



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 CXCVI
Copyright, 1919, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Betty's besetting sin, as I knew perfectly well, was vanity, and her vanity at least would be spared. For however uncomfortable, however humiliating even it might be to have her hand useless, that tragedy couldn't compare with the cruelty common after-the-way of having no hand at all—Tony's tragedy.

So in a flash I worked it out. The person to help Betty, to comfort, to understand her as Terry and I for all our love couldn't do, was Anthony Norreys. He knew. He knew cruelly more than our Betty would ever be called on to know.

Seeing Tony, seeing how bravely, how casually even he treated that wooden hand of his in its concealing glove, couldn't but help inspire Betty to meet her own trouble with some of the business and fineness that was part of her. Of that I was sure. No matter what he was doing, no matter what he had to do, he would drop it and come to the aid of a comrade in distress.

"When are you taking the cast off?" I asked, turning to Terry, who was staring out at the Spring-cold countryside as if he'd like to blight every leaf and bud.

"At three. It's twelve now. What are you planning to do, sister Anne?"

"I'm planning to send for Tony. He'll motor down here in record time. But Lucas mustn't take the cast off until four," I said.

"Tony—Tony!" repeated Terry, a flicker of smile coming out on his face as he said it. "By jove! That's by way of being an inspiration, Anne. The way old Tony carries on can't help registering on her mind. You're jolly well right. We'll turn about and get him on the wire at once."

So we did a right about face, and in mercifully short order Terry was talking with Anthony Norreys. He turned from the telephone, with a look of great hope and relief on his face.

"Good old Tony—he's starting directly. That was jolly clever of you, Anne. I think he'll help Betty find all the courage she needs."

While Terry was phoning I had been doing some rapid thinking. After all, I could never forget that the original cause of the ever-widening gap between Jim and me was his forbidding—prohibiting, no less—me to see Anthony Norreys. Now, while I had no thought of yielding to what seemed little short of tyranny, and while I valued Anthony Norreys' friendship too much to cast it aside, there were things that I, as Jim's wife, couldn't bring myself to do; and one of them was to stay in Greyfriars Village for what Jim would interpret as a house party, with Anthony Norreys as the fourth.

So I looked Terry squarely in the eye and delivered my ultimatum.

"I'll have to go back on the seventhirty, Terry. You know how Jim feels toward Tony ever since he found out about our manufacturing that position for him in Tony's office. You know Jim. I'll have to go back."

"All right," said Terry, understandingly. "Only we'll leave your bag here at the station—and not let Betty or Tony see it."

Then for the second time we started on our drive to Betty, first telephoning to Miss Moss that we had been delayed by calling on a friend in the city, and Mrs. Winston wasn't to worry. Next we stopped off at Greyfriars Hall and persuaded Dr. Lucas to delay removing the splints and bandages from Betty's arm until 4 o'clock.

So at last we drove home to Betty. The bungalow Terry had taken was imbedded in pines and set on a knoll that overlooked the lake. Flowers and gay crotchetries made it cheery, and Betty's happy eyes told me that Terry hadn't failed in anything that could bring her days with joy. Miss Moss had propped her up in a great wicker chair filled with comfy cushions, out on the sunny southern balcony, overlooking the lake. First we sat there and chatted for a happy half-hour. Then lunch appeared on a magic white-cloth table, and Terry came to our party. Betty was so happy that it almost hurt.

"Isn't Anne a little pill to insist on going back to her man to-night?" she asked Terry. "I want her to stay the weekend, and have Jim come to join her Saturday."

