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 CXLIV

It was barely 8 the next morning when Terry telephoned, but I was already dressed and waiting.

"Ready to start, Anne? I've had Tony on the wire, and he's sending round the car; so I'll be over for you directly—say, half an hour. Righto?"

"Righto" I answered. "I'm ready now. Will you pick up Virginia on the way over?"

"Tony was jolly decent about it, Anne. I put him off going and he said he'd make it right with Virginia," Terry hesitated. "Betty'll want you, but I don't believe in taking down a crowd until we see— how she's coming on.'

I didn't argue about that with Terry. First, because it would have wasted time, and still more because I was proud he had chosen me to go with him. After putting up the receiver, I hurried into the bedroom and packed a few things in a week-end-bag. I had an idea Betty might need me and that I'd better be prepared to stay with her. As I stowed things in my bag it came over me that Jim and I had been separated only once during our married life—the time he had gone to Washington—and then he had left me, not I him.

An impulse of curiosity stirred me. How would he feel when he saw me packing? I was answered in a minute or two, for Jim came in from the bathroom, shaven, looking boyishly clean and sweet and not a bit like the stormy man who had quarreled with me the night before about Anthony Norreys.

"What's this? Who's going away?" asked Jim, waving the towel with which he was drying his hands, a process he seemed always finished in some place other than where he had started it.

"I thought Betty might need me, and I'd better be prepared to stay," I explained, and my heart started to thump as I spoke.

"Betty?" Jim scowled. "I thought I forbade you having anything to do with the Norreys."

"Forbade!" That word again—I dared not discuss it with Jim now. Instead I asked with what I thought was good-natured ridicule:

"You didn't—ask me not to have anything to do with Anthony's car, did you? He isn't going. Only Terry and me"—

"Only Terry and you?" answered Jim with relief—and no consciousness that I had elaborately avoided the use of a certain word. "Where's Jeanie? Isn't she just as anxious to get Betty as any one else? What's the grand idea in snubbing her?"

My heart seemed to do a tiny somersault—suppose Jim were to be as anxious to spare my feelings as he was always to save Jeanie any hurt—how very fine that would be.

Then I forgot myself, our quarrel, my desire to coquet with Jim over my coming absence, the hurt of having him think always of his sister instead of me. For today I didn't count. This day was Terry's He was taking me along to help him find the happiness he had longed for since the day Betty first came into his life.

I went over and laid my face against the rough cloth of the coat Jim had just slipped into.

"Dear," I said, "your Terry loves Betty. No man ever cared more. And, as you said once, she's ghost-ridden, remembering the husband you don't think was worth it. Terry has talked to me, as if I were his sister. And now he wants me to come with him. He thinks I can help. Perhaps I can. Betty has told me a little, too. Oh, I'd love to see them happy!"

"They deserve it. None more. By Jove, I hope Terry Wins out!" agreed Jim heartily, his hand straying across my hair and resting there tenderly for a second. "Pack up all the things you'll need and stand by. I'll miss you, though."

"Will you, Jim?" I whispered, snuggling closer and laying my head close to his heart.

"Sure will! But, say, Lilac Lady, you'll need a piece of change. Here—let me get at my pocket."

So that moment was over. I had to go to my packing.

"Here's twenty-five. Think its enough?" asked Jim.

"It's loads. Have you plenty left?" I asked.

"Well, ra-ther!"

Jim showed me a fat roll of bills, and strangely enough I remembered the day when he had divided with me the five dollars that was all he had in the world. I would only take two, but after he was gone there was the extra dollar fastened to my pin-cushion and a scrawled note "To my better half." I wondered if he would give me "the better half" of all he had now?

My packing was scarcely finished when Terry arrived. He insisted that I have my coffee and toast before we started. Terry couldn't forget to be thoughtful and kind even when he was burning with eagerness to start.

"Now my bag and a paper to wrap the jar of chicken broth I made yesterday, and then we're off, I said after I'd gulped down the last bite and swallow.

Terry took my hand in both of h's. His eyes seemed to lay a warm caress on my face.

"You—little bit of all right!" he said, managing a husky laugh. "Planning to stay—thinking of her!"

Jim stood watching us in amazement—then I saw admiration dawn in his eyes and a startled sort of respect. Without minding Terry at all, he seized me in his arms and kissed me again and again.

"Don't stay too long!" he whispered.

