



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 CXC.
The chagrin I felt at seeing Tom Mason disappear in the wake of Valerie Cosby was bad enough, but having Jim see it happen was almost unendurable.

The completely unendurable would be for Lane Cosby to leave me alone in the middle of the floor, partnerless. Now my lumbering, heavy host became vital to me. If I couldn't hold him, I'd have to endure double humiliation—in Jim's eyes and in my own.

What I did may have been pathetic or shameful or funny. I didn't know then. I don't know now. I put my hand on his sleeve and I said to Lane Cosby:

"Do you one-step as well as you waltz?"

"We'll order a one-step for the next and you shall see," he replied. "That meant a real respite, for I had the next fox trot with Sheldon, and dancing three dances in succession would surely keep me from appearing the wall flower I was to any one who was interested in observing."

All during the one-step I waited for Tom to reappear through the outer entrance of the groto—and find me dancing, not seeming to notice his defection. He didn't come. The fox trot sounded and Sheldon pranced away with me. It would be just my luck for Tom to come out and find me partnerless. One encore—two. I noticed Jim prowling around the room as if in search of some one. The music stopped. Jim came up and took possession of me.

"Attentive husband," smiled Sheldon.

"I've this one with Valerie, the little imp," said Jim as soon as we were alone. "Come with me while I pry her loose from whoever's playing the devoted."

He didn't ask whether or no I had the dance, but turning he suddenly remarked off-hand:

"Your getting too pale and thin for lavender, Anne. Funny—you used to look great in it. Guess you'd better start wearing reds and pinks to cheer you up a bit. Say doesn't Valerie look wonderful in that robe?"

"That's what her husband said," I replied to wearily to be as catty as I sounded. "So you call her Valerie?"

"Sure. Cosby told me to. He's some proud of his little Val. Can't say I blame him. She's one nifty little kid."

Thinking of Valerie Cosby, languorous, perfumed, the product of apt and wealth, looking like a very modern reincarnation of Egypt—

Cleopatra herself—I almost laughed aloud when Jim calmly described her as "one nifty little kid." Perhaps the men of her day called Helen of Troy a pippin, who knows?

By now we had made the rounds of the ballroom, and the conservatory, but there were no signs of our hostess.

"Want to try this waltz?" asked Jim indifferently—so indifferently that he chilled the joy it always is for me to dance with him.

"If you like," I murmured.

Just as we swung into position, a hand was laid on Jim's arm. And Tom Mason stepped between us.

"No dancing with your own wife, boy!" he said. "Another man's wife is waiting for you. See our pretty hostess beckoning from your crystal balcony? Aunt James and have at you."

Jim made off at once. He didn't even stop to say: "Take care of Anne."

"Shall we dance?" asked Tom in a tone so different from the one in which Jim had invited me to swing along to the strains of the music, that I felt at once soothed and calmed.

"Please," I replied.

Not a word was said until this music stopped. Then Tom caught my arm through his and led me off to one of the tiny green crystal lung boxes that made the balcony of the ballroom seem like the inside of a breaking wave. I found a bench of drift-wood and moss, and Tom stood before me looking down reproachfully:

"How could you, Anne? How could you?" he asked.

"I sounds like the chorus of a song," I replied flippantly, to hide my own amazing and unwelcome hurt.

"Why did you give away the blue robe?" Before I could find some answer that I dared venture to make, he went on: "When I came in and saw it, I thought you were wearing it. That you had relented, had accepted at last the — feeling you always seem determined to avoid. So I followed the robe—and found another woman wearing it."

"And continued to follow her."

It slipped out before I could call on sober, second thoughts to save me. Tom's face changed—I knew he had not missed the intimation of jealousy — but he went on without paying any attention to it.

"I had called out 'Donna Anna' to her. She seemed to guess whom I meant and taunted me about the woman whose gown I knew, though she'd never worn it. I had to set her right—to save you from her invidious. That is why I remained so long with her. Who'd want a sunflower when there are fragrant lilacs in the garden? But why did you treat my gift so lightly, little Lillac Lady?"

I got to my feet and held out my hands.

