



Reading for women and the family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LITTLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CCXVIII.

"Five hundred dollars isn't enough!" I repeated, staring back at Phoebe and beginning to feel as frightened as she looked.

Her lips parted and she shaped herself to speak, but I had to read what she said since I couldn't hear a syllable. Incredulously, with a question after them, I repeated the words my eyes had read from her lips:

"It's twice that much? You say you need twice that much?"

Phoebe looked down at her twisting hands. Her long lashes were fluttering against her cheeks and after a moment a tear or two crept down and made a salt track to her trembling mouth. She got out her little handkerchief and dabbed busily at her eyes. Then she seized the glass of ice water and began to drink feverishly. Finally, with her shoulders hunched forward dejectedly, she whispered:

"What do you think of me, Anne? Whatever you think, please stand by me. I'm so tired—and scared—I can't go through this alone. And I can't bother Virginia. She has enough to make her unhappy. Will you stand by me, Anne?"

"Whatever it is, Phoebe, I will stand by. And I'll see you through, too," I promised. I said quietly:

Phoebe seemed to realize that I was making a vow. She smiled at me mistily, but with some of the dear simplicity of the Phoebe who had come to the city at the close of my honeymoon days. Because she looked so like a little girl, the dear little girl who had loved Neal, I knew that, no matter what the cost, I was going to try to save Phoebe from her debts and her fear.

"If you trust me, Phoebe—and will tell me the story from the beginning, I'm sure we'll find a way out," I said.

"I'll tell you," she gasped. "Only

Bringing Up Father

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By McManu



and me. And he says it's perfectly all right and that he'll take it off my allowance when we're married."

"When you're married!" I repeated, wondering if I'd dreamed all the tenderness with which Phoebe had been referring to Neal.

"I thought I could once. I wasn't happy. And he was good to me. I thought—boys went away and forgot and let people wear them away from you. And Dick West seemed to be here just when I needed him. I thought I could marry him, Anne, but I can't—I don't love him."

"But it isn't!" protested Phoebe frantically. "If I were going to marry him I wouldn't be so bad, my letting him—carry my stocks. But last night he—grabbed me and kissed me. It's horrible to be kissed by—the wrong man. So that's how I knew I never could marry him. And I told him so. And he said if he wasn't anything to me, what would people say about my taking money from him?"

"The cat!" I muttered. And in a flash my doubts of Dick West, crowded back multiplied a hundredfold. I remembered Terry and smiled grimly. This time Dick West wasn't going to prove an alibi and his own nobility.

"There's more," cried Phoebe. "There's much more. And that's why I have to get that thousand dollars, no matter—how. He says what I do think people will say about Virginia—separated from her husband, and letting a man pay my debts while she squanders Pat's money on herself. I could stand their talking about me, but if it comes to Virginia—"

"I'll have to marry Dick West!" I'll have to, Anne—unless you find a way out."

(To Be Continued.)

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XV.

"Why, my dear child, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Duffield stared at Desiree, amazed at her flashing eyes.

Perhaps, she reflected, Desiree was never quite as pretty as when she was a girl. Her dark beauty was enhanced by the vivid pink in her cheeks, and her brown eyes seemed actually to snap. She was like her mother when she was young. But why was the child so indignant now?

"What did Mr. Jefferson say?" Mrs. Duffield insisted. "You were very nearly rude to him, my dear—shutting the door almost in his face. Did he not even waiting for Smith to close it?"

"I don't care!" Desiree exclaimed. "It is none of his business who or what my chauffeur is! I wish people would not ask impertinent questions. She stopped abruptly, aware that David was standing at the car door, awaiting her orders.

"Where now, please, miss?" he inquired, touching his cap.

"Oh—I—Aunt Sylvia, is there anywhere you want to go now?" she stammered.

"Why, my dear," her aunt reminded her, "we planned to go to Mrs. Hobart's tea, didn't we?"

"Of course! How stupid of me! Drive to Mrs. Hobart's, Smith. Wait for me, please. I shall be ready in a few minutes, my dear."

When she had found the address, she gave it quickly, and, as she did so, she looked into her chauffeur's face. Did she only fancy that she saw an appeal in his eyes, as if he were asking her pardon?

A Bit of Curiosity

"Well," Mrs. Duffield repeated when the car was away, "what did Mr. Jefferson say? And, by the way, I am afraid David overheard your remark about him just now—I mean your remark about my chauffeur's business who your chauffeur is. He was standing right by the door, and the window was open all the time."

"Yes—so I saw when it was too late. But I never saw his face. His place too well to let me suspect he overheard anything."

"You want to know what Mr. Jefferson said that vexed me so much? Well, he asked me how it happened—or as good as asked me how it happened—that Smith was not in the service. The idea of his daring to ask that! Is who ought to be in uniform himself?"

