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 CLXXVI.

"So you let that young brother of yours pay board when he stayed with us!" repeated Jim when he had closed the door between us and Neal.

"Yes," I confessed. "He insisted. He wouldn't stay with us on any other terms. And I wouldn't accept his terms until he accepted mine—not to tell you. I knew your pride even then."

"You knew it, but you sacrificed it! You deceived me—you deliberately cooked up a scheme with that boy to hoodwink me!"

Jim spoke every word with slow, cutting emphasis. I cowered away from it, but he went on still more furiously:

"That's right, shrink away from me as if I were in the habit of beating you. No wonder Neal made such an effort to protect you after he saw he'd spilled the beans. Now let's have the rest of your wonderful, logical story. Why didn't you tell me after he was gone?"

"I meant to," I confessed: "I meant to. But so many things happened, and I was afraid of stirring up a hornet's nest. After a while I didn't think of it any more. And, Jim, I've saved the money. I've a hundred dollars ready to pay back to Neal. I was going to—and buy back your pride with it. I—I thought that was what a pal would do."

"What a pal would do! You know a lot about it." Jim laughed roughly and went on. "Well, maybe it all happened for the best. The boy may need that money in a week or so if he doesn't land a job. And, speaking of pride, maybe he didn't act like a young fool refusing to let me help him to a job."

"Jim, don't you understand," I cried, hoping Jim would see, but unwilling to put into words how impossible the situation was for Neal. The boy couldn't take a "charity job" from Phoebe's brother, nor become the employe of the man who seemingly had supplanted him in Phoebe's affections, and surely Jim was aware of his own attitude without being helped.

"Understand?" sneered Jim. "I understand darn well that you are about the most independent, self-assertive family I ever met. You always want your own way, and now Neal proves that he's as bad. Well, he can go on in his own way for awhile, but—bet he comes begging me for a job after a week or two. The unemployment problem's pretty sizable."

"He'll get a job all right," I said. "But in the meantime you won't make him feel—your displeasure, will you, Jim?"

"Say, wasn't I always the best friend the boy ever had Didn't I even put up with your moonshine about him and Phoebe? I'm glad that's over and the little sister's got a real beau—a substantial business man who can take care of her."

"You mean Dick West?"

"I sure do, and don't whimper as if it were a funeral dirge. Dick West's my partner, remember, and a more welcome suitor for my little sister couldn't come along."

"But, Jim, he doesn't respect her!" I protested. "He drags her around to gay parties and makes her a conspicuous figure down in Chinatown and gives her lavish presents of the sort a girl ought not accept from a man"—

"Not so fast, Anne," retorted Jim with cutting emphasis. "It's my sister you're discussing, as I have to remind you too often in the cases of both Phoebe and Jeanie. If the kid takes expensive gifts from West it may be that they're engaged."

"Engaged?" I repeated, unwilling to entertain the thought for a moment. "Oh, no; they haven't said a word. And Phoebe wouldn't do that to Neal—hurt him like that."

"Can the sob sister stuff about that boy," snapped Jim. "Do you want Phoebe sitting around waiting for a kid who hasn't even a job?"

I lifted my eyes accusingly to Jim, remembering a girl who had married a wounded aviator who hadn't a job. But Jim had either forgotten or was hard enough to go on in spite of the memory of our own tender, impractical romance.

"Now, listen to me, Anne. If Neal wants a job, he can have it—or a loan. But he can't have Phoebe. And, luckily, that isn't just because Virginia and I say so, but because the kid herself feels that way. Do you get me"

"Yes, I get you!" I repeated with resentment and something like scorn.

"All right. That's settled. Tomorrow give the boy the hundred we owe him for that—board bill, and you might as well add the interest on his loan. And make him understand that as long as he stays here, there'll be no money deals between us."

"Then that's all settled," I said drearily.

"But you'd better tell him to look up a place for himself soon," Jim went on. "I took an apartment this evening before I came to the show. Sign the lease to-morrow. We'll move next week."

"You took an apartment!" I echoed blankly.

"Sure did. Right under Cosby's. Mighty nifty place, and costs a pretty penny. But I've got to look prosperous to men like Cosby if I expect to hold their trade."

"You took an apartment!" I said again. "Took it without even letting me see it or consulting me at all? Oh, Jim, do you call that being pals?"

Jim turned on me with something very like a snarl:

"Say, I thought you were so darn anxious to get out of here! What do you want, anyway, Anne? Most women would be pleased to hear that all they had to do was walk out of a little two-room sublet into a swell seven-room place on the boulevard."

"Seven room," I cried, getting what joy I could from the situation. "Then there'll be room for Neal!"

(To Be Continued.)

Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless and never irritates.

