



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 CXXXVI
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Valerie Cosby glided noiselessly down the corridor and stopped at last at a door which she opened silently. Then she turned with her finger on her lips.

"This is my room," she whispered. "I came up to rest—I was feeling a little done up. I thought I'd get a breath of air, so I stepped out on this balcony. Come with me," and, seizing my arm, she drew me out after her. "And I found that it wasn't a mere balcony from my window, but a long gallery that runs around the house."

With her hand on my wrist, Valerie pulled me down the gallery after her. At the end there was a summer house of two decks, built right into the gallery, with stairs leading down from the upper to the lower floor.

"Hush!" whispered Valerie. "I brought you here to see the ticks that little Mason is playing with your young brother. I thought you ought to know," she added, virtuously, but in the moonlight I could see her eyes flash as they had when she turned from Mrs. Stoughton to Evvy an hour before.

"My brother?" I questioned vaguely. "Why, I thought he's gone." Then I stopped. There was no earthly reason why Val should know of Neal's packed suitcase nor yet of my hope that he had gone back to Phoebe.

"He was hurrying down the path when I came out. I saw Evvy Mason run down from the upper balcony here and drag him into the summer house down below. They're probably there now."

At that I started toward the ladder-like stairway leading from one floor of the summer house to the other. What I intended to do if I found Evvy and Neal together I didn't know. Nor was there any reason why they shouldn't be together. But I felt that Neal needed me—and I knew that Phoebe had never needed me more. I was going to fight for her happiness, even if I made an abject fool of myself in doing it. Valerie caught my shoulder in her purty white hands.

"Hush! They'll hear you," she warned spitefully. "Hear me?" I echoed impatiently. "They're welcome. I'm no spy." At that a voice called: "Who's up on the balcony?"

"It's Anne, Evvy," I replied to her in breathless, husky syllables. "Mrs. Cosby and I came up to our rooms—to freshen up a bit. And here we are taking the air."

"Come down—both of you—and hear the news," commanded Evvy with much sweetness. My heart contracted and my hands went cold. But I started down the steps. As I went I caught Valerie's mocking eyes. They said as plainly as words: "We've ruffed it! We're too late."

In a moment I reached the ground floor of the little summer house. I noticed the faint, musty smell of old wood even before I saw Evvy standing close to Neal with her head on his heart and his arms awkwardly around her. She ran from him to me and caught my hands in hers.

"Oh, Anne!" she cried. "Anne—you tell her, Neal!" Neal looked up and beyond me to the stairs, where I perceived Valerie standing, a tall white figure in the moonlight. And then he spoke in a stilted voice that didn't sound at all like his boyish, slangy self.

"Evvy has just done me the honor to say she'll—marry me." I tightened my hands over Neal's, but I couldn't make a single word come from my dry throat. Neal hadn't even had time to tell me he hadn't. Wasn't his suitcase packed? Hadn't he been all ready to run away—to Phoebe? I started to shake Evvy's clinging hands off and to demand an explanation of how she had dragged him to the summer house and forced a proposal from him. Even with Valerie Cosby there to witness the humiliation and cheapness of it all, I was ready to make a scene. But Evvy forestalled me.

"He was running away, the darling!" she cried, looking up at Neal with lips that longed to protest. "I'm going in to tell them all now," cried Evvy after a moment or two. "I want them all to know how happy we are. We are happy, aren't we, dearest?"

Neal stooped and drew Evvy toward him. Then he looked almost defiantly at Val and me. "Very happy," he said. "And to think I had to stop my proud darling almost by force from running away from me," laughed Evvy huskily.

Neal's eyes caught mine and held them for a second. He was giving me a command—that I felt sure. "But for the first time in my life I didn't understand Neal. I couldn't get the message he was trying to send me." (To Be Continued)

Chamion Jess Willard's "Own Story" is printed every day in "The Philadelphia Press."

Bringing Up Father



WHY DON'T YOU GO IN BATHING. I'LL DO YOU GOOD.

DO YOU THINK I WANT TO GET ALL SUN-BURNED?

