



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 CL

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Once I had made up my mind to tell Terry nothing about the tragedy that was hanging over Betty my nervousness ceased. My decision was made—and with it the further one that all thought of the ugly outcome of the operation on Betty's arm must be dismissed from my thoughts for the time being. That much I owed to Betty.

"Time," I thought, "ought to be enough to give the doctor's verdict. I'll reconcile herself to a useless right hand. This was the bride's day, and I must bring cheer and bright thoughts to it."

It was after 8 when I came back from my walk through the pine woods. I breakfasted with the Matron of Greyfriars Hall, who seemed in a regular feminine flutter over the romantic marriage that was to take place in the pavilion, and presently Miss Moss came to tell me that I might see Betty.

"The bride herself wasn't a bit flustered. She had the quiet joy and serenity of one who makes port after a stormy voyage."

"Anne," she asked blushing, "could you phone Virginia to, bring me down—some—essentials?"

"Perhaps I could find your essentials in that pretty little city we went through just before we got here. Terry went back to town by train and Tony's chauffeur and car are here," I answered.

"Oh, how splendid! Promise not to laugh, but I do so want a marcel wave and a little green or orchid-color fluff to wear instead of these silly blue and pink negligees. Its odd enough to be married from a sick bed, but I don't want to wear a cap and look all invalid."

"I'll go," I said, turning away to hide the mist in my eyes.

Dear, dear Betty, whose besetting sin was vanity—how hard it was for her to endure her chastening.

After an hour of shopping, I returned, bringing my first gift to the bride—the loveliest piece of silvery, shimmering pale green chiffon, a bit of orchid color to line it and lustrous satin ribbon to bind the edges. Betty exclaimed with joy when she saw my purchases, and my triumph was complete when in through the doorway came my other "purchase," the town's best marcel-artist, whose services I had bought from the hair dressing establishment with

what was left of the \$25 Jim had given me the day before.

I cut and stitched and worked away at the Matron's machine while Betty slept for long, and so by three she was dropped up on her pillows trying on the cloudy little robe of orchid, shadowed by green, I had contrived to fashion for her.

"Oh, you got her own color! Oh, my blessed lamb, you're as pretty a bride as ever I looked at," cried Miss Moss, whose tearfulness passed muster as a regular middle-aged feminine reaction to the wedding of a dear one.

"Let me see," fluttered Betty.

So we unscrewed the mirror from the bureau and let her see her own sweetness. She didn't look like a stately green jade goddess-to-day, but like a little wood-nymph tricked out for Spring.

"Phesently Spring arrived indeed. A messenger from the city came with box-car of pussy-willows and pale pink Ophelia roses and sun-lit Aaron Burr and masses of sweetpeas. It seemed a little strange to me that the flowers were all pale yellow or bore a breath of dawn pink. There was never a lavender sweetpea nor yet a purple pansy nor an orchid, whose colors were Betty's own."

Baskets and vases of birch-bark and straw came with the messenger and a slim holder for single stems. So we made a bow for our Betty, and then we tipped out and left her alone in it.

Not until we were out of Betty's corridor did Miss Moss venture the question that had been haunting her all day as I could guess.

"The doctor told you?"

"Yes, Miss Moss."

"He's going to tell Captain Winston?"

"No. He's leaving me to tell—anyone who needs to know."

Not a spare word from either of us. We couldn't. We didn't dare. This was Betty's wedding day.

Then, at last, the car. Terry leaped out, bearing in his hand a monster box. Orchids. I knew. He had not forgotten, but they were for Betty herself, and he was carrying them to her.

Gravely I kissed Jim and Virginia, gravely shook hands with the minister and Anthony Norreys. Then I did what

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



I knew Dr. Lucas and Miss Moss were waiting for.

"Terry, may I have a minute alone with you?" I asked.

"Of course, sister Anne. Miss Moss, please see these nice friends in the waiting room a minute, will you—until I've had a word alone with my Betty? Oh, I know the groom usually doesn't see the bride till the wedding, but this is different."

Then Terry and I turned toward the pine woods, where only that morning I had made my momentous decision. I asked him of his plans. He told me how he purposed to stay at the inn in the neighboring city and visit Betty each day, and then how—as soon as the doctor permitted—he wanted to take a little bungalow in the pines and help Miss Moss nurse Betty back to health.

"I suppose they'll free her arm from splints and bandages in about a month. I must ask the doctor," he concluded.

"Oh—I'll do that for you, Terry!" I cried, knowing I had kept him away long enough to avert suspicion. "And now let's go back. And—you'll be married and live happily ever after."

"Yes," said Terry jubilantly. "There's no doubt of that!"

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Do all true lovers love at first sight?

It is the problem of the ages. It is the subject that every lover is endlessly willing to debate. It is the most fascinating of mysteries. To those that is, for whom it is a mystery at all.

For there are sturdily dogmatic lovers in the world who seem to understand this subject far better than you or I can ever do, and who will maintain in loud voices, so long as they live, that love at first sight is the only love. They'll champion love at first sight against armies of puzzled sceptics. It's their religion. I had almost said they would die for it.

Yet it may be that you who read this would swear that you know the meaning of true love, yet love at first sight you know nothing of. Love unfolded in you gradually, you would say, like the delicate, slow, mysterious process of nature, rather than suddenly, violently, like an explosion.

Your love seems to be complete. You're not conscious of its lacking any element. Yet you are made uneasy and troubled by the suggestion that there may be a glorious, electric super-love of which you know nothing, of which you never can know anything, a love that lifts mortals apart and fills their lives with an unimaginably wonderful something that if you could understand you would profoundly envy.

