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

By ANN LISLE

CHAPTER CXLVI

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"Don't call Terry—yet," said Betty, shyly. "I want to talk to you first."

"Then I'll get all comfy in a chair," I replied, rising from my kneeling position by the bed, which I kept fearing I'd joggle and so disturb the bandaged right arm lying in a strange mechanical "cradle" above the coverlet. "Oh, Betty, dear, I'm so glad I remembered Miss Moss. Tony made me by playing detective and asking Jeanie where she'd met you first."

"You clever Princess Anne—to figure that Miss Moss is my 'friend in need,'" murmured Betty, with shining eyes.

"Your friend in need—I wish I had been allowed to be that friend, Betty B.," I answered, remembering what Betty had called herself the time she helped me buy Virginia's house present—the very day I had first reached out humbly asking for the friendship I had once been too stupid to take.

Betty must also have remembered. For a minute she lay quite still, smiling at me wistfully. Then she spoke, with a husky little catch in her throat:

"I asked you to promise that if you ever needed a friend you'd come to Betty B. And now it's Betty who needs the friend, and you've come—so far—to me"—

Her voice trailed off, and in another minute my splendid, brave, proud Betty was sobbing for all the world like a tired little girl.

I slipped to the floor at her left side and pillowed her head against my heart, smoothing her soft hair and murmuring to her as if she were my own little sick girl.

After a minute or two Betty lay still and then a muffled voice spoke:

"I'm so tired, Anne—so tired!"

"I know, dear," I answered. "You've borne the pain and the fear all alone. I used to see you press your hand to your lips and wonder."

Betty sighed and snuggled closer.

"It was vanity."

"You big baby! You regular woman, you!" I replied. "But I'm sure it was more than that. The pain"—

"It was awful, Anne!" Betty shuddered. "That scar burned like fire, and it seemed to be dragging my fingers back and twisting up my arm. I couldn't brush my hair sometimes. And I kept thinking if I lost the use of my hand—I used to put it to my lips to cool the pain."

"The pain's gone, dear. And your arm's going to get well," I said.

Betty's long gray-green eyes flashed me a quick, but intent glance. It made me realize how strangely our parts were reversed. Here was comforting, brave, self-reliant Betty as if she were a helpless little girl instead of the splendid woman she had always shown herself to be. But in spite of my consciousness of the almost night-mare queerness of it all. I know this was my chance to score an important point, so I went on relentlessly.

"Betty, now that you see how well your arm is being taken care of, don't you see also how wrong it is to worry over the other things that have been—such stumbling blocks to you?"

"I try not to think, Anne. But it's hard lying here. And I know now I'm a coward, too—about pain. So that makes it seem all the worse my driving poor Atherton into the war by telling him what I'd do if I were a man. He didn't want to go— and he had to because he knew I'd dispise him——"

"Now listen, dear," I interrupted gravely, "Atherton Bryce died splendidly. You gave him a chance to go like a man—with his airplane for a funeral pyre. Not just drooping of sickness, drying miserably, rusting. You made him a hero—that's what you did for him!"

"You think that, Anne? Really?"

"I know it, Betty B. There's a man you were square with. And I know how square you can be with—some people.

"Are you scolding, Anne? I'm sick, you know. Scolding from you hurts."

"Yes, I'm scolding, dear. You can be square. You were with the man who is dead"——

"And you think I'm not—with Terry?" whispered Betty, burrowing her flushing cheek in my shoulder.

"Not with Terry. Not with Betty," I replied.

"How do you mean, Anne?"

"Why, dear, you love Terry. And you aren't brave enough to risk life again. You're living in a gray-ghost world of pain and remembering. And Terry's out in what ought to be sunlight, but what is all darkness because he's so lonely for you."

"Oh, Anne—don't, don't! I can't bear it! I told you once that I always hurt the people I love—that friendship was the best. Ever since I saw Terry tumble down that hill in No Man's Land with shell and flame back of him, I've felt as if I'd seen my poor Atherton falling—falling in his flaming car. It was an omen."

