



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 CXCV.
When I got back to the Waldorf, I found Jim waiting for me in a mood of the utmost nervousness and irritability.

"Anne, I've a telegram here for you, but I've more to see it," he began.

"From Neal?" I interrupted eagerly.

"Neal? Now why under the canopy would he be telegraphing you? No, it's from Terry. He wants you to come down there. But we're entertaining the Cosbys to-morrow night and I can't have you traipsing off now," snarled Jim.

"Why does Terry want me?" I asked, though I was afraid I knew the answer.

Jim took his hand out of the pocket where it had evidently been clenched over Terry's telegram. He took the yellow paper between the fingers of both hands and began jerking at it to restore it to shape. After a minute he gave me the crumpled looking sheet, and pressing it down on the table, I read:

"Betty's arm comes out of cast to-morrow. Doctor has told me. Come at once. Know you won't fail us. Terrance Winston."

"The first morning train's about 11, isn't it?" I asked.

"There's a new train on at 10. I looked," explained Jim, "and then to save you the bother, I telegraphed for you."

"There isn't a train to-night?" I questioned.

"To-night?" asked Jim, refusing to meet my eye. "Why, you aren't going 'till Friday, Anne. You can't. I said so in my message."

"I can't go—to Betty when she needs me?" I gasped.

"Oh, come now—be reasonable, Anne. That cast can come off Betty's arm without your being there to make a hullabaloo over it. She's got Terry and a doctor or two and a few nurses to do all the cheering. You're giving a party Thursday night—to my biggest clients."

"But you don't understand. I've got to go."

"Sure I understand. You always think you've got to do pretty much anything but what I want you to do. Now you listen to me, Anne. I'm running this. You can chase down there Friday, if you want to be at every one's beck and call. And that's a whole lot more than most husbands would stand for."

"Jim, you don't understand. There won't be any cheering when Betty's arm comes out of the cast. She isn't going to be able to use it."

"She isn't going to be able—Betty—lame? Crippled?" asked Jim under his breath, almost of himself.

"Does she know?"

"His eyes challenged mine for a moment and then dropped away to fix themselves appraisingly on his stiff ankle, the ankle that always dragged a bit when he walked."

"No," I whispered briefly.

"My moment had come and I knew it."

"How could Terry keep it from her?" I asked.

"He didn't know," I confessed.

"He didn't know? She didn't know. What's all this mystery? Sounds as if you know all right."

"I do. Miss Moss made the doctor tell me."

"Why didn't that fool doctor tell Terry?" demanded Jim.

"He wanted to, but I stopped him. I said—I remember my exact words—that I'd tell her whenever had a right to know. And the doctor said he'd count on me. And I decided that Terry had a right not to know."

"How did you come to decide to play—Fate?"

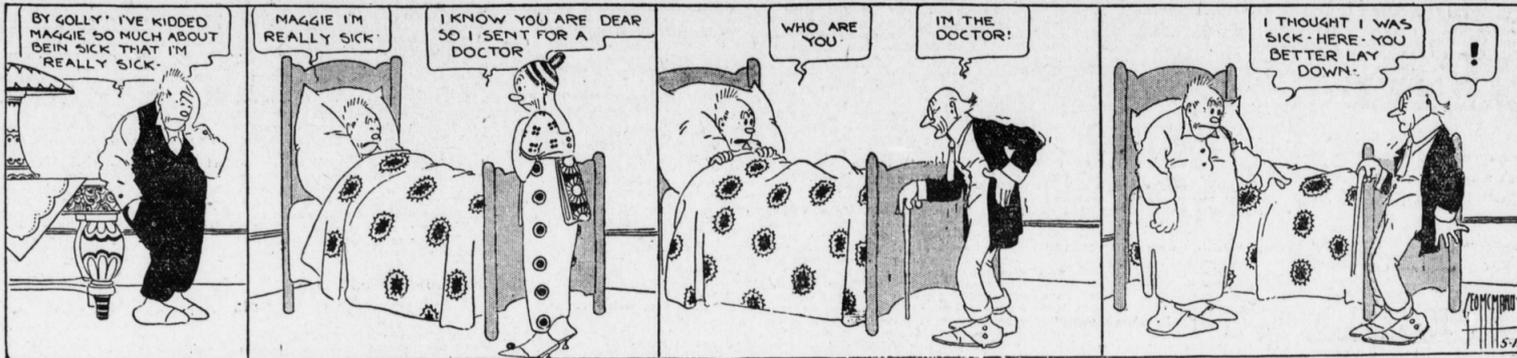
"Jim's voice was cold—colorless—accusing almost."

"They'd had such a good time winning through the happiness. You said they were ghost-hunting, remembering Atherton Bryce. Well,

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER III
For an instant David De Laine held his breath. What a fool he had been not to foresee this question! "Your name?" Mr. Leighton repeated.

David started, as if aroused from a train of thought.

"I beg your pardon?" he exclaimed. "I was thinking of something else. My name—my name is David."

