

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 CCLXXVIII
(Copyright, 1919, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

"That's about the last thing you thought I'd do, wasn't it?" asked Val, after telling me that she wanted Jim to try to reach Lane by long distance.

Then she collapsed. She went off into a long faint, which was almost a coma and didn't come out of it until long after Jim and Pat had carried her up to the guest room, and Jennie and Bertha and I had undressed her and laid her in the big four-poster.

The doctor said it was shock, wrote prescriptions galore, ordered an ice bag and digitalin for her heart and left orders with the nurse that no one disturb his patient. But scarcely were we through the breakfast which had been so long delayed as to become breakfast-lunch—"brunch" as Jim called it—when the nurse appeared with the information that Mrs. Cosby insisted on seeing me.

"You'd better come. It's best not to let them work themselves up," said she.

"Shut the door," commanded Val when I appeared in answer to her summons, "and lock it."

I did as she bade me. Then I sat down beside the bed.

"Mustn't agitate yourself, Val." "I won't. But I'm not so sick that I don't know what'm doing."

"I'm not going to tell you a thing," she declared.

"No, Val, the only person you must tell anything to is Lane," I replied.

Val stared at me for a moment with an air of looking through my head into my mind. Then she asked:

"Has Jim reached Lane yet?"

"Not yet. But the call is for Montreal and the stop either side of there."

"Oh—that's good! What's Jim going to tell Lane when he gets him?"

"Just that you were smashed up a bit by a tumble down the river bank on the boundary of the Harrison Place."

"Well, that's so isn't it?" demanded Val.

"If that's all, I'll open your door and call the nurse."

"No—wait!" commanded Val. After a moment she asked: "Have you had any news from Mason Towers?"

"Pat went over," I replied.

Val dragged herself up in bed and winced with pain. But she demanded with a sort of breathless vigor:

"What did she say?"

"Evelyn? Pat didn't see her. She wouldn't come down. Mrs. Mason told him."

"Told him what? Talk faster."

"Told him that Shelly is gone."

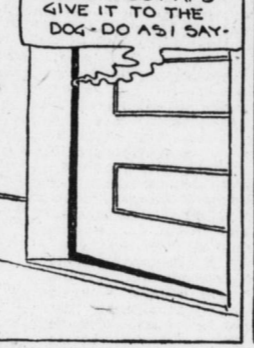
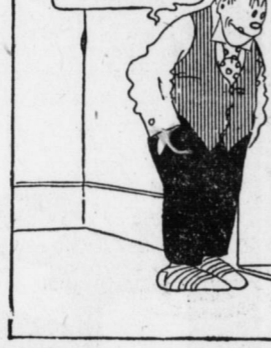
Bringing Up Father

BY GOLLY—THE COOK IS COOKIN' CORNED BEEF AN' CABBAGE—

MAGGIE'S VOICE!

HOW DARE YOU STUFF THAT HORRID STUFF IN MY HOUSE! TAKE IT OUT AND GIVE IT TO THE DOG—DO AS I SAY—

THIS IS A CRIME—



I replied, trembling with fear of the effect my words might have.

"I knew that," said Val, looking at me inscrutably. "He was gone when we got to them down there by the river. He died in Evelyn Mason's arms. He was speaking to her when he died. I wonder—"

"What he told her?"

"Her voice trailed off, and my astonishment banished discretion.

"Val!" I cried. "You speak of his going—as if a pet poodle had gone. You don't seem to care. Sheldon's dead. I thought when Evvy took him home that he'd come out of his swoon and the doctors would bring him back. But he's dead."

"He died in her arms," repeated Val. "He died speaking to Evvy Mason. I've had plenty of time to get used to that idea. What's death? Nothing. It's living that's hard sometimes. Living when you're restless and always unsatisfied, always wanting to conquer and to go on—on to what you haven't got. But what's the use— you wouldn't understand."

"I don't," I replied, "but wouldn't you be happier if you explained?"

"I wonder what Evvy Mason's going to do," replied Val, ignoring what I'd said. "I wonder."

She stared at me for a moment as if seeking the solution in my eyes. Then she laughed oddly.

"Only a day or so ago you thought I was a heroine because I put out the fire that was threatening the little Willoughby girl. I had to. I can't bear to see beautiful things destroyed. Eeoh! And to-day you think—no, on the whole I won't say what you think. But you're wrong. You're always wrong about me. Anne. Run along now and send Jim to me. He speaks my language."

