

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 CXXVIII.

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The morning after Jim and I found each other again my statement arrived from the bank. There was just one check in the envelope. The check was for \$300 and was left mine as in the days of our life together. And I was afraid. Afraid that some false move on my part would drive Jim from me again—perhaps never to return. A miracle of love had brought him back. Miracles don't happen twice.

A bee buzzed in at the open window and bumbled against the wall. I didn't stir. I, who had always been so afraid of bees. Presently the bee alighted on the table and began creeping along the wood. Still I sat trying to decide what I must do with this check. It proved that even if no transactions between them appeared on the books of Harrison, West & Co., Phoebe had paid Jim's partner a large sum of money. Yet, now that I had the proof, I didn't know how to use it.

It was only two days ago—less than forty-eight hours—that Jim had left me and had gone to his club because he couldn't stand my nagging about the affairs of our family. How dared I bring them up again? I didn't want to risk my happiness for Phoebe—to destroy the love I had almost lost, the love that meant more to me than anything else in all the world.

Showing Jim this check would be waving a red rag at a bull. But Phoebe needed Jim's help. I could risk her not getting it because I was a coward?

I picked up the check and turned away with it, ceaselessly flicking out the bee which had crept to the edge of it. It flew away without harming me. But I wasn't thinking of little stings and tiny fears.

now. I was thinking of happiness, and love and how they never last. All through the day I thought of that check folded and laid away in my top drawer and how happiness and love do not last.

I had reason enough to think of these things that day. I was taking Evvy to luncheon and matinee as a courtesy to Neal and every moment I spent with the girl who was his bride-to-be made me think more sadly of Phoebe. If love and happiness counted, Phoebe ought to be the bride, yet here was Evvy discussing her plans with me as we drove home in a taxi.

"We're going to have just a tiny family wedding out at Mason Tower next fall, one. So want a smart engagement tea. Of course you'll help receive and I think I'll have Valerie Cosby pour. She's so ornamental. And there's really nothing against her. Besides, she was one of the first to know of our engagement."

"Thought of the night Val had dragged me off to outwit Evvy and to take Neal away from her, and the way Evvy had outwitted us both. And I wondered if this was Evvy's way of buying Val's silence. In a minute I knew it was, though I was puzzled by Evvy's mixture of mystery and coqueness as she went on:

"It ought to mean a lot to the Cosby woman to have me sponsor her socially. Of course there's nothing against her that I know of yet. And with all his money they probably can get away with whatever develops."

"What do you mean, Evvy? What are you insinuating?" I demanded.

"Oh, nothing, dear—nothing that would interest you. It's just queer that Mrs. Stoughton remembers Lane Crosby so well and can't place his wife. Let's forget him, though, and decide what you'll wear at the tea. I'm having turquoise blue satin and Neal's sending orchids. So, of course, you mustn't wear your favorite lavender or Nile green. They'd kill me. How about coral or fresh pink?"

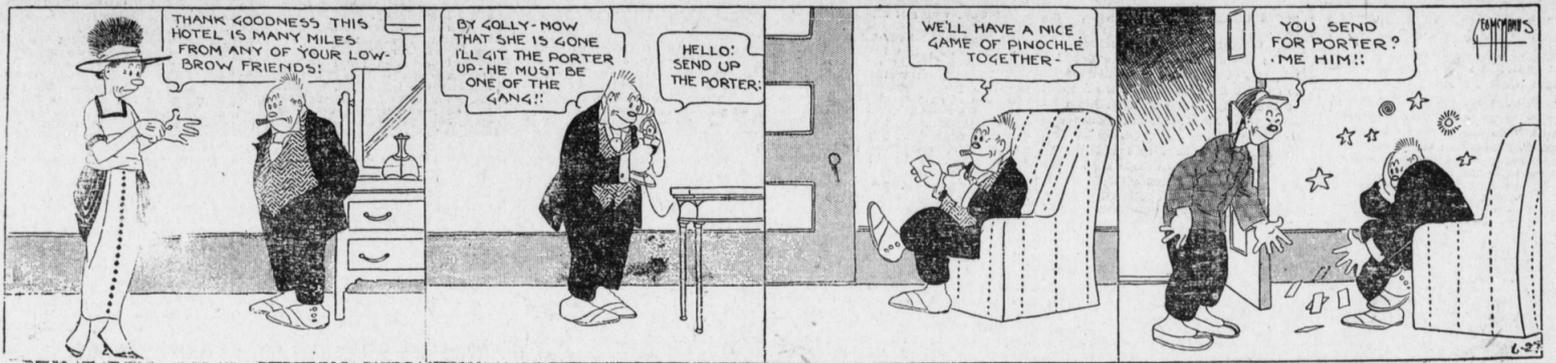
"They are too pale for me," I replied almost disinterestedly. Receiving a Evvy's tea didn't interest me, but for Neal's sake it had to be gone through with.