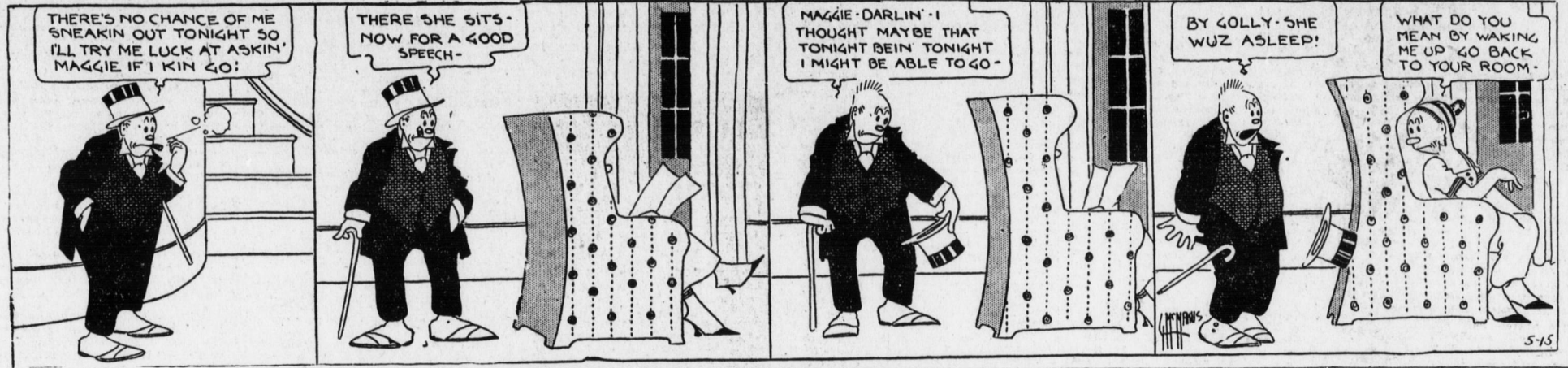
"Ask us for next weekend," I ventured doggedly, telling myself that Jim couldn't fail in this.

"We are having a weekend guest."

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1918, International News Service

By McManus



Betty—good old Tony," said Terry with English bluntness.

Betty's wide-eyed wonder drove me to go on with a word or two that I felt might help.

"You know you wrote me a note, Betty, about that dinner you and Tony and I had just before you went to the hospital—a note saying that we three had a very wonderful friendship to which we might admit Terry and Jimmie if they were very good. It is a wonderful friendship, dear; and it brings Tony to you to help you through the first ugly, awkward days after the cast comes off."

Betty turned tear-wet eyes to us.

"Good old Tony," she said. "And that right hand of his sacrificed I often wonder how he bears it—the disfigurement, the humiliation of being helpless and different from other people."

And with a tug at my heart, I met Terry's eyes. How was Betty going to bear it?

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER IV

Copyright, 1919, Star Company

That night at the dinner table in Mr. Leighton's house, the talk turned upon the late Miss Jeanne DeLaine and her peculiarities. It also touched upon the new chauffeur.

There were three persons at the table—the master of the house, his daughter and his sister—Mrs. Duffield. The last named member of the group lived in a small apartment around the corner from her brother's home, and was a frequent guest here.

The fact that she lived so near was a comfort to the lonely widow as well as a pleasure to her niece, for Aunt Sylvia was always ready to come in at any time of day or night to act as chaperon or companion.

Samuel Leighton smiled across the table at his daughter as she took her seat to-night.

"It seems to me you look very fine," he remarked affectionately. "Not but what you always look nice—but you have on something especially striking to-night, haven't you? I see—the new necklace!"

"Yes," the girl affirmed, "the new chain and pendant, Dad. It is not really a necklace, you know. It is pretty, isn't it?"

"Very pretty," her father agreed, and Mrs. Duffield added an admiring "lovely!"

"I always feel just a bit uncomfortable about it," the girl went on. "It was very kind of Miss DeLaine to leave it to me in her will—yet I wonder if she would have done it if I had not expressed to her my admiration of it."

"My dear, of course she would!" Mrs. Duffield declared.

"I doubt if you cast envious eyes at it," the father teased.

"No, I did not," the girl admitted. "I remember just what I did do. Miss DeLaine showed me the pendant as it lay in her jewelry case and exclaimed at its beauty, and I said that the apple was one of those lovely things I had ever seen, and that the diamond hanging from the bottom of it gave it a wonderful effect. She looked pleased and asked me if I would like to wear the pendant. I said, 'Yes, I would like it very much.' But later she remarked, 'you may wear it often in days to come.'"

