

# 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 CCL**  
(Copyrighted, 1919, King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)  
When we got into the elevator after saying farewells to Anthony Norreys, Valerie turned on me with an unwelcome announcement: "I'm coming in to wait for Jim and Lane, if you don't mind."  
"Of course," I acquiesced, avoiding a statement as to whether or not I minded.

Once in our apartment Valerie promptly began what I felt was her plan of campaign:  
"Thank so much for—rescuing me by my husband. And Tom Mason knows that that Mason man is—very difficult. Didn't you find him so?"  
And I guessed that the crux of whatever situation Val was working toward lay in her emphasis on "Didn't you find him so?"  
"Tom is one of Jim's oldest friends," I hedged.

And so, of course, blind to the fact that Jim's wife is a woman—and therefore to be loved," said Val, curling up on the couch and fitting a pillow back of her head as she thought out her words with lazy and expressive pauses.  
The Anne of a few weeks ago would have protested then:  
"But Val, I am loved—loved by my husband. And Tom Mason knows that that Mason man is—very difficult. Didn't you find him so?"

The Anne of today knows how stupid protests are when directed at an indirect person like Val. Valerie Cosby had a purpose in coming to my table and joining Carlotta and Tony and me. She furthered that purpose by coming into my apartment. And in her own good time, unless I side-tracked her by saying too much, she would carry out her design. So I proceeded warily. I wanted to understand the jumble of motives that had swept Val into a friendship with Tom and had led her first to try to hide it from me and now to offer confidences about it.

So instead of protesting that Tom Mason's interest in me was entirely platonic, I said:  
"Don't you think Tom is capable of an impersonal attitude toward a woman?"  
Val laughed, crinkling her long eyes at the corners.  
"Need I answer that question?" she said.

"Not if you prefer to ignore it," I smiled.  
Reaching over to Tom's inlaid cigarette box on the table by the couch, Val made a great show of selecting and lighting just the right cigarette. Then she took a deep breath and presently, exhaling a cloud of gray smoke, she said indolently:  
"You're frightfully in love with Jim, aren't you?"  
"Yes—and I don't care who knows it," I replied recklessly.

"That's just as well, since the whole world can see it," said Val dryly. "Do you think it's really clever of you, Anne? Jim's so sure of you he doesn't have to fight to hold you. . . . Or is that aloof but attractive Norreys man your method of—keeping Jim guessing?"  
"I don't keep Jim guessing, as you put it, Valerie. I'm willing he should know and the whole world see that he has my heart—all of it. As for Mr. Norreys, he is a remarkable man and I'm proud that he happens to like me."  
"Oh—dear me—Lady touch-me-not!" cried Val, sitting up on the couch tailor-fashion and gazing at me narrowly through smoke clouds.

"I didn't know Mr. Norreys was too sweet to mention. Well, I don't strain—not before Jimmie or Lane—or anyone. How's that?"  
"There's no reason why you shouldn't mention him. He is a dear friend of our great friends the Winsteas, and Jim was once in his employ," I said carefully.  
"I was angry at myself for resenting Val's attitude. Since there was no mystery for her to discover why should I feel that she was imagining one or insinuating one? In my heart I knew that if Valerie were to tell Jim of meeting Tony, her emphasis, her innuendo would make it forever impossible for me to have my husband's love as completely as I possessed it now unless I forewore the friendship I couldn't in decency and fair-play cast aside. While if I could talk to the dear, reasonable Jim I had conjured into being, he would see things clearly, sanely. I must stop Val from mentioning Tony—but must not be driven to asking her to keep silence and share this knowledge with me as if it were a secret. I couldn't permit Valerie to think she "had something on me."

How was I to act?  
"Jim worked for him once? Well, you have come up in the world," said Val, betraying her snobbishness. The Harrises always had social positions, but when they lost their money they wouldn't claim their position on sufferance," I replied, watching her face for the blush or the start of self-consciousness that didn't come. "Now that Jim is making money I suppose we will be driven to taking up the family position again."  
"And Lane's helping him make money," smiled Val. "Jimmie would never forget—that he owed Lane. Never. I've seen that."  
She looked at me like a cat with a mouse as she said this, and I got the idea she was trying to convey. The bludge was decided rather by Lane Cosby's wife in a way to cause Lane the least uneasiness. I needn't think my husband was so infatuated with me that he was blind to her. I hated her for putting all these thoughts into my head, and I resolved to entertain them there, for me, and not to let her know I put them out. And in doing so I found the courage to try a bold stroke and so end this preliminary fencing between us. Resolutely I put them out. And in doing so I found the courage to try a bold stroke and so end this preliminary fencing between us.