Bringing Up Father

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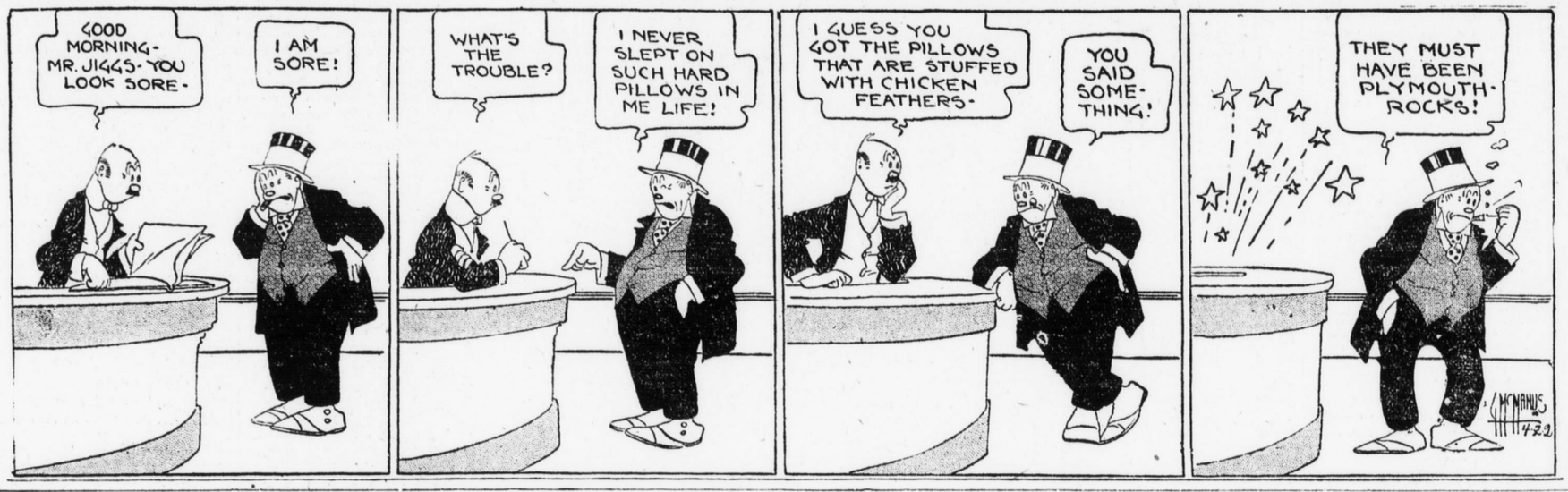
By McManus



Valuable Old Books to Enrich World as Result of Constantinople's Fall

London, (Correspondence of The Associated Press). — Antiquarians and historians are now to have for the first time since the Turks took possession of Constantinople, the opportunity for making a thorough investigation of the literary treasures stored away in the great libraries there.

The contents of the bookshelves of the St. Sophia and Palace libraries are known, but in the cellars under the Palace library there are many manuscripts in Arabic, Greek, Latin and Eastern languages. These manuscripts are in hopeless confusion and no person with special aptitude for research work has been permitted to examine them in recent years. About thirty years ago a German dragoman obtained permission from the Sultan to spend a week in those cellars. In that time he was able to make only a superficial examination of the manuscripts, but his research, short as it was, revealed many books in Greek and Arabic of great value. Among the discoveries he reported were the lost books of Livy, the great Roman historian.

Among celebrated British scholars who are planning to go to Constantinople to delve among the long-hidden manuscripts is Sir Edwin Pears, the historian, who has spent many years in Constantinople. Sir Edwin told The Associated Press correspondent that at least six months would be required for the investigation. He does not think the libraries have been damaged by the Turks, who, he says, are utterly indifferent to their value. His only fear is that the manuscripts will be found in a sad state as a result of neglect.

Senator Leiby Asleep or Not in Sympathy With President's Policies

Senator Leiby was either caught napping last night or he does not favor the attitude President Wilson is taking with respect to the claims of Italy at the peace table.

Senator Vare, of Philadelphia, introduced a long series of resolutions highly recommending the claims of the Italians to the territory which they are seeking under the secret treaty of London along the Adriatic. He asked immediate consideration of the resolutions. This required unanimous consent and as Lieutenant Governor Beidleman, presiding, asked the Senate if this would be granted, he naturally looked toward Senator Leiby, expecting the Perry county Democrat to come to the rescue of the President by at least holding up the anti-Wilson resolutions. But none was forthcoming and the Senate immediately gave its approval with a unanimous vote and they went to the House.

Senator Leslie last evening introduced a bill changing the fall primary back to the third Tuesday instead of the third Wednesday, as amended last session.

