

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

### CHAPTER III

The quaint little bluebirds and chaffinches of our chintz hung room seemed to nod, to nod to me friendly fashion as I hurried into my pongee motor coat and prepared to desert them for my boy.

"You'll be happy again, Princess Anne," I could almost fancy them saying, "the long evening alone with your lover under the stars. Your face will be cool with the mist from the sea, and he'll kiss it and call you Sweet! Sweet!"

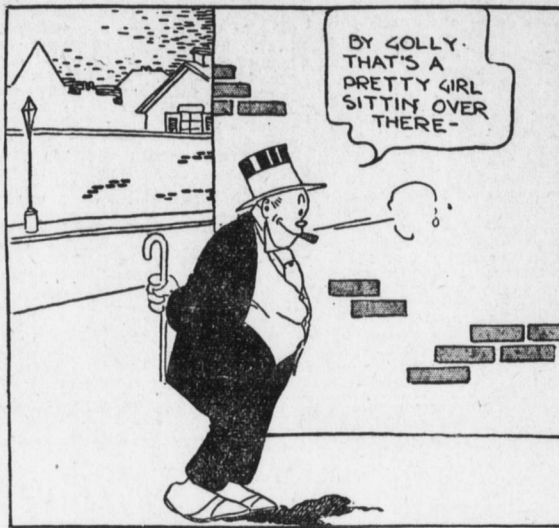
I shut the door of our happy little room and ran down to the greater happiness for which I longed.

There stood Jim on the veranda, bending over "Betty Bryce" with that deferential little stoop of his broad-shouldered and his six-foot-one, which always made him seem to be protecting and guarding the woman to whom he's talking. He looked up.

"Here's my little girl, Mrs. Bryce," Mrs. Bryce held out a slim, graceful hand—it was perfectly manicured, beautifully kept, but just below the knuckles there was a great ash-like red star.

"So this is our Jimmy-boy's 'Fair Princess'! All the good wishes in the world, dear Mrs. Harrison, Jimmie is one of the finest, and we know always that his Princess would be a peach and a cream and a sweetener. You'll let an old friend be informal enough to say that, won't you? Perhaps it was meant to be charming—but to me it sounded patronizing. And it hurt terribly to find out that Jim had not made up the 'Princess' just for me, but had talked to Mrs. Bryce about his sort of girl he could love. Why had Jim done that? Men talk

## Bringing Up Father



BY GOLLY, THAT'S A PRETTY GIRL SITTING OVER THERE—

HOW DO YOU DO— DO YOU MIND IF I SIT HERE I'M SO TIRED—

CERTAINLY NOT—

YOU'LL PARDON ME BUT I THINK I'LL BE ON MY WAY—

SO SOON—

WHAT A PECULIAR MAN—I GUESS HE MUST BE INSANE!

of love to women who suggested love to them.

An Onward Struggle I struggled to get out of my slouch of despair and to find an answer for the beautiful, gracious woman who still held my hand in her slim, scarred one. But I couldn't find words. Mrs. Bryce filled in the gap Jim's friend wasn't awkward like his wife.

I've a splendid idea if your little Princess doesn't mind. We've a big limousine here and only Miss Moss and I to rattle around in it like two old peas in a much-too-big pod. We're going over at Long Beach to meet some of the boys with whom you and my poor Atherton went across in 1915. Will you come, Mrs. Harrison? Jimmie surely has still a place in his heart for his old pals—and perhaps we can dance a bit."

She swept us along with her to her limousine. It was a great monster of battleship gray with a wonderful orchard in her green coat with the purple cushions framing her. I wondered if she were as cold and unattractive as she looked, warm and sweet as she seemed when she spoke to Jimmie-boy."

Miss Moss was presented—a dull little person with soft gray hair, an apologetic voice and a chin that wobbled like the gelatine we used to have for desert at my boardinghouse Wednesday. There never was a more colorless, flavorless little lady—somehow she made me think of a poached egg.