"No one who has lived close to him could ever fail to be loyal to that wonderful, big brown bear of yours—that is, no one but a rotter!" I said, and I proceeded, "Resolutely I put them out. And in doing so I found the courage to try a bold stroke and so end this preliminary fencing between us. Resolutely I put them out. And in doing so I found the courage to try a bold stroke and so end this preliminary fencing between us."

"You think I flew to you for protection?" exclaimed Val. "Oh—that's too delicious!"  
To Be Continued.

**Advice to the Lovelorn**  
Is Fifteen Too Young For Bridesmaid?  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
My engagement was announced last week and preparations are being made for the wedding, which will soon take place. But I am in doubt as to the following: My dearest and best friend is my sister, aged fifteen. I would like to have her act as bridesmaid, but a certain party said it would look out of place for a girl so young to act as bridesmaid for a girl of twenty-one. Will you be so kind and give me your opinion.  
H. B. H.

There are no hard and fast rules about wedding attendants. If your sister is a well-grown girl and it would not look out of place, it would be all right to have her act as bridesmaid. If she is undersized, perhaps she would look too much like a child to act in that capacity.

**A Soldier's Troubles**  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I have just returned from France with the Twenty-seventh Division and think my heart is broken over a girl whom I have known since childhood. I see her almost every day at home and we don't speak. I try to speak, but she cuts me short with some funny answer. Yet for the past two years when I was away in the Army she was very good to me and when I was in France she sent me a few things, one a lock-ring with her picture and that made me think she cared about me. And now since I am home, she does not seem to care. I don't know the reason.  
C. E. J.

Perhaps this young lady is only coquetting with you and really does care. Sometimes girls do act this way, and the only thing that I can suggest is to let her severely alone for several weeks and see what a little indifference may do. Don't let her see no plainly how devotedly in love you are.

## Bringing Up Father



## LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Most mothers will tell you that they would gladly die to benefit their children.  
And in many cases—perhaps most cases—I am quite sure this is literally true. It is no fresh discovery that mothers, speaking generally, are capable of immense sacrifices. Perhaps there is nothing more sublime, more heroic in the world than the courage with which a mother will act in her child's interest at whatever cost to herself.

That is, if the sacrifice is big enough.  
In my observation, a mother isn't always as ready to make the little sacrifices—those that seem to her scarcely worth making at all.  
But I should like to persuade mothers that it's often what are seemingly the little sacrifices that are really the most important. And most of this at night, after she's done as long and hard a day's work as a human being ought to.

Ever so many families whose immediate needs require every penny that's available have an ambitious, quick-witted boy or girl whom they want to send to college. But where's the money coming from? Father already has a day long in the shop or office or on the farm. "I'll manage it," announces the mother. So from that time on she "takes in" sewing, or washing, or whatever she can get money for. She puts up jellies for the market, or she cooks for a woman's exchange. And done as long and hard a day's work as a human being ought to.

Well, the boy trips airily through college. At the end of four years he is "educated," but he's also come firm in selfishness. At the same time, mother finds that her health is giving out.

**A Better Way**  
It would have been far wiser, far better for the boy's character, if he hadn't accepted his schooling at the cost of his mother's life-blood, if he had partially put himself through college and borrowed the rest of the money to be paid from the proceeds of his first "job." This is what I consider a mistaken sacrifice.

But I should like to persuade mothers, young mothers especially, would take more seriously the question of their children's health and happiness. They will give up small amusements so that the babies might go to bed on time or have supper on time or conform generally to the health regimen that is so deeply important for the health of every young child.

It's become, for instance, an extremely common thing for the young mother who likes to go to the movies with her husband in the evening to fall into the habit of doing so. Of course, there's little Dorothy. And the doctor did say that Dorothy was nervous and that it was really imperative that she be in bed by seven o'clock every night.

But there's nobody to stay in the house with her, and it's manifestly unsafe to leave a child alone. So Dorothy goes to the movies too. And the result is that she doesn't get to bed until mother does.

