

Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE
A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife.

CHAPTER XXXIII

There is a whole world Jim and I must bridge to find each other. His viewpoint about the robe made me realize this. To Neal, Tom Mason's giving it to me had been an insult—to me the robe was an ugly sheet. I was afraid it would always haunt me—but to Jim it meant nothing.

It was when I made my second attempt to discuss the matter with Jim that I readied this. For he laughed at my seriousness, and said:

"Come dear, we'll stick the old robe back in the chest and forget it. Of course, you'd never wear it; but if you ever want to cut it up for dust-cloths or a lamp-shade, why, I'm game."

"But, Jim, I can't have it here—it haunts me. It hurts my self-respect," I cried.

"Why should it?" Suddenly Jim's voice grew taut. He seized my shoulders in his hard hands and held me off as arm's length while his eyes searched my face. "Unless—you're not—you're not interested in old Mason, are you, Anne?"

"Jim! Of course not. What woman would look at him if she belonged to you? Why, I don't even like him—that's the reason I won't have him think he has given me a present."

Jim laughed and drew me against him. The big couch seemed to envelop us tenderly.

After a minute he lifted his lips from mine to ask a whimsical question:

"Well, kiddie, what do you want me to do with the robe? Bundle it up and take it over and lay it on Mason's doorstep?"

"Oh, Jim—yes, just that!" I cried, feeling that his joke was the very solution I was earnestly seeking.

"Don't be a silly little Princess, Anne."

"I'm not silly—or if I am, I can't help it. I won't be happy until that thing is out of our home. It has the evil eye. Please wrap it up and take it over to Mr. Mason's house, dear, while I finish dinner."

"But honey, Mason isn't there."

"I don't care, Jim darling. I want it out of the house. Oh, beloved, please, please let me have my way! Take it over!"

"Silly little sweetheart! Well, she shall be humored. I'll call a messenger."

"Not a messenger, Jim. Please let's not be extravagant—I want all the more to be saving because you've found work. I—I think it

It was Betty Bryce!

The curtain shook under my hand. What was Betty Bryce doing back in town? How had she found us? How

would do us worlds of good to learn to be saving," I pleaded.

Jim let me have my way. He did up the robe and just as it vanished into its swappings of paper, actually the thing seemed to wink its blue-green peacock's eyes at me maliciously.

But even after he had limped out with it, I felt disappointed. I did so wish Jim would have seen the incident as I did. To me it stood almost as a symbol. We must not accept layish gifts from our rich friends. We mustn't adopt their worldly standards. We must find for ourselves simple happy home ones—the standards of dignity and sweetness that the Bryces and Sheldon Blake and Tom Mason of society probably sneeringly call "middle class"—but the standards, nevertheless, on which the beautiful thing called "Home" is built—the standards that are about the most "rat class" thing in the world!

The lid of the carved chest was still open. I went over to close it, and as I put it down I saw that in the corner of the large empty chest something glittered. I stooped and picked it up—it was a flashing tassel of blue and green beads, dropped from the neck of the robe. For a moment I stood with it in my hand, then I dropped it back into the depths of the chest and banged the lid shut. Would I never be rid of that robe?

A clock chimed the half hour and I flew to look at my roast. I basted and turned it—by two it would be done to perfection. The carrots must be hurried on, or the meat would get a bit dry and tough waiting for them. A glance at the time table in my cook book had said, "Carrots—45 minutes." So I lowered the burners in the oven.

I busied myself with the mint sauce, put the potatoes on to boil, made the salad dressing and sliced the tomatoes, took my "pineapple fluff" out of the mold and finished laying the table. The clock struck two. No Jim.

I turned off the heat in the oven entirely. My housewifely instincts made me determine that my nice lamb roast shouldn't be overdone—delicately pink, it would be delicious, and could be served cold for tomorrow night's dinner. I set back the potatoes and the mint sauce, left the carrots simmering and came uneasily into the living room.

It was all wife work—the housewife left behind in the kitchenette. Mr. Mason's apartment was only a few blocks away. Jim had taken enough time already to do the trip twice over. Had he been too tired to go out again? Had his trip of the morning worn him out? Was I a selfish wife who, for the sake of her own peace of mind, had sent a brave war-cripple out on a trivial errand that was exhausting him?

I crossed to the window—not the one where the chest stood—and peered out. Jim was nowhere to be seen. The street wore the air of desertion that's typical of Sunday at 2.

A taxi turned the corner and drove to our door. My heart sank. Jim! Perhaps, Trembling, I stood waiting for him to be lifted from the cab. Then the door opened and a woman stepped out of the taxi. She wore a beautiful dress of orchid-colored chiffon flowing not under a cape of purple satin. Orchid colored? She looked like an orchid—a familiar orchid. She paid the driver and looked up.

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Bringing Up Father

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BY COLLY—THIS IS A FINE DAY, AND I CERTAINLY ENJOY A QUIET SMOKE AT THE OFFICE.

How to Conserve

Canning and Packing For Winter's Use Explained in Detail by National War Garden Experts.

