Reading for Women and all the Family

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER CCLXXIII

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I've never in my life known Jim to do a malicious thing. But when he got to the roof he had selected I almost suspected him of one.

It was distinctly and decidedly not a place for dress. The waiters and the entertainers were practically the only ones who wore dress clothes, and there was the merest sprinkling of people who wore anything more formal than business clothes or flannels. Jim was at an advantage now, and he mellowed and expanded a bit.

"Big baby!" I thought to myself tenderly. "He's a regular man—got to prove himself right. And then they talk about a woman's insisting on the last word!"

With our arrival at the roof garden, however, the evening began to take on the delightful charm Jim knows so well how to bring to any occasion. My boy sparkled, told clever stories, drew Carl out in the friendliest fashion and was so gallant to little Daisy that, after gazing at him in wide-eyed amazement for a few moments, she threw her shyness to the winds. Animation lighted Daisy's dust and ashes to flame. She glowed and sparkled, but with a certain daintiness. Carl cast several glances of brotherly approval in her direction and she sparkled the more.

"Kid's having the time of her life," said Carl as he twirled me through a one-step. "I'll bet you're figuring on being a fairy godmother to Cinderella, you dear old Barbara Anne, you."

"I am," I acknowledged, enjoying his comfortable understanding. "She only needs to be brought out of her shell to make a delicious little morsel of feminity. And I want to make things up to Kate."

"Make what up?" asked Carl obtusely.

"Oh, my forgetfulness," I replied without stressing it, but realizing as I spoke that my Jim would have understood without a word of explanation. So after all I wasn't taking up my friendship with Carl just where I had left it.

"There's that stunning-looking woman you were lunching with this noon," exclaimed Carl suddenly. "She sure is right there with the looks, Barbara. Lady Clara Vere de Vere and a few such swells must have been right in her class. Husband's sister, isn't she?"

"Yes," I said, feeling decidedly uncomfortable, because Virginia had chosen this of all evenings to come to the roof. Then, thinking to gloss over what might be an uncomfortable situation for Jim, I suggested, "Let's stop and speak to her."

Carl agreed, and we ceased dancing and went over to Virginia's table. She was with Sheldon Blake, Sally and Dicky Royee, and Mrs. Varden—Sally's old virago of a mother. I hadn't seen any of Virginia's companions for ages, and certainly would never have chosen to walk down on them under just these circumstances. It became clear to me that far from making things easier for Jim, I had complicated them. Now, I had gone to the table he must go, too. Still I went through with it, presented Carl, made a few polite interchanges of conversation and then got back as best I could to our own table.

Jim and Daisy had just returned, and were both sparkling and flushed from dancing.

"Oh, Mrs. Harrison!" cried the girl, "your husband is the wonderfullest dancer. I think his airplane must have fox-trotted he is so rythmical." Jim laughed with good natured tolerance, but Carl said with great enjoyment:

"Isn't our little Daisy the cute kid?"

Daisy flashed an angry glance at "Twenty-one is a fair distance from him . Her eyes fairly spat flames. the cradle you seem to have brought along, Mr. Booth," she said shyly.

"Did you see the Royces and Virginia and Sheldon?" I asked to create a diversion.

"AND the Varden woman," replied Jim. "You couldn't drag me to the table while that old cat's there."

Then he leaned forward and waiting until he caught Sheldon's eye he waved a jovial hand. But I knew that Mrs. Varden alone couldn't have kept Jim away from the table. The little incident frightened me. It made it painfully clear that the breach between Jim and his sister wasn't a mere matter of an angry moment. With all her faults of high-spirited pride, I have grown fond of Virginia, and the thought of a permanent breach between her and Jim terrifies me.

"This waltz!" cried Carl Booth suddenly. "It's mine. Come on, Barbara Anne." And almost before I was conscious of moving to get to my feet he swept me out on the floor. When I looked back to our table—as I couldn't help doing—I saw Daisy sitting back and playing with her fork. She seemed to be pouting. A minute or two later she and Jim glided by us.

