

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 LXXXIV.
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"Say honey, you sure are taking things by the smooth handle these days! Jeanie tells me you had a wonderful basket of fruit at the new apartment to greet her, and that you were a good sport about Neal's ring. What struck you?"

asked Jim a few days after Betty's return home.

"Well—my folks are pretty fond of you, and I got jealous," I replied half seriously. "So now every time I look at Virginia I say to myself: 'I'll get you yet!'"

"You darling!" Jim cried. "Well, suppose you start things off by taking this twenty-five and getting her a real house present—something conspicuous."

"That's a lot of money, Jim," I began, but the ominous flash in Jim's eyes warned me, and I went on in an altered tone. "But I guess we can spare it for your 'Jeanie,' and to make sure I get the right thing I'm going to call in Betty as consulting physician."

I had my first reward when Jim gave me a delighted hug before he went off to the day's work—and my second came with Betty's enthusiastic acceptance.

"Annie, dear, how sweet of you to say you count on my good taste and my interest in my friends. The truth is, I'm a regular Mrs. Fix-It! I'll love shopping with you. How about a bite at the Walgrave first?"

"I'd love it, Betty. Oh, Betty, that's perfect!" I cried almost dazzled by the first results of trying to please.

I met Betty at the Walgrave, and after lunch we set off for a tour of the Avenue. But by the time we had come giftless from the dozenth shop, my magnificent twenty-five had shrunk so it looked like pennies instead of dollars. An amber-colored enamel box in one shop, a pair of Chinese porcelain candlesticks in a second, and finally an old-silver bonnet were pounced upon by Betty as "just the thing" and discarded as each turned out to be priced far beyond my allotment.

"What shall we do?" I cried in despair. "You know just what would appeal to Virginia—"

Jim's heart is set in making that appeal. He wants to do this in royal fashion. I can't buy a lace tidy or a paper lamp-shade but they begin to look about my speed!"

"What a whimsical little thing you are, dear," laughed Betty. The Avenue isn't the place for us to-day—but I've thought of the solution.

"What we'll do is trot to your landlord's studio. Naturally, the rent is as expensive as these big shops, and he'll give you a special price, no doubt."

"No doubt," I echoed, blankly.

How was I to tell Betty that I didn't like my landlord—that I shrank from the thought of going to the studio? I couldn't register any protest that sounded sane, so I had to let Betty trot me up to the Mason office.

Tom Mason announced that he had just the gift we needed. He produced a wonderful pair of black cloisonne candlesticks, and then, with a meaning smile at me, he laid under them a bit of blue and green and shot-silver silk, heavy and lustrous. It was like the blue robe that lay hidden in the carved chest.

"Wonderful! Virginia will be delighted, and Jimmie's going to trust you with his shopping every time," cried Betty. "The candlesticks are nice. I'll take them if they aren't too expensive," I said as steadily as I could manage. "But that bit of blue doesn't appeal to me."

Tom Mason smiled almost deprecatingly.

"Twenty-five dollars you said you wanted to spend, I think. Well, to you, Mrs. Harrison, I'll let the candlesticks go for twenty—and add the blue brocade table cover for five more. They really belong together."

"I'll take them, Anne; they're just the thing for Virginia," cried Betty, completely satisfied with her bargain.

"So they're for Virginia Dalton?"

"Yes, I'm expecting Pat in here presently. Stay on a bit and we'll take you to tea," Tom suggested jovially.

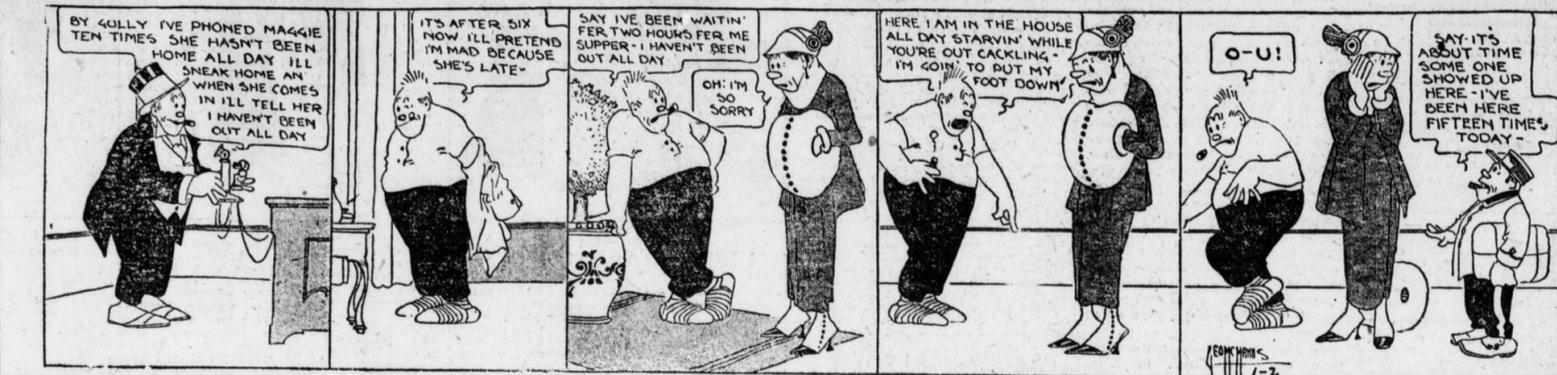
I winced—but Betty seemed to find Tom rather amusing.

