



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

Chapter CCLXIV  
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"Evvy's gone!" gasped Neil. For a minute he stood staring down the road where Evvy's blue car had disappeared in a swirl of dust. Then he jerked around to the teatray, where a ring lay looking small and deserted amid the contrasting largeness of cups and saucers and glasses.

Jim's eyes were fixed on Neal with a queer expression—at once puzzled and demanding, as if he were measuring Neal and trying to force him to measure up.

In their long first period of misunderstanding I had stood between my two boys and tried to interpret them to each other. Now I had to let them alone, to permit them to work out their own estimates of each other.

Neal looked up suddenly and met Jim's gaze. He stared at him with the same look of probing Jim was fixing on him. Then, as if the words were wrenched from him, Neal exclaimed aggressively:

"If you've hurt Babbie again, Jim—if you're being here like this means any unhappiness for my sister—you shan't get away with it. I promise you that!"

Jim actually grinned. He advanced with quick stride, grabbed Neal's astonished hand and began pumping it up and down.

"You're all right, youngster!" he cried. "Some brother—some sport! If you're worried about Anne, turn and take a slant at her. Does she look as if I'd hurt her—as if she doubted me?"

Neal—his hand still gripped by Jim's—turned, almost incredulously:

"It doesn't feaze you—finding Jim here like this—with her?" he said jerkily, avoiding Evvy's name.

I gathered myself to meet Jim's every expectation as I replied:

"It's Evvy who seems to have been feazed. She's said—and made it clear, too—that she doesn't want to see any of us again—ever. She didn't try to save your pride, Neal. She didn't seem to have much of her own to save."

"We've all been dismissed—together," said Jim dryly. "Shall we clear out, Anne? Will you drive us back to town?"

Then, too boldly, I feared, he picked up the discarded ring and stood studying it.

"Neal, old chap, what Evvy Ma-

son thinks of us is pretty clear from what she said to use when she got through with us. And she's through, all right. But I'll bet we never do much talking on that score. I'm darn glad Evvy has marched herself out of our lives. Shall we be starting along?"

He held out the ring as he spoke. But Neal, his face matching his hair, stammered:

"Would you just give it to Babbs to keep for me?"

I took the ring and slipped it into the inner compartment of my bag. That made two diamond rings I had received from Neal in one afternoon. But I was pretty sure that one of these rings was only mine in trust.

"Say, Anne, do you want to drive us over to the old Harrison place before we go home?" Jim asked as we made ready to leave after giving, by tacit consent, a decent margin of time for Evvy to come back and establish whatever relations she wished with us.

I noticed a glint in Neal's eyes when Jim said that. And as we roamed over the tangled but lovely old Harrison place a few minutes later Neal drew Jim aside and murmured a few sentences to him. They seemed to re-establish from Neal's angle the same cordial relations which Jim had shown every evidence of feeling from the moment Neal had cried out his anxiety for my happiness.

We spent no much time on the Harrison place that 7 o'clock caught us unawares and hungry and we had to stop at an inn for dinner. Maud's calm poise and calmness stood us in such good stead that we ate in good-natured commonplace fellowship, as if nothing unusual had happened. And we motored Neal home and bade him good-night on the same untroubled note.

"See you for dinner to-morrow," announced Jim as parting, and Neal agreed.

Jim's first words when we were once alone in our own apartment were pitched in a far different key, however.

"Anne," he cried, seizing my shoulders in firm hands and holding me off at arms length. "Have you stopped caring for me?"

"I've stopped caring?" I began already to protest, and then the quizzical gleam that had come again to Jim's eyes arrested my attention and made me change my tune and tone.

"Of course, Sir James, it would flatter your masculine vanity for me to swoop down on you with a query as to what you were doing alone with that woman. But I remain calm. Is it a disappointing calm, Sir James?"

"This—and 'aint!'" laughed Jim. "But, of course, if you haven't the least curiosity I won't bore you with my story."

"Oh, Jim!" burst from me in a tone of complete betrayal.

And then Jim told me—part of it—as much as a man who isn't a cad could tell. I filled in the rest.

"I've been making money—lots of it, Lilac Lady. And I thought the old Harrison place ought to come back to us. I've had Neal on the trail of the present owners and their price. Though it would be easy for him to get his finger on the Sturges Listered Company. But it isn't listed with them, and he can't pussy-foot a bit of knowledge from me. Well, to-day I went out there by train to take a look. And as I was hoofing it from the station, where the one hack and half a taxi were working for other folks when I wanted them, I met Evvy."