YOU MAKE ME SICK. I'M GOING BACK TO THE HOTEL.

I WISH WE WUZ GOIN' BACK TO THE CITY.

I-ER-A-HUH??

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THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XIX
(Copyright, 1919, Star Company)

Mrs. Duffield formed the fourth member of the party at the supper table at the Leightons' on Sunday night.

Miss Bristol, always loquacious, talked a great deal about the old friend at whose house she had first met Desiree.

"I miss dear Miss DeLaine sadly," she remarked. "My dear, I wonder if you have any idea how much she loved you?"

"She was very good to me," Desiree admitted, "and I was fond of her." "She had so few people to love," Miss Bristol continued. "Her brother David—the father of the nephew she was so devoted to—died years ago, you know. There was another brother—but he was a queer person, and she did not hear from him for a good while before her death."

"I did not know she had another brother," Desiree said. "No? Well she seldom mentioned him. It seems that when her father died he left a handsome fortune to his three children. The younger brother, David, spent his lavishly, made foolish investments, and died poor, leaving nothing for his only child—young David."

"The other brother, Francis, went out West with his money and became interested in some mining enterprise and grew very rich. At least he was wealthy when Miss Jeanne last heard of him. But he was a recluse, and, I fancy, a miser. I do not even know if he is alive now. Miss Jeanne invested her fortune wisely. I suppose David is her heir, and strange to say, I met the lad at church here in New York this morning."

"Indeed!" Desiree ejaculated. "We heard he was in France." "He sails to-morrow," with a laugh, she said to-morrow, with a laugh, she said over here, perhaps on business connected with his aunt's property."

Mr. Leighton smiled, raising his brows skeptically. "He claims—does he?—that the government would allow him to return to this country on private business," he remarked, sarcastically. "If he told you that he was drawing a long bow."

"Oh, no, he did not tell me just that," Miss Bristol hastened to explain. "I only mean that he said he was sailing at once for France, and I took it for granted that he had come here on business. Perhaps he may not even have been across the ocean yet. But I have an idea that his aunt told me he had gone."

"She may have been mistaken," Mrs. Duffield ventured. Desiree remembered that Miss Bristol's memory was not the best in the world, and that Miss DeLaine had remarked with affectionate amusement on Mary Bristol's ability for getting things mixed up. So the girl smiled indulgently now at her guest's statements.

"What branch of the service is young DeLaine in?" Mr. Leighton inquired. "I do not know. I declare I never even noticed what kind of a uniform he had on this morning when I met him. I am most unobservant. But I think he is in the navy, or of some dark blue material."

"Then he is in the navy," Mr. Leighton hazarded. "But I am sure it was not one of those regular sailor-suits that he wore. There was no white braid about it—or I would have noticed that. And I think his things fitted tightly."

"Probably he has his commission by now and wears an officer's uniform," the host suggested. "That would account for his being in New York—I mean being in the navy, would you account for it? He may be on a transport which is in New York, and he may have a few days on shore. He sails to-morrow, you say?"

"Yes—I think that is what he said. You never met him, my dear, did you?" Miss Bristol questioned, turning to Desiree. "No, I never did."

"So he said," the spinster informed her. Desiree flushed. "How did he happen to mention that fact to you?" she demanded.

"Oh, in the course of our conversation I remarked that I was coming here to-night and reminded him, that you had been a favorite of his aunt's. He said he had never called on you when you were in Baltimore."

"No—nor when he has been here," Desiree supplemented stiffly. "I am not particularly anxious to meet him—certainly not anxious enough ever to suggest his coming to my house. Mrs. Duffield hastily introduced another topic of conversation. She feared that Desiree might make some remark that was derogatory to a young man whom Miss Bristol evidently liked."