JAMS AND BUTTERS
1. Cook the prepared fruits with enough water to prevent sticking.
2. Stir to keep from burning.
3. Cook gently until the mass begins to thicken.
4. Use less sugar than is called for in the receipts and cook longer. Very satisfactory results can be obtained by the use of sugar substitutes, corn syrups, honey, etc. The addition also of small amounts of mixed ground spices, vinegar, or crystallized ginger improves the flavor.
5. Continue cooking until the desired consistency is reached.
6. Pour into hot glasses or jars.
7. Put on sterilized covers.
8. Place in steamer for fifteen minutes. This will avoid the necessity of using paraffin.
9. Remove carefully; set aside to cool; store.
Cook longer for jam than fruit butters.

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

By Beatrice Fairfax

The lady with the matchless complexion of the Atlantic City hotel crowded the world war off the map as a topic of conversation.

The men would be comfortably seated on the piazza, their chairs tilted at just the proper angle to discuss long-distance strategy in winning the war, some one would be having fun on barracks—when "The Lady with the Complexion" would come along, and the war as an issue would fade away in a muttered chorus of: "Never saw anything like it in my life!" "It's too good to be true!" "Looks like one of the figures in a hair-dresser's window."

The woman did not say much, but they looked at the "Lady with the Complexion" from every angle. They made it a point to meet her in broad daylight, under the scorching sun that flooded the Boardwalk. They studied her under the electric light, and one of them got a moonlight view and said the matchless skin looked queerer than ever. And an enterprising lady from Chicago got a snapshot, because, as she said, the camera sometimes caught things that escaped the naked eye.

Bowed, but Never Smiled
The "Lady with the Complexion" bowed to every one, but never smiled at any one. Never became impatient when the waiter left twenty minutes elapse between serving soup and fish. Did not get disinterested when the sailing party was four hours late and every one supposed they had been drowned. In short, she never permitted herself the luxury of looking human under any circumstances.

As far as the milk of human kindness was concerned, the vitriol of human anger for that matter, she might have been a statue of Buddha. A statue, in fact, could have taken lessons in repose from her.

And strange to say, despite the milk and roses of her skin, rich, bronzy hair and great regularity of feature, the lady was not at all good-looking. One of the men said she had a sort of embalmed look that made her too spooky. And one of the women remarked: "She makes me think of those perfectly canned fruits that grocery shops use as window displays."

And so it went all day long. Then one day a genially battered looking woman, presumably in the late forties, turned up at the hotel. In repose her face was a network of lines, but when she laughed or was interested she looked like a girl.

All Sparkle and Animation
This woman was all sparkle—enthusiasm and, somehow or other, when the "Lady with the Complexion" was in sight, motionless as a bit of bric-a-brac, every one unconsciously looked at that wrinkled little woman, who was as effervescent as a bottle of champagne. And some one said she made such an agreeable antidote, after looking at the canned beauty.

It soon became patent to the knitting cabinet on the piazza and its male counterpart, the long-distance strategy board, that there was some connection between the two women that were as the poles of femininity.

She of the complexion regarded the wrinkled one with an expression more nearly approaching respect than she had yet displayed. And the wrinkled one seemed to flash back an answer to the other's S. O. S., "You have nothing to fear."

The mystery grew, the tension got on the nerves of the knitting cabinet and the long-distance strategy board—it was like spending one's vacation at a thrilling movie with the denouement never in sight. The "Lady with the Complexion" was being invited to lose some of her poise, and the knitting cabinet pled the wrinkled one with toasted marshmallows and chocolate creams, but she wouldn't say a word, except that she and the lady-Buddha had met before.

The Advent of the Daughter.
Every true stopee reading detective stories, the movies paled,

could she have found us—have known our address, unless Jim had sent it to her—unless Jim had been writing to her?

A wave of angry jealousy swept over me and I stood staring with dull malignity at the taxi that had brought her to our door. nAd in a second it drove away, and the orchid-figure vanished through the entrance of our building.

I stood with beating heart struggling for composure.

Then came the whir of the telephone bell. I crossed the room and took down the receiver.

(To Be Continued)

Many to Join Y. M. C. A. Public Speaking Class

A large number of applications for admission to the new class in Self-Expression have been received by officials of the Central Y. M. C. A. It was stated to-day. The class will open Monday evening, October 28 when election of officers will be a principal feature. Dr. J. George Becht will be the teacher.

In outlining the work to be carried on by the new class, an official stated:

"No set course of study will be pursued, the idea being to give each man an opportunity to put theory into actual practice by making short addresses of his own choosing. The adviser will offer impersonal criticisms as to the speeches of the evening and will also from time to time suggest literature which the men should read in connection with the course. The value of such training from an educational standpoint can scarcely be estimated.

"The membership of the course will be necessarily limited by reason of the fact that each man will be given an opportunity to speak as often as possible. The age limit is twenty-one or over. The ages of the men attending the course last year ranged from twenty-one to sixty-five. It was found necessary to refuse many applications because it was felt wise to limit the membership to sixty-five.

"The opening session will be held on Monday evening, October 28, at which time the men will elect their own officers. The society will be governed by the men themselves through their Executive committee."

