

# 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 CCCXXV

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This morning the shrilling summons of the phone roused me from a sound sleep. I woke and lay for a minute reconstructing things and remembering how wonderfully close Jim and I have come. I have at last sloughed my old business-training habit of feeling I can think things out for myself better than any one else. I have come to complete faith in my husband and to a willingness, nay, a yearning, to lean on him. And he, in return, has shown not only an understanding and standing but a beautiful respect for me and a great happiness in the fact that life is bringing us closer and closer to each other.

Suddenly I had to laugh at myself. Here I was mooning away and listening to the phone without a move to answer it.

"It must be early," I told myself as I padded across the floor. Evidently even Hedwig isn't up yet."

Then I took down the receiver and said a sleepy

"Hello!"

"Bless my heart—if that isn't our Anne. You're up early in the morning. It's your Uncle Ned," came the unmistakable accents over the wire. "Is Jim ready?"

"Ready for what?" I asked.

"Didn't you get the message to start—anywhere," I replied, feeling the blood drain away from my face and the heart sink fathoms deep in my quivering body. "He isn't going to start anywhere—day, is he?"

I asked, adding in a shaken, little half-voice, "On my birthday?"

"Didn't you get the message last night, child?" asked Uncle Ned almost impatiently. "The train goes in an hour. This is most important. Will he be ready?"

The message came that you'd phone him early this morning and he should be ready. I asked, "Ready for what?" and the man didn't know. And I forgot to tell Jim. Things came up. And he hadn't seen anything about going. I only knew Pat and you—"

"Hurry, child, hurry! Wake your Jimmie and chuck a few things in a bag for him as my bride is doing for the old uncle. This is important. We mustn't waste time chatting much as I always enjoy it. I'll call for your boy in a taxi in just forty-five minutes."

Then a quick good-bye and the conversation ended.

In a daze I called Jim. He never wakes easily and a romantic kiss wouldn't have done—even if I hadn't been shaken, somehow, out of the mood for kissing. When Jim was roused at last and reached sleepy arms to me, I blurted out Uncle Ned's message and forced the jealous accusation that was trying to fight its way up into words.

In a great rush Jim leaped from bed and began firing orders at me. Whereupon in a jiffy I ran Jim's bath, got out his shaving things, packed his bag and hurried out to the kitchen between whites to see how the coffee I had started was doing. There wasn't time for much to be said between us. Jim was munching a piece of toast when the taxi was announced. All there had been time for was an occasional:

"Will three shirts be enough? Do you want your gra suit? How many collars?"

"Now as I stood waiting for the elevator," I ventured:

"How long will you be gone?"

"Not more than three days at the most," replied Jim. "I hate to leave you, dear. But when Uncle Ned descends on me like this, you can see it's rather important. Never could have made it but for you. Well here's the car. I must run for it. I'll send you a wire as soon as we land. So long, dear."

Then a quick clasp of his strong arms—a kiss or two and Jim was gone.

Back in the apartment I sank on the couch, staring unseeing ahead. This was my birthday morning. And Jim had gone off without a thought that it was my day. I would be alone again as I had been last evening.

Two or three tears forced themselves between my eyelids and rolled down my face. I brushed them away. It was silly to cry. Beside my pain was too deep for tears. That Jim had forgotten my birthday wasn't what really mattered. It wasn't being left alone that hurt. The thing went deeper than that. It was bigger than any petty personal grief over a day and date on the calendar.

What hurt was this. I have come to the glorious place where I want Jim to lead and only to follow him. My trust in him was absolute last night and I showed that I wanted to confide in him completely. I thought he understood, reciprocated my feelings, but he must have been laughing at me. He must have been sneering at me for the weak, clinging thing I am letting love make me.

I'd let him go with a word of reproach. I couldn't have asked a single question to save my life. But I felt sure without asking that all along Jim had realized he was to go on Uncle Ned and Pat. He hadn't found the courage to tell me. He hadn't given me faith for faith—confidence for confidence. He doesn't trust me completely.

I have taken Jim into the inner citadel of my life. And I am more than ever shut out from his thoughts—from his real self.

What a birthday this is to be!

(To Be Continued.)

