



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

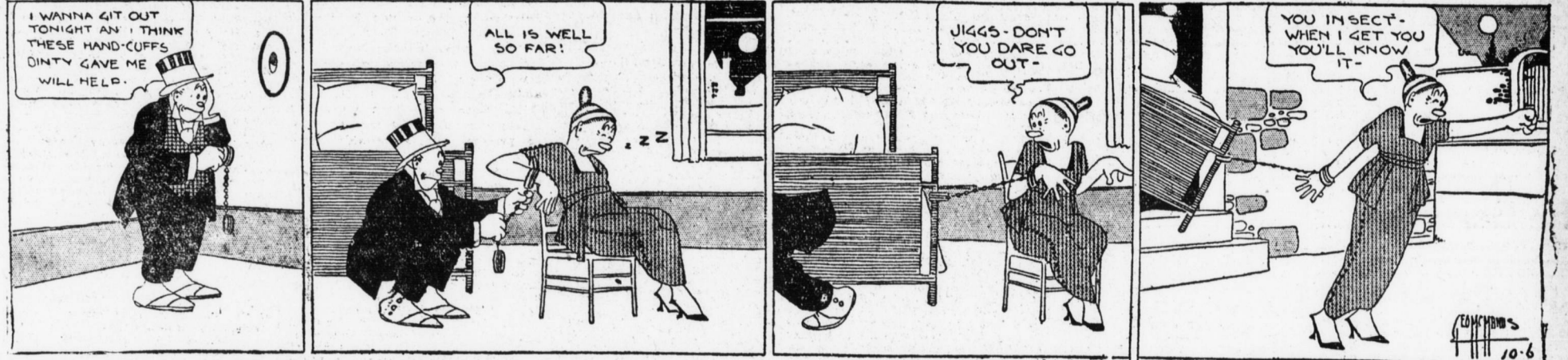
CHAPTER CXXVII
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 Toward noon on the day after our excursion to inspect the estate Tom Mason wanted to buy, Phoebe ran in for a visit.
 "I've heaps to tell you," she exclaimed, as we settled down cozily on my living room couch like a pair of boarding-school girls stealing an after-lights-out visit.
 "Some such dark secret as what a darling my brother Neal is," I said gaily.
 This produced an astonishing effect on Phoebe. Her face darkened to an uncomfortable crimson, and she cried explosively, "Virginia is making life unendurable for me and Neal won't do a thing about it. It makes me—almost hate him, though I love him so."
 "Come now, dear," I ventured, plunging in where perhaps angels might have feared to tread. Isn't that precisely what you've come to talk over with me?"
 "What do you mean to insinuate?" demanded Phoebe, giving her head a Harrison toss.
 "You'd planned to start with our good times yesterday, and how attentive Tom was to Irma Warren, and how lovely Hidden Brook is, and how remarkable it is that some one is putting the Harrison Place in order, and how loyal Irma Warren was in her insistence on going home to dine with her uncle and—"
 Smiling and almost out of breath and ammunition, I stopped and gave Phoebe's hand a quick little squeeze before I went on. "After we'd gone over all that, you were going to get around to what is nearer and dearer to both of us."
 "Indeed!" said Phoebe rather topically, "and since you know just what I'd planned to say, why don't you say it for me?"
 "Is that fair, dear?" I asked.
 "Are you telling me I've been fickle and presumptuous? Aren't we sisters after all?"
 Then Phoebe softened and was an eager child again instead of the icy Harrison grande dame she automatically becomes now and then.
 "I'll tell you, Anne," she murmured. "Everything! Virginia is driving me mad. She roams around the house like an injured saint—stately and aloof. She talks as little as she can and has the coldest expression in her eyes when she has to look at me. You'd think she was a poor, pale, helpless ghost. But there's iron and steel underneath. Yet I can't put my finger on her or pin her down to anything."
 "Yes, dear; I can picture that. But what of it?"
 "What of it?" asked Phoebe indignantly. "When am I going to discuss my wedding with her? Does she think I'm going to wait almost three years till I'm twenty-one? Does any one think that? Living with a silent, gliding ghost is bad

