

# 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

By ANN LISLE  
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CHAPTER CCCIX

When the boy ushered me into Jim's office I didn't find him alone. With him was the dear old soul I had first met at Valerie Cosby's a few days before.

"Why, it's Uncle Ned!" I called out, as instinctively as if Mr. Pfeifingill were my kinsman or a life-long friend. "I am glad to see you. How's Aunt Mollie?"

"While I was speaking I planted a kiss on the top of Jim's head in an unembarrassed fashion I'm not in the habit of feeling or showing when strangers are about. Uncle Ned's shrewd, keen, intensely blue eyes enveloped me in the same warm, approving fashion the big hand showed when it swallowed mine in greeting.

"My bride's right smart," he said. "She's tripping about with our Val to-day. Aunt Mollie didn't have one wonderful time yesterday in that little car you drive like a regular expert. I guess you three gals calculate to have some pretty good times together while we camp on this trail."

"We do," I replied. "We do, indeed! Aunt Mollie didn't have one bit better time yesterday than I did, and to-morrow we're going to do it again."

"No, you aren't; not just precisely," said Uncle Ned, stroking his white mustache. "To-morrow I'm going to desert the boys for the girls, and you'll find an extra passenger for your party and I do, and to-morrow we're going to do it again."

"No, you aren't; not just precisely," said Uncle Ned, stroking his white mustache. "To-morrow I'm going to desert the boys for the girls, and you'll find an extra passenger for your party and I do, and to-morrow we're going to do it again."

running along to see if my bride got little Val into any mischief at lunch."

And with a courtly bow for each of us he seized his wide gray soft hat and made for the door. Jim flung himself to his feet at once and took his guest out.

When he returned he made me a little bow in friendly imitation of Uncle Ned's, straightening up abruptly with a wry smile for his own awkwardness.

"No use, I don't belong to the splendid old school and I can't cope with Uncle Ned. Isn't he a wonder?" he demanded, adding with a little tweak of my ear. "And now, Mrs. Harrison, will you tell me to what I am indebted for the pleasure and honor of your company? Have you the little car outside? It's a bit early, but I may be able to start before long."

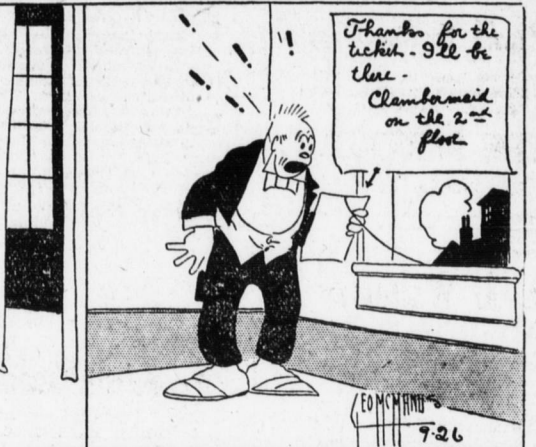
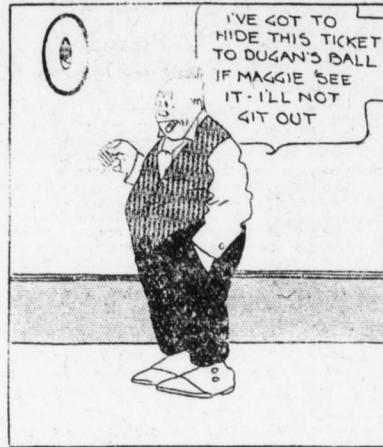
"No," I replied carelessly of the car which once gave me so much joy. "I found yesterday that it still hurts my ankle to drive. So after I've kept to-morrow's engagement with those two old dears I can't disappoint I'm not going to use the car again for a week or so. I had lunch with your little field-daisy and I came here to find out about your visit from her."

"If she told you about it, why bring it up again?" he said.

"Just because she told me," I began.

But Jim interrupted, leaning forward in his chair and putting slow emphasis on each word:

## Bringing Up Father



"Surely, Anne, you've seen that the child doesn't interest me. She's a colorless little nonentity with whom you insist on pairing me off when you arrange your excursions with your old friend, Booth. I have to put up with it. But I'm the one to be hurt—not you. I've done nothing to justify the little gibe in thinking, in supposing—Oh, hang it all, I didn't want her breaking in here, and I think she saw that in short order."

As the light of Jim's words dawned on me I gave a mental gasp, and did some arithmetic of the sort known as putting two and two together. Of course, when Daisy spoke of trying to retaliate and gaped out that she couldn't take what was mine, I thought of my ring—not of my husband. When she told me that she'd been to Jim's office, I thought it was to restore the ring—not to try to steal Jim! But his words made it clear.