## New York Writer Owes Bride to Air Raids Over London

London, Oct. 15.—An air raid romance has culminated in an international wedding at the famous old Church of St. Mary's, in the Wimbledon section of London, when Miss Olive Stokes, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Stokes, the former a retired official of the Great Western Railway, was married to Hayden Church, for 20 years an American journalist in Great Britain.

The story of their romance goes back to the dark days of the autumn of 1917, when the war was far from won and London was being relentlessly bombed. Mr. Church at that time lived in the Russell Square section of London's West End, a district which suffered with especial severity.

The result of the week of raids was that Mr. Church betook himself to Ealing, a suburb west of London, in order to resume his habit of writing evenings.

It was here, at his hotel in Ealing, that he first met Miss Stokes.

## Senate Debate on Shantung Provision Continues Bitter

Washington, Oct. 15.—Bitter feeling engendered by the Peace Treaty's Shantung provision got close to the boiling point again yesterday in the Senate.

Repeatedly during a five-hour debate on the subject the gavel sounded, oratorical projects, and once it was ruled that language used had violated the Senate's rules by imputing to Senators conduct unworthy and unbecoming.

The declaration to which formal objection was taken was made by Senator McCumber, Republican, of North Dakota, the original author of a heated exchange with Senator Reed, Democrat, Missouri, and had to do with charges that Japan was acting in bad faith in the promise of her statement to return Shantung province to China.

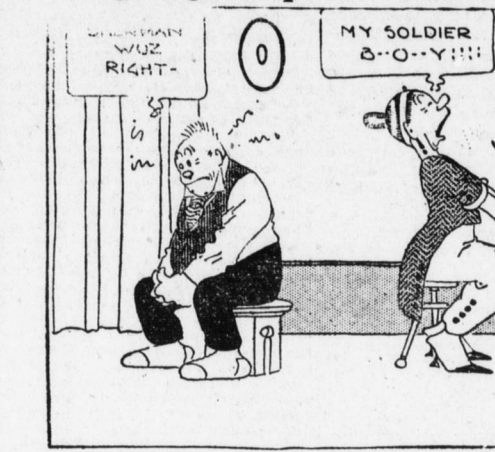
## Penna. Odd Fellows Adjourn After Dance; Elect New Officers

Williamsport, Pa., Oct. 15.—The following officers were elected by the twenty-sixth annual session of the Department Council Patriarchs Militant Pennsylvania Odd Fellows, which closed its sessions with a dance in the armory last night: President, Major General J. B. Andrews, of Altoona; vice-president, Brigadier General Richard J. Lippy, of Easton; secretary, Lieutenant Colonel Harry V. Hinds, of Altoona; treasurer, Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Brown, of Harrisburg; officer of the day, Major Walters, of Altoona; chaplain general, Colonel George W. Morton, of Reno; officer of the guard, Colonel W. E. Carroll, of Pittsfield; sentinal, Captain Charles A. Gotwalt, of York; picket, Colonel W. E. Sterner, of Montgomery.

## BROUGHT TO HOSPITAL

Lewistown, Pa., Oct. 15.—Charles Turbett, of Burnham, who has typhoid fever, has been taken to the Harrisburg Hospital for treatment.

## Bringing Up Father



### DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



2760—Gingham, seersucker, drill, galatea, khaki, lawn, percale and flannelite, are good for this style. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be in wrist length or finished in elbow length, with a cuff.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36 inch material. The dress by measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot.

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### Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX  
COULD NOT ANSWER PHONE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

At a house party I attended recently, I made the acquaintance of a young man. Since the moment I first saw him I had a liking for him. He asked my name and telephone number, which I gave him. He called me up the other day, and it happened my employer answered the phone. He asked my name and telephone number, which I gave him. He called me up the other day, and it happened my employer answered the phone. He asked my name and telephone number, which I gave him.

### SOUNDS LIKE TRUE LOVE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

There is a certain man in our office who smiles at me, and it seems he would like to speak. I know I love him, but I can't seem to be able to get him to take me out. I notice how he blushes when he sees me, and when I come in in the morning and he is at his desk he seems glad. I don't go out, but stay home evenings and dream about him. I am going to leave this job any day now, not because I want to, but because it is only temporary. I guess I am just foolish, but one thing I do know, I feel over him the way I never felt for anyone else.

