



# 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 CCVI.  
"I've a few things on my mind. Are you feeling strong and helpful this morning?" I asked Virginia as we dropped in at Wickham's together the day after Evvy had paid me her unpleasant and unforgettable visit.

"Like a tower of strength, so lean on me, grandma," Virginia laughed. "It's like this," I explained, accompanying Virginia to the little ivory and green booth, where she was to have her fittings. "I want to spend some money and also to save some. So will you help me pick out a new suit and help Jim make up his mind to move into our apartment, aren't they yet? No use paying the Walgrave a fortune every day when we have an apartment of our own."

"Why don't you help Jim make up his mind?" asked Virginia, turning away and busying herself with the snappers of her blouse.

"I can't," I confessed. "Jim calls me a miser—in fun, perhaps, but he thinks I don't know how to enjoy life."

"I think so, too," commented Virginia dryly. Then she came over and put her hand on my shoulder in a gesture much like one of Jim's. "Anne, don't try so hard to save for a rainy day and let all the sunny ones get away from you. I'll take care of the Walgrave situation. Now you see to it that Jim's wife looks more like the lilac girl he married, and less like a worried, shabby woman who's above thinking about clothes."

"Jim hardly knows whether I'm a lilac girl or a shrub bush these days," I confessed.

Virginia's eyes searched mine, and I summoned a smile to meet her gaze. I felt that her troubles were bigger than mine and that I'd be a beast to let her see me whimpering. It was of Virginia I thought not of Jim as I had done heretofore when talking to her about him. After a moment she replied in the mat-

ter-of-fact tone I had hoped her good taste would dictate:  
"If you blossom out like the lilac of the field, I'll buck Jim to notice. He's a regular man!"

"Nuff said," I replied, avoiding any suggestion of heroics. "Now I'll fit my lace dinner gown, and as soon as you're through with your own fitting, will you come and help me pick out a suit?"

Virginia acquiesced, and I went over to my fitting appointment without telling her that in the beginning I'd not had the slightest intention of getting a Wickham suit and paying a Wickham price for it. Half an hour later a procession of mannikins was swinging by, while Virginia and I sat inspecting them and their costumes as critically as the judges look over entries at a dog show.

"I'd like to see my sister in that blue suit, Emily," Virginia said to the saleswoman.

"So presently I was swinging about like a mannikin, while Virginia inspected my lines and the tailoring of a little suit that didn't look vastly different to my untrained eye. Half an hour later a procession of mannikins was swinging by, while Virginia and I sat inspecting them and their costumes as critically as the judges look over entries at a dog show."

"I'm just right," Virginia said, finally. "Mrs. Harrison must have a smarter vest, though. Fine batiste instead of that ugly brocade. See to it, please, Emily."

"Of course, Mrs. Dalton," the saleswoman smiled. "If you don't take my models just as they come, I can't give you such advantageous prices. As it stands the model is \$160, but with a different waistcoat, I'll have to charge you \$175."

"Wait till we're through ordering and then make us the best price you can," replied Virginia suavely. "Now I want my sister to see the black palette embroidered in blue beads that I ordered in sage green yesterday for Miss Harrison. And please have Clarice wear the blue poppy turban with it."

"But, Virginia," I protested when the saleswoman went to see to the palette, "I can't possibly afford more than the suit. Anyway, would Phoebe like it if I ordered the same model she's having?"

"Phoebe's this green embroidered in red; very different. So that's all right. But is the little 'miser' speaking?" asked Virginia, smiling so kindly that the sting went out of her words. "Don't fear, Jim will call a halt if you go too far. His suits cost ninety apiece if they cost a cent, and I've seen him in four this past fortnight. You asked me to steer the ship; remember that."

"Jim has to look prosperous, being around so much with men like Lane Cosby," I protested with a last flare of conservatism.

"And you'll have to look prosperous to be around so much with women like Val Cosby."

"All right," I said grimly, "what do I need to stand the contrast?"

