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 CCLXXII.

Carl Booth, as Jim had imagined him, should, promptly on seeing his host in business clothes, have begun a stumbling apology for his own dinner coat.

But the real Carl — the Carl I knew, the nice unselfconscious fellow who had big-brothered me about the city—simply didn't give a second thought to a matter like that.

He greeted Jim with unquestioning friendliness as man to man, and bolstered up Daisy's shy appreciation of our handsome apartment with cordial delight. Daisy seemed rather awed by Jim, and though he was punctilliously polite to the little thing, I knew he hardly saw her.

Once dinner was announced and we were seated at the table, Daisy glued her attention on me in the matter of forks and spoons. But she didn't venture a remark without looking to Carl for approval. And Carl seemed as indifferent to her presence as Jim was. I wondered if he were really as indifferent to her as he seemed, and if she was as far from indifferent as she appeared.

"It seems great to be sitting at your table, Barbara Anne," said Carl, with frank enjoyment. "And you have the kind of a cook or chef, or whatever, they call 'em, who knows how to aid and abet a feeling like that."

"You always were a great boy to enjoy whatever was put before you," I replied, feeling myself sliding back on a tide of memory to the old Haldane days. "A fifty-cent table d'hote with red ink to drink used to make us pretty jolly, didn't it?"

"How we flung around our eighteen per!" laughed Carl. "Remember the night we celebrated my jump to twenty-two fifty? That extra fifty made it seem like 'some sum,' as Kate put it. I guess we didn't include you in the jamborees in those = were = the = happy = days, Daisy."

"I guess I didn't count," replied Daisy, flushing dully.

"You were a kiddie," I said conciliatingly, fearing her almost silent host might be making her feel that she didn't count now, either.

"I was a nine-dollar-a-week errand girl—the equivalent for a copyboy on a newspaper," she explained politely, turning to Jim.

"Thank you," he said suavely.

These reminiscences antedate you, Mr. Harrison," laughed Carl with the evening's second evident effort to include the host and make him feel one of us. "But I can add some 'I know her when' stuff that takes you right in. Did Barbara tell you it was I who took her to that recruiting meeting where you spoke and charmed the heart right out of her bosom?"

"I believe she did say it was one of the men from the magazine," replied Jim almost awkwardly.

I nearly chuckled right out in meeting. To think of my Jim, my elegant James Harrison being ill at ease in the presence of simple, unpretentious old Carl was completely absurd. But it was true. Now at this late date, Jim was going through some of the discomfort I had experienced over and over again when I tried to adjust myself to his world and to his friends.

Then Daisy flung herself into the lists as Carl's champion, and I had to bite my lips hard. Little, colorless, grain-of-dust Daisy was the first woman I had ever seen who remained entirely indifferent to my Jim's great charm. It was very evident that she didn't feel his magnetism that he almost repelled her, and that Jim was beginning to be aware that this drab little thing disliked and feared him.

"One of the men from the magazine!" repeated Daisy scornfully. "Carl's the man of the magazine every one says. Why, he's advertising manager now, and we all know Mr. Haldane's going to make him managing editor the first of next year."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Carl good-naturedly. "If you're looking for a fine little press agent, Mr. Harrison, don't apply to me for one. I shouldn't know whom to recommend. But you have lost touch with the old shop, haven't you, Barbara Anne?" he concluded turning to me suddenly with complete absorption that I couldn't direct or divert through the rest of the meal.

Out of the corner of one eye I could see Jim, making gallant if spasmodic efforts to arouse Daisy from the mood of almost sullen antagonism into which the air of our apartment had transmuted her shyness. Jim seemed piqued and puzzled by her lack of response. But he had also an amusing air of having one eye reserved for Carl and me, and of being on the alert for a chance to protect himself into our conversation. But Carl, the only completely unselfconscious member of our group—had broad shoulders spread to fend anyone else out of our reminiscences. He was sure the party was a grand success. I wasn't so sure.

After dinner, with the air of being an excellent host, Jim suggested going to a roof for a bit of star-shine and some dancing.

"I've no coat," said Daisy shamefacedly as we went into my room to do a bit of preparatory prinking. "It was so warm—I thought I didn't need one."

"Of course," I agreed, without showing any consciousness that the girls at Haldane's might not be able to afford evening coats, and might prefer not to wear their serge business capes over party dresses when faring into the Harrison world. "But it may be cool on the roof. Suppose I take along this extra wrap?"

I produced a cape of brown chiffon, collared and banded in kolinsky — altogether outshining the black satin garment into which I was slipping.

