



Reading for Women and of the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CCLIV
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When I left Phoebe I hailed a taxi and set off post-haste to my apartment. I had a plan—no, a dream—of a plan nevertheless.

As we drove through the streets another taxi swung out of a side street and passed, heading in the same direction. I felt the eyes of the occupant flash furtively over my face. Then traffic was signalled to stop and I turned to look back after the taxi whose hind wheels had almost grazed the back of my cab. And again, furtively, I saw the tiny curtain over the rear window sliding down. On the hand that pulled it flashed a diamond solitaire Neal had given Evvy.

Then my plan rooted itself more deeply in my mind. It couldn't fail. It mustn't fail. Something in the furtiveness with which Evvy avoided me made me more than ever bitterly certain that marriage with her held nothing but unhappiness for Neal.

Once at home I called Father Andrew's store by the long distance telephone. It was a thousand miles away. My voice must wing over space and might fall perhaps to convey the message to my father. But one word would be filled with meaning as it dropped into Neal's ears. I was going to ask him to bring me back to him the circle of diamonds Father Andrew had given our frail little mother.

I was going to ask Neal to bring back the pledge he had given Phoebe—the token Virginia had returned when he was at camp.

Neal had never told me that he had left that at home in Father Andrew's safe-deposit box, but I was sure he hadn't touched it since the day it had come into his hands. I was going to make him touch it now—if I could. But even if he refused to touch it I was going to force him to think of it. That much I could do.

But I planned without due allowance for the time it takes to make a long-distance connection. I put in my call as usual, and he asked me to chime the half-hour after four. For an hour I struggled to have the called hurried through. At a little after six I had to yield to the reiterated "They don't answer." By that time it was likely to be true.

At six Father Andrew closes the store and goes home to supper. Three nights ago he had returned from the store again from seven to ten. But this wasn't one of his nights for the store. And he has no telephone in our little home.

By to-morrow it might be too late. Neal had been gone nearly a week. He might be returning any day now. So I composed a telegram and sent it out over the wires at once.

It was to Neal—in care of Father Andrew. And I sent another to the dear delicate-minded father who would never dream of opening even a telegram addressed to someone else.

The first, addressed to Neal, read: "Something important to communicate. Advise time arrival. Will meet you at station. Must see you alone at once. Bring mother's ring. Don't fail. V. L. Important. Anne."

The one to Father Andrew was usually full of adjectives and of incoherence to telegraph rates:

Found on Floor Dying From Burns

Jersey City, N. J., July 23.—With the door of their combined kitchen and bedroom securely fastened from the outside with a rope, Mrs. Mary Fleutuch and her 11-year-old daughter were discovered in a dying condition yesterday as a result of burns received in a fire of apartment building.

The fire, which started in a kitchen, destroyed the little grocery store conducted by Mrs. Fleutuch in this city. The mother and daughter both died, but not before Mrs. Fleutuch had regained consciousness long enough to give the name of a neighbor who is alleged to have threatened her life.

Whatever You Do Don't Neglect Your Eyes, Says Dr. Lewis, Who Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50% in One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled Here is a prescription for eye trouble. Here is a prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one or two into a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid, bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and in a few days they will disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take these steps to have them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind men have been saved in time. They had cared for their eyes in time.

NOTE: Another prominent Physician to whom this youthful friend was recommended: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known and prescribed by eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturer guarantees it will give you eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good drugist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept in every home and in every family." It is sold in this city by the Kennedy, the Croil Keller and J. Nelson Clark stores.

VITOLYN FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

Neutralizes Stomach Acidity, Prevents Fermentation of Foods, Eliminates Gases Which Form in the Stomach and Aids Digestion

No doubt you have tried different remedies for indigestion, constipation and stomach troubles, but have you tried nature's way for a sure and permanent relief?

Nature has provided a remedy for every ailment.

The Indians sought herbs when they were sick. Even animals, the dog for example, selects and eats certain herbs which nature has provided for him when he is sick.

Vitolyn, nature's tonic of Herbs, Roots, Fruit and Seeds, has been provided for you both by nature and the science of a chemist.

Vitolyn is designed to regulate your bowels and liver and bring instant relief to those who suffer from chronic constipation.

Start taking Vitolyn to-day. You will notice the improvement at once.

Vitolyn is endorsed by physicians all over the United States and is sold by all druggists on its merits.

"Vito" means "Life."

Vitolyn is a health builder. It is the remedy we all need to put "life" and "pep" in us that nature intended we should have.

Vitolyn will create a good, healthy appetite and restore to you that youthful look of health we so much desire.

Be sure you get Vitolyn the Genuine Tonic of Herbs and avoid substitutes. Put up in Tablet Form only, for your convenience and is sold by the following druggists in Harrisburg:

Gorgas, Golden Seal, Kennedy, Keller, Thompson, C. M. Forney, Moller, Gross, and all other druggists.

