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 CCXVI

"You're nervous as a cat," little lady," said Lane Cosby, waiving a large forefinger at me waggishly. "Shouldn't take flyers in stock when hubby is away. But if you must invest, do it with him instead of running out to some broker you don't trust."

I was on the point of protesting this interpretation of Terry's story,, which I had touched on lightly in order not to betray who the actors were. But Lane Cosby talked me down. I could see that he had the stubbornness of all big slow-moving creatures, and that once he had formed an opinion, he wasn't inclined to change it.

"Not another word. Here comes Val. I know her ring. I'll keep your secret from her, never fear. I know now girls are about telling each other of your investments. You just stay to dinner with us and we'll cheer you up. Yes, you're going to stay. Sh! Not another word. I'm running this party."

He was running it, too. For, after he had hugged his languid Val and had kissed the cheek she held up to him, he announced to her that I was being nice and neighborly and had run in to have dinner with them since my lord and master was away.

"Jim gets back to-night, doesn't he?" said Val with some show of interest. "We might go to the theater and leave word for him to join us."

After I suggeted that Jim would be much too tired to go out, Val favored me with a slow smile, and made no further show of animation, even when I protested I couldn't stay to dinner. I stayed though—Lane Cosby saw to that and in bending my will to his, he gave me a glimpse of his slow tenacity.

I carried the memory of his stubbornness with me to my apartment when I went back to await Jim's coming. There was something almost relentless in it. It seemed to account for Val's marrying a man a quarter of century her senior. When at last Jim arrived there had been plenty of time to thresh out the problems of the world. Yet I hadn't been able to think of a thing except the Cosbys and Dick West. Jim looked tired and gaunt. The muscles at the corners of his lips and across his jaws kept twitching. I knew he wanted to tumble right into bed, but I had to tell him of my worry over Terry's investment.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Anne!" he cried irritably. "Of course West didn't sell him out. If he bought at 34 and the stock declined to 29, a five-point margin was wiped out. But West took care of that, I know."

"But did he take care of Terry?" I persisted. "I looked it up in Lane Cosby's financial paper, and the stock opened at 31 yesterday and didn't get to 34 till one o'clock. So if Dick West charged Terry 34, he just put the $300 difference in his pocket. I wouldn't put it past him to do such a thing. I've never liked him."

"No, you never have" Jim retorted. "And of course the people you don't like are contemptible rotters capable of any evil. Your judgment is infallible and final. I suppose on the strength of your woman's tuition I ought to call up West and cancel our partnerhip this very night. You'd like me to wake him out of a sound sleep to tell him my wife thinks he's stolen three hundred dollars, wouldn't you?"

"I'd like you to protect Terry!" I cried. "There's something fishy about all this. And if you want Betty to get her trip"——

"If I want?" interrupted Jim furiously. "Now listen to me Anne. You act as if you thought West and I were hauling down three hundred dollars on old Terry and dividing the spoils. I'd like to call your attention to the fact that we business men are not thieves. But if ever I did take ets. Now if you'll kindly perm it me to making a dishonest living, by heck, I'd rob a bank—not pick p cks to run my own affairs, I'd like to turn in and get a night's rest."

Having thus politely told me to mind my own business, Jim seemed to dismiss the subject. Nor was it touched upon in spite of all my efforts to revive it next morning until at noon when Jim 'phoned to ask me to meet him for lunch.

This was an event. I made myself fine in the black paulette dress and the blue poppy turban. But I might as well have gone in a flour bag and stove lid as far as Jim was concerned. He had sent for me to hear the justification of Dick West and that was all that interested him.

"Now listen, Anne," said Jim when he had given our order and had settled back with the inevitable cigarette between his fingers. "West gave the order to buy at 31, and a clerk mistook his written figures for 34. Like the good fellow he is West has made up the three hundred out of his own pocket—so Terry's down as having bought in at 31. What do you think of that?"

"I don't know," I said slowly and not half convinced. I don't know."

