

Reading for Women and all the Family

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LITTLE
A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problem of a Girl Wife

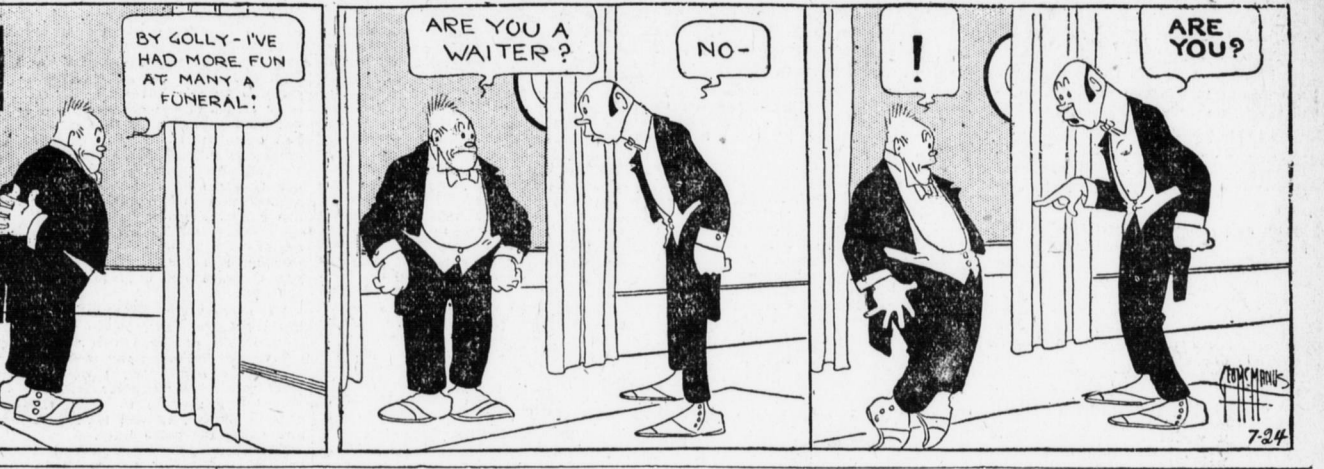
CHAPTER CCLV
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"Where's Jim?" Lane Cosby irritably demanded. "I've been trying to get him in the office for the last hour, but he isn't there. He ought to be home by this time."
"He isn't coming," I explained without a trace of the doubt or suspicion I would have felt a few weeks ago. "He's dining with a friend who leaves town tomorrow. He'll be so sorry he wasn't on deck when you needed him."
"Then you'll have to help me," mumbled Lane Cosby. "I don't know what to do. I don't know where to turn, Anne! Val's in bed. Case of nerves, I guess. And she won't see me enough to handle this. And I don't know what to do."
Just then Bertha came stolidly to the door to announce dinner.
"Could you take some dinner?" I asked.
"I couldn't eat a bite," he said, shaking his head sadly and without any consciousness that I might be hungry.
"Never mind about dinner. I'll have a bite later. You and Angy may eat now," I said to Bertha.
"She took that stolidly, too. But so did Lane. The big brown bear was in a trap—and all he could see was the trap."
"You'll stand by her, won't you, Anne?" he asked, looking at me with a glaze of misery over his eyes. He caught at my hand as he spoke—dumbly, more like a child stumbling than a man. I saw the glaze of misery over his eyes. He was one of the powers of the financial world.
"Tell me," I said soothingly as I had so often said to Neal.
"I can't think why she wants to go digging things up. And she doesn't get 'em right. She was in to see me today, terrified. He's poor little kid with her hints. Val's only a poor little kid who's had a raw deal, Anne. And now I don't see how to protect her from the rawest deal of all."
He held me with his eyes, which glinted for a moment with the power that all his big flabbiness of body had never before denied him. He went on stubbornly reiterating his estimate of Valerie:
"Val's a poor little kid who only wants to be happy. She never did a wrong thing in her life—unless it's wrong to get up and walk from shadow into sunshine. You believe me, don't you, Anne?"
"I believe you. I will believe you whatever you say, Lane," I stammered, calling him by his given name for the first time in our acquaintance.
He lurched to his feet and lunged up and down the room a few times. I turned and followed him with my eyes. But the pathos of that big, driving head of his plunged low and rolling from side to side so impudently seemed a thing I had no right to watch. So I sat still and waited for him to finish his story in his own way. After a little while he came back and let his bulk down into the chair again. And as he looked old, flabby. He spoke helplessly, as if the words were forced from him by a power he couldn't resist.
"I'm forty-nine," he said. "Folks think I'm younger. But Etienne Demeris—Val's father—and I were farmer-boys together back in the eighties. When I married Loretta, my first wife, we went to another part of the state and I never saw Etienne again until years after. We

