



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problem of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CCLXII
The license to drive my little car came the day after my luncheon with Dick West and Tom Mason. It seemed an official climax to a pleasant series of triumphs. As once I decided to go for the car, practically driving for an hour or so, and when I was limber and self-confident, to surprise Jim by calling for him at his office to motor him up the hill to the house.

at least three hours of work ahead and then I'm thinking of running out to Mason Towers for the week-end.
"Mason Towers," I repeated, hesitating. That was a full two hours run and I couldn't get back in time to dine with Jim if I motored Neal so far. Then something impelled me to "take Neal anyway."

"That's a nice run," I said. "And there's a charming inn near there. It's only about forty minutes by train, so I'll call up the house and leave word for Jim to make the six-thirty or seven and meet me there. And that gives me plenty of time to wait while you go home and pack a bag and then to roll you comfortably over velvet roads to your journey's end."

In a flurry of determination to carry out this idea, I seized the telephone and called up my maid Bertha, giving her the message that Jim should take the train and meet me at the house. Bertha repeated all the directions after me clearly and understandingly, so I had no doubt that Jim would appear on the scene some time between seven and eight.

"I do not," replied Neal, adding with startling unselfconsciousness, "I'm not interested in a designing woman. So I may as well come—especially as I can't seem to land a bit of dope on the place I'm looking up."
"What is it?" I asked.
"Oh, an old place out near Mason Towers," replied Neal carelessly. "Come along, Babbs. I'm all ready to investigate your clever woman chauffeuse. Come along and I'll pack my bag in a jiffy."

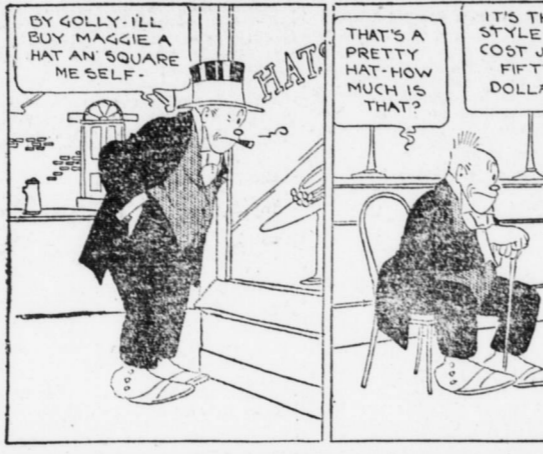
"What do you want of my hand?" I banted, but for all that I complied, as I always comply with what I desire, blushing as I did. Neal caught my hand in his—and sure enough he did hold it tight for a minute; then I felt something cold slip over my fingers. "I want you to have it, dear. Mother would want you to have it now," said Neal huskily.

On my hand sparkled the diamond circlet that had been mother's betrothal ring from dear Father Andrew—the ring I feared Neal was bringing back for Evvy. I stopped the car there by the fragrant, hedge-row roadside, and, catching Neal's hand in the one where the ring rested, I laid it against my heart. But words wouldn't come.
In that moment we understood each other and I knew that whatever the cost, I couldn't do one thing to make Neal break his pledge of word. I realized that his dear, Quixotic, idealistic were part of him, as they had been part of our little dead mother.

"Thank you, my lad," I managed to murmur. "Thank you."
In silence, then, my hand wearing the sparkling ring that only my mother and I have had worn before me, we drove on to Evvy.
(To Be Continued)

CHINESE WISDOM
Banker Earl C. Dodge, of Boston, who has lived some years in China, said in an afternoon speech:
"Anybody who doubts the wisdom of the Chinese should read their proverbs. The Chinese have a book of 10,000 proverbs, and they're all as wise and true as the first line in the volume, which says:
"It is safer to pull a tiger's tail than to call a lady's attention to her first gray hair."—Detroit Free Press.

Bringing Up Father



Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. WILSON WOODROW
Are all girls vain and selfish, greedy for admiration and ruthless in their pursuit of it, as well as unscrupulous in their demands on the other sex?
That about sums up the opinion of a young man who has apparently suffered from "vamps." He writes me:
"I think it would be a good idea if you would write one of your valued articles on the girls who are always looking for a man to spend money upon them."
"After a fellow has been relieved of all the contents of his pocket-book a few times by these 'dear, innocent little darlings' he thinks twice before he spends on them a large part of the weekly salary which he works hard to earn."
"The average girl never stops to think what she would do if she were placed in the position of a man. Everything in the way of amusements would cost double the price she has to pay when she goes alone. A girl never has to scratch her head in vain, trying to figure out how she is going to buy a suit, hat and shoes and still have enough left over to take a friend to a show. She doesn't have to go without lunches, as some fellows do, because she has a date for some night during the week."
"It's rather a hard question to decide, whether your girl likes you or the money you spend on her."
"EXPERIENCE."