"I'll look up samples for you," purred Evvy in her throatiest voice as we got to her house. "The announcement's to be in the papers Sunday and I'll have the tea in a fortnight. Of course, dear, your

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



dress has to be becoming to me—don't forget that.

I had all I could do to keep from shuddering and crying out my distress when Evvy said daintily in a new house dress of lavender taffeta, I got out the instant slip of yellow paper and waited for Jim. When he came home and took me in his arms with the tenderness I had remembered all day, my resolution almost failed. Then I thought of Evvy—and Phoebe, and loosening his arms, I faced Jim almost sadly.

"Dear," I said pleadingly, "I hate to do this. I don't want to start nagging and managing again. I don't want to hurt you. I—I don't want to—Oh, Jim, don't be angry at me. Please don't stop loving me again. But I—I have to show you this."

I held out the check. Jim put out his hand for it, looking at me in a puzzled wonder as he took the yellow slip from my hand. He stood holding it for a second with his eyes still on mine. Then he dragged them away with an evident effort and looked down at the paper he was holding between his fingers. He stared at it for a moment with knitted brows, then he turned it over and studied the signatures on the back.

I saw the crease I dreaded come out between his eyes. Then he looked up and his eyes flashed ominously. He threw up his head and ran his fingers between his collar and throat. After a moment he moistened his lips and spoke abruptly, "Anne, do you know what this means?"

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A preliminary investigation by the Department of Labor reveals the highly significant fact that the majority of women who filled men's jobs during the war will continue to hold them.

This is cause for rejoicing among women, all over the world. It means financial independence, greater opportunities—and political equality. And with the latter great blessing will come many needed reforms. The school teacher entrusted with the education and training of future citizens may hope for a salary equal at least, to that of the elevator girl. We may then hope to clean up the milk situation and thereby reduce infant mortality, as the women of New Zealand did after they got political equality, and we may be able to reduce the staggering illiteracy figures brought out by the draft.

In the meantime, between eleven and twelve million in the United States are "holding down jobs," gone, and recording their efforts shall keep. Now, these women would not be human if they did not swaggar just a bit over their opportunity—it is so new, such an overwhelming bit of luck to so many of them.

A year or two ago, many of these workers from more prosperous middle class homes, collectively dissipated their energies in killing time. They went in for aimless shopping and purposeless calling because they knew no better. But the war reformed them, and showed them the dignity and joy of labor.

Labor and Education

It is impossible for a woman to earn her living without getting at the same time an education in economics. The word may sound forbidding and uninteresting at first but when she grasps that it has to do with her pay envelope and the number of hours she has to work for it, she learns the meaning of that word.

And she learns other things too, namely, that the position of a working woman without a vote is very much like the plight of a tailor without shears. She learns this from working concerning about her, and all of the dear old anti-suffrage dowagers cannot persuade her to the contrary.

In these rapidly changing modern times when women even night shift their occupation from stay-at-home daughters to breadwinners, there are one or two highly valuable "tips" to be remembered. One is, please try to remain feminine during office hours; and another is, please do not be fearful, and another, don't over-emphasize your sex, and lastly, tackle your office job as a man tackles his.

In regard to being feminine, please do not imagine because that wonderful pay envelope which all implies is waiting for you that you should shove along faster to the goal of promotion by assuming a masculine demeanor.

On the contrary, if you bang and bounce, use "language" and dispose of yourself in a chair like a contortionist, you will put every man in the office on his guard against you. You will convey the impression of poaching on masculine preserves, and you will have to be twice as clever and efficient as if you remained where you belong, on your own side of the fence.

The girl-urchin with her slang and her vehemence may be a novelty for a while, but we weary of this kind of innovation six days out of seven, and long for something more restful. Every man but the veriest curmudgeon is willing to give a girl a chance, if she does not feel under any special obligation in regard to the office tomlow.

Almost as offensive as the office tomlow is the girl who takes to tears as a duck to water. No one dares to make a legitimate suggestion in regard to office work or discipline for fear that Miss Smith will be unable to control her riparian rights. Her tears have an alarming way of dividing the office into camps—those who make her weep, and those who do not. The weeps and draws sight it, while Miss Smith looks on, either dry-eyed or tearful, "according to taste," as the cook-book says.

