

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 CCLXXIX.
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"Hello Barbara Anne! This certainly is my four-leaf clover day!" cried Carl Booth, as he strode up to where I stood waiting after he had hailed me on the avenue. "Come on into one of these cute little boxes where they pour ice cream sodas and sips for the starving."

"I haven't time," I began, but Carl's downcast face made me ashamed of myself. When he had even been too busy to find time for me back in the days when I needed a friend like this big pink and white innocent of a man? "But I'll make it," I smiled.

Carl beamed and we marched into a little tea room whose delightful front tables overlook the avenue from behind great picture windows. There we sat luxuriously sipping frosted chocolates and nibbling hermits, those delicious little cakes with raisins and nuts and citron and jellies and jolly surprises hidden behind their demure yet bulging brownness. And as we ate like happy children and chatted of the old days at Haldane's, I poked out my pretty new pumps and told Carl the story of my shoe-shop spree.

"They're scrumptious!" declared Carl, eyeing my slippers with favor. "And perfectly right you were to buy while the buying is good. I can remember the days when you used to buy insoles and wear shoes that were too wide because the A's didn't come in the cheaper makes."

"Oh, Carl, was there ever an old dear like you?" I cried. "To think of your remembering that—and the width of my shoes. You have the most wonderful memory!"

"About some things," said Carl dryly. "But I was almost forgetting the thing I had on my mind. Won't you and Mr. Harrison come to dinner at my dining room next week? I've a little two-four apartment with a very young kitchennette, and though I hate to hear about it, I'll let you broil a steak. If ever I lose my knack as a go-getter of ads, I'm thinking of becoming a steak-chef. Name the night, Barbara Anne."

"Oh you mustn't bother," I protested, knowing Jim probably wouldn't want to accept.

"No bother," I cried. "I'll be glad to name the night," beamed Carl. "Name your night."

"Since there was no way out but the ugly one of fbs, I suggested Thursday, and he agreed."

"If that's all right for Daisy," "Daisy?" repeated Carl. "Oh, yes, to be sure—Daisy. I am a social devil. Didn't you realize that since she was at the first party it would be a slight to leave her out of this. Daisy's such a quite little mouse, folks are likely to forget her. But you wouldn't Barbara Anne. You'd never hurt anyone."

Suddenly a clock boomed the hour. "Six!" I cried in chagrin and astonishment. "Oh, Carl, you've upset all my plans. I was going over to the garage for my car and then call for my husband. I hardly ever miss driving him home on a pleasant afternoon."

"Want to 'phone you'll be right along?" asked Carl.

I acted on his suggestion, but Jim's line was busy. So I thought it best to hurry over to the garage and 'phone from there. At the garage entrance I saw Carl's rusty fawcett and hurried to the telephone. Jim's line was still heavily busy, so without more ado I drove over to the office. When I started into the elevator the boy stopped me.

"Looking for Mr. Harrison?" he said. "Him and Mr. Hyland and his young lady left not five minutes ago."

"So there was nothing for me to do but to get back into the car and drive home. I felt annoyed with Jim, and yet—since I hadn't said I would call for him—there was a little any reason why he should have waited for me. I had only myself to blame. Still, unbearably enough—I persisted in feeling hurt. Jim might have guessed I would come.

I had a bad time getting the little car to start. One cylinder insisted on missing. It was fifteen or twenty minutes before I cleaned a connection and got away. Then, at a crowded corner, a traffic cop held me up and delivered an angry oration because I hadn't observed his upflung hand and had driven along when he was halting traffic. I took me twice as long as it should have taken to drive home.

And when we got to our apartment the little car wouldn't run alongside the curb, but had to be backed and driven out into the street before I could park decently. So I arrived at my own door in a state of nerves—jumpy and uncomfortable. The final insult to my happiness and intelligence took place when I opened the door and found it locked. I tried to force my way in, but my fingers failed to reveal my latchkey.

Bertha opened the door in response to my ring, and her smiling face sobered immediately on seeing me.

Bringing Up Father



Scientific Discussions by Garrett P. Serviss

Referring to the question of the cause of the former glacial climate in the Polar regions, which has been revived by Stefansson's discovery of coal on a low land within the Arctic circle, two correspondents simultaneously champion the theory that the great climatic change was due to an alteration in the position of the earth's axis of rotation. And both find support for the theory in the story of the disappearance of the mammoths. One of them says:

"The axial change was undoubtedly due to a cosmic accident, because what apparently occurred was a violent, sudden change, as evidenced by the overwhelming of the large animals feeding on tropical vegetation by an instant drop to Arctic frigidities, which caused them to be frozen solid and to be so completely incased in ice as to preserve their flesh and stomach contents for many thousands of years."

