



Reading for Women of the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER XLVII

"What a wonderful day for the races!" cried Jim enthusiastically and then he went on without pause. "Now be sure you have it all clear, Anne. You're to pick me up at the west gate of the factory, half a mile down the side road—the first to the right after you cross the bridge. You'll make it by two, I should say; that is, if Terry calls for you at one."

He had been talking like that from his first moment of waking—talking in rapid staccato jerks as if he feared what I would say if he gave me an opening. And his eyes avoided the corner of the table where still in addition to the coins and bills he had won from Neal in last night's game.

Before he went he marched over with an air of sheepish amusement and touched the pile of money with an accusing forefinger.

"I told you to make the kid take that money. Why didn't you?" he demanded.

"He wouldn't," I tried to reply as lightly as I could. "He said he fairly enough—and to-day is pay day."

"You make him take it," ordered Jim gruffly—and kissing me with an air of hardly knowing that my lips were raised to meet his, he was gone.

Neal, however, wouldn't take the money.

"Jim won't take it fairly enough, didn't he? What he wants to make all this fuss about. Tell you what, Anne—you buy a couple of pounds of the best candy and bring the boxes along to the girls to-day. Be sure and get some caramels—I'll bet Phoebe loves 'em."

"All right—but it won't take all this money. What a dear, generous lad you are, Neal."

Neal's face crimsoned and he crossed over and took my hands in his.

"Get yourself a veil or some shoes—these with the fifty or ninety cents that's left," he almost stammered. Then more seriously, "Anne—feel like a sister dear—if you think I'm generous you'll remember that to my credit some day in case you don't just approve of everything I've done!"

"What do you mean, dear?" I cried in grave concern.

"Oh, nothing special. I was just gabbing."

But after he had gone and I hurried through my work, I couldn't take my mind from the puzzling conduct of my husband—and my brother. It didn't do to attempt to dismiss it all with a laughing "men are queer."

For that, I realized, did not cover the case of Jim and the game of dice he had so elaborately refused to discuss—nor yet of Neal's plea for mercy—"some day when he needed it."

I was still in the midst of work and conjecture when the phone rang, and Evvy's hushed, throaty little voice came to me with a gurgle of delight.

"My dear, I've had the most gorgeous inspiration. Sheldon and I have a date for the Hadergriff Motor Cup races to-day, and it just struck me that if both he and I took our cars, the whole Harrisburg family come—if only you'll arrange it for me at this late date."

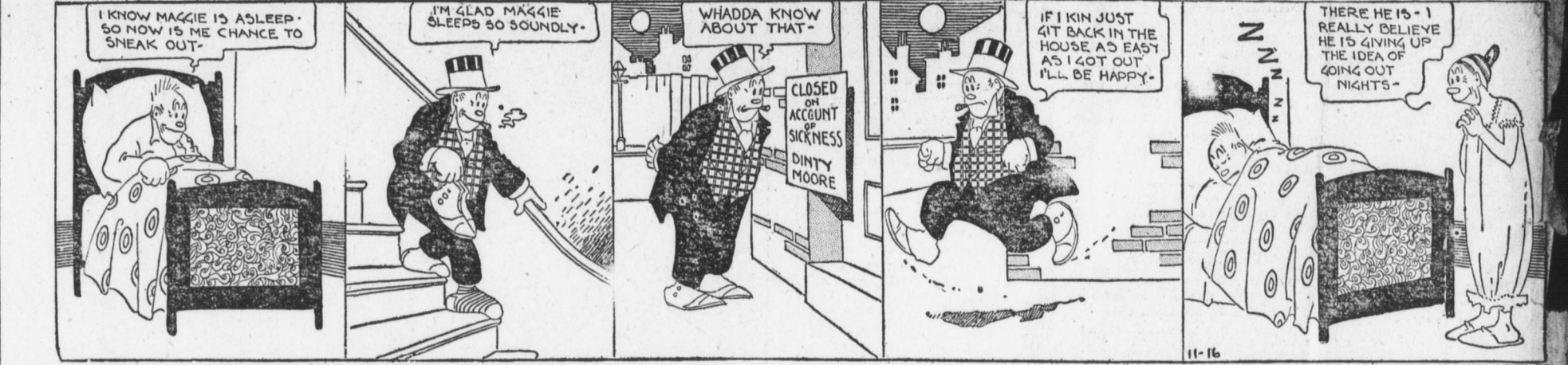
"I'm afraid that's impossible," I began, remembering Virginia's implied attitude toward the tribe of Mason.