That was the last dance, for as soon as it was over the after-theater show started and the entertainment lasted until closing time. I sat through it feeling distrait and uncomfortable. This was an evening of annoying trifles, but they were tremendous trifles, too—straws to show the way the wind blew.

When we went to the dressing room for our wraps, there were Virginia, Sally and Mrs. Varden. She flashed round on us directly I had introduced Daisy.

"Not one of the New Orleans Condons?" she asked approvingly.

"No—we're from Vermont originally," said Daisy with her grain-of-dust quietness.

Dropping her, Mrs. Varden turned to me, claws unsheathed, mouth purring:

"How nicely you and Jime keep from being bored. Let's see—it used to be Tom Mason and his cousin, the one I hear has just jilted her young man. Oh—I forgot—he's some kin of your's isn't he? Well, even if he lost Evvy's fortune, I think he's lucky to escape your husband's cast-off sweetheart."

While Mrs. Varden was speaking Virginia stared at me steadily with an air of understanding, and then strangely enough some careless words Jim had spoken a few evening's before flashed across her mind:

"We'll give these poor kids an evening of happiness in spite of her. One evening—and maybe a few more. There are ways of circumventing even Virginia."

(To Be Continued.)

Price to Confer Regarding Guard

Philadelphia, Aug. 14. — Within the next two weeks Major General William G. Price, Jr., will visit Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Greensburg and Oil City to confer with officers of the Guard, Reserve Officers and officers of the serve Militia regarding the new National Guard division.

Bringing Up Father

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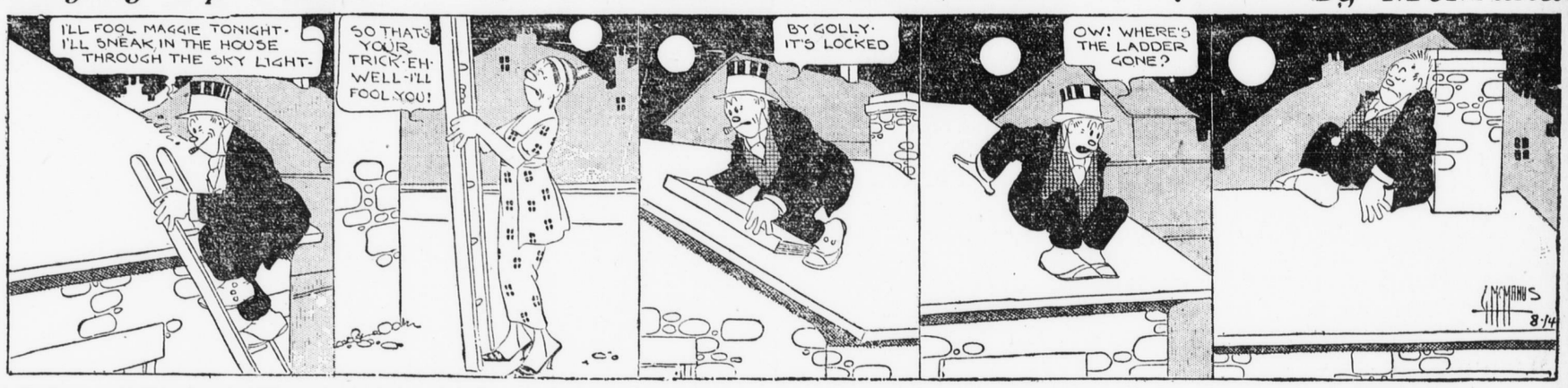

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLIII.

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Saturday and Sunday passed and Desiree said nothing to her father about the loss of her pendant. Why, she reasoned, should she worry him? He could do nothing in the matter. Moreover, he had enough care with his own business affairs without her marring his rest days by anxiety.

But on Sunday evening, when Mrs Duffield was dining at her brother's house, her niece confided to her the story of her loss.

