



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 CCL.

It wasn't until Saturday morning that I had any way of guessing whether or no a week-end spent with the Cosbys would be pleasant. Friday evening was taken up in motoring to the Inlet House, dining there and getting settled. That evening was too busy and rushed to have any particular flavor of its own—pleasant or otherwise.

I woke Saturday morning with that queer feeling of uncertainty that generally greets one in a strange bed. The room was steeped in gray, yet the hush of early morning wasn't over the world. Lifting myself on one elbow I peered at Jim's watch dangling from its chain looped over the head-board of his bed. Nine. Not early a bit.

I got up and tip-toed into the bathroom. Then I found out that instead of our room being the dark and dreary inside room I had thought, this was a gray and desolate day. Cold rain slanted down. Little gusts of wind rustled the green-tipped branches of bushes and trees. The window-shade, flying out in the wide space where the top sash had been drawn down, flapped back and forth just out of reach.

Everything seemed horribly depressing. Yet I had known gray days in the country before. Days of sewing and going bustling about the household tasks. Days spread out happily toward an evening of apples and nuts and cider, with a little locking-darning and patching and reading of news aloud to make everyone cozy and cheery.

But I didn't fool myself about this day. It would be nothing like those I remembered so longingly. It wasn't.

Before I was dressed Valerie Cosby telephoned that I must breakfast with her in her room, since Lane insisted that he and Jim would shoot a little pool after they'd had breakfast down in the grill and had read the papers. Now breakfast in any bedroom is a pet aversion of mine. But when its some one else's bedroom—words fail me, but ideas don't. I knew what Jim expected of me, however, so I accepted with my best imitation of alacrity.

I found Valerie propped up on three or four pillows. She was dressed in a shadowy affair of yellow chiffon and swansdown. Wound around her head was an oriental turban of cerise and gold. She looked ready for a fancy dress ball. But her room was strictly in neglect. Neglected would be more like it. Bits of lingerie were flung over chair backs and across bureau tops. Boxes of powder spilled amid brushes and mirrors and amber monogrammed in gold. Cigarette stubs and cold cream shared a window-sill. The covers on what was evidently Lane Cosby's bed were crumpled in a

mass with pajamas and two or three pairs of trousers flung across them. "I ordered for both of us. Chocolate and rolls. Soft-boiled eggs and griddle cakes," said Valerie Cosby luxuriously. "I didn't know just how much of a breakfast you made. But if we had a good meal now we won't want anything till tea. That's the way I keep my weight right without dieting."

"That will be plenty," I managed to say.

I knew I couldn't get much down in that untidy room, and my breakfast is always coffee and rolls and fruit. I don't have to worry about my figure, and lunch is my best meal. I saw my own drab reflection in the mirror and I would forego the noon meal.

I made a sorry enough breakfast. Valerie's little dog, Rammie, had come along and she put the tiny little white rat of a toy Egyptian on the edge of the tray to lap up the vegetables and meat scraps. This for me was the last straw.

Then I had to stay in the room while Valerie went through a long intricate toilette that kept us housed in her unairied room until 12 o'clock. By the time she was ready to go downstairs I had a raging headache and it didn't improve a bit when I saw my own drab reflection in the mirror elevator as we went down to the lobby. Nor did Jim's first words of greeting lift any of the storm clouds from my day.

"Look who's here," he cried. "The good fairy who'll chase the rain away. Valerie Cosby, you're the first woman I've ever seen who actually is more radiant in the morning than at night."

"It's this little green and gold batik smock," explained Valerie, with a manner two parts complacency and the other part intimacy. "I knew you'd like it. Shall we kill the day with a little session of poker? Of course you've found a few men to play, 'Cosby?'"

"I'd never heard a woman call her husband by his surname before, and Valerie caught my surprise and dragged it into the limelight.

"Jim, your wife's shocked. Is it the poker—or my calling my big brown bear 'Cosby?'" she ventured in her creamy voice.

"Oh, Anne's a Puritan—but she'll learn," said Jim, leaning across her chair-back so that his lips came close to the burnished waves of her lacquer-black hair. "Will you chip in on a little poker, Anne?"

"I don't play—and I'll spoil the game," I said with what I meant to be the manner of a good sport. "I'll be all right—I'll find a magazine. Shall I meet you here for lunch in an hour or so?"

"Lunch? When we've just breakfasted!" exclaimed Valerie in an amused voice that made me feel like a terrible greedy. "Oh, we'll be playing till six, won't we?"

"Of course," said Jim, smiling at

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



her—and turning to me with the crease between his eyes just showing, added, "I'd like to speak to you a minute, Anne."

He led me aside under the unwavering eyes of Valerie Cosby and said in a low angry voice:

"Why don't you eat when other folks do? If you want lunch, order it in your room and pay for it. You know we're guests and we can hardly suggest meals our hosts don't order. But I beg of you, Anne, just for this once, don't insist on having everything your own way."

I thought of that dreadful breakfast for which I hadn't been offered a single choice of my own. Yet I didn't answer Jim because my voice couldn't have found a way to force itself out of my throat. With a start I realized that I was thinking about the petty annoyance of the day, and passing by the big trouble that had once worried me so. Jim was preparing to mangle again. Didn't I care?

(To Be Continued.)

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The townships' officers are to be notified also of the communication sent to the county commissioners by the State, giving a list of eleven secondary highways which are to be improved during the next few years. This year the State will spend more than \$50,000 as its part in improvement work in Dauphin county.

