



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 CCXII.

When I got to the door to answer the ring that had startled me out of Jim's arms and away from the kiss that would have meant so much to me after the long weeks he hadn't seemed to know I was on earth, there stood Val Cosby's French maid, "Madame send me for ze dish," she said. "She say I shall take away ze dead wood and say some live people come, unless you prefer to sleep ver' airly."

Jim came to the door of the dining room as she spoke, and I knew he had heard every word. He looked at me quizzically in the moment I hesitated before replying. I didn't want to displease him again, and in a flash I remembered that a little while earlier he had spoken of sending for the Cosbys. I wanted to be alone with him and see if I could recapture the tender mood that had flickered back to life. But I wasn't brave enough, though, to venture his displeasure by slighting the Cosbys.

"Mr. Harrison was just speaking of telephoning to ask Mr. and Mrs. Cosby down," I said. "So we'll let you be our messenger after you've collected your dead wood."

Jim stood in the doorway for a moment smiling—then he disappeared into the living room. In a flash I knew I had chosen wrong. Again I must appear to Jim like an idiot afraid to melt in its own warmth. There wasn't anything I could do now, so I followed Helena into the dining room and helped her pile the soiled and empty dishes into her basket. When we had finished, I slipped a dollar into her hand, and something mocking in her smile told me Val Cosby's maid was trained to expect larger tips than mine. This

evidently was my night for blundering. So when Val Cosby and her husband came, it was not amazing that the first thing I said brought the crease of anger between Jim's brows.

"The dinner was wonderful, delicious. And it was so tactful of you to feel that we'd like being just together for our first meal, better than being invited out."

"Oh, then perhaps you're not tactful to come now. You probably wanted to go on being just together," said Val in a hurt, troubled tone, which Jim seemed to think called for masculine intervention.

"Not by a jugful!" he cried. "We're old married, and a little of that 'alone together' stuff goes a long way. A cozy meal and then call in the neighbors and start the phonograph."

"Oh, have you one?" cried Val, smiling at Jim from her long eyes and cheering up at once. "I'd love to dance."

"That's right, spoil her—every one does. How about a go at bridge now?"

"Oh, lets!" Val clapped her hands—looking like a pretty child rather than the sophisticated woman she generally appeared.

"I don't play," I confessed quickly, afraid that Jim would start apologizing for me if I didn't explain myself.

"Oh, you don't want to do anything we want," Val complained, with what was intended to impress the men as childish petulance. "You do want to be alone with Jim, and what wife wouldn't? Come, Cosby, we'll have to find other playmates—though we do know so few people. That reminds me, Anne, aren't you going to begin introducing me to your friends soon?"

"Why, you know ever so many more people than I do right this minute," I said. "I never could get a crowd together like the one you had at your dance."

As I finished I noticed the queer expression with which Lane Cosby

Bringing Up Father



was regarding me. If it weren't too absurd, I'd say it was uneasy-pleading. But it changed to one of relief as Val replied:

"Oh, those people! Business acquaintances. My dear, big, brown bear hasn't had time to meet the people his little Val wants to know. But of course—if you don't want to bother, Anne, I'll not say another word."

Her tone of loneliness, mingled with resigned sweetness, made me feel hopelessly in the wrong, a very ungracious creature, and I cast about in my mind for a way to make it up to Val.

"We're going down to spend the week-end with dear friends—Betty and Terry Winston," I cried with delight. "They're charming and I'll arrange to have you meet Betty at lunch if she can come in one day next week."

"Terry Winston? Not Captain Winston of the Hertfordshire family? Oh, he's terribly swaggar and good looking, I've heard. I'd love meeting him," cried Val, gliding across the room to kiss me on the cheek.

"There's some mystery there," I replied. "He adores Val and she seems to pity him. That makes me sorry for him, too. Aren't you?"

Jim stared at me so strangely for a moment that I almost answered:

(To Be Continued.)

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XII.

"Please, ma'am, the car is at the door."

Norah made the announcement to her mistress who stood in front of her mirror fastening on her hat and veil.

"And, please ma'am," the girl added impulsively, "Smith looks awful fine in his new uniform."

Desiree Leighton started slightly. "Uniform? You mean his livery, Norah."

