

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

START THIS STORY TODAY

RUTH stepped back hurriedly, not that she was embarrassed, but because she was surprised at finding anyone on the balcony, which she had expected to find unoccupied.

"What, George?" "Ruth!" "What are you doing here?" "I might ask the same question of you."

Ruth stood still at the easement not moving out as she had intended to do. "Please come out, won't you?" he urged.

"I oughtn't to, but I did want a breath of air before going to sleep."

"You're not afraid of me, are you?" "Silly, of course not."

Ruth was gaining confidence every minute. She had stepped over the threshold, her cloak clutched tightly around her, and stood overhanging on one of the two chairs.

Overhead the sky was alight with stars, a breeze blew in from the water ruffling Ruth's hair.

George was very quiet. He smoked a cigarette furiously and kept his eyes fixed on the waters in the distance.

Ruth was glad that he made no effort to talk. She was glad to be quiet; she needed the solitude more than anything else.

Her brain was awfully with the events of the evening and what hurt as much as anything else was the fact that George knew how Scott had behaved.

Even giving Scott the benefit of the doubt and blaming the entire thing on Dot Salisbury, it made her, Ruth, seem ridiculous. No matter how tragic may be the state of the deceived wife, she always seems to occupy the least important place in the triangle.

Pity is the dominant feeling entertained for her, and pity is never exalted nor dignified.

"Ruth," she started. "Yes, what is it?" "I don't know how to tell you just how I feel."

"About what?" "About tonight." "In the darkness Ruth's cheeks burned."

"Please don't talk about it. I've forgotten it already," she lied smoothly. "It was such an unnecessary thing to do, George burst out. 'Of course there was nothing to it, but it looked as if it made people think things.'"

This was so utterly foolish that in spite of her heavy heart Ruth was impelled to smile. She was glad that George did not look at her at that moment.

"Of course I have Dot Salisbury's number, we all have, but what a man can believe anything she says, is beyond me."

"How do you know Scott believed anything she says?" Ruth pursued evenly. "He may be just flitting."

George was silent. "Well," Ruth went on. "I must go in."

George rose to his feet, and put out a hand. "Wait a minute."

Ruth drew back, almost with a premonition that something was going to happen. She felt his warm fingers close over hers and draw her unresistingly toward him, and she stiffened involuntarily.

"Ruth, I can't bear to see you unhappy. I can't stand it. I'd do anything in the world for you, you know that."

She tried to draw her hands away. George's vehemence had broken the spell of the night, the longing to be understood, the something that had drawn her out on the balcony and had tempted her to stay there when she knew she shouldn't.

She was eager to get back to safety. Even now, when she was hurt and humiliated, she wanted to get back. She loved Scott. "I must go in," she echoed. "It's late."

But George still held her hands in his. Ruth made a desperate effort to release them; she wished now that she hadn't come. In his present frame of mind she was not sure what George might do, she wasn't able to manage him and to swing things around to her own way of thinking as she always had before.

There was a sudden sound inside the hall, an unmistakable sound, and Ruth whirled around. A white figure stood regarding her, for an instant it stood there and then vanished, but not before Ruth saw that it was Beatrice.

Tomorrow, "What Beatrice Said."

FIVE MOTORISTS ARE SUED

\$25,000 Asked for Personal Injuries in One Case

Five claims for damages against automobile owners were filed yesterday in the courts of common pleas. They range from \$1500 to \$25,000 each.

Edward P. Goebert filed a claim for the latter sum against Frank S. Cornwall. Goebert alleges that his skull was fractured and he received other injuries when Cornwall's machine ran on the sidewalk and knocked him down.

Asserting that a trunk fell from a truck belonging to J. Sherry as it was passing through South Penn square and injured him permanently, Arthur Deery filed a claim for \$10,000 damages against Sherry.

Movie Jobs Announced

Harry L. Knapp, chairman of the Pennsylvania State Board of Moving Picture Censors, today announced the appointment of Samuel G. Johnson, of this city, to be chief operator, with headquarters here, and Tryon Benner, of Harrisburg, to be an inspector.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

What Cynthia Is Like

Dear Cynthia—I am of the opinion that you are a dear white-haired lady, about fifty years old, and that you have grown-up sons and daughters, who have taught you all about young people.

I imagine you brought them up in the kindest and wisest of ways, and that they always came and told you and their secrets. I know one such lady, and I often think of her when I read your column.

Her children are all grown up, too, and two of them are married, and the young men they married are as fond of their mother-in-law as they ever were of their own mothers—perhaps more so.

I think this all comes about because this dear lady (she has white hair, too), always makes it a practice to put herself in the place of others. You can never speak or suggest with anything wrong you have done. She is so calm and cool about things and a person present the case fully before she even passes judgment.

Indeed, she reminds me of you a great deal, and you remind me of her. That is where I have formed my opinion of Cynthia.

VIRGINIA.

From "Tired and Weary"

Dear Cynthia—I am replying to "Betty's" letter. I have a whole lot to be thankful for. The young men have fought a great war. But that does not excuse some fellows when they treat some girls meanly.

