



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 LXXXVI
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"That was a most excellent dinner Nora McGinnis cooked for us, Tony. I'm mighty glad we had it and this little visit, for I won't see you folks again in a hurry," remarked Betty as we all strolled into the big living room at Noroton.

Our host, Anthony Norreys, gave Betty a little nod of understanding, and with another chummy little nod, he gave me to understand that I was to have the honor of pouring the after-dinner coffee. But Terry flushed round at Betty.

"You're off again?" he asked resentfully.

"Yes—the Vocational Education people need me once more," replied Betty with a trace of uneasiness. "That's the work for rehabilitating war cripples and finding them jobs, isn't it?" asked Anthony Norreys with great interest and no self-consciousness.

"You're didn't you tell me?" exclaimed Terry. "I'd have arranged for a trip at the same time. You know I can make things easier for you. This work takes enough toll of you without you having to hook your own trains and hotel rooms. I must plan to get off directly you do."

"Please—don't Terry," said Betty in a colorless voice. "I go to-morrow. This is my job—you can't take all my hurries for me. You have a few of your own, my friend."

"Betty, I want to make things easier for you," pleaded Terry as if he had forgotten we were there.

Betty looked at him almost sadly and shook her head. Then, jerkily, and with no consciousness of her gesture, she lifted her scarred white hand again and laid it against her cheek with the ugly red gash pressing harshly against her mouth.

I caught Jim's eyes, but they were closed—in detached wariness. Then, as if his eyes were summoning mine, I turned to Anthony Norreys—and in the silence his thoughts seemed to become audible to me. It was as if he said:

"Poor Terry! You aren't making things easier for Betty at all. She has to hurt you—and every hurt she gives you incinerates her kind heart."

We had our moment of understanding, and then Anthony Norreys found a way of breaking the painful silence of the room. "And what war work are you doing, Mrs. Harrison?" he asked.

Instantly Jim catapulted into the conversation. "None—thank fortune!" said he. "All these untrained women rushing into the limelight of 'war work' and letting a little notoriety and a few compliments from their ex-butcher boys and their former ice men turn their heads! Jove, it's sickening! Anne's place is at home."

"Jim—Jimmie-boy!" I wailed. "I didn't know you felt this way. I couldn't guess. I thought of course you'd like me to—help. And the very day you came out here I went to the committee and signed up for canteen work."

Jim straightened up in his chair. Then he rose and limped over to me. There was a cutting, menacing quality in his voice. "Indeed! And you chose to hide this from me. Now, may I ask why you suddenly decided to take my friends into your confidence at the same time that you condescend to inform me?"

I felt as if Jim had struck me. To be assailed with his cold sarcasm so publicly startled me so that I couldn't think—much less speak. "Don't be an idiot, Jim!" cried

Betty sharply. "Anne was so interested in your big job that she forgot to bother you with her little one. And if Tony hadn't assailed her with the direct question I dare say she'd have gone on forgetting until her first call came."

"Thanks for your clear explanation of Anne's motives. You and she have always understood each other so well that I feel you are an authority on her mental processes. Perhaps, however, she will speak for herself now that you've given her time to make up a reasonable story." Jim's brutal sarcasm brought the paint crimson to Betty's face and the scar on her hand fairly leaped out in ugly relief. And again she pressed that scar to her lips—perhaps to hold them back from speech—perhaps to cool the pain in the old wound. I forced myself to speak for I was conscious of Terry's boiling anger at this treatment of Betty's loyalty to me; and I couldn't endure the shame of a scene before Anthony Norreys.

"Jim, I was a goose, which seems to be a specialty of mine," I said. "But when I saw you plugging away at accounting—to oblige Terry—and because you'd been told that you could release a man for the war—I just had to do something, too. And I wanted to come to you in my uniform and surprise you. I thought—I might look—nice. And I hoped you'd like seeing me ready to do a mite where you'd done so much. Then—just now, when Mr. Norreys asked me—I couldn't—lie."

I couldn't get a choke out of my voice as I ended. I wobbled along the edges and broke . . .

And almost before I had finished Jim caught my hand in his and turned to face the room.

