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 CCLXXIV

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Which of us thought of it first, I don't know. I'm not sure whether or not Jim had it in mind when he said, "There are ways of circumventing Virginia."

But when I saw how Mrs. Varden's sneers were adding to Virginia's prejudice against Neal, those words of Jim's came back to me and gave me what I felt was an inspiration.

If I had put it away in the back of my brain for awhile, and had taken it out when I was all alone and thought over it carefully, perhaps I would have weighed it and found it wanting. But I didn't weigh it.

When we got home from our evening on the roof with Carl Booth and Daisy Condon, Jim was in a jumpy, irritable mood nearly approaching that state known as a grouch. I was suddenly too tired and dejected to get any fun out of his jealousy of Carl Booth. I didn't want to discuss it. So I hauled "The Idea" out and offered it to Jim. Hauled it out suddenly and without weighing it, because Mrs. Varden's cattiness and Jim's quarrel with Virginia and my own indescribably feelings due to coming again in touch with my old world, had made my brain whirl like a carousel.

"Jim!" I began abruptly. "Just what did you mean the other evening when you said that there are ways of circumventing Virginia?"

"I don't remember saying just that, Anne. What's the big idea?"

"I thought you had—the idea," I replied smiling guilelessly.

"What's eating you young lady? You have something on your mind," said Jim, jerking at his tie irritably.

"She'll never consent to Phoebe's marrying Neal," I said smoothly.

"I've told you that, haven't I? Why do you want to start treating it as a great discovery now? Did she say anything in the dressing-room? Get your goat by snubbing that field-daisy of yours?" asked Jim, whirling around to smile at me knowingly.

"No. She merely took me for granted with the same Harrison serenity and superiority you're showing now. Seeming to indicate that I couldn't possibly have any viewpoint but her own. And it struck me"—

I hesitated, and Jim said sarcastically:

"A lot of things have struck you to-day. Your old interest in Booth, for instance"——

I interrupted in turn, whirling into the heart of things and well beyond Carl Booth.

"What struck me was this — if Virginia will never consent to letting Phoebe and Neal make their dreams come true, why shouldn't we just take matters in hand without Virginia? Maybe you've never really meant to defy her. But I'm sure Neal has. And Phoebe, too, I fancy. Jim, why shouldn't they elope?"

"Elope?" repeated Jim colorlessly. "Elope!" he repeated distastefully.

"Well wasn't that your idea all along—when you said there were ways of circumventing Virginia?" I demanded, annoyed at the implied criticism in Jim's tone.

"Not exactly," said Jim, staring at me.

I couldn't interpret his long, slow gaze. It might be that I had offended the aristocratic Harrison viewpoint. It might be that I had offered Jim the solution most pleasing to his gambling nature. I wouldn't admit that I had merely startled him with a new idea. For I felt that off in a remote corner of his mind, he had been watering the seedling of his very inspiration.

"How else can we circumvent Virginia? She has defied you, hasn't she?" I asked with an intonation I suppose I inherited straight from mother Eve.

Jim whirled on me as angrily as if it were I who had defied him.

"Virginia jolly well told me to mind my own business," he said. "And she said a few things about Evvy Mason and the type of man who could let himself get involved with a girl like that which were—well, rather personal, and not very flattering. She thinks I'm no more fit to be Phoebe's adviser or brother for that matter, than Neal is to be her husband. Virginia is getting about twice as sour as an old maid on the old-fashioned comic valentines."

"Jim, you haven't quarreled seriously with Jennie?" I gasped.

"What did you think I meant when I told you I was through with Virginia Dalton?" asked Jim.

"I thought you had a—spat," I said slowly, feeling my way toward a realization of facts.

"Yes," sneered Jim. "The same kind of a spat Pat Dalton and Virginia had. But you don't think he is ever going to speak to her again, do you?"

"Oh, Jim," I cried, "Poor Virginia—poor, poor proud Jeanie. I'm sure she still loves Pat. I've always felt he cared for her still—and that some day, through me, perhaps they'd make it all up."

"Oh, you did? Well, little Cupid, forget it. And put this in your feminine equivalent for a pipe and do your substitute stunt for smoking it. Pat will look at Virginia again when water starts running up hill. And I'll speak to her the day after he does. And if you knew some of the things she said you'd not look at her again till about the day after that."

