



# 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 CLXXII.**

Only a minute after I had conveyed myself into the bedroom and safely out of the way of interfering with the hoped-for "making-up" between Phoebe and Neal, Neal came striding in after me.

"For pity's sake, Babbs—don't desert me. I can't make out her get-up-and-go—this tom-foolery. She won't speak to me. Not a word that means anything," he said dejectedly.

"Neal, what did you give up like this for?" I asked in exasperation. "Why did you go off and leave her to her own devices? I thought you were a fighter!"

"Make her listen," he said sneeringly. "I couldn't get in a word. It was all, 'Oh, Lieutenant Hyland, how becoming your uniform is!' And 'Lieutenant Hyland, aren't you just crazy about the army?' and 'Lieutenant Hyland, do excuse me while I explain things to the man your sister cut off so eddily.'"

Where did I come in to make a monkey of myself, grabbing her like you said?"

"Neal," I demanded again. "I have to know about that—ring, if I'm going to help you."

"Well, there's darn little to tell, Babbs," said Neal, looking down and fidgeting with the buttons of his blouse. "Dad came to camp and gave it back to me. I couldn't stand hearing him preach, so I begged him to let it go at that, and he did, though he would insist on saying it was Mrs. Dalton who sent it back."

"It was," I asserted, simply.

"Yeah, Mrs. Dalton. . . Virginia always runs Phoebe. Looks like she was doing it now," sneered Neal in tones I'd never before heard him use.

"And that's all there is to the story?" I asked, incredulously. "You didn't even write?"

Neal dropped his arms eloquently to his sides and gave it to me straight.

"I couldn't. But I thought she'd write. And when she didn't—I felt worse than ever, and after I got over the first soreness I was so darn busy looking for the officers' camp, and then I had to hunch myself so hard at camp for fear I'd be busted out. And I kinda forgot—first the soreness, and then Phoebe."

"Poor little kid!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Oh, I'm a man—I'll bear it!" said Neal grandly, but gulping a bit on his words.

"I mean—poor little Phoebe!" I said slowly.

Neal laughed shortly.

"Well, she seems to be taking care of herself all right. Not eating her heart out, or missing any old friends, or anything."

I went over and reached my hands up to my young brother's shoulders. "You've never been a woman. And nothing I can say will tell you how it hurts—how it must have hurt Phoebe," I corrected myself hastily. "To be treated indifferently. Why didn't you write and protest against the return of Mother's ring? Why did you just take it and let her sit and wait and wait to hear from you?"

"Hm! That's all very fine sounding," grunted Neal, "but how'd you know she—sat and waited? Looks like it—doesn't it?"

"Oh, Neal, Neal-boy, I told you you couldn't understand! But women are educated to believe that men tire of them easily. And right under Phoebe's eyes, Virginia had gone through—goodness knows what unhappiness. So is it very amazing, after all, that when you neglected her and were so calm about accepting dismissal that Phoebe—accepted it, too?"

"Do you mean to tell me that's why she calls me Lieutenant Hyland and telephones another chap right under my nose?" demanded Neal.

"That's just what I mean!"

"Well, the little mischief! I'll show her!"

Neal took a determined, triumphant stride or two in the direction of the door just as Phoebe

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



came hurtling in from the living room. And without a word, the boy caught her in his arms and strained her slim little form close against him, burying his face in her massed-up curls before he put one hand under her chin and lifted her heart-shaped face for his kiss.

In the second before I turned away, it seemed as if Phoebe were relaxing, giving herself to his arms with the joy of coming home to her real place. But in the next second I heard a resounding smack, and a little wild-cat of a girl whirled over to my side. I turned back again, Neal stood with blazing eyes and face white except for the crimson stain of Phoebe's hand on cheek and ear.

He was very quiet, a rueful half-smile on his lips. But Phoebe breathed in audible gasps.

