



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 CLIV

Of course I couldn't tell the brave little sick-a-bed bride either of the things that were worrying me. She couldn't know that I was haunted by fears for her and her arm. And she might—in her unselfishness—be always as much agitated by a hint of the ugly situation hanging between Jim and me. So I put her off.

"I'm just a little choked with joy over the results of my matchmaking," said I. "And since I can't dance a jig in a sick room, I have to cry a little. Don't begrudge me my fun."

"Bless your heart, nice person, I'd never begrudge you anything but unhappiness and worry!" answered Betty.

Then I knew I was a pretty good play-actress, and with a little feeling of triumph over the way my make-believe had saved Betty pain, I stopped very tenderly to kiss her good night. Her well had caressed my hair.

"Friendship's a big thing—and very precious," she whispered. "You've proved it, Anne dear. And I am grateful, and proud and very very happy."

So I called down a tearful little blessing on Betty's head and hurried from that room of peace and love in wait for me outside.

"Hurray, Annie, we're going to motor up to town after all!" said

Jim when I joined him and Terry in the main hall. "Terry's sending us up in his car, which we'll send back to him to-morrow. Bully, isn't it?"

"Would you mind going by train?" I asked uneasily. "We'll get there so much sooner, and I'm tired and nervous. You're a brick, Terry, to offer the car—but I don't feel as if I could stand jouncing around dark roads half the night. I—I want to get home."

"Nonsense, Anne. Suppose it does take a couple of hours longer in the auto; isn't that much better than sitting in a stuffy train with all the commuters?"

Jim's tone was impatient! Ordinarily I might have agreed with him. But now it seemed to me that I couldn't bear to be shut up in a limousine alone with him for the long hours it would take to drive home at night. I knew that we would inevitably come to a discussion of Anthony Norreys and Jim's command that I see no more of this good friend. And I was too weak to endure any more.

I wanted to postpone the crisis I felt we were approaching. I wasn't ready for it yet. It meant too much for both of us to be approached in readiness and nervousness. It must be faced calmly—in the light of day, and quite without bitterness or the seething emotions I felt to-night.

"Well, Anne, what are you mooning about?" asked Jim with irritation that tried to play at being jealousy. "Answer the question before the house—isn't riding up in a luxurious limousine better than huddling in the train with the commuters?"

"Commuters don't go back to the city at this hour," I protested. "And I'm not dressed very warmly, so even in a limousine I'd be cold, since they don't come neatly steam-heated like our trains."

"Have it your own way. Women always do in the end, as I'm bound you'll find out before long. Terry, old chap," said Jim, giving in with a little flourish.

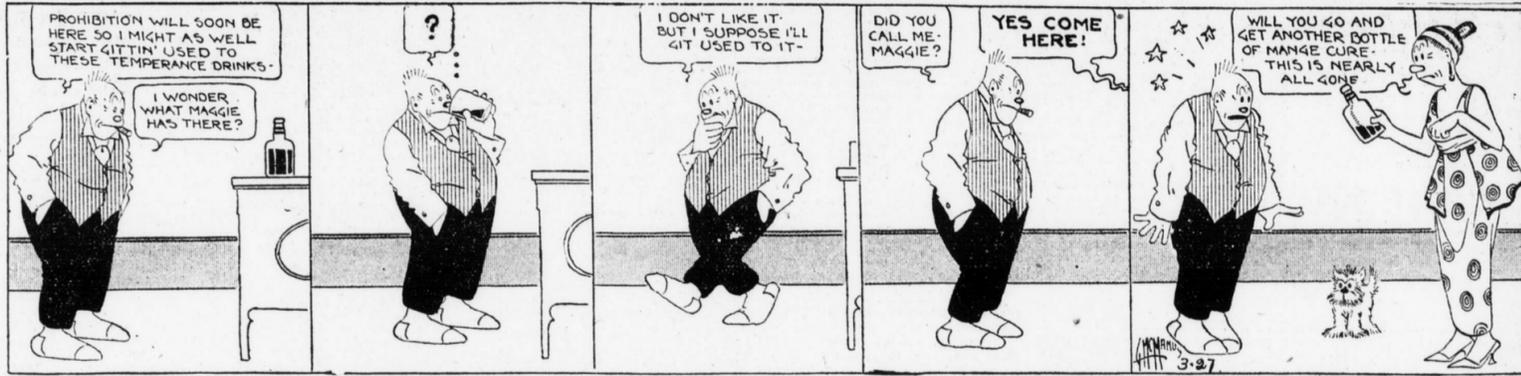
"Oh, I can think of worse fates than being henpecked by my sister Anne here," began Terry lightly. Then, as if he just couldn't help it, his voice took on a serious tone: "And I've more than half an idea that Betty's way would be mine."

"Sure! You've half an idea. But you haven't been married very long, Terry," laughed Jim. "You'll get the other half of the idea later—and it will be a little different. Do you mind if Terry gives us a lift to the train, Mrs. H.?"

"I'd mind if he didn't send us down in the car," I replied. But he'll be supping with Betty about the time we go."