"Well, here's something else for you to chew on. Terry wasn't sold out at 29, for West insists on buying back the stock. He got it at this morning's opening 32, and as Terry is listed at 31, West is also out the $100 for the extra point on this new buy. Now are you satisfied?"

"I ought to be, I suppose," I replied. Then seeing Jim's storm cloud face, I waded hastily out of shoal water to solid ground. "Now you'll see to it that Terry gets his profit and Betty gets her trip—won't you?"

"You bet I will!" grinned Jim. Suddenly he leaned over, squeezed my hand. "By heck! That's what was eating you all the time—the fear that Betty'd be done out of her trip. Yet, I can remember when you were supicious of Betty. I'll wager you'll like West, too, someday. Look how square he was in this deal—paying up for a clerk's mistake without a whimper. I want you to like West, Anne."

"I'll try," I answered under the compulsion of Jim's eyes. But I wondered if I ever would succeed.

(To Be Continued.)

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

The other day a woman went to an eminent consulting physician to get a diagnosis of her case that had been puzzling her family doctor and a couple of specialists for the past year or two.

They had talked of malignant trouble and discussed a possible operation. The patient was in the prime of life, had everything to live for, money, a beautiful home, a couple of children and many other causes for thankfulness. Nevertheless she had steadily faded before their eyes; she was thin, did not sleep, her appetite was poor and she could not stand the sound of a closing door.

Her husband, in despair, suggested the eminent diagnostician and it was agreed that he should look the lady over and discover the cause of her impending death by inches. Now the great doctor was a wonderful man and the best of his gifts was common sense, the next a sense of humor and the third a conscience.

He tapped the lady with various little hammers to get reactions, he took her blood pressure, he analyzed a sample of her blood and he listened to her heart and lungs with a curious hose-like arrangement and all the time he looked as grave as possible as he gave the results of his investigations to the nurse in attendance, who jotted them down.

His Prescription

And the poor lady looked distressed as she waited to get her death sentence. And finally after the long examination was over, he wrote a prescription and handed it to her. Her husband, who knew enough Latin to read prescriptions, looked at it to try and fathom the remedies intended to combat the mysterious disease. But the prescription was not in Latin, it was in English and as follows:

"Have an object in life. Have at least two interests outside your home. Go to the theater at least once a week. Do not discuss your case—you haven't any case."

At first the devoted pair were inclined to be indignant, then they realized that instead of being given six weeks or a year of life, as they had expected, she had a fair chance for the Psalmist's "three score and ten." So they nobly forgave the doctor for not prescribing medicine, and set to work to carry out his prescription. And at last accounts the lady was doing magnificently.

That's all to that story, but it shows how times and doctors and women have changed. Not long ago the greatest compliment you could pay a woman was to say that she was a "home body," which meant that her life was bounded by the four walls of her home and all her interests centered therein.

Rocking Chair Wore Grooves

And sometimes she was sufficiently strong-souled and stout-hearted to bring up a creditable family of children, survive the narrow ingrowing life and die: "in the ful triumph of a Christian faith," as a good many of the old tombstones had it. But very often she did not survive normally; the continual round of cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, sweeping, dusting, etc., was too much. It made her queer, and sometimes they had to take her out of the rocking chair where she had worn grooves in the floor, after her day's work was done, rocking and brooding over her life, and take her to an insane asylum.

As we motor past the outwardly peaceful farmhouses of the rural community, how seldom we realize the horrors that have been embalmed beneath those picturesque leaves. What slow consuming tragedies have had their beginnings, in brooding minds that never came in contact with outside influences. For nothing takes the heart out of a man or woman like living in a rut. It is not the degredation of jail that breaks a man's spirit as often as the consuming monotony.

The best minds become dull if withdrawn from contact with other minds; they demand constant mental friction to retain any degree of luster. And not only do they lose their luster, but also their poise and sense of values and begin to develop queer streaks.