Stevens Medicine Company, Inc., 548 Vanderbilt Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXXV.

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Although more than a week slipped by Nora's unuttered predictions with regard to Smith's prophecies were not fulfilled.

At first she avoided seeing him, sending Annie to answer his ring when he brought the car to the door. She fancied that if she shunned him he would make an effort to meet her.

On the contrary, he seemed to have forgotten her very existence. Annie reported that he only announced that the car was here, then withdrew without further speech. The chambermaid's report was correct. David De Lane was too thankful to escape Nora's attentions to be willing to risk further intercourse with either of the maids.

So when, one afternoon, Nora changing her plan of campaign, opened the door for him, he behaved as he had done when Annie had answered his ring.

"Please tell Miss Leighton that the car is here," he said. And, without further speech, he turned away. But Nora checked him. "Haven't you anything else to say?" she demanded.

He looked in surprise at her flushed face.

"I suppose," she went on, "that you'll pretend you never gave Miss Leighton the letter I wrote."

David was intensely annoyed. He had a quick temper and he did not wish any altercation with a girl who evidently did not know her place.

"If you refer to a sheet of paper that I picked up from the ground one evening, I did give it to Miss Leighton," he replied coldly.

"So you did give it to her, did you?" Nora sneered, infuriated by his haughty manner. "After you'd read it, you didn't read it, did you?"

"I certainly did not read it," he declared.

"I don't believe you!" Nora retorted.

She thought she was driving him into a corner and that he would quail under her scorn.

"Instead of a slight lifting of the eyebrows, Smith went on down the steps without another glance in her direction.

She was so angry that she announced that the car was waiting.

Desiree, however, did not notice

the girl's agitation. She had concluded that the matter of the note had, after all, been of very little moment, although she still had an uncomfortable recollection of her maid's impertinence.

The tury of a woman scorned possessed Nora Day this afternoon. She had used methods that she hoped would cause Smith acute discomfort, and they had had no effect upon him. She had burned her bridge behind her. There was no way in which she could reopen friendly communications with the chauffeur. Had he only quarreled with her, it would have been easy. Absolute indifference and disdain are hard to fight. Nora had played her last card and lost.

Smith should suffer for this. She was determined on that. Moreover she had decided to leave Miss Leighton's employ. It was plain that her mistress had not forgotten Nora's impertinence of a few days ago. Well, the girl did not care. There were lots of places these days for girls! But before she went, she would get even with Smith!

Her month would be up on Friday. She would tell her mistress to-morrow morning that she was going.

She waited until after breakfast the following day before making her announcement. As yet she had not decided upon a way to punish the man who had flouted her, but she would surely find it.

When she entered her mistress's bedroom, she found her at her dressing table, her sapphire and amethyst pendant and its chain in one hand, a small jewel case in the other.

An Evil Impulse

"Nora," she said before the girl could speak, "please get a bit of paper and wrap up this box for me. I want to take the chain down to have it repaired."

Smith smiled, and she took the pendant also to make sure that the setting is secure."

As Nora did her bidding, an evil impulse made her say:

"You was lucky, ma'am, to get this back the other day."

"It was, indeed," Desiree replied. "If it had been found by a dishonest person I never would have seen it again."

"Well, ma'am," the girl continued meekly, "even if a body meant to keep it he'd not have the courage to do it when he took time to think about it. He'd sure bring it back to me."

Desiree, looked at her, puzzled. "It was, fortunately, an honest person who found it," she commented.

Nora smiled, and she seemed kinder queer that it dropped off when it never did before, don't it?" she suggested in a low voice.

"The catch was evidently defective," Miss Leighton said. "I had noticed that."

"Others might have noticed it, too," Nora remarked.

"What do you mean?" Desiree questioned.

"Oh, nothing, ma'am," was the cryptic reply.

There was a moment's pause. "I want to tell you," Nora said irrelevantly, "that I'll be leaving you on Friday."

She had expected a start of surprise from her employer, she was disappointed. Miss Leighton only nodded.

"Very well, Nora. I think myself it would be best to make a change. Thank you," as the girl handed her the neatly tied parcel.

Nora watched her mistress as she said the box on her dressing table.

"That's all," Miss Leighton said, and the maid withdrew, feeling once more that she had been fooled in her attempt to produce a sensation.

(To Be Continued.)

functioned as noiselessly as the most modern motor-car. There was nothing she didn't know about that obliteration of personality which was the only way you're living in some other person's house.

And yet she was rather nice, don't you remember. At least, all you children liked her—and with good reason. Of course, she wasn't really attractive, from a grown-up standpoint. Her clothes were too plain, and so was the way she did her hair, and anyway the mere fact that she had never succeeded in getting married, as your parents put it, settled definitely the question of her attractiveness. So you children didn't praise her much. Your attachment to her rather cruelly went unvoiced.