"That's right, and we were invited to supper also. Mustn't miss out on

Bringing Up Father



that, because there's no use dragging a tired girl to a hotel—nor yet asking her to get a midnight feast," said Jim with real thoughtfulness, the thoughtfulness he shows whenever he thinks of it.

Terry's good-bye to me warmed the cockles of my heart.

"Sister Anne, the way you've fought for my happiness is about the finest, whitest, most generous thing that's ever happened to me! I love you for it almost as much as my little wife in there loves the best woman friend she's ever had. Remember, we'll always be right there when you want us."

"I'll remember it," I said.

Then we had to hurry through our supper, the good-byes to the Matron and the Head Nurse and Miss Moss, who clung to me like an unshakable little vine at parting to dash over the roads to the station and finally to embark on the train for the city without tickets and just as it was pulling out.

"Look where your stubbornness has landed us!" fussed Jim. "I'll bet we don't get chairs."

"Who wants chairs for a little ride like ours?" I asked. "The coaches are good enough."

"Oh, are they? Well, I'm through with the things that are cheap, but I don't like smelly coaches and I'll warn you now that if that's the best we can do you won't see much of me, for I'll ride in the smoker."

"I don't mind," I said wearily.

Jim stared at me incredulously for a moment. I could see that he was trying to figure out how any woman could help minding a ride alone in a stuffy coach at night. Once perhaps he might have credited me with complete unselfishness and consideration. Now he laughed shortly as I diagnosed the situation.

"Well, the 'honeymoon' is over! We're said and bored old married couple for fair, Mrs. H."

To Be Continued.

Kidney and Rheumatic Trouble Stop After Taking Four Bottles of Nu Vim

Mr. George W. Taylor, of 2028 North Twenty-fifth street, Philadelphia, said: "I have been in bad shape for months—and always working in a draught. I caught cold and it settled in my kidneys and was compelled to get up four and five times during the night. Also my stomach gave me a great deal of trouble. My food would not digest and gas would form and cause me a lot of pain. With my rheumatism I suffered a great deal and, of course, I had doctored and taken medicine, but never any great relief—until I got hold of Nu Vim. Since then I have improved. My kidneys are in fine shape. I haven't had a rheumatic pain since my first bottle of Nu Vim. I am now on my fourth bottle. Nu Vim has done more for me than any medicine I ever used and gladly recommend it to others."

Nu Vim is sold by George A. Gorras, 16 North Third street.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

I was at the home of a friend. Her schoolgirl daughter came bursting into the room with the volcanic breathlessness of fourteen. She panted long enough to give me a hurried greeting, then flung a precipitate request at her mother for permission to join a party of girls who were going skating.

The Mother frowned. "Oh, I think not, today," she shook her head.

"But why not, mother?" pleaded the child. "All the rest of the girls are going. And it's perfectly safe."

An interchange of arguments followed, in which the girl easily carried away first honors; for there was really no valid reason to deny her request, and I could see that my friend was simply trying to bolster up an untenable position.

Justice, I regret to say, though seldom plays much part in the disputes between parents and children, and the mother exhibited a mounting annoyance.

"That will do," she broke in at last. "I said, 'No,' and that settles the matter."

"You can always do that," I heard the girl mutter as she turned away. Her face clouded, her lips quivering in disappointment. "Saying, 'No,' is the best little thing you do."

Of course, I didn't interfere so long as the girl was in the room, but after she had left I ventured on the strength of old acquaintance to ask my friend why she had refused the desired permission.

"The reasons you gave," I said "were too weak to impose on anyone, least of all on the child."

She flushed. "Well," she admitted, "I suppose I should have let her go. I hardly know myself why I said 'No,' but having once said it, I had to stick to my guns for the sake of discipline."

I knew why she had refused. It was not the first scene of the kind that I had witnessed in that house. In fact the daughter had voiced the exact truth when she complained that saying "No" was the best little thing her mother did. My

friend is one of those people whose first reaction to any idea is always negative.

And having expressed that characteristic reaction, she is compelled by her children, as she says, to stick by her guns—for the sake of discipline.

I wonder! Is that vaunted discipline fetter of hers worth the sense of quivering injustice she is continually planting in her daughter's soul, the incentive she is constantly giving to mutiny and deception, the loss of confidence she is piling up?

She is not singular or unique in any respect. The world is largely made up of people with a negative reaction. That is the reason why all great inventors and reformers and men of new ideas in any direction have had such a tough row to hoe. With almost any of us the first impulse when any new proposition, scheme or suggestion is presented to us, is to shake our heads.

"Learn to say, 'No,'" is pounded into our youths as a precept of shining virtue. And yet the negative forces, the stand-pat contingent of humanity have never advanced civilization by a single inch.

"Learn to say, 'Yes,'" is a doctrine that is of far more value. It is the affirmative spirit, the calm, unflinching determination of daring souls that has always set this great world spinning down the ringing grooves of change.

Not that I am urging a weak and unconsidered yielding to every new "ism" and every untried suggestion that is put forth by wild-eyed visionaries and dreamers. If we were to follow that course we would all soon be starting out to dig gold or bore for oil at a chance to see no rain.