Another Little Jar After a drive that seemed to me hours long, I could see lighted hotels and hear the ocean—a great roaring creature, and a murmuring friend like our little bay.

"Jimmie-boy, you and I have a lot to talk over, but that will wait until we get to Towers—by-the-sea," Mrs. Bryce smiled. "I know that you and little Princess will want your first glimpse of the place in a wheel chair for two. So Miss Moss I will go and meet Jack and Tommy."

I wanted just that—but why couldn't Jim have suggested it? We parked our car back of the hotel and Jimmie and I strolled hand-in-hand up a little slope to the "Boardwalk," made of cement! We

found a wicker rolling chair and a grinning darkey to push us.

Jim sat close to me, his strong magnetic fingers over mine, his shoulder touching my arm. For a little while I forgot Betty Bryce and my seeling wonder of what part she had played in the long years of Jim's life that were unknown to me. The sea was not unfriendly now. It rose up to great waves like the beating of my heart (that was so happy because Jim was close, close and contented to be alone with me. A little whisp of my hair blew out and in the shadow Jim caught it and held it against his lips. I felt almost as if I were folded in his arms. His voice had the deep caressing notes it seemed to hold for me alone.

"Little Anne, little Anne! You're wonderful — and mine — my little Anne!"

The sea sang it over again for him. Then suddenly his voice changed: "Time's up, girlie, we must go in and meet Betty and the boys."

My heart sank. I wanted to be alone with Jim—to hurry home to our little room of bluebird chintz. I dared not say that.

"I—Jim, you'll be ashamed of me, I didn't think we'd get out of the car, and I'm wearing a little tan linen morning dress that's mussed."

"Keep your coat on. You don't care for dancing anyway," returned Jim carelessly. He reacts so quickly from his moments of high emotion, I can't.

"Why didn't Jim say he could never be ashamed of me?"

"Wait a minute! I want to ask you something. Tell me about — Mrs. Bryce."

"She's a beautiful and charming woman I met in France — but, child alive, we haven't time to go into that now! Why didn't you ask before?"

Why hadn't I asked him before? Because I had seized our beautiful happy hour alone as if we were never to know another like it. I had been unwilling that even a word of Betty Bryce should intrude. And now I must go back to her, asking with a longing to learn what she had been to my husband, for I know Jim—know that no woman who was "just any woman" could arouse and hold this interest in my Jim.

(To Be Continued)

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MISS WILSON WOODROW

In that greatest masterpiece of literature, the Book of Job, there is a description of the day when the sons of God appeared before him, and Satan came also.

"And the Lord said unto Satan: Whence comest thou? And Satan answered the Lord and said: From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it."

Satan did not particularize further regarding his activities, but just as much as he admitted has always struck me as the complete description of the ideal life—going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it, with ample leisure to observe, to draw deductions from those observations, and to put one's finger on the motives that govern the actions of the people.

No matter what the object of your observations may be, whether it is a human being or a work of art or an abstract science, its interest lies in the fact that it can be viewed from various angles.

For instance, suppose an editor asks a writer to give him a fiction story on a certain theme, the writer first decides from what angle he will handle it, whether he can get the most out of it and gain the best effects by treating it humorously or seriously.

The old saying that there are two sides to every question is only half true. There are always many sides to every human story.

This is occasionally brought home to me in various ways. Several months ago I got a forlorn little letter from a mother telling me of the unhappiness her daughter caused her. She said the girl was clever and held an excellent position, but that she was always irritable and ill-tempered at home. I published this letter with some remarks of my own, and very soon received a letter from the daughter, which I also inserted in an article.

She gave the other side of the story. She explained that her duties were exacting, and that when she came home in the evening her mother continually plied her with all sorts of questions in regard to her work. It would not have been so difficult to bear if the mother had been content to wait until she had had something to eat. And, in addition, she said, she could not make it understood that she was not at liberty to discuss her employer's affairs by any means.