Now the Office-Freshet has got to have talents way beyond the average to hold her job. She is too suggestive of shipwrecks, life-preservers and other terrifying things to be successful. She keeps lively for a while, but she has a way of disappearing on the tidal wave of her own tears.

No Sex in Work

The sensible girl gets promoted from one position to another is she who realizes that there is no sex in work. She tackles her job as a man does his, and depends on good work to get a raise in salary, and eschews the flowery paths of romance. Making eyes instead of knowing how to spell may help for a while, but it does not help in the long run.

Little Fluffy Rufles with her long and guile is an unmitigated nuisance round an office which real work is done. It is like having TNT about unblended. No one really settles down to work till the dangerous combustible is removed. And usually the first to assist in the removal is the girl who applies the match—I know TNT requires no match but this figure of

speech does.

I have known scores of women to fill important positions and fill them most successfully. I knew one who was the managing editor of a big Sunday paper; several who have edited magazines; and another whose revelations in regard to the biggest trust in America—or perhaps the world—brought about remedial legislation in Washington; and I have corresponded off and on for years with a woman novelist who makes over a hundred thousand a year.

None of these women is masculine, oversexed, or tearful. They all dress well, are conventional, and keep the soft pedal down. I have never known a single instance of a masculine woman to make a genuine success of any business undertaking. There is something about the two extremes that puts every one about them on the defensive. They are too busy demonstrating their own personalities to really succeed. The only way to succeed is to deliver the goods, and to deliver them as quietly as possible. Perhaps you have heard a noisy milkman in the early morning hours. If you have, then you will know what I mean.

Middletown

Miss Martha Belt Entertains Her Friends

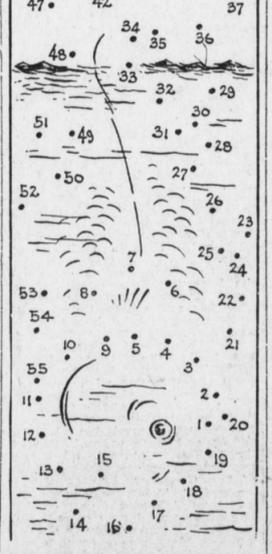
Miss Martha Schaeffer, who spent the past month in town as the guest of her mother, has returned to Arlene Long Island. She was accompanied by her mother, who will spend some time there.

John Lingle, Jr., who spent the past fifteen months overseas, was mustered out of service at Camp Dix, N. J., and returned home. Shortly after he had arrived in France his wife died.

Mrs. Hilman Chambers moved from town to Philadelphia.

Miss Thelma Toursin, of Philadelphia, spent the past several days in town as the guest of Dr. H. W.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

"BAYER CRUSS" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN



Gorge and family, North Spring street.

Mrs. Alvin Nearing, of Ann street, received word that he husband, who had been overseas for the past year, had arrived at Camp Upson, N. Y., and expects to be mustered out of service within a few days.

Mrs. Eisenhart and two children and Mrs. Jacob Rhan left yesterday for Philadelphia, where they will visit the former's sister, Mrs. John Brinser, for some time.

Miss Martha Belt entertained a number of friends at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Belt, North Pine street, on Wednesday evening. After several games had been played, refreshments were served to the following: Miss Grace Brestle, Miss Romaine Klinger, Miss Marian Ulrich, Miss Kathryn Ulrich, Miss Parmelia Rose, Miss Jean Brestle, Miss Romaine Klinger, Miss Sara Lindenuth, Miss Pearl Schaeffer, Miss Elizabeth Beck, Miss Katherine Beachler, Misses Elizabeth and Marian Baker, Miss Myrtle Handshoe, Miss Martha Belt, Miss Jean McNair, Miss Agnes Markley, James Kern, George Sollars, Charles Hanna, Harold Gerberich, Francis Douglas, Martin Brinser, Abram Belt, Floyd Herman, Charles Kennard, John Longenecker, John Wise, Raymond Kauffman, Howard Rutter, Raymond Bowman, George Laverty, Carl Bachman and LeRoy Easbach.

Russell Leggore, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Leggore, had his tonsils and adenoids removed at the Harrisburg Hospital.

A special meeting of the Mothers' Congress Circle will be held at the home of Mrs. D. P. Deatrick North Union street, this evening.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Church of God held its regular monthly meeting at the home of

Mrs. E. C. Brinser, North Union street, last evening.

