



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 CCII
(Copyright, 1919, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

At about 5 o'clock it stopped raining. I decided to forsake my lonely big chair in the lobby of the Inlet House and go out for a walk. It seemed to me that the poker players must be tired and head-achy now from their long confinement in Lane Cosby's room, and that Valerie or even Jim might like to go with me for a breath of air. So I hurried around to the door and tapped gently. No answer. Then I rapped smartly, and after a minute or two Lane Cosby came to the door.

His coat was off and his sleeves rolled above his elbows. The room was heavy with smoke. Every man but Jim had removed his coat, and Valerie was in their midst, narrow-eyed and ruffling the edges of her cards with a slim forefinger. There was a tray of sandwiches and ginger ale on a side table.

"It's cleared," I announced, with winning enthusiasm. "I thought you might have noticed it. So, I'm calling your attention to it. Who's for a walk with me?"

Before anyone else could answer, Jim looked up, the crease between his eyebrows folding in and the brows themselves twitching as I'd never before seen them do. His fingers beat a tattoo on the table, his shoulders hunched—his gambling posture.

"My wife doesn't know poker—or understand its charm," he explained jerkily, while I stood humiliated at having him explain me to the three strange men who were in the room. The game's not over, Anne. Probably won't be—until when did we say? Oh, yes, 6.30. Run along, child, and take your walk."

Valerie looked up, smiled at me, waved the hand holding her cigarette. Then the door closed to a murmured, "I'm sorry" from Lane Cosby.

When I got to my room I found that I no longer cared to take a walk.

"Of course I can't go out," I told myself, walking over to the window and stretching my eyes wide and holding them fixed and solemn on a slim, white, spire-topped church far away. "How could I go out in the wet without rubbers? And I haven't any. So of course I can't go out. None of us can possibly today."

Then I flung myself down on the bed to rest for the evening. But I had no physical weariness from which to rest, and no refuge from my own thoughts.

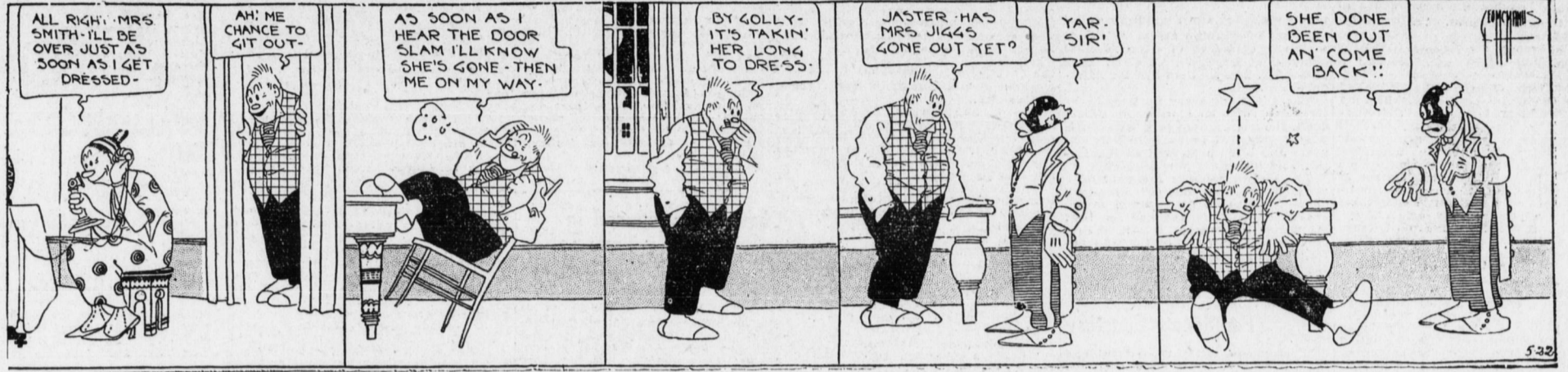
All day long no one had paid the least attention to me. I simply had counted. That dreadful breakfast in Valerie Cosby's stuffy, untidy room; my lunch alone; the dragging hours. How different it would have been if I'd stayed with Betty! Betty would have thought of me. Ill and suffering, she would have been a kinder hostess than the spoiled beauty a few doors away.

Contrasting Terry, tall and trim and perfectly groomed, with Lane Cosby, whom his wife called a "big, brown bear," was almost funny. And there would have been Tony, too—kind, unselfish, patient, dependable Tony with his steady, ice-blue eyes under heavy brows that didn't twitch.

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1918, International News Service

By McManus



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

BY VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER
CHAPTER VII
(Copyright, 1918, Star Company)

The autumn storm of yesterday had been succeeded by brilliant sunshine and a keen, cold wind. David De Laine was thoroughly chilled by the time that he stepped again at his employer's house and assisted the ladies to alight from the car.