He paused. Suddenly he remembered his middle name, which he had suppressed. Moreover, my aunt had disliked it and because it had seemed to him so ordinary. He was thankful for it now and spoke it without a quiver.

"David Smith," he said.

"Smith," Mr. Leighton echoed with a gleam of amazement. "Not hard to remember, is it? I shall, of course, call you by your last name. As to pay—suppose we start with thirty-five a week?"

"Very well, sir," David agreed.

"And now the address of the man to whom I am to write about you," Mr. Leighton added.

With a set face, David gave Mr. Carey's address. There seemed to be no way of escaping it.

His mind worked fast as he walked from the building in which was his father's office. He was engaged as chauffeur by the father of the girl his aunt had wanted him to marry. At least he supposed this was her father. His aunt told him that her favorite was the only child of a wealthy widower. From what Mr. Leighton had let drop, Miss De Laine's description and his remarks tallied. If so, this was some adventure!

A bright idea came into his mind, and he went into a stationer's shop and bought a pad of paper and some envelopes. Then, as the day was not cold—in spite of lowering clouds—he sat down upon a bench in City Hall Park and wrote at length to his friend.

He explained why he must get a job. He felt safe in doing this, as Mr. Carey was too poor to think that David was hinting for a loan or a gift. David knew also that Mr. Carey approved of one's making his own way in the world, and he was not quite sure what the elderly man would think

of using an assumed name. So he tried to explain his reasons clearly.

David explained.

"My aunt left me her money on condition that I marry a certain lady whom I have never met, but who lives in this city," he wrote. "Of course nobody but a cad would consider such a proposition a good fancy that my aunt has mentioned me to this young lady, and I do not want to run the risk of her discovering my identity should I happen to be employed by one of her acquaintances. That does not seem probable, yet stranger things have happened. Moreover, my aunt's request because of your unflinching friendship for my father's son."

"My would-be employer is writing you to ask if you can recommend one David Smith—my aunt's chauffeur may say 'me' instead of 'I.' may he not? Anyway, as you know, my middle name is Smith—so I am not being in any way continuously recommend David Smith, pray do so."

The clouds had been getting thicker and one heavy rain-droplet fell on the sheet of paper as David signed his name.

"Perhaps the dear, old chap will think that this is as well as he might mused ruefully. 'Well, here goes—anyway!'"

Enclosing the letter in the envelope, he addressed it, then hurried to the post office where he affixed a special delivery stamp to the epistle before mailing it.

"I'll see that beats S. G. Leighton's query by some hours," he reflected. Then, as it was beginning to rain briskly, and as he had on his only suit of civilian clothes, he hurried to the collar of his coat and ran to the nearest subway station.

A Good Dinner

He reached his room after only a slight sprinkling for the house in which he had his hall bedroom was not far from the subway.

Once here, he realized that he was hungry; that he had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and that it was now three o'clock. However, he would wait until he had had a shower before sallying forth again. Perhaps it would stop raining by then.

But at six o'clock it was still raining, so, changing from his civilian clothes to his old uniform, the young man walked out to seek his dinner.

At the roisserie near the corner he got a hot meal—a better one than he would have taken had he not been pretty sure of securing the position as Samuel G. Leighton's chauffeur.

Dinner ended, and the inner man satisfied, David De Laine was seized by a sudden impulse. He would take a trip to the house of his prospective employer, have a good look at it and see what it was like.

The house he sought was not far from Central Park, and David approached it curiously.

It certainly gave every evidence of being the home of a wealthy man. Aunt Jeanne had spoke several times of the wealth of Desiree Leighton's father.

Entered slowly by the big house David gazed at the windows. Suddenly he uttered a low exclamation and stopped in his walk.

Against the lighted interior of what he supposed was the drawing room he saw the outline of a girl's form. Only for an instant did it linger, while the hand was lifted to draw down the shade that a careless servant had forgotten to lower.

The lace curtains murred the silhouette, and David passed on. Could that be Desiree Leighton, he wondered. Then, calling himself a fool, he retraced his steps to his hall-room.

To Be Continued.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

Why is a friend?
That is a question I have been pondering over quite a bit in the last week, because, to borrow a phrase from the stock market, there seems to be a decided bull movement in friendship just at present.

Is it the Spring I wonder—that nameless longing, those wayward uncertain yearnings which come with the year's awakening—that is responsible? In the emotional unrest which seems characteristic of the season, especially in youth, does one instinctively turn toward the quieter and less tempestuous haven as a refuge?

However that may be, I only know that for the past fortnight my correspondence has centered practically about that one question—the need and desire for a true friend.

And, by the way, there is a peculiar have never yet seen any adequate psychological phenomenon for which I planation. Receiving letters as I do from all parts of the country and from all sorts of people, why is it that over a given period of time the bulk of them should all be in similar tone and concerned with the same subject?