"Man, dear—but you have a mor-

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



bid sense of humor!" said she. "Now, if Mrs. Harrison is satisfied, I'm ready to conclude our shopping. We will let you send the candlesticks and tapestry to Mrs. Dalton and just run along."

"So I paid for the gift, gave Tom Mason our cards and Virginia's address and hurried out of the shop after Betty."

At the street door Betty stopped in nervous indecision.

"I wish we hadn't left Virginia's address, Anne. Oh, well, it's done now, so I won't worry. But whatever possessed you to hesitate over that adorable bit of tapestry. You surely don't know much about bargaining, child—or did you want to spend less? I thought you said Jim insisted on twenty-five—and it would have been silly not to get your money's worth wouldn't it? Didn't you like that glorious blue and silver?"

"Betty, you ought to be in the district attorney's office," I laughed, sending a direct reply.

But Betty didn't feel like laughing, for at the price he had made, those candlesticks almost seemed Tom Mason's present to Virginia rather than mine.

(To Be Continued.)

MAKING THE MOST OF OUR CHILDREN

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. President of the Parents' Association

"Look out the window—what in the world is that child up to now?" asked a mother as she started for the door.

And considering the variety of stunts an active-minded boy can pull off in the course of a single day, it really is a wonder mothers have as much patience as they have.

Some children naturally are more mischievous than others. A mischievous boy generally is a bright boy. Of course, a child can be brilliant without being mischievous.

The difficult task of the parent is to keep up with a child of the mischievous type—to be one jump ahead of him, so to say.

I show an interesting case. A mother writes to me:

"I have a boy that is up to some mischief every minute almost. It seems that he just must be into something continually. He not only annoys us but often the neighbors. This morning he took up a brick walk in carrying out some idea he got into his head and you can imagine what he does when he is in the house. Please give me some suggestions."

I like a boy like yours who is in the "up and down" class. He is of the hopeful type.

Show an earnest interest in all of his activities. Talk about his ideas and plans with enthusiasm. Get him gradually into the habit of talking over his plans with you before putting them into execution. Of course, he will not always do this, but by making him feel that he is rewarded for coming to you by adding suggestions and enthusiasm to his original ideas, he will be much inclined to consult you. This will be desirable from your standpoint because, when you find it necessary, you can direct his mind away from that which is to be forbidden toward that which is permissible.

By showing a friendly interest always in his own schemes, you make it easy for your own suggestions to influence him. To "keep up with" a boy of this type, it is often convenient to make suggestions as to what to do, the execution of which will occupy a great deal of time in his mind. The least disturbing to the other persons and things on the premises. For example, play up in his mind the desirability of attracting some fine birds to your premises. After he shows an interest, ask him to help you in planning a bird house. Hammer and saw to make a suitable bird box himself in which the birds could make nests. Help him with the plan. Have him come to you to ask questions (and incidentally get more enthusiasm). Or, have him make some flower boxes for you to use in the house. Just anything to keep him occupied in a helpful way. Always keep ahead of him with few ideas to make use of when you most need them.