TO RECONSTRUCT FRANCE

Lancaster, Pa., April 22.—In the P. R. R. freight yards to the west of Marietta there are stored at present thirty-five hundred car loads of material of almost every description ready for shipment to France to be used in the mammoth work of reconstruction. Acting under instructions from the French High Commission, Lieutenant LaLande, who represents hos country's interests here, has assembled the material at Marietta and as fast as cars are obtainable, it is reconsigned to the Philadelphia and Baltimore ports for convoy overseas.

The enormous quantity of goods imparts the suggestion of a fortress and attracts the curiousity of every stranger. As rapidly as the stock is depleted, it is refilled by incoming consignments and the handling of the material furnishes steady employment to two hundred men.

ONE CHANGE

"What will happen, do you think, after the country goes dry?"

"I don't know exactly, but a lot of fellows probably won't find it as necessary to go to New York as they seem to now."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER LXVI.

[Copyright 1919, Star Company.]

On Tuesday morning, as Honora Brent was hurrying downtown. Arthur Bruce appeared directly in her path. At a glance she noted his pale face and heavy eyes.

"May I see you at luncheon time to-day?" he asked abruptly.

"Why yes—perhaps so," she stammered.

He misinterpreted her indecision. "I feel like a brute," he said, "at crowding my troubles on you, while the memory of all you have done for my mother and me is still fresh in my mind. But there are several things I want to explain to you. If you could lunch with me I would be very grateful. I know I am a nuisance."

"You are nothing of the kind!" she contradicted, flushing as she realized the misconstruction he had placed upon her confused manner. "I was only wondering if I could get off at the same hour that you will be free. You see"—with an attempt at a smile—"I am one under authority, I know, too, that your time is not your own just now."

"Business leaves me more than enough time," he remarked grimly. "I shall be in my office all the morning. Will you call me by telephone when you are ready to go to luncheon? I will make the hour and place suit your convenience."

She promised and hurried to her work, her heart beating fast.

Arthur Bruce walked leisurely and gloomily toward the building in which he and his father had struggled so arduously to keep alive an enterprise that the war seemed to be killing.

It was the first time that the son had appeared here since his father's death. He appreciated the silence that fell upon the outer room as he entered—appreciated it and was inexplicably grateful that nobody made an attempt to voice sympathy.

At the door of the room bearing on its ground glass panel the words:

ARNOLD BRUCE
Private

the manager met him.

"There's a telegram from Washington," he announced. "You will find it on Mr. —— I mean on your desk."

Arthur went into the office that had been his father's, closed the door, sat down and opened the telegram. This he read twice, then remained motionless for a long while, gazing at the bare wall before him, a strange expression on his face.

A Kindy Employer

At twelve o'clock Mr. Pearson turned to Honora. "This is a dull morning," he remarked. "I'm going to meet a friend and take him to lunch. I do not know just when I will be back. Go out whenever you please, and eat a good meal—and take plenty of time about it. You don't look quite up to the mark to-day."

She thanked him, and, when he had left the office, telephoned to Arthur Bruce, explaining that she was free whenever he was.

Fifteen minutes later, when she stepped from the elevator into the great hall on the ground floor of the building, Arthur was waiting for her.

He smiled brightly, lifted his hat and fell into step beside her.

"Suppose we go over to the Harland," he suggested. "It's a quiet, restful place where we can talk in peace."

There was a strain of excitement in his voice that caused her to regard him curiously.

"Something has happened," she declared. "Something that has made you look better than you did early this morning."

"Wait until we are at the Harland before I try to talk," he evaded.

When they were seated at a table in a secluded cornor of the restaurant and Arthur had ordered the luncheon he leaned toward his companion and spoke, his voice slightly unsteady.

"You have been such a wonderful friend, Honora," he began, "that I want you to be the first person to hear what has happened. It is not an easy thing to tell, for it is rather tragic, I think.

"You have known a little something of my father's affairs, and of how he wanted me to go into his business with him. I wasn't very well fitted to step into his shoes when I left college. Then the war started and his health, which had been poor for several years, failed rapidly.

"I wanted to enlist," he continued, flushing, yet meeting her eyes honestly. "I had been at a military school and was an officer in our student battalion at college. When it looked as if war was a certainty I told father I wanted to go into it.

"Then he told me things that made it impossible for me to leave him. There is no use of bothering you with technical details, but father had motgaged the credit of his firm, and had put all his own money into a venture that would have made him a very rich man if the war had held off. But it didn't—and when the war came the whole scheme went up in smoke. Conditions were such that it was almost impossible to pull through. Father thought it was impossible—for he was not up in some modern ideas. That is what killed him."

He paused, swallowing hard.

"I gave up what I wanted to do," he continued after a moment. "I worked harder than I had believed I could. As you know, we are contractors and builders. No private concerns were doing any building. But the Government was, and I went at it along that line.

