



# 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 CCLIII

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"Amanda," Virginia smiled at her maid when Anthony Norreys had finished reading Betty's letter, "will you please inquire if there is anything Miss Phoebe would like?"

In a minute or two Amanda returned, her face properly expressionless in the midst of what she must have thought strange doings.

"Miss Phoebe's quite all right now. But she's resting and begs to be excused. She'd like it if Mrs. Harrison would come to her room when lunch is finished. Just Mrs. Harrison alone."

"May I go now?" I asked eagerly. "Please, Anne," Virginia refused smoothly. "You might wait till lunch is over. Tony was so good about managing a little time with us."

I tried to flash him an S. O. S. message and it seemed as if he had interpreted my wordless cry for help, for he turned to Virginia with a suggestion that I ached to have her accept.

"I've more time than I expected, Virginia. Things shaped themselves so I could get the whole afternoon off. I've only my roadster with me, and I didn't see how three of us could pile in. But if Anne is going to be engaged with your sister, I'll only steal you for a spin up the road."

Virginia looked at me hesitatingly. Bitterly I reflected that she might refuse for fear of being a rude hostess. Virginia would always take great care not to fail anyone socially. And I did so want to get her out of the way so I might be free to work, goodness knows, what miracle with Phoebe.

"If you go out for a spin with Tony," I said, with sudden inspiration, "maybe I can lure Phoebe out in my little car. We'll stop for Jim and pack him back in the rumble seat with little sister."

This met with Virginia's approval. So she hurried off after lunch to do hat and dust-coat and I had a moment alone with Tony.

Gravely and delicately he made the offer for which I knew he could be counted on:

"If there's a bit of bad going ahead for anyone you like, Anne, you'll remember that I'm proud to serve a friend like you—won't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll remember."

But deep within me, pride and love were on guard, and I knew that

I would do anything for Jim's little sister except ask Anthony Norreys to serve her. True as I felt it was to fail Phoebe in any way, I knew that even for her I couldn't offer Jim the humiliation of again taking her to bed. In the fact that she was friends with Tony—that was inevitable. But I didn't have to accept benefits from that friendship.

The minute Virginia and Tony were gone I hurried to Phoebe. There was silence for a moment after I knocked on her door. Then I heard a key turning. I felt something sinister in the fact that Phoebe had locked herself in.

"It's Anne," I felt impelled to call. Then the door flung wide and Phoebe seized my hands and whirled me into the room, locking the door again.

"Where's Virginia?" she asked. "Out with Tony. He took her for a drive in his car," I said. "Phoebe smiled mechanically. "He guessed that I was unhappy. Anyone who looks at me knows I've more to bear than—than I can bear. Only Virginia doesn't see—or won't see," she jerked out. "I don't mind his knowing. I don't mind anyone's knowing. I can't bear it any longer. I can't bear it, Anne! Won't you help me?"

I caught Phoebe in my arms. For a minute she nestled there, relaxed, and began to cry drearily and tirelessly. Then she jerked away, ran to the window and stood looking out over the city. Her thin little shoulders were heaving and she seemed pathetic and hopeless. But after a moment or two, when I ventured to go over and lay my hands on her, she whirled and faced me.

"Her wide eyes looked like velvet pansies drenched in dew. Furrows of tears ran down her heart-shaped face, but in spite of that a glimpse of the Phoebe I had once known flashed out again, dewy and young and deliciously pretty.

"Anne!" she cried with honesty that I knew took splendid courage. "I love Neal. I love him more than anyone else on earth. I'll stand it if you tell me he's happy. Has he forgotten me? Does he love—her?"

"Perhaps," I stammered, pondering if he would help Phoebe.

"He doesn't!" she cried, her head hung high. "If he did—the least tiny bit—you'd say so. I know it in my heart. He loves me. Otherwise I wouldn't love him so. It wouldn't be right to waste all my love for him. Oh, Anne, let me see him just once. I want to ask him if he thinks we both have to be unhappy—for her."

"Phoebe, darling, what good will it do for you to see Neal?" I cried sadly. "He's promised to marry Evvy. He thinks a man's word is sacred. He'd suffer but he wouldn't break it. And your pride think how you'd humiliate that—fer nothing. Neal's my little brother, Phoebe. And my heart just breaks for both

## Bringing Up Father



OH! MR. ED U. CATE— I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU!

HOW IS MR. JIGGS GETTING ALONG IN LITERATURE?

WONDERFULLY— HE IS VERY STUDIOUS.

I KNEW HE WOULD LIKE IT WHEN HE ONCE STARTED!

HAS HE READ MY BOOK YET?

HE WAS READING IT WHEN I LEFT— HE WOULDN'T GO OUT WITH ME AS HE WANTED TO FINISH IT—

... of you. But there's nothing in all the world I can do," I confessed sadly. "Neal would die—but he couldn't break his word."