I have recently had a similar experience. I saw an account in a newspaper of a man who had made an affidavit to the effect that he was a nervous wreck from too much ved tape and iron discipline in the home. It struck me as such an unstatesmanlike attitude, and I published in divorce proceedings that I used it in one of my articles as an illustration of the horrors of efficiency carried to its logical end, and which, according to the published affidavit, even attempted to regulate the cat's appetite.

Now the other angle of the subject has presented itself, as the following letter will show:

"My Dear Mrs. Woodrow: I read your articles every time I see one. I like them awfully well, and I think you're taught me a lot about a good many things; so now I am taking the liberty of setting you right about something, and I fancy I am not wrong in thinking you big enough to take it the spirit in which I write."

"I am referring to your recent article on efficiency. I give you due credit for saying at the start of it that you had only a reporter's note to go on. But didn't it strike you as a little bit silly for a man to admit his inability to cope with the petticoat tyranny he so graphically pictured in his defense? Would it be possible for any one to waste much sympathy on a masculine specimen, over six feet tall, who didn't have the gumption to regulate his affairs instead of running away from them?"

"As a matter of fact, this wife is very far from the able tyrant she is made out to be. She is just a poor little sick, miserable bit of a woman. And be very sure, my dear Mrs. Woodrow, the 'persecuted husband' hasn't not dreamed plus worried by plunging into the battlefields of Europe. Are you a good enough sport to write another article on the subject of men who are neither fish, fowl nor good red herring, who are neither upholding their honor at home nor following their country's flag abroad?"

THE SPORTING INSTINCT An orator at a street corner told his audience of the blessedness of humanity, and he was speaking two little dogs strayed into the middle of the crowd. "Now," said the orator, "here we have an object-lesson thrust right into our hands." He turned to a sturdy youth. "My little man, if these two animals were to fight, what would you do?" An impressive silence settled upon the crowd to while the unwaged youth studied the problem. "Well, guv'nor," he said at length, "I think 't'd hat on the black 'un!"

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### THE RAILROADS

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

The government has taken over the railroads, let us all hope it will facilitate the faster movements of freight in all directions, in such a critical period.

Every railroader in whatever capacity he may be, should do all in his power to help the U. S. A. in its great undertaking to stop this fearful war and establish peace to the world.

It is war time now, when even the laws of equity become void, and the grab of whatsoever is deemed necessary, regardless of ownerships. It is war time when the savage races show their acquiescence with their rulers by their war dances.

We are civilized and cultivated, we show our adherence by our open hearts and open purses.

"Fear not" say railroad workers, the U. S. A. is just in all its dealings, they have already given you a token of their views and good feelings by increasing your wages, it readily realized that to get the best work the men must be paid sufficiently to enable them to live comfortably and appreciate their position.

The government has guaranteed dividends fully equal to those earned in recent years, to the stockholders of all the railroads. It has taken over. This is of course only justice.

Now, great judgment and caution must be used by the government for it seems their intentions are to consolidate and combine all these former separate railroad interests which have taken the ingenuity and hard toll of their respective chiefs which, through years of mental and physical work to accomplish.

These great concerns have always been keen competitors. Now the government is going to retain these properties well and good, but if they are ever going to be returned, none of them must be deteriorated in value for if to-day any preference is shown by passing the business of one concern whether freight or passenger, etc., etc., under the direction and management of the other (their former competitors), it would naturally deteriorate one and benefit the other and here you have the core of the serious problem and one that will be mighty hard to mend hereafter.

Among our best railroad officials and workers there has always existed a kind of dominating and master feeling which will be hard to eliminate, take any center where this competitive element has been going on for years and to-day by the proposed consolidation and combination of all these interests it will mean that at some centers one side will have to close up and go over to the other, with a feeling that one side has won and the other lost, yet this unity of interest is intended to get the best out of each concern and to save expense.

Every individual with a glimmer of Godliness must thank God for having given the world the United States of America through which instrumentally peace of the world will be again restored and guarded and end of this terrible enemy the Kaiser, his Hohenzollern bunch and his allies will be quenched and eradicated forever.