The next time he does anything like taking up a walk without asking, call him to you without any fuss. When he comes to you with a hammer and saw to make a suitable bird box himself in which the birds could make nests. Help him with the plan. Have him come to you to ask questions (and incidentally get more enthusiasm). Or, have him make some flower boxes for you to use in the house. Just anything to keep him occupied in a helpful way. Always keep ahead of him with few ideas to make use of when you most need them.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

From "America in France," Dodd, Mead & Company—"A barrier of shellfire prevented Secretary Baker from approaching the Ohio sector, so it happened that he went into the Iowa sector, where his visit was like any other visit, except that the division general who conducted him would rather have gone over the top than have had to take the responsibility connected in his mind with the knowledge that you never know when the enemy may decide on a 'hate' with his guns. The Secretary prolonged the ordeal by talking to the soldiers and going up to an advanced post and asking questions. He was not a cabinet member at that moment and he was seeing what every other human being who had not been in the trenches before wanted to see, as he trod the duck boards and peered into dugouts and looked over parapets at a mass of barbed wire and considered the amazing business of men from Iowa, their strong, young bodies pressed against the moist walls to let him pass, fighting on European soil." Palmer was war correspondent in France for the Associated Press for two years. When the United States entered the war, Palmer was commissioned a major in the reserve corps, and he gave up contracts that would have insured him a small fortune in order to undertake, for the first six months that our forces were in France, the wearing duties of conscription and public relations. Later he was attached to the general staff on special service, in order that his experience might have a broader application. Major Palmer's new book, "America in France," is his best. He had facilities for general observation such as no other officer obtained. He has had access to official reports. Moreover he has seen our troops in action and has gone over the battle ground afterward to complete his information. Making use of his material and his observation he has given a complete narrative of the American Expeditionary Forces down to the end of September, 1918. He tells, he says in his own preface, the "greatest story any American ever had to tell," and he has told it in a way that must

Manufacturing Company, ended his life yesterday by hanging himself to a rafter of the attic of his house. His health is said to be the cause. He was 47 years old.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR THICK, WAVY, FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Draw a moist cloth through hair and double its beauty at once.

Save your hair! Dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out.

Immediate?—Yes! Certain?—That's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after an application of Danderine. Also try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, charming lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will spend a few cents for a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

I have a letter from a girl who may give you some interesting information in which she has been placed. She is in New York studying, and lives in a boarding house here the people seem aware of the general conventions of society, and yet she has been made the victim of predatory neighbors in such a way that she does not know whether to let the thing go on or to take notice of it and stop it.

Her own good breeding, she says, stands in awe of the prowess with which this pair secure privileges that are not theirs by any right of social intercourse, and she seems so trivial in a way, and her neighbors—two sisters—take it all so much as a matter of course that the girl hesitates to stand up for herself by making a mountain out of a molehill.

She leaves home early in the morning, locking her door and hanging the key in a place known, she supposed, only to the maid and herself, that the maid might make up the room when ready. She returns at 5 in the evening, often tired and wanting rest for a few moments; and yet she says that the moment she enters the room she knows that some one has been there before her—how long she cannot tell, but an "alien presence breathes an atmosphere there."

A book is displaced. Her sewing basket is disarranged. A picture or a photograph is not in its accustomed place, the pillows on her couch bear the imprint of the languor of an occupant other than herself.

It was all baffling and irritating until with a commendatory frankness her uninvited guests remarked that they had been the aggressors. "We had a tea party yesterday and went into your room and helped ourselves to your table—we were 'not careful'; again, 'I got the maid to let me use your window for drying some of my neck wear which I had washed'; and we had to use your room today, our windows were being cleaned; and we noticed your new picture."

Now as the girl writes, "If I had known these people all my life I might not complain, and should have accepted the wordless protest of my belongings that I felt the

PRINCE OF WALES TO VISIT U.S.

By Associated Press

London, Jan. 2.—It is understood King George and Queen Mary assured President Wilson that the Prince of Wales will visit the United States during his coming trip through the British dominions, according to a Paris dispatch to the Mail.

SOVIET CHIEF HIDES IN BERLIN

By Associated Press

Berlin, Jan. 2.—Diligent search was made for M. Radek, head of the Bolshevik mission to Germany, throughout Berlin yesterday. He was not discovered and it is believed he is in hiding here. His presence in Berlin is causing the majority Socialists a considerable embarrassment and the subject was discussed at the meeting of the cabinet.

The Quick Way to Stop a Cough

This home-made syrup does the work in a hurry. Easily prepared, and saves about \$2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.

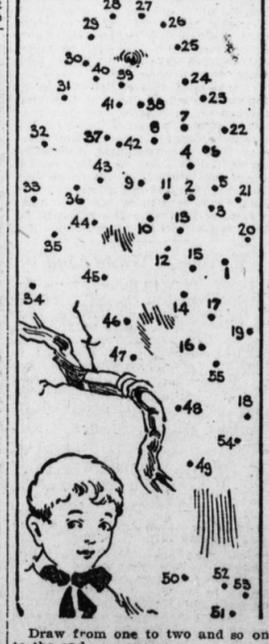
Pour 2½ ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make a full pint—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It loosens the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes.

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