

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 CCX (Copyright, 1919, King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

Even in the old days when I did not like Virginia and thought her a snob, I realized that she was a thoroughbred. And when I came out into the lobby of the Clinsarge accompanied by the man who had been Virginia's husband, she proved what a real thoroughbred she is.

Carliotta in her flamboyant checks—Carliotta clinging to Pat's arm—Virginia did not appear to see. Nor Pat. She didn't turn scarlet, fidget and look away as another woman might have done. She simply didn't see them. For me she had her warm friendly smile of welcome, and for Neal a quick:

"Delighted to see you looking so well, Lieutenant Hyland." This greeted Neal—yet held him off. He couldn't stop and make it eyes. I that Virginia why his head, she asked, turning his head as if to make sure.

But I knew for whom that long, searching look had come into his eyes. I knew, too, why he had usually flung so high, was jutting out now with set jaw and tense mouth. For a minute he stared like that. Then as he swept off his hat and devil-may-care look came into his blue eyes and the reckless tilt to his head.

"Carliotta and I have decided to call it a day and motor out the Shore road for tea. Want to come, folks? Or does sister want a little private reunion with Neal?" "Please wouldn't you understand if I wanted to have Neal all to myself?" I asked.

"Go to it, sister Anne. And hug him for me," laughed Carliotta. "Only last night I was telling my pater that if young Neal was less young by about five years, or Carliotta less old by the same number, he wouldn't be safe.

At that Neal perked up. The expression Phoebe's cut had brought to his face faded before a half-embarrassed, half-pleased smile.

"I'll try to grow up, P. D. Q., Miss Carliotta," he cried. "Make your own chucked Pat. Again I wondered about Carliotta. Had she seen Phoebe's cut? Did she know what it meant? Was she enough of a brick to rally her forces to help Neal rally himself together?"

He was inclined to think so, inclined to like her. But why—if he were indeed the brick that Terry and Neal and Tony had called her—was she strolling off, vampire-fashion?

RESORTS AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. A Portrait of Comfort. Summer's Outing for Health and Recreation. The Hotel St. Charles. Every Convenience and Luxury with Thorough Service and Courtesy predominant.

HOTEL BISCAIYNE Kentucky Ave. Fourth hotel from Beach. Amer. plan \$25 up daily; \$14 weekly. European, \$1 up daily. HARRISON HIPPLE. THE SAN JOSE 122 St. James Place. Fifth house from beach. European Plan. Terms attractive. McNamara & Huznes—Owners.

HOTEL BREVOORT 18 South Carolina Ave. Near Beach and Penna. R. R. Large airy rooms. Amer. Plan \$2.50 up daily. \$15.00 up weekly. Under new management. RESORTS AT FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA. Buena Vista Spring Hotel. A strictly modern hotel with excellent table and service. Altitude 2000 feet. Splendid woods; golf, tennis, etc. Open June 30th to October 1st. Address until June 30th, J. J. Gibbons, Manager, Hotel Renner, Baltimore, Md.

ion, to have tea with Virginia's husband? Fod with her proprietary hand still on Pat's arm, she called her good-bys and the crowd swallowed them.

Checks, rouge, cigarettes and all. I might have liked Carliotta if it had not been for Pat. Carliotta and all, I had to like Pat. "That was the charm of him—the charm I felt sure Virginia couldn't have forgotten."

I was so full of them that Neal had to bring me back with a jerk. "She cut me," he said. "Did you see that? Babble! She could at least have spoken to me—Virginia did. Virginia had a decent word for me, and in spite of my being with Pat. But Phoebe hadn't even so much feeling as the icy Virginia."

"But that was so different. Neal, Virginia hadn't seen you before and Virginia didn't speak to Pat—you two of his party. The situation was hers."

Phoebe behaved somewhat differently. We encountered her on the steps of the hotel. Head high, eyes ablaze, she threw out a "Hello, Anne!" and ignored everyone else in our group. It was young—and pathetic.

Pat didn't notice her until she spoke. Jaw tense and eyes far away, she was walking at Carliotta's side and indicating in every protecting stoop of his shoulders that she was getting all his care and attention. But I think Pat didn't know that Carliotta was there.

