

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LITTLE

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

**CHAPTER CXXXVII.**

I don't suppose anything ever written ever came any nearer the heart's truth than the age-old phrase, "All the world loves a lover."

So in the midst of our worry over Betty, nothing moved us more deeply than the little cry in her letter, "Be good to Terry while I'm gone. Virginia's eyes had flamed over when I read that aloud, and Anthony Norreys had set his jaw—hard. And that gave them their right to know about the letter I was—Anthony Norreys had said—"crooning over like a little mother."

"It's from Terry; will you read it, Mr. Norreys? I'm sort of—hoarse," I said.

Again the understanding smile—for my "hoarseness"; then he read Terry's note to Virginia.

"Dear Sister Anne—I can't find hereabouts. Shall be in the city again directly—early Friday morning, I should say, unless something turns up here. In that case, I'd get you on the wire. Can't you do something? Just say word about safe. If we can see her again, understand, safe—our own Betty, I'll stand the gaff if she sends me about my business without a kind word. I promise. Only help me call her, Anne. I seem so helpless, such a blooming idiot, that if I didn't have you to help, little sister, I'd go off my head. Well, I have you to help. Ricko! See you and Jim Friday. Tell him to get busy. Betty may need us. Well, we've got to find her."

Anthony Norreys looked up from the note, and far away before he turned his eyes to us.

"Shall we go up to your apartment, Anne?" he said very gayly.

It seemed so right that he should say no more than that, I seemed so right that he should call me "Anne." We three were sharing the revelation of a big and honest thing—a devoted love—and we three were praying that we weren't on the verge of sharing a tragedy. We rode up in the elevator without speaking, but Virginia's hand found mine. Betty had made us friends. I saw suddenly how everything Betty touched became pure gold—true and fine and big like her. And I knew what—even at the cost of seeming cold and heartless—I owed to Betty.

In the living room I faced Virginia and Anthony with my decision.

"We'll telephone to Greyfriars Hall and speak to Miss Moss. But we mustn't go down to-day. It's Terry's right to be the first to see her."

Virginia stiffened and stared at me. I saw our delicate new friendship wavering in the balance. Her voice was cold—the Virginia I had always known and feared answered me:

"You may wait for morning, Anne. But if Betty is at Greyfriars Hall, I'm going down to see her at once. Will you go with me, Tony?"

I broke in before he could answer—this must not be a matter of taking sides, and I felt instinctively—

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Suppose you are twenty-five and unmarried.

Suppose you are even older. Are you looking at your life with its thrilling rainbow possibilities, its unfulfilling everyday opportunities as a rational woman should, or are you a victim of that panic that I am sorry to say, often besets foolish young women who believe that if they are not safely married by the time they've reached a certain birthday life becomes a tragedy?

There are girls who do believe this. And I have been astonished to find that in our emancipated day there are so many of them.

These unfortunate girls grew up with the belief that, though a woman may pretend to be interested in her education, her friends her career or occupation, her only real absorption is in getting married.

The idea was, though they didn't always put it to themselves so badly, that a woman's only real job is to find a husband, and that when she is young—very young. So with one eye on the calendar of their years and the other on that door through which the admirer her husband without any reservation. She wishes hers to be a marriage of comrades and equals, fellow-servers of the world.

Don't you think this is the right idea?

Why not make it yours, and give up worrying about birthdays?

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

The other day I chanced to meet a woman whom I had not seen for some time.

"Dear me!" I said, unable to conceal my surprise, for she appeared to have undergone some subtle metamorphosis. "You look as if you had stepped back twenty years or so."

She is of the small, rather insignificant type, and I remembered her as a reserved, somewhat mournful person who had seemed to melt into her background, rather than to stand out from it—one of those quiet, mouse-like creatures as easily ignored and overlooked as a chair or a table.

But now she was different in every way. Instead of passing me with a stiff bow, she came forward as if she were really glad to see me. She was charmingly dressed and smiling, and she seemed more like a twin sister than herself; a twin sister with much more life and vivacity. Her personality didn't impress one as vague and slate-gray any longer. And the change was not merely a matter of good clothes and a becoming hat. It went deeper.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" I asked.

"Guess," she replied.

"You have come into a fortune; you are married again; you have taken up some very congenial work?"

"I haven't had any money left me, and I haven't married again, and I'm not doing anything new. That is, unless you call the task of making myself over congenial work."

"But how have you done it?" I was full of curiosity.