"You lend me that?" cried the girl, showing again the sudden animation that made her vivid and sweet instead of dull and colorless.

I made a sudden vow to my dead friend Kate, that I'd help her little sister find the bronze and pink sweetness that were hidden away under her sullen drabness.

"I won't stop to change my dress, though you are the belle of the ball," I said, "and I'll be happy if you'll wear this cape."

"I wonder if Carl will notice," Daisy murmured half to herself.

But she had given me a clue that was almost pathetic. She was jealous of my old pal's friendly interest in me. The pathos of that was temporarily forgotten when we got into the taxi Jim had ordered, and seizing my hand in a sudden grip he whispered:

"All the waltzes, Lilac Lady. And if you can keep that idiot from shouting 'Barbara Anne' every ten seconds I'll be much obliged."

Jim was jealous of Carl Booth. I confess I loved it!

To Be Continued

Hair On Face

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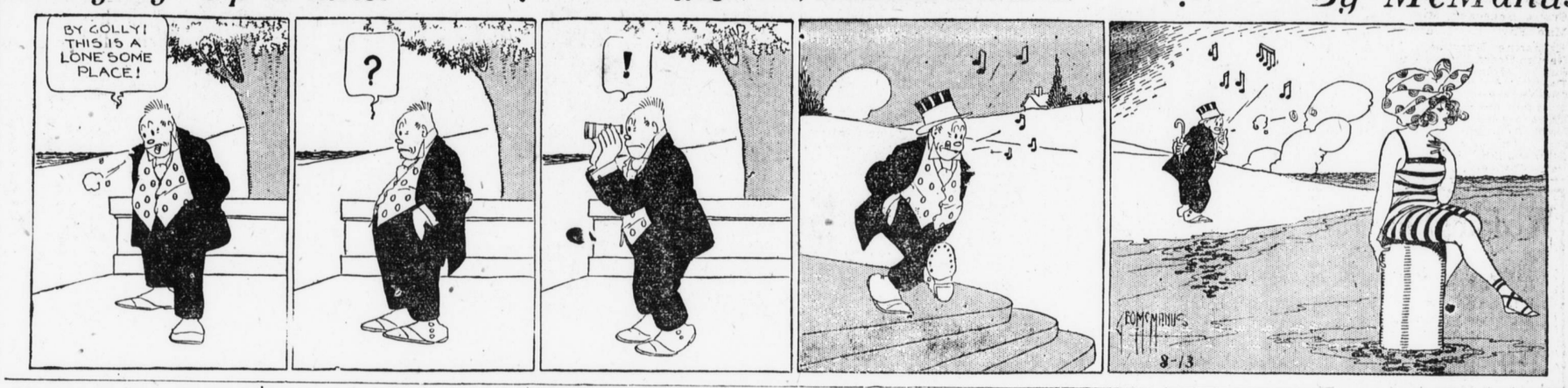

INCOMPATLBILITY IS RIGHT

]From the Des Moines Register.[

L. C. Service is suing his wife for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. She threw a lamp at him.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

A COMFORTABLE GARMENT FOR PLAY

2490—This model is good for gingham, galatea, chambray, linen, Indian Head, percale and khaki. The short sleeve and low neck make it ideal for warm weather. Waist and body portion of the fronts are cut in one, the body portion of back being buttoned to back of the waist.

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

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and there's jam in the offing.

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a piece of butter, some jam and a glass of milk.

Of course he's healthy.

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LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

If you have attained the age of discretion, or indiscretion, for that matter, it is highly probable that at some time or other you have seen enacted on the stage a play compounded after the following well known receipt:

Take a young, middle-aged or even near-elderly couple that have been steeped in domestic happiness. If of broiling age, they have probably just completed an ideally happy honeymoon. If of roasting age, they have perhaps been steeped for ten or fifteen years. If older, the steeping has been going on longer.

Now introduce one perfectly good "vampire," who may be either tough or tender, according to the taste of the playwright. In this receipt the "vamp" stands for the "brisk fire" that the cook book insists will burn things if not carefully watched. The "brisk fire" starts things going, and while everything seems to be in the greatest danger, the chef—in the person of the playwright—introduces a fourth ingredient that puts a check on the too rapid cooking of the domestic goose.

The fourth ingredient is none other than the true-blue family friend who agrees to make property love to the wife for the purpose of making the husband jealous. You recognize the old reliable plot that you have seen a thousand times, it is as safe as mother's bread, as sane as roast mutton.

Now, having seen this grown-up fairy tale so often on the stage, a good many women have begun to confuse repetition with gospel and to apply its false maxims to their own troubles. And the fat is in the fire, to return to the kitchen for our figure of speech.