"You mustn't! You mustn't!" I cried. "Pou tried to be a friend to

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



night. It's just because you aren't — always a friend that I had to give her the robe. There's Jim. I couldn't wear it—ever, because of Jim."

"Jim?" Tom Mason laughed, and the liking that was beginning to come crumbled away. "Jim? Well, he seems to admire my little robe. It might have been a good idea to — try its charms yourself."

(To Be Continued.)

Jet and Lace Are Being Taken From Ancient Trunks

Chicago, May 8.—Chicago society women are delving into attics and storerooms, unpacking ancient trunks and cedar chests, to uncover glories of past decades in the form of the jet and lace that grandmother wore.

For jet is coming back into its own with the turn of the half-century hour glass, and when combined with lace or fashioned in robes of jetted net, produce exquisite garments that have a tendency to emphasize or at least give the impression of slenderness.

They are used much with the delicate Spanish laces or with dotted point despit. Along with the jet adorned gowns have come all sorts of alluring accessories of the jeweler's art in the form of earrings, combs and other hair ornaments.

Recently a Chicago woman attended a function wearing a magnificent jet gown over a lace foundation. Every polished black facet glittered and sparkled as she walked or danced, the gown adapting itself perfectly to her figure, the despair of scores of women.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER I
David Delaine, erstwhile ambulance driver in France, now invalided out of the service, was thinking very hard.

He was back in "the good old U. S. A." Yet just now it did not seem very "good" to him.

For he was depressed. He had longed to return to his own country — longed for it unspcakably ever since he had learned that he was no more fit for work "over there." The bullet that had penetrated his lung had left him too weak for active service. He had been told to "go home and get some outdoor job that would not be too strenuous."

The advice had sounded simple. To follow it was quite another matter.

When he enlisted he had given up a job in Baltimore. It had been desk work, the kind of thing he must avoid until he was strong again.

In the bottom of his heart he had counted on some financial help from his nearest relative — an eccentric aunt — his dead father's sister. She was proud of the Delaine name, and David was the only one to perpetuate that name.

Aunt Jeanne was queer and very exacting. Her nephew paid a duty call to her only as often as he felt was necessary. At such times she would urge him to look for a wife.

"If you marry the kind of a girl I wish you to, I will promise you that you shall be well provided for," was her frequent remark.

These words irritated her nephew. Not only did he object to having his future planned for him, but he resented the suggestion that he was the kind of a man who would make a marriage of convenience.

"I do not intend ever to marry at all," he would say, laughing to hide his annoyance.

Miss Delaine would shake her head reprovingly. "You will be sorry if you do not," she warned.

The Right Kind of a Girl

So annoyed had David been by these speeches that he had refused to call upon the daughter of an old friend of his aunt's when the girl had to come to Baltimore in response to an invitation from Miss Delaine.

"Desiree Leighton is going to spend a few days with me," Aunt Jeanne had told David. "I am very anxious to have you know her. She is pretty — the only child of a wealthy New York man — and he is a widower. Her mother was a friend of mine. Desiree is the kind of a girl I hope you will marry."

But the young man was obdurate. While Desiree was in Baltimore he never went near his aunt's house — a fact that the elderly woman noted with dignified disfavor.

Yet at Christmas and on birthdays she always sent her nephew an invidious check with which to buy himself a gift from her. It was this custom that had given him ground for the hope that when he returned home, invalided, she would let him have a little money until he had secured a position — after which he would refund the amount lent him plus the interest on it.

The plan had seemed easy as David Delaine thought it out while recuperating in France after his discharge from the hospital. He had enough money to pay for his board and lodgings for a few weeks in a tiny French village. He wanted to be quiet well and ready for work before starting for his native land.

He had written his aunt as soon as he was able to hold a pen. He had told her of his wound and of his wishes. He was glad that he had done this when he reflected that as soon as he got back home he must ask her to lend him money.

He hoped to get a job in New York. Surely the prospects of advancement there would be better than in Baltimore.

The Terms of the Will

—And then, just before leaving France, he had received a letter from his aunt's lawyer telling him that Miss Jeanne Delaine had died suddenly of heart disease.