"Well, if it was an omen," I ventured daringly, "I can only interpret it to mean that Terry was saved for you—and the other, not being meant for you, had to go, Betty. omens are silly—stupid. It's all so long ago, can't you forget and start over?"

"No! I've tried."

"Tried! Betty, you're a selfish woman after all. You aren't big enough and brave enough to ask your friends for help, because you'd rather play Lady Bountiful. It wasn't remembering Atherton that kept you from Terry, it was being stupid and proud and afraid about your arm."

"Anne!"

"Yes," I went on pitilessly, "But you play Lady Bountiful to everyone except the man who loves you so tenderly, so—gloriously that you owe him everything. You let Terry starve in the dark, because you aren't brave enough to take what you want. Your arm's going to be well now. But even if it weren't, don't you know how Terry would love taking care of you?"

"Anne! Anne—you hurt!"

"I know, dear—but it's true; all true."

I held her close and said no more. A little clock ticked in the silence, and a window curtain rustled against the sill.

"Anne," whispered a meek little voice at last, "you might get Miss Moss and take her for a walk—and tell Terry I'm alone. But would you mind powdering my nose first? I think I've been—crying a little."

(To be Continued)

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

There's an espect of the life of many young girl wage earners that I wish all mothers would consider.

It's the homelessness of living at home.

The homelessness, I mean, of living with parents who, absorbed with other anxieties, haven't realized that a self-supporting girl needs more than a room to lodge in and food to eat.

The homelessness of always having to make way for the other members of a selfish or tumultous family, of never being able to invite one's friends, or to receive calls from young men.

Does this sound like a simple and shallow grievance on the part of the hundreds of young girls who wistfully give it expression?

To my mind, it's a very serious one.

The plain truth is that a girl who contributes to the maintenance of a household, as these wage-earning girls do, isn't treated squarely when she isn't given the privileges of a home.

She knows this herself. In many cases, she's on the point of leaving home because of it. So I think it is time that mothers faced the question too.

To be sure, mothers are usually overworked. We all know that. And the claims of the younger children are very pressing. So it's quite natural that they should lose the sense of responsibility for sons and daughters who seem old enough to take care of themselves.

Mothers' Problems

Mothers know that flats are usually too small for the families that live in them, and so are houses. Days are too short evenings seem scarcely to exist at all, and families make greater demands than any presents could possibly grant.

In the face of all these grim facts, is it still the parents' duty to sacrifice the family sitting room to anything so frivolous as a young daughter's social life?

Frankly speaking, I think it is. For part of the time, at lest. And I think mothers would agree with me, if they once carefully thought the thing over.

The eighteen-yer-old-wage-earner works longer hours than she should, except in a few fortunate cases. The hour or two that she might be outdoors she has to spend in train or subway. When evening comes, she needs recreation almost more than she needs food for sleep. All the youth in her cries aloud for it—that youth that all day long has to pretend it's a grown-up machine Her parents, even though they may work much harder than she, cannot possibly need a normal social life as much as she needs it. The needs of youth are imperative. Something goes wrong if they're not granted.

This is just as true of boys, if it weren't for two things. One is, that it's possible for boys to get their social life away from home. And the other is, that it is particularly a girl's business to keep herself strong and normal with steady nerves and good vitality, because earning that weekly pay-envelope doesn't comprise the meaning of life for her. Some day she'll be a mother.

And a girl can't be the right kind of mother unless she's sound and strong. So, looked at from this point of view alone, don't you see how important it is that she has her recreation?

What Home Means

This is, in fact, an argument that I know most mothers will respond to. They wouldn't have thought of it in this light before, but now that they do see it as it is they'll contrive the family life so that the eighteen-year-old girl stenographer can have a home in the only real sense. That is, have her friends come to see her.

There are, as it happens, plenty of other arguments in favor of granting home privileges to the girl who boards at home. There's one in particular that's rather forcible.

If a girl is spirited and resolute, strongly conscious of her individual rights, you can't really deprive her except temporarily, of the social life she needs. She's going to get it, anyway.