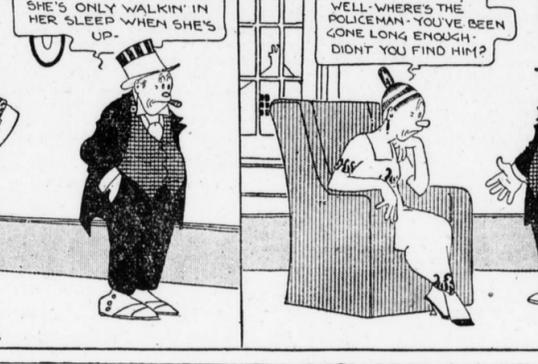
I have known a mother as this has just as much capacity for sacrifice as any other. She would die for Dorothy without an instant's hesitation. But she doesn't give up movies or card parties or whatever it may be, in the interest of Dorothy's bedtime, because she has never become thoroughly convinced that bedtime is important.

All American parents believe in the educational system. And they will commit slow suicide in order that their children may profit by it. But most of them have scarcely any belief at all in the importance of health for their children, or in the means that should be taken to secure it.

Then very many mothers have a profound and passionate belief in the importance of parties and party-dresses for girls of sixteen and over. I have known a mother to go through a cold winter without any warm or suitable clothing for herself and deny herself every other comfort that she could possibly eliminate.

"Spoiled" Daughters  
Is this heroic?—or just a little foolish?  
I have no desire to deprive youth of its "good times." But good times don't depend on the costliness of one's equipment. And a young girl who, knowing that the family is hard up, hasn't the initiative to construct a simple party-frock for herself from a few yards of cheap material, isn't likely to develop into a really competent and admirable woman. While one who wears costly shimmering vanities that her ill-advised mother has sacrificed and shivered to procure, is, I think, actually corrupted by it. If sacrifice of this sort is good for the mother's soul, it's distinctly ruinous for the child's.

## Yankee Soldiers Get Y. M. C. A. Help Freely in Having Money Exchanged



Paris—With an income of only \$31 a month and a small extra percentage of foreign service, many of the American soldiers in France have "all kinds of money." In their travels and relations with other armies they have picked up coins of many different kinds, and the money of all the Allies is accepted at virtually face value in this world metropolis.

With a \$10 bill one can get considerable above the normal rate of exchange in any important store or restaurant in Paris; and English, Belgian, Greek and Italian money often is given one as change. The recent growth of the American war-house center in Rotterdam, calling for an increased number of soldiers on guard duty, and sailors on some

responsibility, but it is turning them into nervous wrecks.  
With a family of any size and with the many outside demands that are now made upon women, there must be—especially in times of emergency or sickness—domestic help.  
Neither will a system of community service solve the problem. The American people are too deeply wedded to their home cooking and home comforts to become a race of hotel or community dwellers.

Two facts, though, stand out which give promise. The housekeeper has become educated to paying high wages for this class of work higher than is paid for more onerous work in other directions; and the worker will naturally gravitate toward the highest pay.  
The old system was evil chiefly because of the arrogant and arbitrary restrictions which were often imposed, and because it placed the stigma of "menial" upon an honest and very necessary form of labor. Domestic service in the future must be conducted on the same basis as any other business.

Let a number of efficient, capable women who desire employment get together in every center in the country. Let them organize, and out of their experience formulate a contract as is done in many other professions and vocations, covering the exact sort of conditions, their hours, their privileges, their salary and their pay-days.  
Let the organization stand back of that contract, enforcing it against the misters and the maids equally and blacklisting any of its members who prove unreliable. Let the old name of "servant" with its obnoxious associations be dropped, and a vocational pride and esprit de corps constantly inculcated.

So—and so only—will, I think be found the solution.  
**Airplane Guns Halt Turkish Massacre**  
New York.—Reports of Turkish atrocities brought back by a commission of American editors and clergymen who went abroad last week to study conditions in the Near East, are made public at the headquarters of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East.

The Rev. Samuel C. Bartles, told of one massacre being prevented in the city of Urfa by the appearance of British airplanes. The aviators dropped colored lights and let loose a fusillade of machine gun fire which completely terrorized the Turks. They had never seen aircraft before and some of them were heard to remark that only fools would be willing to fight against people who could walk through the air.