"You won't let me see him! You won't help me!" she moaned. "It's just fair. He's mine—and you won't help me. I can't bear it, Anne. I won't—I won't try to bear it. Neal's mine. If I can't have him, there isn't anything else for me—in all the world—"

Her voice trailed off in a broken sob. I went to take her in my arms, but she put up her little hands and held me off, fighting for self-control as she fought to refuse the poor comfort I wanted to give her.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm so sorry I—made things harder for you, Anne. You must forgive me. It upset me to hear about how brave Betty Winston can be because she has love to help her through. I'll try not to worry you again. I'll try to be brave without love. And if I can't—" a wistful little smile trembled out at her mouth corners—"why then I won't trouble you either."

And then my heart got very cold. For I couldn't help Phoebe.

Neal was Neal—no one could change that. And I had a terrible feeling that when he woke to the price for keeping his pledged word it would be too late.

## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water



CHAPTER XXXIII

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Norah was late getting downstairs the following morning. She had not gone to sleep until after midnight. As she recalled Smith's good looks and pleasing manner, it occurred to her that, after all, she might never have found the note that Annie had tucked so carefully under the rug on the seat of the car. If not, he would find it in the morning when he took the car out. For, of course, he always brushed and dusted the cars well before bringing them to the house.

She would speak to him about it this morning whenever he brought the car to the house. She would ask him if he received her message. If not, how apologetic he would be when she told him that she had trusted him to such an extent that she had gone out to meet him last night. She would have some kind of an explanation from him, or she would know the reason why.

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## Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW



Several young couples, all intimate friends and all contemplating matrimony, decided to put the question up to me: "Is it possible to marry and live comfortably on \$25 a week?"

Before writing on the subject I talked to a number of persons who had tried it, and they were all inclined to be pessimistic. But since the publication of my article I have received many interesting and practical letters, and all of these so far received have been quite optimistic in tone.

This is one written by a man: "Your article in to-night's paper interested me very much for the reason that I am one of those whose salary was not increased during the war, and who makes \$25 a week cover the expenses of three—myself, my wife and our boy. If you wonder when I say that we look well nourished, very well dressed and live in a nice apartment at \$30 a month rent, just inquire of our neighbors."

"As for my income my books are open to all. If you want to rate me as a financial genius, I am willing to plead guilty; but it is not a matter of right living, and my wife and I know how to live. Our twelve years of married life will prove it: it is an interesting history, especially in connection, let me say, with my own life. I grew younger instead of older."

"Without throwing any more bouquets, I wish to say this, and say it strong: that couple who cannot get along on \$25 a week would find it difficult to manage on \$35 or \$45, and there are plenty of them. You may be sure, for them I have no sympathy. In conclusion, let me state that I don't spend 50 cents or 25 cents on my lunches, and that my wife does make her own clothes."

And here is the woman's side of it: "I have read with interest your article on getting married on \$25 a week. It can be done, and you can save, too, providing you make up your mind to do without things that are not needed."

"I am a woman twenty-six and have a child."

"I pay \$19 a month rent for four rooms, \$2 a week for insurance on two thousand-dollar endowment policy for my husband. We have an average of \$2 a week for pleasure, etc. I am paying on a hundred-dollar bond, and we lay aside 50 cents a week for our little daughter's future education."

"My husband does not smoke or drink, so no money is used that way. I make most of the clothes for myself and my child. I wash the clothes very carefully and buy quite a lot at a time. We have four hundred dollars in the bank, and next year we are going to buy a lot and build our own home. My husband has no carfare to pay."

"We are very happy, and have no regrets. The only advice I offer to young people is: Wash the sales very carefully and buy quite a lot at a time. We have four hundred dollars in the bank, and next year we are going to buy a lot and build our own home. My husband has no carfare to pay."

## Independent Socialists Meet Fire of Troops at Berlin Gathering

Berlin, July 22. — Independent Socialists attempted to form a gathering in the Lustgarten at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The troops fired in the air and then point blank into the crowd, wounding two men and a woman. The crowd then broke up.

The incident was the cause of sensational reports throughout the city, but order was maintained.

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

The girl appeared, slightly flustered, and on the defensive. She suspected something was wrong, but she did not know just what.

"Norah," Desiree remarked, "isn't this your property?"

She held the folded pink paper toward the girl. Norah's face flushed crimson.

"— she began, then stopped, confused. With an effort she tried to speak indifferently. "Why should it be mine? I don't know a thing about it."

"I should think you would know something about it," Desiree remarked. "I inferred that it was written by you, as your name is signed to it."

"Well, and if I did write it!" the girl burst forth angrily. "It's not addressed to you, ma'am! Then how do you happen to come by it? If it's a meal ticket, the world's the best place to get it. And if Smith hears of it he'll—"

She stopped. A look of anger had come to the steady dark eyes into which she was gazing.

"He'll what?" Desiree demanded sternly. "Be careful how you speak, Norah. It will do you no good to be impertinent."

"No, ma'am. I know it won't. But what right did you have with that letter when it belonged to Smith—for I'm not denyin' it did?"

"The best right in the world," the young lady said quickly. "Smith himself gave it to me."

