



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

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

CHAPTER CCLXXX  
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Grimacing unpleasantly, with his dark mouth twisted even more than was natural, Dick West advanced upon me with a jeering, scornful bow.

"Isn't it pleasant and friendly of me to follow you home for a cosy little visit like this, Mrs. Jimmie?" he asked. "Aren't you going to ask me in for a pleasant tete-a-tete? I think we can come to terms with hubby and his new chum Tom Mason are dining at the hotel, and waiting for Richard to show up."

"I am most certainly not going to ask you in," I said steadily, hoping that Dick West wouldn't find out that I had no way of getting into my apartment even if I wanted to. "And if Jim and Mr. Mason are waiting for you at the hotel, my friendly advice to you is to beat it. Hurry down there before they begin to get annoyed."

"Are you trying to get rid of me?" he frowned. "That's foolish. The elevator isn't running and I'm not in the mood to walk down all those flights. No, you don't!" he concluded roughly, anticipating my intention as I started toward the elevator shaft.

"The hammering and pounding that was already going on made it hopeless for me to shout, but if once I could get my finger on the bell and ring insistently enough perhaps I would be able to arouse suspicion, and someone might come up the stairs to see what I wanted."

"Now be a little more friendly—you can afford to be," said Dick West in a voice at once wheedling and threatening. "You haven't been a bit nice to me, perhaps, but I think I'm going to be able to persuade you to treat me a little better from now on. Say, why don't we go in and talk this over?"

"I don't care to," I said evenly.

"No? Then I will."

Dick West pressed his finger to the button. I could hear the bell peal through the apartment, but as I had known there was no answer.

"Oh—maids out?" he said at last.

"Well, that's all right. Give us the key. We can talk more sociably without anyone butting in on us."

"I haven't my key," I said, with something very like a prayer of thanksgiving.

"Oh—haven't you, now?" he taunted. "Here, give us your purse and let's see. You may like standing out in this blooming July entry way—but I could do very well with a nice chair and you opposite me, little Anne."

He snatched my bag as he spoke and went through it with fumbling fingers that missed nothing. Standing there in cold fury, with my ankle sending twinges of agony through my whole body, I felt as if I'd like to throttle Dick West for his insolent indecency with which he handled everything in my bag. I forgot to be afraid, but fear stirred again as he flung the bag at me with a muttered curse.

His manner was so uncontrolled, so full of furious menace that I hardly recognized in this wild-eyed creature the once suave man I had known. I wondered what had come over him, and then with terrifying certainty my brain supplied the clue. Drugs! The man was under the crazing influence

## Bringing Up Father



## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLVII  
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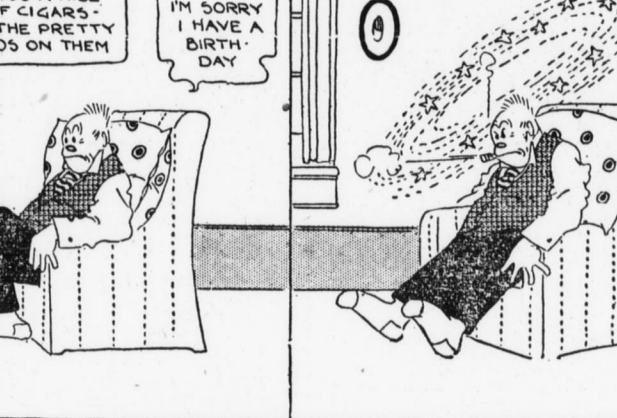
"Right! Little cutie is some business woman. Well, it's like this. I've started promoting some oil stock. Maybe we have the wells. Maybe we haven't started drilling yet. But our claims are located near the district where the fellows are working for are located. Now Jim and this Mason chap are too darn suspicious. They want to investigate my properties. And I'm not ready for that yet. Making money for the first time since you persuaded Jimmie to chuck me. Now you persuade him to give me time. If you don't how will you explain this tete-a-tete of ours to-night? If he doesn't see reason, how's he going to stop—the damaging stories about his friend Crosby that I'm in a position to circulate? And if I give Crosby away and he ducks from town—where's Jim going for a backer?"

"It's all too much for me," I said, temporizing, praying that Jim would come and put an end to my agony, mental as well as physical. I don't quite understand. I'm not much of a business woman, you see."

"You're not," sneered Dick West. "You are a business woman and a star as well as a little beauty, for all you look so pale and tired. Now give me your purse and let's see what you've got. I'll come to an amicable agreement where you call off the dogs—hubby and Tom. If you don't, kid—if you don't, I'll get you as sure as fate. What say? Do I get my kiss and a chance to cop a few dollars from poor sumps who are crying to have it taken away from them? Or do Jimmie and Annie and Luke and his Val all go down in the dustheap together? Two minutes, kid. Think lively. It's up to you to decide, and decide right—two minutes. One minute and I give you twenty. Fifteen of 'em gone already."

(To Be Continued.)

## Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax



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The other evening, on a Fifth Avenue bus, I happened to be an unwilling witness of a tragedy-comedy that had been called "How to Lose a Beau."

The heroine of the comedy was very pretty in a frail, pallid sort of way—her too white skin suggested a gardenia, or a white hyacinth, it was so smooth and fine, so utterly devoid of color. She was very smart and modish, and her eyes were well worth a second look.

But alas and alack, the moment she opened her mouth, the illusion vanished. For she belonged to what might be called the "see" school of conversationalists and she grated on the ear like a file.