"Oh, I can guess," I replied with equanimity that surprised part of me. "It was about the family you'd married into—and one alliance with that bourgeois bunch being enough. But I'll forgive poor Jeanie for her blindness, if only you'll forgive her"—

"Forgive her nothing!" shouted Jim. "If you haven't any pride I have."

"Enough for two," I laughed, but again Jim interrupted me with flashing eyes.

"You know that idea of yours wasn't half bad. I'll see young Neal to-morrow, and put the idea into his head. It's the only way." Then he stopped. No, I can't do that. As brother of the bride-to-be, I can't show undue anxiety to be rid of her. You tell him."

"Tell him what?" I asked, sleepily.

"That's like a woman. Has a big idea and forgets it. Tell him to elope with the kiddie, of course," said Jim. "That's the only way to get her. It'll save a lot of fuss and friction, and beside that, it'll put Virginia in her place."

"Oh, Jim — I didn't mean it. I didn't take time to think. It wouldn't do," I protested.

But Jim turned on me stormily:

"Are you going to veer around to Virginia's side?" he sneered. "Can't you manage to be of the same mind two minutes? The only way for those kiddies to get any happiness—is to run away and take it. Will you talk to your brother or shall I?"

To be continued.

Bringing Up Father

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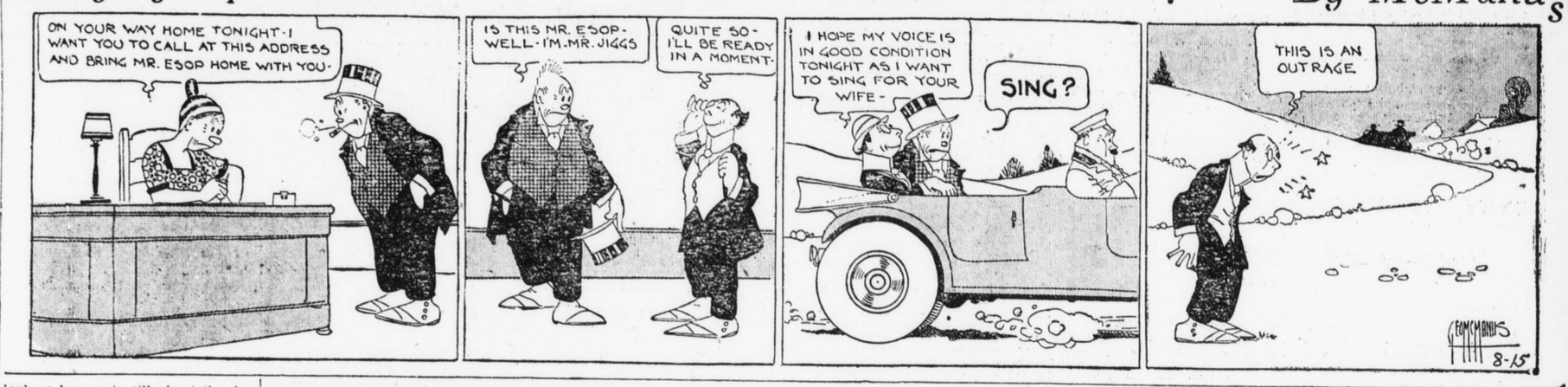


Advice to the Lovelorn

WANT HER TO TAKE LUNCH WITH THEM

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am employed in the office of a large firm, and in my work I meet a number of the men who work here. They are most all married, and are real jolly. A number of them have asked me to go to lunch, but I have always refused because I do not think that that is the right thing to do I was telling a girl friend about it, and she said that I was very foolish not to go out to lunch with them as they would think I was what is usually called a "snob."

LORRAINE.

I think you are entirely right in not accepting invitations to take lunch with these men whom you work with. It is always best for a girl to keep business and society separate, particularly in the case of married men. I am sure you will find you will get along much better if you do not deviate from this rule.