"On the curbing he stopped. "Was that little Phoebe?" he asked, turning his head as if to make sure. "But I knew for whom that long, searching look had come into his eyes. I knew, too, why he had usually flung so high, was jutting out now with set jaw and tense mouth. For a minute he stared like that. Then as he swept off his hat and devil-may-care look came into his blue eyes and the reckless tilt to his head.

"Carliotta and I have decided to call it a day and motor out the Shore road for tea. Want to come, folks? Or does sister want a little private reunion with Neal?" "Please wouldn't you understand if I wanted to have Neal all to myself?" I asked.

"Go to it, sister Anne. And hug him for me," laughed Carliotta. "Only last night I was telling my pater that if young Neal was less young by about five years, or Carliotta less old by the same number, he wouldn't be safe.

At that Neal perked up. The expression Phoebe's cut had brought to his face faded before a half-embarrassed, half-pleased smile.

"I'll try to grow up, P. D. Q., Miss Carliotta," he cried. "Make your own chucked Pat. Again I wondered about Carliotta. Had she seen Phoebe's cut? Did she know what it meant? Was she enough of a brick to rally her forces to help Neal rally himself together?"

He was inclined to think so, inclined to like her. But why—if he were indeed the brick that Terry and Neal and Tony had called her—was she strolling off, vampire-fashion?

RESORTS AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. A Portrait of Comfort. Summer's Outing for Health and Recreation. The Hotel St. Charles. Every Convenience and Luxury with Thorough Service and Courtesy predominant. For Booklet, Floor Plan, Road Map & Special Rates address William A. Leach Manager.

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1918, International News Service

By McManus



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XI

David Delaine surveyed himself in the mirror above the chifferoin in his hall-room. He was forced to acknowledge that his livery was becoming to him.

This conviction had been forced upon him yesterday when he tried on the outfit in the fitting rooms of Starford & Co. It was also confirmed by the suave salesman.

"Mr. Leighton will have no cause to be ashamed of his chauffeur," the man commented patronizingly. "I may say frankly that we seldom turn out a livery that is as stylish and altogether satisfactory on the wearer as this is. Mr. Leighton never spares expense, and in this case your appearance makes it worth while."

David muttered some reply. The fellow's tone of patronage annoyed him, yet, what else could an ordinary chauffeur expect? That his employer spared no expense was true. It was evidenced by the quality and cut of the new suit, the good material of the leggings, the weight of the fur-collared coat, the style of the hat. What a waste this all might have been if David's references had not been up to the required standard!

Delaine appreciated with a little thrill the Samuel Leighton had shown a flattering confidence in him. Yet, after all, if he had not proved satisfactory, his successor could wear these same clothes with some alterations.

But it was not easy in these days to hire a strong, good-looking young man. The service needed the youth of the land. Perhaps that was why Mr. Leighton seemed anxious to retain his employe. David was not vain, yet he would have been a fool had he not known that his appearance was not unattractive.

An Interesting Adventure He frowned now at his reflection in his mirror. Then, his sense of humor coming to the fore, he laughed. "I can surely afford a few months out of a lifetime in pursuing an interesting adventure," he mused.

He did not let himself ponder on whether the adventure might lead. Perhaps he would recover his strength rapidly enough to re-enlist and go back to France. This was what he hoped for in spite of the fact that the surgeons on the other side had not encouraged this hope.

"They may have been mistaken," he told himself fiercely. "I am sure I will be well sooner than they thought. I cannot do what I want in the world, I might better be out of it. In that case I could wish the bullet had got my heart instead of only a lung. But I'm going to see this thing through!"

That was his watch-word these days. He had occasional reminders that his wound had been more serious than he had wanted to believe. Yet the doctor had told him that if he was careful he might eventually do a man's work. "I know they did not think I would get well soon enough to return to the front," he reflected grimly. "Well, perhaps they were wrong! Here's hoping they were!"