Her father appeared slightly amused. "And what did you say to that prophecy?" he asked.

"Nothing, I thought it best to hold my tongue."

Mr. Leighton laughed aloud. "You must know my dear Sylvia," he explained to Mrs. Duffield, "that poor Miss DeLaine—while as good as gold and always most kind to our little girl—had her peculiarities. And one of these was her nephew."

"Her nephew?" Mrs. Duffield echoed. "Only that she had a nephew who, according to her, was a paragon of all the many virtues, and she would have been delighted, I really believe, if he and Desirée had fallen in love with each other."

"You see," Desirée interpolated, "Miss DeLaine thought I looked like Mamma, who, as you remember, was a friend of hers."

"Yes, I remember," Mrs. Duffield said. "Well, Miss DeLaine seemed to think that it was her duty to arrange for my future by finding a husband for me, and she was all the time talking about her dear nephew. Ugh! I hated him!"

"Why? Wasn't he agreeable?" the aunt inquired.

"I never saw him—thank goodness!" Desirée said. "He was careful to stay away from his aunt's house on the occasion of my visit there."

"Perhaps she has talked to him of you as much as she had talked to you of him," Mrs. Duffield ventured. "But it was not very gallant of him to stay away, was it?"

The girl flushed. "I would hate to think I was flung at him," she said. "I would have despised him if, under the circumstances, he had called to me, and I was as much as she had talked to you of him. Mrs. Duffield ventured. "But it was not very gallant of him to stay away, was it?"

"The girl flushed. "I would hate to think I was flung at him," she said. "I would have despised him if, under the circumstances, he had called to me, and I was as much as she had talked to you of him. Mrs. Duffield ventured. "But it was not very gallant of him to stay away, was it?"

"You see," Desirée interpolated, "Miss DeLaine thought I looked like Mamma, who, as you remember, was a friend of hers."

"Yes, I remember," Mrs. Duffield said. "Well, Miss DeLaine seemed to think that it was her duty to arrange for my future by finding a husband for me, and she was all the time talking about her dear nephew. Ugh! I hated him!"

"Why? Wasn't he agreeable?" the aunt inquired.

"I never saw him—thank goodness!" Desirée said. "He was careful to stay away from his aunt's house on the occasion of my visit there."

"Perhaps she has talked to him of you as much as she had talked to you of him," Mrs. Duffield ventured. "But it was not very gallant of him to stay away, was it?"

The girl flushed. "I would hate to think I was flung at him," she said. "I would have despised him if, under the circumstances, he had called to me, and I was as much as she had talked to you of him. Mrs. Duffield ventured. "But it was not very gallant of him to stay away, was it?"

"You see," Desirée interpolated, "Miss DeLaine thought I looked like Mamma, who, as you remember, was a friend of hers."

"Yes, I remember," Mrs. Duffield said. "Well, Miss DeLaine seemed to think that it was her duty to arrange for my future by finding a husband for me, and she was all the time talking about her dear nephew. Ugh! I hated him!"

"Why? Wasn't he agreeable?" the aunt inquired.

"I never saw him—thank goodness!" Desirée said. "He was careful to stay away from his aunt's house on the occasion of my visit there."

"Perhaps she has talked to him of you as much as she had talked to you of him," Mrs. Duffield ventured. "But it was not very gallant of him to stay away, was it?"

The girl flushed. "I would hate to think I was flung at him," she said. "I would have despised him if, under the circumstances, he had called to me, and I was as much as she had talked to you of him. Mrs. Duffield ventured. "But it was not very gallant of him to stay away, was it?"

"You see," Desirée interpolated, "Miss DeLaine thought I looked like Mamma, who, as you remember, was a friend of hers."

"Yes, I remember," Mrs. Duffield said. "Well, Miss DeLaine seemed to think that it was her duty to arrange for my future by finding a husband for me, and she was all the time talking about her dear nephew. Ugh! I hated him!"