Mrs. Duffield was much concerned "My dear," she protested, "you must tell your father about this. The police should be notified."

"Why?" Desiree argued, "It would only cast suspicions upon innocent persons, and would do no good."

"Someone took that piece of jewelry," Mrs. Duffield insisted. "And the longer you defer learning who that person is the less chance you will have of recovering your property."

"It is all a mystery," Desiree said. "I know that neither Norah nor Annie took the thing. I am sure they are honest."

"It would appear so," the widow admitted, "yet it never walked off by itself. What about Smith?"

"Ridiculous!" Desiree exclaimed with a sharpness unusual with her. "He knows nothing about it."

"You have questioned him?"

"Most certainly I have not!" the girl retorted. "It would be an insult."

"Tell Your Father."

Mrs. Duffield shrugged her shoulders, "Well, my dear — I will make no more suggestions. But my advice to you is to tell your father what has happened."

"Later I will, in a day or two," the niece promised.

But the events of the next day drove the matter from her mind.

It was a couple of hours after midnight when the bells and whistles announced for the second time that the armistice with Germany had been signed. This time the report was true.

One would hardly have expected that New York could repeat the enthusiasm of a few days ago, but she made a very good imitation of doing so.

"Upon my word," Desiree observed that Monday morning at the breakfast table, "we Americans certainly can never be considered a blase lot of people, can we? I did not get to sleep until almost dawn, there was such a racket going on."

"That's too bad, as this is the night you are to have your own celebration, you know."

"Are you sure you want me to have it just now, father?" the daughter asked.

"Why, of course I do," the parent replied "You invited your friends for the night after the signing of the armistice—and this is the night You cannot get out of it if you want to—and I do not mean to let you do so," he added with an affectionate smile. "Call up the caterer and order what you want. Why do you look so doubtful about the affair?"

"Because," Desiree complained, "I have no waitress—and Annie is not very competent, you know."

"Pooh! that makes no difference!" the man scoffed. "Just have the caterer send up one or two waiters, as you think best."

But when, an hour later, Desiree telephoned to the caterer, she learned, to her consternation, that it would be quite impossible to secure any waiters for that evening.

No More Waiters.

"I regret it exceedingly, Miss Leighton," the manager assured her, "but we are very short of help of all kinds—and there are so many functions being given by our patrons to-night that every one of our men are engaged. We have tried to hire others, but in vain. We can fill your order for refreshments, but not for waiters."

The story was the same at every restaurant to which Desiree telephoned. Mr. Leighton, who had not gone to his office to-day, listened sympathetically to her report.

"It is too bad!" he said. "And you cannot get waitresses from anywhere either?"

Desiree shook her head. "I have tried everywhere I can, father," she said. "I am at my wits' end. Annie all alone cannot wait on those people who are coming. Almost every friend I invited has accepted. And even if we make a most informal affair of it we need someone to serve the refreshmnts."

"I have it!"

Samuel Leighton's exclamation was so sudden that his daughter jumped.

"What have you?" she asked.

"An idea. Let Smith hire a dress-suit and have him act as butler to-night."

"Oh, dad!" Desiree gasped. "Would that be quite the thing to do, do you think?"

"The thing? Why not?" he demanded. "I know several places, and so do you, where the chauffeur is also the butler when there are guests. Smith is no better than any other chauffeur—and he can prove what he's worth by turning in and helping us out of a scrape. I shall telephone the garage at once, telling him to come around here and talk the matter over with you."

Desiree stood silent while her father carried out his intention.

"I happened to catch him at the garage," he informed his daughter. "He will be here in ten minutes."

Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

We have all known the fool who rushes in where angels fear to tread.

Perhaps we have more than once played that role ourselves, or have suffered from some one who enacted it.

But even so, there is something to be said for the fool. He at least has rushed in. And it is better to be a fool capable of making up your mind and following a definite course of action than to be an undecided angel who is afraid to tread at all.

