



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 CIX
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In an almost unbelievably short time after I had discovered her return to town, the bell rang, and I opened my door to find Betty Bryce on the threshold.

She put out her two hands to me and stooped and kissed me. Then, in a voice as taut as an E-string, Betty questioned me:

"Where's our Jimmie-boy? Why did you almost cry for joy when you got me over the wire? What's the matter, little lilac lady? You aren't turning into an orchid, are you?"

"Why, Betty—you're fairly breathless. You hurried over here like mad!" I cried. "You're a dear! From the first you've taken the greatest interest!"

Betty interrupted with a certain quality of dryness in her voice.

"I know, Princess Anne. From the first—I butted in. But I liked you. And Jim—I owe him more than I can ever repay—more than I can bring myself to talk about. And I understand Jim—he's like my poor Atherton. If I'd understood Atherton—in time—perhaps that burning airplane wouldn't have—"

Oh I can't put it into words—but if what I went through can ever save you two from drifting apart—"

Betty had stepped back—and her eyes were wide with the pain of something she visioned and wanted to forget. Her scarred right hand went to her throat, clutched there for a second then laid itself across her cool lips. I knew she was probing a deeper wound than the one on her hand. And it was for me—to help me. I went over and took that scarred hand in both of mine.

"Betty, I do understand a little. Somehow I've been coming closer and closer to you for weeks. In the beginning I was jealous—I thought you were so beautiful Jim couldn't help caring for you. I thought every man who knew you must care."

"Don't—don't, Anne!" cried Betty. "I fall the men who care for me. I always hurt the one who loves me best. It seems atonement for that to be a good pal to those who like me. I—I'm afraid of love. It's friendship I want—that I try to give."

"You've shown it, Betty. Even tonight—hurrying over here so we could all start together. Oh, Betty, that was like you. I can't tell you how thankful I am that you were back two weeks early. But you haven't told me yet just how it happened."

Betty snatched away the scarred hand I had taken in mine. Her eyes widened, but she shook her head. Then I knew that it was no

idle chance that had brought her back, but that something momentous was at stake.

"Tell me," I begged. "A friendship has to be two-sided—it goes both ways, Betty. Won't you tell me? If I could help you a little—"

"Not tonight. Soon perhaps, Anne."

As Betty spoke the phone rang and the operator announced that the car was waiting.

"That's like good old Tony—I might have known he'd attend to every detail and keep his guests quite above servant's 'tittle-tattle,'" murmured Betty.

We hurried down to Anthony Norreys. There was no end to his delight having Betty back in town and the "chum" I had chosen to accompany us.

"By Jove, Betty B., if ever two women belonged—ought to be friends—it's you two!" he cried with unobscured flattery. "I'd like to be the fairy godfather to this friendship. It's so right—so eternally right!"

No wonder that our evening was a glowing success! Betty aided and abetted our plans for the Canteen, and at her suggestion she became banker—arranging to forward me each week Mr. Norreys' hundred dollars. Also at her suggestion we planned that the "benefactor" appear next day at the Canteen—quite incognito, simply as an interested visitor.

We settled all that within an hour and then lingered for several more in the stimulating and satisfying conversation that three who like and respect each other can find in investigating each other's minds and viewpoints. Just before midnight my companions drove me to my door—and I hurried up stairs, feeling completely at peace. A few hours before I had felt utterly lonely; now I knew that I could never again be lonely, for I had two real friends.

Jim wasn't in yet, but I didn't let that depress me. I undressed quickly, got into bed and lay in the darkness, dreaming happily of how I'd help Betty if ever she needed me.

Then Jim's step, creaking cautiously over the flooring.

"I'm awake, Jim," I called.

I heard him mutter under his breath. A moment later he came into the room, switched on the little night lamp and stood blinking down at me—almost sheepishly.

"Poor little girl! I hope you weren't too lonesome, honey."

Something in the tone of lordly pity back of his shamed little-boy-couldn't-at-the-jam-pot expression made me laugh.

I propped myself up on one elbow.

"I wasn't lonesome at all—at least not for very long. You see, Mr. Norreys telephoned and I went out to dinner with him and—"