"Why? Wasn't he agreeable?" the aunt inquired.

"I never saw him—thank goodness!" Desirée said. "He was careful to stay away from his aunt's house on the occasion of my visit there."

"Perhaps she has talked to him of you as much as she had talked to you of him," Mrs. Duffield ventured. "But it was not very gallant of him to stay away, was it?"

The girl flushed. "I would hate to think I was flung at him," she said. "I would have despised him if, under the circumstances, he had called to me, and I was as much as she had talked to you of him. Mrs. Duffield ventured. "But it was not very gallant of him to stay away, was it?"

Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am twenty-two, rather good-looking, always jolly and happy. I am very fond of a young man of the same age, and he seemed to care for me.

Seven months ago my mother died, and two months ago my father. I am keeping house for two brothers and two sisters, all younger than myself—we were left very comfortable.

Both the young man and his mother were very good to me at the time of my father's death. He said he would call again, but he never did.

Do you think it is an account of my being lame that he does not call? It was caused by an accident when I was a child. I am able to dance very well. I would appreciate your advice on the subject very much, as I am fond of this young man.

As the young man and his mother were both kind to you in your recent bereavement, it would be quite proper for you to invite them to your home sometime.

Badly Treated At Home

Dear Miss Fairfax:

What shall I do to get away from my home? I am eighteen and I am of Italian parentage, and I am afraid you will not quite believe me when I tell you I am abused. I am not allowed out or to have good times, like other girls, and no girl friend will call to see me, knowing the conditions at home. Please, Miss Fairfax, tell me where I can go to find a little peace?

BROKENHEARTED.

Why not go to your parish priest and put the matter of your cruel treatment before him? I believe you are a little old to obtain protection from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, but I am sure you will find some one there who will give you good advice. There is also the Legal Aid Society, which has several branches in different parts of the city, and where the best of legal advice may be had without charge.

THE NEW CHAUFFEUR

Dear Miss Fairfax:

"Which reminds me," Mr. Leighton changed the subject suddenly, "I have engaged a chauffeur."

"Oh, have you? I am glad. I hope he will be satisfactory."

"I hope so myself. He looks like an able young chap."

"Where is he from?"

"North Carolina. I have sent South for his references."

"Oh," the daughter's face fell, "then we cannot use either of the cars until you get the references can we?"

"Oh, yes," Samuel Leighton replied easily. "I think Smith's all right. He cannot go far wrong in the few days

ICE CREAM AND PIE

Y. W. C. A. Specials

American ice-cream and pie are two things for which Y. W. C. A. Hostess Houses in France are famous.

Anna S. Jenkins, who is responsible for the banking and marketing for the Total Hostess House, described her difficulties in maintaining the custom of Sunday night ice-cream by saying that it frequently means a special trip to Nancy for ice when there is none to be had in Toul, and an argument with a Frenchman to persuade him to sell it for such a purpose.

"Nancy has a large public market," Miss Jenkins continued, "and the women there know me now and display their best as I pass or remind me that last week's purchase must have been satisfactory."

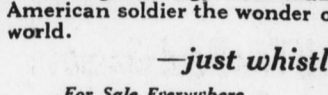
"To buy legs of mutton enough to feed 125 while the French stand around to watch me choose the animals and the legs I wish, is rather comical."

FINDS BROTHER'S GRAVE

Horton, Va.—Ray Noel, member of Company B, One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh Infantry, had the sad experience of finding the grave of his brother, William Bryan Noel.

SUGAR ENERGY

added to your system every time you drink a bottle of the genuine



WHISTLE - the pep of pure sugar and fruit in bottles

To test this, drink a bottle of Whistle when hungry and see how it energizes your being.

For Sale Everywhere

Distributor

WHISTLE BOTTLING CO.

1901-3 North Sixth Street

HARRISBURG, PA.