What Her Job Was

But do you remember what her self-imposed duties were? If you do you will wonder, with me, that the present-day family can limp and stagger along without her aid.

All the family mending fell to her, without any question. Mother significantly introduced her to the mending basket on the day she first came to the house, and the responsibility was never relinquished, and the contents weren't all stockings, by any means. There were adolescent trousers and adult skirts, there were sheets and curtains, even rugs and carpets—but we all know what it means to keep a lively family well sewed up.

And all this was only for odd moments. Long weeks were devoted to the family canning and preserving. Weeks more went to the accomplishment of Spring and Fall housecleaning. Then there was the regular mending to be done. And ever so often there was a family festival to be prepared for.

Had there was a sick child to be looked after, and it was such a blessing to have someone to leave with the children not only in the evening, but when mother and father went away for a vacation, long weeks were devoted to the family canning and preserving. Weeks more went to the accomplishment of Spring and Fall housecleaning. Then there was the regular mending to be done. And ever so often there was a family festival to be prepared for.

With a dependent cousin, the house one never needed to employ a nurse, you remember, even in cases of serious illness. Just as we didn't need a seamstress or a nursemaid. And one could really get on quite well without a servant. Because the cousin had no "days off" and no free evenings, and no beaux, or other personal complications, then there was always extra garden depend on her. She was never ill, and she didn't have hysterics, either, or do anything to make herself conspicuous in the household. She was a good mother who kept her belongings in that little room over the kitchen and there she slept.

The poor relation received her board and lodging free, and many of the family connection gave her their worn-out clothes. And people said she was fortunate to have such a good home. Very likely she thought so herself. She was busy with some work that she disliked darning, or even scrubbing, and she often cared a great deal for the children, in a touching, secret sort of way. I'm not sure she would have accepted wages. She wouldn't have thought she had a right to them.

Well, she is vanished. We couldn't find her now, or persuade her to undertake the drudgery of our households even if we offered her the wages that are now considered the equivalent of such services. She has escaped us forever. She is living her own life. She can contrive a home of her own, and she is getting paid for it. She has her own home, either alone or with some family companion. Very often she adopts a child or two.

Personally she isn't recognizable. You couldn't identify her with the colorless cousin who used to wear such ugly shabby dresses, and who baked for you in such a delectable manner, and who made such extremely delectable little cakes. She's twenty years younger and healthier and happier and prettier. She's never had the indoor habit, because her generous mother had been so kind to her. And she's never been dependent because she knows how many ways there are for a woman to support herself. The idea of doing odd jobs in a relative's family, with complete suppression of her own personality, and no wages—would be unthinkable if she feels like it, she may as well be a beggar. But it won't be for economic reasons, though she is past her even years. She isn't looking about for somebody who will give her a home. She can contrive a home of her own without any trouble whatever. If she marries it will be for romance,—for romance and friendship and comradeship.

But how in the world do the mothers and fathers and children of this generation get on without her? Who makes a family life possible for you when the baby with mother gone shopping and helps brother with his "examples," and does emergency laundry-work, and keeps track of the linen, and—oh, what you can see why people say that family life isn't family life any longer.

There's nobody to keep the machinery oiled. There's nobody to sacrifice her life in the interest of the family convenience. It does make a difference. The fireless cooker doesn't replace the poor relation for a moment, though we have heard it would—nor the bread-making machine, nor any electric devices that has ever been invented, or ever will be.

Let's cherish her memory, at all events. Let's have the gratitude and the decency to acknowledge what she did.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and have many friends. There is only one young man I love, and he has been in the service for some time. Shortly after I met him, he was out with a fever for duty in France, and I promised him I would go about with no other young man in his absence.

I received mail from him during the war and when he came back I got two letters saying he wanted to see me. Before I answered he had moved, and my letter was returned. Do you think it would be wrong if I were to go about with other young men until I hear from him? There is no way I can get his address.

DOTTY

It would seem that you have fulfilled all the conditions of your promise, my dear Dotty, and I really do not think it would be very wicked for you to go out with young men, friends until you hear from this soldier boy.

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DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



2882—Here is just the thing for soft voile, batiste, and lawn, dotted Swiss and organdie. Lace, or embroidery will form a very pretty finish. The guimpe is cut with kimono sleeves. This style is easy to develop and easy to launder. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 27-inch in the guimpe, and 2 7/8 yards for the dress.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

We've all heard a great deal about the tragic difficulties of merely keeping alive in the modern home. Our ears are filled with "plaints about the scarcity of servants, the prohibition was commanded by scrubwomen, the coal famine, the ice famine, the deadly gradual shrinkage of the dollar and the sickening expansion of the provision bill.

But this isn't the whole story.

