



# 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 CLIII.

(Copyright, 1919, King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

"Friendship like this—Jove, it makes life worth living," exclaimed Terry when he found that Jim and Anthony Norreys' car, but had remained at Greyfriars to see him through his strange wedding evening alone.

Jim seized Terry's hand and wrung it. All his sincere affection and admiration for Terry were coming to the surface again. As he answered, he sent me a glance that was at once shamefaced and pleading.

"Terry, old chap, there isn't a man in the world I'd do more for than you—if I knew her. There isn't another chap I'd trust like you no matter what you did, no matter whether I got you or not."

"So that's how it is," said Terry thoughtfully. "Well, Jimmie, old fellow, I wouldn't ask a better mate. And you know how the little Misses has stood by. Betty might have cried about it a bit—if she hadn't been her wedding day."

"The doctor said he'd let you have dinner with Betty," I ventured, trying hard to adjust myself to the situation and not let any feeling of bitterness toward Jim show.

But Jim was generous about that. "Here's my big idea, Terry—you ride down to the inn with Anne and me now. That'll kill time for you until they let you into Paradise again. Then, when they put you out again, you motor back to the inn, and we'll be waiting. I'll get a carriage board, in case you can't sleep, and want to make a night of it."

Terry chuckled. "That's the supreme sacrifice—he's offering me, sister Anne. Back in the old days in France, Jimmie would have a go at the magazines of the 1910 vintage, but he got in a blue funk at sight of the cribbage board."

"That's all right, old man," said Jim awkwardly. "Nothing would be too much to do for you to-night, Terry—even cribbage, evidently. I broke in, trying to make myself respond to Jim's unselfishness where Terry was concerned."

But my whole attitude was colored by the evidence I had been given that Jim was staying with Terry partly through friendship for him and partly through hatred for Anthony Norreys.

And at that moment the great scene-shifter Fate descended upon us in the person of the matron of Greyfriars.

"Your room's all ready, Captain Winston," she said briskly. "We are letting you have the same little guest room Mrs. Harrison occupied last night. I suppose you're making the seven-fifteen," she added, turning to us in matter-of-fact fashion. "We'll give you supper, and the Doctor will let you see Mrs. Winston for a second first."

"I'd love to see her," I gasped, springing for time and wondering what Jim would do now.

Again he was equal to the occasion, and saved Terry from having to protest against the plan that must have made him so much happier than being wined down at the inn with us could have done.

"My wife will run in to see Mrs. Winston, while the Captain and I have a stroll about the grounds. But I won't go in, for even if the Doctor permits I'm not going to let her waste her energy on any mere man—but her own."

"I'll speak to the doctor," said the matron kindly, and hustled away. "Jove, Jimmie, this is a shame. You might have gone up comfortably in Tony's car," said Terry contemptuously. "Of course, it makes me feel pretty good to think I can at least be in the next house to Mrs. Winston. Sounds pretty good, doesn't it, Mrs. Winston?"

"And then I knew that I'd just howl—no less—in minute. Betty's arm! Dear, vain, adorable Betty's lame arm, that never was going to get well. My ugly secret had been thrust at me. So I gave the little nurse my bag to carry out to the waiting room, adjusted my hat for travel and then hurried to Betty."

The bride was white and pale and tired looking, lines of pain etched themselves across her face, but her eyes were eager, avid for happiness.

"You, dear, to plan to stay with Terry," I knew, she said. "This isn't much of a honeymoon, and you were going to help Terry through—sort of keep him from realizing how rash he has been."

"Nice comforter!" murmured Betty. "But we both know how sickness annoys men. Oh, Anne, dear, I do so want to be up and about and do things for Terry instead of being helpless and a burden. I want my love to bring happiness."

"Don't you know that Terry'd be happy to have you if both your arms and a few legs and eyes and ears and things were in slings?" I answered with a smile that brought quick response from Betty.

"Yes, he's like that—bless him! And anyway, it isn't as if I were a down-and-out for life. It isn't as if I wouldn't be all right again in a month."

Betty spoke with such assurance that I had to turn away to hide the shimmer in my eyes. She sensed something amiss, and caught my hand in her uninjured left one.

"You haven't told me about yourself, Anne—a word. But I feel something in the air. Are things right with you?"

## WEEKLY ARRESTED

Paris, March 26.—The new Hungarian Communist government has arrested Dr. Alexander Wekerle, former premier and finance minister, a despatch from Budapest says.

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER

## CHAPTER LVI.

(Copyright, 1919, Star Company.)

