



Reading for Women and of the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

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

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

CHAPTER CCLXXVII.

"Before you say another word listen to me," said Carlotta Sturges in a tone that brooked no denial.

Facing the sudden, steady, quiet strength I had always subconsciously known must lie under the flash and glitter of her, I prepared to fight for my respect for Carlotta and her friendship which had come to mean a great deal for me. I meant to save it whole if I could. But if it had to go that was beyond me to avert, for there was something bigger at stake. This something was my happiness.

I had always known that some day I'd have to enter the lists for Virginia, and now the preliminary had struck. Just because Virginia's pride had actually estranged Jim at last, I was all the sorer for her. She seemed bound to drive happiness away from herself and from those she most loved. She couldn't save herself, but I felt I could save her.

Pressure for pressure I returned Carlotta's handclasp as I answered her firmly:

"This is your day for interrupting, Carlotta! Why do you insist on sidetracking me in the middle of a sentence?"

"Because I don't want you to say anything you'll be sorry for, replied that surprising girl, and then plunged into the middle of what she had to say:

"Anne, ever hear that old saying? 'Never apologize, never explain, never retract the thing done and let them howl?' Well, that's been yours truly Carlotta Sturges—until I met you. I never gave a hang what anyone thought. But I give a couple of hangs what you think. Oh, this is hard—too hard."

"Then why go on?" I asked.

"Carlotta, we seem to understand each other. So let me say a word or so to you, and then we can work out our solution like two men. Sincerely yours, Carlotta."

"Like two men," repeated Carlotta eagerly. "You've given me my cue, Anne. Here's what I want to tell you. I said I'd tried to be a son to the old dad. Well, that meant learning the real estate game so I could carry on for him.

But I'm not as capable as a man. So I have been keeping my eyes open for a man who could be trusted to manage the business of the old dad had to get out of harness.

"His interests are too big to be divided up among the little concerns who'd but this. I had to have a successor, and a worthy one—honest, clever, constructive, a man with a big vision and one who loves the real estate game the way my dad does.

"I found that man in Pat Dalton. My father had watched him for years. He was a good deal older than his man, dad had already gotten to the point where he couldn't come to the office any more. So I had to be his agent in everything. And I went after Pat.

"Carlotta," I broke in, winking my eyes fast and hard. "You're white—white clean through. To talk about a man who'd back me up, I can't tell you how proud I am to know a girl like you."

Carlotta laughed and all the stridency went out of her voice. Her face softened above its stiff linen collar, her lips trembled girlishly, childishly even. But she laughed like the game sport she is.

"There's more, Anne. I'm wound up for once in my life. And I'm going to play this record to a finish. Where was I? Oh—yes—going after Pat. I landed him. And for the first time he found he could play the game he loves—the real estate game—and make big money out of it. Squared and fairly and tried enough money backing to let him go through with the big things he'd always been after. We play the game together like two men. Do you wonder we're pals?"

"You bet I don't wonder," I cried slantily and from my heart, but trembling for Virginia just the same.

"Was a dear, big, blundering girl," went on Carlotta. "And he doesn't get a bit of happiness out of anything but his work. He had a hard time of it, but he had one thought—keeping the army from it. Couldn't run around feeling mellow and fond of all the world and meet land-sharks on their own ground. Well, Anne, here's the deal. Anne. He's on his feet, financially, now. And I guess this is where you come in."

At those words I had a sudden sense of relief. I wondered if I dared believe what I wanted to.

"Carlotta, once, long ago, I tried to interview you and failed," I confessed. "I decided then that you were too clever for me. But clever as you are, I announce here and now that you're not too clever, because you use your brain so squarely and for so long, you've made Pat a sound financial investment. Are you turning his sentimental interests over to me?"

Carlotta inelegantly, fumbling for words and blushing to my praise. "Pat will always need a woman back of him. He's a dear, but the can't stand entirely alone. That kind of man's all right for a pal, but I couldn't moon over one of them. My man—if he's any where on earth—is the sort of chap who'd risk his neck to get his way to the White House, or walk to Mexico on the stumps of his legs if the rest of him was shot away and he had a big motive for making the trip. And if ever I find him, Anne, nothing's going to stop me. Not even if he asks me to wear white organdy with blue sashes and leg-horn hats with pink roses. Only he won't. Not my man. He'll understand."