If her own family doesn't give her the space and the time to lead her own life. She'll live somewhere else. She doesn't in the least want to do this. It's a dreary business at eighteen finding a home for oneself. But she feels that she is being forced to.

She feels, in fact, just as the following letter reveals. It is one of many voicing the same burden Don't for a moment think of it as a solitary case.

"Do you think it advisable," asks this wage-earner, "for a girl of almost nineteen to leave home when conditions have become almost intolerable? My mother seems to think that my whole life should consist of my work, and begrudges me amusement of the most innocent kind. My home is not open to my friends. If I go out with them, which is, not often, I have to meet them outside, or at their homes, and I imagine they wonder why I do not invite them to my home.

"And as for having a young man call—that is beyond the question. I have to refuse the hospitality of my home to the men I meet in business and who want to know me socially and I have too much self-respect to meet them outside.

Longs for Girl's Life

"I'm getting to an age when I am no longer a child and long for a girl's life. I have thought of leaving home and living at the Y. W. C. A., but I am earning only $16 a week and am afraid of facing the world with that amount. What shall I do?"

You see it's only the most reasonable and conservative social life that these young girls ask for themselves. You are almost surprised at their tolerance and good sense It's perfectly obvious that they are not going to abuse any freedom they secure. They are not reckless, moon-coveting, children. They are young women, prematuurely steadied by their experience of the workers' world, and what they are asking for is really only life itself.

Can't you give it to them?

Persuade father that even though he likes peaceful evenings he isn't after all, entitled to all the peace that one household can supply, and that, besides, it's good for him to go out occasionally. And it's good for you to go out with him. You know it's what you secretly like better than anything. And as for the young fry, they oughtn't to be anywhere but studying their lessons or in bed. You can arrange it all if you seriously make an effort to. Give eighteen-year-old a chance.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

A SMART GOWN WITH NEW STYLE FEATURES

2788—This attractive model my be developed without the tunic portions. The waist has a fitted lining to which skirt and tunic are joined. Taffeta, duvetyn, voile, gabardine, tricotine, serge, satin and linen could be used for this model.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1-2 yards of 44 inch material. With of skirt at lower edge is about two yards, with plaits extended.

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 inclosed please send pattern to the following address:

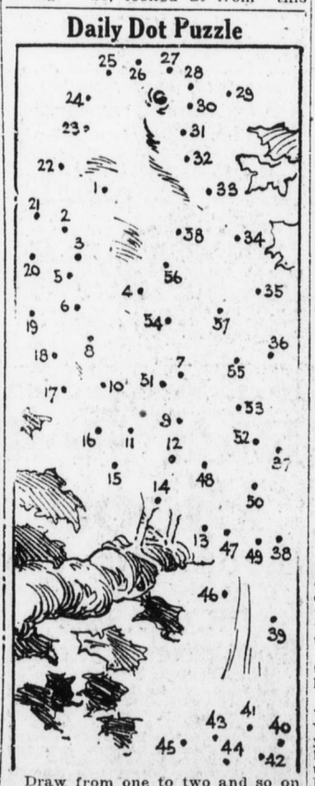
Size.....Pattern No.....

Name .....

Address .....

City and State.....

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

Advice to the Lovelorn

PARTED LOVERS

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I have known a young man for quite some time. I love him and know my love is reciprocated. He asked me many times to go out with him, but I refused owing to the fact that we are of different religions. Since my refusal our friendship waned. Now do you think it would be proper for me to write this man and try to gain back our friendship, if nothing else, as I do believe that our religion will keep us apart.

CONSTANCE.

Since you still believe that the difference in religion is an insurmountable barrier, I should think it much wiser not to attempt seeing each other again. It would not be fair, either to yourself or to the young man with whom you believe yourself in love.

DOES HE LOVE HER?

Dear Miss Fairgax:

I am nineteen and am considered good looking, and also a good dancer and I am very jolly girl.

There is a young man whom I have gone out with quite a number of times, but knowing that he goes out with other girls I do not know whether he loves me. But, while with me he seems to pay all attention to me.

