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 CXXIX

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Frantically I cut and stitched and ped again at the dress I was con- ring for Jim's dinner to celebrate the ning of fortune in his "Salt Water " investment. The gray chiffon took a soft silvery tone as I draped it over rose taffeta—and delicate lights peared in the taffeta as the swirling ffon drifted across it. I snipped a from the sash of my lavender or- dy, found a bit of nile green rib- , and laid green and lavender and e in folds to form a girdle for the ffon.

Jim came in while I was working, an laying out his linen and left to his bath. He made no comment on at I was doing. The money he had t very day made seemed to push be- en us like a wedge.

Stray thoughts fluttered across my in—Betty, Betty it hardly seemed ent to be giving this dinner when didn't know where Betty was—if e or—but I wouldn't permit myself finish. It was too morbid. Besides, ad my problem to face—the problem either accepting or working to alter n's attitude toward me. I must ad- t myself to my new status as a per- called "Kid" and "Girlie"—or I st win my way back to the "Lilac ncess" relation to my husband.

"Seven o'clock!" rasped Jim's voice. re you going to sit there and sew all ht, or are you coming to dinner with ?"

"Seven! And I've a lot more to sew! t maybe you can pin me in a few ces after I get it on. I'm all washed d combed. I'll only have to change slippers and stockings and slip into dress."

"I'll call a taxi for seven-twenty-five. nd you're ready," ordered Jim. uckily it only takes a minute or two drive over to the Rochambeau. Sing when you want me. I'll go out and e forty winks before I slip into nner coat."

After that I set a world's record for speeding. I'm sure my fingers flew as fast as ever did those of our soldier boys to adjust the gasmasks from the "Alert" position. And by twenty minutes past seven I was all ready except a pin or two Jim must adjust for me.

My own reflection in the mirror consoled me a bit. My cheeks were flushed and my eyes bright from the excitement and hurry I had just gone through. My neck-white and slim over the gray chiffon; the soft silky stuff cast a silvery radiance across my throat and shoulders and hung in graceful folds over the swishing taffeta—the girdle of pastel shades really looked like a French touch.

I hurried out to the living room to wake Jim with a kiss. I had begun to understand what a nervous strain he'd been undergoing for days. Those two hours of whirling along at top speed and alternating between hope and fear that my dress would come out right, were about one per cent. of what Jim been going through while chasing Fortune's car—wondering if his big deal would end in ruin or success. And all Jim's ugliness to me could be explained in terms of his sudden nervous letdown when the hours of waiting were ever drowned with success.

So all malice—all anger and all hurt were wiped from my memory when, I went out to wake Jim, and ask him to add the finishing touch of a friendly pin or two to my costume.

"Wake up Mr. de Millions and play lady's maid to your wife," said I. "Franchette the real maid is getting out my errine coat and furs."

I had no more than said the words, when I longed to recall them. I could anticipate Jim's reply. "Cut out late would-be-humor, Anna."

Jim rose, stretched his arms above his head and turned lazily to inspect me. My heart gave a hopskip-and-jump. How handsome he was as he stood there with his white shirt-sleeved arms stretched above his dark head! Why must we quarrel and hurt each other and drift apart on the tide of our angry, irritated words? I loved my boy—he had once adored me. Why couldn't we learn to accept each other and adjust ourselves to the daily task of living together?

At the thought of all we had lost, I sank down in a chair and shut my hands over my face. I wanted to conjure back the poverty in which we had been so rich.

Suddenly Jim's right arm went about my shaking shoulders, and his left hand tilted my head back against his heart. I nestled close against him—what peace.

"Poor little tired girl," he said, tenderly. "How those clever fingers must have flown! You're beautiful, dear—beautiful! I'm proud of you, my clever little Lilac Princess.

I leaned against my Jim's heart—happy! I wanted to sob, I wanted to laugh. And a little of both got into my voice as I whispered:

"How rich we are, dear—how very rich—we have each other."

Jim's fingers slid up under my hair and lay, electric and vibrating against my forehead for a second. When he drew me to my feet. His tender mood was succeeded by my—a practical one.

"Give us the pins—and we'll take 'Fanchette's place,' " he said. "And then all aboard for the dinner. Tom's face will be worth watching when he sees his blue robe defeated again.

A little steel band tightened around my heart. At such a moment as this, why must Jim bring up Tom Mason! Would I never be rid of the man? Must I always be pursued by his blue robe?

(To Be Continued)

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THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XLIII

(Copyright 1919, Star Company)

So absorbed was Mildred in writing to Harold Hilton that she did not appear below stairs as soon as Arthur Bruse arrived.

Her failure to do this gave Honora an opportunity for a word alone with the caller.

"Good-evening," she said, coming into the library, where Arthur was seated. "Mildred will be down in a minute."

As he rose and stood before her she had to pause to summon courage for her next speech. "Do not mind, Arthur," she began at last, "if Milly is a little out of sorts to-night. This matter of the war—and various men she knows enlisting—has, perhaps, gotten a bit on her nerves."