There's another convenience of the old-fashioned home that seems to have disappeared altogether. What has become of the poor relation?

Of course you remember her perfectly, you whose youth wasn't a matter of volition, but a sacrifice. There was always of the feminine gender. She was both detached and dependent. She was the kind of person that "fitted in." Usually, she was mother's cousin or father's aunt. She was supposed to be "glad of a home," for she was without status and without income and without trade or profession—for the domestic arts that she had at her finger's ends weren't considered marketable. Personally, she was very quiet. She

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

Prude is a bloated, puffed-up, arrogant devil which ranks high among the seven deadly sins; and she yet all of us, without exception, have built some secret altar to it where we offered up sacrifices—sacrifices of our happiness, our comfort, our advancement in life.

Here is the story of a woman who is passing her days most unhappily, because of the thwarting, hampering demon, pride; and she hasn't yet acquired the nerve to rise up and slay him.

She is now looking back mournfully on her former estate and murmuring, "Life went very well then."

A widow somewhere between forty and fifty, she held a good position and earned sufficient money to keep up a pleasant, little flat of her own and enough over to dress nicely, occasionally entertain her friends, and go to the movies whenever she felt inclined.

An only son had married and was living in another city, and she was constantly receiving letters from him and her delightful in-law urging her to come and make her home with them. They longed to have her; she was getting too old to work, and in their household, surrounded by tender love and care, she would have nothing to do but rest and enjoy herself.

She was evidently not an observing person, given to studying the ways of the world and the lives of her neighbors, and she failed to see that one day of financial independence and the ability to follow one's own inclinations is more than a thousand years of dependence in the home of relatives. So she gave up her flat, shipped all her household goods to her son and daughter-in-law, and took the next train to the unknown.

She awoke from her rosy dreams of the future with a jolt. She discovered that it was not she who longed for to adorn their new home, but her furniture and ornaments. They merely came to make a necessary evil, and she found herself relegated to a very obscure back-ground in less time than it takes to tell.

The picture she draws of her present life is very vivid. Her one indoor sport is doing all the household work; of outdoor sports, she has none. When the family go out on various jaunts, she is not included among those present. Some one really must stay home to look after the house, and she doesn't bother to draw lots to see who it shall be. The children, as children invariably will, adopt the careless, indifferent manner of their parents toward her, and are both rude and impertinent.

The principal topic of light conversation at breakfast, luncheon and dinner is the increasing size of the grocery bill since there is one more in the family to feed and it really seems wonderful how just one more in the family adds to the expense of housekeeping. In every way she is tactfully given to understand that the sooner she can accommodate her family to a nice, comfortable coffin, the better, the family will be pleased.

And yet by her own confession there is a door of escape right be-

TRoubles of Eighteen

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Advice to the Lovelorn

HAS NEVER HAD A TRUE LOVE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Being considered a pretty girl by both sexes, I am lonely. I am popular in my neighborhood, owing to my wonderful talent for music and my amply proportioned figure. I regret to say that I do not have a man I can call a real friend.

A GIRL.

I wonder if the trouble might be that your life is a little growing and self-centered. Try and forget about yourself and become absorbed in some work outside of your present sphere of living. Understanding music, you ought to have no difficulty in joining yourself to some agreeable musical association where there are ample opportunities for your companionship. Your letter suggests the life of one that has run too long in the same channel. Try for new

Perfect Health Is Yours If the Blood Is Kept Pure

Almost Every Human Ailment Is Due to Blood Impurities.

You can not overestimate the importance of keeping the blood free of impurities. When you realize that the heart is constantly pumping this vital fluid to all parts of the body, you can easily see that any impurity in the blood will cause serious complications.

Any slight disorder or impurity that grows into the blood is a source of danger, for every vital organ of the body depends upon the blood supply to properly perform its function.

Many painful and dangerous diseases are the direct result of a bad condition of the blood. Among the most serious are Rheumatism, with its torturing pains; Catarrh, often a forerunner of dread consumption; Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas and other disgusting skin diseases; Malaria, which makes the strongest men helpless, and many other diseases are the direct result of impure blood.

You can avoid in a large measure liability to disease by the use of S. S. S., the wonderful blood remedy that has been in constant use for more than fifty years. S. S. S. cleanses the blood thoroughly. It is sold by druggists everywhere.

For valuable literature and medical advice absolutely free, write today to the Medical Dept., Swift Specific Company, 256 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

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Store Closes Thursday At Noon Summer Half Holiday

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

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Always ready—no matter who may drop in for tea and a sandwich.

Better fix up a lot of them, for the guest will eat them all—they're so good.

AMERICAN-MAID BREAD

makes perfect sandwiches. Slices smoothly and doesn't crumble. Dainty, appetizing taste and delicious aroma.

The GUNZENHAUSER Bakery

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