"Folks, I don't see why you should forgive me—but I reckon you're all such good friends and good sports that you will," he said with his most winning smile. "I'm only half a man these days—and that half's tired—but that's no use acting like a brute to become audible to me. It was as if he said:

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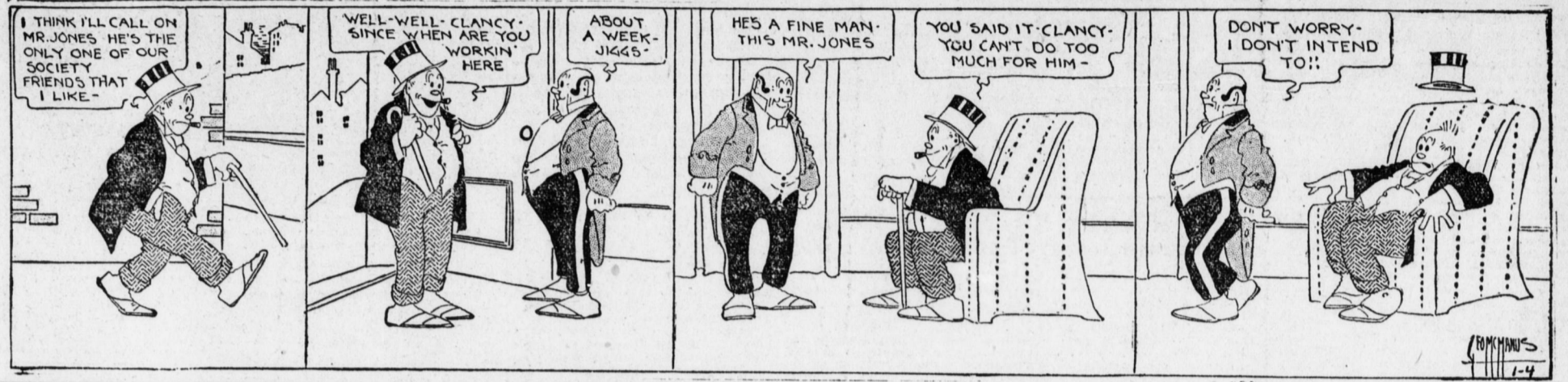
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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



MAKING THE MOST OF OUR CHILDREN

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. President of the Parents Association.

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MOTION pictures are exciting. They present scenes of lively human action which always interest children. And the pictures are all right for children, providing they are well put on, do not flicker unduly and are clean in subject.

Of course, it is unfortunate that we do not have good theatres especially adapted to children. Even though certain films are made to interest the children, the average program designed to interest all ages and classes, contains at least some objectionable features.

But the problem that parents especially have to consider is the habit of too-frequent attendance. Some children think of little else and when their love for pictures reaches this stage, it is a serious matter.

To cite a typical case, one mother writes to me: "My son, twelve years old, wants to live at the 'movies.' He would go every afternoon and evening if I would let him. He thinks of little else. Do you think the pictures are demoralizing to boys and girls of this age?"

Yes, a great many pictures are demoralizing to boys and girls of twelve and to adults for that matter. However, when a boy like yours has already formed a liking for the pictures, I think that the best policy is to take the boy personally to the show once every week or so and put the emphasis upon the good points of the show, so that he may have the advantage of seeing the good parts of the show and the undesirable parts, being observed with you and in connection with your stirring conclusions about those parts, will not be so harmful as if he were in the midst of poorly educated boys of his own age. He will not object to going with you if you help to explain the pictures to him and make him have an enjoyable time.

If he is not accustomed to go with you, it may be well to introduce the matter somewhat in this fashion: "Son, what do you think of this? Let's go to the picture show together next Friday night and see how many ideas we can get to try out here at home the next day. Maybe we could see a wild west show and watch the cow-boys lasso the steers and then we could make a lasso at home and have some great fun. Shall we do that?"

Make him like to go with you and

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

"The Germans," remarked an interrogated British officer, "are good fighters, but they're no sports." Everyone remembers how they crowded over victories, and how they went to pieces at the first taste of defeat. "He who does not exit in the hour of triumph," remarks Harold Goddard in his new reconstruction book, "Morale" (Doran), "will not be depressed in the hour of defeat. There was no bellying in Paris even after the battle of the Marne. . . . But the chill of pessimism that ran through Germany with the fading of the hope of military triumph is the reverse side of the morale of success, showing the dangers that an excess of it entails."

