

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 CXXIV
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One demonstration of the little motor car was sufficient to make Jim and me decide to buy it. We were promised delivery in a month. Next we went over to arrange for me to take a daily lesson in driving.

Then I realized that the Barbara Anne Lee who had once worked hard for enough to support her in boarding houses and ready-made blue serges had passed out of existence. In her place was Anne Harrison, who bought her clothes at Wickhams, had two servants and drove her own car. I enjoyed being the Harrison lady who had luxury—and love.

When we got home from making our purchase and celebrating it by a dinner in keeping with our gay extravagance, we found Neal waiting for us:

"Evvy's sick," he began without preamble. "I can't figure out what to do. I've been waiting here for an hour or so. She won't see a doctor."

"Then she's probably not very sick," I replied wondering guiltily if I should have thought of Evvy during my happy evening with Jim.

"I can't figure out what to do," repeated Neal looking pleadingly at Jim. "Evvy's the head of her house. When she says she doesn't want a doctor, her folks give right in. Do you think I ought to ring up Dr. Kellogg and risk her slamming the door in his face?"

"I wonder," began Jim turning to look at me with a flash in his eyes that communicated itself to me. Was Evvy shamming sick to get out of having Val Cosby pour at her tea?"

"We understood each other, but neither of us said a word of our

thoughts to Neal. His attitude toward Evvy was so protecting and chivalrous that Jim and I were in accord about being very chivalrous, too, in our dealings with Neal. Jim couldn't say much concerning the girl who had once loved him and who was now engaged to Neal. And as the wife of one and the sister of the other, I began to see that his hands were tied too. But I didn't care why the reception was called off if only Phoebe could be saved from the unhappiness and humiliation it must cause her.

By the next day things were out of Evvy's hands. She was so ill that the timorous mother sent for a doctor in spite of all Evvy could say or do, and within a few hours a trained nurse was established at Evvy's bedside and rumors of influenza came to us.

For a week Evvy saw no one. Night after night Neal came to dinner with us, and sat staring at his plate of untasted food. I began to wonder if he cared—or if, like me, he was fighting cruel and inhuman thoughts of how perhaps now, our problems were going to be solved in the higher court. I forced myself to pray over and over again that Evvy would get well, because I knew in my heart of hearts that I was having a hard time to wait her to.

On the day after the date set for the reception, which had worried me so, Evvy sent for me. She lay in bed looking haggard and hard, and I found my heart going out to her in pity. Her first words, however, startled me up short.

"Well, I didn't have Cosby pour at my tea, did I?" she asked feverishly. "I thought I'd have to give in to Jimmie. He's always been able to twist me around his little finger and get me to do what he wanted. Perhaps even when I jilted him. But this time Fate interferred in my behalf. Looks like an omen—as if I were going to get the upper hand of our Jimmie now."

She smiled lazily, fixing her blue eyes on me with an expression that puzzled me. I wondered if she were feverish, or if there really was passion and hate and an ugly desire for revenge in the air.

"You're a very jealous woman, aren't you, Anne?" Evvy went on brushing aside my attempts to say a few words of sympathy. "I can remember when you were afraid that Jimmie's old fondness for me survived. But we can both see that he is more fascinated by Val Cosby than by either of us now. And as I'm going to be your sister-in-law and to find complete happiness in the arms of your ardent young brother, you know you need never be jealous of me again but that you can count on me to help you fight Val."

"Evvy!" I cried embarrassed and annoyed by every word she said about herself, but finding myself untouched by her awkward attempts

Bringing Up Father

:-:

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By McManus



to make me distrust Jim. "I'm afraid you're feverish—or will be if you go on like this. I'll call the nurse or your mother."

Evvy laughed. There was malice and scorn in her laugh, but when she spoke, her husky voice seemed almost to caress me.

"Don't worry about me—sister, dear. I got a wonderful rest here in bed. You know I've decided it's silly to wait till winter to be married. I think we'll go out and open Mason Towers for the summer as soon as I'm a bit stronger, say in about three weeks, and right after that we'll be married. It's cruel to keep Neal waiting. Yes, I'll let the dear, impatient boy have his way and to-night I'll tell him we'll get away for a month from to-morrow."

Evvy's eyes opened wide with the old look of wistful innocence. But there was a malicious twist to her mouth as she went on:

"Why don't you say how delighted you are, Anne?"