WHO SHOULD TAKE HER HOME

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

We are both young girls and have lots of friends. The other evening two young men took us to a supper dance. While there a young man, who used to go about with my girl friend a great deal, joined the party. He asked to see her home and she consented. An argument followed, as the young man who took her to the dance insisted that he should take her home. Now, Miss Fairfax, which do you think was in the wrong—my girl friend or the young men

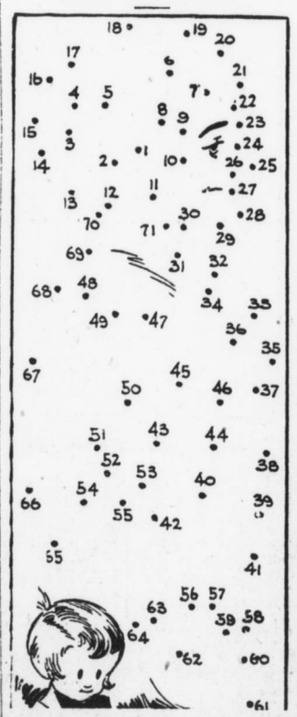
ETHEL.

Your girl friend was certainly in the wrong about this matter, as it is always proper for the young man who takes a young lady out to see her home.

MARRIED AT PARSONAGE.

Columbia, Pa., Aug. 15.—Edward C. Billett, of Columbia, and Miss Anna M. Wright, of Lancaster, were married yesterday at the parsonage of St. John's Lutheran church, by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. A. M. Mehrkam. They left after the ceremony to spend their honeymoon in Atlantic City.

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

If you happen to be one of those girls who write to me under the signature of "Heartbroken," "Despondent" or "Despairing" make up your mind that you are extremely unlikely to find happiness if you write yourself down in these unhappy terms.

"Thoughts are things," as wise men have known from the beginning, and if you admit you are "Heartbroken," "Despondent" or "Despairing," and tag yourself with these labels, you are deliberately playing a losing game—and writing your own death warrant.

Do not let your feelings "run away with you." If you indulge in this sort of emotional spree you will have no more control over your destiny than a leaf has over its whirling in a hurricane.

If you are at the beck and call of every feeling of joy, grief, love, fear, hate, you become emotionally intoxicated; nothing appears to you at its face value. In this state of mind one is utterly unfit to cope with life. Ordinary people and occurrences appear in the exaggerated forms they present to the drug addict; nothing is real.

The emotions get the whip hand and they scourge their victim from pillar to post. He is "madly" in love with this one or that, an enemy seeks to destroy his good name or his complete understanding with a friend, the world is against him, and very naturally he is "heartbroken," despondent and despairing.

Many young people pass the entire period of adolescence in these states of exaltation or despairing unreality and they fall in love, run the entire gamut of emotional sensation, recover, then repeat the operation with the next young man or woman with whom fate happens to throw them.

Fail to Make a Success

It is needless to say such people are too much at the mercy of their feelings ever to make a success of life. They never stick to anything or any one long enough to succeed. Some grand opera emotion—love, despair, hate, fear, jealousy, suspicion—is always driving them along; they never stop long enough to take deep root.

How does it come about, why is every day life full of these "stars" whose glitter spoils the tranquility of domestic life? I was discussing this subject the other day with a brilliant physician—a specialist in diseases of the mind—who is doing notable work among the shellshock victims of the war.

His theory is that such people have a certain amount of histrionic or artistic ability and that they continually "live in parts." Such people are apt to be excessive novel readers, theatergoers, or "movie fans" and they fit their lives to stage, book or screen, rather than reverse the process and fit stage, book or screen to real life.

They think in terms of art and frequently in the third person. "She dragged her weary form a few paces, then crumpled up on a park bench," this physician once heard a healthy-looking girl repeat to herself quite audibly. And as he had just seen her say goodby to a young man, walk a few steps and sit on a park bench he joined her and began to talk about her "case."

She displayed no reluctance in talking to him—he was all part of the "play," the play that, like classics of the Chinese stage, goes on for years and years.

The Gift of Delusion

She did not really "care" about the young man from whom she had just parted, though she had deluded herself into thinking she was "mad" about him, and was "heartbroken" that he had said no goodby to her and had declined her invitation to spend the evening in her company.

The physician asked her innumerable questions about the young man, questions intended to elicit her real feelings in regard to him. She confessed he was "stingy," that he was "poorly educated," that she hated "his habit of breathing through the mouth." Love was not blind, in fact, there was no love present to lose his eyesight. She was in the mood of play-act and she took this rather sorry specimen for her "leading man."

With such subjects the curtain never comes down; they get up in the morning and begin to think of themselves in the terms of a book or play and they keep it up till night.