I merely plead for the open mind. The man from Missouri is the ideal person to deal with, provided there is behind his "show me" a willingness to concede and agree, not a stubborn rampart of dissent which only dynamite or an earthquake can remove. I plead for the mind that is really open—without the string of an already settled "No" attached to it.

And in the meantime, with a world that is largely conservative in its mental processes, and is inclined like my friend to say, "No," on the first impulse, without wholly knowing why it says it, I will give you a hint as to the best way to meet the negative reaction.

In dealing with a man or woman of the "negative reaction" type, never give them a chance to say no. Plant your seed first. Let the idea take root in their minds and become familiar to them. Then argue against it.

BIG COAL PIERS ON SCRAP HEAP

Massive Trestlework at Greenwich Point is Torn Away

Philadelphia, March 27.—Greenwich coal piers—a landmark for generations in South Philadelphia—are being converted into 5,000,000 feet of lumber.

For many years these masses of wooden trestlework were an important factor in the commerce of this port. Coal by the hundreds of thousands of tons, for foreign and coastwise shipment, was shot from piers-heads into waiting barges or vessels.

The old coal piers with their forest of huge timbers, have been replaced by the Pennsylvania Railroad's new mechanical car dumpers, which can handle 25,000 tons of coal a day. Where the coal piers now stand the city will in the future build a new and spacious municipal pier, while further south the railroad company will build other and modern coal piers.

Demolition of the Greenwich coal piers, agreed upon by the city and the railroad is part of the broad plan of port improvement.

TO GIVE THIRD TALK

"God—How Known" will be the subject of the third address in a series of Lenten talks to be given by Dr. George Edward Reed in the assembly room of the Central Y. M. C. A. Friday evening. The general subject for the series is "A Young Man's Difficulties in Matters of Religion." Supper will be served and the talk will follow.

A SHAMPOO WORTH TRYING

It is not necessary to shampoo your hair so frequently if it is entirely and properly cleansed each time by the use of a really good shampoo. The easiest to use and quickest drying shampoo that we can recommend to our readers is one that brings out all the natural beauty of the hair and may be enjoyed at very little expense by dissolving a teaspoonful of canthrox, which can be obtained from any druggist's, in a cup of hot water. This makes a full cup of shampoo liquid, enough so it is easy to apply to all the hair instead of just to the top of the head. This, when rubbed into the scalp and onto every strand of hair, chemically dissolves all impurities. It is very soothing and cooling in its action, as well as beneficial to both scalp and hair. After rinsing out the lather so created, you will find the scalp is fresh, clean and free from dandruff, while the hair dries quickly and evenly, developing a bright luster and a soft fluffiness that makes it seem very heavy.

Program For Concert to Be Given This Evening

The concert to be given by the Pennsylvania Concert Company under the leadership of Ira L. Behney, in the Technical High School Auditorium this evening will be largely attended if the advance sale of tickets is any criterion. The program to be presented will include:

"O Hail Us Ye Free, Ernani-Verdi, The Company; "You and I," Tenor solo, Ward-Stephens, J. P. Gibson; "When the Boys Come Home," Paris, The Company; "One Fleeting Hour," Baritone Solo, Lee C. N. Jackson; Reading, Romanin, J. W. Riley, Dr. J. W. Sheaffer; Quartet, "The Rosary," Kevin, Messrs. W. Gibson, Moyers, Smith and Byler; "A Dream Fancy," Tenor Solo, Marshall, F. G. Swarner; "Rose of My Heart, Lohr, The Company; Monologue, C. N. Jackson; "Invictus," Bruno Hahn, The Company; "O Trusting Eyes," Baritone Solo, Gartner, R. C. Smith; Viking Song, Coleridge-Taylor, The Company.

SUSPEND GERMAN PAPERS

Coblenz, March 27.—The morning and evening editions of the Coblenz Gazette were today ordered suspended for three days by General Dickman for criticizing the allies in connection with an article on developments in Hungary. This was the first offense of the newspaper, the editor of which is Dr. Karl Mehrmann.

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The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

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All the benefits of nasty, sickening, gripping cathartics are derived from Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets without the griping, pain or any disagreeable effects.

Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after seventeen years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint, with the attendant bad breath.

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<p>\$10.95 Wool Plaid Skirts</p> <p>(Friday Only)</p> <p>\$6.95</p> <p>New Spring box pleated models in a wide range of colors.</p>	<p>\$10 All Wool Poplin Skirts</p> <p>(Friday Only)</p> <p>\$5.95</p> <p>New Spring models in navy and black only.</p>
<p>\$3.49 Crepe de Chine Bloomers</p> <p>(Friday Only)</p> <p>\$2.95</p> <p>(Limit — 1 pair to a customer)</p> <p>Made of excellent quality georgette crepe in flesh only.</p>	<p>Buy Here and You Buy Wisely</p> <h2>Ladies Bazaar</h2> <p>8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST.</p> <p>Buy Here and You Buy For Less</p>

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