"There's no use in going into details about that either. But I learned that the Government was considering erecting a big munition plant at Hillsborough—a few miles up the river. It would have meant everything to us to get the contract for that job, and I went after it. Then things got worse here—and father died. We seemed to have lost all.

Success at Last

"To-day I received a telegram from Washington. We have been awarded the contract. It means we have won."

There were tears in the girl's eyes. He looked away.

"I hope father knows," he said softly.

Honora waited to steady her voice. "I am so proud of you," she murmured. Then—"Milly will be proud, too," she added with an effort.

(To Be Continued.)

TO TELL OF WELFARE WORK WITH CHILDREN

Miss Sallie Lucas Jean, an active worker now touring the country making addresses in connection with child welfare work, will speak at a meeting to be held Saturday evening, May 3, at 8 o'clock in the Board of Trade hall, when that question will be presented and discussed by various speakers.

Arrangements for the meeting are being made by the Civic Club, Visiting Nurses' Association and the City Health Bureau. Music will be furnished by the Technical High School orchestra and community singing will be included in the program.

Good Feet In An Hour

Wouldn't it be wonderful if those poor, tired, aching, calloused feet, that must keep up their daily grind regardless of their misery, could suddenly be transformed into feet as fresh, nimble and pain-free as a child's? Yet this can be done and quickly too, no matter how many remedies you have tried in vain. Your own druggist or foot doctor will tell you that there is nothing to equal the Cal-o-cide foot-bath. Its scientific action goes right into the pores and corrects the cause. Its effects are immediate. You'll say it is surely a God-send. Cal-o-cide costs but a quarter and each package contains little plasters which will remove the most stubborn corn. You will be enthused over results.—Adv.

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DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

A SMART SPORT'S COSTUME
Blouse 2822, Skirt 2818

Here is a very pleasing combination of novelty silk, for the skirt, and duvetyn, for the blouse. This is pretty for plain and embroidered linen, or shanting combined. Also for serge and satin. The blouse is fashioned after Pattern 2822, which is cut in 7 sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, and requires 3 yards of 36 inch material. The skirt is developed from Pattern 2818. It is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material. Skirt measures about 1¾ yards at the lower edge.

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 inclosed please send pattern to the following address:

Size.....Patterns No.....
Name .....
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OUCH! CORNS!

LIFT CORNS OFF

Doesn't hurt a bit to lift that sore, touchy corn off with fingers

Drops of magic! Apply a little Freezone on that bothersome corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it off with the fingers. No pain at all! Try it!

Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness at all.

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."

KIDNEYS WEAKENING? BETTER LOOK OUT!

Kidney and bladder troubles don't disappear of themselves. They grow upon you, slowly but steadily, undermining your health with deadly certainty, until you fall a victim to incurable disease.

Stop your troubles while there is time. Don't wait until little pains become big aches. Don't trifle with disease. To avoid future suffering begin treatment with GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules now. Take three or four every day until you feel that you are entirely free from pain.

This well-known preparation has been one of the national remedies of Holland for centuries. In 1696 the government of the Netherlands granted a special charter authorizing its sale.

The good housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without food as without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Their use restores strength and is responsible in a great measure for the sturdy, robust health of the Hollanders.

Do not delay. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Take them as directed, and if you are not satisfied with results your druggist will gladly refund your money. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on the box and accept no other. In sealed boxes, three sizes.

Garments of Quality

The Ladies Bazaar's After-Easter Reduction Sales

START TOMORROW

with specially reduced prices on

Suits, Capes and Dolmans

Tomorrow inaugurates the beginning of our big "After-Easter Reduction Sale." May we impress upon you the thought that when we offer "reduced prices" on any of our garments, these prices represent real reductions from our usual prices — and that means a big saving to you indeed. So take advantage of these sales. We know you will be highly pleased with any garment you purchase here.

The Big Suit Sale

One lot of tyrol wool, serge and mixtures suits in a variance of shades and models that formerly sold from $22.95 to $29.95. After-Easter Sale Price,

$14.50

One lot of stylish suits, some trimmed with braid, others with tucks in front and back, some belt models. Formerly $29.95 to $34.95. After-Easter Sale Price,

$19.95

One lot of tricotine, gabardine and serges. Various shades and models that represent some of our prettiest suits. Formerly priced from $39.95 to $49.95. After-Easter Sale Price,

$34.95

The Cape and Dolman Sale

All wool, serge and poplin Capes and Dolmans that have been in so much demand this season. Formerly priced at $12.95. After-Easter Sale Price,

$8.95

Another lot of all wool, serge and poplin Capes and Dolmans, formerly priced at $24.95. After-Easter Sale Price,

$19.95

Others Reduced Proportionately

Buy Here and You Buy Wisely.

Ladies Bazaar

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