Here is a girl who is standin still at the cross roads, unable to make up her mind which path she had better take. Two alternatives are before her; to marry or to go to work. She has the chance to marry; a deluded man has been begging her to do so for the past two years. If she chooses work, she will have to go through a preparatory course of training. She writes that she has taken this summer to make up her mind.

She has already been debating the question for two perfectly good years; yet now she throws in a whole summer for good measure. And it does not take a professional prophet to predict that at the beginning of autumn she will still be standing at the crossroads plucking the petals from a daisy and murmuring: "Work, marry? Marry, work?"

She says that she is not in love with this man who wishes her to marry him, and it is equally plain that she is not in love with work; so she keeps on drifting. But if she does not make a decision soon, life, the policeman, will tap her on the shoulder and tell her to move on and stop obstructing the traffic. She will become a mere football tossed about by Time.

She cannot afford to spend two years and a summer reaching a decision, no matter how momentous. She has only one time to do anything in, and that is now.

Such a state of mind as hers is a great happiness-destroyer . Sitting wondering all day what one had better do, is a preparedness campaign for future misery. Suppose she marries, she will always be looking back and thinking how free and independent she might have been if she had gone to work; and vice versa, if she goes to work, she will think regretfully of the security of marriage.

It is natural to speculate whether we art taking the right or the wrong turning, and also how much we are going to get out of anything we undertake. But the only real sanity is to consider how much we can put in to whatever we are doing. For the ratio is very exact; we get out of anything, no matter what it is, just what we have put into it.

If the girl who has written me marries the man she speaks of, not caring for him, but merely regarding him as a safe port in possible storms, he is going to wake up sooner or later and find that he has a spineless, selfish, uninterested woman on his hands and that he has made a bad bargain.

Equally, if she takes up some occupation, and puts into her work her habitual indecision and inertia, heaven help her! She will be a chronic job-seeker.

The only hope for that girl and any others like her is to wake up to their danger. It is fatal to allow ourselves to get into those backwaters of thought where we keep putting off the effort to make up our minds, and just sit idly watching and waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up. Effort—big effort—is the real design of life.

This girl should take herself seriously in hand, and in the smallest matters should teach herself to make immediate, hair-trigger decisions.

Suppose she does make mistakes? She at least is doing something, and action is the impulse toward progress in all of us. Besides, she will have the opportunity of exercising those atrophied wits of hers in getting out of her muddles; and finally she will have learned something from experience. She will be alive anyhow, instead of being in the comatose condition she is at present.

There's no advantage in sitting all day like an owl on a branch, meditating on the possibility of mistakes. Everybody makes mistakes; they're quite common. But they are never final. And to spend a whole beautiful day hesitating over this or that is sheer waste. There are so many much more interesting and amusing things to do.

The girl who has written me, like all the rest of us, has something in her that is superlatively worth while. What an adventure to discover it. What an adventure to make herself over into the woman she would like to be. She can do it. All she has to do is to make up her mind and stop wondering and hesitating.

Advice to the Lovelorn

HIS PARENTS DISAPPROVE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am in love with a young man of twenty-three, and I am eighteen. For some time I have been meeting this young man secretly, and finally we decided to inform our parents, as our regard was mutual. Upon hearing this, his parents strongly objected, because I am not wealthy or educated enough to marry a college student. My only education has been in the public schools and in the business world, and while only a bookkeeper, I have proven that I can hold my own among all classes of people. He has yet to complete his education and enter upon his career, but I have consented to wait and not interfere with his ambition until he is in a position to support a wife.

Now, Miss Fairfax, he wishes to resume our meetings secretly, but as I know how these things always end I would like you to advise me, for I am desperately in love and would hate to give him up.

Z

It seems to me that you have done the right thing from the beginning. First, in telling your parents, and then deciding to wait until the young man is able to support you. Your letter is extremely well written and I should not be at all afraid of the young man's college education, but during the waiting period try and add as much to your own mental equipment as possible. I think he is in great good luck to have won such an intelligent and sensible girl. It is, of course, more dignified not to meet him secretly, and I dare say this is pretty hard on both of you, but it is the sensible thing to do.