With God's blessing and cheers for our great country, our Army, our Navy and our statesmen, let us all with clenched teeth go to it and do our bit to help in this great cause of a contented heart, for the sun

will again soon be shining, although it is stormy just now.

BRUCE GREEN, 1814 Green St., Harrisburg, Pa.

### "THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

Under the above caption an editorial appeared in the Telegraph, of January 3, of the present year, containing some great truths so tersely expressed that some of those sentences have been recurring to my mind ever since.

Some of the thoughts of that editorial will bear repetition again and again. Here is one of the gems: "The lad who wants to enter the Army now has in his mind's eye the Great Adventure of all time. He is imbued with the spirit of the Knight of the Holy Grail and of the Crusaders. He wants to have a part in liberating the world from the grip of autocracy, and to cheat him of the opportunity would be to rob him of an experience that in the years to come will be to him a priceless memory and to his children their great heritage."

"Have you ever seen a party of Civil War veterans foregathered for a 'camp fire' or reunion? Their Great Adventure was the liberation of the slaves and the salvation of the Union. Honors and experiences in abundance have come to them in later years, but their service with the flag is the great outstanding feature of their lives."

Now I feel like adding to the above this one thought, that the "Grand Army of the Republic" has been a very prominent contributing factor in the grand, spontaneous uprising of the American youth of today. These young men who by the million are now beneath the colors, have been accustomed, from their earliest years, to seeing the solemn processions of aged G. A. R. veterans on each Memorial Day and at the funerals of comrades. They had come instinctively to view with reverence, almost with awe, the men who had dared the bloody track of battle to keep our nation undivided. For more than half a century the G. A. R. has been a constant, tangible lesson of patriotism to the youth of the land.

J. HOWARD WERT,

## MEMORIAL TREES

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

Your suggestion of memorial trees as an appreciation of our boys in the service is generally commended. May I suggest that those who intend planting trees this year or any time during the war have the tree bear the name of some local soldier. It would serve as a memorial and be beneficial in other ways.

Harrisburg is in need of much tree-planting and I believe the idea of naming the trees in honor of the boys who have gone into the service will appeal to most patriotic citizens. It might be well for organization of tree planting committees in every block to the end that we may have a general movement along this line.

CITIZEN.

Cuticura Heals Itching Burning Skin Troubles

All drug stores, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each 17 c of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

**Don't be Ashamed of Your Garbage Can**

YOU can easily keep it as odorless and sanitary as a cooking dish with a little

**ACME LIME**

Sprinkled in empty can and on garbage it disinfects and deodorizes and prevents the breeding of disease germs.

All food growers and druggists—15 cents

The Medison Corporation  
New York City

**TRAINED HELPERS HAVE LEFT THESE GOOD POSITIONS**

TRAINED HELPERS MUST TAKE THEIR PLACES

WAS IS

Bookkeeper Training for Aviation Corps  
Stenographer In Nurses Training School  
Casher Over There With Marines  
Stenotypist With Y. M. C. A. in France  
Accountant In Officers Training Camp  
File Clerk Doing Red Cross Work  
Secretary Yeoman in Navy

Not one bit less urgent than the needs of Civil Service are the needs of Business. Millions of men and women have given up good positions in Business to heed their country's call. Millions must take their places. Here again is your opportunity to do a patriotic service and join the Nation's productive forces. Not only is it your duty. It also is your opportunity; for never have salaries been so high or chances for advancement so plentiful.

**SCHOOL OF COMMERCE**

Central Pennsylvania's Leading and Accredited Business College

Troup Building 15 South Market Square  
Bell 485 SEND FOR CATALOGUE Dial 4393

**Daily Dot Puzzle**

15 16 17 21  
14 7 6 18 20  
13 8 5 2 19 22  
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93 94 41  
95 96 42  
97 98 43  
99 100 44

Can you finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

**Which Will You Like?**

Here are two coffees. Both are very popular for their fine flavor and rich aroma.

Which will you like? Try a pound of both and see.