Now this gift, if it is big enough, and accompanied by dogged industry, may be turned to profitable account. It may come forth in the shape of novels, short stories, plays or movies. And you may have the pleasure of banking checks of your own making and becoming a happy and prosperous author. But if you are going to allow your life energies to become inextricably entangled in its meshes—you will have no more chance than a fly in a spider's web.

You may cast yourself for a star part, but you will be apt to find yourself among the lowliest and most wretched of life's supers.

Be Your Own Stage Manager

If you have a dramatic temperament, pull yourself up with a sharp jolt and decide to become a good, business-like stage manager, as well as the emotional star advertised to weep real tears every day in the week and twice on matinee days.

Keep the whip hand on your feelings and do not indulge in sentiments like this: "If he does not come this evening I shall die!" "If he does not care for me it means someone has been making trouble between us!" "I can't bear this agony another moment."

On the contrary, say: "I've got a dramatic temperament, a highly valuable asset, how can I tame it and train it so that it may be of some practical account."

Or "How can I prevent my emotions from running away with me, and making me a burden to myself and a laughing stock of others?" and when you have discovered that, my dear young man or woman, you have discovered the philosopher's stone.

At the same time, your chances of "winning" the "only girl" or the "only man" who causes you such tremendous upheavals, at the present time, will be several times as good as if you continue to remain the victim of every emotional storm.

Run your own life, and run it with your hand on the throttle. Life may be less "interesting" on these terms, but it will be a far more satisfactory and profitable affair than if you spend it at the beck and call of your grand opera emotion.

BUYS BIG APPLE FARM

Hagerstown, Md., Aug. 15. — The B. L. Harrison farm and orchard, consisting of sixty acres of farm land and ninety acres of bearing apple orchard, near Hancack, was sold for $35,000 to a syndicate of Martinsburg, W. Va., the new owners being E. C. Hanshaw, E. L. Henshaw, C. G. Green and Roy M. Grove.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"I listen and wonder," said a woman to me the other day, "wonder at the speaking voices and the intonations of the young people of to-day. They are supposed to have been through school or college, yet not one in ten knows how to speak the English language with grace or charm. What are they thinking of? Why are they not using the best gift of nature in the finest way? Do they not realize that a cultivated voice is the best expression and account one can give of one's self, and the greatest of social assets?"

My thoughts immediately ran back to the days of my girlhood, when my imagination was captured by tales I had heard of the fascinations of a woman who numbered many of the great and famous among her suitors.

At last a day came when I was invited to her home. I shall never forget my shock of surprise at seeing her. She was plain, almost ugly. I must have shown my feelings in my face, for she looked at me with a mocking sort of smile as if to say:

"Don't value your youth and prettiness too highly. What are they beside my possessions?"

And then I heard her voice, and got my first realization of what chairm really means. That perfect speech! It was music and color; there was a sort of magic about it.

I doubt if there is any gift comparable to a lovely speaking voice. In more than one instance I have seen ugly women queen it over the loveliest girls by right of that one divine possession; and men of humble station have risen to power through it alone. Nothing has so much influence with the multitude.

I was talking with a girl a day or two ago so exquisitely pretty that she made one think of a fairy-tale princess. But when she opened her mouth pearls and diamonds certainly did not issue therefrom; rather, came toads and snakes. The voice with which she assaulted the ears of her hearers was a sort of a cross between a twang and a whine. And there was a French woman present whose methods of speech she might have studied to advantage, with its perfect setting of the mouth to the words, which gave beauty and charm to her every expression.

Many actors and actresses understand this, and many do not. It seemed to me this last winter that there was scarcely a play which I attended where there was not at least one "Adenoid Addie" occupying an important role.

Supreme actress that she is, Bernhardt could never have achieved her almost legendary fame had her "golden" voice been of copper, soy, or her diction less faultless. Julia Marlowe and Ethel Barrymore have rich, powerful, lovely voices, and many an actor has forged his way to the front of his profession solely through the magic of a voice musical and resonant as the tones of a cello.

Orators know the potency of the human voice and study the secret of its uses. Charles James Fox, the great English statesman, is said to have thoroughly understood how to employ his rare voice with power and skill. When he bade farewell to Edmund Burke in the House of Commons he so thrilled those who heard him that it was like some spell of enchantment.