The next thing I knew I was ordering the black palette and a fine tan tricot dress with cape to match. "Now a blue parasol for the palette," ordered Virginia. "The poppy turban's very good. I'd like my sister to try a brown Spanish sailor for the tan costume, and Jim will pick with paradise for the dinner dress."

"Paradise!" I whispered to Vir-

## Bringing Up Father



gina. "And four costumes at once! I've been brought up on a one-year-dress-a-year schedule. But I think I'm going to like you better. Lead me to it, Jeanie."

When we had tried and ordered all the things Virginia had suggested, Miss Emily fitted down over my head a little turban of henna colored batiste, casting a critical eye over my blue serge as she did so, and remarking: "You really mustn't go without this. It brings out the lights in your hair beautifully, and it dresses up the little frock you're wearing."

"She's lovely in that. You're a genius, Emily. Now be a dear and make a reasonable price," said Virginia.

Miss Emily took up pencil and paper and did some impressive figuring. Then she looked up with the air of one conveying a great favor.

"Only nine seventy-five, she said. To be continued.

## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water



CHAPTER IX.  
Samuel Leighton regarded the young man curiously.

"That is an odd thing to ask, Smith," he commented. "You want your employers to promise that they will not mention to anyone the fact that you have been in the service. Are you ashamed of it?"

The blood rushed to David's face. "No, sir—I am not!" he declared. "I am also aware that my request sounds strange. If you think it was impertinent, I apologize. Yet I cannot withdraw it."

There was a questioning quality in Samuel Leighton's gaze. In the excitement of the moment, David DeLaine had again spoken as man to man—not as an underling to his superior. Leighton's expression warned the young man that he was treading on thin ice. He averted his eyes and spoke in a lower tone.

"My appeal may seem foolish to you, sir. But I have my own reasons for not wishing it to be known that I have been on the other side."

"You would prefer having people gaze at you and consider you a slacker?" his companion challenged. "I know I am not. That is enough. It is nobody's business but mine—and the Government's. And people ask ex-soldiers awkward questions about their health—and all," he added as an afterthought.

But it was that afterthought that saved the day for him. Samuel Leighton's face cleared.

"He thinks he sees," he said. "Oh, I understand now," he said. "You have the hitherto healthy young man's natural dread of being considered an invalid. If people know you have been overseas, they will inquire why you are back—and you will have to admit that you have been ill. Well, since you feel like that, I don't blame you—and I will have to consent to make the promise you ask."

"And," eagerly, "you will ask Miss Leighton to do the same?"

"That is a matter for me to decide," was the cold reply, and David knew that he had once again overstepped the line of obsequious re-

spect which custom and convention demanded of one in his position. "I beg your pardon," he muttered. "This was the second time that he had apologized within the past three minutes. It was not like David DeLaine to do this—yet since he had started out upon this adventure he must see it through. Just now he could not afford to disdain a chance to earn his living. Moreover, his sporting blood was aroused."

He wished he had the nerve to inquire the Christian name of his young mistress. But of course he would learn it before long. Some one must use her name in his presence. He noticed to-night that her father had called her "Daughter," and that only.

He roused himself with a start from his musings, aware that Mr. Leighton had not replied to his apology. He met the eyes of the older man fixed upon him. He did not flinch or glance away, and the two men stood regarding each other fixedly for a moment.

Something in the open, direct gaze of the blue eyes reassured Samuel Leighton, and he nodded, as if satisfied.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

HE HEARD SOME GOSSIP



Dear Miss Fairfax:  
My brother, now in France, but who expects to be home shortly, is in love with a young lady whom any one could be fond of. She is blond, tall and handsome, and has an agreeable disposition. The other day I heard several women talking about my brother's fiancée, saying at one time she knew well a man who had been arrested several times, sued for breach of promise, etc.

