



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER CCLXIII
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As she drove up the circling road that leads from the gate of Mass Towers to the porch of the house, we noticed Evvy's blue car standing at the front steps. "Maybe she was coming to town to get me," said Neal from the porch. "I was just as sure as I was of anything else that she was coming to town to get me," said Neal from the porch. "I was just as sure as I was of anything else that she was coming to town to get me," said Neal from the porch.

day. But I won't—I'm through! You've made your choice of your angel-faced wife. You may stick to her for all of me—and I'll throw in her sweet baby brother for luck." Then she rushed out of the Summer house. We could hear her flying feet on the pebbles of the path, and then after a moment the chug-chug of a motor. I looked at Neal. He seemed suddenly old and tired. But he didn't appear to be tired. Evvy's departure, nor yet the ring sparkling on the tea tray. "Water was watching Jim and me with brooding, troubled eyes. To Be Continued.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX SHE WON'T "MAKE UP"

Dear Miss Fairfax: About a year ago a young lady and I had a quarrel, for which both were to blame. I wrote a letter of apology, but received a very sarcastic reply. This young lady and I are always meeting, as we have the same group of friends, and as this is embarrassing, I should like to be speaking terms with her again. However, I am afraid to try, for fear of a repetition of the snub I received in the first place. PUZZLED.

SHY WITH BOYS

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am seventeen, and really I do not know whether I am good looking or whether it's my ways that attract the male sex. I am a stenographer, work all day and work in my father's store at night, which he has asked me to do. He wants me to go out and enjoy myself, as I have ever so many invitations. When I go out with girls I can have a lovely time back and forth to work. I do not go out very often. Now, Miss Fairfax, would you please advise me as to how I should overcome these ways of mine, as I could have a fine time if I would do.

PUZZLED. Your lack of conversation when you are with young men doubtless comes from self-consciousness and a lack of poise. The only way to overcome this is to go out until you are used to the company of young men and do not think so much about yourself.

TO PLEASE HER PARENTS

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am going about with a young man whom I do not love at all, but am doing so to please my parents, whom I love very much. I have known another young man I do like, but my parents object to him because he is only making \$25 per week. The young man they want me to marry is well established in business. E. M. P.

Years ago when women were pawns on life's chess board, they married for home, to please their parents, to take care of some widower's children—everything, apparently except because they were in love, or to please themselves. Nowadays women don't marry to be commodated. If they are in love with a poor young man, and he is worthy, they work too and help him along.

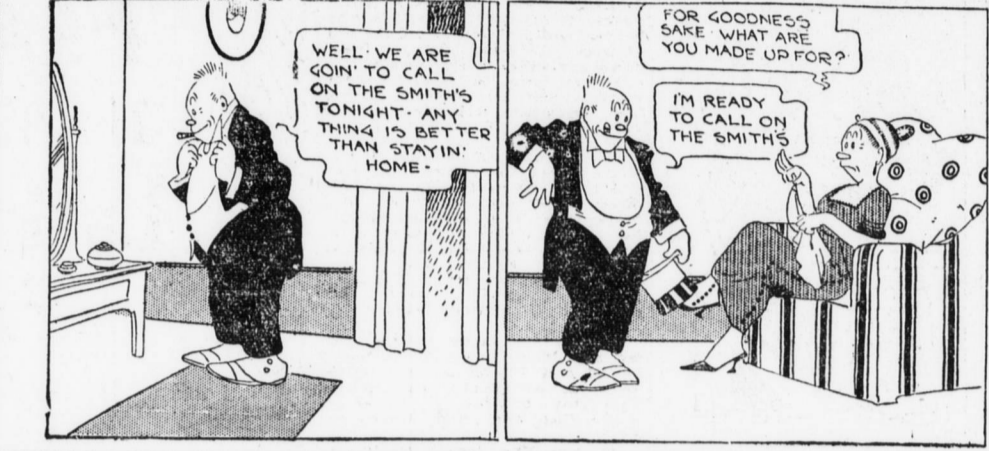
Daily Dot Puzzle

A grid-based dot puzzle with numbers 1-30 and a small illustration of a woman's face at the bottom.

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1918, International News Service

By McManus



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXXVIII. Copyright, 1919, Star Company. The noise continued. Not only did whistles screech, but horns were blown by excited pedestrians, songs were sung, loud cheers were shouted, automobile horns screamed and growled, and there were reports like the firing of pistols caused by flooding automobile mufflers. Over all the blue sky stretched and upon all the golden sun shone. Anyone who was in New York on that afternoon in early November will never forget the experience. Through the masses Desiree Leighton threaded her way, jostled and pushed, yet indifferent to the press. She was in a state of exaltation that made her move as one in a dream.

She had not appreciated until now how tense had been the strain of the past months. Boys whom she had known since childhood had been on the casualty lists. She had tried to keep calm, tried to take such things for granted. She had done as much war work that she had been warned her that she was wearing herself out. She knew better. She felt that if she did not work she could not stand the emotional intensity of the anxious months.