For in real life, alas, things do not work out like the old reliable stage formula which, might be entitled: "A Cure for Husbands." If the husband is really in the toils of a "vamp," he will not see things at their face value. His wife in some mysterious way becomes an obstacle to his happiness and her fond and foolish strategy may furnish him with the excuse for which he has been looking.

And the old reliable family friend of the play is rather scarce in real life, so that the poor, distracted little wife must look about among strangers for this highly important actor to play the role of jealousy-inspiring rival to her husband.

And, sometimes the susceptible gentlemen of real life who responds to the wife's languishing glances does not realize he is part of a plot and that the neglected wife has no use for him at all, but is merely flirting as part of the game.

And of course she has not taken her entire circle of friends into her confidence, nor her neighbors for that matter, and everyone is at first surprised, distressed, and then disgusted by the "goings on" of the poor litle woman who, alas, may be "going on" with a broken herat.

Also the husband, who has never had any patience with the sauce, for the goose sauce for the gander theory, as far as women are concerned, now regards himself as a domestic martyr whose own pecadillos are amply justified by the conduct of his wife. The sympathy that even the most flagrantly sinning husband is apt to feel at times for a wronged wife and which has been the cause of innumerable reconciliations, is lost by such mistaken tactics.

"The hair of the dog that bit you" is a poison rather than an antidote, when applied as a cure to an impressionable husband. It works out beautifully on the stage, and if you want to see a husband get his just deserts after this tit-for-tat fashion, please pay anywhere from 50 cents to $2, plus the war tax on theater tickets, to see it done up brown. Then come home with a firm determination to reverse the action of this fairy story in real life.

For any woman who flirts, either to teach her husband a lesson or for her own amusement, is deliberately pulling the foundation stones from under her home. All that she succeeds in doing is to shake his belief in her, and to defile his ideal of her goodness and purity.

There are several things to be considered in this great question of jealousy—first, have you really got anything tangible to be jealous about? Is there an actual, indubitable "vamp" menacing your hearthstone, or are you offering your soul to the green-eyed monster to feed upon because of vague apprehensions that there might, could, would or should be some one?

If your troubles come under the head of possibilities, lose not a moment's time in casting out the seven devils of jealousy that possess you. And there is no more certain way of making the evil dream come true than by constantly conjuring up the vision.

Do not look at every woman of your acquaintance in the light of a possible rival. Suggestion is a potent agency; your very suspicions may be the match that starts the fuse.

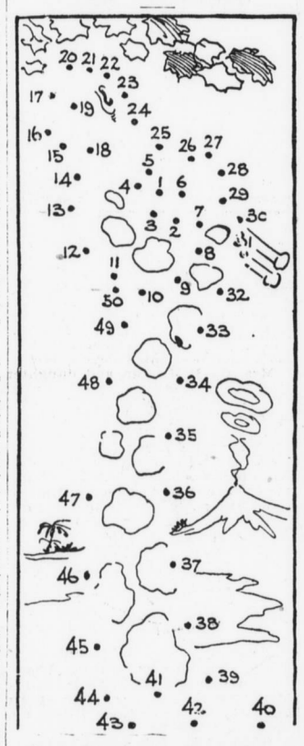
Don't for a moment let your husband think that you are watching him, censoring his mail, or unduly concerning yourself about his comings and goings. The honor system works well in other than penal institutions. We all have to take a great deal on trust—every railroad journey, every meal, every physician's prescription—but we do not torture ourselves anticipating a possibly tragic blunder in advance.

If your troubles are real, and there is an actual indubitable "vamp" menacing your domestic peace, the one sovereign remedy—alas, that it has not been put on the stage!—is horse sense. It is an almost impossible formula to follow when raw agony consumes one's heart and soul and flying off the handle is an almost automatic process. But in the long run it is the only cure.

You have got to beat the vampire at her own game and making your husband happier at home than away from it. This means good meals, a comfortable house, no nagging and no cross questioning. The stronghold of the vampire is that she plays upon a man's weakness, she discovers his besetting vanity, and she makes of it a harp of a thousand strings, and she is ready and willing to play a tune on every one of them.

If he is vain about his appearance, his success in business, his popularity, his skill in out-of-door sports, the lady "vamp" is right there with the flattering unguent. Let us contrast this with the nagging, fault-finding and general behavior of a poor woman whose nerves are rasped to pieces by jealousy, and it is not difficult to see why John leaves home. In short, husbands are not unlike flies, they are more attracted by molasses than vinegar.

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

Alkali in Shampoos Bad For Washing Hair

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh-looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

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