And so it was with the poor little "Homebody" of the past generation. She was faithful even unto death, but she never really learned to adminster the affairs to which Providence had called her. She did not really know how to save her babies' lives, to judge by the number of little graves we see beside hers in old cemeteries. She often bore ten or a dozen children, but it was seldom that more than half survived. She knew little about feeding them, or the value of fresh air and I am afraid a great many of them were sewed into their clothes during the winter.

A Concealed Snare of Satan

And if anyone had suggested in those days the benefits of a Mothers' Conference or a food exhibit, or a domestic science class, none would have resented these suggestions more than the "Homebody" who would have been in them a reflection on her own housekeeping and a snare of Satan to boot.

The "Homebody" did not live long, to again consult our source of information, the old churchyard. One is apt to find something like this: "Sacred to the memory of 'Mehitable, first wife of Abel Smith.' And six inches away: "Sacred to the memory of Jerusha, second wife of Abel Smith," and still a little further along: "Sacred to the memory of Charity, third wife of Abel Smith." And Charity usually completed the chain.

The "Homebody" was not progressive, and, there is no use denying it, she was shamelessly exploited by Abel and his tribe. Her granddaughter, who manages to preserve something of girlishness even at fifty, is a great improvement over the "Homebody."

First of all, she is good to look at, and intelligent enough to realize that it is useless martyrdom to bear ten children and rear only five. So she goes into the question of pure milk, balanced rations, air and exercise, and her children live as a rule.

Infant mortality has decreased tremendously with the growth of woman suffrage and the resultant better laws. For instance, in New Zealand, where women are on the exact political equality with men, the infant death rate is only 50 per thousand, while in Germany, in the very zenith of her power, 1912, it was 140 per thousand. In the land of the three "K.'s"—much as children were needed for soldiers and to produce them—they failed to survive because women had no voice in the laws that governed their closest concerns—milk, food, schools, factories, etc.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XIV.

David Smith Delaine, chauffeur, was awaiting in front of the Fifth avenue florist's for the daughter of his employer. She and Mrs. Duffield had gone into the shop to give an order.

It was late October, and the day was as mild as Summer. The avenue was crowded with automobiles; the sidewalks were thronged with pedestrians. Among these was a plentisprinkling of men in khaki and blue.

Standing at the side of his car, David felt a frequent impulse to bring his hand up to salute as an officer strode past him with a glance in his direction. It was not easy to remember that he was now a civilian and no longer in the service of his country. Nor was it an agreeable reflection.

He had supposed that when he laid aside his uniform he would become an object of no interest to the casual observer—in other words, that his exterior would be so commonplace as to attract no attention.

Bpt in this fancy he had reckoned without two factors. One of these was his own striking personality. A tall man, broad-shouldered and with clean-cut features is not such a common sight as to be passed unnoticed. Moreover, DeLaine had the subtle quality known as "style"—a quality enhanced by his well-fitting and handsome livery. The other factor that drew attention to him was that at this period most well-built, able men between twenty and thirty were in the service.

A healthy, unmarried man in mufti was not to be envied. All too often the audible remark would be made, "How does it happen that chap is not in uniform?"

Plenty to Think About

All these things David mused upon while he waited in the warm Indian Summer sunshine. So absorbed was he in his rather gloomy reflections that Walter Jefferson and a man with whom he was walking had almost reached him before David was aware of their presence. Then it was too late for him to turn away.

Jefferson paused to make some remark to his companion before addressing De Laine had what he considered an inspiration. If he could avoid betraying by his speech that he was from the South, he might keep Jefferson's train of thought from running to the place where the men had first met—Baltimore. David was rather vain of his ability to talk like an Irishman. He had spoken with a brogue often to amuse people. Now he must do so in self-protection.

"Ah—good afternoon" Jefferson said as his friend left him and went on his way downtown—"you are Mr. Leighton's chauffeur, I believe."

David touched his hat politely.

"I am, Sir"

He rolled his final "r" in true Irish fashion. Jefferson looked at him keenly.

"Do you know—I may be mistaken—but I think we have run across each other before? That is why I stopped now to speak to you."

"Sure, sire an' ye have. It was over by Carnegie Hall some evenin's past."