The man's face lighted eagerly. "Is she unhappy for fear I will go?"

"Oh, no, not a bit!" Honora disclaimed hastily. "I mean," as she saw his expression change. "I do not think she is afraid—that is—she knows you cannot leave home just now."

"I wish I could!" he declared sombrely.

"You would find it hard to leave Milly," she reminded him.

"Not so hard as staying away from the place where all men must long to be," he demurred.

"Then you love your country more than Milly?"

Honora had not meant to ask this. But the idea came to her mind so suddenly that it expressed itself in words before she was aware of it.

"Your voice sounds as if you hoped I did," the man accused. "That was not a fair question, Honora."

Two Different Things

"I know it was not," she admitted contritely. "I did not intend to ask it. It was, moreover, a foolish thing to suggest. A man's love for a woman and for his country are two very different things."

Then she went out into the hall to call Mildred, her thoughts in a turmoil. She had hoped to make things easy for Arthur, and she had only complicated them.

Yet regretful as she was the conviction was in her mind that this man did not love her sister more than everything in the world. If he had, coupled with his desire to go to the war, would be the dread of leaving Mildred.

He and Mildred were engaged. Honora reminded herself, fiercely. Then she remembered Mildred's comments at table to-night. Surely, she did not really love Arthur!

But the fact remained that the pair expected to marry each other. That was the only feature of the case that should concern Honora. She would leave the rest alone, or try to.

Meanwhile Mildred descended to the library, slowly, as one who is not overeager to meet her lover.

"How do you do!" she said. "Excuse me for keeping you waiting for a while. I wanted to finish a letter I am going to ask you to mail. I will put it here on the mantel. Do not forget it, please."

"I won't," he promised.

He did not even glance at the address on the envelope of her espistle, as she hoped he would. Instead, he kissed her, and she allowed him to do so without returning his caress. It was plain that her thoughts were elsewhere.

"By the way," she asked when the pair were seated and had been talking for a few minutes, "do you know what "'B. E. F." stands for?"

" 'B. E. F.' " he repeated. "Where did you see it?"

"It's a part of a friend's address," she explained. "He's in the Canadian Army."

Mildred Irritated

"Oh, I see," Arthur remarked. "It stands for 'British Expeditionary Forces,' I think."

He asked no questions. His lack of curiosity irritated his companion. She would try to arouse him.

"Poor chap!" she soliloquized. "He has been badly wounded, and I know my letters cheer him. You may remember him by the way, he is Harold Hilton."

"Yes, I remember him."

That was the only rejoinder. It was very exasperating.

"I am fond of him," Mildred went on, desperately. "Indeed, I admire any man who is brave enough to do his duty as Harold has done his."

This struck home, for Arthur flushed.

"I remember your intimating that before," he observed. "I think we agreed then, however, that there are various other duties by which a man may be confronted."

"I did not agree to that. And anyway, that was before our own country went into the war," she said. "Now that we are in it, it alters everything."

"Everything?" he asked quickly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," she explained, "that if I were a man I would enlist to-morrow. To tell the truth, Arthur, I do not understand how any of you young fellows can keep out of it all."

"Some of us have responsibilities that we cannot evade just yet," he averred.

She repeated his last words. "Just yet! Yes, I can understand that may very well be true. But I am sure you are planning to arrange things so that you can go as soon as you get your affairs adjusted. I am certain that must be your intention—knowing you as I do. If I did not think that, Arthur"——

She paused.

"Well?" he questioned. "Go on!"

"I was only going to say that if I did not think that—why—I would feel that you are not the man I have always believed you to be.

"But I think I am pretty well acquainted with you, dear. So I will not worry. Now let us talk of something else."

(To Be Continued)

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

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2769—Galatea, gingham, seersucker, percale, flannelette, drill, repp and poplin are good for this design. Front of waist and bloomers are cut in one, but the back is in two pieces. The sleeve may be finished at wrist length with a band cuff, or short, in loose style.

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LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Is "giving up" pretty nearly everything you can think of, for the sake of the man you marry, a proof of your love for him?

Multitudes of women have supposed this to be the case, and have acted on it. Girls who marry young are particularly likely to have this idea, to believe they're going to be better wives by ridding themselves of every interest in the world but one.

I believe any truly wise woman would tell you that this is a seriously mistaken view.

Girls who have a pretty talent for music radiantly announce to you, as soon as they become brides, that they are "giving up" the piano or singing in order to devote themselves utterly to their husbands and their homes.

Studious girls boast that they are going to give up reading and educating themselves, athletic girls recklessly fling away their tennis rackets and skates. Girls successfully started in a trade or business or profession throw it all overboard in a twinkling.

Indeed there are girls who go a great deal farther than this. Not content with the inevitable separation from the family group they have grown up in, these foolish young creatures plan practically a lifelong isolation with the man they are to marry. Friends are cast into the scrap-heap along with interests and accomplishments.

"I'm giving up my really close, intimate friends," a young bride declared to me the other day. "I think after a girl is married she doesn't need any friends but her husband."

