



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

"Mrs. Cosby!" I called again to the empty room.

Of course there wasn't any answer. I waited a minute or two as if I expected Valerie Cosby to materialize from some of the cobwebby chifons that were flung across chairs and doorknobs. Then, very quietly, I went out and shut the door noiselessly after me. I ran back to my own room and let myself in.

There was a big arm-chair over by the window. I sank down on it, and sitting stiffly on the edge, folded my hands and let my arms hang limply in front of me. I looked idly at the window pane, but I didn't think I was looking through it, exactly. My eyes seemed sightless, somehow—indifferent. Gradually, I began to notice that a silvery radiance was stealing through the room. I raised my eyes to follow it to the window—out into the night.

"Moonlight," I said, suddenly.

"Moonlight!"

Then I began to think—sullenly, resentfully.

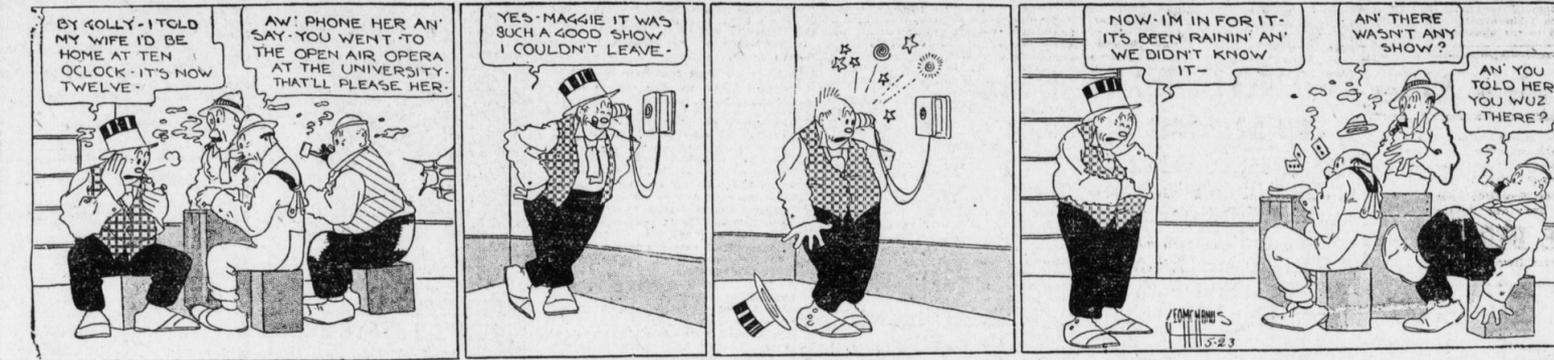
I hadn't seen Jim since before ten o'clock. It was after twelve now—nearer one. Perhaps there wasn't a thing to resent. Jim might be playing pool or more poker. He might indeed have been doing that all evening. Valerie Cosby might have gone down stairs again or she might have come upstairs by now.

He might. She might. But I knew better. I knew that Valerie Cosby and Jim were out in the moonlight together—knew that I was being made a fool of. And so was Lane Cosby. I wondered what he'd do if he knew. Valerie and Jim in the moonlight. There had been moonlight in our honeymoon week. As I sat there, dry-eyed and sullen, it seemed somehow that it was the moonlight I resented. Why hadn't they said they were going? Who'd have stopped them? Not I; surely not that indolgent, adoring "brown bear," Lane Cosby. They needn't have put it over on us like this. They needn't have taken

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



"Not when she has you—and Jim," I answered, keeping the implications out of my voice.

"That's so," he said, indolently. "Well, run along to bed. See you in the morning."

I went to bed and pretended to sleep. It fooled Jim when he came in an hour later—or perhaps he'd heard the proverb: "It's best to let sleeping dogs lie."

All day Sunday I avoided mention of the night before. We stayed out hours, open almost all day, and the days went by placidly enough. When we motored back to the city, Saturday's incident was seemingly forgotten. And when Jim went down to business Monday morning it was still unmentioned. I told myself that it was the merest episode—not to be thought of again—to be smiled over by me as indulgently as Lane Cosby did. But in my heart of hearts I knew it was a skeleton—locked in the closet perhaps—but there in spite of the lock of silence.