The brogue and intonations were excellent. The second syllable of the name "Carnegie" was emphasized strongly.

"I mean," Jefferson began, "that I thought I had seen you before then. I did not know that you were Irish."

But He Didn't Retort

"An' who told you I was Irish, sir?" David grinned innocently.

Jefferson laughed, but not quite naturally. "Well, your speech would lead one to fancy so, my man," he replied good-naturedly. "But on the night to which you refer you wore an army overcoat."

"I did that, sir, I had not my livery thin."

"But how did it happen that you wore an army coat?"

"Sure," with another grin, "I got it off'n a foine gintleman, sir."

Jefferson raised his brows skeptically. "A strange thing for a fine gentleman to give away," he remarked.

David longed to retort, "If you can find a finer gentleman than Uncle Sam, show him to me!" But he appreciated that this was no time to yield to a reckless impulse, for Jefferson was staring at him still. At last he shook hi head.

"I almost can place you somewhere, yet I can't recall just where," he muttered.

David heard the sentence.

"I thank you sir, but I like me prisint place very well. I'll not be thinkin' of changin'."

"Of course not! That was not what I meant," Jefferson said hastily.

Then, as Desiree and her aunt appeared in the door of the florist's shop, he lifted his hat and hurried forward to greet them.

"I have just been having a little talk with your good-looking chauffeur," he remarked to Desiree. "Quite a remarkable figure that chap has, and he carries himself almost too well to occupy such a position as he now holds. He ought to be in the service. I suppose the fact that he is Irish has kept him from enlisting. But how did he escape the draft?"

"Irish?" Mrs. Duffield echoed. "Why, I did not know he was Irish."

Jefferson smiled. "Then you never heard him speak, dear lady," he said in a low voice, helping Mrs. Duffield into the car.

"No, she has never heard him say more than 'gobd morning,'" Desiree interposed hastily.

"You could cut his brogue with knife," Jefferson went on. "But I do not see how he escaped the draft. They haven't got all the slackers, yet have they?"

Desiree's eyes flashed. "Apparently not" she retorted, looking the speaker full in the face. As to his being Irish—you forget the Sixty-ninth! Were I a man I would be proud to be with them. I wonder, by the way, that you have not enlisted yet."

Then, with a curt nod, she ignored his outstretched hand, and, stepping into the car, slammed the door shut.

(To Be Continued.)

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

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Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

"On every side to-day one encounters the propaganda of cheap optimism."

That was a line I ran across in something I was reading the other day, and, as the saying goes, it gave me pause.

"The propaganda of cheap optimism."

Really it isn't a half bad phrase. It has a certain superior and sophisticated sound and a suspicion of a point. I shouldn't wonder if it had quite a run in Parlor Bolshevist circles and among the synics of next year's sophomore class.

But, actually, isn't it a good deal like those candy boxes with which dealers fill up their windows at Christmas time? Nothing in it?

For how can optimism ever be cheap?

Happiness, gladness, joy. That's what all the world is seeking, and we are willing to pay any price to get it.

As well talk about the sunshine being cheap. Any business man will tell you that it has a distinct asset value. Sales are twice as easy to make on a bright, clear day as an one that is gloomy and overcast.

Pessimism is dear at any price. It never advanced anybody a single notch, or put a dollar into his pocket, or gained him a friend. Gloom is cheap, sneers are cheap, croaking is cheap; there is always an over-supply of each on hand. But there is never enough optimism to fill the demand.

So why not try to add to the general store?

Suppose we test the contrasting effect of the two attitudes of mind by a practical application. Take, for example, the following letter that has come to me:

"My dear Mrs. Woodrow: What chance of love and marriage does the young girl stand who has the affliction of an artificial eye?

"Won't you, O Student of Human Nature, let us know what you think life holds in that direction for those who dream of love in the shadow of a cross? HOPE."

Now you who read this may or may not regard an artificial eye as a very serious handicap. That is not the point. The writer of this letter evidently does. She has brooded over it, thought about it, until it seems to her an obstacle to happiness as big as a mountain.