enough. But when it has power to stand between you and all you want—can you think how dreadful that is?"
 "But you must wait!"—I began with the patience it is so easy to prescribe for others. Phoebe, however, flicking her eyes scornfully over my face, broke in.
 "I must wait! You sound just like Neal with his everlasting idea that we must wait if Neal loves me, why doesn't he take me out of my prison? We have only to cross the state border and be married, and then what can Virginia do? If some one had the courage to defy her, it might bring her to her senses and show her she isn't the queen of the world. It Neal really cares for me, wants me—"
 "If Neal only wanted you, dear," I said very gravely, "he would take you like this. You'd elope and be nine days' wonder in all the scandal-mongers' mouths and more would be a family feud and more cheap notoriety because of that. But Neal has adoration and respect and worship to add to merely wanting you. He's giving you a big love for your whole life, and that's worth waiting for. He's coming to the front door of your home and claim you royally before all the world. Isn't that worth a little time and patience?"
 Phoebe's lips quivered, and then she flung herself into my arms and sobbed like the poor little spoiled child she sometimes is. After a minute of comforting she straightened back, took out her little vanity case and with a concluding sniff or two gravely powdered her nose and adjusted her hat.
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 "I'm better now," she said quaintly. "I only wanted to hear you insist that Neal cares for me as much as I do for him. I can stand living with Virginia and having Sheldon Blake smooching around if I'm sure Neal cares the way I do. But I have to be sure, and I lose courage to believe now and then."
 "Phoebe, look at me!" I commanded, seizing her shoulders in my two hands, "are you jealous? Are you going to let the green-eyed monster get you? Don't! For pity's sake, don't. Of all the misery!"
 "Course I'm not jealous," said Phoebe, wriggling away and going to the big French mirror to prim a bit. "Do I look nice—nice enough to go down to Mrs. Cosby's for lunch?"
 "To Mrs. Cosby's?" I repeated dully. "Yes, Val?"
 "Yes, wasn't it dear of her to ask me too?" Then at sight of my blank face. "Oh, aren't you going? I'm so sorry, I hope you're not offended. Anne, I suppose she has you so often, she probably thought it was nice not to have the family all together."
 "My dear Phoebe, I interrupted with what I meant for graciousness. "Why should Val Cosby invite me to every lunch she gives? Run alone, dear, you'll be late."
 But I couldn't keep a cold, suspicious note out of my voice.
 "Why should Val invite Phoebe and omit me?"
 (To Be Continued)

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

This is the story of Ethel May. I don't know positively that her name is Ethel May. Possibly it is Gwen Dolyn or Doris, Alice, Maud or Mary. But in my thoughts I have christened her Ethel May, so let it go at that.
 Ethel May is going on eight years old. When one is going on eight one ought not to have entirely lost one's belief in fairies and ought still to be able to thrill delightfully to such tales as "Red Ridinghood" and "The Three Bears." Yet one is beginning to grow up; all sorts of vague impulses and instincts are stirring which one does not completely understand. An Ethel May is continually asking of this big world in which she finds herself: "Why? Why? Why?"
 Five years ago Ethel May was a baby—a pink and white cherub of a baby with golden rings of hair and an adorable smile—the kind of a baby that people exclaim over. But her parents were poor and she had but few advantages. Consequently, everybody regarded it as a streak of great good luck for her when a well-to-do sister of her mother's decided to assume the responsibility of bringing her up.
 This aunt was a woman about thirty years old, who had lost two children of her own, and was of a generous, kindly disposition. Both she and her husband, a man thirteen years older than herself, were captured by Ethel May's winsome charms, and laid all sorts of ambitious plans for her future.
 They took her into their home, and have brought her up as their daughter, although not legally adopting her. They have given her every advantage to fit her to their idea of what they think she ought to be. They have looked after her education, have sent her to dancing schools, have tried in every way to make her accomplished and well-behaved. In short, they have sought to make her "a little lady." Yet, in spite of all this, Ethel May is a disappointment. Her dancing master complains that she

other child in the world, no matter what its environment, does show them in a more or less exaggerated degree.
 But there is one thing that every human being feels among its earliest and strangest impulses—the demand for justice. And that is what Ethel May has not received. She was brought into the world without asking her consent; she was taken over by her uncle and aunt without her consent being asked; she has been brought up to conform to their ideas of what she ought to be, without having her own tastes and inclinations consulted; she has been over-indulged and over-restricted, and then when she kicks over the traces or gets on the nerves of a settled, middle-aged couple, she is scolded and picked on as "naughty."
 She is only "going on eight," and she is in the anomalous position of having people for her parents whom she knows are not her parents, and who admit they lack the patience of real parents; yet she is supposed to show the restraint and understanding of a grown woman.
 Taking a child "to raise" is a serious business. People have learned from sad experience that something more is required for poultry raising than a patch of wire-netted ground and a few settings of eggs, and for fruit growing than a few strands of sapling apple or peach trees. But still they assume without a qualm of fear the much more complicated task of developing and cultivating a human soul. Justice is the civic rule to follow. You are not taking a pet dog to train according to your ideas, but a child who has a right to be studied and developed as God intended it to be.