"And went to Mason Towers with her in pursuit of the polky you'd been following for weeks?" I hazarded in a breathless rush. "You've been trying to make her realize that she couldn't go through with it and marry Neal—just to spite Phoebe and you and me and to be revenged on you for jilting her—by making your little sister suffer. After all my failures you've saved Neal from his own stubborn ideas

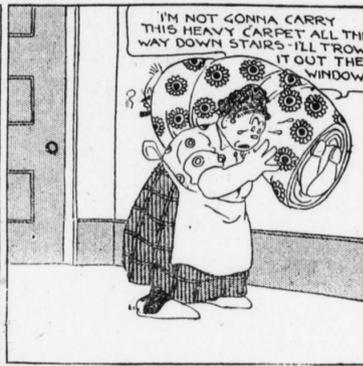
## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



of honor. And Phoebe needn't be miserable. And all because you found the one way to make Evvy let Neal go—by forcing her to see that she couldn't marry Neal—when she still cares for you so dearly. I concluded daringly, triumphantly. Then I added suddenly, swept into realization of what its recovery meant:

"The old Harrison place! Oh, Jim, my Jimmie!"

To Be Continued.

## LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

We all know the type of woman whose social stock in trade is her disdain for her own sex.

"All my friends are men," is the formula she uses. "Women don't interest me." Her dearest ambition is to be known as a "man's woman."

She has pitying contempt for those of her sisters who accept other women as friends.

From her point of view, the mere recognition of a woman friend is a confession of failure. It accepting a substitute for the man you didn't succeed in attracting.

This perverse human being is not, of course, to be confounded for a moment with the woman who allied "mannish" the woman who is happiest in a business life; who makes a point of wearing tailor-made clothes on all occasions and who honestly scorns all feminine fripperies.

On the contrary, the "man's woman" clings to all the traditional vanities. Nobody's hats are as studiedly seductive. Her clothes alone, however, would not distinguish her. It's her manner that sets her apart.

Upon the broad highways of the world, in the houses of well-meaning people, it is not possible to avoid other women. But it is quite possible to be unkind to them, to drag out merely a reluctant monosyllabic response to another woman's friendly greeting, to become gloomy. It's her manner that sets her apart.

Her Own Ideas

In an instant the bored, silent, creature is all animation and chatter. For it doesn't make the slightest difference who the man is. On the mere ground of his masculinity he is worth talking to and smiling at. He alone justifies her in being as charming and agreeable as she can.

Such a woman as this has to have, of course, a pretty strong belief in her own attractiveness. She believes also that she recommends herself further to men by keeping aloof from women, that this makes her a striking and interesting figure. She thinks it helps her in forming a sort of tacit conspiracy with the whole male sex, a conspiracy whose object is the suppression of other women.

"You've had a good deal of the weakness and pettiness of women," is what she practically says to men. "I assure you it's all true. And it bores me quite as much as it can bore you. You see, I'm not that commonplace sort of woman. I'm a woman who really understands men. So come and talk to me about anything you like and I'll listen to you and flatter you as long as you can stand it."

But of course it is a pose, and a pose of the most extravagant sort. The woman who is to this extent really can't have any legitimate occupation. Living up to the character she has invented for herself absorbs all her time and energy. You may be sure that she works at it diligently seven days a week. You never find her off her guard.

It seems an absurd and pitiful procedure. And yet there is always a chance that some young girl with a dramatic sense may seize upon this pose with the impulse to imitate it. Before that happens I wish she would let me tell her what it all amounts to.

Companionship with men is an excellent, wholesome thing for any woman. If it comes about spontaneously, naturally. But friendship, if it can be called friendship, that's obtained by seizure, so to speak, and that's combined with a treacherous attitude toward all other women, is by no means worth having.

If a woman sacrifices everything else in order to make herself amusing and entertaining and sympathetic to men, I admit that men will allow themselves to be amused and entertained and sympathized with. They won't run away. But they won't be deceived. They know that they can't help understanding the tactics of the "man's woman," for these are so obviously displayed. And in their hearts they secretly despise her for not being true and loyal and square.

What She Loses

So that companionship with people who despise you, who think you are false and unreal, is hardly a thing to give up your life to, even if superficially it does seem to place you in a temporary social spotlight when it does help you to seem different and mysterious and dramatically effective. A pretty poor thing, on the whole, for a girl to strive for.

But this is not the whole story.

MUCH IN THE SCORING  
Two golf fiends—an Englishman and a Scot—were playing a round together. After the first hole the Englishman asked:

"How many did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scot.