My sympathies were so stirred by the picture of all those nice boys doing without their lunches to waste in all in one evening taking some girl to a show that I immediately began to write an indictment of all selfish, frivolous girls. My pen positively flowed into words of stern admonition—when cold reason asserted itself.
I began to ask myself why the young men endured, even encouraged these sacrifices. I reflected that I would not go without my lunch one day, not to speak of a whole week, to take anybody anywhere; but then I am not in my twenties, and am probably material-minded.
And I also remembered the mournful confidences which a girl breathed into my ear. She said that she had a very good salary and no particular home expenses. Consequently, when a young man invited her to go anywhere with him she always reciprocated within a short time by asking him to go to a play or the movies or some place of amusement with her. Or else she said:
"I am earning as much money as you are"—in some cases it was more—"so if we go out together let us go halves on the expenses involved."
She was a girl with a conscience, and she thought that this method was only fair. The results, however, were not what she had expected. On the contrary, the number of her admirers dwindled and her invitations decreased.
Of course, hers is one isolated instance; but the fact remains that you can't apply sober, everyday,

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

Sometimes a fairy story actually happens in real life and is worth telling about if only to prove that pessimists are not right all the time.
"Be good and you'll be lonesome," as the famous humorist once said jocularly. Since which time, people with no humor at all, but with a strong bias toward the line of least resistance, have quoted him and gone their wabbling pace rejoicing.
About eighteen months ago we had some discussion in this column on the "Be good and you'll be lonesome" theory, and scores of girls took part in its discussion. Some of their letters were too confidential to print, but they brought out a good many pitiful stories of girls going back to hall bedrooms at night, after long bleak days in shops and offices, and never a friendly voice to greet them.
Among these letters, I got one from a girl asking me if I thought it worth her while to continue some French lessons that were being given to her without cost. I urged her to continue, especially as the lessons were no expense. And finally the story of the free French lessons living in the same house.
"If I'd only been smart enough to be less selfish," this second girl wrote, "I might have been getting free French lessons, too."
And this was the tale. Both girls were telephone operators, and lived in a dreary lodging house that conferred "the privilege" of light house-keeping. And light it must have been, practically featherweight, to judge by my correspondent's account.
The girls were all in shops and offices, and they used to make coffee or some hot drink for themselves on the gas stove in the kitchen every morning before they went to work, and that is about what the "privilege" consisted of.
Among the lodgers was an old French lady who became ill and was unable to make her morning coffee for several days. Now, the situation of the old French lady was nobody's business in particular. "They" the rest of the lodgers, supposed the landlady looked after her and they went their several ways.
That is, all but one girl; she took the old French lady a cup of coffee every morning and went to her room when she returned at night to inquire if she could do anything for her.
Offered to Teach Her French.
Finally the old lady got better and feeling kindly toward the young girl offered to give her French lessons. The girl took a few, but did not find French particularly interesting. Being young she very naturally wanted to go out to the movies and other places of amusement during her evenings. At this stage of her indecision she wrote to me and I urged her to keep on with the French, even if she had to miss a little fun now and then.
So she kept on and finally began to take an interest in the language, particularly as the papers were full of French names and battles, and it interested her to try to pronounce them correctly.

Advice to the Lovelorn

TOLD A WHITE LIE
Dear Miss Fairfax:
About a year and a half ago I met an officer in the navy who has been to see me every time his ship docked in New York. The last time he was in he wanted to see me a certain evening, but as I was going to a party with another young man I told him I had another engagement for that evening with my mother (a white lie). We parted the best of friends as far as I can remember.
Instead of his ship coming in at New York as it usually does, it went to Boston. He has been in Boston for about a week and a half and I have not heard from him.
Do you think I ought to write to him and find out the reason why he has not written to me? I like this young man very much and feel hurt that I do not hear from him.
G. C. F.

QUESTION OF JEALOUSY

Dear Miss Fairfax:
Through business I met a young man and we became friends. He extended numerous invitations to me, which I accepted. Suddenly and without apparent reason there seemed to be a misunderstanding. It so happened that I had an opportunity to better myself in business, and I accepted it. I had friendly feelings and found the cause of the trouble, and after a plain talk with him discovered it to be jealousy on his part. After all explanations he said everything was cleared up. But it seemed to me that he was not yet convinced he had no cause to be jealous. Now, Miss Fairfax, I have learned to love this man particularly interesting. Being young she very naturally wanted to go out to the movies and other places of amusement during her evenings. At this stage of her indecision she wrote to me and I urged her to keep on with the French, even if she had to miss a little fun now and then.
So she kept on and finally began to take an interest in the language, particularly as the papers were full of French names and battles, and it interested her to try to pronounce them correctly.
G. C. F.