Probably she thinks that everybody she meets is remarking her defect and mentally commenting upon it, although far more probably very few people notice it at all.

Certainly she regards it with an exaggerated, almost morbid sense of significance. It is embittering her life, robbing her youth of its dreams rendering her shy and embarrassed and distrait.

Can an insistence upon the cold, hard facts of the situation aid her in any way? It is undoubtedly true that nothing can be done for her; neither nature nor science will ever restore her lost vision. And it is equally true that young men are more readily attracted by girls of unblemished charms.

Yet gloomily to reiterate these things will only lend to increase her self-consciousness and her morbid sense of defect, and thereby serve to make her even less attractive.

On the other hand, let her try the optimistic viewpoint. Let her tell herself what is unquestionably true—that a physical disability never yet acted as a bar to any human inspiration, provided the moral and mental courage was there to disregard it. Let her remember that it is the belles and the beauties who chiefly recruit the ranks of old-maidhood.

And there is a reason. The woman who feels her lack of physical charms instinctively tries to overcome her deficiencies. She makes the most of the good points she has and cultivates her mind and disposition. Nine times out of ten she is a far better companion than the mere beauty; and that is what counts when it comes to love and marriage.

I read only the other day the inspiring autobiographical sketch of a woman who in childhood had lost her right arm. Did it daunt her? Not at all. She went right ahead and made a successful career for herself as a newspaper woman and also as a home-maker, for she is a happy wife and mother.

It is the mind's eye that is important, not that which is set beneath the forehead. If one can visualize herself as a sweetheart and wife, loving and beloved; if one can picture herself as the mistress of a happy home and confidently believe in the realization of it, that belief will so irradiate her life that all men will find her attractive, and the "one man" will come to her even though seas and continents divide them. And, believe me, he will not regard any such trifling thing as an artificial eye "just cause or legal impediment why they two should not be joined together."

"What's an eye more or less between optimists, anyhow?"

Advice to the Lovelorn

Soldier Asks Advice

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I corresponded witn a girl for nearly three years while in the service and have been with her several times on leave at home. She has a fine character. Her letters led me to believe that we were not only friends but sweethearts. She is only eighteen and I am the first fellow she has kept company with I proposed to her the first night after I was home from overseas and she accepted me. She went to her home town the next day and wrote me she was too young to be engaged. That we must part for a time but that her home folks would like me to call there. I find that her youth is not the real objection, but something she will not disclose. She wants to hold me as a friend and says not to worry about any other fellow for I am the only one. Her letters encouraged me a lot when in the fighting abroad and I cannot think we must separate now. What shall I do, Miss Fairfax, hold a correspondence with her or let her go entirely out of my life?

HEARTBROKEN SOLDIER.

I would suggest that you try to be patient for a little while for one can never be sure what is in the mind of so young a girl and although she has encouraged you in her letters, maybe your return home has caused a shyness in her. Humor her and write as usual and you'll soon see where you stand. Should she seem to be undecided for any length of time, tell her you're through and if she seems to feel satisfied with that she's not the girl for you and you will be surprised to find how soon some one else will take her place. However, I feel that when her letters meant so much to you in the army, that your story will have a happy ending.

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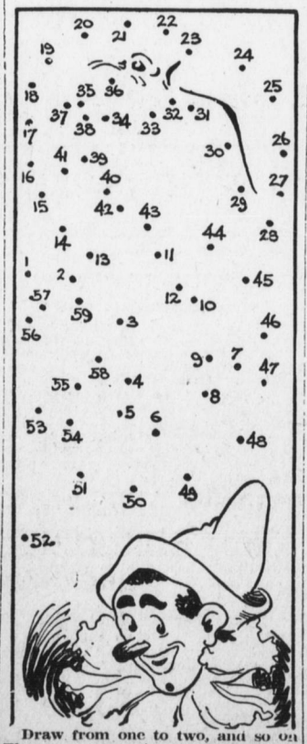

Draw from one to two, and so on to the end. The —— —— is a pretty thing.

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