



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

By Ann Lisle.
CHAPTER CLXXIV.
After Phoebe left us, Neal and I began to wend our way through a long strained visit—a reunion that would, under normal conditions, have been very happy. But now I actually went out to lunch in order to avoid the intimacy of getting it together in the kitchenette haunted by whispering memories of the festive times when Neal and Phoebe had pecked notes and performed other transfigured tasks there.

When lunch was over, I offered Neal his freedom, saying that I had a little shopping to do. He didn't veto the offer by volunteering to come along, but he laughed out something bitter anent job-hunting. So we parted after agreeing to meet again for dinner at the Rochambeau.

Our second meeting was tense and self-conscious. Neal had found out a hint of position and the dinner was after the dramatic, ugly pattern of the rest of our disappointing first day together. A malicious glint of angry red came into the pattern later. "We'll call for Evvy," said Neal, as he handed me into my taxi. "And then I'll drop you at the theater where you meet your party."

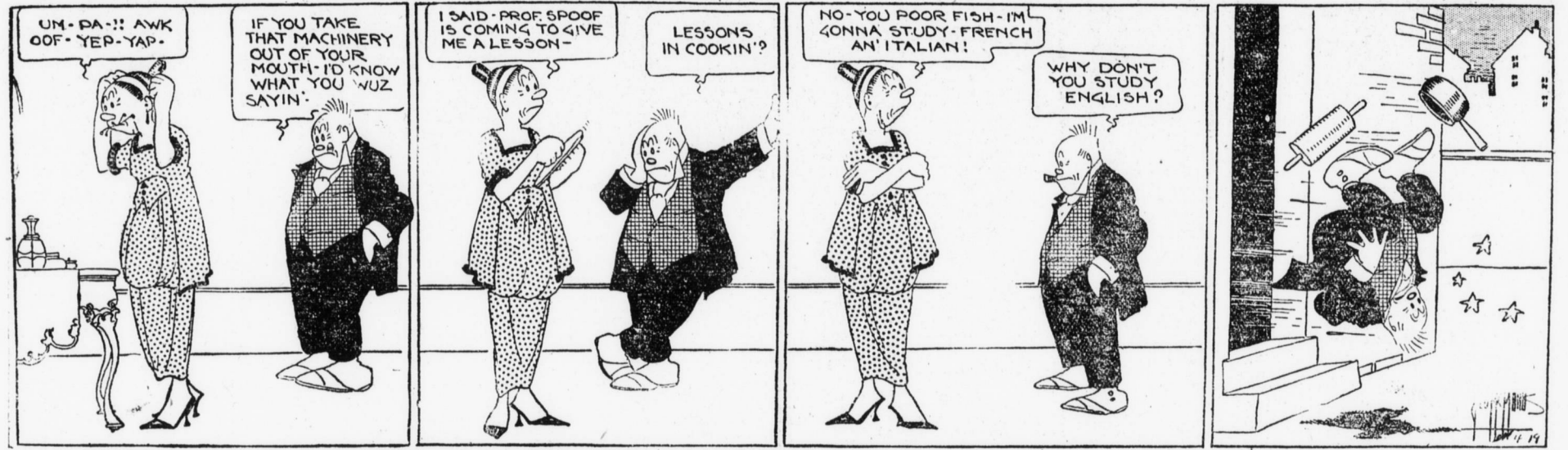
So we stopped for Evvy and I tried to find as much consolation in her purry sweetness as I could manage. But our spirits moved up and down in opposite directions like a see-saw.

"Where'll we take you, Babbs?" demanded Neal.

And when I gave my directions, culled from Dick West that afternoon, the red twist in the pattern of our day showed. Neal and Evvy were going to the same theater. Consequently, up to the time when Jim arrived during the second act that box-party was to me, a nightmare and farce combined. Not that

Bringing Up Father

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THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY
By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER LXIV
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Mildred Brent need not have declared that she would not attend Arnold Bruce's funeral on Monday, for she had such a cold that she was not able to leave the house.