"Well," she replied, "I realized that I had been living for years in a shadow, and it was growing deeper all the time. People were treating me more and more as if I didn't exist, and I was very unhappy about it until one day I decided to make a change. I gathered up all the strength of character to walk right out into the sunshine!" I did.

This conversation was recalled to me by a letter from a woman who seems to be suffering from the same ailment. She recounts some of her thoughts:

"I go into a store to buy something, accompanied by one of my few friends, the salesman will usually explain the article to her instead of to me. I have to go to buy it, I go into a restaurant with another friend, she will get all the attention while I sit and look on, although I am paying the bill. When the waiter or waitress holds her coat for her.

"Perhaps you will think this amusing, and certainly sounds childish for a woman of thirty-eight to make such a confession, but these are facts, and they hurt and discourage me. I wonder what is the matter with me. I have met some of my neighbors two or three times, and they never know me unless they are introduced to me all over again. And I never know what to say when I talk to people. I have no confidence in myself. Isn't there any hope for me?"

Dear lady, a canary bird doesn't sing when it has a dark cover over its cage; a lamp cannot shine through an opaque shade. You have shrunk so far back into the shadow and have so successfully edged yourself that you have almost blotted yourself out. Come out into the sunshine. Don't let people ignore and overlook you. Take the center of the stage.

"But," you cry helplessly, "how shall I do it?"

Let us see. You say that you do not know what to talk to people about. It is one topic that never fails to interest them—themselves. Walk right up to someone who is looking over your head, and say something like this:

"How do you do? I am so glad to see you. How is that dear, little girl of yours? The measles! Oh, I am so sorry. How long has she been ill? But you yourself are looking very well. Have you moved into your new house yet?" You can keep it up hours.

Silly? Of course; but every one is doing it. And what is the difference, if it gives you self confidence? By the law of opposites it is probable that you attract rather assertive and aggressive friends. When you go into a shop with one of them she does all the talking, while you stand meekly aside, and the salesman naturally takes it for granted that she is the purchaser.

And the same thing no doubt holds true in a restaurant. Make it a point to give your order first. Then when you see her preparing to grab all the attention of the waiter, be first again. Keep him fussing about you. Say, "Waiter, my wrap, please," and let her put on her own things. It will be a new and salutary experience for her.

Never allow any one to make a door-mat of you. Sweetly, smilingly, gently but firmly assert yourself. Walk right into the sunshine.

There's plenty of it, enough for everybody. And there's no reason why you should give up your share.

## 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.

I don't blame a child for not wanting to give up an object; it is natural for him to keep it, especially if he feels pretty certain that after handling it over he won't get it back.

A great many parents, because of a mistaken notion, make it hard for themselves to teach their children to give up objects willingly. They reason that the child must eventually be taught to give up an object whether it can be given back to him or not and so they conclude that he must be taught this in the first lesson, if indeed they decide to give any systematic training at all.

The usual result is that the child naturally resists strongly the act of handing the object over and then cries after it is done.

"There is a better way. Let us see it applied to a concrete case. A mother writes to me:

"My two and a half year old boy gets his hands into many things I cannot allow him to have and he is getting to be so bad about giving them up that the command 'Give me' seems to be a signal for him to hold tighter. About the only time he ever obeys, 'Give it to me,' is when he wants me to do something with the object. Will you please help me?"

Give your boy a couple of simple little lessons on the point of giving an object to you willingly.

Take any small, light object which is attractive to the child. Set the child upon your lap with his right side towards you and as far out on your knee as he can sit comfortably. Give him the object to handle for a few seconds.

Now, extend both hands, palm up, towards the object and with head slightly bowed, say, "All right, give it to me." Immediately proceed to remove the object gently but firmly and the moment the object is released, do not keep it yourself at all but with the object in both of your hands make a forward motion toward the child's hands and place the object in them with a smile.

Apply a few seconds and repeat the procedure.

About the third trial, you more than likely will see the baby himself make an impulse toward loosening the object for you. When he does, show unusual enthusiasm by means of your voice and attitude.

After he does this once, with satisfying results, he will do it repeatedly and have great fun doing it. In giving this first lesson to your child, do not test his patience too much. Make the whole experience satisfactory so that he will associate pleasure with giving up the object.

In subsequent lessons, you can begin to increase the length of time that you hold the object before giving it back. Finally, you can keep it for any length of time and the baby will still be obedient to the command, "Give it to me," because you will have reduced it to a matter of habit.

These little exercises not only teach baby to hand over objects willingly but they tend to increase his confidence in the parent.

(Copyright, 1919, The Parents Association.)