Jim saw us off to the car, and as he stowed me in carefully, I wondered if this glimpse of Terry's romance would revive ours.

Terry was wondering and pondering, too. As we started, he put his fears into words:

"I wonder if Betty'll be as glad to see me as old Jimmie was sad to see you go?"

To be Continued.)

Immense Resources in North Russia Remain Undeveloped

Vladivostok, March 15.—Immense resources in fisheries, lumbering and coal mining await development in the sea of Okhotsk and the island of Shaghalien. Golos Primorya in an article pointing out the need for improved shipping and transportation facilities in that northern region says that with only nine seagoing steamers available, with an aggregate capacity of 527 tons, Nikolaevsk, the center of distribution, exported 36,000 tons of fish last year. The crying need of the industry is more ships, according to the newspaper in question.

"The commercial fleet," continues the paper, "must be made ten or twenty times larger. The coastline of Kamchatka with its rich fisheries, the Sea of Okhotsk as well as the coal producing regions of Shaghalien use Nikolaevsk as a center for distribution. To meet the requirements a commercial fleet of 20,000 tons is necessary. There is enough timber available to supply all Europe ,and there is enough iron to supply local needs.

REED TO GRAPPLE WITH WEST

Fulton, Mo.—Jake Reed, Fulton mat champion, will wrestle Fred West, Iowa heavy weight champion, here Thursday night. West will wrestle in Iowa on March 21.

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Bringing Up Father

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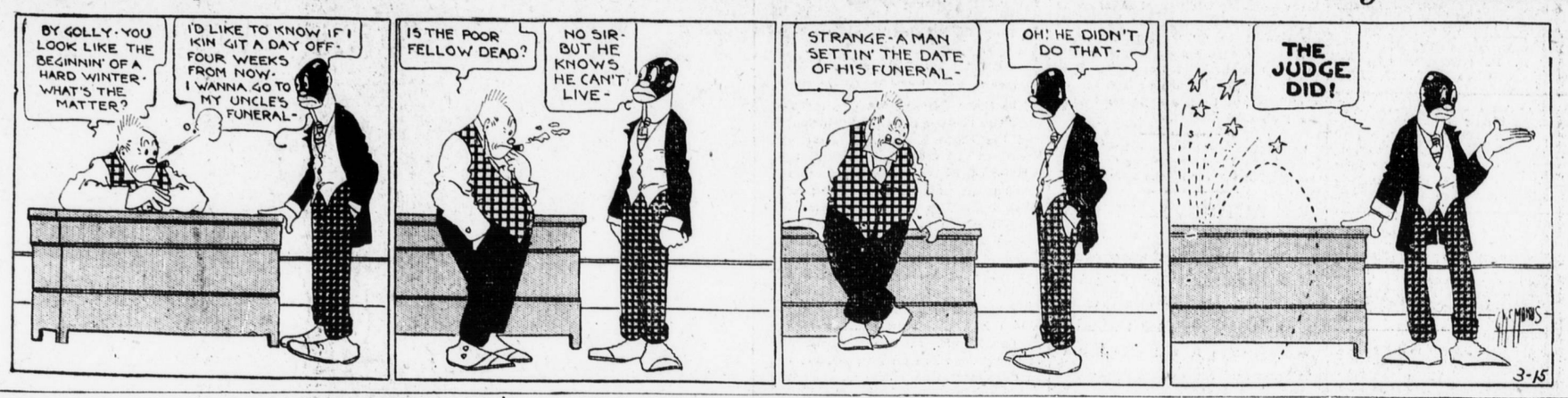
By McManus



LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The other day a grl wrote me a letter that ought to be framed and hung in the museum. As a confession of vanity, it is without parallel in my experience.

The writer is a stenographer in a downtown New York office, and she has been earning her living for several years. But it has not, apparently, taught her the value of money.

A young man employed by the same concern has just persuaded her to become engaged to him. Hence, the problem—which is not one of love, nationality, "in-laws," religion, or nothing to live upon. No, it is a new type of agony altogether that my young friend has evolved, and over which she is making herself, "supremely miserable."

Without a pebble to ruffle the course of true love, or a single objection from any point of the compass, the young lady has adopted a martyr's crown from which she is getting a melancholy sort of comfort. She wants a wedding, that from the details submitted, would be a close rival of the Princess Pat's. The young man wanted to be married in June, but the girl wouldn't hear of such a thing because she hadn't saved enough money to have a "swell wedding."