Does Super-Love Exist?

Of course, nothing of the sort may exist, you tell yourself. You're pretty sure it doesn't. And yet you wish people wouldn't talk about it.

You unwilling to lessen your contentment and trouble your fellow mortals apart and fills their lives with an unimaginably wonderful something that if you could understand you would profoundly envy.

It forces its way to the surface with a power that would amaze you. There are untold numbers who fair-

wrench them apart, least of all pride or worldly wisdom?

Who can define it? All we know is that from the first moment they love each other, and that they believe thoroughly they know what it is they love. By some magic of the heart, some intelligence not strictly of the brain, their two selves are revealed to each other without words. All later experience merely confirms what their hearts knew in a flash.

It is no wonder that lovers who have experienced this miracle should be somewhat arrogant about it—and I am inclined to think that they are. The chosen ones of love do believe themselves a circle of the elect, and let us forgive them for it. The supreme radiance of the thing blinds them. They are not able to look beyond themselves. They even deny—we have all heard them—that outside their own charmed circle, love can exist at all.

Must Love Be Like This?

Love, they insist, is the love that is known to their own ardor, highly charged personalities. There is no other. It is true that with the aid of prolonged association, common interests, ice of one soul and another, a man and a woman can develop for each other something more than friendship, even a kind of temperate tenderness. But it is a misuse of words, they say, to call that love. Call it congeniality, affection; call it a pleasant escape from being bored; but reserve the name of love for that strong wizard magic that descends from the stars and lifts two chosen spirits back sublimely starward.

It is here that, with all humility, I take issue with the champions of instantaneous love. So far as their own experience is concerned, they make the most extravagant claim for which words may be found, and I shall not contradict them. The marvels of love are not to be described in sane, everyday language. But when they deny the reality of love to all other lovers upon earth, I know they are mistaken.

There is a gentler type of love that is by no means lacking in reality, that cannot be accused of being tame and dull, that need make no apology for itself. Very great love can undoubtedly develop between two natures who come slowly to know and understand each other. And it is possible that such love has its own mysteries and miracle un-

known to such lovers as are seized by a sudden flame.

I suspect it to be the case that there are times—times—when impulse it is to feel their way delicately through life and experience, and for these love at first sight could never come. But they may learn to be profound lovers, for all that.

Can it be that there are two ways of loving, two forever-to-be-distinguished types of lovers? And can't each love in his own way, without denying to the other a "place in the sun" of love?

Must all the world love at first sight, or perish unloving and unloved?

MARKETS CLOSE STRONG
By Associated Press.
New York March 21.—Maximum prices ruled in the last hour, rails and coppers also making substantial gains. The closing was strong. Steels, equipments and allied specialties were the foremost features of today's stock market at gainst of 2 to 7 points. Sales approximated 1,200,000 shares.

Penna. Indemnity Exchange Insure Only Passenger Cars

The Pennsylvania Indemnity Exchange, a large Automobile Insurance Company whose local offices are in charge of A. L. Hall, 419 Patriot Building, issue policies only to passenger car owners. This insurance of called Reciprocal Automobile Insurance because of the policy of the company refunding the owner thirty-five per cent of his premium at the end of the year.

A large number of owners in this vicinity have taken out policies in this company, who are prompt in their payments, and have found it to be a money saving insurance.

Mr. Hall has a booth at the Automobile show and is distributing literature that tells all about the Pennsylvania Indemnity Exchange.

Railroad Administration Gets One Hundred Million

Washington, March 21.—One hundred million dollars was advanced by the War Department to the railroad administration to-day to assist in tiding the railroads over the period until additional funds are made available by Congress. It was announced that approximately 50 per cent of this sum was due the administration on current bills and that the remainder represented an advance on bills yet to fall due.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

A STYLISH COMBINATION
Waist 2772, Skirt 2799
With the blouse fit handkerchief linen, and the skirt of shantung, the designs here shown will be very pleasing. Linen washable satin, crinkled spot silk, voile or batine are nice too for the waist; the skirt could be of cotton or wool corduroy, serge, or gabardine.

Waist Pattern 2772 is here shown together with skirt 2799. The waist is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure.

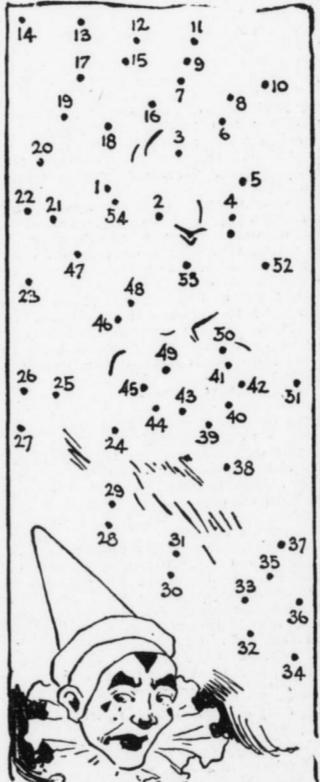
The Skirt in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure.

A medium size will require about 5 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. Width of Skirt at lower edge is about 1 2/3 yards.

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.



Daily Dot Puzzle



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That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way. When the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions, away goes indigestion and stomach troubles.

If you have a bad taste in your mouth, tongue coated, appetite poor, lazy, don't-care feeling, no ambition or energy, troubled with undigested foods, you should take Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color. They do the work without gripping, cramps or pain.

Take one or two at bedtime for quick relief, so you can eat what you like. At 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

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