Be. 1 Phone 3360 Dial 2237

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Good blood makes firm tissue, strong nerves, steady eyes and clear brain. Keep your blood pure and full of healthy, red corpuscles, and your liver active, by using Beecham's Pills, which remove poisonous matters from the system, assist lax stomach to assimilate its food, and the food to nourish the body. A world-famous remedy to strengthen the vital organs and help to

Make Pure Blood

Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box. Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL

SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

Fully Accredited

Troup Building 15 S. Market Square
Bell 485 Dial 4393

(Clip this and send it at once for full information)

Gentlemen—Please send me complete information about the subjects I have checked.

Typewriting Shorthand Stenotype
Bookkeeping Secretarial Civil Service
Name Address

Own Your Home

Build Now

SET YOUR MONEY TO WORK ON BUILDING A HOME OF YOUR OWN

U. S. DEPT. OF LABOR W. B. WILSON, Secretary

We have a beautiful book of designs of Homes that you can build at a cost that is a real surprise. We will furnish the plans of any home in our Plan Book ABSOLUTELY FREE. Drop us a postcard and we will mail you our catalog entitled the "Home Builders' Plan Book"—without any obligation whatsoever on your part.

LUMBER SHINGLES and MILLWORK ASPHALT ROOFING

PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED GRADES PRICES REASONABLE LET US QUOTE YOU

JOHN D. BOGAR & SON

FREDERICK-FRANKLIN STS. STEELTON, Pa.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

Blouse 2831

Blouse 2831, Skirt 2830. Composed of Blouse Pattern 2831 and Skirt 2830. The vest is of white organdie, the skirt of silk jersey cloth and the blouse of striped washable satin. This design is nice for combinations in gingham, shantung, serge and satin, linen and batiste. The blouse pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. The skirt requires 3-3/8 yards of 36-inch material. It measures about 1 1/2 yards at the foot, and is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. 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.

Corns, Callouses Quit Quick!

Two Drops of "Gets-It" Will Do It.

Ever hand-carve your toe with a knife trying to get rid of a corn? Ever use scissors and snip off part of the corn too close to the quick?

"Gets-It" Puts Your Feet in Clover—It Ends Corns Quickly.

Ever pack up your toe with "contraptions" and plasters as though you were packing a glass vase for parcel post? Ever use greasy ointments that rub off on your stockings? Ever use sticky tapes that get jerked off when you pull your stockings off? Kind o' foolish, when 2 or 3 drops of "Gets-It" on any corn or callous gives it a quick, painless, peaceful, dead-severer funeral! Why putter and suffer? "Gets-It" stops corn pains, it lets you work, smile and dance, even with corns. It's the common-sense way, the only simple, easy way—peels corns off like a banana peel. Used by millions. It never fails.

"Gets-It," the guaranteed, money-back corn-remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drug store. M'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

Sold in Harrisburg and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by Clark's Medicine Store, H. C. Kennedy, G. A. Gargas, Keller's Drug Store, Frank K. Kitzmiller, C. M. Forney, Golden Seal Drug Co.

ASTRICH'S

The Store of One Thousand Trimmed Hats

Have you ever tried to figure out what it means to see a thousand Trimmed Dress Hats in one store?

Next time you go shopping—try it—make an approximate count of the Trimmed Hats you see in one store (not banded sailors) then come to our store and do some counting.

There is another thing! The prices! Every store claims to have best values, "that's natural." But compare prices and qualities, that's the only real test.

We know what we are talking about. We don't sell all the hats in Harrisburg, but we do sell an awful lot of them—and that is a pretty well established fact!

However we could and would sell a whole lot more if some women would take the time and trouble to look into this and make comparison before buying.

We know there are a lot of cheap hats sold in this city, but we don't sell cheap hats. We sell good high-class hats for the same price you pay for cheap hats at other stores.

Why? Because we make and trim every hat right here—you save one profit—and in millinery that one profit means a whole lot.

See the French Models

which we are now selling

from \$5.98 to \$9.98

All nobby high-class hand blocked Lisere and hand-made braid hats—with the very newest trimmings. Medium shapes in black, navy, brown, sand, purple, dust, etc. Similar hats bought elsewhere will cost from \$3.00 to \$5.00 more.