



# Reading for Women and the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

her eyes and giggling as she repeated, "Jim... Come Jim... Stay Jim."

"The 'stay Jims' have it," laughed Jim, lounging down in a seat next to Valerie. "I promised Cosby we'd stick to the last, Anne. And then I'm giving a little party ahead of your Thursday one... Griddle cakes and scrambled eggs and coffee—breakfast at Wilds. Are you on, Tom?"

"You couldn't pry me loose," replied Tom, pulling my arm through his. "Anne and I are booked for this trot."

In the corridor, just at the top of the stairs leading to the floor, he stopped.

"Steady, Anne—steady," he said. "Want a bite of salad or a bird?"

"I couldn't eat," I replied with my best approximation of his "steady."

He laughed shortly.

"You ought to know Jim by this time—a new face, a new fancy."

"I know Jim, and I know you," I said coldly. "You're not coming to that Thursday night box party—except for business, you're never going to speak to me again."

"You asked me in the presence of Mrs. Cosby and Jim. Little Lilac Lady, don't let jealousy drive you into a tantrum. You know you were jealous of me, and now, let me go," I cried, heating at his chest with my clenched fists.

I felt his lips close to my cheeks, and then, somehow, I tore myself from his arms, scudded down the steps across the lower hall and into the dressing room.

Painting, I sank down on a couch. A second later Valerie Cosby glided into the room.

"Why did you run away so suddenly?" she asked, looking at me in the greatest amusement.

I started back at her with cheeks that I felt crimsoning in spite of my determination not to blush. Did she mean to ask why I had run away from her or Jim—or why I had fled from Tom Mason? What had she seen? How did she interpret it?

"Come on, Donna Anna, to the breakfast at Wilds," she said, using Tom Mason's name for me with the utmost suavity. "You and I are going to be great friends as soon as you limber up a bit. We have such a lot in common."

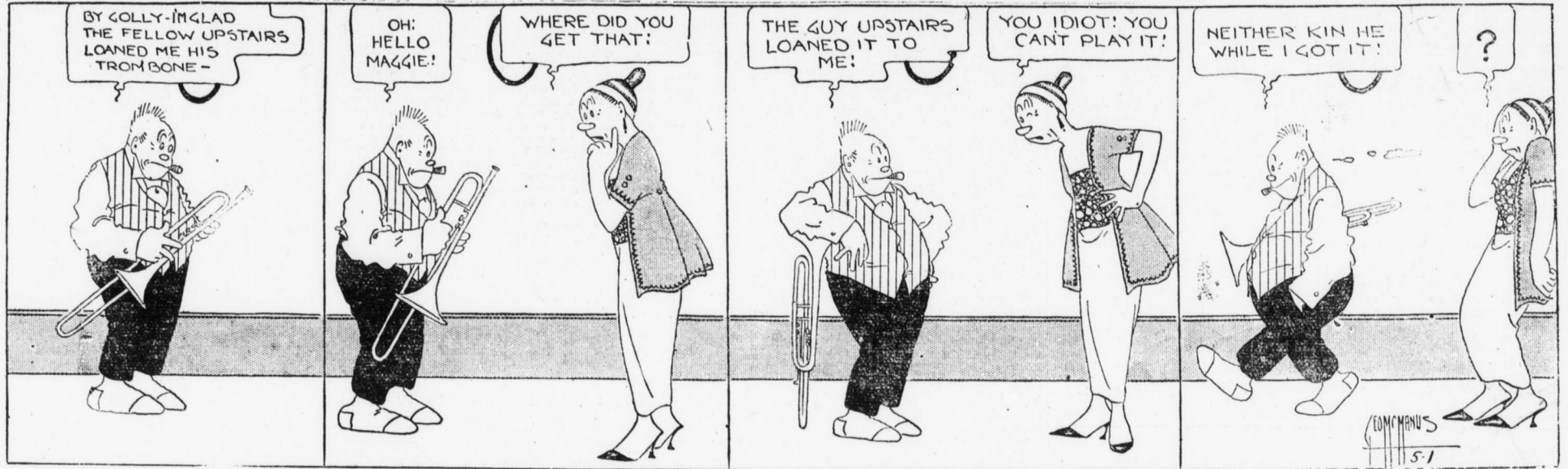
Again the slow, narrow-lidded smile. I thought of a kitten lapping up cream.

(To Be Continued.)

## Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1918, International News Service

By McManus



## LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

A girl wrote me a letter telling me of a queer little experience she had.

She said that a friend had given her the little group of figurines called "The Monkeys of Nippon." One monkey holds its paws over its eyes, the next is covering its ears, and the third its mouth, thus silently admonishing the beholder, "To see no evil, hear no evil and speak no evil."

The girl was immediately impressed and made a good resolution on the spot. She fully intended to follow the unspoken mandate of wisdom. She put the little group on her dressing table, so that she might frequently be reminded of her new purpose.

But as she went about with this new idea in her mind, she was shocked to discover that hardly any one she knew ever spoke of the good and beautiful things of life. They did not seem to think that these deserved any particular mention. Instead, she heard on every side stories of tragedy, sickness, sorrow and woe.

The negative side of existence seemed to be the only one that people in general saw, heard or talked about. If she greeted an acquaintance she was met with something like this:

"Oh, I am all right, but we have had the most awful time at home. Father has been desperately ill, mother is all worn out, and everyone we know has been having terrible things happen to them."

There is nothing strange in this. The moment any of us make up our mind to follow a new course of action, no matter what it may be, all sorts of obstacles seem suddenly to crop up. If we pay any attention to them we are lost. The only thing to do is to kick them out of the way and go right on.

There is a story in the "Arabian Nights" of the princess who set forth to find her lost brothers and secure the Talking Bird, leaves from the Singing Tree and a flash of the waters of the Golden Fountain. These three treasures were guaranteed to transform her life and bestow all sorts of good fortune on herself and those she loved.

Her brothers had already tried to gain them, but had never returned from the quest. Nevertheless, they and so many others had failed. So she used her brains before she set out on her journey, which fact showed her to be a very wise young woman indeed. She first endeavored to learn all she could about the hindrances in her path. These, she learned, were

goblins that would try to frighten her until she ran to safety, and voices that would seek to allure her and cause her to linger too long upon the road. But being a young person of resource as well as courage, she secured her ears with cotton to shut out the beguiling voices, and refused even to look at the menacing shapes that barred her way.

The result was that she found the Talking Bird, and he told her how to secure the Singing Leaves and the flask of Golden Water, and by the aid of these she lifted the enchantment from her brothers and from the other travellers who had adventured in quest of the treasures without taking her forethought.

There is a deep truth in all these old fables. The negative elements of hesitation and fear which keep us loitering on the way to accomplishment are the little foxes which spoil the vines of endeavor.

One has only to look into the faces of the "wasters" to realize that somewhere along the roadward these men and women have decided to an inclination to drift with the tide, to postpone a decision, to sit down and rest until resting became a habit and because the going was hard.

The negatives of life are the things not to see, not to hear and never, never to speak.

Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "In School Days," came to my mind. You all remember: He saw her lift her eyes; he felt The soft hands light caressing, And heard the tremble of her voice, As is a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word; I hate to go above you because," the brown eyes lower fell, "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man That sweet child face is showing, Dear girl! the grasses on her grave Have forty years been growing. He lives to learn, in life's hard school, How few who pass above him Lament their triumph and his loss, Like her—because they love him. For half a century the building stood, and many men and women Will mourn the loss.

TO HOLD SERVICE  
Huntington, Pa., May 9.—Bishop James H. Darlington, of Harrisburg, will visit the State Reformatory at Huntingdon Sunday to hold the sacred rite of confirmation to a large class of candidates presented by the Rev. Frederick James Compton, the rector of St. John's Episcopal Church.

## Detroit Vapor Oil Range

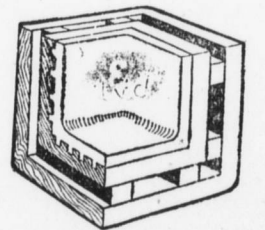
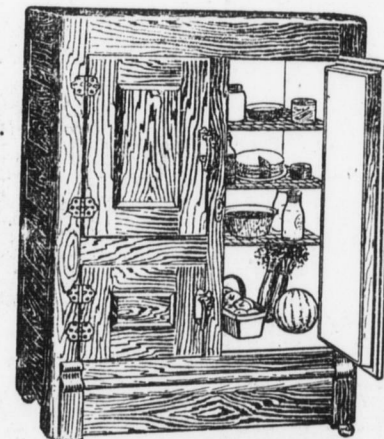
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