But Evvy wouldn't be refused. She urged and pleaded and insisted, and finally in a sort of whirl of discomfort, I found myself arranging that she and Sheldon should join forces with us.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



strange Jim who had sat shaking dice with my young brother the night before.

(To Be Continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By DEATRICE FAIRFAX

NATIONALITY IS BARRIER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl of 20, passably looking—in fact, some people think, pretty. A year ago I started to go about with a young man of different nationality. We love each other dearly, and after he has returned from France we expect to get married, but here the difficulty lies.

Mother won't hear it. After the war she expects to go to Alaska with my sisters and brothers. I'd be a sad stranger here if they went without me, so, without being sentimental, my heart is torn to two. I know that the chief objection mother has to Tom is his nationality, which is Spanish, but I think that has nothing to do with love as long as we commonly agree that we are Americans.

RHEA.

Thousands of women have felt those opposing tugs at the heart. Rhea. And it's a matter in which no outsider can be of any real help. Do you care enough for your lover to leave your parents and relatives behind? If you love him enough perhaps the question will answer itself. If you don't, marriage is a risky thing.

A SECRET ROMANCE

I have been going about with a man of 21 for two years secretly, I being a widow, happened to see us, and disapproved. We did not heed her, he telling me he would send his parents to explain. But this did not happen. Before he went into the service he asked me to wait for him, as he loved no one else.

Now he has written me a letter, addressing it to my home, which has caused me much trouble. My mother has told me to write for your advice, as she does not think it proper for me to answer him.

E. R.

Surely your mother is entirely right. There is no excuse for secret love affairs, and they are sure to result in unhappiness for all concerned. I have had more liberty than is wise for a girl of your age. Since you expect to be engaged when we are of age, I do not go out with other girls and give all of my attention to her.

YOU SHOULD CALL ON HER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going about with a girl friend for the past two years. We both love each other very dearly and I do not go out with other girls and give all of my attention to her.

Do you think that is right?

Certainly the girl should ask you to call and you should meet all her family in her home if, as you say, you expect to become engaged to her.

DON'T THINK OF IT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I called up a friend of mine at a camp in Brooklyn and he told me that some other man by the same name, as my friend was on ship. He spoke to me and said he would like to become acquainted with me. He asked me to come down to see him, as he is restricted and cannot get out on liberty.

Do you think it is proper for me to write to him and go down to see him?

It would be most improper for you to go to see this man. You would put yourself in a false light and possibly subject yourself to humiliation.

PAROLED MEN LIKE FISH

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 15.—In suspending sentence on Robert Clarke, defined the status of a man on parole under a suspended sentence. In permitting Clarke to go he said: "Remember you are on parole. You are like a fish. I've got you on a line and I can reel you in and can let you out as I like. It is up to you to be a good fish."

Ranks with Yanks

POST TOASTIES

(Best Corn Flakes)

Beat the World.

Bobby

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

There's nothing sure about the army," a young lieutenant fresh from an interview with his colonel observed to me ruefully not long ago, "except that whatever you do you are sure to be wrong."

I am reminded of that boy's poignant confession whenever I am asked to pass judgment upon some phase of that most uncertain of human problems—the marriage question. Whatever advice one has to offer on the subject is more apt to be mistaken, especially if it happens to touch on the matter of a choice.

The matches which often seem to us or dated of heaven are often the very ones to blow up in a few years, or even months, in a reek of brimstone and sulphur. Those over which we shake our heads and sigh in dark foreboding are like as not to turn out idyls of domestic happiness.

The people who appear to us most suitable for each other are seldom so regarded by themselves, and if coerced or cajoled into matrimony generally succeed in making each other thoroughly miserable.

Indeed, marriage is so distinctly a personal question for the two people most concerned, based upon such subtly individual shadings of attraction and congeniality, that I doubt if any outsider—even the closest and most disinterested—is privileged to interfere.