"Now, whatever may have been the cause millions of years ago, when the coal beds were deposited, it is certain that there has been no tropical climate in the Arctic regions and no great and sudden change in the earth's axis within the period of time in which the large animals lived in the Arctic regions, and the mammoths, lived in the Arctic regions."

"They seem to have reached their meridian in the Pleistocene epoch, during which the great glacial invasions occurred, and they were contemporary with early man in Europe. Whatever the nature of the accidents by which their bodies were embedded and frozen in the muddy soil of the Stone Age, the mammoths did not have time to adapt to the sudden drop to frigidities in the climate, because the mammoth was distinctly a cold weather animal, specially clothed with thick underwool, supplemented by the drawings that the men of the old Stone Age left on cavern walls and elsewhere on their gigantic elephantine contemporaries.

"It is probable that the preservation of so many bodies of mammoths in the frozen mud-sinks along Siberian and Alaskan rivers was due to local causes, such as thaws and floods, instead of to any vast and sudden climatic change affecting a whole hemisphere. As to the mammoths found in the Arctic region, it is probable that they fed on tropical vegetation, read the following, written in 1915 by Dr. W. D. Matthew, a foremost authority on this subject:

"The contents of the stomach show that these animals fed upon the same vegetation, grasses and sedges, birch, alders, poplars, etc., that prevails to-day in the far north."

In a word, the mammoth belonged to a much later age than that when glacial climates reigned along the earth, even including the Arctic and Antarctic lands. To return to what seems to be the most popular theory of its disappearance, viz., a change in the earth's axis of rotation, we may take up Professor W. C. Pickering's suggestion that the planets formed by the breaking up of a condensation of rings left off during the contraction of the original nebula from which the solar system was developed. But the tides produced in the unsolidified planets by the attraction of the sun would, in a manner the details which cannot be entered upon here, produce a gradual reversion of the direction of rotation by tipping the axis over. The end of this process would be reached when the axis, having been tipped over at first, was brought into a position at right angles to the plane of the planet's revolution around the sun, the planet then rotating in a forward direction, after which there would be no change.

Now it is a fact of observation that the outermost planet of the solar system, Neptune, still rotates backward, while the next nearer one, Uranus, appears to be approaching the point of change from a backward to a forward rotation. That Saturn and Jupiter once rotated backward seems to be indicated by the retrograde revolution of their most distant satellites. The earth has passed into the state of forward or direct rotation but its axis is still tilted to the ecliptic.

Extremely interesting possibilities depend upon these considerations, but they relate to an immense antiquity, and there is no room to discuss them here. Another theory may be taken up.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLVI.
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"Oh, father!" Desiree's exclamation of distress made her parent regard her inquiringly.

"What is the matter?"

"I cannot bear to hear you speak as if you thought that I—I mean that anybody in our employ had taken my pendant. It is hardly fair."

Samuel Leighton drew his brows together. "My dear child, he protested, "I am accusing nobody. But I have common sense which tells me that an article of jewelry does not disappear by magic. Your romantic nature makes you very impractical at times. Just listen to reason. Did not both of the maids come and go freely in your room while the box containing your pendant was there?"

"Certainly they did," Desiree admitted. "But they have been in and out of my room for two years, and I never lost the thing. Moreover, Nora and Annie had excellent references from their former employers."

"Nevertheless, I would like to know Nora's present address. Have you it?"

Desiree shook her head. "No, I don't know where she is."

"When you get a chance ask Annie if she knows. To-morrow will be time enough for that—although I agree with you that Nora is probably innocent. The only person who handled that box after it left your room was my nephew, Perry. This latter called my attention to the fact."

"But," Desiree ventured, "my nephew may not be sure. One of the clerks in his store might have opened the box."

Mr. Leighton Is Positive

"Impossible!" her father retorted. "Perry took the case from my hand. Nobody touched it after that until he opened it and found it empty."

"All of which makes me repeat my statement. Smith must be watched."

Desiree moistened her lips. They felt stiff, and her voice was unsteady as she remarked: "But the letter you received from that man down in the South proves that Smith is honest."

"I would seem so," was the calm rejoinder. "But there may be some twist in the matter. I admit the fellow impresses me with a sense of sincerity. If he is not honest I am a great deal better off than you are. Nevertheless, appearances are not in his favor in this case."