After supper, when her guests had gone into the drawing room, Desiree slipped out into the hall for a word alone with her father. "Dad," she said, "you really should give Smith a few points in manners. I was surprised at the way he behaved this evening. I saw him myself get into the car and sit

Thirteen Sons Killed in Battle Against the Hun

Paris, June 19.—Thirteen sons killed on the field of battle, three discharged with grave injuries one wounded four different times, the father and one daughter summarily shot by the Germans for going to Lille to celebrate the centennial anniversary of a relative, and another daughter killed by a German shell at Dunkirk, is the record of the family of M. Vanhee, a French farmer of Reminghe, near Ypres.

M. Vanhee had 36 children, 22 sons and 14 daughters all of whom were living when the war broke out. One of his sons was valet to Pope Plus X, he returned to France to fight and was wounded in each of four different engagements. One of the sons lost both legs, another returned from the front blind and deaf, and another underwent the trepanning operation.

TO GET MEDICAL DEGREE Among those who will receive the degree of doctor of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University commences

ment exercises next Tuesday will be William Minster Kunkel, son of Judge and Mrs. George Kunkel. The exercises will take place at the Academy of Music in Baltimore.

SORENESS in joints or muscles, give a brisk massage with— VICK'S VAPORUB "YOUR BODYGUARD"—50¢, 60¢, 75¢.

CONSIDER TRAINING SCHOOL. Definite action on the question of whether the teachers' training school will be continued next year may be taken to-morrow afternoon at the regular meeting of the city school board. A committee composed of Dr. F. E. Downes, Professor Severance, of the Central High School, and Miss Anne U. Wert, principal of the training school, will likely submit a report with recommendations to the school board.

New Post Organized by Veterans of Foreign Wars. Buffalo Post No. 148 Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States was organized Tuesday evening, at temporary meeting rooms 604 Forester street, by National Aide-de-Camp Howard D. Myers. The following officers installed: Commander, George F. Hooper; senior vice commander, Nathan R. Reed; junior vice commander, Chauncey S. Flowers; adjutant, Thomas N. Potter; quartermaster, Daniel N. Cooper; surgeon, Forrest S. Marshall; sergeant major, Frank Payne; quartermaster sergeant, Walter B. Thompson; color bearer, John R. Baker; color guards, Jackson Brown and Emanuel Brown; officer of the day, J. Louis Grant; trumpeter, Steve Bailey.

Fire Threatens Row of Frame Dwellings. Fire of an unknown origin early to-day destroyed the rear of the frame building at 1001 North Seventh street, in which is located the Dixie Quick Lunch restaurant. For a half-hour adjoining buildings were threatened. An investigation is being made to-day by Fire Chief Kindler.

CHARGED WITH THEFT. Charged with the theft of a quantity of tools from the Bolls Brothers Manufacturing Company about six weeks ago, Joseph J. Lott, 1011 Market street, has been arrested.

Hot Days and Cool Root Beer. A Wholesome Cooling Drink—But 1c a Glass. What could be more refreshing and cooling on a warm day than a sparkling, delicious glass of cool homemade root beer, made from Hires Household Extract?

Hot Days and Cool Root Beer. The tendency in hot weather—especially of the children—is always all ways to get the good old root beer. But at the same time, beverages containing artificial flavorings must be avoided. Homemade root beer, made from Hires Household Extract, however, contains neither substitutes nor artificial flavorings.

Hires Household Extract is made from the juices of pure bark, berries, herbs, and roots, including ginger, spikenard, wintergreen, and birchbark. This means that it is not only good for you, but you want of the root beer you make from Hires Household Extract!

And it's surprisingly easy to make. All you need is a bottle of Hires Household Extract, sugar, and a yeast cake. That 35c bottle of Hires Household Extract makes forty pints or eighty glasses—costing less than 1c a glass!

Collect all those old bottles which have been accumulating down the cellar—short-necked, long-necked, quart and pint. You can use them all! You needorks for them, you can get some Hires specially prepared air-tight bottle stoppers from the grocer when you buy your bottle of Hires Household Extract.