"Val, dear," I forced myself to utter the word, "you're getting yourself wrought up to a fever. You mustn't see Jim."

"Send him, please," said Val, and so saying she turned in the big bed so that only her shaking shoulder was visible to me.

"You must be quiet," I protested. "I'll come back and let you know as soon as Jim reaches Lane."

"Let him in," said Val in a voice that seemed to hold either stifled laughter or muffled tears. "I won't vamp him."

"May I come in? I've a message."

"Let him in," said Val in a voice that seemed to hold either stifled laughter or muffled tears. "I won't vamp him."

"Then she pulled back the covers and revealed a face distorted by pain, with burnt-out embers for eyes and ashes for lips.

"Jim's safe with me," she muttered. "Anyone would be. I'll never play with fire again so long as I live. But I must talk to a man—a man like Jim—before I see Lane. Oh, Anne, if you want to help, if you ever cared for poor Shelly—go to Evvy Mason! Find out what she means to do. She hated me enough before. I wonder if she'll make a dead man pay for that? Now let Jim come in, please. And keep the nurse away. And hold tight to the fact that you'd invited me down here for the week-end."

To Be Continued.

Cox Calls Operators and Miners Together

Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 5.—In an effort to settle the coal strike so far as Ohio mining is concerned, Governor Cox called a meeting of operators and miners' officials for 11 a. m. to-day in his office.

This action was taken after conferences for several days with leaders on both sides of the issue.

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

I am going about with a young man and all our recent talks have been on the one subject, "What is love?" My idea is that if a man and woman go about with each other and feel happy when together, and take pride in each other's company, and then on leaving one another are anxiously waiting the next meeting, then they are in love. My friend, however, insists that love is surely of another nature.

This letter in to-day's mail expresses a question I am asked over and over every day and every week and every year. Why not? This is one of life's biggest problems. It's the thing that's hardest to answer, most difficult to measure and define, and yet it is the great crux of much of human happiness.

Love which is genuine and true is the feeling that can be trusted to illumine all of life. Romance is the great dream of the human soul. We all long not only for romance but for the Great Romance—the romance and mystery clad joy that comes from the One Great Love. We reach for it and miss it. We are given it by the kindly fates and destroy it. We have it, perhaps, and never know it.

And one of our biggest human problems lies in the question, "What is love?" and its corollary, "How are we going to know it when we have it?"

There are a great many people to whom love is nothing more than physical attraction—the magnetic leading of some force from eye to eye—the "biological pull" between man and woman.

Love to others is a sublimated friendship of pure form. It is the great dream of the human soul. We all long not only for romance but for the Great Romance—the romance and mystery clad joy that comes from the One Great Love. We reach for it and miss it. We are given it by the kindly fates and destroy it. We have it, perhaps, and never know it.

Real love, however, is all of these and more.

What built on a floor plan of water-tight compartments. You can't shut off friendship from love and liking from loving. There aren't walls between the various human emotions.

Do you remember the childish game of "cancelling names"? We used to tell fortunes by bracketing our name with that of the boy we liked, and after striking out the letters they had in common we said a ritual or revelation over the letters that remained. As I remember, it went: "Friendship, hatred, love, indifference, marriage."

What a silly game it seems! Yet how much joy we got out of a kindly verdict that said "Reginald loved us and we were his friend. Of course as we grow up, all of us discard the absurd game. But we carry on with us into life, the absurd attitude that divides off states of feeling from each other and doesn't see how all feeling merges into what has gone before and what comes after.

There isn't a wall between friendship and love. Some one has wisely said that friendship is love without flowers and veil.

That's true.

A deep, splendid, satisfying friendship between man and woman is perfectly possible. It may remain a friendship and nothing more to the end of time. But it holds the germ of other feelings. Or perhaps we might more conservatively say that

it is fallow ground for the germs of other feelings.

What a man and woman enjoy each other's society, respect each other's opinions, are satisfied with the stimulation which being together brings they have no more than a splendid friendship. They are in the state of liking each other. And that state may remain static for years or forever. But it is full of potentialities. It has kinetic energy. Love worth having must be based on liking. Emotion worth possessing must have the background of respectful friendship. The fusing of flesh where there is no call of spirit is debasing and can't last.

Love is friendship. That means love is congenially and respect and interest and liking and regard and courtesy and kindness—plus.

The affection deepens beyond liking to desire. The congeniality grows to a feeling of interests shared, and multiplied a thousand fold in value because shared. The respect deepens to reverence. The courtesy to tenderness. And the kindness to a protective passion that would suffer rather than give suffering.