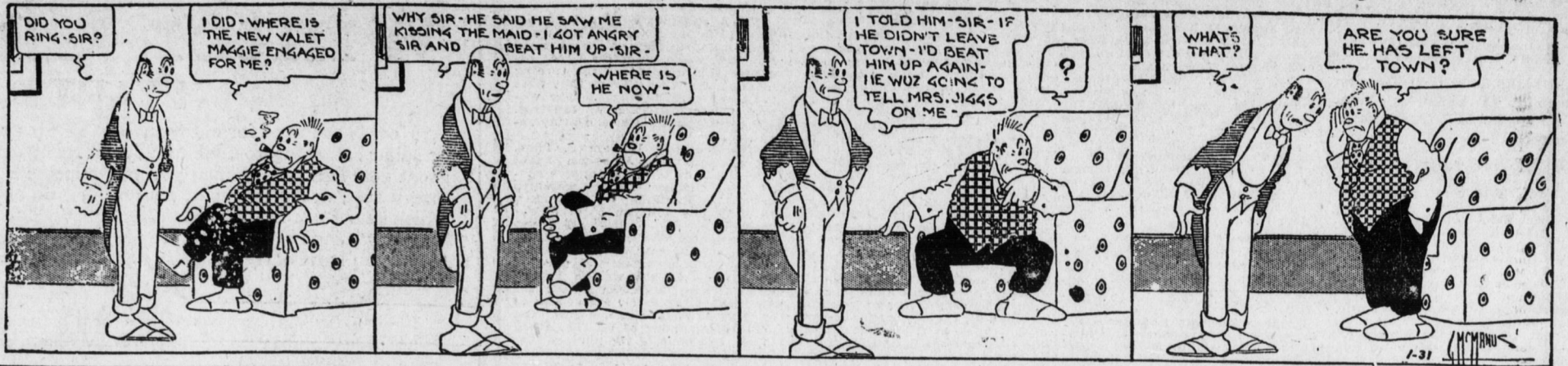
Before I could finish my sentence Jim, who had sat beside me, leaped to his feet, his face turning brick-red, his eyes blazing.

(To be continued.)

Bringing Up Father

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By McClanous



THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

It was quite dark when Arthur Bruce and Honora Brent turned into the street on which the girl lived.

"I am not coming in now," Arthur remarked. "I have talked freely to you, and there cannot be anything dishonorable in my telling you that I got a note from Milly this morning."

"Yes," Honora rejoined. "I know she wrote to you. She told me so."

"Did she tell you what she wrote?"

"She mentioned that she had suggested your calling before long, or something of that kind."

Honora did not wish to be questioned too closely on this point. She must be loyal to her sister.

"Let me see it," Arthur admitted. "She wrote in a way that made me feel that she cared for my friendship."

When the pair reached the gate, the man asked a question with such elaborate indifference that his companion knew it was of importance to him.

"Do you suppose I might run in and see Milly this evening after dinner?"

"I am sure you may," Honora said. "I do not think she has any engagement for to-night. If she has, I will have her telephone to you. But," struck with sudden trepidation, "I will have to tell her that I have seen you—if I am to make an appointment for you for this evening."

"Do you mind her knowing you have seen me?" Arthur asked, surprised.

Being a man, he was incapable of suspecting that the woman he loved could be jealous of the sister whom he did not love.

"Oh, no—that's all right," Honora assured him hastily. "I will tell her about our walk. Goodbye."

Not an Easy Matter

She had spoken as if telling about

the walk would be an easy matter. But she shrank from the ordeal.

Honora went into the kitchen where Katie was busy preparing dinner.

"Where is Miss Mildred?" she queried.

"She's in her room, I guess," Miss Honora, the maid answered. "She came home quite a while ago and wanted you, and seemed kinder put about because you was still out."

When Honora entered her own room, she found it dark, but by the dim light from the windows she saw Mildred lying on her bed.

"What's the matter, dear," the older girl asked. "Aren't you well?"

"I have a headache, and there was nobody to speak to, so I lay down here alone. I have had a very doleful hour all by myself."

"That's too bad," Honora sympathized.

She did not turn on the light, but in the darkness, removed her hat and jacket and put them away in the closet.

"I took the trouble to come home by way of your office," Mildred complained.

Mr. Pearson, the office boy said you had gone out at four o'clock, so I supposed you'd be at home. Where were you?"

"I went for a walk."

The words were uttered boldly, but the speaker felt as if she were confessing a misdemeanor. She was prepared for the next inquiry, and it came promptly.

"Who went with you?"

"I went with Arthur," Honora said.

A Pertinent Question

Then she waited in silence for the dreaded comment. It did not follow immediately, but when it did, it was in the form of a question that was

so crude that it made her start violently.

"Are you in love with him, Honora?"

The older girl sprang from the chair in which she had just seated herself.

"I had hardly expected as coarse a question as that from you, Milly. It is also rude and unkind—since, as you know, Arthur is in love with you."

"He seems to be, doesn't he?" was the sneering comment. "First he writes to you on the sly, then he meets you clandestinely—and yet he pretends to me that he cares for me. I suppose he told you this afternoon that he loved you didn't he?"

Honora lost control of her temper for the moment.

"Mildred!" she exclaimed. "If you can say nothing except insulting things I decline to talk to you until you are in a different mood. If it were not that I have a message for you I would refrain to mention Arthur Bruce in your presence. As it is, he wanted me to tell you that he is coming to see you this evening."

"I won't see him!"

"Then telephone him to that effect!" her sister commanded, turning on her with a gesture that, even in the dusk, Mildred could see was one of anger. "But let me warn you that if you refuse to see Arthur Bruce you will defeat your own aims. You spoke of wanting Arthur—yes, you did—you need not deny it! I would not remind you of this if you had not driven me to it."