"Oh, yes ma'am—that's what I meant. What with us all seen' the soldiers, and worryin' about them so much these days, I said 'uniform' without thinking. But Smith does look very nice in his livery. I couldn't help but notice it."

Desiree regarded the girl thoughtfully. It was quite unlike Norah to speak so freely. She had been in the Leightons' employ for over a year, and she had never commented upon the appearance of their former chauffeur. Desiree had supposed that Norah had flirted with him in a mild way—but had not detected her doing so. It was plain that Smith had impressed her more than his predecessor had. She liked the girl and did not want to smother her.

"I am glad if the new livery looks well," Desiree remarked gravely.

"Yes'm—he—I mean it does. It's a blue color—very dark, you know—like the linings of the big car. And his overcoat has a fur collar. It's very different," with a giggle, "from that old army coat he's been wearing. I suppose the poor fellow borrowed that off of some soldier friend."

"No, it was"—Desiree began, then stopped, remembering that her father had assured Smith that outsiders should not be told of his having been in the service. What a ridiculous promise to exact and make!

"Pee, ma'am?" Norah was waiting, expectant.

"Nothing," Desiree said. "I am glad Smith has a good-looking coat."

"He had it over his arm," the girl went on. "I guess he thought it was too mild to put it on, and was afraid to leave it in the car when he come up the steps to ring the bell. He sure looked nice."

A swift suspicion seized Desiree. "Did you tell him so?" she demanded.

The girl colored. "Why, yes, ma'am, I did," she replied. "When I opened the door for him I told him he looked nice."

Desiree did not smile. "Were I in your place, Norah," she warned, "I would not talk freely with a man whom I knew as little as you know Smith."

"No, ma'am, I meant no harm by it."

"And there was no harm in it," the young mistress admitted, relenting. "But I only suggest that you be careful about such things."

She went downstairs, wondering at herself. Why should she object to her maid's complimenting her chauffeur on his appearance? Did she fear that the girl would care for this man, or was she afraid that the man would take advantage of the girl's foolishness?

Indignantly, she denied mentally the latter suggestion. Smith was a respectable fellow, she was sure. Then why might not Norah laugh and talk with him?

Although given to self-analysis, she could not detect just why she did not want her maid to talk to Smith. She felt somehow as if it was not quite fair to Smith himself. Perhaps he was above the ordinary servant—but, even so, he had, of his own volition, taken the place he now held. Then this must be the kind of a position for which he was fitted. Water seeks its level.

She felt slightly disapproving of Smith as she descended in imagination the conversation between him and Norah. She would not have the

going in here to work, too. I am glad we met."

"Good morning!" Desiree held out her hand, and the small handbag she carried slipped from her wrist to the ground.

Her chauffeur sprang forward to pick it up. As he did so, his eyes fell on the initials done in gold lettering on the bag.

They were "D. L."

(To Be Continued.)



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Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I work as a stenographer and give my whole salary to my mother, except what I need. But my mother, who is conservative, believes I should stay at home evenings. She, seldom, if ever allows me to go to a dance where she thinks there will be other friends and in this way I can easily see that I am more or less dependent on the company of new acquaintances. There is a canteen near my home where I have registered my name, but fearing that my mother would not allow me to go, I gave my friend's address instead of mine. Within a week or so they will notify me to be present at one of the dances and I would like very much to go but am afraid to approach my mother to ask her to allow me to go out that night, especially to a place where there will be uniformed men present.

I have written so often on this subject that it is hardly necessary to repeat my opinion that a girl who works for her living should also be allowed to play—under proper guardianship. I should tell my mother what I did in regard to the canteen, as it is a mistake to begin deception even in innocent things like going to a canteen. I hope your mother will be more liberal with you.

COOL RECEPTION TO A SOLDIER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have come home from France with the A. E. F. and after arriving at camp was given a pass. I immediately went to see my sweetheart, on arriving at her home and seeing her, she acted very indifferent. After spending the evening at her home, she said I could call on her the next time I got a pass. It strikes me as a mighty cool reception to receive from the girl you love after being away from home for a year. I am very downhearted about the affair and sincerely ask your advice.

I agree with you that you received pretty cool reception from the girl, and if she doesn't treat you with more cordiality the next time you call I'd try and forget her definitely. Any girl with a spark of human nature or patriotism would find it in her heart to be kind to a boy who has just come back from France.

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