**Golden Roast Coffee, 30c lb.**

is a well-blended, richly-flavored coffee. Every pound is cup-tested to maintain its good quality. A coffee for particular people. As good as most 35c coffees.

**Old Favorite Coffee, 25c lb.**

is popular for its fine flavor and economical price. Four cents is saved by packaging it in stout, moistureproof bags lined with glassine. As good as most 30c coffees.

Take this advertisement to your grocer. Get a pound of both these good coffees. Then see which you like best.

**R. H. LYON**

IMPORTER  
Harrisburg, Pa.

**Sister's Advice Soon Brought Health Back**

Famous Remedy Worked So Quick It Was Like Magic

"If it hadn't been for my sister, I'd have still been the same miserable, woe-begone being that I was a few weeks ago," says Henry W. Bossler, an ironworker, of Blandon, Pa.

"My stomach had all gone to pieces, but when my sister told me to try Tanlac, it sounded good to me and it proved even better, for it worked in such quick time that it was like magic."

"Now I've got such an appetite that I can hardly wait for meals and I eat what I please and enjoy every bite. I certainly urge all stomach sufferers to try Tanlac."

Tanlac is now being introduced here at Gorgas' Drug Store.

**LIFT OFF CORNS!**

Freezone is magic! Corns lift right off with fingers without pain

Hurt? No, not one bit! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching then you lift that bothersome corn right off. Yes, magic! Costs only a few cents.

Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the mysterious, other discovery of a Cincinnati genius.

**STORE OPENS AT 8:30 A. M.—CLOSES 5 P. M.**

**Three Tremendously Important Events**

In Full Swing Tomorrow, Wednesday, at Kaufman's

**350 Fine White Washable Skirts**

Start a Most Extraordinary Sale Tomorrow, Wednesday

Lot 1. Women's & Misses' White Pique Skirts. Sizes Up to 36 Waist Measure **95c**

Start This Sale at

Lot 2. White Gabardine Skirts **\$1.95**

Lot 3. 100 White Wash Skirts **\$3.95**

300 Smart Wash Dresses. Values to \$6.95. Your pick **\$3.95**

110 Nobby Sport Suits. \$5.00 value. Take your pick **\$2.45**

**500 Voile Waists**

Exquisite New Models—All Sizes All Grouped Together Regardless of Their Former Prices—All Marked at One Price

There are plain-tailored and lace-trimmed models to choose from. Large and small collars. New collar and cuffs. Very fine materials. Extra well made.

**\$1.85 Fine Voile Waists \$1.74**

Take Your Pick at **\$1.74**

New effects in the collars, cuffs and trimmings. So good are the values you should buy two or more Waists at this price.

**Crepe de Chine WAISTS \$1.94**

**Fine Jap Silk WAISTS \$1.64**

White, flesh and all the new shades. Your pick in the Sale of any models in the Sale at **\$1.94** and **\$1.64**

**Georgette and Crepe de Chine Waists**

Clever models for afternoon and street wear. All colors, flesh and white. All sizes **\$2.74**

**Our 10 Day Festival of Muslin Underwear**

is fast revealing to the people that economies in these lines can best be secured by going to Kaufman's first and saving the time and worry of shopping around.

**Wednesday's Lots Are Attractive Supply For a Long Time At These Prices**

**Two Big Lots of Envelope Chemise—**

Nainsook Envelope Chemise, lace trimmed, well made. Sale Price only **\$1.95**

Nainsook Envelope Chemise, well made and prettily trimmed. In the sale at **67c**

**Two Big Lots of Gowns—**

Nainsook—Night Gowns, lace and embroidery trimmed, well made. Choice **\$1.45**

Crepe and Nainsook Gowns, prettily trimmed and well made. Choice **\$1.95**

**40 Bloomers, Extra Special**

Made of satin-striped Voile, well made, superb quality. A limited number in the sale. Your choice **89c**

**These Sales To-Morrow Wednesday**

**KAUFMAN'S MARKET SQUARE**

**These Sales To-Morrow Wednesday**

**UNDERSELLING STORE**