Love is the beautiful trinity of spirit and mind and body. And never-unless the heart, hold all three and reverences all three feelings—has true love come to abide.

Advice to the Lovelorn

TELL HIM THE TRUTH

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been going out with a young man for a few months. He is very much in love with me, only I am beginning to realize that I do not love him. I do not know how I can show him that I do not care for him, as I gave him encouragement. Please advise me what course to pursue.

TELL THE YOUNG MAN THE TRUTH. That is the only fair and honest thing to do. Pursue this course in fairness to yourself and to the young man you want to spare as much as possible. Don't keep him dangling until you find some one you like better, telling yourself all the while that you do this to save him, quite honest pain is endurable. Treachery isn't.

DON'T BE MERCENARY

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: A young man who works for the same company as I do, only in one of our branch offices, calls me up quite often, and while on his vacation sent me several letters. When I would like to have your advice on this: When I talk to this young man in person he never asks me to go out with him. P. G. K.

Perhaps the young man can't afford

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

2800—This style will be pretty and attractive in lawn, percale, dimity, dotted Swiss, nankeen, voile or ging-ham. The skirt is a two-piece model. This pattern is cut in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 38-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about two yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Telegraph Pattern Department

For the 10 cents enclosed please send pattern to the following address:

Size Pattern No.

Name

Address

City and State

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

Daily Dot Puzzle



A COMFORTABLE BREAKFAST COSTUME
2800—This style will be pretty and attractive in lawn, percale, dimity, dotted Swiss, nankeen, voile or ging-ham. The skirt is a two-piece model. This pattern is cut in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 38-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about two yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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So we can, with confidence, invite you to inspect these stocks and make comparisons—both as to quality and prices. We claim our prices are lower than elsewhere, due to our low operating costs. Are they? We invite your inspection and comparison.

For Women	Kid Gloves .. \$2.98 to \$3.50
Boxed Handkerchiefs, 5c to \$1.00	Sweaters and Scarfs, \$3.00 to \$14.98
Silk Hosiery .. \$1.00 to \$5.00	Umbrellas .. \$1.50 to \$2.00
Bedroom Slippers, 50c to \$2.50	
Aluminum Cooking Utensils	For Men
Jewelry 25c to \$2.50	Silk Shirts .. \$3.98 and \$5.98
Velvet Hand Bags, \$2.95 to \$5.95	Madras Shirts, \$1.50 and \$2.50
Leather Purses and Bags, \$1.00 to \$5.95	Suspenders .. 59c to \$1.00
Traveling Bags, \$3.50 to \$7.50	Beautiful Ties, 75c to \$2.00
White Ivory Toilet Articles, 25c to \$1.98	Warm Gloves, \$2.25 to \$3.75
Bath Robes .. \$3.98 to \$7.50	Boxed Hosiery, 39c to \$1.50
Kimonos .. \$1.98 to \$6.98	Fancy Handkerchiefs, 25c to 59c
Silk Petticoats, \$3.98 to \$7.50	Night Shirts and Pajamas, \$1.00 to \$2.50
Fur Scarfs \$15 to \$100	Hose Supporters, 25c to 59c
Smart Coats \$25 to \$75	Belts
Beautiful Dresses, \$15 to \$50	For Children
Voile Waists, \$1.98 to \$15	Dolls 59c to \$7.50
Silk Waists \$3.98 to \$15	Hair Ribbons.
White Aprons, 50c to \$1.50	Hosiery.
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	Boxed Handkerchiefs.
	Boys' Neckties.
	Bedroom Slippers.

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This is a bona fide proposition. Save a dollar and get an unusual value in Shoes of Quality.

Orner's Boot Shop

24 NORTH THIRD STREET

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By McManus

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-seven. When I was discharged from the army last January I fell in love. A month ago I asked the young woman to be my wife and she consented. I now learn that for months this young lady has been going out with other men on the nights I did not call.

Why should you judge and condemn this girl? Don't you believe there is goodness and decency in this world? Don't you know that this girl might dine or go to the theater occasionally with other men and still be true to you and—that is more important—to herself? When you were not yet engaged she had every right to enjoy the society of other men. And even where after you were engaged and she wore your ring you might have trusted her enough to understand that she could spend an evening with a man friend just as innocently as with a girl. The evil of which you write has been first engaged she had every right to enjoy the society of other men. And even where

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Gifts

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