Mildred stopped in her own room on her way down to dinner. Turning on the light, she fastened back a stray wisp of hair, then, opening a small drawer, took out a bottle of liquid rouge. With her finger tips, she rubbed a little of this into her already flushed cheeks.

"Tom said once that he loved brilliant coloring—so I may as well make sure that mine will stay brilliant," she whispered.

She washed her hands, gave an additional polish to her well-shaped finger nails, and poured a few drops of perfume into her palms, rubbing it in well.

"He said he wanted to kiss my hands," she smiled. "I hope he will. He certainly has much prettier ways than Arthur has."

With a parting glance in the mirror at her pink cheeks and sparkling eyes, she went on down to the lower hall.

"Come right out to dinner, won't you?" she called to Tom.

The soup had been eaten, the Katie had gone into the kitchen when Tom Chandler made a daring speech.

"Do you know," with a long look across the table at his vis-a-vis, "what this situation makes me think of?"

"No. What?" was the guileless query.

"It reminds me of two married people in their own little home at makes me sad, Mildred—and it makes me envious."

"Envious?" she repeated.

"Her heart was beating with joy. He was about to say some of the things she longed to hear him say."

"Yes," he insisted, "it makes me envious of Bruce. He's a lucky dog. I hope he knows how lucky. I suppose, regretfully, 'that when I return you and he will be married. Just think of it!'"

"Indeed we will not be married!" Mildred exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"Because I am in no hurry to get married. Anyway, I would not think of such a thing until the war is over. It may be that Arthur will go himself."

"You mean," the question was put so innocently that it was hard to believe that the sting it contained was intentional—"you mean that he will be drafted?"

"I mean that he may enlist," Mildred declared. "You do not look as if you believed that. Why don't you?"

"Because," he explained gently, "the men who have any idea of enlisting are doing so now."

"But Arthur feels he should not just now. He is needed at home—or so he says," she added desperately.

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## LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

"I know that I can write, and I am really going to give my attention to it. Of course, I shall only publish in the larger and more important magazines."

The woman with whom I was taking luncheon, and who, like myself, makes writing her trade, looked at me and laughed as this remark floated to us from an adjoining table.

"Can you beat it?" she said, and I fervently assured her that I could not. And this led to various speculations on the part of each of us.

Women, especially the entirely untrained ones, have the idea that they can gather the plums without climbing the tree to do so. They vaguely imagine that the tree, the moment they stand under it, will incline its branches loaded with the most tempting fruit and deposit its choicest specimens in their outstretched hands.

The lady at the next table presently arose and, drawing her expensive furs about her, walked out.

"Maybe she really can write," I said, "but she has no idea that there is such a thing as craftsmanship, and it is acquired by laborious effort. Suppose she came to you, and you saw that she really had some ability. What advice would you give her?"

My companion shook her head. "No use in giving her advice, so long as she holds to her present ideas. What she needs is discipline."

"I knew a woman like her," she went on, "entirely untrained and utterly inexperienced; only she had to do something to earn her living. She was one of the saddest figures in the world, a woman in middle life who is suddenly and unexpectedly left without an income, and thrown upon her own resources."

"This woman thought she wanted to write; but her stories all came back. There was not enough in them to secure attention. Finally she obtained a position with a magazine, and there she had first of all to learn the routine of the office. And I assure you it was hard work. She had to dispose of her hours not to please herself as she had been accustomed to doing, but to fit the machinery of which she had become a part. She had to learn not to consult herself and her own wishes, but those of some one else. It was an invaluable experience."

"And then one day an article came to the magazine describing the experiments of a woman in making and

using dyes. The subject caught her attention, and she followed it up. Outside of her hours, she took every opportunity to study it and find out all she could about it. She tried by personal interviews and correspondence to get all the information she could from those working in it. She heard of a man who was not only making his own dyes, but weaving on hand-loom his own fabrics and textiles. She succeeded in meeting him after considerable effort. He realized her genuine interest in the subject, and saw that she had given it much time and study. The result was that he offered her a position which she accepted. She has introduced some improvements which are valuable to him, and is now doing remarkably well. More than that, she is very happy in her work."

"And you will observe," my companion added, "that she isn't doing the thing she set out to do, but something which suits her far better, and which has in it for her immeasurably greater opportunities."

"Just so," I returned, "but what has all this got to do with the lady at the next table who remarked that she knew she could write?"

"Why, this," she replied. "She, like thousands of other women, has a lot of bottled-up energy that she doesn't know what to do with. Writing is the first thing that comes into her head, but I firmly believe that if she really sat down and worked hard at that, the way would open to other opportunities which

would lead to the development of her real talent."