For instance, I have a letter from a girl in Chicago who says that for the past three years she has been in love with a young man a year older than herself. About six months after their romance commenced they had the usual lovers' quarrel and parted, but in due season a reconciliation between them was effected and the old footing resumed.

At least that was the girl's understanding, and she was happy in the belief that at last the course of true love was about to run smooth. But during the period of estrangement the man, it seems, had been paying attention to another girl, and his soon was led to confess that this other was the woman he really cared for.

That, of course, brought about a definite and final separation, but although the girl tried to forget him to absorb herself in other interests, she found it impossible. At business for she is employed in a responsible position—his haunting image was constantly rising between her and her work. She had no heart for amusement or entertainment of any kind. Other men were attracted to her, but she found only boredom in their society. Her unhappiness and yearning amounted to actual suffering.

And then, after two years, there recently came a letter from "her there." He is now a captain in the American Expeditionary Forces and is still single. Moreover, he writes that their alienation was all a ghastly mistake. She is the only

girl he loves, the only girl he ever did love. When he broke with her, he simply yielded to the counsels of some well-meaning friends who regarded the other woman as a more suitable match for him, and he has suffered for his defection—suffered as deeply as she. Can she not forgive him, he asks—forgive him and take him back when he returns?

The members of her family—her parents and brothers and sisters—all say no. They argue rather cogently that the man who was persuaded to jilt her once might easily be prevailed upon to do so again, and insist there is no dependence to be placed in him.

The presence of another suitor in the office whom they evidently consider a more advantageous prospect lends force to their protests. Nevertheless, in spite of their disapproval, the girl has decided to forgive her soldier and give him another chance. She wants to know if I think she has made a mistake.

In her specific case, and if nothing can be shown to the man's discredit other than the facts presented in her letter, I should say she has done the only wise and prudent thing; and, generally speaking, I would far rather trust a girl's happiness to her individual choice—what we call the process of natural selection—than to that of her friends and relatives.

That is, if love were all. The "Willie Baxters" of seventeen and the romantic school girls with their hair down their backs cannot be permitted to wed at their own sweet will. Neither may the shielded, unsophisticated daughter entirely dependent on her parents, marriage entails questions of finance and of grave responsibility.

But a young woman like this one who is beyond the age of matinee heroes, who is earning her own living, and who through her contact with the world should be capable of judging between a hawk and a handshaver, ought to be more competent to decide for herself than any one for her.

And with woman's fuller economic freedom the day will come when intermeddling in such matters, no matter by whom, will be looked upon as an impertinence. Then love will be all, and the marriage institution will recover some of its lost prestige.

To Consolidate Two

TELEGRAPH SYSTEMS SOON

Washington, Nov. 15.—Investigation into the feasibility of consolidating Western Union and Postal Telegraph facilities begun by a special committee when the government assumed wire control last summer, has been completed.

Orders providing for the consolidation in some cities over the country probably will be issued shortly.

THE PROFESSIONAL EATER

Many striking customs of their past are preserved by some American Indians, and of these none is more interesting than a peculiar practice yet followed by the Sioux of the Devil's Lake reservation. It appears on competent authority that from time immemorial these Sioux have adhered to an etiquette whereby it is the bounden duty of the host to supply his guest with all the food he may desire, and as a rule the appropriation set before the visiting Indian is a matter of honor. On the other hand, by the same custom, the guest is obliged to eat of the food set before him, or he grossly insults his entertainer.

Now, it was found that this practice would be hard to follow, but instead of dispensing with the custom, the Indian method or reasoning was applied, and what is known as the professional eater was brought to the front. While the guest is supposed to eat all that is placed before him, it serves the same purpose if his neighbor assists in devouring the bountiful repast, the main object being to have the plate clean when the meal shall be finished.

The professional eaters are never looked upon as the light of guests, but more as traveling companions with a particular duty to perform. It is stated that one of the professional eaters was known to have disposed of seven pounds of beef at a sitting.