He put on his hat, threw the heavy overcoat over his arm, and, with his gauntlets in his hand, ran downstairs to the street. As he strode up Lexington avenue, he was indeed good to look at. The color of his livery was becoming to his fair skin and blue eyes. He was very fit and broad-shouldered and had straight and distinguished made the bear an air of distinction that made the stamp come to be a chauffeur.

This marvel may have been in the eyes of Norah, the parlor maid, when she answered the chauffeur's ring at the front door at 11 o'clock, but it was speedily replaced by an expression of admiration.

She had always wondered at the aristocratic bearing of the new man. She never noticed before how handsome some he was. Perhaps, she told herself, she had never had a really good look at him until now.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

What is that something in us that makes us like certain things and dislike others, that consciousness which makes us feel we can do this and cannot do something else which is as simple as A, B, C, to our neighbors?

I, for instance, have an inner sense that I want to write. I seize a pen and do so. Another woman wants to trim a hat, and does so with charming results. I look at her with awe and wonder.

If I try to trim a hat, it looks like a hay-rick. If she tries to write a story, it sounds like: "Do you see the blue shoes of my grandmother's new daughter?"

I know a man who makes a fortune with the same ease that an acrobat turns a handspinning. Sometimes he is careless enough to lose a fortune, and he seeks to work and makes another one. If you ask him how he does it, he looks at you pityingly and says:

"Nothing to it. Any idiot can make money. Of course, we can talk learnedly about 'special aptitudes,' or 'the natural inclination intensified by special training,' or 'some strong suggestion impressed upon the plastic child mind.' It sounds explanatory, but, like many other explanatory things, it doesn't explain.

And you may say: "It is all very well to insist that every one has some special ability which if developed will insure him happiness and content in his work; but if I have anything of the kind I haven't discovered it. I am as intelligent as most people, but I have no particular bent or leaning in any direction."

Then you look at me triumphantly as if to say: "Now, what about it?" I come back at you with a pet theory of mine. I believe we do least that thing we are not in the least afraid of tackling, the thing that for some reason seems easy and natural to us.

So, before you deny that you have any natural inclination in a particular direction, suppose you think things over. "They may have been mistaken," he told himself fiercely. "I am sure I will be well sooner than they thought. I cannot do what I want in the world, I might better be out of it. In that case I could wish the bullet had got my heart instead of only a lung. But I'm going to see this thing through!"

That was his watch-word these days. He had occasional reminders that his wound had been more serious than he had wanted to believe. Yet the doctor had told him that if he was careful he might eventually do a man's work. "I know they did not think I would get well soon enough to return to the front," he reflected grimly. "Well, perhaps they were wrong! Here's hoping they were!"

He put on his hat, threw the heavy overcoat over his arm, and, with his gauntlets in his hand, ran downstairs to the street. As he strode up Lexington avenue, he was indeed good to look at. The color of his livery was becoming to his fair skin and blue eyes. He was very fit and broad-shouldered and had straight and distinguished made the bear an air of distinction that made the stamp come to be a chauffeur.

This marvel may have been in the eyes of Norah, the parlor maid, when she answered the chauffeur's ring at the front door at 11 o'clock, but it was speedily replaced by an expression of admiration.

a bit. Sit down in a chair and watch yourself go by; that is a very salutary mental exercise, taken occasionally. You never want to give too much time to yourself, or you will get to be one of those tiresome, introspective egotists. But a little calm, unbiased contemplation of yourself now and then is good for the soul.

What did you like best to do when a child? What sort of games, or studies, or books, or objects in nature interested you most? What do you remember being praised for? There is a very remarkable girl in one of the shops to whom I instinctively turn when my wardrobe needs refurbishing. She will turn over a quantity of garments with great rapidity.

"You don't want this, nor this, nor this," she will say. "Oh, wait!" I exclaim. "That looks attractive." She holds it up, looks reflectively from it to me, and then shakes her head. "No; you wouldn't look well in that." So she goes on until she finds something that I know at once is for me, or else she says:

"We have nothing now that will suit you, but I know exactly what you want and will get it for you as soon as it comes in." And if she sells you a frock, she will either say: "You can wear that hat you have on with it," or suggest that you wear a larger one or a smaller one, as the lines of the frock may require.