"Father Andrew can't come on during the summer," I began, but at sight of Evvy's face I shifted to:

"Anything that makes Neal happy?"

"Neal, Neal! Why don't you think about his making me happy? Why don't you wonder whether he is?" demanded Evvy, sitting up in bed and seizing my hand in hers as if there were something more she wanted to say.

"I hope he does—and is," I returned formally, never less at ease.

"I've just told you what a wonderful lover he is. To be Neal's wife, your sister—and Jim's—is almost too much for any one woman. I often wonder what I've done to deserve it. But now that I have this splendid opportunity I'm glad I was spared to—make the most of it, aren't you, Anne?"

There was a threat in Evvy's tone. I felt suddenly that my own happiness, as well as Phoebe's and Neal's was at stake, but I couldn't guess from where the attack was coming. I didn't know how to meet it.

To be continued.

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The war will make ten million women among the Allied nations celibates, according to the calculations of statisticians. And while statistics are always being attacked on the grounds of their unreliability, they may at least be regarded as straws showing which way the wind blows.

Perhaps ten million may be an extreme figure, but there is no denying that the hopes of millions of girls, as far as the big experiences of life—love and motherhood—are concerned, lie buried in No-Man's Land.

Sheer overbalance of numbers must cause millions of women to reverse their normal impulses toward home-making and motherhood, and turn their energies in the direction of the industrial or professional world. The war, about which they were not consulted, has completely changed their position in the scheme of things; in the United States alone, approximately twelve million women work for their living. And the Bureau of Labor has urged them to keep their jobs, proving beyond the powers of rhetoric that they have made good.

In the next Presidential election 12,500,000 women, representing twenty-seven states, will be entitled to cast their votes for President, while the influence of women in the party conventions may well be the determining factor in the choice of party candidates.

Yet in the face of the figures we have earnest anti-suffrage ladies and gentlemen frantically playing cards and drinking tea for the benefit of "The Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage." Alack and alas! Think of the waste of energy, not to mention the waste of tea! For tidal wave after tidal wave of the cup that cheers and mountain range after mountain range of cards cannot prevail against the influence of women in the next election, or in the world for that matter.

And speaking of anti-suffrage societies brings to mind other "lost cause" associations. In England there still exists "The White Rose League," the object of which is to restore the Stuart dynasty in England. And up to the beginning of the war at least members of the league were in the habit of hearing white roses at the base of the Charles I. statue near Whitehall.

In Republican France to-day there are several Royalist societies, one of which supports the Bonaparte claims, the other the Bourbon and a third those of the Duke of Orleans.

Professional "Weak Women"

So we may expect quite a bit of tea drinking and card playing on the part of professional "weak women," who, declining to do their

own thinking, object to other women exercising that right.

But there is no woman earning her own living who can afford to let some one else think for her these days. She owes it to herself to know all about what is known as "the woman question." It has to do with her pay envelope, her hours of work, her holidays and the sanitary condition under which her work is done. Such important questions as the minimum wage, living, old age pensions and teachers' inadequate salaries, are directly concerned with votes for women.

There is absolutely no excuse for any self-supporting woman being uninformed on these subjects, if she does not marry, and it is highly probable—considering the overbalance of the sexes due to war that she may not marry—her whole future happiness, peace and prosperity are bound up in the woman question. This is certainly no time to farm out your thinking.

All the anti-suffragists I have known have been right women—ladies enjoying ease as the result

of some one else's labor. I have heard of such anomalies as self-supporting women who are anti-suffragists, but I am free to confess I have never met one. I have known wage earners to plead ignorance of "the cause," or, in a few instances, to claim they were not vitally interested, but I have never known, personally, any working woman actually opposed to suffrage.

Some Slaves Were Opposed to

And if some of them do happen to be opposed to suffrage it would not mean any more than did the petition of ten thousand negro slaves signed during the Civil War and pleading that freedom be withheld from them. Or the petition of East Indian women to the British Government begging that Suttie be not abolished.

The war with the consequent sweeping changes it has made in the position of women, forces every conscientious woman to think seriously of her position in the world to-day, and any woman too indolent to think these days is a distinct menace to the country. Responsibilities are piling up at her door, responsibilities that she can no longer shift to some one else's shoulders.

And if the war has really taken some of the poor, spineless, purposeless, ambitious female molasses and shaken them into a semblance of energetic, efficient womanhood it will have done something, at least, to atone for its world-wide suffering.