Now, Miss Fairfax, I would like to know her to find out whether he likes me or not. ANXIOUS.

There is no way of knowing whether the young man is in love without you until he himself tells you so. The chances are that so far, he is not. Be reasonably patient until you know each other better. Love should not be forced in this hasty fashion.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

What would you do, if you were dissatisfied with your present job, and wanted to secure another which you felt would give you a wider opportunity?

That is the fix of a young man who has written to me.

He is twenty years old, a high school graduate with an additional year at college to his credit, and has had one year's business experience in an office position.

He doesn't see much of a future in his present place, however, and is consequently seeking an opening more in line with his ambitions.

He has advertised and answered ads, he says, has appealed to all his friends and acquaintances, and has followed up either by letter or by a personal call every chance of which he could hear; but all without results.

Baffled and at sea, he writes to ask me what he shall do. He has no doubt of his qualifications, and is perfectly sure that he can make good; but he seems unable to get the chance. What is the trouble?

One does not have to be the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, or born under a veil to tell him. His difficulty, like most of those with which the rest of us are struggling, is entirely of his own making.

According to the record, he has had the good fortune to receive a better education than the average young man; but with his knowledge he has failed in one very important respect to get understanding. He doesn't realize the value of words. He squanders them like spendthrift. He pours them out in such a flood that he actually clutters his meaning.

He takes four closely written pages to present the facts regarding himself that I have stated above in four short paragraphs, and before he even approaches the subject matter of his letter, prefaces it with this introduction:

"I am forwarding this communication to you in the hope that you may be able to assist me in solving the problem I am confronted with.

"The nature of the problem itself is a very practical one, and one which no doubt has on innumerable occasions come to your notice. I am compelled, though, to resort to this method in attaining my ends, having tried all others and found them unsuccessful.

"What follows may seem to you to be no more than a voluminous and lengthy piece of fiction, unworthy of your serious attention. I can assure you, however, that it has been written in all sincerity, and is lengthy only because of my desire to tell you everything, in order that no fact may be wanting, should you be interested, and now to a specific mention, as brief as possible, of the facts in the case."

And he says he wants to effect a connection which will eventually lead to a position of executive's assitant where he can be of aid in handling the correspondence.

Frankly, I wouldn't engage Charles M. Schwab as office boy on the strength of a letter like that. Yet I am willing to wager that this lad was praised by his instructors in English when at school for his fluency and command of language.

Oh, good old Anglo-Saxon tongue! What crimes are committed in thy name!

I don't want to be either unfair or unkind. I realize that, as my correspondent says, in his desire to explain himself, and writing to a "literary lady," he has been unduly verbose; still that ponderous. Addisonian syle of his is plainly a habit. And, if he is the sort of young fellow I think he is, he will not feel hurt, but thank me for pointing out a fault, which I believe is the chief bar to his success.

Words are salesmen. If he were at the head of a business would he send out men to solicit the trade who were affected, pedantic, slow, heavy, absurdly over-dressed? Then since he is offering in the market his talents and qualifications, his education and business experience, his youth and enthusiasm, let him send out words to tell about those wares that are crisp, clear-cut, business-like, straightforward, up-to-date.

It is good thing to remember the cynical comment of the city editor to the cub reporter who was urging the necessity of spreading himself on an account of a fire.

"Son," he said, "the story of the creation of the world is told in less than five hundred words. I guess your fire will have to stay inside that limit."

Letter-writing, it is often lamented, as a lost art. Maybe it is in a Lady Mary Montague and Morace Walpole sense. But so far as getting results are concerned, it seems to me that the real art of letter-writing is only in process of discovery. Great commercial houses have been built up solely on the appeal of the typewritten word. Business men are learning more and more to discard the old hackneyed, cumbersome phrases, and to make every word count in their correspondence.

To the young man who has written me I respectfully suggest that he drop the burden of academic expression under which he is staggering and take a brief, intensive course in "selling talk" as exemplified by the high-priced word-artists who concoct the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines. Then, when he has mastered their method, let him make his application for a position, and I fancy his letters will meet with a very different reception.