But I am very, very proud of our countrymen. As for not holding any friends, I have a very large circle of fellow friends, and they all speak well of me. I can't help but know this when I am told. I never talk about any one.

That is one great thing I am known for at least. If I don't like a person I don't bother about them. I repeat a line from your letter. "Betty," "You don't have to be an icicle to keep your self-respect."

But you need never be a fool, do you? You do not sound as though you had much experience with the other sex. You sound in one sentence as though you were "soft." No offense, I hope, "Betty."

Some of your letter reads as though you are very bright and happy. A few words to a happy girl. I am, indeed, a very lucky girl to have a dear Albert. I suppose some of your readers are under the impression that I am anxious to get married, or that I am some old crank; but it is not so.

Not even a doctor will ever learn to read any one's heart. Sometimes I wonder if my heart will not burst. Some days I am rather jolly, but it doesn't last long. I cry when I am alone at work, yet I can't tell why I cry. Sounds silly, doesn't it? I must be jolly and chase that depressed feeling away.

Cynthia, dear, I must praise your paper. It certainly is wonderful. When I read some of the answers to the letters, I just feel as though I were in your presence.

Your nerves are in bad shape. "Tired and Weary," or you wouldn't cry like that. I suppose the doctor says you need a complete rest and more nourishment than you are taking now? You probably don't suspect this about yourself, but it's true.

Dancing With Strange Young Men

Dear Cynthia—Your advice to G. C. and F. L. is not to dance with strangers on the pier. Now will you kindly tell me just exactly what you would do if a young man came over and asked you for a dance. Would you refuse him?

You see, dear Cynthia, I am not fifteen or sixteen years old, and I have danced with more than one strange young man in my days.

The reason I ask you this, to tell you the candid truth, is because this is the first time that I have heard say that it is not the proper thing to do.

I am sure there is more than one nice girl goes on the pier herself or with a few other girls.

I don't know how proper it is to allow strangers to escort you home. I myself have never allowed it, but just to dance with them, why I can't realize that there is any harm in that.

Of course, I don't mean to contradict you, Cynthia. No doubt you know, but I wish you would tell me precisely why it is wrong. S. L. P. R.

Yes, S. L. P. R., if a strange young man come over to me on a public dance floor and asked me to "have this one" I would smile my very nicest to show that I wasn't offended at his asking, but I would say, "No, thank you, I'm not dancing," or something to that effect. You see, I wouldn't call a policeman or anything like that, but I would slide out of the situation as gracefully as I could. You ask why. Well, this is why: It isn't the dancing that's wrong. It's allowing yourself to become acquainted with some one about whom you know absolutely nothing.

For the two girls in ten who are level headed under these conditions there are eight in every hundred who are not good judgment, and who would think this is just one case that is different and it can do no harm to pursue the friendship further. That is where the real danger lies, and in order to avoid it there is nothing like a good general rule faithfully adhered to. I would very much like to hear your opinion on this matter, with strange men. Be frank as S. L. P. R. was, and say what you think.

\$615,203 ESTATE IS LEFT BY WARE

Academy of Fine Arts Gets Paintings in Paris Home of Former Philadelphian

Inventory was filed today of the estate of Lewis S. Ware, a former resident of this city, who died in Paris December 20. The inventory shows effects worth \$615,203.20. When his will was probated last January, it was figured the estate was valued at only \$300,000.

Mr. Ware leaves under his will a valuable collection of paintings and art objects, now in his Paris home, to the Academy of the Fine Arts, and a valuable library on the methods and processes of the sugar industry to the Franklin Institute, of which he was a member.

In addition the Institute receives \$20,000, which is to be used for the purchase of books necessary to bring the library pertaining to sugar up to date. The library, as it now exists, is said to be the most complete collection of books on sugar in the world.

Mr. Ware, a pioneer in the promotion of the use of sugar beets for sugar, devoted a great portion of his time accumulating the important collection of literature.

Bulk Held In Trust

The bulk of the estate is to be held in trust for a sister, Miss M. R. Ware, of Paris. After her death, in the disposal of the principal, \$20,000 goes to the Franklin Institute building fund.

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HELD AS SHOPLIFTER

Detectives Say They Saw Woman Steal Dresses

Bessie Templeton, who gave an address in Chester, was held under \$400 bail for court today by Magistrate Penock in Central Station charged with shoplifting.

Detectives Able and Snyder, of a market street department store, testified they saw the defendant, a negro, put two dresses valued at \$50 in her bag and leave the store. They said two other women were with her at the time, but escaped. According to the police the Templeton woman is the leader of shoplifters from Chester who make systematic trips to Philadelphia for that purpose.

ALAS, LOVE IS CRUEL, SINGS KITCHEN MAN

Husband of Lover Wouldn't Let Her Marry Him, So He Writes Sad Song

"The girls will swear they'll love you. They'll always true remain. Their promises they'll renew. And still the same old strain come. And you'll be in a while, when love by passion and impulse, You've met your own wrong girl."

That is the "song" of Theodore Marc, of 300 South Juniper street, who is employed in the kitchen of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. He wrote the words and music and had it printed, with a picture of himself on the front cover.