One of the most vital questions to be considered is that of child labor; the tainted money we acquire through exploiting these little ones will be trebly expended later in fostering the wreck of them to survive in insane asylums, homes for the feeble-minded and tubercular. And what about the absurd salaries we have been paying teachers? We entrust the care of future citizens

to these women demand much of them in the way of culture and then deny them living wage.

What about the increased cost of living, and the vanishing power of the once almighty dollar? What about food lost by lack of railroads? Do you know that hundreds of tons of vegetables rot on the ground within ten miles of the Nation's capital because the roads are so bad they cannot be hauled with profit?

It has been said of us that our

chief vice as a sex is mental indolence, we adore mental ease, and it requires heroic efforts to make a woman read anything in a newspaper but the society news and the death column. If this be true, please let us mend our ways, and take a normal interest in the questions of the day. The Turkish women have discarded their veils, and are studying politics according to the latest from Constantinople. Let us at least keep pace with the lady Turks.

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"We understood each other, but neither of us said a word of our

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DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A SMART COSTUME FOR THE GROWING GIRL

2845—This makes a pretty suit for linen, taffeta, shantung, gabardine or serge. The waist could be of matched satin, or of organdie. The design is also nice for gingham.

The pattern is cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires five yards of 44-inch material.

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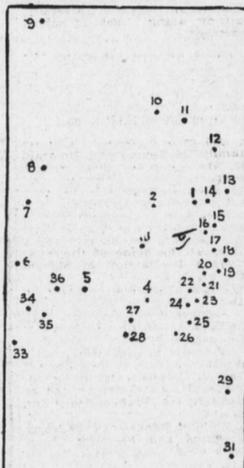
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Daily Dot Puzzle



Better Than Mother Made

"Dinner will be ready in about five minutes now," said Mrs. Higby, as she went over to where her husband was reading.

"He looked up with a smile. "Do you remember," he teased, "when we were first married—how you used to fuss about dinner, and get so tired that you were done out for the rest of the evening?"

"Do I?" replied his wife emphatically. "It was dessert that did it, too. The many weary hours I've put in trying to make cornstarch pudding because I knew it was your favorite dessert—well!"

"Thank goodness," they both chanted solemnly.

"We're going to have it tonight for dessert, too—I've made the most luscious chocolate blanc mange with Pudding," said Mrs. Higby.

"Fine!" replied her husband enthusiastically—"let's eat."

Later as Mr. Higby was eating his dessert and enjoying it immensely—Mrs. Higby said: "We have Mrs. Doran to thank for this. I'll never forget the afternoon she stopped over when I had just finished a cornstarch pudding that was lumpy, and thin, and just generally impossible."

"Don't you use Pudding?" she asked. "It's the very dessert you should know about. It did it, too. All you have to do is just to add milk, either fresh or condensed, and sugar, and boil three minutes."

"I was very skeptical. And have it turn out like this cornstarch pudding?"

"Nothing of the kind," she retorted indignantly. "You pour it into a mold and when it is cool, you have a firm, smooth mound of the most delicious dessert you ever tasted—chocolate, rose and orange, lemon—any flavor you like."

"I remember the first time you had it," said Mr. Higby.

"The reason you like it so well," replied his wife, "is because you can eat as much of it as you want to."

"Perhaps you're right," he replied but when it comes to the pie and cake fillings and ice cream—to say nothing of desserts that you make with Pudding—well the things that mother used to make have nothing on yours."

Mrs. Higby smiled contentedly. "And to think," she said, "that Pudding is so inexpensive. I've served 15 generous helpings with one 15c box of Pudding."

When you order your groceries to-day, include Pudding.—Adv.



Tallow Dips Once Lighted Our Best Homes

Electricity was then only known by the flash of lightning; gas was unharnessed and candles a luxury for the rich.

But what would you think of a woman who would use a tallow dip to light her home in these times?

In those days women baked their own bread because there were no scientific bakers to bake for them better bread than their own.

The woman who bakes today is still in the tallow-dip age

Those baking hours can better be spent with the children, in reading, in outdoor work that adds efficiency to other duties. Baking saves neither a minute nor a penny.

The modern woman buys

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the daintiest, the most wholesome and the most appetizing loaf you ever saw—a perfect food that makes the children grow—a favorite with every member of the family.

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