Last night, over the bridge table where Daisy and Jim discovered in playing for stakes their first taste in common, she had met him as an equal. For the first time Jim had been cordial to her—respectful, even, as he measured her truly expert game against my blundering one. And that had given the girl her idea. Her "retaliation" had been an effort to "vamp" Jim from me, as she insisted on thinking I was taking Carl from her.

"You think I'm spying on you. You think I'm jealous of that little grain of dust—of my poor Kate's sister," I cried. "No, Jim, it wasn't a doubt of my boy that brought me to him. It was something entirely different."

"Yes? What?" demanded Jim categorically.

I thought quickly. This was neither the occasion nor the setting for a clean breast about my suspicions of Daisy and the ring.

"I came to tell you that we've just taken it upon ourselves to stand sponsor for the child," I said. "When I had her in Tom's new studio the other day he offered to put her in my charge. He needs some one he can trust, so he'll be free to stay at his downtown shop. And he waived bond on my assurance that we'd be responsible for her."

"Oh, he did?" said Jim tartly. "And about next week I suppose you'll be going bond for your other friend of olden days to the tune of about fifty thousand. I don't get you, Anne. You're so darn rash and careless these days. Almost extravagant, I call it."

I threw back my head and laughed heartily and unaffectedly. "Extravagant? Why, Jimmie-boy, you've always teased me about being such a little tightwad. And if I take a little gamble on old friends—is that half as bad as gambling on cards and horses?"

Jim didn't condescend to answer. He turned to his desk and swung round with a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"I'll not call you tightwad again in a hurry, worse luck," he mumbled fumbling among the papers and thrusting certain ones at me vindictively. "Here's your bill from Wickham's, one from the shoe place and another from the garage where you're willing to have your car eat its head off in storage because you're too lazy to drive it. Put a beggar on horseback."

His voice trailed off. I felt as if Jim had dealt me a blow.

To Be Continued

## Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

A few days ago John C. Wegner, head of the Municipal Employment Bureau of Paterson, N. J., announced that he had been commissioned by a "lonely widower with nine children" to find a wife for him.

This bit of news was very widely copied in the daily papers, and at least accounts three women were sitting in Mr. Wegner's office anxiously awaiting the advent of the ready-made family that was expected to call en masse.

The picture of three ladies sitting in the Municipal Employment Bureau, awaiting the choice of the "lonesome widower," is more suggestive of the pre-historic days of "The Judgment of Paris" and the ensuing Trojan war, than Twentieth Century America, where the U. S. Senate decided, a week or so ago, that all women should be given equal political rights.

A school teacher once told me that girl children could be depended upon to remember the origin of the Trojan war better than boy pupils. Girls always seem to feel that a war fought over the good looks of three women and the fascinations of a fourth, was essentially a girl's war.

The amazing part of it is that human nature goes on reproducing itself apparently on the same old model. In the earliest dawn of creation, so long ago that it is impossible to disentangle the real from the legendary, we are told that a golden apple, which shall take a beauty prize—a golden apple inscribed: "For the Fairest."

The Same Mystical Number

Eons and eons of time pass, and we still have the same mystical number of women sitting in Mr. Wegner's municipal office, awaiting the arrival of a widower to make a choice.

Shall we always have a few women of this type, women who are willing to accept the hazards of matrimony upon an unknown man—not to mention the nine children—rather than face the more modern method of taking chances with a job?

No, in spite of the apparent parallel between the beautiful shepherd Paris, passing judgment on the respective good looks of the goddesses Juno, Minerva and Venus, and the three women sitting in the municipal employment office of Paterson, N. J., awaiting the judgment of the widower with the nine children, it would seem we are going to have less and less of this "hand-me-down" romance as time goes on.

Women do not "marry for homes" today with anything like the frequency they did even a generation ago, while the most casual survey of the earlier Victorian novels shocks us by the extent to which this was done for her day. A group of women, riding home from the funeral of a neighbor's wife, calmly discuss her successor and canvass about for her among the spinsters of their acquaintance.

Women's Only Career

In those days there was no other career open to a single woman but that of a "hanger-on" in the household of some married relative; and the amount of work that those women did without compensation of any sort was appalling. No eight-hour day for them; they worked from early dawn 'till late at night for a roof and a crust, and they

were made to feel their good fortune in getting these bare necessities.

Such social conditions have been at the bottom of women's underpaid work and have made women's work one of the most difficult elements of adjustment in the labor market in the past.

It is curious to think of this exploitation of an entire sex, going on generation after generation, and the exploiters being the women of their own families. One does not have to be very old to recall the faithful spinster aunt who did everything about a house that everyone else left undone. She nursed the sick, she sewed, she did all the pickling and preserving, and sometimes she was rewarded with a cast-off garment or a pair of shoes.

A sort of humorous pity hung about her, because she had missed the only successful career open to women in those days—marriage. All the coarse fun of the playwright to get married and exchange her unpaid slavery for a "home of her own."