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXXIV
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Desiree's announcement.
"Smith gave you that letter?" she exclaimed.
"He certainly did," her mistress affirmed. "Here, take it, it is yours, not mine."
Norah, who had theretofore always been respectful, was so angry that she scarcely knew what she did. Seizing the paper held out to her, she tore it into bits.
"He's no good, that he isn't!" she burst forth passionately. "He that calls himself a man, showing a lady a note that says 'I love you'—that's a decent girl wrote to him!"
"Norah," her mistress warned, "you are forgetting yourself! Moreover, you may be doing Smith an injustice."
"Indeed, I am not, ma'am! No—he could make use of me to help his old ladies up and down the steps—and then—"
"Be quiet!" Desiree commanded. "I care nothing about the quarrels between you and Smith, and I will not have you talking to me about them."
"Excuse me," the girl muttered sullenly as she left the room.
When she was alone, Desiree began to think over what had occurred. She was sure that Smith could not have read the note that was intended for her. She had tried to explain this to Norah, but the girl had given vent to such a torrent of words that Desiree considered it beneath her dignity to discuss the matter further. She would tell the facts to Smith and allow him to state them to Norah. Much as she disliked to do this, she felt it her duty.
"Desiree Explains"
Therefore, that afternoon, as Smith was driving her to the Red Cross rooms, she introduced the subject.
"Smith," she said, "I am sure you did not know that the note you handed me last night was your own."
The chauffeur looked puzzled.
"Mine, miss?"
"Yes," she explained. "The note that dropped on the ground when I was talking to you must have slipped from your pocket. It was for you—from Norah."
She spoke the last two words stiffly. In spite of her determination to be sensible, she hated to couple her maid's name with that of her chauffeur.
"I think there is some mistake," Miss Leighton, the man said deferentially.
Desiree wanted to dismiss the whole matter once for all. "I only know," she said, "that the note was written by Norah—and, I supposed to you. Such being the case, you may talk it over with her and put yourself right in her eyes. She is very angry with you now."
"Thank you, miss," David rejoined.

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After that he said no more. He was puzzled at the suggestion that Norah had written to him. What could it be about?
He was not a snob, but he did not want to be on intimate terms with Norah. Yet Miss Leighton had suggested that the maid would expect an explanation from him. Well, he would try to set matters right if the opportunity came, but he hoped it would not come.
But it did come that evening. He was to drive Mr. and Miss Leighton to a dinner at 7 o'clock. As he started from the house with them Mr. Leighton checked him.
"I think I would better take a heavier coat than the one I have," he explained. "Run up to the door and tell Norah to get you the gray overcoat from the closet in my room."
"A Different Norah"
David followed directions, and as Norah opened the front door for him her face changed.
"What do you want?" she demanded roughly.
"David delivered his employer's message. Without a word the girl went upstairs and returned with the coat. He received it with a brief "Thanks" and started toward the steps.
But her voice made him pause. "By the way," Norah sneered, "I do not thank you for showing my letter to Miss Leighton. It's a nice man you are."
"I never received any letter from you," he replied.
"Had David meant to anger the girl he could hardly have uttered a speech that was more certain to do this. Had he tried to explain, she might have listened. As it was, he poured oil upon the smoldering flame of her wrath.
"That's it!" she flung at him. "Lie about it now—will you? You stuck up, tattling thing! Don't you ever dare to speak to me again if you do!"
"Smith!" Samuel Leighton called from his car. "Hurry! It is late."
Smith ran down the steps, the coat over his arm. He heard the front door slam violently behind him.
As he took his seat he was thanking the kind fates that had brought about the present state of affairs. Norah had rendered impossible any explanation he might have tried to make. It was a little difference to him what she thought of him. He was relieved that hereafter she

