



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 CLXXVIII.
"I'm full up with your Harrisons—full, fed up!"
Those were Neal's words before he rushed from my apartment with his usually ruddy young face so drawn and white that it fully extenuated him for abrupt leave-taking. And as I hurried through my work and made ready to go to the kitchen, his words kept numbing through my mind like an ugly refrain.

Was Neal going to do anything foolish, melodramatic, in order to escape the Harrisons—of whose "hostile camp" his bruised feelings might lead him to fancy me one? I got frightfully wrought up about it, though common sense prompted me after this fashion: "Neal may be sensitive, but he isn't morbid. He may be hurt, but he's young—and hope springs eternal for youth. And he has red hair, and the things that matches it."
Still, when Anthony Norreys dropped in for a visit just before the noon rush, I had to cling tight and with both hands to the reins and with both hands I did so want to ask him to make a place for Neal in his organization, and I felt sure he'd manage it. But if I got Neal a job with Anthony that would put him forward beyond the pale with Jim. And in spite of our agreement to be "pals" and to permit each other to go our ways regarding the sentimental handle.

"Please stay with us. I can't bear to have you endure hardships."
"Hardships! Huh!" rumbled Neal. "Say, I've been training in a camp where if the water wasn't frozen I won. And I've had so much setting up exercises that running up four flights won't make me feel out of luck at all."
"Don't go, dear," I pleaded. "We have seven rooms and two baths. There's plenty of room for you."
"Did you hear Jim saying so?" demanded Neal.

"No. But he offered you a job, surely you don't think he'd begrudge you a home."
"I don't know, Babbs. Why was he so darn anxious to give me a hundred and a quarter if he wasn't saving his conscience for turning me loose. And about that brother stuff—maybe he doesn't feel so close. After all, I'm only your half-brother, you know."
"You never threw that in my face before, Neal. Are you planning to make me feel it now?" I asked sadly.

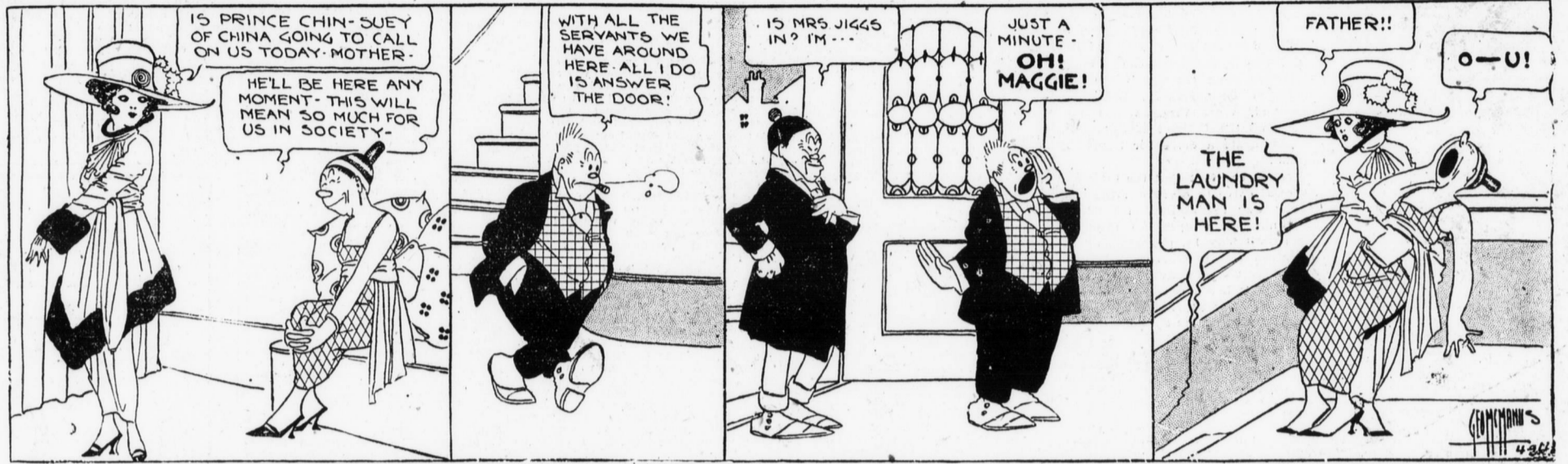
"Say, Babbs—don't blubber. We know how we feel. But you're up in the world now, and I'm down. I'll take my stuff and be going."
"But your address, Neal!"
Neal came over and took me in his arms. He kissed me gently, but with an air of finality.
"I'll send you that in a day or two."

Your Best Asset
—A Clear Skin—
—Cared for By—
Cuticura Soap

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



I'll be all right. Don't worry."

"Neal, Neal!" I protested.
"Babbs, it's got to be like this. Jim has changed. I don't savvy what he means by his high-handed methods. If I stayed I might get to interfering between husband and wife."
Neal's eyes were inscrutable, old—they silenced me.

To Be Continued.

Memorial Services For Loyal Order of Moose

The annual memorial services of the Loyal Order of Moose will be held on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, in the Majestic Theater. The committee having charge of the services expect the largest attendance in the history of the order. The membership will assemble in the lodge rooms at 2:30 o'clock, and march in a body to the theater, all members turning out with the body will not be required to have tickets. Gabriel H. Meyer, of Lebanon, will make the memorial address. Selections will be rendered by Mrs. Roy G. Cox, Mrs. Sanders and Miss Grace Deal; Professor Frank A. McCarrell, accompanist. Also a bass solo will be rendered by Mr. A. B. Hartman. The committee in charge of arrangements is composed of Samuel N. Hiner, chairman; J. F. L. Quigley, A. B. Cameron, C. W. Bogar and M. A. Bond.