EXPLOSION KILLS HUNDREDS

Toronto, Oct. 15.—Nearly 100 lives are reported to have been lost last night in an explosion at an explosive plant at Trenton, near here. The explosion, said to have originated in the chemical plant, was followed by several others, which set fire to several of the buildings. Large stores of T. N. T. were endangered by the fire.

CORN SYRUP WITH SUGAR

This table shows the proportions of corn syrup, sugar and water that may be combined for making canning syrups of different densities:

Thin Syrup		
Corn Syrup	Sugar	Water
1. 1 cup	1 cup	2 2/3 cups
2. 2 cups	1 cup	4 cups
3. 3 cups	1 cup	5 1/3 cups

Medium Syrup		
Corn Syrup	Sugar	Water
1. 1 cup	1 cup	1 2/3 cups
2. 2 cups	1 cup	2 1/2 cups
3. 3 cups	1 cup	3 1/4 cups

Thick Syrup		
Corn Syrup	Sugar	Water
1. 1 cup	1 cup	1 cup
2. 1 1/2 cups	1 cup	1 1/2 cups
3. 2 cups	1 cup	1 7/8 cups

APPLE SYRUP

1. Add five ounces of powdered calcium carbonate to seven gallons of apple cider or juice.
2. Boil the mixture in a kettle or vat vigorously for five minutes.
3. Pour the liquid into vessels, preferably jars or pitchers.
4. Allow to stand six or eight hours or until perfectly clear.
5. Pour the clear liquid into a clean preserving kettle.
6. Add to liquid one teaspoon of calcium carbonate, stir thoroughly.
7. Boil rapidly (220 degrees F.) until bulk is reduced one-seventh of original volume. It should have the consistency of maple syrup when tested in cold water.
8. Pour into jars, pitchers, etc.
9. Cool very slowly.
10. Pour into fruit jars, cans, jugs or kettles.
11. Sterilize for length of time given below, according to outfit used:

Water bath	10 minutes
Water seal, 214 degrees	10 minutes
5 lb. steam pressure	8 minutes

12. Remove containers and tighten covers, corks or cover.
13. Invert to cool and test joints.
14. Store for winter use.
Use on hot cakes, in beverages and like molasses for sweetening cookies and desserts.

ONE MAN HOLDS UP BANK

York, Pa., Oct. 15.—The Farmers' State bank, at Allan was robbed of \$5,000 yesterday afternoon by a burglar, who, at the point of a revolver, forced the cashier, W. C. Blessing, and his two assistants into the vault and escaped in an automobile. After he had possession of the money the burglar informed the bank employees that he would not lock the vault door on them provided they remained in the bank 20 minutes. This he promised to do.

BOLSHIEVISTS IN ROW

London, Oct. 15.—News emanating from Berlin says a great conflict has arisen between the Russian Premier, Lenin, and Foreign Minister Trotsky, according to a dispatch from Copenhagen to the Exchange Telegraph Company. Premier Lenin is accusing Trotsky of supporting a counter-revolution. No direct news has been received from Moscow in two days.



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To renew white shoes, belts and all other similar articles nothing is so simple and satisfactory as

MULE TEAM BORAX

Add two teaspoonfuls of the Borax to enough boiling water to make a paste. Apply with a stiff brush, scrubbing thoroughly before using the whitening. The Borax will remove all dirt and stains and bring back the look of newness.

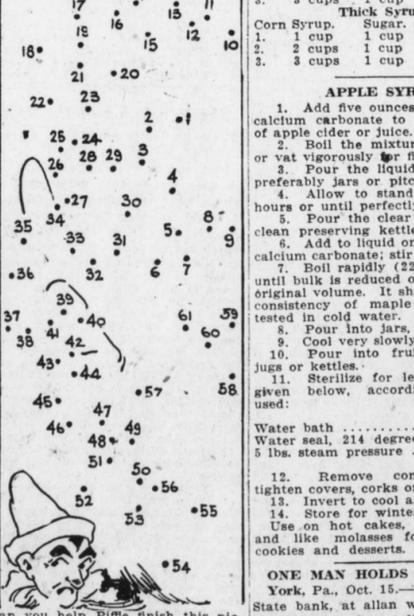
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Send for "Magic Crystal" booklet. It describes 100 household uses for 20 MULE TEAM BORAX.

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Can you help Pim finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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or you can have your money back for the relief. If you suffer from gas, tritis, indigestion, dyspepsia—if food lies like lead in your stomach and you cannot sleep at night because of the awful distress—go at once to Geo. A. Gorgas or any other good druggist and get a package of Bi-nesia Tablets. Take two or three after each meal or whenever pain is felt, and you will soon be telling your friends how you got rid of stomach trouble. Be sure to ask for Bi-nesia, every genuine package of which contains a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL

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Nothing else really matters until we do!



The Flavor Lasts

LEMN JUICE WHITENS SKIN

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for few cents

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quart of the best bleaching and skin whitening lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

our grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how tan, redness, sallowness, sunburn and windburn disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.