For the month of January George H. Doran Company will publish the following books of fiction: Arnold Bennett's "The Roll Call," a novel of the influence of war upon the son of Hilda Lessways; "The Douglas Boys," by Patrick MacGill, a military yarn of the American boy in France; "The Human Touch," by "Sapper," silhouettes of the multifarious characters that make up an army; "Patricia Brent, Spinster," Anonymous, a story of love and war in English society; "The Navy Eternal," life in the British fleet in battle, by "Bartimeus."

"There is no doubt in the minds of the friends of Joyce Kilmer," says the New York Sun, "that Robert Cortes Holliday, his intimate friend and literary executor, exquisite master of words and values as he has shown himself so often, is the person of all others to have written his memoir. It will be found in the memorial edition of the poems, essays and letters of Joyce Kilmer (George H. Doran Company). Joyce Kilmer did not talk poetry. Mr. Holliday writes tongue yields not exactly like his essays, which admirably present the brave, humorous wisdom of the man as his intimate friends knew him. And so it was with his letters. . . . And the Sun adds, 'Those who have not known his letters have not known the man.'"

Irvin S. Cobb, who found himself many times in the neighborhood of heavy artillery, tells in "The Glory of the Coming," just published by George H. Doran Company, of the tremendous respect he had for a French battery of nine-inch heavies: "Every time that one of the nine-inchers spewed its bellyful of high explosives forth, the sound of it dominated and overmastered all other sounds. First, there was the crash—a crash so great that our inadequate tongue yields not exactly like the nor noun fitly to comprehend it, the trouble being that the language has not kept step with the developments of artillery in this war. Our dictionary is going to need an overhauling when this job of licking Germany is finished."

From one of the Old Corps Cadets, Captain Carroll Swan, author of "My Company" (Houghton Mifflin Company) received the following enthusiastic comment—"You've said it! Down the ages it goes! Recorded! 'May I venture, on behalf of the old fellows, to express grateful and honest appreciation for your glorious achievement! I see some of the dear lads 'up there' smiling at their leader. You're a brick, Carroll!"

HINDENBURG DEPOSED?

London, Jan. 4.—Field Marshal Von Hindenburg and General Groener, Ludendorff's successor, are reported to be deposed, according to a Zurich dispatch. Both are said to have declined to recognize and take orders from the Berlin soviet.

Amsterdam, Jan. 4.—The British and Dutch governments have arrived at an agreement regarding the status of the former German emperor, according to a dispatch to the Telegraaf from The Hague.

Agree on Status of the Former Kaiser

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Announcement
Store Hours
Until Further Notice
Beginning Monday, Jan. 6
8.30 a. m. to 5 p. m. Daily
Saturday 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

KAUFMAN'S
MARKET SQUARE
UNDERSELLING STORE

An economy that is a pleasure to exercise
Drink a well-made cup of delicious
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with a meal, and it will be found that less of other foods will be required, as cocoa is very nutritious, the only popular beverage containing fat. Pure and wholesome.

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WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
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Tunnel Through Which Ex-Kaiser Fled After Signing Abdication in Castle in Spa



This hole in the ground is the entrance to a passageway leading from ex-Kaiser Wilhelm's castle at Spa. It is said to be several miles long. It was through this tunnel that Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern, fled toward Holland after signing his abdication in the castle. The wall of the castle can be seen in the background.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

To the Public of Harrisburg and Vicinity

The Acme Baking Company
13th and Walnut Streets

Beginning Monday, January 6. Will Be Known as
SCHMIDT'S BAKERY
The Home of HOLSUM BREAD

The same policy of the concern to bake the finest bread that can be made will be adhered to as always, thus, conforming in quality and size to the well known

Holsum Bread

which the people of this community have had for years and which is unparalleled for wholesomeness, deliciousness and quality.

Buy Holsum Bread at Your Grocer's
It is delivered in a sanitary wrapper, dust proof, fresh and convenient to carry.

Give your grocer your order now so he will be prepared to supply you. **Bernard Schmidt** If your grocer doesn't have Holsum Bread let us know at once.

We Do Not Deliver to Houses By Wagon Direct From the Bakery

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Take a Business Course Under Specialists.
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
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