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl of twenty-one and am in love with a young man three years my senior. I care a great deal for him and have invited him to my home but he always has excuses or disappoints me.

He is in love with another girl, but in kidding he asked me if I would marry him.

How can I gain his friendship as I think of him and nobody else?

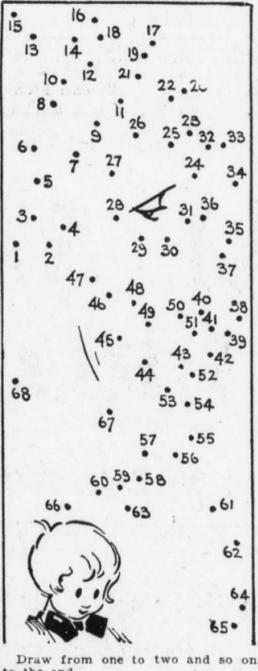
BROWN EYES.

My dear, since you confess that the young man is in love with another girl, why not try to forget him? It never pays to force love and an effort of that sort invariably ends in failure.

Just be your natural, unaffected self and let him see what a fine friend and comrade you can be. In that way you will win his respect and admiration and will, in all probability gain his sincere friendship.

Do not make the mistake, little girl, of taking the initiative, let him make the advance. Men dread pursuit and are generally scared away by it. Interest yourself in outside things and you will soon find yourself forgetting your infatuation.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## Try This If You Have Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This destroys it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and after four or five more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it. No matter how much dandruff you may have, you will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

## Does Your Husband Drink? Druggist Tells How to Cure the Liquor Habit at Home

Free Prescription Can Be Filled At Any Drug Store and Given Secretly.

H. J. Brown, a Cleveland man, was for many years a confirmed drunkard. His friends and relatives despaired of ever redeeming him. His sister sought the best medical men in Europe in the hope that she might find something which would cure him. Finally she was recommended to an eminent chemist, who gave her a private formula (which appears below) and told her how to use it. She had it filled at a drug store and gave it to him secretly. The results were startling. In a few weeks he was completely cured. That was over ten years ago and he has not touched a drop since. He now occupies a position of trust and is enthusiastic in his efforts to help others overcome the liquor habit. He feels that he can best do this by making public the same formula which cured him. Here is the prescription: Get to any first-class drug store and get prepared Tescum Powders. Drop

one powder twice a day in coffee, tea, or any kind of liquid. It is harmless, tasteless, colorless and cannot be detected. You can use it without the knowledge of anyone. A lady who recently tried it on her husband reports: "My husband was on a spree when I got the powders and he usually stays drunk from three to four weeks at a time. After putting the powder in his coffee for four days he sobered up and has not taken a drink since and says he is through with it forever. He also complained that whiskey did not taste the same. I shall not tell him what did it, but I am grateful for this help and I shall recommend it whenever possible."

Note: A leading druggist when shown the above article, said: "Yes, Tescum is a very remarkable remedy for the drink habit. It is harmless, wonderfully effective and is having an enormous sale. I advise every one who wishes to destroy the liquor habit to give it a trial." It is sold in this city by J. Nelson Clark and other first-class druggists.

## Rainbow Division Will Not Be Home For Loan Campaign

Washington, March 6.—The Forty-second (Rainbow) division cannot be brought home in time to participate in the victory Liberty Loan campaign. Secretary Baker wrote Secretary Glass that it would not be possible to rearrange the schedule of returning troops so as to advance the sailing date of this division several weeks from April 28.

Mr. Baker, replying to the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, explained that "it would be a serious strain upon the transportation facilities in France to get the division to the ports in time for such sailing."

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



**GIRLS' DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT JUMBLER AND WITH SLEEVE IN EITHER OF TWO LENGTHS**

2320—This model will make a very pretty dress for "best" or party wear. One could use batiste, lawn, mull, organdy, cashmere, taffeta, or a combination of silk and velvet. The overblouse or jumper could be of contrasting material.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for the dress and 1 3/8 yard for the jumper.

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

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Because sugar is one of the things you can't "wash" or "dust" before you use it! Because all the dirt that does sift into sugar stays there and you eat it.

Have you ever stopped to think how much protection the Franklin package is to your sugar? It keeps out the flies and every speck of dust. Franklin Cane Sugars are weighed, packed and sealed by machine, and come from the refinery to you untouched by hands.

It's the sugar that you know—know for quality, cleanliness and correct weight. In sturdy cartons or strong cotton bags.

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company  
"A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use"  
Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

## FRANKLIN CANE SUGARS