Her shoes and skirt had been wet when she returned from her Sunday walk with Tom Chandler, and she was chilled to the bone. She had changed her wet garments for dry ones, but the mischief was done. She awoke on Monday morning with a sore throat and headache.

The doctor, summoned by Honora, said that the patient could get up, but must stay indoors for twenty-four hours.

"The air is cold and clear, but you are in a condition to add to your cold if you go out," he explained. Honora went down to the office in the morning, arranging to be excused in the afternoon that she might attend Mr. Bruce's funeral. She did not come home to luncheon but went to the services directly from the office, with Mrs. Higgins' catelana was so far improved that she was able to busy herself about sundry household duties. Therefore she had little time to devote to Mildred—even had the girl wanted her company.

But she did not. She preferred to be alone with her own thoughts. She was unhappy. Tom Chandler had left town last night—or she supposed he had—and he had forgotten to give her his address. Of course it was the same that it had been when he was in camp, and she might write to him. Yet the recollection of his appointment with the mysterious "Kitty" chilled her impatiently. Was that girl really Tom's cousin? Mildred was determined to find out.

A Box for Mildred
At eleven o'clock in the morning a box from a florist's was left at the house for Miss Mildred Brent. Eagerly, she unfastened the string and tore off the paper.

The box contained a huge bunch of violets. There was no card with them.

"They are from Tom," the recipient told herself happily. "Nobody else would have sent them. Arthur is too much occupied with his own troubles, and besides, he is in a peevish mood. I don't care if he is! Tom ordered these as his parting message to me."

The idea warmed her heart toward the soldier. He was handsome and in love with her! This act of his proved it. She tried to banish the thought of the mysterious "Kitty."

The bedroom in which Mildred sat was redolent with the odor of English violets when Honora returned from the cemetery that afternoon.

"How sweet these are!" she exclaimed, bending over the blossoms and smelling them delightedly. "You know who sent them?"

"Of course I do," Mildred replied with a curtness that checked further comment.

Honora removed her hat and coat in silence. She looked so pale that her sister was moved to mention the fact.

"You seem worn out. What's the matter?"

"I am depressed, that's all," Honora said. "Such services as I have attended are trying to the body and spirits."

"Yes, I hate funerals!" Mildred agreed. "Did everything go off all right? I suppose I was not even missed?"

"Mrs. Bruce asked for you. She was sorry you were ill. Arthur is coming in to see you about five o'clock."

"He need not trouble himself," Arthur's betrothed declared. "But Honora made no rejoinder."

An Effective Costume
Nor did she give any advice when an hour later, Katie announced to Mildred that "Mr. Arthur Bruce was calling."

The semi-invalid, clad in a becoming negligee, descended the stairs slowly and greeted her caller languidly. She was making the most of her temporary invalidism.

"Are you feeling better?" Arthur inquired.

"I am far from well," she replied. "But it makes no difference."

"It makes a great deal of difference, Mildred," he assured her; "to me—at least."

She raised her eyebrows skeptically. "You have not shown that it did Arthur. Indeed you have been so much absorbed in your own troubles that you have forgotten me entirely."

"I could not come to you to-day, my dear," he reminded her. "My mother needed me, and there were many things to be attended to. But I hoped the violets would say to you that which I could not say in person."

"The violets?"

"Yes. Didn't they come? I ordered them this morning when I learned that you were not well."

"Who told you?"

"Honora. I telephoned to ask her what time I should send the coach to take you girls to the services—and she said you were not well enough to go. So I

Advice to the Lovelorn

Wants to Think It Over

Dear Miss Fairfax:
I have been going to a girl's house for the last few years and take her out quite often and loved her better than myself, so, a few weeks ago, I proposed to her and she accepted me.

After a few days she thought it over and told me she changed her mind about it. She told me that she will think it over for two months and she will treat me like a brother till then. Now, I want to know how can I make her give me a favorable answer when the two months are over, as I love her dearly?
J. B.