To Be Continued.

## Garments of Quality

Ladies' Bazaar

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All leading and desirable styles in gabardine, tricotine and washable satin skirts. Button trimmed, pockets, belts, etc.

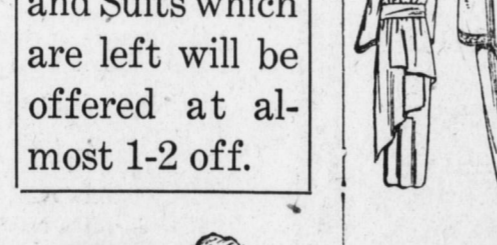
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## Advice to the Lovelorn

DOESN'T LOVE HIM ENOUGH

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I have been going about with a young man for a year and a half. I thought I loved him until recently, when I met another young man whom I care more about. I should like your advice about the first young man as I have to tell him after all this time I don't even know if the second young man loves me.

C. L.

There isn't anything to do but to tell the first young man what you have told me, that you do not love him sufficiently to marry him. Then wait and see if the second young man cares enough about you to propose.

## LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN

Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled

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, sunburn 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 face, neck, arms and hands each sweetly fragrant lotion into the day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

## Twenty Years Difference

I am in love with a man of 27. My parents object, as they consider me too young. Most people take me for at least 21. He can give me luxuries to which I am unaccustomed. He wishes to marry me in September, as he is going back to his home town then. Will you advise me what to do? K. J. M.

Considering there is 20 years' difference in your ages, why do you not wait a year or so and find out how you feel toward him at the end of that time? I never like to advise a girl to act contrary to her parents' wishes, as no one in all the world has her welfare so closely at heart.

## Telegaph Pattern Department

For the 10 cents inclosed please send pattern to the following address:

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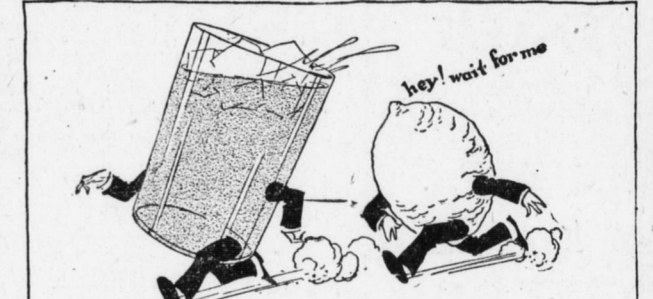
City and State .....

Others can do the same, assuming that the man is courageous and ambitious and that his wife is a real partner. We married on \$25 a week.

"The wife must make her own budget system and stick to it, sink or swim. My wife kept on working after our marriage, and I owe my start to that fact. Finally an addition to the family made it necessary for her to give her whole attention to home duties. But I want to tell you that this one more mouth to feed acted as a spur to my ambition as nothing else could have done, and I have made good."

"Every woman is either a man-maker or a man-breaker. If she is a man-maker—I don't mean a man-reformer—she won't need to worry, even though he only makes \$15 a week."

"CONSTANT READER."



## For Iced Tea—Tetley's

Particular people insist on Tetley's for iced tea. A frosty, tinkling glass of Tetley's iced tea is the real summer drink—cooling and refreshing!

A blending of 15 or more teas from the world's finest tea gardens gives Tetley's Tea its delicious, fragrant flavor, and the careful packing protects its strength.

Tetley's clear, amber-colored Orange Pekoe Tea is delicious when iced. Try it!

## TETLEY'S TEA

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## Robinson's Are Closing Out the Shoe Department

This is not a "shoe sale" in the ordinary sense for every pair of shoes in the store is reduced, and there are no "job lots" bought for sale purposes. That means you can buy standard makes of stylish footwear (both summer and winter) at prices that are actually below the present manufacturing cost. Children's and Boys' shoes of such famous makes as "Educator" and Prescott are still to be had in most sizes.

Ladies' Shoes	Children's Shoes
AT \$1.91 All \$2.00 to \$4.00 boots and oxfords, also 80 pairs of white canvas.	AT 78c All \$1.00 to \$1.25 shoes.
AT \$2.92 All \$4.25 to \$5.00 boots and oxfords as well as white poplins.	AT \$1.47 All \$2.00 and \$2.50.
AT \$3.93 All \$5.25 to \$6.00 shoes and oxfords in black and brown kid.	AT \$1.91 All \$2.75 and \$3.50.
AT \$4.94 All \$6.25 to \$7.00 kidskin boots, pumps and oxfords.	AT \$2.92 All \$4.00 and \$5.00.
AT \$5.95 All \$7.25 to \$8.00 boots and oxfords in black and colors.	Boys' Shoes
AT \$6.96 All \$8.50 to \$10 boots, pumps and oxfords in white, brown and gray.	AT \$1.91 All \$3.00 and \$3.50.
	AT \$3.93 All \$5.00 shoes.

90c Men's, Boys' and Children's Tennis Shoes, high white canvas with rubber soles; all sizes. 90c

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