Making Yourself Uninteresting

Now what does this really mean? Does it mean that a girl really expects to give twelve or fourteen hours a day to cooking and sock-darning, that this wonderful new life of love and promise is to be merely an uninterrupted round of drudgery? She would deny anything of the sort.

Or does she have an undefined belief that she is making herself more attractive, more desirable, by obliterating her own mind and personality as far as possible and becoming a sort of blotting-paper to the expression of her husband's ideas and interests?

Or does she think it's part of the pomp and state of being married to parade the fact that a woman who is equipped with a husband has only domestic accomplishments and only "wifely" notions.

Not many men nowadays marry with the idea of providing themselves with an expert domestic servant. And I hope there aren't many women who are willing to be married for that purpose alone.

Sensible men and women marry because they love each other, because they expect to help each other, and because they hope to be the parents of beautiful, healthy children.

And isn't it perfectly plain that a woman can't possibly become a capable wife and mother just by making herself uninteresting?

In fact, just the contrary is true.

If you who read this are at that delicate and perilous moment of beginning your married life, that moment when it is so easy to make grave mistakes and so hard to repair them—let me urge you not to "give up" anything that will make life richer and wider and more significant.

Try to Enlarge Your Life

You will need all the interests you can lay hold of. Don't imagine that marriage can be made successful by continual love-making alone. Don't subject your husband to the strain of making him think for two. Be an independent personality.

If your object in marriage is to keep your husband's love, you'll have to find some other way of doing this than by merely being pretty and "cute." If you know anything about music or books or business or outdoors, hold fast to it. You can make it your contribution to married life. You can make your married companionship a matter of healthy give-and-take. It's the marriages conducted on that principle that are the successful ones.

And as for giving up your friends merely in order to concentrate on your husband, I assure you that you should have just the opposite aim. It has sometimes pitifully, sometimes tragically happened that husbands who were the objects of too steady concentration became just a little bored. And this is a thing to avoid, if possible.

Instead of stripping your life of friends, you should try to make your new home a centre of friendship. Make it a gathering place that will have a real and precious meaning, not only to you two who love each other, but to your whole circle. And let the circle grow all the time.

Eighteen-year-old brides don't often face the fact of marriage as a whole. They are even sometimes so child-like and short-sighted that they fail to take motherhood into account.

Equipment for Motherhood

They are so occupied with being made love to that they don't think very much about that glorious privilege ahead of them. Their impractical plan, in fact, is to shut themselves up in a very new little home and be made love to for a lifetime.

But even if this plan would work, which it doesn't, what a poor preparation for motherhood it implies.

A mother who has given up friends, interests, talents, occupations, ideas, in the mistaken belief that this is a wife's duty naturally will have nothing left to give those eager questioning babies of hers who are shortly coming to cluster about her and ask her for those very things that she has "given up!"

Do you suppose that your responsibility as a mother is ended when you've seen that the milk bottles are scientifically clean and the baby has fresh air and warm clothing?

It's only just begun.

"You can't be any sort of a mother unless your children believe in you. Unless they find you are a real person, who understands things and who does things. When the time has come for you to be nurse and teacher and friend to your children, you'll be thankful for all the interests you've ever cultivated and you'll lament all those that in your youthful folly, you threw away.

Neither to your husband nor to your children-that-are-to-be are you doing any service by deliberately narrowing your life.

Hold fast, instead, to as much of life as is within your grasp.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

RELUCTANT TO GIVE HIM UP

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A young man of another nationality has been calling on me for the last five months, but lately he does not seem to care for me. I love him, and he seemed to like me. One day I met him in the street and he told me that he would ring me up, but I have not heard or seen anything of him. Kindly advise me whether I should keep on following him up or give him up entirely. I have put the question of marriage up to him several times, but he always told me to forget it.

Nothing is to be gained by "following up" a young man who has shown plainly that he wishes to discontinue an acquaintance. It is unfortunate that you believe yourself in love with him, but try to forget this in the society of other young people.

THE KISSING PROBLEM

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am twenty-six and try to be a good Christian. Have been paying attention to a young lady of twenty-one for three years. We have both long since expressed our love for each other. Owing to certain conditions, I am not sure whether we shall ever be able to marry or not.

I have never asked her to kiss me, but she has, upon several occasions, upon our return home in the evening, asked me why I had never asked her for a good night kiss. I told her that I should like very much to do so, but did not think a couple should kiss before they are engaged. And I do not think it would be right for us to become engaged until we are sure that we can marry some time. Do you think it would be right for me to kiss her, under these conditions? She understands that we may never be in a position to marry.

A. T. R.

You seem to have a well-developed sense of responsibility—in spots. As I understand it, after accepting this girl's constant companionship for three years, as well as her acknowledged love, you still feel that you are free, merely because you haven't kissed her, to drop her at any time or to prolong the present undefined relationship for three years more. Should you not either withdraw from the situation or else become engaged and determine to marry? The kissing question will then take care of itself.

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