It is said that in mail order houses and in other places where the daily grist of letters is heavy, the same peculiarity has been observed. One week the post will bring nothing but a succession of "kicks," while the next week will be signalled by an equally unbroken string of compliments; or, for one seven days the correspondence will touch exclusively on one phase of the firm's activities, and for the next seven days upon another and entirely different one.

And I will bear testimony that in my own case the majority of the letters which come to me during any certain period follow a single trend or are of identical character, and in one week I will have only the problems of the love-lover; in another, those of the married; in another, those relating to the school; and in another, those of social relations is covered.

To say as a reason for this singularity, that such or such a subject is prevalent, is simply to beg the question. There must be some law to govern and account for the circumstance; but what is it or how it acts is, I confess, beyond me.

However, to return to the point with which I started, I have been struck by the fact that for the past week or so, consisting of the demand in all my letters has been for friendship. In almost every one I open I run across this question: How can I make friends? The answer is, of course, as with everything else: Go where friends are made.

You can't expect to turn out watches in a plough factory, or to bore for oil in the desert.

Friendship is a plant born of proximity or attraction between people who have a common aim or common interests.

You can't go out and, hailing the first passerby as he goes hurrying about his business, expect to make him your friend. You must show him where the association you offer will be to his own advantage and benefit. Nothing for nothing is an invariable rule throughout the universe. For whatever you get you must pay in some form of coin or another.

And just as a man with all his lofty spiritual and intellectual possibilities comes from the dust of the earth, so friendship, which on occasion has shown

home in Saville township to help celebrate her twenty-ninth birthday. The evening was spent in playing games and music and dancing. Violin music was furnished by Lee Linard, George Palm and Clarence Hess. The dancing. Refreshments were served.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Which Would He Have Chosen?

Dear Miss Fairfax:
I am twenty and engaged to a young man. I love him, but his family do not seem to approve of his marrying me because we differ in religion, and there is another girl whom he has known for ten years, and he has told his mother he used to love her. Whenever I speak to him about this, it seems to me he becomes downhearted and likes to drop the subject. Now this girl does not live near New York. Do you think if she had lived in New York, he would have become engaged to her instead of me? Is it because he sees me more often that he has become engaged to me?

A READER.

I don't believe anyone could answer your question satisfactorily—whether, all things being equal, the young man would have married the girl in his home town or you. Proximity is certainly a valuable ally, and you have that on your side, and the young man would have to marry him instead of the other girl.

Why not accept the facts as they stand, make the best of them, and do not torment yourself with morbid questioning?

As far as difference of religion is concerned, that must be settled by one's own conscience. Feuds over one's belief in God have always seemed to me a misinterpretation of His doctrine of divine love.

A Difference in Ages

Dear Miss Fairfax:
I am twenty-nine and have been going about with a man twenty-one for eight months. Recently he asked me to marry him. Our friends say there is too much difference in our ages. Please help me to decide this matter, as I know I shall never care for another person in the same way.

R. DE L.

This question has been discussed so many times in this column that it seems almost superfluous to revive it. Contrary to the prospective opinion of one's family and friends, marriages where the wife is several years older than the husband are among the happiest on record. Of course, congeniality of tastes and interests plays a large part in the happiness of such unions and you will be safe in marrying the young man if you have more in common than just being in love—if you both care a great deal for music, for instance, or if you are interested in welfare work or your church, or something of that sort. Candidly, I do not think the difference in your ages is great enough to constitute a barrier.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A PRETTY SUMMER FROCK

2816—This is a charming model, especially for slender figures. It is just the thing for organdy, dimity, voile and crepe, and will require little trimming excepting a smart sash or belt of bright ribbon. Dotted Swiss, with collar of organdie or net edged with Val lace, and a sash of Chinese yellow or liberty red, would be very attractive for this style.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

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

Banks Distributing Canning Books Now

Washington, May 12.—Announcement that the war has made the banks of the country headquarters for information on "how to produce food f. o. b. the kitchen and what to do with it after you have produced it," is made by the National War Garden Commission. Literature on gardens and canning has been placed at financial institutions by the commission for the public benefit.

"One would scarcely think three years ago of getting a canning book from a trust company," says the commission, "but now the companies have thousands of them for distribution on request. The books have been delivered by the War Garden Commission to the banks which see in the victory gardener a good citizen and a good customer."

Manufacturing concerns, retail business houses and other industrial enterprises are co-operating in the victory garden drive of the War Garden Commission.

A SYMPATHETIC MAN

"Don't you sympathize with the people who complain of high prices?" "I do," answered the food profiteer. "It shall never be said that I was lacking in sympathy. I sympathize with them a great deal, and if I had my way I'd fix things so that I could sympathize with them twice as much." Boston Transcript.

Daily Dot Puzzle



HEINZ

OVEN BAKED BEANS

take the weight off the family pocketbook

With meat so high, and not so good for us anyway, what a boon to have a food so rich, so good, so nutritious and so easily prepared as Heinz Baked Beans!

One of the **57** Varieties

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

To get best results use Heinz Pure Vinegar and Heinz Olive Oil in making your salads