And now it was all a thing of the past. Some of the boys would return; others would come back only in spirit. No wonder tears mingled with smiles on the faces of men and women to-day! Down one side of the avenue she went, almost to Madison Square, then walked uptown on the east side of the avenue.

Not far behind her strolled David DeLaine, although she did not expect his proximity. She had told him to go where he pleased. She was allowing him an abundance of time to do what he wished, then return to the car and await her coming.

The boisterous throng increased in volume. At Fifth Street Desiree was almost turned around by the mass of humanity flowing up and down town. Pressing onward, she found herself in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Many people were passing through the wide-open doors. She followed their example.

David Gray The darkened and quiet interior was in sharp contrast to the noisy avenue. Here the sounds of horns and shouts came from a distance and served to accentuate the solemnity of the place. The sanctuary lamp glowed like a watchful eye down the great aisle.

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Then there came to his mind the thought of what a continuation of the war would have meant to the thousands of men, women and children all over the world. And silently he pleaded for pardon that he had put his own longing before anything else. A prayer without words rose from his heart—a prayer of thanksgiving that the hideous carnage had ceased.

What did his personal regrets mean but that he had been an ungrateful selfish beast. And he prayed for forgiveness. As he rose from his knees he saw Desiree. There was a light on her face that made him catch his breath. He knew that she had been weeping, yet there was a moved smile on her lips. To the man she looked beautiful.

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Then, as she met his eyes, she flushed deeply and drew her hand

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Dr. Robert Burton, the author of the famous "Anatomy of Melancholy," writing in his commonplace book or diary away back in 1620, tells of a patient who came to him to be treated for a distemper.

"Hear you his case," says the Doctor. "My fine sir is a lover, a Romeo, a Pyramus. He walks seven years' disconsolate, moping, because he cannot wed his miss. The man is mad; deliriat; he dotes. All this while his Glyceria is rude, spiteful, not to be entreated. She is churlish, spits at him. In conclusion, she is wedded to his rival."

"The lover travels, goes into foreign ports, peripatetics; sees manners, customs not English; converses with living travelers, monks, hermits, cattle peddlers, Egyptians, satyrs, semi-vivants, apes, monkeys, baboons, artificial curiosities, the Pyramids, the tomb of Virgil. By the time he has finished his course seven other years have expired, and he taketh ship for home, only to find that he is disenfranchised, unmanumitted."

"He wonders what so bewitched him when he sees his former mistress, who is now a widow with children. He can have her for the asking; but no such thing. His mind is changed. He had liever eat ratsbane, acetate. His humor is to die a bachelor."

"In this temper of celibacy seven more years are consumed in idleness, sloth, world's pleasures which satiate and induce weariness. When, upon a day, behold a wonder! Love returns. The man is as sick as ever, walks with his hand in his bosom,

moping, with his breath wheezy and asthmatic from overmuch sighing. All this while the widow is forward, coming, ready to jump into his mouth. But her he hateth; thinks her ugly, old—Jezebel, Alecto and Tisiphone all in one.

"That which drives him mad, distracted, beside himself is something which is not, and can never be—the image of his mistress as she was and as he thought her in former times. It is this which tortments and frets him."

"This Capricchio then cometh to me to be cured. I counsel marriage with the lady, together with milk diet, herbs, aloes and wild parsley, good in such cases. He flies out in a passion, ho, ho! and falls to calling me names—dizard, ass, lunatic, moper, bedlamite. I smile in his face bidding him be patient, tranquil; but to no purpose. He still rages until he bursteth a bloodvessel."

"Yet is there nothing strange in this," observes the Doctor. "In the dog days men are commonly afflicted with such vapors arising from the overheating of the blood."

And these are the dog days! "Thar or tharabouts," for I never yet know anybody who could tell me just exactly when that luridly-named season commences or how long it lasts. It is supposed to be the sultry period of July and August, when the dog star, Sirius, is coincident with the rising of the sun; but the usual rule is to apply the term to any continuous stretch of hot weather between Independence and Labor days.

According to the old-fashioned idea, it was a season when dogs were more apt to go mad, and this impression still persists, although science has definitely shown that rabies is as much a disease of winter as of summer.

Nevertheless, it is beyond question a barking, biting, snappy, scarry time, with the surly crab walks with his hand in his bosom,

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Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

Have you a little Apache in your home and are you pained and grieved that no one loves it? And if you own this child Apache, please do not make the situation worse by saying the sulks, uprisings, and general unamusement are due to little Algeron's not being very well, or because little Clarisse is so sensitive and high-strung that she must not be judged by the same standards as other children.

This does not exonerate the infant Apache, it only lands you in time to see what you can do to improve the situation. The neighborhood wag insists on calling: "Wild mothers I have known."

And you may be sure that whatever adverse fate overtakes your spoiled darling in after life, it is you that will be held strictly accountable and not the eccentricities of the child's genius, which probably he has not got after all.

So when Clarisse succeeds in focusing the attention of the entire room on herself, by reason of her ill behavior, don't discuss her unamusement as if it were the abstraction of a Newton, or the punctuality of a Kant.