There was loneliness and pathos in Carlotta's voice. Fearing, too, it made me forget my joy at finding she'd never suffered on Pat's account.

"And you've never seen him," I said pityingly. "Ever you do, Carlotta, S. may I be there for help? But you've never seen him?"

"Haven't I?" asked Carlotta suddenly. "Oh, well, I have. Only he's never seen me so he couldn't notice it. And there's another woman who may need him some day. So I guess I'll stick to real estate—and good night. OK, but I'll let you know. You'll let me keep this secret, Anne?"

"I'll let you," I cried. "You break!—But I wish I could help you—your trick!"

As I called her that, I remembered I had heard that epithet applied to her twice before—by Terry Winston and by Anthony Norreys. (To Be Continued.)

"MAGGIE DARLIN WONT YOU LET ME GET OUT OF GOIN TO THE SMITHS TONIGHT-I HATE THEM PARTIES."

NO!

"WELL I'VE HAD A NICE LITTLE EVENING THERE."

IT CAN'T BE TOO LITTLE FER ME-I WISH IT WUZ OVER NOW!

OH-ME-OH-MY-WILL THE EVENIN' EVER PASS-

WHY DONT YOU MIX WITH THE PEOPLE?

YOU'RE AWFULLY CLEVER.

THINK SO?

MR. JIGGS-YOURE WIFE IS WAITING AND WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN YOU HAVE A HOME-

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to put off today's duty until tomorrow. If your stomach is acid-disturbed take

KI-MOIDS

the new aid to digestion comfort today. A pleasant relief from the discomfort of acid-dyspepsia.

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The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4-14 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge is about 1 5/8 yard.

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THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLV.
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Desiree Leighton was right when she told herself that her chauffeur was timid about opening the front door to her guests.

His timidity was not due to diffidence, as she supposed, it was due to a fancy that he might be brought face to face with some one whom he had met in the old days in Baltimore.

"It is not probable that anyone I have ever seen before will be on hand to-night," he reflected as he walked home to his rooms. But if such a thing should occur, I would be less likely to be noticed when I am passing food to people than when I open the front door for them. Gee!—some complication!"

Alone in his own room, he smiled at his predicament. Well, it was all a part of the adventure upon all it appealed to his sense of humor.

He opened his trunk and drew forth a dress suit that he had not worn since before he entered the service. When he brought his clothes from Baltimore weeks ago he had wondered if he would ever be in a position to wear this suit again. But it was too good to leave behind, and a chance to wear it might come.

It had come all right, he grinned to himself. But not the kind of a chance he had imagined.

The clothes were slightly tight for him. He noted with satisfaction that the vest was not as loose as when he had slipped it on soon after his return from France. He was glad of this, for it was positive that he was gaining flesh, and regaining strength. He wanted to do a man's work in the world.

"The war does not seem me now," he muttered, "so I have not that incentive to get well as quickly as possible. But I do want to tackle a man's job, and the sooner I get the huskier the sooner I will be able to be in something besides the chauffeur business. This is too easy a berth for me—easy in one way, hard in another."

He stood in the doorway as he stood lost in thought. "It's getting a bit too dangerous for me," he murmured. "If I would keep my peace of mind I'd best quit soon. And yet," his face softened, "who could help it—when he saw her every day, the girl, straightening his shoulders, "I can't try to fight it down. But if I can't do that, I'll just get away—that's all. There's no use in making myself wretched thinking of what might have been. It's gone now. I'm poor, she's rich. That in itself would settle the matter even if I had not put myself where she would never give me a serious thought."

"But she's kind to me—perilously kind. She could not know that those words of hers and that hand clasp in the cathedral meant to me everything I look different."

Then he set his jaws. "Darned fool!" he exclaimed. "Go and get your butler's suit pressed for your to-night."

That evening, when he took a final survey of himself in his mirror before leaving his room, he laughed.