"I intend to take no steps in the matter yet. To do so would defeat my ends. But I mean to keep my eyes open. That's all. If Smith is all right events will prove it to be so."

He stopped abruptly. Smith stood in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon," the chauffeur said. "I just wanted to let Mrs. Leighton know that I am here if I am wanted."

Samuel Leighton looked slightly embarrassed. Desiree sprang to her feet.

"Oh, yes, Smith," she said hastily. "Will you step into the pantry, please? I want to show you about arranging the glasses and punch bowl."

Mrs. Duffield gazed after the man and smiled. "Do you know," with nervous laugh—"he quite startled me coming in so suddenly and quietly as he did? I really thought at first that he was a guest. He looks so very well in his evening clothes."

"Don't you think, Samuel, that he ought to have worn a different kind of a coat from that—a short-tailed coat, you know? Why, one will not be able to tell him from one of the guests of the evening."

Her brother smiled. "You evidently did not notice that Smith wore a black vest and a black tie, which are not conventional in evening dress," he remarked. "But he could have anything out of the wardrobe in his character. It is especially hard for a woman to believe it."

"I beg your pardon," Mrs. Duffield agreed. "Yet I confess that when I saw him just now it seemed very ridiculous to harbor any suspicions of him. He is very refined in appearance."

Samuel Leighton gave vent to a snort that might have meant derision. "I declare you are as bad as Desiree!" he exclaimed. "Just because a fellow has a certain air you are sure of his morals. I admit, he added me a gentler, 'pleasant' thing to consider, but one must take no chances."

A Word of Praise

"No, of course not," Mrs. Duffield agreed. "Yet I confess that when I saw him just now it seemed very ridiculous to harbor any suspicions of him. He is very refined in appearance."

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"I hope he did not overhear what you said," Mrs. Duffield said tentatively.

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

A correspondent in one of the departments of the Government in Washington writes me a letter that contains a few wholesome hints for "Every-woman."

She says she is twenty-nine, but looks forty because she hates her job. All her life, since she started to work, she has wanted to write, or as she puts it: "My life has been passed not in reality, but in living the stories I have written to write."

She goes on to tell that it was necessary for her to earn her living as quickly as possible, owing to lack of money at home. And that she had to fit herself for something that could be depended on to bring in the pay envelope without any element of uncertainty. Stenography and typewriting seemed surer than anything else, and she applied herself until she became proficient in them, and took a Government job.

She has been earning her living and helping along the family by the means of the last ten years. She says she has a good position, so she is ready and that she, "has no words to express her aversion for it."

And she writes to ask me if her lack of enthusiasm for her job is what makes her look so old.

Unhesitatingly, I answer that nothing is more aging than earning one's living by means of finding a great task. And if she has arrived at the point where it is impossible to put any spirit or enthusiasm in her work, the best thing for her to do is to seek another job.

Enthusiasm the Best Tonic.

The best tonic and preserver of youth and good looks is, undoubtedly, enthusiasm. A vital interest in a whetstone for every faculty and the years glide by leaving little or no trace of their footprints. Genuinely busy people have no time in which to get old. Hard work never ages like monotony and boredom. It is the daily grind, unsweetened by fervor or inspiration, that turns women into old women.

So if you would keep young, vital, and interesting and yet have no consuming occupation to fill your life, let me suggest to you:

Buy Here and You Buy Wisely

Advice to the Lovelorn

THINKS SWEETHEARTS SUPERFLUOUS

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

About eleven months ago I met a young man some years my senior whom I respected very much. Since then I have learned to care for him. Of late, I often find myself thinking of him during work. Now this young man intends to go back to the country to help his father and mother in their business. He is always very polite to me and no more. I love him very dearly and wish you would advise me.

WAITING.

Sometimes sweethearts do interfere with ambitions. I don't doubt that your friend will achieve his ambition earlier if he succeeds in remaining heart free. But his security is very uncertain. Who can be sure that he won't fall in love next week, to-morrow, to-day? As for you, I am sorry that with an unresponsive youth, but the only course is for you to abandon hope in connection with a young man who insists on being merely polite and to meet as many other young men, cultivate as wide a variety of human interests as possible.

PRECIOUS EIGHTEEN

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and engaged to a lady twenty-seven. We love each other dearly. I look much older than I am, and easily pass for twenty-three or twenty-four. Do you think the difference in age is any obstacle to our marriage?