At least, he assisted Mrs. Duffield. Miss Leighton sprang out quickly, seeming to ignore his outstretched hand.

He thought she was going to pass him without a word, but she paused and looked at him gravely.

"Smith," she said, "I shall wait the car this afternoon at 4. We are going for a little drive. Before that hour make time to go to your rooms and get your overcoat."

"Yes, Miss," he responded, touching his cap.

"I do not understand," she went on, severely, "why you did not get up this morning when I told you to. I am perfectly willing to have you go by for it."

He did not reply. That he, David De Laine, should drive this girl over to his cheap lodging house on Lexington avenue and allow her to wait while he went in for his overcoat was unthinkable. Few girls would have permitted him to do such a thing, he reflected. Even if this was a rich man's petted daughter, she had a kind heart.

"But you will wear a coat this afternoon," she said now.

"Yes, Miss, I will—if you do not mind the looks of a khaki coat," he replied.

"No one could object."

"In these days nobody should object to khaki," she said quickly. "Be here at four."

He drove away, his mind full of speculations. Was this the girl who had been Aunt Jeanne's favorite? He had hoped that Mrs. Duffield, when he heard Miss Leighton address as "Aunt Sylvia," would call her companion by her first name. Instead, Mrs. Duffield had called her "Dear."

Nor did she use any other term in the chauffeur's hearing that afternoon when he drove the terms.

ladies through the park and up Riverside Drive. At the end of an hour he left Mrs. Duffield at her apartment and his young mistress at her own home.

As he opened the door of the car for her, Desiree gave a start of surprise, and, following her glance, David saw that she had noticed the wound stripe on his right arm. He cursed himself for a fool for not having ripped off the bit of gilt braid. He had become so accustomed to it himself that he had actually forgotten that it might cause remark.

"Why—why?"—the girl began. But he interrupted her so brusquely as to sound almost rude.

"Am I to drive downtown now for Mr. Leighton, please?" he inquired.

She frowned. "I was about to give you your orders," she said coldly.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured.

She went on without seeming to notice his apology.

"You may call at Mr. Leighton's office for him. He will be ready by the time you get downtown. Unless he wants you this evening, I probably shall not. But you might stop at the garage about 7.30 and see if we need the car. If we do, we will telephone there."

"Yes, Miss," he responded, touching his cap.

She looked after him as he drove away, her brows drawn together in annoyance or perplexity.

"A queer kind of a fellow," she mused. "Yet he certainly is good-looking. He wants you this evening, makes me feel queer. I don't like the idea of having one of our 'boys' doing chauffeur's work for us."

Later she expressed this sentiment to her father.

"Dad, do you know that Smith has a wound stripe on his right sleeve?"

Her father regarded her with a teasing smile.

"Daughter, dear, you are seeing things. I noticed especially his faded khaki trousers this afternoon, and he certainly had no wound stripe on it."

Then he fipped it off after he saw her stare at it. "I don't know," he said. "I wonder if that is his own coat after all—or if he borrowed it."

"From what he told me it may be his all right," Leighton rejoined. "He does not impress me as an impostor."

"Dad, he did have a wound stripe on his coat."

"Well," was the calm reply, "unless he is a liar, he rates one, my dear."

"What?"

"I mean that he was in the service and overseas," Samuel Leighton explained in a practical tone. "And he got a bullet through the lungs. So he came back here and took a job as chauffeur."

"Oh Dad! And he is driving us around!"

"And why not? Little girl, do not be so idealistic. That was just the reason I did not mention his past to you—for fear you would get sentimental run away with common sense. The fact that a man has been at the front does not mean that he is fitter to be a college president."

She colored at his rebuke. "I suppose I am over-romantic," she admitted.

"Well, don't be!" her father advised. "If a man is fitted to attain a certain position, he will attain it. But the fact that he has proved himself no better does not mean that he would not be happy as a chauffeur—or as a street cleaner, for that matter. He is just the same chap he was before he donned Uncle Sam's uniform."

"That reminds me," Desiree suggested. "Can't Smith have his livery now? I hate to order about a man in the coat of not approval of it."

"That's nonsense!" her father declared. "However, his overcoat is very shabby. So I'll think about his livery—although I suppose I should wait until I get his reference."

"I fancy his references will be all right," his daughter said quietly. (To Be Continued)

Life's Problems Are Discussed

I listened to the complaints of a man regarding woman's apparel.

He said his daughter wanted to take a special course of some kind and he sought a tutor for her. A woman highly recommended called on him at his request. He looked her over and decided then and there that she would not do—recommendations to the contrary.