Marc, it appears, had a reason for writing the song. He says he loved Anna Halpern, of Twentieth and Arch streets, who was formerly employed at the hotel. Mrs. Halpern is under \$900 bail for court on charges brought by Marc. He says she promised to marry him and then disappeared with \$400 he gave her to purchase furniture for their home.

Isadore Halpern, her husband, was discharged when arranged before Magistrate Penock in Central Station today. He was arrested with Marc last week when they staged a fist fight in the courtyard of City Hall. Marc was discharged the next day and Halpern held in jail for the further hearing.

Marc tells the story in his song. The words of the verse follow: "When you've met your wrong girl, life becomes dark. No matter how much you love her, your love is but your grave. She looks to you like a rose blossom, but when the rose loses its perfume it becomes for you a deadly poison."

"Day and night the ghost of your deadly love comes before you. Alas! your heart is broken and your hope is dead. Your youth departs and old age comes on apace. Her fickleness slowly brings you to your grave."

"She looks to you like a fair flower. Even the smartest of men have been fooled and betricked and made a ruin of by a girl."

Torch Starts Small Fire

A fire, caused by a gasoline torch, did about \$50 worth of damage in the home of Mrs. Helen Deener, 3304 Rowan street, this morning. Workmen in the bathroom started the blaze, it is believed, by setting fire to the wainscoting with their work torch. The fire was easily extinguished.

Other Inventories

Other inventories filed were those of Arthur L. Knight, \$9534.70; John A. Waldron, \$7321.28; Anna M. Heis, \$4347.35; and Maggie Bush, \$4335.

Wills probated were those of Robert Foster, 2510 North Broad street, \$28,700; Elizabeth Diamond, \$7140, and Fred S. Peters, 4813 Garden street, \$4800.

Included in the inventory of the Ware estate were 15,000 Allegheny Valley Railroad bonds, \$12,075; 15,000 Market Street Elevated Railway, \$12,150; and 15,000 Pennsylvania Railroad, \$14,400. There were also included 206 shares in Pennsylvania Railroad, valued at \$9251; 267 shares Union Improvement Company, \$33,400, and 157 Cranberry Improvement Company, \$47,100.

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BOO-HOO! DETECTIVE TAKES BOYS' SKELETON

Unique Toy Is Found by Youngsters on Doorstep of Doctor's Residence

It's a mighty cruel policeman that will rob children of their playthings, isn't it?

Yes, under most circumstances, but when that plaything happens to be a gruesome skeleton most folks would probably think the policeman was within his rights.

William Howard, a negro, 2335 Nassau street, was the first to make the acquaintance of the skeleton. He was hired by Dr. Frank Husted to clean the cellar of his former home at 5115 York road. The physician has been overseas and since his return had moved to another home.

Howard found a mysterious box in the cellar which he opened. He was considerably shocked to put it very mildly to find inside the skeleton of an infant child. He took it out and left it on the front steps.

Along came Hyman Rosin, 5041 North Tenth street, and Theodore Schwartz, 2022 North Tenth street, both twelve years old, and saw the skeleton. It possessed undoubted attractions for them. They decided to take it with them.

One home, they exhibited their prize.

Today's Marriage Licenses

Thomas H. McDonnell, 847 N. Franklin st. and Hannah M. Harris, 847 N. Franklin st. Samuel J. Blakely, 3401 Helen st. and Emma E. Blakely, 3401 Helen st. William Lynn, 228 E. 3d st. and Pauline Gold, 1609 N. Franklin st. James Cunningham, 3121 Lancaster ave. and Elizabeth Harker, 3121 Lancaster ave. Charles R. Wala, 601 N. 10th st. and Marie E. McCullough, 631 N. 10th st. Joseph Roggspoor, 218 Reed st. and Mary Bernice, 208 Reed st. Walter Howell, 4051 1/2 10th st. and Edith Howard, 208 Reed st. Jacob M. Birnbaum, 3121 Parrish st. and Mary Vidler, 701 N. 14th st. John Lemmon, Villanova, Pa. and Mary E. Kelly, Villanova, Pa. Anna E. M. Fanc, 2011 N. Canal st. Tony Kep, 233 Christian st. and Rosa Frayser, 233 Christian st. Peter Handlin, 4333 1/2 11th st. and Nellie Shadron, 242 Ford st. Frank Hall, 317 1/2 10th st. and Laura Shadron, 242 Ford st. James Richardson, 1444 Mott st. and Susie Rice, 1444 Mott st. Peter Oberholser, 2424 N. J. and Kate Oberholser, 2424 Mott st. Michael Korogel, 4110 Wayne ave. and Anna Korogel, 203 N. Hope st. George E. Parsons, Harrisburg, Pa. and Susan E. Parsons, Harrisburg, Pa. Claude K. Shoop, Harrisburg, Pa. and Lillian E. Shoop, Harrisburg, Pa. Edward L. Barr, 2113 N. Hancock st. and Florence Thuring, 201 N. Whitehart st. Max Levin, 220 N. 10th st. and Ella both twelve years old, and saw the skeleton. It possessed undoubted attractions for them. They decided to take it with them.

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