"I won't think of it! I won't think of it!" I kept telling myself as I straightened things up in my bedroom Monday morning. Then the phone jangled, and I answered, wondering how I'd treat her if it were Valerie.

"Anne?" asked a deep, vibrating voice I knew at once—an unforgettable, unmistakable voice. "This is Tony."

"All right," I replied, formally. "And you—and our Betty?"

"I want to tell you. . . . But first I want you to tell me why you ran away when I came."

"I didn't—I can't."

"Anne!" there was reproach in his tones, as if he were asking me not to fib to him. "Will you have lunch with me?"

"Yes," I said quietly, brushing aside Jim's feelings in the matter.

"I'll come for you at once. And don't forget I want to know why you ran away—from me!"

"I ran away from—you!" I echoed, incredulously, as I hung up the receiver.

(To Be Continued.)

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

There is one type of puzzled and distressed girlhood that writes to me more frequently than any other—it is the girl who though living at home is practically homeless. Sometimes she earns her living and sometimes she does not, but always she craves the unobtainable—a home that will be more than the place where she eats and sleeps.

And when she is a wage earner the case is harder than when she is not, because after eight hours' work she requires recreation almost more than she does food and sleep. All the youth in her cries aloud for it—that pent-up youth that during business hours has been trying to act as if it were an automaton.

But her parents have forgotten the call of youth that a score of years ago made restraint an irksome thing to them as it is to their daughter to-day. They say very naturally that they worked harder than she, and very likely it is true, but they cannot possibly need a normal social life as much as she needs it. The needs of youth are imperative. Something goes wrong if they are denied.

So when a girl writes me that she is meeting a young man on the sly and is worried over having to do so, I know, even if she does not confide in me, the sort of home she has. Perhaps the poor, overworked parents feel that they are doing all they can for their eldest daughter, and that in doing her a little legitimate liberty they are shielding her from temptation. But if they could look over my mail some morning they would realize there is a surer means of exposing a girl to peril than to keep her from having a normal social life at home.

Very likely they will "pooch pooh" this as a childish and shallow grievance. They do not realize the humiliation—even tragedy—of a girl's being unable to have the friends she makes downtown in business at her home because of the demands of a boisterous and tumultuous family.

All Children Together

Perhaps the younger children join in the merriment at her expense, threaten and carry out the threat of misbehaving when the company comes. And the short-sighted parents, regarding them as "all children together," aid and abet the younger fry in their amusement.

A sensitive girl does not repeat this experiment more than once or twice—it is too bitterly humiliating. And it begins to get about that her home life is "funny." Other girls with the intuitive sex jealousies of youth are not slow in spreading the report about the eccentricities of Mary's household, and young people

German Railroaders Held For Robbing American Food Cars

Coblenz, May 23.—Eight German railroad employes were arrested recently by American military police in Coblenz and charged with robbing United States army cars of food. One of the men, Gerhard Croom, was superintendent of the railroad yards in Coblenz, and the others were switchmen. Croom, who was taken to the office of the

provost marshal by an American private, was greatly humiliated by this procedure and protested vigorously.

The American military police allege German railway employes were caught separating food cars from a train arriving at night, switching a car onto a lonely siding, robbing it and dividing the plunder. Afterward the car would be returned to its proper place in the train.

KNOW THE SIGNS

"That young fellow looks furtive. Isn't he apt to try to pinch something?"

BON-OPTO SHARPENS VISION

Softens and heals the eyes and strengthens eyesight quickly, relieves inflammation in eyes and lids; sharpens vision and makes glasses unnecessary in many instances, says Doctor. Druggists refund your money if it fails. H. C. Kennedy, Croll Keller and J. Nelson Clark.

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In a low room you can see nearly all makes of electric washers and cleaners.

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At a saving of from One to Three Dollars on a pair. The latest in both Pumps and Oxfords, Louis or military heels.

The Need of **WHITE SHOES** well taken care of by us.

We are showing the most complete lines in the town.