My brother knows nothing about the above, as his sweetheart has never mentioned this to him, and he shall never know through me, but as I discovered this in a peculiar manner, I am afraid he may find it out after he is married, and trouble will ensue. Why do you suppose she kept this a secret?

I think it is a pretty strict sort of accounting to hold a girl responsible for the conduct of a man with whom she was once friendly, and perhaps she may not have known of his shortcomings at that time. You might tell her of the gossip you inadvertently heard, and see what she has to say about it. She is quite likely to resent it, however, and the role of social adjuster is never a very grateful one.

SHE LIKES TO HAVE A GOOD TIME  
Dear Miss Fairfax:  
I am a yeomanette in the—Navy Yard, and I have been married fifteen months to the dearest soldier in the world. I didn't marry him

without knowing him because we had been sweethearts since we were children. We were together only a month after we were married, as he had to go away, and I was so lonely I enlisted in the Navy. Since that time I have gone out with girls and their sweethearts, not meaning a particle of harm by it, but some one always tells my mother and never mentions there was a girl in the party. My husband understands and believes me, but my mother fears gossip.

I don't want you to think I am beautiful, for I am not; but the boys in the office where I work are always talking of my eyes and teeth, whom I do admire, as I have never had any trouble with them, and I take pride in them for my husband's sake. And I dress well, for my husband sends me money and asks me to dress well. He will be home sometime in the summer if nothing happens. A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

While these little parties that you speak of are doubtless innocent enough, there are always gossips who will be glad to remember that you are a married woman and will expect you to behave as if you were

thirty, instead of nineteen. And while I do not advise you to give up these outings, still I should not go often enough with these unmarried young people to cause any talk.

Do this tonight, and 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 at once, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.

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## By McManus



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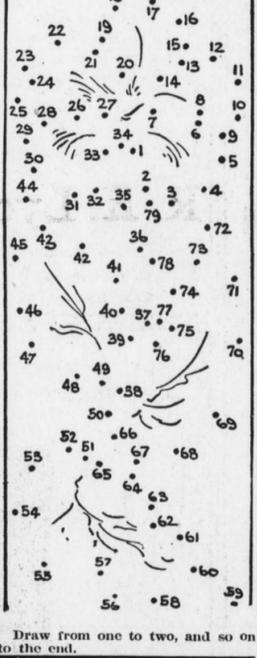
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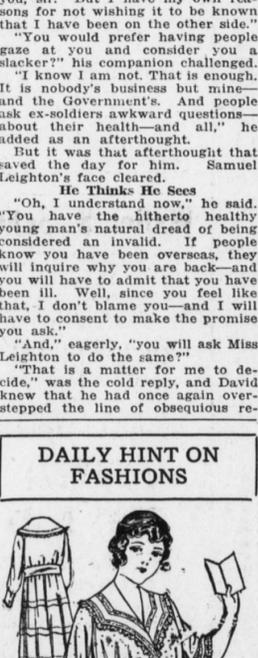
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## Daily Dot Puzzle



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

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A SIMPLE, PRETTY FROCK

2529—Net over organdie, or dimity, organdie, batiste, lawn, crepe, washable silk, foulard and charmeuse, voile and marquisette; all these are nice for this style. The waist is made with surplus closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the cuff, or finished in short length, loose and flowing. The skirt is joined to the waist. A girde or sash of ribbon forms a suitable trimming.

The pattern is cut in sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/2 yards of 6-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot. 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:  
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Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless and never irritates.

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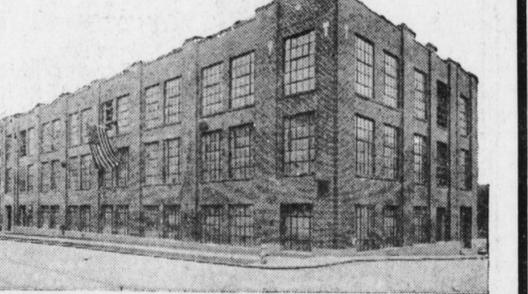
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