



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 CCXVII.

"I don't like the line of the neck. Cut it an inch lower. No; a little more. Fully two inches. I don't care if Mrs. Dalton did think it was right the way you had it. I don't like it that way and I'm wearing it."

The voice came to me across the unroofed partition that separated one fitting room at Wickhams from its neighbor. It was a voice so full of irritation and ill-controlled nerves that I actually didn't recognize it as Phoebe's until she said "Mrs. Dalton." At that angry use of Virginia's name an impulse came to me. Fortunately I didn't ignore it.

"Phoebe," I called, "I'm so glad you're here. This is Anne. Will you do something for me?"

"Of course — what can I do for you?" replied a carefully leashed voice.

"Run in here and tell me how you like this brown lining for my tan cape. I'm not a bit sure of my own judgment. I'm lost. Come find me, will you?"

In a minute or two Phoebe came into my fitting room. At sight of her I fairly ached for the pretty child who was six months ago. Her oval face is actually pointed now and her eyes are far too big and black shadows lie under them.

"There isn't that ugly splash of red on her throat-lipped, baby mouth any more, but their own coral

is gone from her soft lips. So for all the bravado of her over-decolletteed dance frock of rose-colored taffeta, Phoebe looked like a frightened child as she came and stood in my doorway, and not like the vivid, sophisticated society woman she had been pining for so long.

I managed to keep from saying a word about the neck of her gown, though it had evidently been just right as Virginia liked it—an inch or so higher. But there was no use in antagonizing Phoebe over a dress that could so easily be filled in with tulle. The gap that had lain between us for so long couldn't be as easily filled, and I didn't propose to widen it now. For slim wistful-eyed Phoebe in her gay dance frock brought an atmosphere of mystery and of danger into my fitting room. I felt she needed help. Mine, perhaps.

"I'm lost without Virginia," I said, baiting my trap carefully. "I don't begrudge her the day with Betty what to do. I never can tell if she's becoming or not. You'll decide for me, won't you, dear?" I know you have splendid taste."

"Of course, I'll help you, Anne," replied Phoebe with a nice, young air of importance.

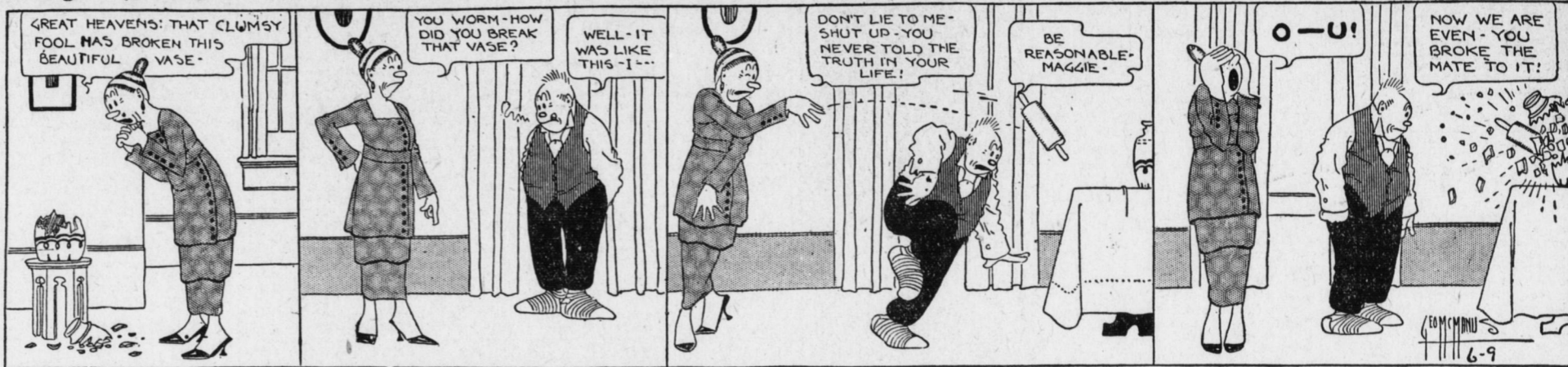
After I'd deferred to her judgment carefully at every point, I made my next plea, and Phoebe didn't guess that it was her own nervous, jumpy manner and her tired little voice that inspired it.

"Please, don't doom me to lunching alone, Phoebe. I always feel so awkward going into a dining room all by myself. You'll be a dear and even break an engagement if you have to, won't you?"

"I'll lunch with you, Anne—I couldn't bear to be alone either," said Phoebe with what seemed almost like a flash of gratitude.

That encouraged me to go on and try to find some way of giving her the help I felt more and more convinced she needed and couldn't ask for. Right through clams and eggs, benedictine and asparagus vinaigrette, Phoebe baffled me, however. The sense that she was in trouble came to me more and more strongly.

Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Did you ever stop to consider the things you say? Just take a day—any old day will do—and keep tab on yourself. The results will be a surprise to you.

Unless some unexpected windfall has tumbled down from the blue into your lap, or that long-expected ship of yours has at last sailed proudly into port, you will find that you have indulged in a good many more negatives than affirmatives.

Here are a few samples: "I am not feeling well at all." "Nothing good ever happens to me." "I was born unlucky." "I am getting poorer every day." "Everything is going wrong." And so on indefinitely.

It is easier to think of our woes than our blessings, easier to talk about them; and so we do perpetually.

You may say that you do not believe in mental atmospheres, but in fact you do. On Christmas or New Year's Day every one is going about with a smiling face and wishing you merriment and happiness. You feel the inspiration; your spirits lighten. Instantly you respond to the general gaiety, and wishing you the good wishes you receive with the best will in the world.

Or, as may happen, you are with some one who is naturally harmonious and light-hearted, and often fail that presently you discover you are looking at your own affairs in a more rosy light?