How to Acquire Hair Beauty

You can enjoy a delightful shampoo with very little effort and for a very trifling cost, if you get from your druggist's a package of canthrox and dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This makes a full cup of shampoo liquid, enough so it is easy to apply it to all the hair instead of just the top of the head. Your shampoo is now ready. Just pour a little at a time on the scalp and hair until both are entirely covered by the daintily perfumed preparation that thoroughly dissolves and removes every bit of dandruff, excess oil and dirt. After rinsing the hair dries quickly with a fluffiness that makes it seem heavier than it is, and takes on a rich luster and a softness that makes arranging it a pleasure.

GRANDMOTHER KNEW

There Was Nothing So Good for Congestion and Colds as Mustard

But the old-fashioned mustard-plaster burned and blistered while it acted. Get the relief and help that mustard plasters gave, without the plaster and without the blister.

Musterole does it. It is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. It is scientifically prepared, so that it works wonders, and yet does not blister the tenderest skin.

Gently massage Musterole in with the finger-tips. See how quickly it brings relief—how speedily the pain disappears.

Use Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

30c and 60c jars; hospital size $2.50.

MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

GOOD NEWS

We have just received many new arrivals in spring garments for women and misses. These handsome spring garments will be on sale tomorrow at specially low prices. Remember this: Our expenses are low and we can sell high class ready to wear for less. Convince yourself of this fact. Inspect our lines and compare them with those of high-priced stores.

New Spring Suits
$25.00, $29.00, $35.00 and up

In serge, Poiret twill, tricotine, mixtures, checks, and so on in stunning new models.

New Capes and Dolmans
$15.00, $19.50, $25.00, $29.50

Very exclusive models in all the new novelty cloths in Silvertone. Crystal cloth, Poiret cloth and Tricotine.

Other Capes and Dolmans $35 to $45

New Georgette Waists
$4.95 and $5.95

These are values that will introduce you to our new store. If you want to see something exceptional in waists this is your opportunity. All the new spring shades, such as sunset, league blue, white, flesh, and bisque.

New Skirts Have Arrived

We have been selling skirts rapidly. As soon as new ones comes in they are sold. We have many new arrivals for Wednesday in Plaids, Tricolettes, Satins, and all the novelty silks.

Fink's FASHION SHOP 5 So. FOURTH ST. HARRISBURG, PA.

You want a diploma from this school and a credential from the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools of the U. S. — The BEST in Business Education — Enroll Now.

School of Commerce

The old, Reliable, Standard, Accredited College.

Troup Building 15 S. Market Square.

Bell 485. Dial 4393

Send for Catalog or Representative.

Send it to Finkelstein's

When you send your clothes to Finkelstein's they are dry cleaned in accordance with the orders of Uncle Sam.

In order to determine the most efficient method of dry cleaning army uniforms the Reclamation Division of the War Department, shortly after the mobilization of our great armies was begun, enrolled in their service the recognized leaders in the dry cleaning industry of this country. These men—from their practical experience throughout most of the entire history of the industry—formulated the regulations under which all government dry cleaning has since been done.

NOT

That we want government contracts.

That we want to advertise government methods.

BUT

In order to give "supreme service" to our customers we have equipped our plant so that your clothes will be cleaned by government methods—methods which we have since found to be the best.

FINKELSTEIN

CLEANER AND DYER

Three Stores Both Telephones

Harrisburg Steelton

GIRLS! MAKE LEMON LOTION TO WHITEN AND BEAUTIFY SKIN

In all weathers the skin and complexion can be kept wonderfully clear, soft and white by the use of this inexpensive lemon lotion, which any girl or woman can easily prepare.

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quarter pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan, and is the ideal skin softener, smoothener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the roses and hidden beauty of any skin. Those who will make it a habit to gently massage this lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands once or twice daily may be repaid with a skin that is flexible and young looking and a peach-like complexion.