"Some transformation!" he told himself. "I don't look so tremendously like a butler—in spite of the black tie and vest that I am wearing. But neither do I look much like the comfortable, complacent chap who left Baltimore a couple of years ago. That fact gives me courage."

Desiree Leighton had requested her aunt to act as chaperone for the little celebration that evening. Mrs. Duffield arrived early, and as she entered the drawing room smiled approvingly at her niece.

"My dear," she declared, "you are perfectly lovely to-night. I have not seen that yellow frock before. It is both pretty and becoming."

"I am glad you like it," Desiree replied. "I don't think myself that pale gold color is exquisite."

"I wish," her aunt said, "that you had your pendant to wear this evening. It would add just the touch that light gown needs."

"The pearls will do very well instead," the girl remarked. "I, too, wish I had the pendant—but I haven't—so why worry?"

"What does your father say about it?" the matron inquired.

"I have not told him yet—but I will later," Desiree answered hastily.

Samuel Leighton had gone into the rear hall in answer to a summons to the telephone, and Desiree lowered her voice so that he might not hear her last speech.

As she glanced at her parent's face when he returned to the drawing room, she saw that something was very far wrong.

"Why, Dad, what's the matter?" she asked.

He answered her question by another.

"My dear, why did you not tell me that your amethyst and diamond pendant has been stolen?"

"But it has not been stolen," the girl protested. "That is just why I said nothing about it, for fear you would accuse some one."

"You should have told me," Samuel Leighton insisted. "Perry

Life's Problems Are Discussed

Twenty-five dollars a week! In these days of mounting costs, and with all the complex demands of modern life, could you conscientiously advise any one to engage in matrimony upon it so as to meet satisfactorily the requirements of family life as they exist to-day?

That is the problem which has been submitted to me by a group of young people in New York City who are very eager to get married, but are sensibly pausing to look—to consider ways and means—before they leap. Here is their letter:

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow: Of all the many writers in the various newspapers, we have chosen you as being both popular and practical, and are therefore writing you to ask your help in solving the difficulty which confronts us.

"We are a number of young couples who have become thoroughly disgusted in trying to figure out how we can get married on twenty-five dollars a week, since that is the average salary each couple will have at its disposal, and things are so high at present that the proposition looks hopeless.

"What we need, if it can be done, is to have some one tell us how on that amount to secure and furnish a house in the suburbs, how much money will be needed for the start, a start at house-keeping, and also how much should be set aside each week for rent and other living expenses—in short, the entire financial end of the undertaking. Once started, we girls are competent to handle the housekeeping, as we have all had practice at conservation during the war.

"There are of course dozens of articles appearing every day touching on the question, but they are for the most part only cooking recipes or household hints, or else 'What Did I Do in a Time of Need,' the experience of some one in a situation such as could probably only occur in that one instance and not in the general case.

"What we want is some sound, practical advice such as a father might give to a son or daughter about to be married; only present-day fathers—ours, at least—don't seem to know anything about how things are managed nowadays, and so can give very little real counsel.

"Perhaps, though, you can help us out of our quandry, or else can start something—set the ball rolling—to call out from other people who will be of aid to us. There must be people who would take an interest in our case and be able to give us the desired information. Please don't disappoint us, Mrs. Woodrow; we are so in need of help.

Now, there is an appeal that cannot fail to arouse sympathy. Twenty-five dollars a week. For two that means \$12.50 apiece. How is it to be apportioned so as to cover rent, and food, and clothing, and light, and heat, and amusements, and doctor's, and dentist's bills, and emergency expenses, and insurance and at the same time pay by something for the inevitable rainy days?"

Frankly speaking, I doubt if it can be done. Not in New York anyhow. In other parts of the country where the purchasing power of a dollar is greater, it might be a feasible undertaking; but it must be understood that in those places the salaries paid for the kind of work upon which these young men are engaged would probably be proportionately less.

Also I am aware that even in New York many married people do live and raise families and lay by money, and

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Girls! Make beauty lotion for a few cents—Try it!

Squeeze the Juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quart 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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Scientific Discussions by Garrett P. Serviss

Is matter inert or is it eternally charged with life, or the possibility of producing new forms of life in its laboratory, using only matter. Is this true?