LONESOME.

It would seem to be a simple enough matter to become better acquainted with the young man in the same office as you are. And if he smiles and seems glad when you come in of a morning, it looks as if the interest was mutual. Why do you not get some friend who knows you both to get up a picnic, movie party or a dance, and invite you both? When two young people are glad to see each other, a more friendly footing is easily arranged.

## LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

It looks sometimes as if, not finding our trouble crop a very large one, we are tempted to do a little intensive farming in order to secure a more abundant harvest.

Here is a letter from a young man who is suffering a terrible attack of that well-known disease, the New England conscience. He begins by going to some extent into the family history, for he attributes most of his worries to hereditary influences.

"My father," he says, "was a good businessman and had a great deal of money, but he always made the life of my mother and the lives of everyone about him extremely bitter. He was never content."

"Now, although I have tried hard not to take after him, it is of no avail. I find that I am exactly like him in every way except that he was religious and I am not."

"I became acquainted with a young woman two years ago; but I hate to marry her because I feel that I can never make her happy, although I love her. I do not know what to do; it will break her heart in order to resume his habit of writing evenings."

"But will she always feel that way? My mother was a saint, but she could not always reconcile herself to my father's crankiness."

"There is another worthless thing about me. I am earning a good salary and have all my expenses paid by the firm I travel for, but still I can't save half as much as I should. I just love to spend money. So you see that, all in all, I am hardly worth the love of a sweet, innocent girl, and to embitter her life seems a crime. So what would you advise me to do?"

I should advise you first not to take yourself so seriously. The moment we begin to take ourselves very seriously we also begin to take ourselves very sadly, and so add to the general gloom which is a crime in itself. There is another worthless thing about me. I am earning a good salary and have all my expenses paid by the firm I travel for, but still I can't save half as much as I should. I just love to spend money. So you see that, all in all, I am hardly worth the love of a sweet, innocent girl, and to embitter her life seems a crime. So what would you advise me to do?"

one knoweth what a day may bring forth" would be nice texts for you to ponder frequently and endeavor to assimilate their spirit.

Detach yourself, and look at the matter from the outside. This is the straight case, isn't it? You are a young man with excellent business connections, engaged to a girl whom you love and who loves you. But on the brink of marriage you are shying like a horse frightened at its own shadow.

It seems to me that the whole trouble is a psychological one. It is evident that your father's villain-temper and your mother's consequent unhappiness impressed you very deeply as a child, and you are suffering now from the effect of those early impressions.

But look at the question sensibly. Perhaps your father might not have been so cranky, if your mother had understood him better and had not taken his peculiarities so much to heart. One never can tell.

The girl you are going to marry may have an entirely different disposition. Let us hope she has a sense of humor; she may laugh you out of this idea that you are impossible to live with. She probably has a temper of her own also. She would not be human if she had not. And you and she do not have to duplicate the lives of your father and mother. You have no doubt very different ideas and views from the ones they held, and it is hardly likely that you will meet with the same experiences.

It never pays to be afraid of life. As long as you believe that anything has the power to hurt you, it will certainly and sorely torment you; but if you resolve to take the day as it comes, good-naturedly, serenely and determinedly, and if you will find plenty of things in it that are good and glad.

Don't let your sub-conscious mind boss you. Boss it. It will do as you tell it; therefore, assert to yourself every day, and again and again if necessary, that you are not going to brood over the old, unhappy memories of childhood, and also that you are a very good-tempered and pleasant fellow.

As for your tendency to spend too much money, time and increasing responsibilities will probably rectify that; and there are few wives who fret over that particular crime on the part of their husbands, provided they themselves have a share in the expenditure.