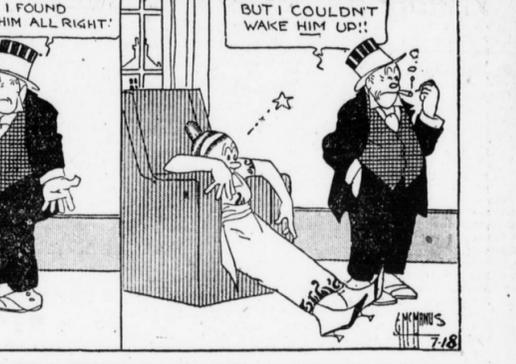
Dr. Bartlett said there were 50,000 Armenian women and girls held in captivity in Syria and Turkey, many of whom have since escaped. Bishop H. H. Fout, of Indianapolis, said that he saw refugees in the Russian Caucasus and in parts of central Turkey eating grass in the fields.  
"It is not infrequent," he said, "to see people lying dead from starvation in the street or along the roadside, or to meet emaciated children begging for bread. The Turks have taken all the food and no crops have been planted this year. Thousands of homes are in ruins."

**THAT'S THE QUESTION**  
Promoter—Oh, no; we just want your influence, that's all.  
Mr. Kawshus—But in what condition will it be when I get it back?—Brooklyn Citizen.

**Daily Dot Puzzle**  
54 55 56 57 58  
59 60 61 62 63  
64 65 66 67 68  
69 70 71 72 73  
74 75 76 77 78  
79 80 81 82 83  
84 85 86 87 88  
89 90 91 92 93  
94 95 96 97 98  
99 100

Draw from one to two and so on to the end

## By McManus



It is impossible to estimate the amount of money that the Americans in these ways, but most of the men in the A. E. F. were benefited directly, and all of them indirectly, as the service had great effect in establishing values. The fact that any soldier could go to any Y. M. C. A. but and get full worth for his money, established standards which were accepted in shops and restaurants.

One of the big jobs of the American Y. M. C. A. just now is money changing. All the homeward-bound boys want American money only, and at all the embarkation ports the "Y" is seeing to it that the boys get the full worth of their money without having to pay exchange. When the boys arrived here a dollar passed in current transactions for five francs, but the "Y" gave the boys 5.45 for their American money, thereby saving about nine cents on the dollar to them. As the rate went up, the "Y" paid more, and in sending home millions of dollars for the boys it also gave them advantage of the current legal rate.

"I gave up cocktails and rouge just to please him," sobbed the fair plaintiff, formerly of the "Follies."  
"Order in court," cried a bailiff as a sympathetic juror groaned aloud.  
"Look here," said the defendant to his lawyer, "I'm afraid we are going to lose this case."  
"Don't worry," answered the lawyer. "The fellow who groaned is a man about town, the other jurors are old-fashioned men."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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# IT'S A FACT

that at Kinney's you can buy shoes at prices that are almost half as cheap as the average shoe store can possibly sell them for. These are shoes that were bought right in the first place, and that were marked at a very small margin of profit in the next place, and now at the reduced prices we are offering them in our

## Real Summer Reduction Sale

They represent prices that are way below the present cost of manufacture. Here you will find groups of boys', women's and children's shoes that we are selling at

# 98c, \$1.98 and \$2.98

that include Women's and Children's White Pumps, Oxfords and High Shoes and Boys' and Little Gents' Specials

## Men's Shoes Cheaper Than Ever

in spite of the increasing cost of labor and leather. Here we have Men's Odd Lots of Oxfords at \$1.98 and

# 500 Pairs Goodyear Welted Shoes \$2.98

that the manufacturer's price on them is \$3.60 from the factory today.

These include either the English pointed toe or several types of broad toe Blucher cuts. They are all black gun metal calf uppers and solid leather soles.

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Puddine is a dessert in itself—an easy one to make. It's the sure dessert—a smooth, firm mold of rich chocolate, cream vanilla, rose vanilla, orange, lemon—in fact, your favorite flavor.

Puddine is pure and wholesome, too—good for the children and enjoyed by grown-ups. And a package costing but 15c will serve 15 people. You can use as much or as little as you need at one time. You can get it at your grocer's.

Try serving Puddine with fresh fruit.

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Baltimore, Md.

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