"But, my dear, he is past the draft age. He must be past thirty-five."

"Draft age!" scoffed the girl. "If he is so keenly patriotic, he could get into the service even if he is a couple of years over age. Lots of men have done it. He is perfectly well and strong. He knows why I am afraid David overheard your remark about him just now—I mean your remark about my chauffeur's business who your chauffeur is. He was standing right by the door, and the window was open all the time."

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ing his excellent figure and correct carriage.

"I simply want to tell you, Miss, that I am sorry I aroused uncomfortable comment by assuming I mean, by talking like an Irishman. I did it because—"

But she interrupted him.

"I understand, Smith. Mr. Leighton has warned me that you have been in the service. I am sure you have your own reasons for this preference. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it is only natural that you should not care to have people know of your past."

(To Be Continued.)

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

We are told in the greatest of all poems, "The Waste Land," that there is a time to every purpose, a time to every plan, a time to every pursuit, and a time to every end. We have lived through the terrible killing and breaking-down period, and now, here, a time for rebuilding and building up. But we cannot merely sit down and rejoice; we have got to get busy. Our first duty is to supply jobs for the returning soldiers; and in the effort to do this, we, as always, can play a big part.

A government department created for the purpose of securing work for the discharged boys has started out on the policy of persuading people generally to "spruce up."

Now, here is an essentially feminine opportunity, and one which woman thoroughly understands. From beginning of time she has used much of her energy in inducing man to spruce up.

In a womanless world there would be neither tailors nor haberdashers, merely a few blanket-weavers in cold climates.

Woman is now offered the chance of following her soul's inclination and doing a patriotic duty at the same time.

Of course the house needs painting. It hasn't had a fresh coat since the war. Also, the ceiling needs to be cemented, and there's a lot of carpenter work and repairing to be done. The plumbing needs repiping, and the woodwork is a sight. Don't waste your ingenuity and eye up all to gray matter in your brain trying to make the house look habitable. It needs to be gone over from top to bottom.

Go and tell the neighbors what you are planning; stir up envy and emulation among them, so that they will go and do likewise. Swamp the contractors with orders.

When he hears of your intentions, your husband will probably draw down the corners of his mouth and say: "We won't do anything of the kind until things are in a more settled condition," failing to see that this is the way to get them in a more settled condition.

But you know how to manage him. Do it now. Nagging or coaxing, whichever method he responds to.

Remind him that everyone concedes the country is on the verge of such prosperity and success as has not existed since the days of the great depression. Now they can look down on the thrifty and waste a little in order to maintain their country's honor.

The soldiers are returning to their own beautiful, rich, splendid, generous country at the rate of one hundred thousand a month, and every jobless ex-soldier is a blot in our national soul, a reflection upon our pride and patriotism.

It is only a year ago that these men fought for the world, and now they are back in the world as an unknown quantity. If they had failed, this country could never have held up its head again. We should have been bowed in the dust with humiliation.

But they covered themselves with glory; they crowned America with new and fresh laurels. And now at the present time they are big enough to show our eternal gratitude.

It is maddening to sit and sigh because there are thousands of soldiers out there, and shedding a few sentimental tears, or shaking your head and grumbling over conditions isn't going to help.

The thing to do is get busy. We can't race around and beg the government or that to give jobs to the discharged men, but we can help to create such a demand for labor that every man will find a place.

Therefore, spend your money like water. Go into debt if necessary; you can pay it later. But show that the same spirit that animated our boys when they turned back the German tide last July lives in us to-day; and if it takes your last dollar, spend.

Spruce up! Spend your money as they spent their blood—for the honor of America.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



2843—Here is a charming summer dress, a model good for organdie, foulard, shantung, lawn, batiste, silk, handkerchief linen, crepe and voile. The band trimming may be of lace, net or embroidery.

The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 7/8 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about two yards.

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

"The End of the Road" to Present Moral Issue

A conference was held at the Capitol between the heads of the State Department of Health, and the officers and representatives of Public Health Films, the organization that has been requested by the state health officials to screen the educational motion picture "The End of the Road." Isaac Silverman, Managing Director of Public Health Films, Richard G. Conover the Director of Publicity, and Edward H. Griffith the author and director of the drama, talked over all the details of presentation with a view to emphasizing and employing its educational values to the fullest extent.

The picture is to be shown for an entire week at the Victoria Theater from June 16 to June 21, inclusive. Prior to this regular exhibition, however, there is to be a private preliminary screening at the Orpheum Theater, Wednesday night at 8 P. M. to which the Rotary Club as a body has arranged to come and to act as host to members of the Kiwanis Club. In addition, the various state and city officers have been invited, as well as other prominent citizens.

The exhibition of the picture will mark an aggressive step taken by the Pennsylvania State Department of Health to play a pioneer part in the crusade to raise the physical standard of the Commonwealth.