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A dispatch from Manchester, New Hampshire, announces that Governor Bartlett has personally investigated complaints that boys have been flogged with rubber whips at the State Industrial School. That he found the reports to be true and had ordered the practice stopped.
 "The Governor said he had been shown the room at the school where the floggings took place and the instruments used. These he said consisted of pieces of solid rubber a foot long with wooden handles."
 I wonder how many boys have been brutalized beyond the point of reclaiming by those "solid rubber whips a foot long with wooden handles?"
 And it is safe to conclude that the taxpayers of the State will be paying for this error in discipline till the law takes its final toll of these unfortunate boys.
 That children are not made better by brutality is the experience of "reform school" keepers all over the country. They explain their failure by saying the children are incorrigible. Then, why allow these paid thugs to brutalize a child that is irreclaimable.
 For that is the meaning of "incorrigible" according to what we mean by that word. "Deprived beyond the possibility of reform, irreclaimable."
 Humane, intelligent people have taken these so-called incorrigibles and turned them into useful, law-abiding citizens. But they did not do it by flogging, whipping and other forms of murderous assault. Whatever has been done in the way of improvement has been done by an appeal to reason, by trying to awaken sensibilities that have been deadened by cruelty and inhumanity.
 Advantages of the Binet System
 The Binet system has completely routed old methods of dealing with children. First, know your child. It is the principle on which the system is founded. Is he normal or abnormal? Are certain of his faculties defective, what are his children's what are his faults, in what does he excel, in what does he fail?
 The whole question of the child, his possibilities of development, his relatively weak or wholly lacking powers are worked out by the Binet tests with the simplicity and exactness of a problem in arithmetic.
 The child is put before you as a workable problem to which you apply intelligence and patience. You have no more need of whips, cat-o'-nine-tails and instruments of torture in bringing up girls and boys than you would require them to do an example in arithmetic.
 The popularity of whips, switches, clubs and other instruments of chastisement is to be found, not in the good done the child, but in the relief afforded the angry adult. And "reform schools" unfortunately are not the only examples of this first aid to the angry.
 Parents, even kind and affectionate parents, often fall into this mistake of the dark ages in attempting to bring up their children.
 The Law of Self-Preservation
 In beating a child a parent really forgets that self-preservation is the strongest law of nature. And they wonder, these mothers and fathers of cruelly whipped children, why their boys and girls will lie, run away from home and do other violent deeds to escape such punishment. The child is merely obeying a law as old as life itself—the law of self-preservation.
 Children seldom forget such exhibitions on the part of their parents, and are never deceived by any such theatrical nonsense as "it hurts me worse than it does you."
 When a child is beaten cruelly, either in a "reform school" or his home something of courage, power, fineness goes out of that child, something that all the king's horses and all the king's men can never give back. You have hurt the child's self-respect; he knows himself to be the victim of another's anger; against this he has no redress—it marks the first dawn of recklessness.
 A generation ago people spoke unblushingly of "breaking a child's will" not realizing they were killing the little spark of divinity that God gave him to go through life.

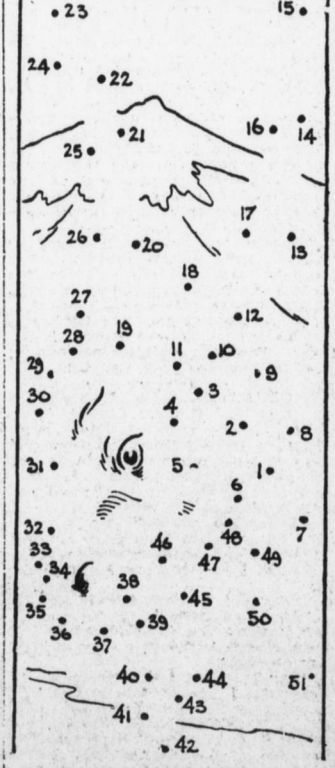
mentary on modern life "The Reform School," that never reforms.
 The only way to "reform" children is to appeal to their reason and sense civilized course of training and one before the sensibilities have been blunted by beatings and brutal treatment, but not successfully afterward. If the responsive quality in the child has deteriorated from wrong punishment or has been defective from the beginning then he will require a specialized course of training and one that takes into account these deficiencies.
 But the whipping post and cat-o'-nine-tails play no part in these reforms. Have the Binet test applied and then consult some one who has made a specialty of child welfare.

