

Reading for Women and all the family

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LESLIE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CVIII
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For long minutes after I had told Mr. Norreys that I would invite my "chum" to join us at the dinner where we planned to discuss his endowment fund for the canteen I stood inactive, frozen into helplessness.

Who was there for me to ask?

A woman chum, indeed! I hadn't even a woman friend, much less an intimate. Evy and Jim's sisters, the nearest approach to women on whom I had some semblance of a right to count, were busy. I couldn't reach them if I tried.

Since my marriage I had drifted away from the women of my business life. I didn't even know if Kate Cassel, of Haldane's, was living at her old address. I tried it. Yes, Miss Cassel lived there, but she was out. Wearily I left my name, knowing the while that it probably didn't mean a thing to Kate Cassel any more.

What was I to do? Mr. Norreys had told me chivalrously and delicately, without really putting it into words, that he wouldn't dream of inviting another man's wife to dine with him alone and unchaperoned. I knew that it would say on seeing an employer with the wife of one of the men who worked for him. I myself wouldn't ordinarily contemplate anything in such bad taste as dining out with another man.

But I had, however, taken tea alone with Pat Dalton—for Virginia. Why wasn't it exactly as "all right" or me to take dinner with Mr. Norreys—for the canteen?

Dizzily I went over these things in my mind, knowing even as I did so that I must find a "woman chum," partly because I had told Mr. Norreys that I would, and he wasn't the kind of man to whom I would confess that I had been bluffing, partly because my own dignity demanded that I should find a "woman chum."

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her to help me select the house- present Jim and I gave Virginia. How delighted Betty had been at my friendliness how she had warmed to it and how generously she had followed it up by making me promise that if ever I needed a friend I would "turn to Betty B."

I heard my own voice replying "I'll turn to Betty B. And though I don't deserve it at all, I know I'll find her there when I call."

But Betty wasn't in town. The very day after Anthony Norreys' dinner she had left for an extended tour. There simply wasn't any one I could ask to come with me.

Tears of rage and mortification stood in my eyes, as I picked up the receiver to Mr. Anthony Norreys and confessed to him that I actually had no woman friend. But when the operator down stairs said "Number please" I found myself giving a different number from what I had intended to. Not Anthony Norreys' country place but Betty Bryce's apartment in town.

And as I stood waiting with the black cylinder pressed to my ear, I realized that I couldn't reach Mr. Norreys now anyway. I had used at least half an hour in agitating myself and agonizing over my friendlessness. Mr. Norreys had said that he would call for me in an hour. If he had spoken from his own place—Noroton, as indeed I had no assurance that he had done—he would still be gone from there by now since it was a full forty-minute drive from Noroton to town.

Suddenly over the buzzing wire came one clear sound—miraculous joy-giving sound. Betty's voice! "Betty! Betty! Oh, how wonderful that you should be there," I cried, half-sobbing with the relief of it—and sure in my soul that no matter what her own plans, Betty Bryce would fall me.

"Why hello—it's the little lilac lady—our Princess Anne!" she said. "You sound unhappy and glad all at once, child. Not in trouble—are you? I'm home a fortnight ahead of schedule—how do you know what not another soul in the Big City is aware of?"

"I guess it's because I need you, so, Betty," called you without exactly knowing I was going to do it."

"Maybe it was Fate led you," said Betty and then after an instant's hesitation, "What can I do for you?"

"Betty, there's a funny tone in your voice. Do you think I'm just using you again—like the time I asked you to have Virginia over for maintenance even though I know now, though I do need you to-night, I want you to take dinner with Anthony Norreys and me. Say you will. Please don't refuse. There isn't another woman in New York I can count on. Don't refuse!"

Sharp and crisp Betty's voice came back over the phone: "You sound as if you did need me. And why? Won't Jim be with us?"

"Yes, I'll take a taxi and come straight over to you, Anne."

And as Betty agreed and I hung up the receiver, two unasked questions pulsed between us: "From her: 'Where's Jim?' And why is his wife so anxious to dine with Anthony Norreys?"

"From me: 'Why are you doing back in the city two weeks ahead of schedule, Betty? And why doesn't Terry know you're here?'"

(To Be Continued)

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



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.

Some young children do not have time to fold their hands at the beginning of a meal. They break any attempt at silence by starting immediately to perform such important duties as grabbing plate, picking up pieces of silverware and throwing them down, chattering and sometimes crying.

Disgusted as we sometimes are at observing such children, we must remember that they are not to blame but the trouble is rather with the parents who could teach their children good manners if they would go about it properly.

Children should be taught how to act while they are very young and while it is comparatively easy. The longer bad manners are practised, the harder they are to correct.