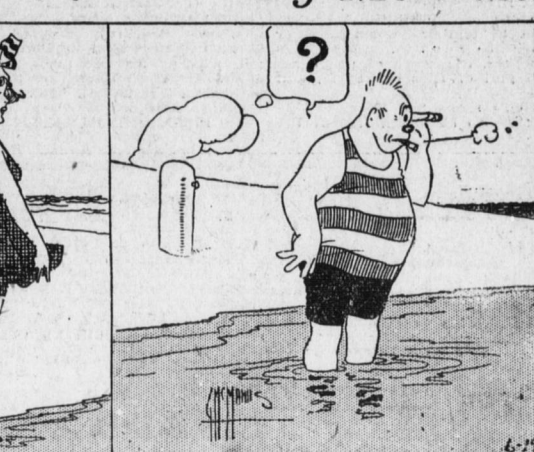
But you will enjoy your homemade root beer!

Order a Case Sent Home—Serve Cold. The way to get the utmost benefit out of this superior, really beneficial beverage is to drink a bottle every day. It's a pleasant habit that will soon pay big dividends in better health.

2 Full-Size Glasses to a Bottle. Drink a Bottle of Cloverdale Every Day.

Wholesale Distributors for Harrisburg: Evans, Burnett Co., Witman-Schwartz Co., N. Freidberg, —for Carlisle— W. K. Jones Co.

By McManus



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TELEPHONE YOUR ORDERS FOR CLOVERDALE GINGER ALE. Freidberg's WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS. Bell 224. Prompt Deliveries. Dial 3519. Both Phones.

DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL SCHOOL OF COMMERCE. Fully Accredited. 15 S. Market Square. Dial 4393. Troup Building. Bell 485. (Clip this and send it once for full information). Gentlemen—Please send me complete information about the subjects I have checked. Typewriting... Shorthand... Stenotypy... Bookkeeping... Secretarial... Civil Service... Name... Address...

Garments of Quality Ladies' Bazaar Special Sale of Fashionable Dresses For Friday and Saturday. Beaded Georgette Crepe Dresses. This is a very late model; just received; trimmed with black and white beads; long overskirt; white and flesh only. Regular \$40.00 value. Special for Friday and Saturday. \$26.95. White Wash Skirts. Gabardine, tricotine, washable satin and linen, \$4 to \$7 values. Special Friday and Saturday. \$2.95 to \$5.95. Georgette Crepe Dresses. Three new models; one with two tier over skirt with fringes on bottom; another with full tunic accordeon pleating and head trimmed; another with six rows of tucks in skirt, pleated yoke and satin belt. Regular \$25.00 values. Special for Friday and Saturday. \$15.95. Crepe de Chine and Georgette Waists. Many New Models. While they last. \$2.95. Buy Here and You Buy Wisely. Ladies Bazaar 8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST. Buy Here and You Buy For Less.

The Reliable THOR Washing Machine. Special Prices. There is no Electric Washing Machine that can excel this wonderful machine. Let us demonstrate. Special Easy Terms. Dauphin Electrical Supplies Co. John S. Musser, Pres. 434 Market St. Harrisburg.

When You Are Warm and Irritable--- Drink a Cold Bottle of Cloverdale GINGER ALE "It Doesn't Bite". THAT "exhausted" feeling soon takes possession of your mind and body, retarding your efficiency and making you feel wretched. You can overcome it immediately and feel completely invigorated if you will merely step into the nearest soda fountain, drug store, or any place where good drinks are sold and drink a cold bottle of refreshing CLOVERDALE GINGER ALE. You'll get more than a passing benefit out of CLOVERDALE GINGER ALE because it is made with the famous Cloverdale Mineral Water and Genuine Jamaica Ginger (not red pepper). Hundreds of thousands of people from the Great Lakes to Florida drink it because it is a "good health" drink. Order a Case Sent Home—Serve Cold. The way to get the utmost benefit out of this superior, really beneficial beverage is to drink a bottle every day. It's a pleasant habit that will soon pay big dividends in better health. 2 Full-Size Glasses to a Bottle. Drink a Bottle of Cloverdale Every Day. Wholesale Distributors for Harrisburg: Evans, Burnett Co., Witman-Schwartz Co., N. Freidberg, —for Carlisle— W. K. Jones Co.