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 LXXII.

The shrill call of the telephone in the living room rang through the early morning darkness of the apartment.

Drowsily I heard, and it mingled with my dreams of Jim's tenderness to me the night before. Half-sleeping and half-waking, I lived again through the ugly moment when Jim had suggested that we share an apartment with Phoebe and Virginia—who didn't even speak to me.

I smiled dreamily at the memory of my provocative reply—"Would you be bored living alone with me?" I remembered with a delicious thrill the passion with which Jim had set his lips to mine in reply.

Through those dreams the phone went on shrilling its summons. Startled to full wakefulness, I glanced at Jim's watch, hanging from the corner of his bed. It was only 8.

Evidently Jim could sleep through New Year's chimes or the bombardment of a city, since that tuneless jangling didn't pierce his slumbers. Resentfully I slipped into my robe and slippers and pattered out to the room where Neal slept like a peaceful cherub through all the alarm.

The call was for him—he was ordered to report at the station, instead of at the draft board, according to the usual procedure, at 2.30. One hundred men would start at once for the artillery camp. Stooping over Neal, I set a light kiss on his red curl that fluttered right across the middle of his forehead.

"Laddie, dear—wake up. You're starting west today, and there's a lot to do," I whispered.

Neal opened his eyes for a second, then turned over sleepily, flung up his arm to ward off what was disturbing him, and was sound asleep again in another second. I laughed, then I set my hands on his shoulders and shook him to reproachful wakefulness.

"Oh, Babbsie—let a fellow sleep! Oh! That's it? So I'm on my way——"

Then suddenly he sat up in bed and shook his fist vindictively.

"Babbs, sit down here for a minute so we can be alone while I tell you about last night. That Virginia!—shut the door, Babbs, so old Jim won't hear. She's got him buffaloed—he's plum crazy about her."

"The door's closed, dear. Tell me," I whispered—happy that Neal was going to open his heart to me again.

"Well, Virginia butted in and went along. Smooth as silk! First she tells Jim, of course, I may have the evening with Phoebe—and then the minute he's gone she turns to Blake and asks him if he's busy or would he motor us somewhere in a cosey little foresome. And he falls for it! So what could I do?

"Never a minute alone with Phoebe except when we were dancing. Even on the way home Virginia kept turning around and talking to us three in the tonneau—so we didn't feel alone for a minute. It was fiendish. And Phoebe—means everything to me, Babbsie. I'd—I'd have given—anything—to kiss her goodby just once."

His voice broke. My heart swelled with longing to make Neal happy. I held him close—murmuring mother words of comfort. And then I made a plan.

"Listen ,lad, won't you be running over to say good-by to Evvy?" I asked. "All right, run along, and when you come back we'll see what we'll see!"

I would tell him no more, but right after breakfast I phoned Betty.

"You've often shown your willingness to be friends, Betty. Can I count on you now—when I need you?" I asked.

And when I got a warm assurance that I could indeed count on her, I conquered my pride and told all I dared.

"Virginia is angry at me, Betty—we don't even speak—and it would be uncomfortable for me to have her here to dinner to-day. But I want Phoebe, and I can't have her alone, unless I get rid of Virginia for just this once——"

"Bless your heart, I'd love a cosy Sunday with Vee. I'm sorry you've had a misunderstanding. We'll soon fix that. But now I'll call her right up—'by, Anne dear."

I put up the receiver and turned with a strange sense of something all wrong. There stood Jim—my wonderful lover of last night—eyes ablaze, nostrils quivering and mouth hard and stern.

"So, you discuss my sister with outsiders? Criticised her; plan to get her out of the way——"

"It wasn't an outsider," I broke in. "It was Betty——"

"Indeed! That makes it better I suppose. You chose my best friend—Virginia's intimate—to humiliate her. And may I ask you why you want to 'get rid of Virginia?'"

"Oh, Jim—Betty didn't misunderstand the way you're doing. Her sense of humor told her what I meant," I cried pleadingly.

"It did? Well, my sense of decency tells me that a wife doesn't go to a woman she has always snubbed and suddenly gush out a lot of complaints against a man's favorite sister—unless she's two-faced and malicious."

"Jim—how can you?" I cried. "How can you misunderstand me so?"

"Misunderstand?" I understand too well. You've hated Virginia from the first. Now you understand me. Virginia means more to me than any one on earth—and my wife is going to treat her decently from now on."