Col. Moss, Well-known Officer, Resigns After Many Years of Service

Colonel James A. Moss, Infantry, U. S. A., who is among the best known officers of the army, resigned his commission as temporary Colonel, and also his commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the Regular Army, to take effect August 31, 1919, and his resignations were accepted.
 Colonel Moss, who has seen extensive service, is a veteran of the Cuban and Philippine campaigns, and took the 38th Colored Infantry, and took the 38th Colored Infantry, U. S. A., to France in 1918. He is a graduate of the U. S. M. A., class of 1894, and is the author of a number of valuable military manuals. He some years ago rendered valuable assistance at the War Department in the reduction of paper work in the army, in addition to a simplification of its card system. At one time he was one of the foremost bicycle experts in the army. During the war with Spain he served as a First Lieutenant in the 24th Infantry, taking part in the Cuban campaign, being in the battle of El Caney and in the operations against Santiago. He was recommended for the brevet of Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct. In the resignation of Colonel Moss the army loses a valuable and efficient officer.

TO BE RETURNED
 Lewistown, Pa., Oct. 6.—Charles F. McCormick, who has been baggage agent at the Pennsylvania Railroad station for the past 26 years, has asked for retirement under the pension plan of the company at the age of 65 years.

Daily Dot Puzzle



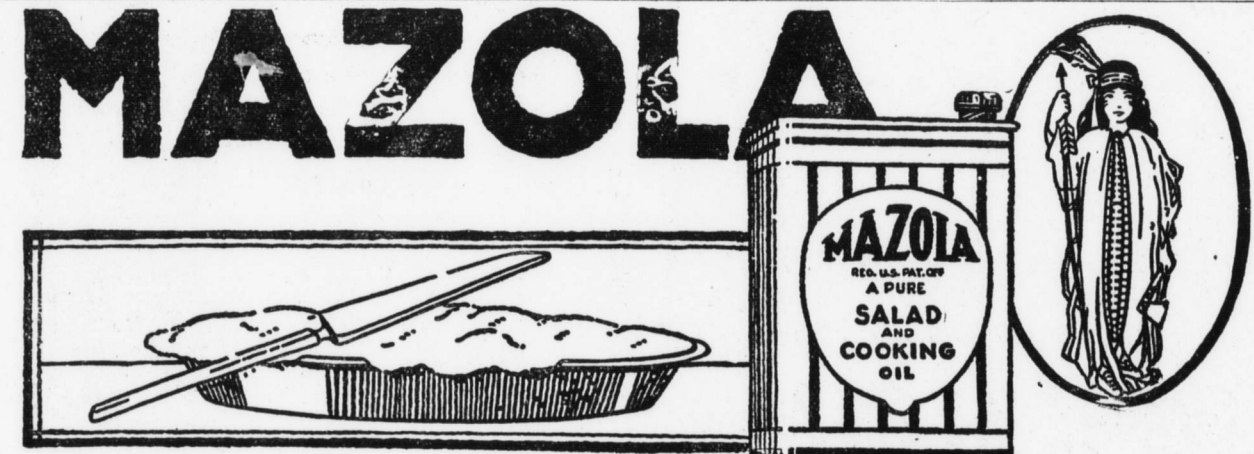
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

Ruddy Cheeks—Sparkling Eyes—Most Women Can Have
 Says Dr. Edwards, a Well-Known Ohio Physician
 Dr. F.M. Edwards for 17 years treated scores of women for liver and bowel ailments. During these years he gave to his patients a prescription made of a few well-known vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, naming them Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. You will know them by their olive color.
 These tablets are wonder-workers on the liver and bowels, which cause a normal action, carrying off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system.
 If you have a pale face, sallow look, dull eyes, pimples, coated tongue, headaches, a listless, no-good feeling, all out of sorts, inactive bowels, you take one of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets nightly for a time and note the pleasing results.
 Thousands of women and men take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the successful substitute for calomel—now and then just to keep them fit, 10c and 25c.

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 All This Week
 We shall display a full and complete line of Quaker Laces for Curtains As Well As Other Laces
 You are especially invited to make your selection from our lines during this week. We have chosen the choicest designs of the line for our display, and these together with our extensive assortment of other laces and our particularly fine line of
 Over Draperies
 give you an almost limitless selection for your winter curtains and draperies.
 We will be pleased to give you estimates for curtains for one room or an entire home.
 THE BLAKE SHOP
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LET US DYE YOUR OLD CLOTHES
 In these times, when new clothes cost so much money, every man and woman should do everything to economize—especially when you stop to consider that we can dye your old clothes in any shade and they will be like new. You certainly ought to have them dyed. It is a waste of money to pay high prices for new clothes when your old clothes are really good except for having them dry cleaned or for the want of being dyed a new color.
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