M. L. J.

It need not be. But in your case, since you are so very young, would it not be wiser to defer your marriage for a year or two? Meanwhile you can both make sure of the reality of your affection and of your suitability to each other.

Daily Hint on Fashions

Blouse 2934

Here is a model ideal for sports wear. The blouse is new and attractive. The skirt is a plaited model, cut with necessary fullness and graceful lines. Satin, crepe de chine or Georgette would be suitable for the blouse, and serge, satin, taffeta, linen or gingham for the skirt.

The Blouse is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The Skirt is cut in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 3/4 yards with plaits extended.

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THE LOVE GAMBLER

CHAPTER XLVII.
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"So do I," her brother returned. "It might put him on his guard."

David DeLaine had overheard a part of the sentence which his coming had interrupted. The words—"If Smith is all right, events will prove it before."

Before what? DeLaine longed to know the answer to that question. He had received a distinct impression in the minute in which he had faced the group in the drawing room. Samuel Leighton had been arguing with his daughter, and he—the chauffeur—was the subject of that argument. Desiree must have been championing his cause in some dispute.

He tried to heed what Miss Leighton was now telling him about the arrangement of a cut glass bowl and glasses on a silver tray on a side table. His eyes were fastened upon hers—but she was sure his thoughts were not on what she was saying.

To be continued

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

men into pottering old creatures before their time, to create one without delay for entirely selfish reasons. The war did wonders for slowly mummifying women. It arrested their desiccating processes, and put spirit into their humdrum lives. It taught them to eliminate trifles, and for the first time it warmed their hearts and their hands in the fire of enthusiasm.

You were amazed when you met these women, hurrying to their Red Cross or other war work, how young and attractive they had grown; just as you wonder to-day, when you see them slipping back into the old rut, how dull and listless they are becoming. And you wonder why any woman in her senses lets go of anything that worked such a miracle in her appearance as having a consuming interest in life.

And as it is with boredom and monotony, so it is with hatred, vexation, envy and all uncharitable "ness"—as the prayer book puts it: "If your soul is devoured by these things it's a waste of time and money to go to a 'beauty' parlor." Your trouble is deeper than it is in the power of cold cream and white lotion to assuage. Skin food and face peeling are wretched substitutes for the "Divine effluvia." Do you recall Macbeth's lines:

"Cure her of that.
Canst thou minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from her memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

Doctor:

"Therein the patient must minister to himself."
"Therein my correspondent, aged twenty-nine but looking forty, must minister to herself. She will fit herself for taking up the work she loves, and give herself a chance to develop."

There are several excellent text books written on the construction of the short story, which is the branch of literary art in which she desires to specialize. She will be able to get these books in any lending library, and the amount of information they have to impart is highly satisfactory.

Better to Have Tried and Lost

There are classes in short story writing—several good ones here in Washington—that will not seem like study at all, so quickly does the time pass when one is vitally interested. Then I should advise her, having a working knowledge of the art in which she hopes to distinguish herself, that she take some leave without pay from the department and set to work to put her ingenuity to the test.

Even if she should not succeed in getting anything accepted by the publishers, she will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has backed her own hand to the limit. And doubtless she would go back to work with a better grace, or perhaps she might get a secretaryship to some literary man or woman and find some congenial occupation in help-possibilities of finding a great measure of contentment are endless, and it is better to have tried and lost than never to have tried at all, to amend Tennyson.

TRY A PACKAGE OF KRUMBLES

Nothing is so disastrous to one's peace of mind, and, therefore, to one's good looks, as doing over and over again work in which she has no heart. Haven't you seen women on the streets, in the shops, or in street cars so palpably distressed below the surface that to look at them at all is like looking at emotions under glass. Poor square pegs in round holes that lack the ingenuity or the industry to move along to the square holes where they fit and belong.

Buy a package of Krumbles from your grocer or 15 cents. Use the whole package, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied—if Krumbles do not more than please you, your grocer is authorized to refund your money.

Remember that Krumbles is made by the same company which produces Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. Buy your trial package today. Kellogg Toasted Corn Flakes Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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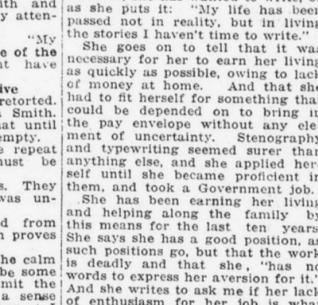
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