"Emersonian wisdom," I murmured. "With the exercise of powers, new powers shall appear."

She nodded. "Caruso said the other day that he never refused an engagement. It might not always be to his liking, but the experience counted. People waste such a lot of time in wondering whether they had better do this or that. The thing is to do something, and do it with your might. The next chance is bound to come and experience always counts."

## SAY WOMAN KILLED BLIND MAN

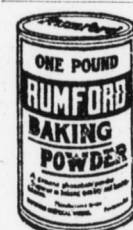
Auburn, N. Y., March 26.—Mrs. Mary Murphy, forty-seven, wife of Dennis Murphy, of the town of Niles, is on trial at a special term of Supreme Court here on a charge of

murder in the first degree. She is accused of strangling her brother-in-law, Michael Murphy, eighty years old and blind, with a piece of wire.

## Applying This Paste Actually Removes Hairs

(Beauty Notes)

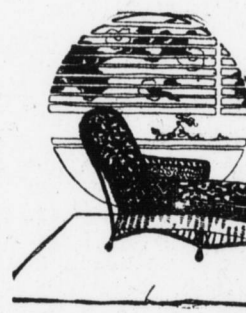
Merely applying an inexpensive paste to a hairy surface, say beauty specialists, will dissolve the hairs. This paste is made by mixing a little water with some powdered delatone; after about 2 minutes it is rubbed off and the skin washed. This simple method not only removes every trace of hair, but leaves the skin free from blemish. To insure success with this treatment, be careful to get real delatone.



It raises your cakes, biscuits and muffins just right—makes all home baking of that even texture and appetizing appearance sought for by all good cooks.

# RUMFORD

THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER



## We're Ready With Bright, Cheerful Willow Furniture

The glorious Summer days are just ahead and we're splendidly ready with a glorious assortment of the most beautiful genuine French Willow Furniture ever shown in this city.

"Did you ever see such pretty things in all your life and so inexpensive, too?" exclaimed a lady who was purchasing some Willow pieces for her extra bedroom. "I wish I could buy them all," she said.

All the staple styles as well as numerous new types never before shown in Harrisburg.

- Willow Chairs and Rockers \$7.50 up
- Willow Tables ..... \$6.50 up
- Willow Settees ..... \$30.00 up
- Willow Chaise Lounges . \$30.00 up
- Willow Fern Stands .... \$9.95 up

CRETONNE CUSHIONS FOR CHAIRS AND ROCKERS AT \$2.50 UP

## Crex Rugs--- ALL COLORS ALL SIZES

These famous woven Grass Rugs are shown in a big assortment of all colors in regular and Herringbone weaves—new designs.

- 4.6x7.6 Crex Rugs ..... \$8.50
- 6x9 Crex Rugs ..... \$10.50
- 8x10 Crex Rugs ..... \$14.50
- 9x12 Crex Rugs ..... \$16.50

Rugs—Draperies—Willow Furniture, Second Floor.

# GOLDSMITH'S

Central Penna's Best Furniture Store

North Market Square

# Grape-Nuts

contains the mineral elements of the grain so necessary for well balanced bodies, brains & nerves.

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

2783—This style is good for lawn, cambric, nainsook, batiste, washable satin, crepe and silk. The closing is effected at the sides.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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

Size.....Pattern No.....

Name .....

Address .....

City and State.....

2783

A COMFORTABLE, PRACTICAL UNDERGARMENT

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## Let Cuticura Save Your Hair

On retiring, comb the hair out straight, then make a parting, gently rubbing in Cuticura Ointment with the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings until the whole scalp is pleasantly treated. Place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. 196, Boston. Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

## DON'T LET A COLD GATHER HEADWAY

Nick it right at the start with Dr. King's New Discovery

Go after it hard. Relieve it or a cough or a cold attack of grippe or bronchitis, promptly, pleasantly, effectively, economically. Loosen the stuffiness, check the sniffles, the tight feeling, the irritation, the watery, inflamed eyes.

It takes only a little of Dr. King's New Discovery to help the usual cold and cough discomforts if taken according to directions. A large bottle lasts long and is pleasant for young and old. Keep it handy—colds and coughs come unexpectedly, suddenly.

Stir Those Torpid Bowels Enjoy the freedom of the regularity made possible by mild yet positive acting, natural, pleasant, comfortable Dr. King's New Life Pills. Not habit-forming, but a system cleanser that promotes healthful results. All druggists.