The young man with her was of the nervous highly strung American type whose clothes suggested good rather than quality. You would have picked him for a winner, the length of a city block. The sort of young man who is taken into the home at \$18 a week and clings steadily. He was proud of the girl, he enjoyed the little stir her appearance caused when they entered the bus.

His eyes dwelt appreciatively on her clothes which some unerring instinct of taste had made her select most carefully.

But her good taste stopped with her clothes. No one had ever told her that she was not in the least a thing in woman. Her's was off the bargain counter and it was hardly worth taking home.

Her Daughter Too Well Raised

She began her monologue with: "It's fierce the way she nags. When I took that room I was to have the privilege of getting my meals in the kitchen—paying extra for the gas, of course. She set I left my dishes in the sink and I was told to wash 'em and put 'em away. An' I sez, if you'll inquire you'll find it was your own daughter that was in the sink in the first place. In she sez, my daughter is too well raised for that."

We looked at this apparent princess in the heavens. A slight made for lovers and midsummer madness, and here was the prettiest girl chattering of the most sordid things in a voice private life at all. Its place was on the vaudeville stage, where it would have been worth \$100 a week at least.

Come Out of the Kitchen, Mary

The ambitious young man, with such tact as he could command, tried a sort of "come out of the kitchen, Mary" but she continued: "And she passes for refined, too, yet she is always nosing through my things and wanting to know how much I paid for 'em."

## High Coal Prices Menace the Iron Industry in Sweden



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Stockholm, Aug. 23.—The Swedish iron industry is declared to be menaced by the high price of coal. Some iron works now are being operated only at one-third their capacity for this reason, although orders are plentiful. Importation of coal from Germany is completely stopped, and British coal costs the equivalent of \$22.50 a ton and coal from America about \$1.25 less.

Iron manufacturers are urging the government to use 300,000 tons of Swedish shipping to bring coal from America at reduced freight rates.

Parliament Again Is Learning to Play

London, Aug. 23.—Parliament, after five hard years devoted to the business of the Empire, is again learning to play. Recently it occupied a stand along the Mall while the fighting men of the Allies passed in review. Later it continued its peace celebration by visiting the net anchored off the mouth of the Thames at Southend. And on both occasions it cast aside the dignity and hoary customs of its ancient legislative halls, and enjoyed the novelty like a lot of school boys out for a frolic.

Then the Lords saw the ships—a comparatively small and select party which left London late and

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**German Police Dogs Being Brought Over**

Paris, Aug. 23.—America will be overrun with German police dogs if the dog-catchers at the ports in the United States where the returning troops land do not put an embargo on the German product.

All the soldiers and marines from the Rhine districts bring police dogs to Paris. Officers, doughboys and girl workers with the army lead them through the Paris streets. The American troop trains passing through Belgium and Luxembourg on their way to French ports all carry a great assortment of the German canines.

Red Cross workers, Young Men's Christian Association workers and members of the Young Women's Christian Association have been won over by the German police dogs and are taking them back to America. Most of the canines have pedigrees showing that their grandfather was a wolf. They are all grey, about the size of a shepherd dog with the pointed nose and sharp erect ears of a wolf.

LEBANON STARTS POST

Lebanon, Pa., Aug. 23.—Steps were taken here for the organization of a post of the American Legion in this city. A temporary character was adopted with the names of eighteen members.

**DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS**

2905—This could be made from "all over" embroidery, or dimity, lawn, batiste, nainsook, Swiss silk, crepe and washable satin. Straps of ribbon or material hold the cover over shoulders and arm.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 1 1/8 yard of 36-inch material.

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17	18	19	20	21	22
15	16	2	3	4	5
14	11	10	9	8	7
61	62	29	8	7	6
60	30	44	28	27	26
59	31	43	25	24	23
58	32	42	22	21	20
57	33	41	19	18	17
56	34	40	16	15	14
55	35	39	13	12	11
54	36	38	10	9	8
53	37	37	7	6	5
52	38	36	4	3	2
51	39	35	1	0	0

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

**Executive Flim-Flam Hurts U. S. Beanmen**

Washington, Aug. 23.—That the Administration has succeeded in keeping secret for six months the fact that an investigation was conducted last February into the motives surrounding the purchase of thousands of tons of oriental beans for army and European relief purposes, instead of American-grown beans which were produced in enormous quantities at the Government's urgent request has been revealed to the Senate and House Committees on Agriculture by G. A. Turner, president of the California Bean Growers' Association.

"Undue influence was used in persuading the Government to buy the oriental beans," said Mr. Turner, "with the result that more than half of the California crop has had to be sold at a loss."

Mr. Turner cited this incident as illustrative of the evils growing out of the trade with my guests, and on the Administration during the war. He said that it was hoped that these powers would not be renewed.

"I have upon production and sale, the better the country will be," he concluded, "although we all favor legislation which will crush the profiteer."

**British Trade Board Issues Restrictions**

London, Aug. 23.—The board of Trade has issued a long list of articles under the term "unstable key industries." The importation of which after September 1 will be permitted only by license. The list includes coal tar derivatives for use in dyestuffs, a number of colors, chemicals, optical glass, scientific and optical instruments, hosiery, magnetos and gauges.

**ATTACKED BY BULL**

Mulberry, Aug. 23.—Attacked by an angry bull while in an open field, O. S. Hoffman was thrown down and trampled upon, only being saved when Charles Walton, an employe, heard his cries and drove the animal away with a fork.

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