Then, before I could answer, Jim stumbled back into the bedroom and slammed the door. I staggered up against that door and stood there—throbbing, on fire with hurt pride and rage that was near hate. Only last night Jim had been the tenderest lover in all the world, and now for Virginia, he could berate me with the ugliest words he'd ever spoken. He had said she meant more of him than any one on earth. I couldn't endure it. I didn't have to put up with it.

And then, with sudden force, a thought seemed to run across my brain.

It was Neal who counted to-day—not I. For Neal's sake, I must bear this and more.

I opened the door of the bedroom and went in to face my husband.

NEED LEGISLATION FOR JOINT BUILDING

[Continued from First Page.]

but Solicitor Fox assured the officials the legislation will be prepared soon.

During the discussion of the opinion the question of whether the courthouse site would be considered for the new structure was raised. A number of the officials said that they preferred the present location to any other, but would decide that matter after the legal arangements were completed.

Structure a Fire Trap

That the present building is nothing short of a fire trap and is a disgrace to a progressive county and city was asserted by a number of the officials present, some of whom said taxpayers do not realize the dangerous conditions which exist.

During the conference the plan of the municipal building at Buffalo was discussed. In this structure the finance department of the city and county, visited the most by the public, are on the first floor, executive offices on the second, and so on throughout the building.

When asked whether the city's finances would permit the planning of such an extensive improvement City Solicitor Fox said Harrisburg can borrow much larger sums of money before reaching the capacity mark, and that the present loans which have been floated have "hardly scratched the surface."

City Pays Big Rent

After the session Mayor Keister called attention to the situation at the police department, mentioning that January 1, 1918, the rent was $110 a month; April 1, raised to $140, and next year ,will be $166 a month. He said he does not criticise the present owner. He understands the situation which confronts the purchaser of the building but at the same time the police headquarare far o small, but the department has no other place to go.

Harris Deed Reviewed

The first question raised by the solicitors is whether title can be obtained for a part of the courthouse site, or an interest in it, by the city.

The opinion says in part: "The first question involves the construction of the deed of John Harris and wife to Jacob Awl, et al., dated July 6th, 1785, for inter alia, this tract. This deed recites title in John Harris, and that he, by a certain bond in the sum of $5,000 bearing date of the fourth day of March, 1785, stood bound, in order to promote the creation of a separate county and the establishment of a seat of justice therein, to lay out lots and dedicate streets, lanes and alleys, and that he had promised to convey to the commissioners, or any three of them, and their heirs, a good and sufficient lot of land for erecting a courthouse and jail thereon, in trust for the use of the inhabitants of said county of Dauphin, and that the legislation having been obtained and the precedent action taken, then in consideration of the premises and the sum of five shillings, paid by Jacob Awl, did grant, bargain and sell to them, all the streets, lanes, alleys and highways, as laid out by said commissioners, in and for the town of Harrisburg, and did also sell unto them four lots of land which are the present seat of the courthouse and jail.

"It will be noted that this conveyance is not an estate upon condition or limitation, but an absolute grant in fee, in trust for the inhabitants of a certain municipal district, which is a charitable use."

Fee Passed

After quoting a number of authorities including opinions from higher courts of the state, the solicitors continue: "Upon the basis of the above authorities, it is our opinion that no reversionary interest exists in the heirs of John Harris, or the devisees under his last will and testament, but that the land can be conveyed by the proper trustees and used for any other purpose, the proceeds being applied for the same uses for which the land was originally held.

"Jacob Awl, et al., the trustees named in the Harris grant, had under its terms no active duties to perform, and the trust being a dry one, was immediately executed, vesting the title in the public of the county of Dauphin as county property.

"Under the law the county commissioners of the county of Dauphin are the trustees for the inhabitants of the county, and authorized to sell any of its property, including real estate. They, however, could not sell this land, or any interest therein, except by proper direction of the court under the Revised Price Act, but they could arrange to sell, subject to the confirmation of the court, or proper order obtained.

"We would therefore advise that if you desire to take such action that an agreement be entered into between the city and the county to sell to the city a part of said tract, or an interest therein, at a fair market value, subject to the confirmation of the court; and upon the further conditions that should it be determined by the said conveyance that no right or title passed to the city, then the conveyance should in fact be a nullity and the consideration paid and returned. As soon as this conveyance is paid, the city would be in a position to rule upon the heirs or devisees of John Harris to bring an action in ejectment within six months, or be forever barred from raising the question. We believe that such an action in ejectment could be successfully resisted by the city, which would then establish absolutely its title; and if it were not successfully defended, then under the agreement between the county and the city, the latter would be entitled to have the consideration returned. This plan would absolutely safeguard both parties. The county could sustain no loss, because under the agreement if it were unable to convey its attempted conveyance would be a nullity.