THEY NEVER CALL AGAIN

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX.

I am twenty and considered good looking. I have been kept at home until lately when I have secured a business position. Altogether I have met about six young men and after going out once with them they never call again. I am a little shy in their company. What would you suggest to overcome my shyness.

BROKENHEARTED.

Why not try entertaining your friends at home instead of going out? I am sure you can overcome your shyness, if you will try and make the young men who call on you feel perfectly at home and at ease. You can spend a very pleasant evening playing games or making candy and letting him help. Boys always like to be treated as pals.

Judge Patterson to Be Candidate For Mayoralty

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 14. — Judge John M. Patterson, of Common Pleas Court, has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Mayor of Philadelphia. Judge Patterson is a friend of the Vares, while his chief opponent for the nomination, Congressman J. Hampton Moore, will have the support of the Penrose faction of the party.

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STECKLEY'S SPECIAL SALE

Of Distinctive Footwear

ENDS SATURDAY

Tomorrow and next day—Friday and Saturday—Will be important days to shoppers who appreciate an unusual opportunity to purchase shoes of quality and distinctive style, before the advanced prices which will prevail this season, go into effect.

Remarkable Values in LADIES' and MISSES' WHITE

Shoes—Oxfords—Pumps and in Ladies' and Misses' High and Low Shoes

Black-Brown-Tan-Mahogany

Modish Models That Will be in favor this Fall and Winter. Buy tomorrow or Saturday and save a couple of dollars or more on every purchase.

Stylish Shoes For Men and Young Men

For Summer---Fall---Winter---Spring

A wide variety of models, including medium and extreme English lasts, Shoes distinctive in style that combine quality, comfort and service at low prices, practically impossible after tomorrow and Saturday, until wholesale prices decline.

Shoes For Men, Women, Children All Sizes—All Widths

Shoe the Family While Prices Are Down

There will be a big saving if you buy now for future as well as present needs.

STECKLEY'S

1220 N. Third St—Near Broad.

ROBINSON'S 3rd and Broad ROBINSON'S 3rd and Broad

1/2 YEARLY CLEAN-UP

About $15,000 Worth of Seasonable Merchandise For $8,000

Everything is going to be CHEAP during this sale. That is a very remarkable statement to make these days when prices of good merchandise are advancing daily. But our stocks must be clean for the Fall season. We are retailers not speculators. We are positive that most of this $15,000 worth of merchandise will be worth considerable more 30 days from now. But the ruling of this store, 29 years old, is to clean up at the end of each season. There's only one way to do that—reduce the goods so low that it is VERY CHEAP...That's what we have done. For the next two weeks we go the limit. It will pay you to buy freely at Robinson's half-yearly Clean Up Sale, for your present and future needs.

Wash Goods and Domestics

Toweling in bleached and brown, clean up price, a yard 12½c
Shaker Flannel, bleached, clean up price, a yard 18c
Apron Gingham, fast colors, blues, clean up price, a yard 18c
36-inch Brown Sheeting Muslin, clean up price, a yard 22c
36x42 Bleached Pillow Cases, clean up price, each 29c
36-inch Bleached Cheesecloth, clean up price, yard 8c
29c and 35c plaid and striped Ginghams, clean up price, a yard 25c
31-inch colored Poplins, heavy cord, clean up price, a yard 35c
Bleached Table Damask, mercerized, 64-inch, clean up price, a yard 50c
All our 50c and 59c fancy Voiles in figures and stripes, 36 inches wide, clean up price, a yard, 39c
A few odd pieces of fancy checks in suitings in light colors, goods worth 50c to 75c a yard, clean up price, a yard 35c

