

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LITTLE

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

### Chapter CCXXIV.

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I rushed down the path to the river, I couldn't hear a sound but the slap-slap of water against the boat landing. When I came at Tom Mason, staring at the bend of the river where an upturned canoe was just floating into sight.

He turned to me with a quiet that seemed to belie the mad words he had uttered a moment before, and said:

"The water starts sucking things down just below here. You'd see the canoe pulled down into the whirlpool in a second if I didn't go after it and paddle upstream to find the woman who screamed."

He was flinging off coat and shoes as he spoke, and in another moment he would have plunged into the current, but a shout stopped him. Close to the bank, tacking across stream to avoid the treacherous currents, a man supporting a woman swam toward us. Tom seemed to understand the shouts or the plan and ran at once to the boat landing. The sun was in my eyes and for a second I wasn't able to make out the figures.

Suddenly the world seemed to turn black and to whirl about me, for I saw that it was Neal who swam laboriously toward us, and he was towing Evvy with one arm. In another moment Tom was lifting Evvy's gill figure to the landing, and I was helping him drag Neal and Evvy to safety.

"Is she—alive?" gasped Neal.

Vigorously Tom seized Evvy and prepared to roll her over on her face, but just then Evvy stirred, opened her wide blue eyes and murmured:

"Neal, Neal—are you all right, dear?"

"Of course he is," I replied, stepping into Evvy's line of vision. "It's you we were worrying about."

Whereupon a frown puckered Evvy's brows and her face took on a sulky expression that almost made me burst out laughing, for I could imagine her muttering to herself:

"Fshaw! A girl doesn't come near drowning in such good company every day. Now why do you have to butt in on the rescue?"

In that absurd interlude, when nothing was said, Evvy and I came pretty near understanding each other. Then Neal fell on his knees at Evvy's side and was absurdly chafing her wrists.

"Can you walk, or shall I carry you?" he asked through chattering teeth.

"Help me, please, dear," said Evvy, conducting herself as if her cousin and Neal's sister weren't there.

So, with Tom and me bringing up the rear in grave silence, we started on for home. Presently, when we got to the top of the river path, Evvy stopped, leaning weakly against Neal's broad young shoulder.

"You two go first. I can't walk so fast," she murmured.

"Shan't I carry you?" suggested Tom.

"Oh, no—Tommy. You and Anne go ahead and have them get hot blankets ready. I'll not give in because I have a dance on to-night and I wouldn't disappoint all of you for the world. Wasn't Neal wonderful—the way he saved me?"

"I'd never seen a half-drowned person before, but Evvy mantled in trailing yellow locks and pathetically leaning on Neal, looked to me more like part of a stage setting than a girl who had been saved from death at the edge of a mill-race.

Neal was quiet and solemn now. Actually, he seemed terrified as he strolled along back of us with Evvy clinging to him. I wanted to baby him and to tell him that everything was all right, but the pathetic Evvy held the center of the stage and I couldn't oust her from it.

To Tom I said nothing. I couldn't. We hurried up to the house breathlessly and gave our orders. Then I sat waiting for a moment, along with Neal. I got it, after Tom had tucked him into hot blankets where he lay looking like a solemn young war spaniel.

"Have you seen her?" Is she all right, Babbs?" he asked in a tone that had peculiar weariness in it.

"I was waiting outside your door to see if you were all right, lad," I explained. "Mrs. Cosby's wish Evvy and Jim too—I think."

"Oh, I'm all right," retorted Neal impatiently waving himself aside with a vague gesture. "It's Evvy who counts—poor little Evvy. It was all my fault, Babbs. If she'd died, I'd have killed her. I—I—were talking and I hurt her, upset her sort of and she started to get her handkerchief or something, and then all of a sudden we were in the water. It's a terrible responsibility for a fellow—almost drowning a girl."

"Well, maybe you upset Evvy, but it seems to me that it was Evvy who upset the boat," I replied trying to laugh it off. "She's perfectly all right. Now why don't you take a little nap before dinner? You've nothing to worry about. You were a hero and saved her."

"You think that makes up for anything?" asked Neal sitting up among the pillows and seizing my hand.

"Of course," I replied, pushing him down among the pillows again and kneeling with my head beside his red curls so sleek and disciplined now. Then I whispered, "Neal, darling—live such good news for you. I was with Phoebe yesterday for lunch. And I think she—I think if you were to be very nice—Oh, Neal, laddie, what's the use of beating about the bush? Phoebe still cares for you. Isn't that wonderful?"

With astonishing strength Neal pushed me away and turned on his side so that his face was buried among the pillows and his voice came to me muffled by the bed clothes.

"Babbs, I'm all in. All in," he

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

### CHAPTER XVIII.

repeated. "Go way, dear, and let me think—sleep, I mean."