"Would you mind going out and giving me a chance to dress, Anne?" she demanded when she could find her breath. "I've a luncheon engagement with a—gentleman."

Neal turned and strode from the room. I reached my arms out to Phoebe. But with a queenly coldness Virginia could never have surpassed, the child said:

"My dear, Anne, privacy is so little to ask."

So I followed Neal to the other room. With an air of putting behind him everything that had occurred so far this morning, Neal casually inquired:

"Anne, do you happen to remember Evelyn Mason's phone number?"

(To Be Continued.)

## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY BY VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

**CHAPTER LXII.**

Mildred Bruce stopped at a drug store on her way home. From a booth here she could telephone without fear of being overheard.

She succeeded in getting speech with Tom Chandler and learned from him that he was not leaving town until 11 o'clock to-night.

"I would love to see you once more, kid," he assured her joyously. "But I do not intend to run into such a hornet's nest as I struck last night. That was the limit! No calling at your house just now for me!"

"Of course not," Mildred agreed eagerly. "But isn't there somewhere we can meet just for a little chat. I did not say half I wanted to last night?"

"Suppose," the man suggested after a moment's thought, "that you take the Wadleigh avenue trolley and meet me just inside Forest Park? But I forgot the rain. You would get soaked."

"I don't care if I do," the girl declared. "But where would we go then?"

"We could take a little walk in the park. But suppose it is still pouring?"

"What of that?" Mildred retorted. "Raincoats and umbrellas keep one dry, not to mention rubber overshoes."

She laughed excitedly. Already the gloom of the morning was dispelled. She was going to see Tom! That was all she thought of now.

"Well, make it four-thirty and walk down the right-hand path," Tom directed. "I will meet you, sure, but I must get back in time for supper with my devoted parents."

"I will be there at four-thirty, and will walk along the right-hand path," Mildred promised.

She went on home, her mind full of her plan. She did not appreciate that she was making a bid for the attentions of a man who had not cared to make an appointment to see her.

At dinner she talked brightly Mrs. Higgins had been assisted downstairs, and sat at the table in an easy chair. She looked at Mildred in surprise. How could she be so gay when the man she loved was wretched? Mildred was not easy to comprehend.

**A Pertinent Question**

Honora said little. She was wishing that Mildred would call on Mrs. Bruce, yet she dared not suggest it. Perhaps Mildred herself would propose it.

"Are you going out this afternoon?" Honora asked after a while.

"I have an appointment this afternoon," was the non-committal reply.

"Were there many people in church this morning?" the older girl inquired.

"I do not know," Mildred answered. "I did not go to church."

"Oh!" Honora's surprise caught her off her guard. "I thought that was where you had gone."

"I don't know why you should have thought that," Mildred observed. "Surely my first duty was to Arthur's mother. I stayed with her while Arthur was out."

Honora suppressed an exclamation of astonishment. She had wanted Mildred to go to the Bruce home—as it was the decent and conventional thing for her to do—yet she was slightly disconcerted by the girl's statement. Only last night the betrothed pair had seemed far apart. Now Mildred had been spending the morning with Arthur's mother.

"Yes," Mildred went on when Honora made no comment. "I went there. I might have remained all this afternoon, too; but when I learned you were going there I decided to come back home."

"There is no need of my going if you can stay with Mrs. Bruce," Honora said quickly.

"Oh, yes, there is," Mildred contradicted; "for when I found that you wished to go I made another engagement for this afternoon."

"But if you wanted to be with Mrs. Bruce," Honora began.

"Wanted to!" Mildred interrupted with a harsh laugh. "No, I thank you! I can imagine many more agreeable things than spending a

"No, not Miss Jasper," she retorted.

After which no more questions were asked.

But just before starting for the Bruce home, Honora spoke of a matter that had slipped her mind. She disliked to risk an altercation, but she had failed to deliver a message entrusted to her.