Girls often ask for time to consider the important question of whether they shall marry. And I should not despair, as you are still in a hopeful position. It would seem that you are best chance lies in not trying to over-persuade the young lady, till the time she has set for a decision is up. Wait the two months, then take your answer like a man.

The Silkworm of the Sea
Many worms live in the sea, and some of them are very beautiful creatures. But the so-called "silkworm of the sea"—the designation being purely figurative and poetical—is a bivalve mollusc properly known as the pinna and native to the Mediterranean. It spins a silk so beautiful that in ancient days the fiber was reserved exclusively for the weaving of royal garments. This silk is spun by the mollusc to furnish an anchor line by which it fastens itself to a convenient rock. It is extremely fine and very strong. Cleaned, dried and passed through combs, it is reduced to delicate threads of a lustrous brownish-yellow hue, which may be woven into gloves, stockings and other articles.

At the end of the act I saw Neal rise and sweep Evvy vigorously up the aisle before him. He waved to us as he did so, and Jim murmured that probably they were going to hurry round to the box to join us. In another minute, however, an usher appeared, and asking for Mr. Harrison, handed Jim a note. He read it, flushed angrily, crumpled

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A PRETTY BOUDOIR SET
2794—This comprises a dainty cap, and a very lovely dressing sack, made in "slip on" style. The models are rice for lawn, organdie, washable satin and silk, as well as for crepe, ablatross, percale, batiste and nainsook.

The pattern is out in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 3 1/2 yards of 32 inch material for the sack, and one-half yard for the cap.

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

Telegraph Pattern Department
For the 10 cents inclosed please send pattern to the following address:
Size..... Patterns No.....
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

sent you the flowers—just as a message from me.

"I wish you had not sent them!" Mildred exclaimed. Mortification and disappointment made her impatient. Then Tom had not remembered her! "I did not know they were from you. I wish they had not been."

Arthur Bruce's face hardened. "Mildred, this kind of thing cannot go on. We are at odds all the time. What is the matter?"

"The matter" springing to her feet. "Everything is the matter! You sold me, you neglect me, you act as if I were a small item in your life. I'm tired of it!"

"Of it—our engagement—or of me?" the man asked sternly. "I have a good deal about which to ask an explanation of you." He had risen and stood facing her.

"I am tired of you!" the girl declared passionately. "I wish you would go away! I never want to see you again!"

She began to sob loudly, but Arthur Bruce did not stop to soothe her. Instead he went from the room and the house, leaving her alone with her tears.

(To Be Continued.)

Members of Sunday School Class Visit Former Teacher

Millerstown, Pa., April 19.— Mrs. Thomas Diefenderfer, Mrs. Tru DeLancey, Mrs. Elmer Reiserger, Mrs. Harry Wolkoff, Mrs. Daniel Shiffer, Mrs. Harry Hachman, Mrs. C. C. Page, Misses Elva Spicher, Ethel Rounsey, Elizabeth Heiser, Daisy Walker, Kathryn and Sara Rickabaugh, spent Tuesday evening at Newport with their former Sunday school teacher, Miss Rebecca Weimer at the home of Mrs. Ida Shover.—Mr. and Mrs. John Brinton, of Camp Hill and James Friday and family of Harrisburg, spent over Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Klipp.—Ralph Thompson, spent Tuesday at Harrisburg.—Mrs. Howard Ward and little daughter Alice, were Harrisburg visitors on Friday.—Chas. Allen and little daughter, Miriam, of Millin, spent this week with Mrs. Mary Allen.—Mrs. Isaac Troutman and son, Austin of Altoona, spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Clary Rumberger.—Mr. and Mrs. John Wood are visiting friends at Stamford, Connecticut.—Mr. and Mrs. James Rounsey left on Friday for York to visit Mrs. Rounsey's sister, Mrs. Samuel Ham and family.—Miss Graecella Allen spent the week end with relatives at Harrisburg.—Mrs. Anna Eckels visited friends at Harrisburg on Tuesday.—The Rev. and Mrs. Charles Berkleimer visited their parents at Mechanicsburg a few days.—Mrs. C. C. Page and Miss Daisy Walker were Harrisburg visitors on Monday.—Mrs. Hulda Knight who had been here helping care for her mother, Mrs. Banks Page, who had been ill for several weeks, returned to her work at Duncesson on Sunday evening.—Mrs. Chester Wright and baby of Newport, spent a day with her father Amos Stahl.—Mrs. George Lent and two little sons, Jack and George Lent, of Parkville are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Cronan.—Miss Dimm of Philadelphia, and James Kipp of Harrisburg, are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Klipp.—Mrs. James Rodgers and daughter of Millin, visited George Fry and family.—The Camp Fire Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Vernon Tabb at Newport on Friday evening.—Frank Shuman of Newport called on his uncle, Dr. St. Rickabaugh on Wednesday.—Mrs. J. C. Hall visited William H. Willis and family near Luncannon this week.—Mrs. Russell Martin and son, Thomas of Andersonburg, spent the week-end with her father, Amos Stahl.—Miss Mary Ush