"The second proposition as to whether or not a building can be erected by the joint action of the city and counyt presents greater difficulties. The act controlling this matter is the act of April 18th, 1913, which authorizes the erection of a joint county and municipal building. This act, under its terms would require that a certain definite portion of the tract be owned in fee by the city and the other by the county, and that the lands and the buildings thereon erected be held in severalty, and not as tenants in common. In this last mentioned case, (referring to a Supreme Court decision) it was intended that certain entire floors should be used by the city and certain other floors by the county, so that the portions of the building to be used by each of the municipalities would not be entirely on the land owned by it in severalty, but would overlap the land of the other, and for that purpose the erection of the building was enjoined. This is a condition which would create many practical difficulties in the construction, maintenance and use of the building, and we would suggest than an effort be made to secure legislation authorizing cities and counties in such cases as ours by agreement to acquire title to land as joint tenants rather than as owners of contiguous lots and to erect a municipal building under agreement for the proportionate payment of the cost of construction, maintenance and operation, with the privilege to provide in the agreement for the modification of the proportionate parts of the cost from time to time as one or the other in fact uses hte greater or lesser part of the building, to be apportioned upon the floor space occupied, or otherwise to be equitably determined. In the light of what has happened in the last fifty years and the growth of the city it might be suggested that within the next fifty years the city would require a larger portion of the premises than it would occupy at the beginning, or for some unforeseen reason the reverse might happen.

"There is manifestly so great a benefit in common ownership and construction of a building for city and county purposes, that we would advise that while there are present difficulties in the way, they are not insurmountable, and that every effort be made to overcome them."

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

M'CLAIN IS NOT SEEKING OFFICE

Understood He Will Keep on Supervising State Defense Activities

Lieutenant Governor Frank B. McClain prefers to be at the service of Governor-elect William C. Sproul, his friend for many years, whenever he feels like calling upon him rather than to be the head of a department of the state government. This was learned here to-day when the Lieutenant Governor was asked about the reports that he was in line for Secretary of Agriculture. Incidentally, it was learned from other sources that Mr. McClain will continue to supervise such activities of the State Council of National Defense which may arise in the period of readjustment. He has been the wheelhorse of that commission and has handled the finances of the Council of National Defense.

Mr. McClain smilingly refused to discuss any reports that he had been offered the secretaryship of agriculture or any other office. "You had better see the new Governor," was his answer to a number of questions put at him.

"You are being talked of for secretary," was insisted. "How about it?"

"Now, my friend, let me say this in answer to your question: I have never been an applicant for appointment as secretary of agriculture or for that matter for appointment at as head of any department of the state government. I feel that by reason of my long friendship with the new Governor that I could possibbly be of more service to him in my capacity as a private citizen any time he might feel free to call upon me for anything on which I might have special knowledge. I am in entire accord with the purposes and policy of the new administration and if the Governor wants me in an advisory capacity any time I shall be ready."

Mr. McClain as the direct representative of the State Defense Commission at the offices of the State Council of National Defense has been assiduous in his attention to its affairs for the last nineteen months and it is understood that at request of friends he will retain that connection until the affairs of the council are closed up, a work which is suitable to his tastes and which he desires to continue.

WOMEN DEMAND VOTE

Paris, Dec. 18.—Several groups of French women suffrage advocates have joined in issuing a manifesto demanding thatthe political rights of women be recognized by the government before the next election.

THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

(Copyright, 1918, by Star Co.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Whether—during the early spring days following Tom Chandler's departure—Arthur Bruce kept Mildred Brent from being bored, as she had predicted, it was hard to state, for she maintained an attitude of reticense with regard to her affairs.

Certain it is, however, that her manner toward young Bruce changed to such an extent as to cause Mrs. Higgins to comment upon it to Honora.

"I believe Milly's getting fonder of Mr. Arthur than she was, don't you, my dear?" she asked.

"They have always been good friends," the older sister evaded.