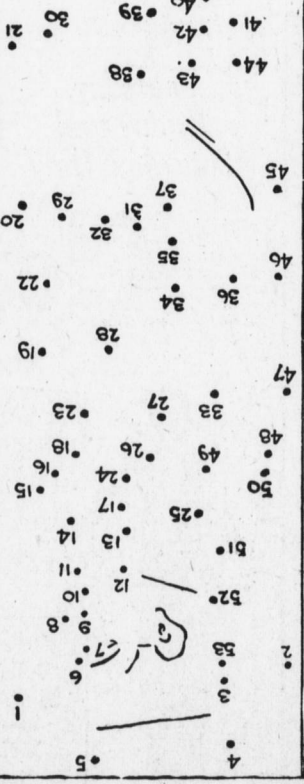
**Father Throws Childs to Safety; Loses Life**

New York, Oct. 15.—The quick action of her father in throwing her from his arms to the sidewalk just before she was struck and killed by an Eighth avenue car saved Mary, 3-year-old daughter of Cornelius Murphy, from a similar fate. The child escaped with a lacerated scalp and will leave a hospital in a few days.

**BANK TO COPY TREASURY**

Chicago, Oct. 15.—The Treasury Building, in Washington, has been taken as a model for the base of the bank and office building which the North American Trust Company will erect.

### Daily Dot Puzzle



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

### Hair Under Arms DeMiracle

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### Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

A Bulletin of the Federal Census Department reveals the fact that more than 10 per cent of the marriages in this country end in divorce. And that the number and proportion of divorces have been steadily increasing for the past 30 years.

Since 1906 the number of divorces has increased in every state of the Union except Colorado, Maine, South Dakota and West Virginia. These states are sufficiently far apart, geographically speaking, to eliminate the question of climate, food and laws as factors in the conservation of family life.

The only conclusion one might draw from these four banner states, domestic by speaking, is that each has a large agricultural population and that people who live on farms are too busy to quarrel. But as the argument falls in regard to other states with equally large farming communities, we are driven to believe that these four happy valleys are entirely a matter of chance.

Divorces began to increase in the United States rapidly after the Civil War. From the year 1867 to 1876 they climbed to 12,212 per year; in 1916 the official figure showed 112,026 divorces. In the ten years preceding the last Federal Census the population of the country increased 20.7 per cent and the divorces increased 68.4 per cent.

The detailed statistics of 108,702 decrees granted in 1916 indicate that 31.1 per cent were granted to the husband and 74.8 per cent to the wife. Desertion and non-support, which are the commonest cause of breaking the marriage tie, leads the department official to suggest that it is due to this fact that the husbands appear as the chief sinners.

The question of infidelity and the divorces granted for this cause afford food for thought. More men were granted divorces for unfaithfulness on the part of their wives than were granted for this cause, 6,859 were for infidelity on the part of the wife and 6,886 on the part of the husband.

One may be pardoned for speculating on prevailing fashions and the part their provocative audacity may have played in the securing of these 6,850 decrees.

Improperly in dressing, on the part of the women, reached its zenith during the Napoleonic wars, and present day styles are not far behind—may the League of Nations grant our eyes a longed-for respite from the "federal feminine" chronicle on view.

Desertion is the most fruitful source of divorce in the United States, being the cause of about one-third of all the decrees. This charge may mean incompatibility, shiftlessness, non-support and a whole category of human failings. The irresponsible partner has a way of side-stepping his matrimonial blunder. He prefers to "fade away" rather than to stand and face the music; this enables the survivor to sue on a charge of desertion.

Many people are under the impression that alimony is peculiarly a perk of the wife—a glance at the State of Wisconsin disproves this fallacy. In 1916, 25.1 per cent of the Wisconsin decrees gave the husband a preferred position as to alimony.

The significant fact is that divorce is on the increase in the United States. One marriage out of every

ten goes on the rocks, and yet the cry is for easier divorce laws. It would seem as if the life of a nation is made up of its collective home life, and one cannot survive without the other, that our speeding up the divorce mill will bear looking into.

The great patrons of the divorce courts are the rich—or at least the well-to-do—since legal separation is a luxury well nigh out of reach of the poor. Nor do the poor seek relief from the courts as often as the well-to-do or the rich; they are too busy trying to keep alive to consider seriously the trivial causes of disagreement of their more prosperous neighbors.

A lack of the home-making qualities on the part of the girls of this generation is another fruitful cause of divorce. Would it not be well if our public schools concerned themselves with this problem seriously. Initial attempts have been made in this direction, but they have not gone nearly far enough. A thorough course in Domestic Science ought to be given to every future wife and mother in the interests of better and more stable American homes.

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