Muslin Underwear

$1.35 Night Gowns, clean up price 96c
50c Brassieres, clean up price 33c
50c Corset Covers, clean up price 33c
$1.50 "Modisty" Drawers, clean up price, 96c
$1.50 Waists, (soiled), clean up price, 69c
$2.50 and $3.00 Waists, advance Fall models in voile, special clean up price, $1.98
$10 to $15 Waists, clean up price, $7.27
Reduction in all Middy Waists.
$1.50 to $2.00 Boys' Wash Suits, clean up price $1.24
$2.50 to $3.00 Boys' Wash Suits, clean up price $2.93
$1.50 Children's Dresses, clean up price, 88c
$3.00 to $3.50 Children's Dresses, clean up price $2.48
50c Creepers, clean up price 39c
$1.00 Creepers, clean up price 78c
$2.25 Bungalow Aprons, clean up price, $1.24
$1.50 House Dresses, clean up price, 96c

Bread 6c

3 Loaves With Each $1.00 Purchase

Regular 10c size loaf of bread made by one of the largest and best bakeries in the city 6c to every customer making a purchase of $1.00 or more in the store. Not more than three loaves to a customer. Friday and Saturday only.

Hosiery and Underwear

Ladies' Fiber Silk Hose; seconds of the $1.00 quality, black and cordovan. Clean up price 69c
Ladies' Cotton Hose, black and white seconds of 25c and 29c quality. Clean up price 19c
39c Lisle Hose, firsts, white only, clean up price 25c
Boys' School Hose, black ribbed, sizes from 6 to 10; seconds of 29c quality. Clean up price 19c
39c and 45c Children's Socks, in white and colors, all sizes. Clean up price 25c
Ladies' Union Suits, lace and cuff knee, perfect goods, all sizes up to 44. Clean up price .. 50c
Ladies' $1.00 ribbed Union Suits, all sizes. Clean up price 79c
39c Vests, in all ladies' sizes. Clean up price 25c
50c Ladies' Vests, pink, ribbon trimmed, all sizes. Clean up price, 3 for $1.00

A Clean-Up of Every Pair of Shoes in the Store

You know we are closing out our shoe department. Well, there are just 341 pairs of shoes left. Can you imagine anything more desirable to buy than several pairs of good, dependable shoes at ONE-HALF TO ONE-THIRD THE OLD PRICE? Both summer and winter footwear, of course.

All ladies' white canvas shoes and pumps $1.10
Boys' and children's Tennis Shoes 87c
Ladies' shoes, pumps and oxfords arranged on 4 tables, $1.80, $2.80, $4.40, $5.40
All children's and little gents' pumps and shoes on 4 tables, 50c, $1.20, $1.80
Educators $1.98 ..... $2.20
14 pairs of ladies' pumps and shoes ... 50c
Ladies' button felt overgaiters, were $1.98 ..... $1.25

Hair Nets, 49c a doz., all colors.

Clean-up of All Spring and Summer Ready-to-Wear

$5 to $12.50 Trimmed Hats, clean up price, 97c
$25 to $35 Ladies' Suits, clean up price $9.96
$25 to $35 Serge and Velour Capes, clean up price $9.96
$10 Coats, (10 in the lot), clean up price, $1.00
$25 to $30 Spring Coats, clean up price $9.96
$5.98 to $10.00 Skirts, clean up price $3.47
$5 Boys' Raincoats, clean up price $1.46
$25 Silk Dresses, clean up price $14.96
$39.50 Silk Dresses, clean up price ... $19.96

Men's Furnishings

Men's 25c Lisle Hose, 3 pairs for 50c
Blacks, all sizes, seconds of good quality.
Men's $1.25 Union Suits, 89c
White ribbed, all sizes, first quality.
Men's Gray Union Suits, $1.10
Gray mixed, all sizes.
Men's $1.50 Black Underwear 69c
Excellent quality, sizes broken.
Men's $1.25 to $1.50 Dress Shirts 96c
All sizes, good assortment of patterns, some slightly soiled.

Robinson's

Up-town Department Store

3rd and Broad