"Oh, yes, of course; but there was a while last winter when I thought she was tired of him. You remember, she used to accept attentions from other young men. I asked no questions about it, for, as you knew what she was doing, I was sure she was all safe.

A twinge of compunction assailed the listener. She could not explain to this trustful woman how little she knew o fthe inner workings of her sister's mind. In this case Mrs. Higgins' ignorance meant her inward peace, so Honora forbore tc enlighter her.

"If you did something that I disapprove of, I might speak to you of it; in fact, I would speak to you of it," the matron averred. "For yop have nobody else to look after you. But you will always look out for Milly."

Then, as Honora only smiled and said nothing, the widow put a blunt question:

"Don't you think that Arthur Bruce is in love with Milly?"

Honora caught her breath. "Why—how—how—should I know?" she stammered, trying to laugh. "Really, Mrs. Higgins, this is one of the things about which he knows more than either you or I, don't you think? If he cares for Milly, he will tell her so. Until then, I fancy you and I would be wise to keep our fingers out of the whole business."

A Hard Question

She did not mean to wound the kindly soul, and was sorry when she saw the pale face flush and heard the brief "Excuse me!" that her remarks called forth.

She hastened to make amends. "Forgive me, dear Mrs. Higgins," she begged. "I did not mean to speak impertinently or rudely. Of course, you are interested in all that concerns us girls. You must feel almost as if we belonged to you."

"I do." The speaker was instantly mollified. "And tha tis why I am hoping that Milly will learn to care for Mr. Arthur. He is such a nice young man. I am always glad when he comes here, and he comes very often."

Horora did not remind her that for some months Arthur's visits might have been supposed to be for the older sister quite as much as for the younger and prettier girl. She tried to crush the bitter emotion that arose as she appreciated that Arthur's attentions were considered as directed entirely toward Mildred.

But the conversation set her to thinking and watching. What she saw confirmed her in her fears that Mildred was encouraging her former suitor.

Perhaps to a man who had not loved the girl—and told her of it—htr actions might not have seemed like encouragement. But Honora realized now that Arthur's affections for her sister had only lain buried under the ashes of indifference with which Mildred had covered them. And then, one evening when Arthur stopped in at the Brent house on his way from the office, he almost confided the truth to his friend and confidante.

She was alone in the little livingroom. Mildred was upstairs changing her dress for the evening.

"Don't call her," Arthur interfered when Honora started to summon the younger girl. "I don't want to make a nuisance of myself to her. I wish," hesitatingly, "that I might be sure I do not bore her."

"Of course, you do not bore her!" Honora protested.

Polite Banter

For the moment she forgot her own hurt in pity for this man.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand, "what a comfort you are, Honora' I wish you were my own sister! There are so many things troubling me nowadays. There is business—as I told you on the quiet—and then there is —well I can't say what! But I wish my future were certain?"

He stopped abruptly as the door opened and Mildred Brent entered. She raised her eyebrows when she saw that the caller held her sister's hand.

"I hope I do not intrude," she began. Then, seeing the look in Arthur's eyes as he turned to her, she smiled with gratified vanity. "I thought perhaps you wanted to hold Honora's hand for a while longer," she teased.

Honora slipped from the room. She did not believe that Arthur even noticed her departure.

Later Mildred disabused her mind of this idea. "Arthur life his goodbys for you," she remarked, coming into the room where Honora was seated. "From the way you cleared out anybody would think that you were jealous or wanted to leave us alone."

"Ah?" The rejoinder was noncommittal, but the listener was not snubbed.

"Do you know what I've been noticing, onora? I really believe that Arthur caresmore for me than ever. In which case," with a light laugh, "I may decide to care about him myself."

"In which case," the sister said sternly, "you have no right to encourage him unless you mean to accept him."

Mildred smiled. "Oh, by the way," she observed lightly, "Tom Chandler is expected back in Fairlands to-morrow. I met his mother today, and she told him so. When he arrives Arthur's stock may drop again."

(To Be Continued.)

NEW GOVERNOR FAVORS BRIDGE OVER DELAWARE

By Associated Press

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 18. — The proposal to erect a bridge over the Delaware river, between Philadelphia and New Jersey, has the approval of William C. Sproul, Pennsylvania's governor-elect, who will recommend its construction, in the form of "a suitable memorial of the great war," in his message to the Pennsylvania Legislature. This information is contained in a letter made public here to-day by Governor Edge, of New Jersey, who wrote recently to Mr. Sproul directing his attention to the plan. Mr. Sproul, in his reply, declared that "it is rather a reflection upon the enterprise and public spirit, particularly of the great city of Philadelphia, that a bridge there has not long ago become an accomplished fact."