She had bobbed her hair until it hung about her ears. She wore heelless shoes. Her coat had the effect of a man's overcoat, and did not disdain spots which would have yielded easily to the cleaner's art. Her hat was a slouch thing that no man but a tramp would have put on his head.

"The women of my family have always been spotlessly neat," he remarked, "especially concerning those pretty things women wear about the neck and wrists; and I couldn't ask my daughter to respect the mental accomplishments of one so slovenly. One's clothes are just as much an indication of one's mental attitude as any other attribute. They are the outward expression of an inner sense of fitness—an inner love of order, an inner appreciation of harmony with one's surroundings. So I decided that although this highly recommended lady might fit in somewhere else, it would not be in my household."

That was one instance at least where appearance counted. The applicant for this position failed in making the proper impression. Her clothes did not fit her calling; she was a teacher, therefore she ought to teach in every expression—in her appearance as well as in her oral instruction.

And, to make it worse, her dowdiness was emphasized by the fact that just now Spring is getting out all her lovely leaf costumes and arranging her most becoming color effects; so that, instinctively responding to her mood, we seek similar expression.

And, to make it worse, her dowdiness was emphasized by the fact that just now Spring is getting out all her lovely leaf costumes and arranging her most becoming color effects; so that, instinctively responding to her mood, we seek similar expression.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

pression. We are tired of dull clothes that remind us of Winter. We need the spur of fresh apparel, new garments to stimulate new thought and new ideas.

Yet we are not so sure as is Nature in her effects. Our efforts do not always create the illusion of beauty and lend enchantment, and now, more than at any other season of the year, we are frequently ineffective when we study hardest for appropriate effects.

I think it is because we do not sufficiently consider our clothes in relation to ourselves and as an expression of our own individuality. That was the fault the man complained of in the tutor.

We have so much offered to us in the department stores and shops that often we buy what is attractive without considering its suitability to ourselves, or else we become bewildered by the multiplicity of offerings and go astray.

I have had letters from several correspondents on this subject. One girl wrote me that she spent a great deal of money on her clothes, more than she could afford; yet she never had just the right thing to wear, never looked what she called well-dressed. While another girl she knew was always well-dressed, always had the proper thing for the occasions, and on half the money.

Perhaps my correspondent's trouble is just that haphazard buying most of us are led into by what we see in the shops—a sort of lack of consideration of self, an inability to visualize one's self in the garments we buy.

The best dressed woman I ever knew spent comparatively little money on her clothes, but a tremendous lot of thought.

She knew exactly what she could wear. Nor was this the result of studied vanity, but a deference to her self-respect, an appreciation of her place in the world. She told me that she had long passed the period of experimentation with her clothes and of wondering if what

she bought would suit her. She never bought a dress or even a handkerchief without knowing just how and when it was to be worn.

She selected first, early in the season, what she calls "the essentials." These she made her foundation of her wardrobe and added to them from time to time as her demands and social needs required.

If she were wearing blue, then everything she purchased toned in or harmonized with that; and the same if it were brown or gray or even black. Many changes then were made simply, and things harmonized as they never would have if she had bought a haphazard selection. If she felt the need for more color she found it in afternoon or evening dresses.

Her "essentials" were shoes, gloves, a smart hat—suitable for every occasion but full dress—and a street suit; then blouses and pretty neckwear, and after those accessories other frocks and gowns to meet social requirements.

But one may go far with just that one well-tailored suit; for my well-dressed woman told me that once, when she had been detained two weeks while traveling and obliged to wait without her trunk, her one tailored suit served her every demand, supplemented as it was by a number of blouses which

she bought. She turned her first dismay into a social triumph, and had a delightful time.

"But it takes so much time to think all that sort of thing out," you may say.

So it does, but so does everything else worth while in the world.

TODAY'S BEAUTY HELP

We find you can bring out the beauty of your hair to its very best advantage by washing it with canthox. It makes a very simple, inexpensive shampoo, which cleanses the hair and scalp, thoroughly of all the dandruff, dirt and excess oil, leaving a wonderfully clean, wholesome feeling. After its use, you will find that the hair dries quickly and evenly, is never streaked in appearance and is always bright, soft and fluffy; so fluffy, in fact, that it looks more abundant than it is, and so soft that arranging it becomes a pleasure. Just use a teaspoonful of canthox, which you can get from any good druggist, dissolve it in a cup of hot water; this makes a full cup of shampoo liquid, enough so it is easy to apply it to all the hair instead of just the top of the head.

DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
Fully Accredited 15 S. Market Square
Dial 4393

Troup Building
Bell 485

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

Gentlemen—Please send me complete information about the subjects I have checked.
 Typewriting ... Shorthand ... Stenography ...
 Bookkeeping ... Secretarial ... Civil Service ...
 Name Address

Jury Acquits Man of Murder Charge

By Associated Press.
Sumbury, Pa., May 22.—Robert Brantley, a Shamokin piano salesman, was acquitted of the charge of murdering Peter Joseph Schmidt, a Northumberland county commissioner, by a jury here yesterday. Brantley stabbed Schmidt in Schmidt's saloon at Shamokin last summer after an altercation. Schmidt died a few days later. According to the testimony Brantley called Schmidt a "pro-German" and Schmidt knocked him down twice before Brantley stabbed him.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A PRETTY STYLE FOR SLENDER FIGURES

2803—Shantung, serge, voile, duvetyn, gabardine, or taffeta would be made for this model. The tunic may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Navy blue serge with braid trimming, or brown gabardine, with trimming of sand color satin, would develop this style affectively.

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

SICK HEADACHE AND BILIOUS ATTACKS YIELD TO BLISS NATIVE HERBS TABLETS

"I have been afflicted for several years with Stomach, Liver and Kidney disorders, and have used several remedies all of which were practically of no avail. I suffered greatly with bilious attacks, dizziness, headache, and restlessness at night, due to the inactive condition of the vital organs. Your Bliss Native Herbs were recommended to me. I purchased a box of the tablets and they have certainly made a wonderful change in my condition. I can gladly recommend Bliss Native Herb Tablets to those who suffer from these ailments.

HENRY THOMPSON,
"Elwood, Ind."

These attacks are usually the result of constipation, which is most easily acquired disorder

A Ready Made Coffee Pure and Delicious

This is the story of a coffee that does not need to be made! And the way of it is this:

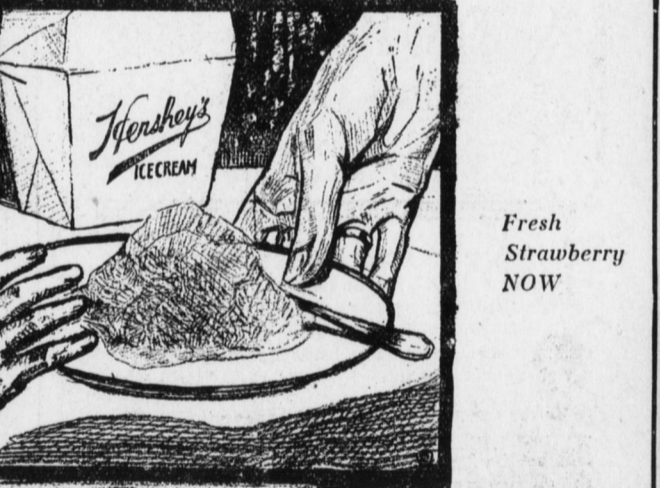
It was necessary for our boys in the trenches to have real coffee, and yet they did not have the means to make it. So Hires Instant Soluble Coffee was made.

And as proof that Hires Instant Soluble Coffee met every governmental requirement, 66 2/3 per cent. of all the trench coffee contracted for by the American Army was this same Hires Instant Soluble Coffee. We couldn't agree to supply more than this because our facilities would not permit.

Carefully chosen coffee beans from a choice selection of Java and Mocha coffee are used in making Hires Instant Soluble Coffee. And the pure delicious juice of these beans is dried and converted into a powdered, soluble form. Immediately water is added, the coffee powder dissolves and becomes as originally made.

Having Hires Instant Soluble Coffee, you no more trouble over the coffee pot and no more emptying coffee grounds. It means that elimination of waste. You use the coffee just as you want it—whenever you want it, too—and you don't have two or three cups left over in the pot.

And Hires Instant Soluble Coffee can now be secured in 30c tins or larger sizes for use in restaurants, hotels, clubs, and homes. The low price is due to the fact that with our exclusive process we extract 100 per cent. more juice from the bean than you can in making coffee in the old way. Get it in all stores.



Fresh Strawberry NOW

THE first plate of Hershey's Superior Ice Cream served makes all the other members of the family all the more anxious --- it looks delicious and is delicious and pleases always. Be sure it's

Hershey's
SUPERIOR
ICE CREAM

Hershey Creamery Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.

When thirsty Whistle for

WHISTLE
the pep of pure sugar and fruit in bottles

it will quench it

For Sale Everywhere
Distributor

WHISTLE BOTTLING CO.
1901-3 North Sixth Street
HARRISBURG, PA.
Bell Phone 3360 Dial 2237

Stretch Your Dollars

We can help stretch your income materially by clothing you or your family on our Easy Payment Plan.

Instead of planking down one lump sum for clothing come in here --- choose whatever you need --- pay a small amount down and the balance to suit your convenience. This plan permits you to make other purchases which you would otherwise have to put off.

Ashin & Marine Co.
36 N. 2nd St., Cor. Walnut