GENTLE HINT
"What a beautiful dog, Miss Ethel," exclaimed her bashful admirer. "Is he affectionate?"
"Is he affectionate?" she asked archly. "Indeed, he is. Here, Bruno! Come, good doggie, and show Charlie Smith how to kiss me."—From Pearson's

THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Honora looked on dumbly as her sister and Tom Chandler vanished through the revolving doors of the restaurant. Then she turned to Arthur Bruce.
He still stood with her coat held in his hands, his eyes fixed in the direction in which Mildred had disappeared.
"Arthur!" Honora pleaded.
"That was all, but at the sound of her voice he came to himself as if just awakened, and gave a short, bitter laugh.
"That was his only comment, and the girl made none. Together they left the restaurant without exchanging another word.
Once in the noonday bustle of the busy street, connected conversation was so difficult that its absence did not seem strange. Silently, Arthur guided his companion back to the building in which her office was located. In the vestibule he held out his hand.
"Thank you for going with me," he said.
She returned his hand-clasp and smiled. "Thank you for the luncheon," she rejoined. "And thank you much more for what you have confided to me. I have not been able to tell you how glad I am for you—but you know that I—that we all are proud and happy for you and are hoping all kinds of splendid things for you."
He made as if he were about to speak impulsively, then changed his mind and released her hand.
"As I have already told you, I shall not go for several days yet," he said. "I shall certainly see you again—if you will let me. And please come to see my mother as often as you can make it convenient to come. She is very fond of you, you know."

Arthur Leaves Her
He lifted his hat, turned abruptly, and went out of the building. Honora watched him cross the street, then entered the waiting elevator and was taken up to her office. Once here, so many things came surging to her mind, so many readjustments were being made in her scheme of life, that she sat at her typewriter, staring with unseeing eyes at the lurid "art calendar" on the wall.

When she read it, she groped for a chair and sat down limply, the letter dangling from her hand.
"Dear Sister," the message had run. "I am leaving to marry Tom Chandler before he goes overseas. He loves me and I am proud to have a soldier for a husband. You won't see me until after the wedding. Both of us hope you won't be angry. Love, Mildred."
A rap at the door made Honora thrust the letter into her bosom.
"Come in!" she called absently.
Mrs. Higgins stood on the threshold, the evening paper in her hand. "Isn't this awful about young Chandler?" she exclaimed.
"What about him?" Honora demanded, springing to her feet.
In response, Mrs. Higgins held out the paper, the front page uppermost. "Sergeant Thomas Chandler Sued For Divorce!" ran the glaring headline.

To Be Continued.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A DAINY SUMMER FROCK

2821—Printed crepe, or figured voile would be good for this style. It is nice for embroidered or bordered materials, and for flouncing, as well as linen, batiste, silk, gabardine, gingham and percale. The closing is at the back. The flaring cuff may be omitted.
The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/8 yards of 40-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:
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Community Sings to Be Held at Stevens

The first of a series of community sings to be held throughout the city under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service, will be held at the Stevens Memorial Methodist Church, Thirteenth and Vernon streets, Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. The Rev. Clayton Albert Smucker, pastor of the church, will co-operate with Mrs. Florence Ackley Ley, who will be in charge of the sing. A. W. Neate, singing organizer, has arranged an interesting program.
Miss Ruth S. Kraybill will preside at the organ.
The music Sunday night will be of a patriotic and religious character and the sing is a part of the War Camp Community Service's program for welcoming home the returning soldiers, sailors and marines.

CHECK ON AUTO THIEVES
To check automobile thieves is the purpose of an electric accessory lately devised for the motorcar. Essentially the contrivance consists of an automobile siren, connected in dry battery circuit with a mercury switch.
When the car is in motion vibrations agitate the mercury so that the gap is bridged and contact formed, sounding the horn in the event the circuit is closed. Thus if any one without the owner's knowledge attempted to steal a car so equipped, the siren would sound immediately and keep on doing so until the owner mechanics Magazine.

To herself the older girl confessed that she was at her wits end. The "little sister" of whom she had always thought as of one to be guided and directed, was now determinedly doing exactly as she pleased without regard for appearances or the deeper things that lay behind them. Always vain and self-willed, she was now complete mistress of her actions, and Honora realized that scoldings and pleadings would do no good.

"What she needs is a real lesson," she said sternly to herself, all the time conscious that it was just such a lesson that she had to give the child. "A real lesson," she repeated, or a severe punishment. And I cannot give her either," she added smilingly to herself.
Mrs. Higgins was standing at the front door when Honora reached home.
"I was just looking for the evening paper," the matron explained. "I'm always anxious to get the Star and see just what those Germans have done. The newsboys get here later each day, I really believe."
Honora asked if Mildred was in.
"She came in about 3 o'clock," Mrs. Higgins said, "although I was surprised to see her away from the office at that time. But she said she had to take her blue dress to the tailor to be altered at once. She took it out in your suitcase, by the way."

A spasm of alarm gripped Honora, but she said nothing and ran on upstairs. When she entered her room and looked about the familiar place she removed her hat and laid her hatpins on the tray on her bureau her hand touched an envelope lying there. There was no superscription on it, yet her fingers trembled as she opened it.

Can you finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Heal Skin Diseases
It is unnecessary for you to suffer with eczema, blotches, ringworm, rashes and similar skin troubles. A little zemo, obtained at any drug store for 35c, or \$1.00 for extra large bottle, and promptly applied will usually give instant relief from itching torture. It cleanses and soothes the skin and heals quickly and effectively most skin diseases.
Zemo is a wonderful, penetrating, disappearing liquid and is soothing to the most delicate skin. It is not greasy, is easily applied and costs little. Get it today and save all further distress. The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

Constipated Children Gladly Take "California Syrup of Figs"

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."

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