She is a part in a storm, and can always be depended on. I asked her one day what here recipe for infallibility was, and she said: "Oh, I have always had a sort of sixth sense of line and color. When I was a child I was forever mentally dressing people up. They used to tell me I would become a designer or a great dressmaker, but I couldn't design anything, nor sew well enough to make clothes for my doll. I just know what things will suit certain types of women, and I like to tell them what to wear. Of course, some persons won't listen; but there are many who do rely on my taste, and they say their clothes are always admired when I select them."

She has built up a large clientele and is invaluable to the firm which employs her. But if you asked her what her special talent was, before it was discovered through force of circumstances, she would probably have declared that there was not a solitary thing in the world which she could do better than another.

stayed of the opponents of the law was secured to-day when the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce voted to hold hearings next Monday. The United States Chamber of Commerce and business organizations of New York City, Boston and other cities will be given a chance to explain why the law should not be repealed.

WOMEN WORKERS In almost every line of war activities the women of this country have done well and have taken front rank for doing work that released thousands of men for service overseas. Some women have been over-ambitious, and, at the expense of their health, have filled places once occupied by men. Every woman who, because of overwork, has brought on some ailment peculiar to her sex, should depend upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore her health and strength, as this remedy is now recognized as the standard and has restored multitudes.

Penna. Over Top In Lutheran Campaign New York, May 31.—Pennsylvania went over the top in the recent campaign of the Lutheran Church for \$500,000 for reconstruction work. Reports issued to-day show that the churches of the State contributed \$120,000 to the fund, their quota being \$39,500. The State campaign was conducted by 1,370 organizations with a membership of 331,092. A total of \$602,545.91 was subscribed during the campaign. Later reports will increase this total, it is believed. Arizona and Oklahoma are the only states that have not reached their quota.

GOING SLOW ON DAYLIGHT Washington, D. C., May 31.—Leaders in Congress are opposed to taking snap judgment on the repeal of the Daylight Saving law. A further

stay of the opponents of the law was secured to-day when the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce voted to hold hearings next Monday. The United States Chamber of Commerce and business organizations of New York City, Boston and other cities will be given a chance to explain why the law should not be repealed.

WOMEN WORKERS In almost every line of war activities the women of this country have done well and have taken front rank for doing work that released thousands of men for service overseas. Some women have been over-ambitious, and, at the expense of their health, have filled places once occupied by men. Every woman who, because of overwork, has brought on some ailment peculiar to her sex, should depend upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore her health and strength, as this remedy is now recognized as the standard and has restored multitudes.

GOING SLOW ON DAYLIGHT Washington, D. C., May 31.—Leaders in Congress are opposed to taking snap judgment on the repeal of the Daylight Saving law. A further



"American-Maid" is more than a loaf of bread. It's an Opportunity. The up-to-date woman now runs her home upon the same business principles upon which her husband conducts his business. The keynote of success in each is efficiency and economy.

GUNZENHAUSER'S AMERICAN-MAID BREAD. Because she will find that it will bring to the conduct of her household the cardinal qualities of efficiency and economy, and superlativeness as well.

EFFICIENCY Don't bake—buy. A hot stove saps vitality. Flushes the skin. Ages prematurely. Lessens efficiency, or the ability to do other work of a more important type. Cook the things you can cook better for less money. That's duty. But don't bake bread when you can buy AMERICAN-MAID for less money—that's folly. Don't waste yourself uselessly.

ECONOMY No woman can possibly bake a few loaves of bread, paying retail prices for everything, as cheaply per loaf as can a baker baking thousands of loaves by modern methods, buy materials in enormous quantities. It cannot be done. Do your own simple example in arithmetic. You'll find you are losing even more—Youth—Health—good looks. Nature exacts pay for waste.

SUPERLATIVENESS The word superlative fits it like a glove. No substitute in it—just pure flour—the best that money can buy. Scientifically made after our own recipe by the best of modern machinery, in a clean, sanitary bakery, and wrapped in dust-proof, germ-proof wrappers. If you're an expert you might make it as good; you couldn't make it better.

At your nearest good grocer's The GUNZENHAUSER Bakery