But, when that way to the company; you may prove this by studying the sickly smiles—if they happen to be ladies. While the mad bird may sometimes cough violently or dash into an adjacent room on imaginary errands, or do other semi-violent things to relieve his fury.

For the child Apache doing a war-dance, making faces, showing off or otherwise being insufferably conspicuous is an object that only a sane mother can possess.

I have often wondered why a mother who spends hours embroidering scallops on her little daughter's name, and who is utterly neglectful to instruct her in the art of good manners. No one can be so stupid as not to realize that the greatest advantage anyone can possess is that of being able to produce an agreeable impression.

Money, brains, accomplishments, even the family claims of an arch duke or a Countess Dames, pale before the simple charm of an agreeable personality. And yet mothers—fond, devoted mothers, too—without the secret of this tall-man from their children.

They will sew, scrimp and save to make a selfish girl look better, while nothing on earth could make her look better, but having the grouch in her disposition pulled, or her ingrowing selfishness eradicated.

One can understand how parents who have had no advantages whatever themselves, may turn out hoodlum children lacking in the most rudimentary elements of good breeding loose on the community; some parents indeed appear to take a secret pride in the unruliness of their offspring and tell stories of how Mr. X and Mrs. Y no longer come to the house on account of the behavior of the children.

Arnold Bennett in his collection of social studies of this country mentions this peculiarity of American juveniles. He speaks of the half-pained children who sit under tables and listen to themselves being discussed, while their parents beg them to come out and speak to the company.

I remember one evening during the course of a call coming upon one of these table-stow-aways. As we were shown into the living room "little Cathleen" made a dash for the table. I supposed at first the violent heaving of this piece of furniture was due to spirit communications, but no, the fond mother assured us it was "little Cathleen," who was so shy, sensitive and generally exquisite that she could not bear to meet strangers.

During the call mother entreated "little Cathleen" to come out and shake hands, but there was no reply from the sensitive one only more heaving on the part of the table. Conversation was restricted entirely to the sensitiveness of this little girl; meanwhile the table, laboring like a ship in a storm told that the subject of discussion was not unconscious of her importance.

"Finally a man present literally tore from the doting mother the topic of "little Cathleen," and began to talk of something rational. "This was too much for the sensitive recluse; she could not stand the absence of the spot light for a moment. We noticed an apparent earthquake under the table, and she made a dash for the door. My impression of her was that she was about nine feet high. I afterward learned that "little Cathleen" whom I had supposed to be two or three years old, was really thirteen."

I have always taken a firm stand against corporal punishment for children, but there was a flickering moment when "little Cathleen" almost won me over to the side of the sllipper.

All children can be taught to speak courteously; it is not always easy to take the time to do this, but it can be done, and it is so much more necessary than scolding for their flannel petticoats, birthday parties, moving picture treats and even the revered dancing school itself.

For a boy may get through life without learning how to dance the one-step, but he won't get through life if he has had manners—unless he has a million or two, and then they will pass for eccentricity.

SACRED HARMONY "There may be union sacree, or sacred harmony, in the Reichstag," said Senator Vardaman, "but when a minority Socialist talks to a Pangerman, or when a Catholic Centrist talks to a Conservative, the dialogue reminds me of Mrs. Spink."

"Mrs. Spirk was ushered into a friend's house for an afternoon call by Jane, and, as she stood in the hall, a voice called softly down from somewhere above: "Jane, if that's Mrs. Spirk I'm not at home."

"It is Mrs. Spirk," the caller shouted, "and she's mighty glad to hear it."—Detroit Free Press.

BRUISES—CUTS

Cleanse thoroughly—reduce inflammation by cold wet compresses—apply lightly, without friction—VICK'S VAPORUB

Remember, also, that it is the so-called "Silly Season." Like Dr. Burton's patient sitting over the vanished maiden of his youth, we are all prone in the summertime to give way to exaggerated and extravagant whims and notions. Sometimes these sweep multitudes of people like an epidemic. But criticism or ridicule only serves to irritate and often to aggravate the symptoms.

Politics, religion, personal comment and "pieces of one's mind," like unripe or overripe fruit and heavy food, are good things to avoid so long as Sirius is on the job.

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Advertisement for Kellogg's Krumbles featuring an illustration of a man and a woman, and a box of the product. Text includes: "Whatever you do, eat Krumbles", "W. K. Kellogg", "IF YOU are a Motorman you've got to have strength and energy both physically and nervously. You use up a lot of it every trip. Nature thought of you when she put so much that is good for you into the whole wheat grain, and Kellogg's give it to you in Krumbles. Krumbles is all wheat—kernel and bran-cooked, shredded, and toasted, ready to eat. Our 'Waxtie' package saves all the aroma and flavor and the splendidly healthful qualities of Krumbles for you, just as Krumbles comes fresh from our great ovens. Tell your grocer you want Kellogg's Shredded Krumbles—the only Krumbles made. Krumbles is made in the same kitchens as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKES CO. Battle Creek, Michigan

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