White Canvas Oxfords, stitched tips, military heels.	White Kid Oxfords, turn soles, full Louis heels.
\$2.49	\$4.98
White Poplin Oxfords, plain narrow toe, Goodyear welted soles.	Misses' and Children's White Canvas Strap Pumps.
\$2.98	98c to \$1.49
White Canvas Strap Pumps, for growing girls.	Misses' and Children's White Canvas Lace Shoes.
\$1.25	\$1.25
and \$1.49	Misses' and Children's White Nu-Buck Shoes, in high lace.
White Poplin Pumps, turn soles, covered Louis heels.	\$2.49
\$1.98	and \$2.98
White Nu-Buck Oxfords, stitched tips, welted soles.	
\$3.98	

LADIES' PUMPS AND COLONIALS

With full Louis heels, turn soles; both patent and dull; long, slender vamps, with pointed toe; widths A to D.

\$3.98

OXFORDS IN DRESSY LASTS AND LEATHERS

Ladies' dull 2-strap Pumps, low heels.

\$1.98

Patent Oxfords are among the season's most popular footwear. We have a plentiful supply in both Louis and military heels.

\$3.98

Big Drive On MEN'S WORK SHOES

Tans and blacks, good-wearing shoes. In blucher and congress cuts; values in this lot up to \$3.50; all to go at

\$2.49

Scout Shoes for men in tan and black. Solid leather soles, soft pliable uppers.

\$2.69

Special offering in 'men's scouts, at

\$1.98

Some have rubber soles and there are values in this lot up to \$3; all at

\$1.98

Men's good looking tan shoes and oxfords at

\$3.98

Here are values that are worth at least \$2.00 a pair more. All have welted soles, good quality uppers, and come in both the English broad toe.

Special lines of men's black oxfords, all styles at

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BOYS' SHOES FOR \$1.98

This is surely good news for the parents of the boy who is so hard on his shoes. They come in black only, both button and blucher and the sizes run from little boys size 9 to the big fellows' 13. We assure you they are the best \$1.98 buy in Dauphin county.

Boys' Tan Scout Shoes, sizes 1 to 5 1/2.

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Little boys' sizes in the same shoe.

\$1.49

Boys' Dark Tan Dress Shoes in English or broad toes, solid leather soles, good quality uppers.

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MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S LOW SHOES

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Full of Flavor

Do the work of meat at far less cost

Spaghetti
Ketchup
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57

2819—This neat simple little model may be finished without the collar trimming. It is nice for all wash fabrics, for serge, gabardine, silk and crepe. The closing is at the center front under the crossing of the collar portions.

The Pattern is cut in sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 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 Pattern No.
Address
City and State

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

2819

A PLEASING DESIGN

2819—This neat simple little model may be finished without the collar trimming. It is nice for all wash fabrics, for serge, gabardine, silk and crepe. The closing is at the center front under the crossing of the collar portions.

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Name Pattern No.
Address
City and State

Advice to the Lovelorn

EVERYTHING UNDESIRABLE

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am sixteen and considered good looking. A short time ago I met a man sixteen years my senior, with whom I fell in love at first sight. He told me he had a sick wife and three children, but is trying to divorce his wife as she is sick and makes life unpleasant for him. My parents told him not to go with me. Since then he does not seem to care for me, as he always disappoints me and does not answer my letters. Now Miss Fairfax, I love this man very dearly and forgive him all; but I cannot marry him as he wants to keep his children and I am too young to be a stepmother of three children. Please advise me what to do.

BROKEN-HEARTED SIXTEEN.

The man you describe seems to have every undesirable quality. He is twice your age, and is also unkind to an invalid wife. Your parents were quite right in putting a stop to his attentions to a child of your age, and I hope you will turn your attention to getting an education instead of a lover. As for the man, he is not worth discussing.

ARE KISSING GAMES PROPER

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Do you think it proper for boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen to play kissing games at small gatherings each week?

CONSTANCE E.

No, I do not. I have always objected to them. There are plenty of other ways for young people to amuse themselves.

Children and grown-ups love the delicious wheat and barley food — Grape-Nuts

It builds body and brain