"Neal!" I murmured leaning over him. "Tell Babbs. Let Babbsie help you."

There was no answer. So after a moment or two I tiptoed away. Before I had taken half a dozen steps down the hall I heard the key turn in the lock of Neal's door. I went back and shook it, but there was no answer.

(Copyright, 1919, Star Company.)

More than once on Sunday evening, David reminded himself that a woman of Miss Bristol's type would not give a second glance to an ordinary chauffeur.

It was necessary to his peace of mind that he believe this. For after driving Mr. and Miss Leighton to White Plains and Scarsdale to make several afternoon calls, he received an order that took his breath away.

"Smith," Mr. Leighton said to him and Desiree stepped from the limousine, "I want you to be at the Hotel Astor in time to bring a lady here to supper. Daughter, to Desiree, 'what time did you tell Miss Bristol to be ready?'"

"At a quarter of seven," the girl replied. Then to David,—"Just send in word that the car is there for Miss Bristol. Understand?"

"Yes, Miss," David touched his cap. "I understand."

"As if he could misunderstand!" he mused as he drove away. He was certainly facing an uncomfortable situation.

It was only 6 o'clock, yet dusk was coming on. In three-quarters of an hour it would be dark.

What good was the darkness in New York? One could be seen as clearly as a daylight if one stood at the side of one's car in a brilliantly lighted hotel entrance. What should he do?

He was not a drinking man. Had he been, he might have taken a glass of whisky in the vain hope of steadying his nerves. But he had a conviction that there was a way out of every scrape, so there must be one out of this.

The way upon which he decided at last was to appear remiss in his duties as the driver of a gentleman's car. Therefore, after setting in by the doorman at the Astor the announcement that Mr. Leighton's car was awaiting Miss Bristol—he returned to his seat and remained there, his cap pulled low over his eyes, even when Miss Bristol emerged, policed by an obsequious flunkey.

He looked straight ahead while the attendant assisted the elderly spinster to her seat and tucked the robe about her knees. When David heard the door of the limousine shut he started his engine and without a backward glance, drove out to Fifth avenue.

So far so good! Miss Bristol had not recognized him.

But the end was not yet. As he drove up to the Leightons' house and glanced at the windows there was nobody watching for him. It was his place to conduct her up the steps and ring the bell for her.

It was too great a risk. He dare not attempt it. Acting on a swift impulse, he sprang from his seat and ran up the steps of the house and rang the doorbell.

Norah answered the summons. She smiled broadly and said: "Why, hello, Smith!" she greeted him.

Her face changed as she noted the stern expression on the countenance of the young man.

"Good evening!" he said brusquely. "Please announce that Miss Bristol is here."

He tries to smile.

Norah gasped. "Sure I will—but it's up to you to bring her up the steps to the door, Smith."

David set his jaw. "I can't," he declared. "Then, with a happy inspiration, he spoke eagerly. "Norah, come down and help this lady up the steps, won't you?"

"But it's not my place," she began.

"Just to please me," he begged softly.

She flushed and laughed. "Oh, all right!" she agreed. "I will, but whatever ails you—silly thing!"

He tried to smile. He must give some explanation.

"I'm a bit timid with old ladies, my dear," he confessed. "You know better how to manage them than a clumsy man like myself does. So that is why I want you to come out and help this nice elderly lady into the house."

Suddenly, to her surprise, his manner altered. Seizing her quickly by the arm, he ran down the front steps with her, then, leaving her, crossed the pavement, and sprang back into his seat while she opened the door and helped the occupant to alight.

Once seated, he looked neither to the right nor the left. In the moment during which he had been chatting with Norah he had seen his young mistress descending the stairs to the lower hall.

That was why he had gripped Norah's arm and fastened her away before Desiree could interpose.

Although he was sure that Desiree had seen his action, that did not worry him particularly. His only fear had been that she would reach the front door before the maid had a chance to follow his suggestion.

When Miss Bristol had disappeared into the house, David DeLaine sat still and waited. Had he taken the guest up to the front door, Miss Leighton would doubtless have told him when to return. As it was, he must now ring the bell again and ask for orders.

He wished he dared to drive away without further instructions. But that would be unwise.

Once more he rang, and again Norah appeared.

"Oh," she said confidently, "it's good you came back, Miss Leigh— you may go," Norah," she said sharply. Then, coldly, to David: "Smith, be back here with the car to take Miss Bristol to her hotel at 10 o'clock."

After which, without another word, she returned to the drawing room.

(To Be Continued.)

## Brain Works For Hand in Century of Machinery

Among other results the world war hastened and forced the development of machinery well nigh to the tenth power. But for the intensified improvement of labor-saving machinery humanity would despair and desist from the task of meeting the world's needs to-day. Yet less than 100 years ago men were opposing the introduction of machinery on principle, the Baltimore Sun says. The human hand is still the most wonderful and adaptable machine. But compare the results of the old labor and the new.