Let us take a typical case of a mother who has not taught proper table-manners to a child as old as seven years.

"I am trying to teach my seven-year-old daughter to eat properly. I've offered her every inducement that I know of, big dolls, toy automobiles, etc. Before starting into the dining room, I say 'This time I know you'll win the prize,' and when she still continues to stop her milk, take her honey and biscuit in the palm of her hand and then lick off what has run down, what am I to do?"

There is a right and wrong way of offering an inducement to a child. It is possible that you may not have used this method in the right way. Of course, in the first place, it is a question as to whether it is wise to offer an inducement at all or whether it would be better simply to expect the daughter to comply with your suggestion without any inducement.

Personally, I prefer the method that is frankly based upon confidence and expectancy. First, get the daughter's confidence. Do not

Life's Problems Are Discussed

A remarkable woman who has organized and carried on an important work was telling me the other day of some of the difficulties she encountered in securing just the right kind of assistants.

"What is the matter with them?" I asked, "stupid, scatterbrained or uninterested?"

"It isn't usually any of those three," she answered; "I find not so much a lack of capability as a lack of concentration and the failure to recognize the importance of what might be called a conscientious thoroughness. And yet they are two of the most important lessons that any girl who wants to get anywhere in her work, no matter what that work may be, can learn."

"The majority of persons have all the necessary qualifications for success in anything they undertake, but," she smiled humorously, "you remember Solomon's remark to the effect that it is the little foxes that spoil the vines. To symbolize a moment, and regard ourselves as vines, the reason most of us do not achieve larger clusters of purple grapes is not because we are not perfectly good grape-vines, but because we have permitted the little foxes of trifling faults and weaknesses and vanities and habits to retard and stunt our development."

She went on to illustrate this statement with a little anecdote. "A young girl, the daughter of

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

2706—You may make this of plaid or check suiting, with facings of serge or satin, or of wash fabrics with plique, drill of linen or trimming. The waist is cut in surplus fashion and is lengthened by a full peplum. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern for this attractive design is cut in 3 sizes, for 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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.....

PETERSON'S OINTMENT BEST FOR ECZEMA First Application Stops Itching of Eczema, Salt Rheum and Piles

"Live and let live is my motto," says Peterson of Buffalo. "I have found Peterson's Ointment for 35 cents a large box and I say to these druggists, if anyone buys my ointment for any of the diseases or ailments for which I recommend it and are not benefitted give them their money back."

"I've got a safe full of thankful letters testifying to the mighty healing power of Peterson's Ointment for old and running sores, eczema, salt rheum, ulcers, sore nipples, broken breast, itching scalp and skin, blind, bleeding and itching piles."

John Scott, 233 Virginia Street, Buffalo, writes, "Peterson's Ointment is simply wonderful. It cured me of eczema and also piles, and it did it so quickly that I was astonished."

Heal Skin Diseases

It is unnecessary for you to suffer with eczema, blotches, ringworm, rashes and similar skin troubles. Zemo, obtained at any drug store for 35c, or \$1.00 for extra large bottle, and promptly applied will usually give instant relief from itching torture. It cleanses and soothes the skin and heals quickly and effectively most skin diseases.

Zemo is a wonderful, penetrating, disappearing liquid and is soothing to the most delicate skin. It is not greasy, is easily applied and costs little. Get it today and save all further distress. The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

Advertisement for THE GLOBE's Gigantic Sale of Women's Coats, featuring prices like \$39.50 for coats and \$20.00 for sweaters.

Advertisement for Peterson's Ointment, including a 'Daily Dot Puzzle' and a testimonial from John Scott of Buffalo.

Large advertisement for 'Nuxated Iron' by Dr. James Francis Sullivan, discussing iron deficiency and providing a testimonial from Bellevue Hospital.

PHYSICALLY FIT AT ANY AGE

It isn't age, it's careless living that puts men "down and out." Keep your internal organs in good condition and you will always be physically fit. Watch the kidneys.

The kidneys are the most over-worked organs in the human body. When they break down under the strain and the deadly uric acid accumulates and crystallizes, look out!

These sharp crystals tear and scratch the delicate urinary channels causing excruciating pain and set up irritations which may cause premature degeneration of the system and turn into deadly Bright's Disease.

One of the first warnings of sluggish kidney action is pain or stiffness in the small of the back, loss of appetite, indigestion or rheumatism.

Do not wait until the danger is upon you. At the first indication of trouble go after the cause at once. Get a trial box of GOLD MEDAL, Haarlem Oil Capsules, imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They will give almost immediate relief. If for any cause they should not, your money will be refunded. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. None other is genuine. In sealed boxes, three sizes.

Advertisement for School of Commerce, offering a diploma and listing the school's address and contact information.