Why Stay Fat? You Can Reduce

The answer of most fat people is that it follows too hard, too troublesome, and too dangerous to force the weight down. However, in Marmola's Prescription Tablets, all these difficulties are overcome. They are absolutely harmless, entail no dieting or exercise, and have the great advantage of cheapness. A large case is sold by druggists at 75c. Or, if preferable, they can be obtained by sending price direct to the Marmola Co., 864 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Now that you know this is no excuse for being too fat, but can reduce two, three or four pounds a week without fear of bad after-effects.

Cameron and Maclay Boys and Girls Put 11th Ward Over Top

The school boys and girls of Harrisburg have done splendidly in the drive just closing. Not only have the Victory Boys and Girls raised large sums, but the ward quotas have been materially increased by contributions from teachers and pupils.

For example, late yesterday, just as Chairman James P. McCullough had concluded that it was impossible for the Eleventh ward to go over the top, the telephone bell rang and he was informed that the teachers and pupils of the Maclay building had raised \$113 for the war work and would contribute it through the Eleventh ward committee.

This cheered Mr. McCullough mightily, but the ward was still under its quota. Suddenly the telephone jangled again and the Cameron building, a much larger school, reported that the teachers had contributed \$114, the little boys and girls \$94.50 and the Victory Boys and Girls \$265 toward the fund.

This put the Eleventh ward over the top, and the credit goes to the school boys and girls of the ward.

Pennsylvania War Men to Be Landed in Philadelphia

Washington, Nov. 15.—Pennsylvania troops who fought so gallantly in France at Chateau Thierry and other famous battle grounds, will be brought to Philadelphia in transports and sent from that city to their homes if the plan is feasible.

This is the idea of Secretary Baker, who yesterday while paying high tribute to the Pennsylvania fighters, expressed the utmost sympathy for the state which has lost more soldiers than all the southern states combined and more than any other state in the union. This loss, estimated now at more than 3000, may reach greater proportions when the final casualty list is received.

"The suggestion," said Secretary Baker, "is an excellent one. I know of no particular reason why the Pennsylvania troops should not be landed at Philadelphia, and why the instances, New York and New Jersey troops, of course, should be disembarked at New York, Maryland and West Virginia troops at Baltimore; troops from the southern states at Newport News, and New England state troops at Boston."

"The idea appeals to me greatly. Each state should have her own troops delivered to her port town and celebrations might properly be accorded them by the home folks, as I see it now there is no reason why the plan outlined as to the landing of the troops should not be carried out."

The Lesson From Russia

That we should not relax in the slightest degree our efforts to save food is the only conclusion to be reached when we read of the conditions facing a large nation like Russia.

With almost twice the population of the United States Russia has over twice as large a proportion engaged in agriculture as in our own country in peace times.

Their farmers, however, have not been able to get any supplies or farm implements since the third year of the war. Ports in the Baltic and Black Sea are closed. The White Sea is blocked with ice. Vladivostok is open, but it cannot take care of all the necessary supplies, as it is through this port that we must supply Allied troops in this section.

What Russia will have to face this winter is not a pleasant prospect. Those inhabitants who depend absolutely upon the agriculturists are bound to be hard put to it for food, as the farmers have not even enough for their own use. North and Central Russia depend upon South Russia where the Hun is in full possession, and upon Siberia which is cut off by railway disorganization and civil war.

It is inevitable that we must think

Puts an End to Catarrh Nuisance

A Direct and Simple Way That May Be Adopted With But Little Cost

There must be readers suffering from chronic catarrh who would like to know how they can stop catarrh cold after cold, for they must realize that sooner or later this may lead to serious deafness and injury to the system in general.

Dr. Blosser, a respected physician and for forty-four years an eminent specialist in the treatment of catarrh, is the discoverer of a new, pleasant, direct method of curing this disease. It is made from the most delicate and purest of ingredients, and is a direct and simple way that may be adopted with but little cost.

In a dainty pipe or cigarette, inhale the vapor into all the passages. It contains no tobacco, even though it is used in the same manner.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy equally effective in all forms of catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh of the head, and ear troubles that may lead to deafness. You will breathe better and feel better after using it.

For ten cents (in coin or stamps) a small package will be mailed, containing some of the Remedy ready to use in a pipe and a neat list of pipe. Month's supply, either five or ten packages, each with its own set of instructions. Address: THE BLOSSER COMPANY, Box 4123, Atlanta, Ga.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

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