"Oh, I only took seven, so it's my hole!" exclaimed the Englishman triumphantly.

After the second hole the Englishman put the same question again. But the Scot smiled knowingly:

"No, na, ma man," said he, "It's ma jurn taek first." — London Answers.

ANOTHER "DRY" VOTE  
"A burnt child dreads the fire," announced the teacher during the lesson in proverbs. "Now, give me a sentence different in wording, but meaning the same thing."

A grimy hand shot up from the back of the class.

"Please, teacher," came a small voice, "a washed child dreads the water." — Blighty (London.)

DESCRIPTIVE POWER  
"Now," asked a teacher, "who can tell me what an oyster is?" There was silence for a moment. Then little Billy raised his hand. "Know!" he triumphantly announced. "An oyster is a fish built like a nut!"

Girl factory workers in Dublin, Ireland, receive from \$4.50 to \$10 per week.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

SHALL SHE CURL HER HAIR?

Dear Miss Fairfax:

It's a rather peculiar question which I want you to settle, but after careful reflection, I have decided that you can answer it best. Is it wicked and worldly to curl one's hair? My mother says it is false vanity which prompts me to do it. I haven't much hair, and if not curled, it hangs in strings and never looks nice. I surely do not want to be wicked and am too young to be worldly.

VEGA.

My dear girl, if you never do anything worse than curl your hair you will be a very saintly young person. I suppose your mother does not like the idea of a girl's improving her appearance by anything that is not absolutely natural. But a little innocent hair curling hardly comes under this head; try to arrange your hair becomingly.

## THIRTY YEARS OLDER

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am seventeen, attend High School. While riding in the subway recently I saw a gentleman who was wearing a seat by a gentleman who started a conversation with me. We have become firm friends, friendship has ripened into love and he has since given me a very valuable diamond ring. My friends, however, disapprove of him as he is thirty years my senior. As I am alone in the world, with no relative to guide me, I should appreciate your advice in the matter. Do you think he is sincere?

G. B.

The difference you mention in your ages is so great as to make the idea of happiness extremely risky. I should not be too eager to marry this middle-aged man who has given you the very valuable diamond ring and I should be guided by the advice of my friends in receiving attention from him. You should proceed very cautiously in this affair.

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A SIMPLE NIGHT DRESS

2648—This is a good style for cambric, muslin, lawn, batiste, nainsook, dimity, crossbar muslin, satin or silk.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes. Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42 and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 4 1-4 yards of 26-inch material.

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.....

**BITES--STINGS**  
Wash the affected surface with household ammonia or warm salt water; then apply

**VICK'S VAPORUB**  
"YOUR BODYGUARD"—30¢, 60¢, \$2.00

## Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin callouses from bottom of foot.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

## Summer Dresses Dry Cleaned

It doesn't take long for dainty dresses to become soiled but it requires care in cleaning them and moreover it requires skill to do it right.

Our successful modern method of dry cleaning leaves the daintiest dress like new, clean and fresh, without a trace of odor.

SEND FOR US AT ONCE

Promptness a Specialty

## FINKELSTEIN

CLEANER AND DYER  
Three Stores Both Phones  
HARRISBURG—STEELTON

## Our August Furniture Sale AND A Few Words Of Explanation

We are having our August Sale the same as usual. The extraordinary conditions existing now would suggest an opposite course. Furniture is scarce in the wholesale markets and prices have just recently been advancing rapidly. The goods on our floors included in this sale at the prices quoted will save at least 25 per cent. in any instance, and in some cases 35 per cent. to 40 per cent. on prices we will be compelled to ask during the Fall months.

We do not intend to spend a whole lot of money in advertising this sale. Please remember this announcement, as it may be the only one of ours you will see this month. Wise people who have furniture to purchase this Fall will certainly buy this month—Better be one of the wise ones! We expect to be busy all month. We start the sale with a very large and complete stock. Just how long it will continue so, we do not know. Better take an honest tip and do your buying early.

## WALLACE NUTTING PICTURES

We have just recently received several large shipments of the famous Wallace Nutting Pictures. Without a doubt, we are showing the largest and best collection of these beautiful Pictures to be seen in this city. Our stock of them is in keeping with our reputation and claim that we carry the largest and best stock of Pictures of any store in Central Pennsylvania. It will be worth your time and trouble to visit our store and see our two Wallace Nutting Rooms. Special display of all pictures during our August Sale. Buy your pictures now and save yourself advanced prices on later shipments.

NUTTING PICTURES ..... 75c to \$22.50  
OTHER LINES ..... 35c to \$50.00

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