ARTHUR ECKENBERG.

Life is like a atom in that every body regards it as self-existent in its nature, but to explain it logically by cause is very difficult if not impossible. It's speak of "inorganic life" is a contradiction in terms, since the words "organic" and "inorganic" were invented for the purpose of distinguishing between living and non-living things.

It is true that if it can ever be proved that life is only the product, or physical force of the operation of chemical and physical forces, every living thing will be established between the reactions that go on in the inorganic world and the processes of life in the organic world, and that it will be possible to synthesize them logically so that we can trace clearly the intervening steps. But this, I think, is very far from having been done.

The manner of origin of life is still a mystery that has not been satisfactorily explained. Once started in the cell, or germ, life seems to have no control, but experiment has, up to the present, entirely failed to develop new life from nonliving matter.

As to the source from which the first germ of life came, I have never been able to see the necessity of assuming, as was done, for instance, in Lord Kelvin's hypothesis, that the earth was once laden with life spores, that life could not have begun on this earth as well as on some other world out in space which was afterwards blown to pieces. That looks to me like a very cumbersome and expensive method of distributing life through the universe.

It is not believed that life was sent about by celestial bombs from some central distributing plant, which had to perish in the process. I do believe that it originated in the life force, but precisely how it was done nobody knows. If its origin was due to some peculiar state of matter which no longer exists, life from nonliving matter, unless that ancient state of things should be revived.

It may be thought that science could discover a way to revive the necessary conditions although Nature has abandoned them. At any rate we are face to face with the fact that, as far as we can see at present, Nature no longer brings absolutely new life into existence. She continues to extend it in an endless chain, which branches off many ways, but no new chain of life begins—at least not to our knowledge.

There is a tendency in biology to interpret many of the actions of living things as simply reactions to stimuli, such as light or heat, and not as the result of free choice on the part of the organism. If this be granted, the simplest form of life the question immediately arises whether it applies universally throughout the whole gamut of life. Are we, who stand at the top of the list, also only machines acting in obedience to prearranged forces, and is our fancied self-determination merely a delusion, or are we exceptional, and are we are exceptional, are there other creatures below us which are exceptional in a similar sense, though not enjoying so high a degree of freedom from automaticity? The use of the word "instinct" which has fascinated thinking men from the remotest historical ages, seem to be as far as ever from a definite answer.

I do not believe that Professor Loeb has ever claimed to "have produced life in his laboratory using only matter." What he and others have done is to cause the eggs of certain creatures, for instance, sea urchins, to produce young, without being fertilized in the normal manner. But this is a totally different thing from producing life out of nonliving matter, since the eggs are already charged with life, and all that the experimenter has done is to supply artificially a chemical stimulus needed for their development.

Advice to the Lovelorn

HOW REGAIN A LOST LOVE?
Dear Miss Fairfax,
Until six months ago I had been going about with a young man whom I loved and who I know loved me. About a year ago he enlisted and after that I became acquainted with another young man who took me to different places of amusement. I was so taken up with this new friend that I had very little time for the old one. Whenever my old sweetheart wanted to see me, I always had an appointment with a new friend. He tried his best to win me over, but I was too foolishly fascinated that I paid no attention to him.

He gave up calling on me six months ago. I see him occasionally, but he never asks me out.

Now, Miss Fairfax, will you kindly let me know if you think there is any way of getting him back, as I know now that I was wrong. He was true while the other was just a passing fascination.

TROUBLED BETTY.

It seems to me that the chances are rather slim of regaining a lover whom you have treated so badly. It would of course be possible to write him or ask him to come to see you were frivolous, but you would expose yourself to a not undeserved rebuff and I do not advise your doing it. You see, Betty, that it doesn't do to give up love and loyalty in thought always drift back to the older of these two men. But I feel it may be too late, for when he was serious you were puzzled as to which of these men were treated so badly. I have met the people on both of these men and they are acquainted with my relatives.

Z. A. M.

It would be quite proper for you to invite the older of these two men to your home in fact, I cannot imagine why you have not done this very simple thing before. The best of luck to you.

Daily Dot Puzzle

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