But oratory has gone a bit out of fashion. We have "speakers" in these days, and there are many women among them. They speak well, too—clearly, forcefully and to the point. Where, though, is the magic voice that "lifts one to heaven or casts one down to hell"

People of other nations are always assailing the "American voice;" but somehow it has never seemed to me any worse than the voices of other nationalities, taken person for person. There are many Americans who speak our language delightfully; but the majority of us do neglect our speech. We grow careless and indifferent to it in the rush and hurry of our lives.

Yet, given a good, natural voice, it is a sin not to use it properly; and, given a poor one, it is a crime not to strengthen and develop it.

There are certain so-called cultivated voices which madden one, they are so mincing and affected. But a voice properly used is as natural and easy and spontaneous as a bird's note.

To the young girls who are attractive, but yearn to be more so, and to the plain girls who want to enter into competition with their better looking sisters, I charge them that they study a little their voices and their manner of speech.

Not many will have the patience to rarely seek improvement; they will be content to go on in their old slipshod way. But the few who persevere will find that they will be richly repaid for any pains they may take.

INJURED ON MOUNTAIN

Hagerstown, Md., Aug. 15.—Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Harden and Mr. and Mrs. Metzol, of Baltimore, were injured, all of them being cut and bruised, when their automobile turned over rounding a curve on the National Pike between Braddock Heights and Middletown while crossing the South Mountain.

"BAYER CROSS" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

BAYER

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Always buy an unbroken Bayer package which contains proper directions to safely relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Colds and pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents at drug stores—larger packages also. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

So economical and so easy to make!

A RICH, creamy, and delicious dessert! Puddine comes in a number of delightful flavors including chocolate, rose vanilla, orange, and lemon. Serve it with fresh fruits and use it for luscious cake and pie fillings, and ice cream. A 15c package serves 15 people. And you can use as much or as little as you like.

Buy it at your grocer's.

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PUDDINE

Save 40% on Your MEAT Bills

HUNDREDS of friends have been won by this store since it opened last Saturday. Come in tomorrow, or any day, and inspect this modern, sanitary, cash and carry store—and note how much we save you.

Home Dressed and Home Cured Fresh and Smoked Meats and Delicatessen.

Same Low Prices as Advertised Last Week

LARD SPECIAL—Fresh, Pure Lard, enough for everyone, lb. . 35c

LIBERTY MEAT MARKET
BROAD AND FULTON STREETS.

Where Can I Find Relief From Itching, Terrifying Eczema?

This Question Is Ever on the Lips of the Afflicted

Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, and other terrifying conditions of the skin, are deep-seated blood troubles, and applications of salves, lotions and washes can only afford temporary relief, without reaching the real seat of the trouble. But just because local treatment has done you no good, there is no reason to despair. You simply have not sought the proper treatment, that is within your reach.

You have the experience of others who have suffered as you have to guide you to relief. No matter how terrifying the irritation, no matter how unbearable the itching and burning of the skin, S. S. S. will promptly reach the seat of the trouble. Give a fair trial to be convinced of its efficacy.

Our chief medical adviser is an authority on blood and skin disorders, and he will take pleasure in giving you such advice as your individual case may need, absolutely without cost. Write to-day, describing your case to Medical Department, Swift Specific Co., 252 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

Time to Knit and Chat Awhile

IT NEVER pays to waste time, money or energy. When you bake your own bread, you waste all three. Save the baking hours from the kitchen and invest them in more wholesome work elsewhere.

Give some thought to youth and looks, and let the baker shoulder your baking worries. It doesn't worry him—that's his business. He can do it better and for less than you can. Be modern, buy

GUNZENHAUSER'S AMERICAN-MAID BREAD

and get a bread that is just right—crisp, wholesome, appetizing, nutritious. Sealed at the oven in dust-proof wrapper, it's *clean*.

"American Maid" is a new bread from a new recipe, not just a new name—and about the best you ever tasted. Ask for it one time—and you'll demand it afterwards.

At Your Nearest Good Grocer's

The GUNZENHAUSER Bakery

G. Washington's COFFEE

"MADE IN THE CUP AT THE TABLE"

The reason why people drink 1,000,000 cups of G. Washington's Coffee every day, is because G. Washington's Coffee is the highest grade of pure coffee. It is *not* a substitute. It is absolutely pure. That is the explanation of its delicate aroma. Makes delicious iced coffee.

Ready—instantly—when you pour on the water—hot or cold. DON'T USE A COFFEE POT!