Frank Stauffer, of Emaus street, received word that his brother, George Stauffer, had been killed while in action overseas, being struck with a piece of shrapnel in a house that had been fired by the Germans.

Washington Camp, No. 271, P. O. S. of A., will take in a class of new members this evening and all members are urged to be present.

Herbert Hoffman, who spent the past year overseas, has returned home from Camp Gordon, Ga., where he was mustered out of service. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hoffman, Hillsdale.

Mrs. Jesse Parلمان, who spent the past several weeks in town as the guest of her niece, Mrs. Oscar Long, Catherine street, has gone to Paoli, near Philadelphia, where she

will spend some time with her sister, Mrs. William Garman.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace, who spent the past month in town as the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wallace, Nisley street, have returned to their home at Tulsa, Okla. They were accompanied by Miss Janet Wallace, a sister of the former, who will spend some time in the West.

Mrs. Mary Fencal, who spent the past week at Reading as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rhodes, has returned to her home in Royaltown.

THICK

"Thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa."

"What can be thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa?"

"Leaves to print in Congress—Louisville Courier-Journal."

When you want to make flaky biscuit, delicious muffins and gems, real doughnuts and cake of fine texture—then you need



RUMFORD THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER



Don't ask for a loaf of bread—ask for "American-Maid" Bread and see the Grocer Smile—he knows.

YOU buy bread, of course. No up-to-date woman bakes any more. That form of household slavery went out of style with hoop-skirts and the spinning wheel, and the "woman's place is home" nonsense.

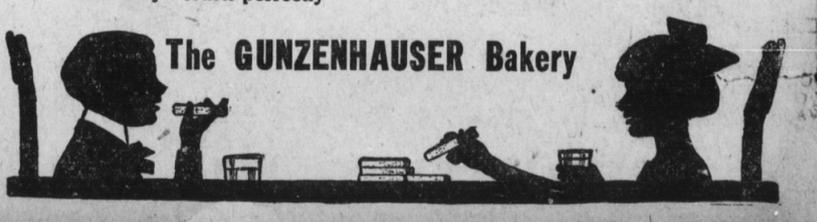
If you know any woman who bakes, for her sake preach the gospel of woman's emancipation, and help her grow.

She isn't helping herself or her husband or her family. She is just taking up room in the kitchen and going to seed. Tell her she is wasting money and wasting youth. Then send her to her nearest good grocer's for a loaf of

GUNZENHAUSER'S AMERICAN-MAID BREAD

"American-Maid" is the new delicious bread that has won its way into the American Home, through sheer merit alone. It is made of the best wheat flour (no substitutes) and has a flavor that is even superior to bread of pre-war days.

The golden brown bloom of the loaf, as it comes from the wrapper, is most appealing, and the creamy, white, smooth texture of its interior will win you on the spot. Try a loaf today! Slices smoothly—toasts perfectly



DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A NEW FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

2839—For this pretty style, batiste, voile, repp, silk or gabardine could be used. It is also nice for gingham and other wash fabrics. The straight skirt is joined to the underwaist which may be of lining. One could have serge for blouse and sleeves, with skirt and trimming of plaid or check suiting.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Telegraph Pattern Department

For the 10 cents inclosed please send pattern to the following address:

Size Pattern No.

Name

Address

City and State

Special 10-Day Offer

Gold-Filled Spectacles or Nose-Glasses, fitted with spherical lenses for far or near vision. Special at only \$2

AND UP

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Registered Optometrist

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302 MARKET ST.

Open Saturday 9 P. M.



Lift Corns Off! Doesn't Hurt!

Don't let corns ache twice! Lift any corn or callus off with fingers—Here's magic!

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic frezone discovered by a Cincinnati chemist.

Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of frezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly that old bothersome corn stops hurting! Then shortly you can lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying frezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns, or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses on bottom of feet shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. Ladies! Keep frezone handy on your dresser. Wonderful!

Mothers say there's no baby powder to equal

Talcolette

TALCUM VIOLET

So soft and soothing to baby's tender skin! So daintily fragrant with the perfume of Neapolitan violets! Frequent use of Talcolette will keep your baby cool and sweet and happy!

WHITE AND FLESH

Large jar 35c Small jar 25c

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C. A. Moller, 35 S. 2nd St.

J. A. McCurdy, 4 N. Front St.

W. K. Martz, 9 N. Front St., Steelton.

Mehring's Drug Store, 4th & Puffer Sts.

HENRY B. GILPIN CO., Baltimore, Md.