Work as a Matter of Course

How much better girls have things to-day! They take up work or a profession as a matter of course, and they marry if they find a man who is worth giving up work for, or they keep right on with the job, if that seems best. The effect of the new order of things makes the average young man of today less certain of his wife than his father was, and considerably less certain than was his grandfather.

She is "economically independent," or in other words, she is able to paddle her own canoe, and if he treats her badly she is apt not to go home to mother, but to go back to the shop or the office; and the element of uncertainty is a wholesome thing for a certain type that regarded his wife as his chattel.

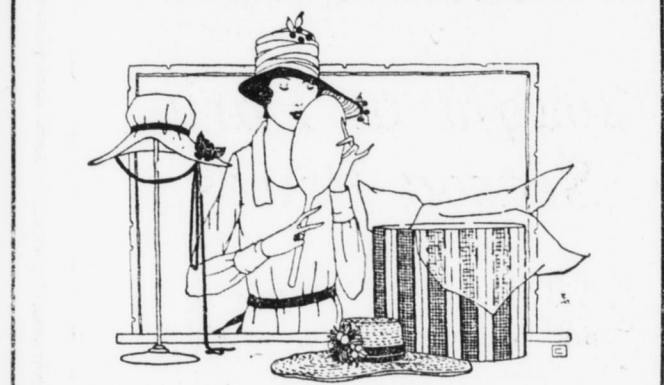
Personally I should have enjoyed being present in Mr. Wegner's office when the modern "Paris" with his nine children fled in to decide which of the three waiting ladies was best qualified

to take over the family. It must have been a curious scene, and one that didn't "hitch up" with that momentous decision passed by the Senate a week or so ago, that women are the political equals of men.

## Quick, Safe Way to Remove Hairs

(Toilet Talks)

Keep a little talcote powder on your dressing table and when ugly, hairy growths appear, make a paste with a little of the powder and some water, apply and let remain on the hairy surface for 2 or 3 minutes, then rub off, wash the skin and the hairs have vanished. This treatment is quite harmless and rarely more than one application is required, but to avoid disappointment care should be used to buy the real talcote.



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## Advice to the Lovelorn

### AN INDIGNANT LOVER.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been engaged since the first of the year. For the past few months my fiancée has tried several times to make engagements with other men. She excuses herself by saying that she cannot forget her former acquaintances, but that these men will disappear in due time. Still, as soon as one passes on another appears. I am not seeking sympathy, but advice. What I desire to know is whether her actions will keep up after our marriage and what chances I am taking.

M.

I haven't any way of knowing whether your fiancée's conduct has been reprehensible. Perhaps it has. But I must confess that your own course invites criticism. I don't see how any young woman can tolerate your attitude of suspicion and distrust. If you have an actual grievance against her "have it out" with her. Otherwise, show that you respect her and have confidence in her. For my own part I cannot see that any disloyalty to you is involved in her seeing other old friends occasionally, since your engagement is known, but that is a matter young engaged couples have to decide for themselves. The thing for you to do is talk this over thoroughly with your betrothed. If she agrees to your restrictions, you should promise what she asks of you in return.

**RUMORIST!**

"Mrs. Gasley is a great gossip."  
"Yes, she has a keen sense of rumor."—Boston Transcript.

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Values that without doubt are setting the pace for the Fall of 1919.

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**SHOES For Growing Girls**

They have medium and narrow toes, and low heels, hand-sewed soles. Come in black, kid, mahogany calf, mahogany calf and black patent. Widths B to E. Priced at

**\$4.49 to \$5.49**

Brown Kid Military Hee Shoes, cloth tops to match; sizes 2 1/2 to 8. **\$3.98**

Black Kid Lace Shoes, cloth top, plain toe, medium high heels. **\$2.98**

Growing Girls' Patent Col. Shoes, in button, broad toes, low heels; all sizes ..... **\$2.49**

Dull Leather English Shoes for growing girls; sizes 2 1/2 to 4 1/2; extra good values ..... **\$2.98**

At **\$6.98** a pair they are really exceptional values. Black Kid Lace Boots, long narrow toes, high slender heels made of leather, values that are regularly worth \$7.50 at **\$4.98** a pair.

Patent Lace Shoes, for dress wear. Long vamps, with high dressy heels. Come both in cloth and leather tops, widths A to D, at **\$4.98 to \$5.98**.

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Medium toes as well as the English lasts. All have hand-sewed soles and represent the very latest in this season's styles.

There are values here that sell up to \$10 a pair at

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Men's Black Kid Shoes, blucher cut, cushion soles, rubber heels, extra flexible ..... **\$5.98**

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One big store room devoted entirely to the sale of boys' and girls' shoes—the most complete variety in Harrisburg at prices less than present wholesale cost.

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Same style in sizes 6 to 8 at **\$1.98**.

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Play Shoes for children. Come in a tan and mahogany lotus calf leathers, both button and lace. Have heavy, stitched soles and extended edges. **\$2.29**

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