"When Arthur telephoned to me this noon," she ventured, "he said there would be places in the coaches to take us to the cemetery after the funeral to-morrow. But perhaps he told you?"

"He did not," Mildred said curtly. "And I am not going to the funeral."

"Oh, Milly—you will have to!"

"I am not going," the girl repeated. "Unless I change my mind. I may always do that. But, Honora, that is a matter to be settled between Arthur and myself."

"I beg your pardon for interfering," Honora said coldly.

"I will try to grant it," was the ironical rejoinder.

"NOBODY HOME" WITH HIM

"Why didn't you send your man to mend my electric doorbell, as you promised?"

"He did go, madam; but as he rang three times and got no answer he concluded that there was nobody home."—From the Boston Transcript.

**THE PACIFIST**

"You say your husband is a pacifist, Dimah?"

"I sure does, sah."

"What's make you think so?"

"Well, sah, de man will never carry a razor when he tends a party sah."

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### Advice to the Lovelorn

**Flirtation Then Friendship**

Dear Miss Fairfax:

A short while ago I met a young man through a flirtation, and since then he has been calling on me steadily. We have had quite a talk about the way we have met and he claims that he thinks as well of me as if he had met me otherwise. He seems to be a gentleman in every respect, and very much in doubt as to whether I should continue his friendship and ask you to kindly advise me.

Why not, since you have grown to like and respect each other? I take it that you now understand how imprudent you were, and that you will avoid flirtations in the future.

**Cannot Prove Her Love**

Dear Miss Fairfax:

About five months ago I met a young man whom I love very much. He does not believe this because he sees me talking and going out with other young men. Miss Fairfax, kindly advise me what I shall do to show my love for this young man, as I hate to lose his friendship. BABE.

It seems to me almost incredible that a girl who really loves a man should be unable to convince him of it. Try again. Or can it be that you are mistaken in the sincerity of his feeling and that what you really desire is the attention of a variety of men?

### DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



**Sore Feet Epidemic**

We've had many kinds of epidemics, but there now seems to be a new one widely prevalent among adults. This is an epidemic of foot troubles, an acute swollen and painful condition of the feet, often quite severe and accompanied with excessive sweating. The cause is attributed to nebulous, high humidity, etc. But the important thing, as its victims will agree, is remedy. This is to be had according to foot doctors and druggists, in the peculiar astringent, soothing action of Cal-o-cide, when used in the foot-bath. It gives prompt relief and lasting results and is simple to use. Cal-o-cide costs but a quarter and each package contains little plaster aids to remove the most stubborn corn. This is worth trying.—Adv.

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Christ Arose . . . . . Hayden Quartet	Easter Fantasia, Peerless Orchestra
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Lord Dismiss Us . . . . . Trinity Chimes	Jesus Lives . . . . . Calvary Choir
Gloria From Twelfth Mass . . . . . Trinity Choir	Comfort Ye My People . . . . . Reed Miller
Hallelujah Chorus . . . . . Sousa's Band	Every Valley Shall Be Exalted . . . . . Reed Miller
Jo to the World . . . . . Trinity Choir	Hallelujah Chorus, Oratoria Chorus
O Corpe All Ye Faithful . . . . . Trinity Choir	Gloria—Twelfth Mass . . . . . Gregorian Choir
Festival Te Deum, Part 1 . . . . . Trinity Choir	I Know That My Redeemer Liveth . . . . . Julia Henry
Festival Te Deum, Part 2 . . . . . Trinity Choir	Trumpet Shall Sound . . . . . Arthur Middleton

**Music Rolls**  
(With Words)

The Palms	A Dream of Paradise	Hosanna
Calvary	Christ is Risen Today	Crucifixus
Jerusalem	Behold, the Master	"Largo," Trust in the Lord
Nazareth	Passeth	I Know That My Redeemer Liveth
The Plains of Peace	There is a Green Hill Far Away	
	Beyond the Gates of Paradise	

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