Harrisburgers to Speak at Convention in York

George E. Foss, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Chamber of Commerce, and Warren E. Jackson, secretary of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce, will speak at the annual convention of the Pennsylvania Commercial Secretaries' convention to be held Friday and Saturday of this week at York. Mr. Foss will talk on "Membership Development and Maintenance" and Mr. Jackson on "City Planning for Third Class Cities." The relationship between capital and labor, problems of the returning soldier and city planning will be the main themes of the convention.

Use Cuticura Soap To Clear Your Skin

All druggists: Soap 25c, Ointment 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Soap, Ointment."

FRIDAY Another Big Sale of APRONS

Another Special Purchase of The Jennings Mfg. Co. Harrisburg, Pa. Buy Made-In-Harrisburg Aprons Full Particulars Announced Later KAUFMAN'S UNDERSELLING STORE

COLUMBUS CAFE

Club Plate Dinner, 50¢ 11.30 to 2.30 Sea Food Plate Dinner, \$1 6 to 8

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Fully Accredited 15 S. Market Square Dial 4393 (Clip this and send it at once for full information)

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

KEEP IT SWEET
Keep your stomach sweet today and ward off the indigestion of tomorrow—try **KI-MOIDS** the new aid to digestion—as pleasant and as safe to take as candy.

MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION



A Timely Money Saving Sale of Cretonnes

Our entire stock of high grade exclusive Cretonnes is REDUCED—None reserved. In view of advancing prices our low sale prices are most unusual money-saving values.

Cretonnes of every imaginable color and color combination and for every use. All our regular stocks—none specially purchased for sale purpose.

- Lot No. 1-- 39c Cretonnes regularly sold at 50c to 65c per yard to go at.
- Lot No. 2-- 59c Cretonnes regularly sold at 65c to \$1 per yard to go at.
- Lot No. 3-- 89c Cretonnes regularly sold at \$1 to \$1.50 per yard to go at.

DRAPERY DEPARTMENT—SECOND FLOOR. **GOLDSMITH'S** Central Pennsylvania's Best Furniture Store NORTH MARKET SQUARE

SPOKE TOO SOON

The following story is told of a greatly beloved judge whose home is at Clarksville, Tenn.

An obstreperous citizen was haled to court, charged with having ridden his horse through a store, with resultant damage to a stock of merchandise. At the end of the trial the judge said: "I will fine the defendant \$25."

"Got it right here in my jeans," answered the defendant briskly.

"And thirty days," continued the judge. "Have you got that in your jeans?"

Daily Dot Puzzle

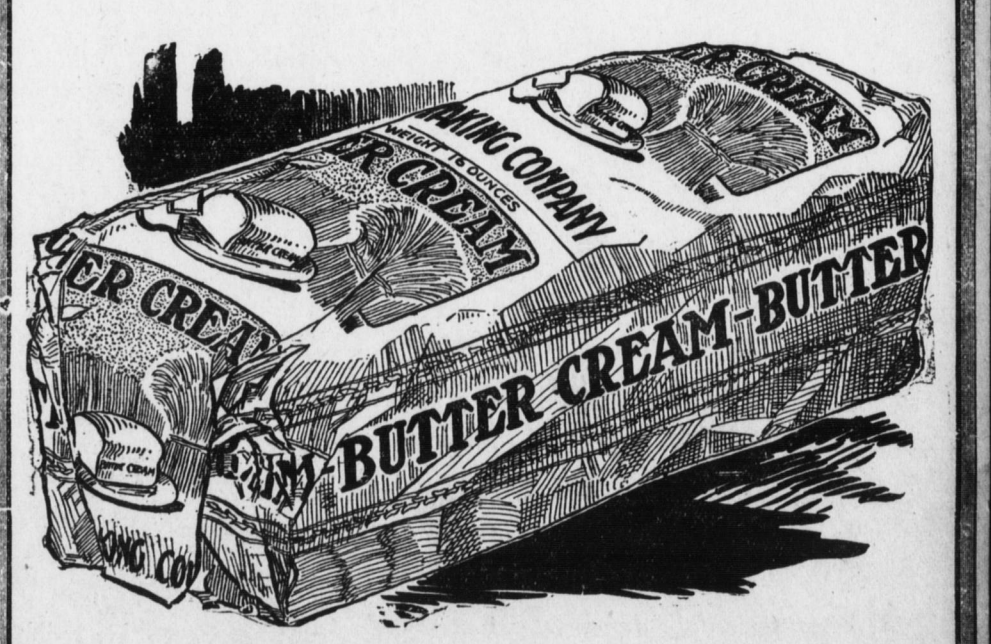
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Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless and never irritates.



The more popular **BUTTER CREAM BREAD** becomes, the less we have to say about it. Tell the grocer you want Butter Cream **HARRISBURG BAKING CO.**