She left full directions regarding her funeral and the disposition of her personal and household effects," the lawyer wrote. "All has been done as she would wish. Her many friends were generally remembered. She arranged with a meticulous care that everyone should have some souvenir."

"As to the other terms of her will, I will tell you of them when you return, which, I understand, will be very soon. It is easier to explain a matter face to face than to write about it."

As soon as Delaine landed in the United States, he went to Baltimore. He had a brief but honest talk with his aunt's lawyer, who explained the situation as tactfully as possible.

The bulk of Miss Delaine's fortune was to her nephew if he married the girl of her choice.

"And that young lady is Miss Desiree Leighton, of New York," the lawyer informed David.

He made no comments on his late client's eccentricities, although he probably had decided views with regard to them.

"And if they marry?" the question was blunt as to be almost rude.

"Everything will go to certain charities designated by Miss Delaine," David rose to his feet. "It is a forgone conclusion that the money will go to those charities," he said. "I have no intention of marrying — even if any woman would have me — which is most unlikely."

"But," the lawyer reminded him, "the testator named two years after your return to this country as the time allowed you in which to carry out her wishes with regard to Miss Leighton."

"Thanks!" was the dry rejoinder. "Twenty-two years would find my decision unchanged."

That night David Delaine went to New York to look for a "job."

(To Be Continued.)

I was discharged from the Navy, but upon my return from Siberia, I called upon my sweetheart, and she told me she no longer loved me.

I have called repeatedly, but each time I was informed that she was not at home; until last week I met her, and asked her to explain the sudden coldness, to which she replied that she was tired of me.

Now, Miss Fairfax, when I am earning \$300 a month and in a position to marry, do you think it advisable for me to try and win her back; as I dearly love her and there never can be any other? — EX-SAILOR.

My dear Sailor Boy, while it may be difficult for you to realize your blessings, while smarting under the lash of this girl's strange conduct, you are really to be congratulated on having escaped a given of this type for your wife.

Young women given to these unaccountable vagaries seldom make desirable life partners. I should lose no time in forgetting her as speedily as possible.

the young lady's conduct impresses me as unreasonable and jealous to an absurd degree. Unless she changes her point of view very materially, I do not believe the chances of finding happiness with so exacting a girl would be very great. She might have resented for a little while your calling on a girl with whom she was not on good terms, but to carry her resentment to the degree you mention is going beyond all bounds.

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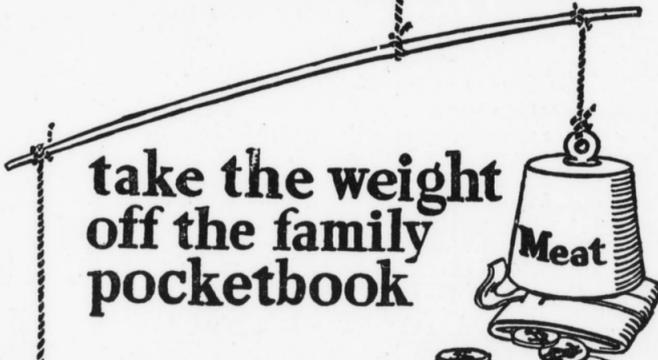
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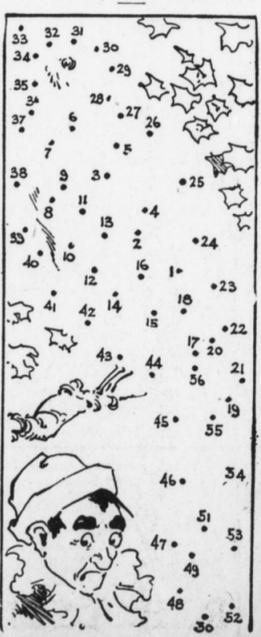
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Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Advice to the Lovelorn

A CASE OF PICKLENESS
Dear Miss Fairfax:
I am twenty-three and have been going about with a beautiful girl for over three years.

We were to be married as soon as

Sure Way To Get Rid Of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This destroys it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluff, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and your look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

CHILDREN Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply the "outside" treatment—

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