"Well, since that is the case, I may as well tell you that he wants you much more than you want him. That is why he wrote to me asking if he might see me alone this afternoon. If there was a chance for him with you—if he had a right to ask you to wait for him until he was able to marry you."

She had poured out her words in an angry torrent, and now stopped, breathless. Mildred sat up straight.

"And you?"

"What did you say, Honora?"

"I said that if a girl loved a man, she would be willing to wait for him. Oh, yes—if he had a right to be committed to nothing."

And then, overcome by her unaccustomed rage, Honora Brent burst into tears.

(To Be Continued.)

have already taken her out to places.

"I know this girl likes me very much. I have always treated her well, and I am good-natured. Many a night when I meet her she stops to talk with me, and before I leave her she stands there still and silent waiting for me to say, 'Would you like to take in the show tomorrow night, or go to a dance?' But I am ashamed and say good night. I have a round face, dark brown wavy hair and brown eyes, but when I think of the face, that settles it. Could you advise me what to tell the girl, whom I like very much?"

A READER.

JEALOUS OF HIS FRIEND

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been associating with a girl for the last six months and love her dearly. Two weeks ago I introduced her to a very good friend of mine, who seemed to take a liking to her.

A week ago while in a theater I saw him there with her and did not go over to them, although they saw me. Now this man wants to explain to me whenever I see him, but I keep walking ahead and do not care to listen.

Please advise me, Miss Fairfax, as I love this girl too dearly to forget her. Should I hear what she says about how they came to be in the theater?

J. P.

Your feeling of jealousy and resentment is natural under the circumstances, but don't you think you have sufficiently manifested it? I think you should allow this very lovely girl to make her explanation since you imply that she wishes to. But are you engaged to her by the way? If you are not, what right have you, however much in love you may be, to prevent her going to the theater with whomever she pleases?

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7 and 9 S. Market Square

Last Two Days of Our JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

Friday and Saturday are the last two days of our January Clearance Sale, and in order to make the windup of the most successful sale that we have ever held a real success, we have gone through our Entire Stock of Men's, Young Men's and Boys' Clothing; Women's, Misses' and Girls' and Children's Wearing Apparel and cut our prices to pieces.

We are not quoting any prices for the last two days—but we feel that YOU will be interested enough to COME, and find these pleasant surprises that we have in store for you.

Don't Forget

That these are the last two days to buy reasonable wearing apparel, at less than the raw materials can be bought for. SO—COME!

LIVINGSTON'S

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A STYLISH AND COMFORTABLE BUSINESS DRESS

may be developed from Waist Pattern 2544 and Skirt Pattern 2534. The panels on the skirt may be limited. The waist is lovely for crepe, voile, batiste, linen, dimity, satin and silk. The skirt may be of Jersey cloth, serge, satin, broadcloth, suiting, velvet or taffeta. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 2 1/8 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures 2 1/4 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

Telegraph Pattern Department
For the 10 cents enclosed please send pattern to the following address:

Size.....Pattern No.....
Name.....
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Advice to the Lovelorn

LOVES HER EMPLOYER

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am employed in the office of a young married man whom I love very much indeed. He is very kind to me, takes me out and pays me lots of attention, but I cannot find out whether he reciprocates my affection. Now, Miss Fairfax, I love him so much that I yearn for some sign of his love for me. I know you will say that this is all wrong, but I cannot help myself. Shall I leave the place? I am distracted, and would appreciate your kind advice. B. A. P.

You must realize that you have been very indiscreet in accepting invitations from your married employer. This has led to a thoroughly impossible situation, and the only course for you to take is to resign your position. This will take courage, but a new environment is the only help for you.

WORRIES ABOUT APPEARANCE

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am nineteen, with a very poor complexion. So I am ashamed to go out with girls who have a perfect complexion, though I have known her for a year and

DROPS OF MAGIC! LIFT OUT CORNS

Sore, touchy corns stop hurting, then lift right out with fingers

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic drug freestone recently discovered by a Cincinnati man.



Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn or callus and instantly all soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn lifting out with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freestone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also hardened feet, shoes on bottom of feet shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. It is almost magical.

Caution! Keep a tiny bottle on the dresser and never let a corn or callus ache twice.

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Fur embellished models of striking individuality—all the most wanted materials.

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| Women's Heavy Thread Silk Hose, regularly \$2.00. Special at..... | Fine Batiste Night Gowns, regularly \$2.98 to \$3.98. Special at.... |
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Shoes, oxfords and pumps in patent leather, black kids, gun metal, and tan kid, high and low heels in all the fashionable models.

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Fine patent colt button dress shoes, dark gray kid and light gray suede lace boots; full French heels and turn soles. "Munson" last lace shoes with uppers of glazed kidskin or tan Norwegian calf with welted soles.

Finest hand sewed, full French heel lace boots, in all patent colt, gray, brown and field mouse kid, etc. Some have swede top. These are very exclusive models and the finest of our stock. Early selection advisable.

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