JUBILEE TAKES PLACE TONIGHT

The annual Christmas jubilee of the employes of the Moorhead Knitting Company will be held at the plant, Walnut and Cameron streets, to-night. A large Christmas tree will be ready with gifts for every employe from the president to the errand-boy, it was announced to-day by William C. Alexander, sales manager. An interesting program will be presented.

PARIS HOTEL BAN ON FOES

Paris, Dec. 18.—The general syndicate of French hotelmen announces that it has decided that for ten years it will not receive a native of enemy countries as an employe or customer. This decision will be transmitted to organizations of hotelmen in all the Allied countries.

Ripe Tomato Marmalade

2 medium sized tomatoes peeled and thinly sliced.
1½ sliced lemons.
1¾ cups sugar.

Place in stew kettle in layers, cook in covered vessel until tender, simmer until mixture is of the right consistency.

Is It Too Much?

Some people use the wrong end of their mental spyglass in looking at the misery and suffering in Europe, so that the hungry people over there seem as remote and as unreal as the Lilliputians looked to Gulliver.

But, if some of these starving mothers, hungry little children and tired war-weary fathers of Europe could come over here they would not even have to ask us for food. There is hardly a woman in America but who on seeing them, would not take as many as she could home with her and give them such a meal as they had not had for four long, weary years of war.

There would be chicken or perhaps a juicy roast with rich brown gravy, creamy mashed potatoes, peas and corn canned from your own garden, a fruit salad made as only you know how to make it, and last of all, just to hear the "Ohs" and "Ahs" of the children and see their eyes shine, you would bring in a chocolate layer cake with frosting "thick as candy."

You would feed these people not once, but many times. As often, in fact, as you had any food to give them. You would count the cost neither in labor nor money. You would do it because you are a human being and a woman.

But all this is, of course, impossible. You cannot see the starving people of Europe, flocking your streets. You cannot take some of them home and feed them at your own table. Nor do they ask or expect so much.

How much less is what they ask of you in reality. No extra work in actually preparing the food for them or serving them. No extra expense to you. No giving of your food until you yourself have none.

All that these 300,000,000 hungry people of Europe ask of you is that for their sakes you will live as simply as possible; that you will not eat more than you really need, and that no food in your household will be wasted.

Is this asking too much?

Don't trifle with a cold—it's dangerous.
You can't afford to risk Influenza.
Keep always at hand a box of

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

100 FREE TOURS TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE

YOU can be one of the favored ones to visit the famous battlefields of the great war, where Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland boys played such a heroic part with the American forces in humbling the Huns.

This once-in-a-life-time tour will include all traveling expenses from the time you leave Philadelphia until you return.

You can be one of the hundred guests of

The Philadelphia Press

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Dear Sir:
I am interested in your Free Tour to the Battlefields of France. Without obligating myself in any way, please send me full details as to how I may secure this trip.

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YOU WILL HAVE TO "CARRY ON"

While the Kings and Emperors are being disposed of you will have to "carry on." Your job is to work and save and serve. Don't waste food or fuel. When you eat wheat be sure it is the whole wheat.

Shredded Wheat

is a whole wheat food. In making Shredded Wheat no particle of the wheat berry is wasted or thrown away. Always clean pure and wholesome. No sugar is required—just milk and a dash of salt.

Do you enjoy hot lemonade and a blistering foot-bath? Better results are obtained by taking, before bed-time Lane's cold and grip Tablets. They are pleasant to take, and you will wake up in the morning surprised at the amount of relief obtained. Thousands use them and they are guaranteed. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Many Young Women
Are Turning To Peace Time Work

War days are over and so are war time industries as far as war time purposes are concerned. The result is that women who have been making good money during the past couple years are looking for employment that will measure up to their past earnings.

We Have Places
For Fifty to Sixty Young Women
To Wrap Triangle Mints

Triangle Mints are made in Harrisburg by Harrisburg people. Like all good Harrisburg products they are sold everywhere.

Those engaged in the manufacture of Triangle Mints have permanant employment and good salary and have pleasant surroundings to work in.

Come Out and See the Factory

The Wintermints Company
12th and Herr Streets Harrisburg, Pa.