Leather Unions in Petrograd Plan to Increase production

Petrograd, April 19.—The Assembly of Leather Unions has decided to take measures to increase production.

Raw materials are to be supplied first to the nationalized factories and then to the larger factories capable of turning out not less than 500 gross of shoes a month. The smaller enter-

prises are to be closed and their material handed over to the big manufacturers.

aroma! Life Cigarettes

I Have Come to Harrisburg to Stay!



I Will Stop Your Pains and Aches!

I Will Make You Jump With Joy!
I Am the "Magic" Joint-Ease

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR ABOUT ME
I come in small convenient tubes. Folks who have stiff and swollen joints, sore muscles, rheumatic twinges, lumbago, tired, aching feet, neuralgia, neuralgia, headaches and colds in head, throat and chest, take me in their finger and rub me into the skin where needed. I disappear — then out goes your pain and inflammation as if by magic! I am better than many old plasters and liniments that stain and destroy your clothes. AND I NEVER BLISTERS!

I have a delightful odor and LEAVE YOUR SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH! No wonder so many women like me! Old men love me and children cry for me. I am relieving thousands who suffer. Take me home with you today and surprise the whole family. I am waiting for you here at Geo. A. Gorras' Drug Stores and Kennedy's Drug Stores. Other good druggists have me also. If your local druggist don't, tell him to get me for you from his wholesale. Ask for "Joint-Ease." Refuse substitutes.



Watch Your Child's Tongue!

Constipated Children Gladly Take
"California Syrup of Figs"
For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup."—Beware!

Office Tables

Desk high—plain or with drawers. Strong, substantial oak construction.

D. W. Cotterell
Specialists in Office Furniture
9 N. MARKET SQUARE.

CUTICURA HEALS ITCHING PIMPLES

On Forehead and Chin. Large and Red.

"I was troubled with pimples breaking out on my forehead and chin. This disfigurement was annoying. The pimples were large and red. They would itch and cause loss of sleep."

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura and sent for a sample. I purchased more, and after using a half a box of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap I was healed." (Signed) Thomas E. Whitlock, 646 E. Clementine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

These fragrant emollients are all you need for all toilet purposes to keep the skin clear and scalp healthy.

Do not fail to include the exquisitely scented Cuticura soap in your toilet preparations. See everywhere.

STOMACH UPSET?

Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tons of pills, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, or 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. They do the work without gripping, cramps or pain.

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

DAILY DOT PUZZLE

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52.	53.	54.
55.	56.	57.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Cuts Better and More Slices In Gunzenhauser's

HOMOID BREAD

AND that means that it's real economy to buy it. Costs less than meat—goes farther and can be eaten oftener—easy to digest. It's full quality to the last crumb. Ask for it by name—It's HOMOID.

Wrapped at the Bakery Sold at All Grocers

The Gunzenhauser Bakery
18th and Mulberry Streets

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DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL
Fully Accredited

15 S. Market Square
Dial 4393

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