A hand brickmaker, assisted by four or five helpers, can mold about 500 bricks an hour. By hand and continuous work through a season of twenty weeks this man would pile up to his credit 500,000 bricks. This record is, however, easily beaten by a brick-making machine, which, even fifty years ago, could press 1500 bricks an hour.

The best files are still made by hand, but a great many machine-made files are passed off as hand-made. The manual worker toilsfully and patiently cuts each line of the file with hammer and chisel.

Figures show that in ten working hours an industrious file-cutter delivered 45,000 blows, the majority of them with a hammer weighing seven and a half pounds, so that his total effort for the day was equivalent to moving 142 tons the distance of one hammer's stroke.

The file-cutting machine delivers its powerful cuts almost as rapidly

as a sewing machine thrusts its needle up and down—that is, at the rate of 1000 or more strokes a minute. All manner of nice adjustments can be made to suit the character of the file in the machine. The result has been a great cheapening of the ordinary kinds of files. One of the very earliest successful machines reduced the cost of a file to about one-eighth of that of the earlier hand-made ones.

Spinning by hand is now scarcely known. The Australian aborigines twist thread with the finger and thumb as a shoemaker sometimes twists twine.

A certain Norfolk lady named Tringle spun a pound of wool into 84,000 yards of thread, or nearly forty-eight miles. But this performance was far excelled by that of Miss Ives of Spalding, who spun, we are told, the same weight of wool into 168,000 yards, or ninety-five and one-half miles of yarn. These results are very exceptional. Ordinary spinners produced only from 15,000 to 40,000 yards a pound.

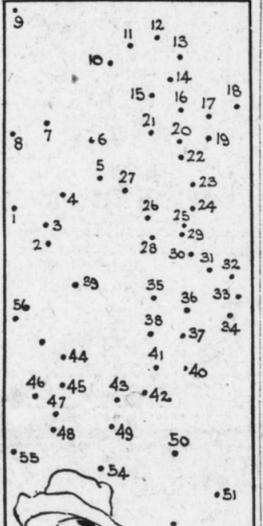
The latter results are well within the capacity of modern spinning machines. A medium count of cotton yarn contains, let us say, forty hanks to the pound, a hank being 840 yards. This gives us 33,600 yards to the pound.

Envelopes were at first made by hand, but machinery was soon adapted to the work. The first of these was a cutter, which cut out a pile of blank shapes at one operation. These blanks were folded and gummed by hand, the folder using a sort of bone knife. A skillful workman could turn out about 3000 envelopes a day.

In a comparatively short time, however, a machine was perfected which not only folded and gummed the envelopes, but embossed, pressed, counted and stacked them, and its output was about 3,000 an hour.

At every turn we see the hands and the brain pitted against each other, and the brain is ever taking work from the hands to the advantage of the world.—Knoxville Sentinel.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



### A PRETTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL

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### A Short Visit With a Lasting Memory

"I never know what to make for dessert when the maid's away," said Mrs. Martin as she glanced at the clock, but put aside her worry.

"Let me get it for you," said Mrs. Blair who was visiting her for a few days. "I'd love to do it."

Dinner time came, and Mrs. Blair, who had insisted on making the dessert, brought it in, and with the table and returned with a rich, brown chocolate blanc mange.

"Tastes even better than it looks," said Mrs. Martin delightedly. "How did you make it?"

"Why this Pudding," replied Mrs. Blair mysteriously, "wonderful Pudding."

"I insist upon knowing all about it. Where did you get it and what is it?" laughed her friend.

"I'll tell you. I slipped out and got it as your grocer's," said Mrs. Blair. "I don't love to tell you, but if there was one thing I couldn't make, it was cornstarch pudding, or blanc mange. Then I heard of Pudding."

"Is it hard to make, or expensive?" interrupted Mrs. Martin.

"Oh, no, indeed. All you have to do is to add milk, either fresh or condensed, and sugar, and boil for three minutes. Then when it's cool, you have a firm, rich mound of delicious creamy dessert. And a 15c box of Pudding will serve 15 people."

"The only thing is," objected Mrs. Martin, "the children are not so fond of chocolate, and I guess, it's really too rich for them anyhow."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Mrs. Blair. "It isn't too rich. Why, it's so pure and wholesome you can let them have as much as they want—and it comes in any number of flavors—rose vanilla, orange, lemon—said you can make all sorts of things with Pudding—creamy cake and pie fillings, and smooth ice cream."

"That being the case," smiled Mrs. Martin, who had listened to their conversation with interest, "I vote for Pudding. It certainly is good."

"Pudding can be had at your grocer's. Order a box to-day!—Adv.

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