Nothing for the Imagination

Some of the requirements of such a ceremony, from my correspondent's point of view, were a matron colored tulle trimmed with cerise of honor dressed in champagne-velvet. Six bridesmaids, dressed in rainbow tints, a page ring-bearer or something or other dressed in white satin. Her own costume is beyond my modest powers to describe. I remember a wealth of adjectives and exclamation points mixed up with white satin, court train, drapery, side plaits, and a borrowed point-lace veil to be put in print as an heirloom—then my mind went blank.

"If John insists on being married in June," she writes, "don't you think he ought to pay for all this?" The potentially "happy man" please remember, earns rather a small salary and there are additional items of a wedding breakfast, not to mention the wedding journey. "If he is willing to wait for two years, I shall have enough saved to pay for these things myself, but I have always set my mind on a swell wedding."

Of course this girl is not in love and of course she has no intention of marrying a man. He is merely the gentlemanly auxiliary to the wedding supplement of a fashion sheet. The deepest devotion of which this young woman is apparently capable has been evoked by a white satin gown, a tulle veil, a wreath of orange blossoms, a pair of high-heeled slippers. She calls her feeling for this dressmaker's display, love, and she is willing to go through a solemnly binding ceremony with this frippery, concluding with "till death do us part."

The young man whom she proposed to thus honor has a little money ahead, a few hundred dollars, which represent his struggles to save from the time he left school up to the present, and the girl is willing to take it all to gratify vanity for a couple of hours.

The young man very naturally demurs at squandering his savings for a dressmaker's orgy. He wants to invest them in the first payment on a little home he has had in view in the suburbs, or if she does not care about that, he wants to furnish a flat in town.

But the fair young Clothes Prop will have nothing to do with either scheme until the question of the "swell wedding" is settled to her liking. She is willing to compromise to this extent, if the impetuous young man insists on a June wedding and will not pay for the chiffons she will agree to be married on credit and return to her job and work till the sartorial spree is paid for.

Now I am all for girls working after they are married—if it is necessary. I applaud them when they lay up treasurers in the bank to help buy a home, or a place in the country for summer vacations, or even an automobile, if that happens to represent "Paradise Now." But to plod to and from an office for nothing more inspiring than to pay for an old-fashioned wedding gown, yellowing in a trunk, represents a degree of folly that hitherto has escaped my notice.

Unsuitable for the Girl

And what could be more unsuitable for a self-supporting girl than such a wedding. Think of a stenographer—a profession demanding intelligence, too—putting herself in pawn for a couple of years to play at being a princess Pat for a couple of hours!

And think of the derision such an affair would cause especially if the bride after the honeymoon returned to the office to pay for all that folly of white satin and rainbow tinted chiffons!

In the meantime, I suppose she would be perfectly willing to accept such domestic as the furnished room and the quick lunch afforded. Apparently she saw no horrors in having one's vagrant fancies for "beans and——:" "Wheat cakes 'n hot dogs!" shouted down to the accompaniment of clattering china.

I don't believe unless these young people change their point of view very materially that there is much chance of their finding happiness together. Perhaps if the girl worked a few years longer she would grow to value the refuge of a home and all that it means to The Tired Business Woman as well as The Tired Business Man.

Of course, if she were in love she wouldn't give a snap of her fingers for these yard-stick specialties that now loom so important on her horizon. The pots and the pans and the curtains and the rugs for the new home might fill her mind with roseate visions, but the wedding panorama—of rainbow-clad bridesmaids and satin-garbed pages, not to mention the borrowed veil that would go into print as an heirloom—no. I hope she won't marry John, but wait for a possible Richard or Henry, who will make her see how superfluous these things really are.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

A GOOD SUIT STYLE FOR THE SMALL BOY

2748—For the blouse, one could use galatea, gingham, drill, or linen; for the trousers, these materials are suitable too, and likewise flannel, serge, velvet and corduroy.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 27 inch material for the waist and 1⅛ yards for the trousers.

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Americans Cheerfully Pay High Prices in France; Natives Groan

Paris, March 15.—Americans are cheerfully paying the exorbitant prices charged them for necessities in France, while the natives pay and groan, declared an Associated Press correspondent who has been making an investigation of French high cost of living. Three American newspaper men recently paid $2 for a taxicab ride that the taximeter showed should cost about 70 cents. A meal without wine for the three hungry scribes cost $20.

