set Aside As

Review Days

This is your invitation to view the finest furniture in this city—furniture of the highest grade and which will be sold as low in price as the ordinary kind.

Selections may be made on these days—deliveries will be made when wanted.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

A SMART DRESS IN JUMPER STYLE

2695—This model really combines two styles, for the jumper may be omitted. The design could be made of velveteen and satin, or of serge or tricotine, with trimming of satin or velvet.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 5-8 yards of 40-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Telegraph Pattern Department

For the 10 cents inclosed please send pattern to the following address:

Size.....Pattern No.....

Name .....

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DON'T FUSS WITH MUSTARD PLASTERS!

Musterole Works Without the Blister—Easier, Quicker

There's no sense in mixing a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can easily relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, combined in the form of the present white ointment. It takes the place of mustard plasters, and will not blister.

Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

30c and 60c jars; hospital size $2.50.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Where Do You Buy Your Ice Cream?

At first glance the question seems easy to answer.

On second thought it is something to think about.

All ice cream is not alike. Not alike in taste, in quality, in purity.

Modern methods of making ice cream have gone a long way towards helping to make pure ice cream—but not to make ice cream of quality.

A plant can be sanitary, without having the right people to make the ice cream that has the quality.

All plants are not alike. How can they be?

An ice cream factory must be properly built to facilitate keeping it clean.

Hershey Creamery Company's Plant is the Finest Equipped in the State

It is new in structure, modern to the last detail of factory design and up to the last minute in ice cream machinery.

Not a human hand touches HERSHEY'S SUPERIOR ICE CREAM from the beginning to the finished product.

The machinery and utensils are cleaned by a machine sterilizing process, without the human hands coming in contact with them.

Every precaution is used to make the ice cream PURE.

Every Ingredient That Goes Into Hershey's Superior Ice Cream is the Very Finest Possible to Get

REAL fruit is used for the fruit flavors—fruits that are "put up" in our own plant.

Come to the plant and see us make HERSHEY'S SUPERIOR ICE CREAM. You may see everything that goes on. We'll tell you everything about our product, except the little secret we have HOW TO MAKE THE ICE CREAM SO GOOD.

That's a little secret of our own we don't want to let out; but that's the little secret why

Hershey's SUPERIOR ICE CREAM

Is So Popular

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