HAIR ON FACE DISAPPEARS QUICK

The most effective, convenient and harmless way to remove hair is with DeMire's Sanitary Liquid. It acts quickly with certainty and absolute safety. Results are seen as use is immediate and lasting.
Only genuine DeMire's, the original, is guaranteed in each package. At toilet counters in 50c and 25c bottles, as by mail from us in plain wrapper on receipt of price.
FREE sample mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. DeMire's, 120th St. and Park Ave., New York.

A Broader Outlook on Life

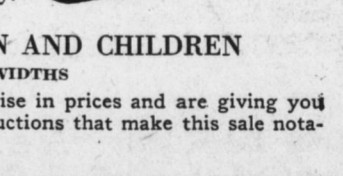
At this time, there was some talk of sending telephone operators who knew French "over there." With a six months' half-hearted start in the language, the girl now began to study in earnest. On the street cars, early in the morning, late at night she plugged away at her grammar, and every evening there was the old lady on hand to correct her pronunciation and inspire her afresh.
At the end of six months' hard study, or a year in all, she was able to take the examination that secured for her the coveted overseas job. She did very well in France and, being intelligent, she improved her French and did not let the situation run away with her head—this highly valuable quality in a business woman was duly taken note of by important people.
Perhaps none of them will get very far, perhaps if those French lessons had been offered to them they would not have thought them worth while. For success consists largely in recognizing the stone that will help you climb up the steep wall that keeps you from better things. It is a safe rule to make use of any stone that is labeled "knowledge." You can't slip if you take that and you won't be far out of your calculations if you take one marked "kindness," "unselfishness" or "neighborliness."
But, alas, most of us pick out the stone marked "ease," "self-indulgence" and the lines of least resistance and then we blame something we call "fate." There isn't any such thing as fate. Don't believe in it for a moment. Omar, the tent maker, was right when he sang thousands of years ago, "I myself am heaven and hell."

PUDDINE ALWAYS TURNS OUT RIGHT.

No fussing in a hot kitchen when you have Puddine for dessert. It's easy to make—and you can count on it!
A rich brown chocolate, a cream or rose vanilla dessert, fruity orange or lemon—you can get your favorite flavor in Puddine.
It's pure and wholesome, too—good for the children—and they love it! Puddine tops off any meal.
PUDDINE
Puddine has all sorts of uses. Try using it for rich pie fillings, cake flavoring, and smooth, velvety ice cream.
Puddine is economical. A 15c box will serve 15 people. And of course, you need not use the whole box at once, if your family is small.
For sale at your grocer's.
FRUIT PUDDINE COMPANY
Baltimore, Md.

STECKLEY'S SPECIAL 15 DAY SALE

OF DISTINCTIVE FOOTWEAR
This sale is different—it differs in magnitude and in the character of the merchandise.
It is a big store clearing event in which unusual values in shoes, distinctive in quality and style prevail.
Only the regular Steckley Stock is offered. The assortments are so large and complete you will not be disappointed in finding the style and grade you prefer.
LADIES' SHOES, OXFORDS, PUMPS
SHOES FOR SUMMER, FALL, WINTER
Notwithstanding the very large patronage we are careful to give our usual good attention and to fit you with shoes that will give you the maximum of service and comfort.
MEN'S HIGH AND LOW SHOES
Black—White—Tan—Mahogany.
SHOES FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
ALL SIZES—ALL WIDTHS
We bought in advance of the recent rise in prices and are giving you the benefit of this saving—plus the big reductions that make this sale notable for exceptional low prices.
STECKLEY'S 1220 N. Third Street
Near Broad



FACE DISFIGURED WITH PIMPLES

Also On Neck. Were Very Hard. Could Not Sleep. Cuticura Heals.
"I saw small red spots on my face that were pimples, and my face and neck were full after a couple of days. The pimples were very hard, and I could not sleep at all. My face was very disfigured.
"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura and sent for a free sample. I bought more, and I used three cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment when I was healed." (Signed) Miss Mary Sosso, 541 Pittsburg Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., March 17, 1919.
Cuticura Soap daily and Cuticura Ointment occasionally, prevent pimples or other eruptions. They are a pleasure to use as is also Cuticura Cream, a fascinating fragrance for perfuming the skin.
Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Telegram 25c. Sold throughout the world. For sample each free address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden, Mass."
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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SIX SOUTH FOURTH STREET
Frocks of Knitted Silk
Forecast Today the Mode of Tomorrow
WONDERFULLY charming new styles in fine feminine fashions. Each day new and individual models in women's and misses' dresses are making their initial appearance.
Tricolette (knitted silk) is the dominant fabric for Fall.
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