The following figures show the difference between prices now prevailing in France and those of the ante-war days

Butter $2 a pound against 30 cents before war, eggs $2 a dozen versus twenty-two cents and vegetables ranging from fourteen to fifty cents a pound could be obtained for four, five and six cents previous to the war. Cheese has advanced from forty cents to ninety, coffee from forty cents to $1.90. Meat has advanced three hundred per cent., chickens which were sixty cents are now $2 and very slim birds at that.

LINGUISTIC UPS AND DOWNS

"Did you call Edith up this morning?"

"Yes, but she wasn't down."

"But why didn't you call her down?"

"Because she wasn't up."

"Then call her up now and call her down for not being down when you called her up."—From the Boston Transcript.

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.

For a child's own future good, if for no other reason, he ought to be taught early to show appreciation of things other people do for him.

Of course, when a child is young, he not only is selfishly inclined but he cannot look far ahead; he thinks only of his immediate pleasure or satisfaction.

Often, when a child discovers that he cannot secure favors by demanding them, he gets a peculiar sense of satisfaction from repeatedly doing so, but the parent who allows him to do this is doing him an actual injustice.

A child should be so trained when he is young that when he leaves home, it will be easy for him to get along with others in the world instead of difficult.

Let us take an example. A mother writes to me:

"What can I do to get our 5-year-old boy to appreciate things? Whenever anything is given him, he will say (I don't like that, why didn't you get something else?) He isn't satisfied with the stories we tell or the games we play. We do so much for him, I can't see why he is that way."

You have been trying to do too much for this boy and this may be the principal course of his present habit.

When you are playing some game for the benefit of this boy and he informs you that he doesn't like it, just very calmly drop things for a moment and ask him the simple question. "Do you want mother to ulay this game with you any longer?" If he says, "no," just say, "All right," and leave him immediately without further words. Take up reading or something else and do not allow him to persuade you to come back—at least for a time. If he teases you, say "I might play with you a little later; I am busy reading just now." If he answers your question by saying "Yes," say to him, "All right, then, let us play it happily and have fun."

A child likes to command others and if others allow him to do so, he becomes very much spoiled and it is not good for him.

Some mothers do not know when to draw the line and most of them make the mistake of catering too much to the child. Some children indeed are very clever at giving their mothers just enough encouragement in their catering to keep them at it.

Parents should demand that their children audibly express their appreciation of the slightest act of kindness offered by another person.

Set the good example before your children of appreciating things yourself. Call attention to this thing and that which pleases you. Join your child in doing little acts of kindness for others. Talk much about the kindness of other people toward you. Your child will then begin to appreciate favors himself and he will show his appreciation.

(Copyright, 1919, the Parents Association.)

HIS NEAREST RELATIVE

A recruit in one of the cantonments, when called up for examination was asked:

"What is your nearest living relative?"

"What do you mean, 'relative,' mister?" returned the recruit.

"Oh, I mean your nearest living kinsfolk."

"Wal, that's my aunt you're talking 'bout."

Several other questions wer answered satisfactorily, when there came:

"In case of death or accident, who shall be notified?"

"My mother," immediately from the selective.

"But you told me just a few minutes ago that your aunt was the nearest living relative that you have," objected the officer.

"You asked me who was my nearest livin' kin was, didn't you? Wal, Aunt Liz—she lives just two miles from where I been livin.; mother lives five."—From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

HENS HATCH FISH EGGS

The Chinese have a novel way of propagating fish. The spawn is carefully collected from the surface of the water, and when a sufficient quantity has been obtained they take a number of hens' eggs, the contents of which have been carefully emptied through a small aperture, and refill the shells with spawns. The holes are sealed up and the eggs put under the broody hens. The hens are allowed to incubate the eggs for a certain number of days, when the eggs are again broken and their contents put into water that has been previously warmed by the sun. In a very short time the spawn hatches, and the young fry are then kept in pure fresh water until a sufficient size to be put into the ponds. At one time a considerable business was done in this style of spawn hatching.—From the Indianapolis Times.

WHY HAIR FALLS OUT

Dandruff causes a feverish irritation of the scalp, the hair roots shrink, loosen and then the hair comes out fast. To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of Danderine at any drug store for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub well into the scalp. After several applications all dandruff disappears and the hair stops coming out.

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