We cannot ask everything of the world and give it nothing. That is greedy. And the biggest and most precious things we can give are cheerfulness and courage. In paying that debt, too, we are greatly enriching ourselves; for no matter what our own particular difficulties are, there is always a way out.

Some one had a genuine inspiration when he said: "There seemed nothing to do but go to the wall; so I went to the wall, and there I found a door."

The first letter which I opened this morning was written almost entirely in negatives.

"I am a poor little girl who needs help," it only said. "I am thirteen and the mother of a beautiful baby. But my husband objects to my ever leaving the house, even to take the air. He has plenty of good clothes and goes out every evening, but he says I do not need clothes, as I don't go anywhere, and that anyhow a woman's place is in the home and she should stay there. If I come out, it makes scenes. I am a fine stenographer and earned a good living before I was married, but now I am the unhappiest little mother in the world."

First, my dear girl, stop thinking of yourself as a "poor little girl," and an "unhappy little mother." You are unfortunate in that you have married an exceptionally stupid man, who is also a petty tyrant. But even the stupidest person may have a few facts beaten into his head, and petty tyrants may be tamed—albeit not by those who consider themselves weak and helpless.

You are not a slave. You are a married woman and a mother, and the law gives you certain definite rights. The law requires your husband to maintain you, and to support and educate his child in a manner commensurate with his earnings.

As a human being, food, sufficient clothing and a roof to shelter you are not the only things necessary to your well-being.

Air, exercise, congenial companions and a certain amount of recreation are equally important factors in keeping up your health of mind and body.

Then take them. Stop weeping and wailing and imploring your husband to give you as a privilege that which is yours by right. You are not a poor, little helpless creature. You are a woman who has made a good living, and can do it again. There is the door in your stone wall. Don't have scenes. Have one big one and get it over. No one minds occasional gusts and spatters of rain; but we all take notice of a big, thin air.

Suppose your husband had a dog

which was a valuable animal. Would derstern, and it certainly clears the way for you. You are young. You are able to make a good living. You do not have to accept for either yourself or your child the conditions under which you are living.

Announce your position, therefore, and stand by it; and the probability is that your husband, being a bully and consequently a coward, will speedily alter his attitude.

Convince Americans Irish People Want Republic the Most

Dublin, June 9.—The net result of the visit to Ireland of three American delegates representing Irish societies in America apparently has been to convince the American visitors that the great majority of the Irish people desire a republic and nothing else. Another apparent effect has been to convince doubting sections of the Irish people that the

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2856

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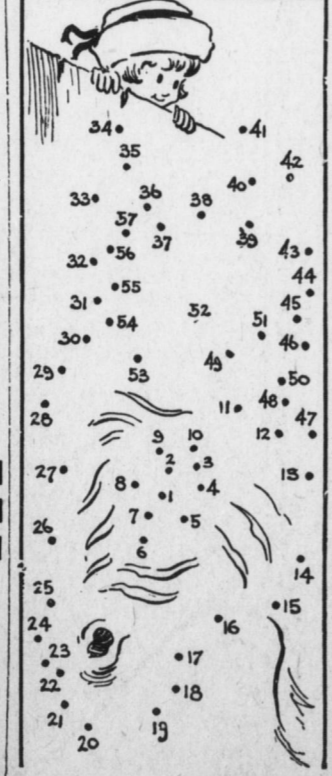
City and State

With Jobs Found, the Problem Is to Fill Them

New York, June 9.—One thousand good paying jobs in tailor shops are open for one thousand good tailors, and no matter where the good tailors are located, whether on the Pacific Coast, the Middle West or the East or in France or Germany, so long as they are members or veterans of the American army, navy or marines, all they have to do is to apply to K. C. employment headquarters at 413 Lexington avenue, New York city and they will be put into touch with the good jobs immediately.

Peter W. Collins, Knights of Columbus employment and reconstruction director, in command of the Knights of Columbus army of over 37,000 job-hunters, returned to New York after a tour through the Middle West and points in the West, and stated that the Knights of Columbus job canvassers were meeting with large results in their efforts to find work for returning service men.

Daily Dot Puzzle



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There's Great Satisfaction in knowing the children's health and enjoyment are being provided for when you give them

POSTUM

as their hot table drink

establishment of an Irish republic is practical.

American visitors dealt with DeValera as though he were a real president and when Frank Walsh, one of the Americans, announced that he had reason to expect that a "safe conduct" would be granted to enable De Valera and Count Plunkett to go to the Peace Conference, the Sinn Feiners were jubilant.

The Unionists passed resolutions and set all the wires working to check any possible relation between Premier Lloyd George and the Irish republicans.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a young man of 19 and am in love with a young girl of seventeen who lives at East Liberty. I met her while on a short visit there. Since that time I entered the service and day after day I wonder why she does not write. Before my enlistment we corresponded daily. She was much opposed to my entering the service, and sent me telegrams, telephone messages, and special delivery letters begging me not to enlist. "But I did not want to be a slacker. So I entered the Navy. Since that time she writes to me but once a month. At present I am home on a 48-hours leave. My ship sails for Brest, in the near future. I am heart sick to see her and can think of nothing else. My position in the Navy requires a clear head and I am falling fast in holding it. Now please, Miss Fairfax, tell me what to do, only don't tell me to forget her as that is impossible.

Respectfully,
E. L.

Dear E. L.: My dear lad, have you written to the girl and told her just how you feel? If you have and she has given you no explanations of

her actions, I should simply stop writing to her. In addition, any girl who would beg a man not to enter the service does not deserve a moment's consideration. How you, a wearer of the Navy blue, can waste your time and thoughts on a girl who has shown herself to be so utterly selfish, in every respect, is a mystery. Brace up! Don't say, "I can't forget her." Instead, determine

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