Urge Amendment to War Risk Insurance

New York, July 24.—Amendment of the War Risk Insurance Act will be urged by the American Legion, through its legislative committee in Washington, in order to allow men insured under the act to elect whether their insurance upon maturation will be paid in instalments or in one lump payment. Former Senator Luke Lea and former Congressman Thomas W. Miller, joint chairmen of the committee, plan to have legislation introduced immediately to effect this alteration in the act to carry out the expressed wish of the American Legion delegates at their St. Louis meeting.
The present form of War Risk Insurance is known as term insurance and is payable in monthly instalments for a period of 240 months. This may be converted into ordinary forms of insurance such as straight life insurance, twenty or thirty year paid-up life insurance and endowment insurance. Except in the case of a matured endowment, these forms of insurance, under the present act, are payable only in instalments, extending over a twenty-year period, the amount of instalments depending upon the amount of insurance.
The purpose of the intended amendment is to allow a man to elect how the insurance shall be paid. Service men say that their beneficiaries in many cases are too old ever to realize any usefulness from the insurance if paid only in monthly instalments. It has also been suggested that men be allowed to elect payment of part of their total insurance in one lump sum and the balance in instalments.
Reminiscent
Flubdub.—"How are the life preservers on this boat?"
Guzzler.—"Fine, I've just had three—and good as I ever drank!"—Topeka Journal.

Advice to the Lovelorn

"SHE WILL NOT WHEN SHE MAY"
Dear Miss Fairfax:
Although I have never written to you about my personal problems, I have derived much benefit from the advice you have given others, and I hope you will help me in a perplexing situation. I am 19, and although I have many men friends, I have been interested in only one. Being a little coquettish, I discouraged his advances, I am certain he once cared a great deal for me, but of late he has neglected me, and I have not heard from him in two weeks. He is in a position to marry, and in fact broached the subject to me more than once, but I always ridiculed the idea, and now I find I really love him. If you advise me to pocket my pride and try to make up with him, I shall follow your advice.
Evelyn.
I think it would be well to "pocket your pride" and try to make up with the young man whose attentions you ridiculed before you realized the depth of your feeling for him. Girls often act in the way you describe and realize when too late the mistake they have made. By all means try and make up, and the best of luck to you.
A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART
Dear Miss Fairfax:
I was wounded in France and sent home as a casual. On arriving in camp I met an old friend who told me my sweetheart was going with a slacker whom I did not like. On calling her on the phone, I find this is true, and that she does not love me any more. I think I shall go back into the Army, but I hate to leave her, for I love her. Please advise me what to do.
J. J. N.
I am sorry that your sweetheart shows such poor taste as to prefer a slacker to a man who has been wounded in the service of his country and the world. If she has really ceased to care for you, I think in time you will grow to regard this as a providential deliverance, because stores.

A Ready Made Coffee

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This is the story of a coffee that does not have to be made! And the way of it is this:
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And as proof that Hires Instant Soluble Coffee met every Government requirement, 88-2/3 per cent of all the trench coffee contracted for by the American Army was this same Hires Instant Soluble Coffee. We couldn't agree to supply more than this because our facilities would not permit.
Carefully chosen coffee beans from a choice selection of Java and Mocha coffee are used in making Hires Instant Soluble Coffee. And the pure delicious juice of these beans is dried and converted into a powdered, soluble form. Immediately water is added, the coffee powder dissolves and becomes as originally made.
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DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS
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2880—This comprises a pretty bonnet, a sack, and a dress with kimono sleeves and simple lines. It will not take long, or be difficult to develop these models. Lawn, dimity, crossbar muslin, challie, poplin, voile or crepe are nice for the dress and sack. Flannel or silk may also be used. The cap may be of silk, cloth, or velvet, lawn or batiste.
The pattern for this attractive set is in 10 sizes: 8 months, one year, 2 and 3 years. Size 2 will require of 38-inch material, 2 yards for the dress, 7-8 yard for the sack, and 1/2 yard for bonnet, with 1/4 yard of lining.
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