Commissioner Asks for Information on Roads

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David Returns

This command obeyed, David returned to the automobile and stood as he had seen other chauffeurs do by the open door. The wind swept down from the north and out of the corners of his eye he saw Miss Leighton draw her furs more closely about her neck. Then, looking at him, she spoke suddenly:

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THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER VI.

Promptly at a quarter of twelve Delaine and the limousine were in front of Samuel Leighton's house.

David had driven the car a short way uptown and back, just to be sure that he understood it thoroughly and that his hands had not lost their cunning. On this point at least he had no cause for nervousness.

Nevertheless, he felt uncomfortable as he glanced up at the windows of his employer's home. He did not know what a chauffeur should do at this juncture. Should he ring the bell and announce his presence, or should he wait outside until it suited Miss Leighton's pleasure to come out?

At the end of five minutes the front door opened and his employer's daughter appeared. He sprang down from the driver's seat and opened the door of the car for her. He knew that chauffeurs did this, and was aware that it was expected of him. He felt as if he ought to uncover his head at the same time, as he had always been most courteous in his manners to women. But he recalled his present position, and touched his hat as he had seen coachmen do.

Miss Leighton paused, her foot on the step of the car.

"Smith, where is your overcoat?"

"Oh, no," he hastened to reassure her. "It's only the result of an accident. I will be all right before long, I hope."

She looked at him searchingly. "Were you"—she began.

But at that instant, to David's relief, Mrs. Duffield came out of the house and hurried across the sidewalk.

"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting, my dear," she said. "But my clocks are all wrong."

"That's all right," the girl rejoined, absent mindedly. Leaning forward, she addressed David just as he took his seat. "Smith, drive round by your home or boarding place and wait for your overcoat."

The man was silent long enough to summon courage to protest.

"Indeed, Miss Leighton," he said, speaking through the open window of the car, "I would rather not do that, I do not need the coat."

Her face flushed as if she were displeased, but she spoke calmly. "Very well. Drive down to Carnegie Hall. I want to get some tickets," she added, turning to Mrs. Duffield.

David DeLane piloted his car down Fifth avenue, his face was hot with a mixture of indignation and amusement. He wanted to laugh, yet felt an impulse toward profanity. He could not blame his young mistress for speaking to him as she did. He had put himself in this position.

The errand at Carnegie attended to, a short shopping tour followed. David was learning readily the rules to be followed by a chauffeur who drives through the shopping lists. Yet he drew a breath of relief when at last Miss Leighton spoke the welcome words:

"Home now, Smith. Do not drive by Mrs. Duffield's. She will lunch with me."

To Be continued.

School Directors to Welcome Educator Who Will Speak to C. of C.

A committee composed of Dr. F. E. Downes, superintendent of public schools; A. Carson Stamm and Cameron L. Baer, members of the school board, was appointed this morning to act as a reception committee when Dr. George Drayton Strayer, president of the National Educational Association, arrives in the city to address the membership meeting of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce in the Penn-Harris ball room Wednesday at noon.

Dr. Downes, chairman of the reception committee, will preside at the meeting. "Emergency in Education" is the subject which has been selected by Dr. Strayer for his address, and unusually large part of the Chamber membership is expected to turn out for the meeting.

Dr. Strayer's position as professor of educational administration at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and his active work in numerous Nation-wide educational organizations, assures his ability to speak with authority on the subject which he has selected.

Reservations for the meeting must be made before nine o'clock Wednesday morning, says the notice sent to the members. No reservations will be made after that hour, and the reservations will not be held after 12:15 o'clock.

GIRL SCOUTS HIKE

The Girl Scouts of St. Matthew's Church hiked to Rockville Thursday evening. After arriving there they enjoyed a picnic lunch. The group included the Misses LaVene Grove, Hazel Gallagher, Mildred Gallagher, Martha Minter, Ruth Garrett, Enda Dagie, Elizabeth Dagie, Margaret

Martz, Dorothy Martz, Esther Stence, Marion Zimmerman, and Albert Zimmerman; Blair Davis, Myron Dagie and Harold Smedley.

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DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A CHARMING DRESS FOR "PARTY" OR "BEST WEAR"

2814—Soft crepe, voile, batiste, Swiss, dimity, nainsook or silk would be lovely for this dainty model, with trimming of lace and insertion. The underwaist could be of lining and the over laid with material below the bolero edges. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes; 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 10 requires 4 1/2 yards of 27-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:

Name

Address

City and State

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Cotton check and striped voile blouse, organdy trimming, assorted colors and sizes. \$1.95 Value **\$1.29**

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Embroidered Georgette blouses, neat designs in an assortment of colors and sizes. \$4.00 Value **\$2.95**

Crepe de chine blouses, some with tuck and box pleat front, others embroidered; white, flesh and black. Special **\$3.95**

Many New Arrivals in the Latest Models

Washable waists in batiste and linene materials, strictly tailored; can be worn either high or low collar; tailored pockets. These are the very latest in sport models. Special Price **\$1.95**

All the new styles in WHITE GABARDINE, TRICOTINE, ALL LINEN AND WASHABLE SATIN SKIRTS—models that are up to the minute; waist band from 24 to 38; twenty-five different models to choose from. **\$2.95 to \$5.95**

ALL WOOL PLAID SKIRTS Plain and box pleated. Values up to \$12.95. **\$5.95**

SILK POPLIN SKIRTS In black, navy, taupe and white. Values up to \$5.00. **\$2.95**

Gingham Dresses Coatee fronts with sash tied in back. **\$3.95 and \$4.95**

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