



Reading for Women and of the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER CCLXXXV.

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Jim came dashing back from the telephone in high good humor. "Got female!" he exclaimed. "Asked her to jump in a taxi and come over to kiss and make up. She was surprised but game. She'll be here in about fifteen minutes."

"That's splendid, Jim," I said heartily. "I'm so glad you're going to forgive and forget."

"Forget?" broke in Jim. "Not much. Jeanie has said a few things I can't forget in a hurry—about her father's money. But this is where I make her take water. I'm going to enjoy seeing her back out of her pet harbor into the stream."

"What do you mean?" I asked hating my own suspicion that Jim was gloating over the idea of this triumph.

"I mean that Virginia Dalton is going to eat her own words," replied Jim blandly. "She's going to acknowledge that I'm the head of the family now. She's going to remove all obstacles to a certain marriage we want to see happen. She's going to beg brother Jimmie's pardon for a few things and go on her knees to Pa Dalton for his devotion and generosity. Eat humble pie all round."

Jim's eyes twinkled as he contemplated the picture he was drawing. He got up and did a couple of double shuffle steps to show how his contentment was full measure. He pressed down and running over, he helped me to a chair, gave a perky twist to the vases of flowers Phoebe had arranged, and then pranced off to answer the doorbell.

A minute later Jim and Jeanie came in arm and arm. Her eyes were a trifle misty. Jim was grinning with delight. There seemed no need for words. Clearly, as I had imagined a quarrel between Jim and Jeanie couldn't last.

Dinner was a regular love-feast. Virginia was very happy to be on good terms with Jim again. Dangerous topics were skirted and we all gave ourselves over to the happiness of the reconciliation without openly acknowledging there was such a thing as a reconciliation in the world.

When we got back to the living room Jeanie watched with tender yet quizzical eyes while Jim established me comfortably among my cushions.

"Now watch Jeanie," he whispered, as he put his lips lightly to my forehead.

Then he advanced to the attack. "Jeanie, did you know I'd been trying to buy the old estate? He asked with simple innocence, puffing rings from his cigarette with attention seemingly focussed on that accomplishment.

"Jimmie! How wonderful that you're making good so you can buy back the dear old place! Going to

invite me out week-ends when you get it?" cried Virginia in delight.

"I haven't succeeded, I had Neal on the trail of the titles and present ownership for weeks," replied Jim carelessly.

"He'll get it for you pretty soon, I'm sure," replied Virginia a little too politely, frozen again at the mere mention of Neal.

"I could sense her mental reservation about him. It was almost as if she had said, 'Why don't you put a real, real-estate man on the job?'"

"No, he won't. You see, the place has been bought in. And I'm not at all sure that the party in whose name the place stands now would care to sell," retorted Jim with relish.

"You might try—began Virginia.

"All right," broke in Jim. "Care to sell? Name your own figure, Mrs. Dalton."

"Why, what?" stammered Virginia, looking from one to the other of us completely mystified. "What do you mean? I don't get the point. Is there a joke?"

"No joke at all. A fact," said Jim bluntly at last. "The old Harrison place stands in your name."

Virginia threw back her head. The Harrison pride had never flattered itself more plainly before my eyes.

"Then father didn't lose it," she cried, riding rough-shod over Jim's pride in order to explain her own.

"And he put it in my name. That does make me the head of the family."

"Not quite, old dear," said Jim, grinning impishly—or was it maliciously.

"What do you mean?" demanded Virginia. "Then we don't own the old place after all?"

Jim didn't seem to notice that generous. "We don't own the old place," he went on ruthlessly.

You own it all right. Transfer's been made. It stands clear and proven beyond dispute. All that's needed is your signature, and the title's complete."

"Did you—did you do this?" Virginia got up and, forsaking her stately glide, flung herself across the room and seized Jim's hands. Suddenly Jim realized that he had gone far enough—that he wasn't setting his stage as well as he had thought. The old tenderness came to banish his other mood.

"No dear," he said, catching Virginia's hands and laying them against his heart, so that she stood close and straight looking up into his eyes. "Pa bought the old place. It's his gift to you."

Virginia started, stiffened, drew back from Jim. Her lips parted, but no word came. Then the crimson rushed up into her cheeks.

"He dared!" she cried furiously.

"He dared! And you, my own brother, you tell me this? Jim! Oh, Jim! You don't know me after all. I'm going home at once. And never let me hear this—this cheap joke referred to again."

To be continued.

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1918, International News Service

By McManus



NEGROES WANT RACIAL EQUALITY

Ask For Amendment to Peace Treaty So That Trouble Might Be Avoided

By Associated Press.

Washington, Aug. 28.—Asking for an amendment to the peace treaty so as to provide for racial equality, a delegation of negroes, speaking for the National Equal Rights League to-day that serious trouble might be expected unless better treatment were accorded negroes in the United States.

"The black man has given notice," said A. Phaley, a New York negro, "that what he has suffered in the past will not be endured in the future. He means business now. There can be no compromise."

William Monroe Trotter, of Boston, secretary of the league, voicing a similar opinion said the "oppression" of the negro in America was reaching a point where no one could be sure "that our land will be a land of peace."

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XLIX.

Helen Goddard was always pleasant and attentive to elderly people. Therefore, when the refreshments were being served she took a seat near Mrs. Duffield.

"I am sure that Annie and Smith understand their duties perfectly," she remarked sotto voce. "I have given them full directions."

"It has been a relief to Desiree to have you here," the matron observed. "The poor child was quite put out about by one thing and another."

"You mean she was upset at not having a regular waitress to-night?" Helen queried. "Really that is quite ridiculous of her—and not a bit like Desiree. She is usually so sensible."

Mrs. Duffield regarded Helen as her niece's very good friend, therefore spoke out what came into her mind.

"No, my dear," she dropped her voice to a confidential whisper. "That is not all that disturbed her. I do not mind telling you—for you will not speak of it outside—but Desiree's amethyst and diamond pendant has been stolen."

"Stolen!" Helen repeated.

"Yes—at least that is what we fear." Then, flattered at having so increased when the narrator repeated Mr. Leighton's warning to his daughter.

"Of course it made Desiree feel very uncomfortable," Mrs. Duffield ended. "And, I must acknowledge, I am uncomfortable about it myself. But I am sure that Smith is all right."

"Smith again!" a low voice exclaimed so near the speaker that she and her listener started nervously.

"I am always hearing something about Smith when I get into touch with any member of the Leighton household," Walter Jefferson accused with his light laugh.

Jefferson as a gossip.

Then, as some one on the other side of Mrs. Duffield engaged her in conversation, Jefferson addressed his remarks to Miss Goddard.

"Old Black Joe," "Long and the chauffeur a fascinating topic!" he challenged.

"Oh, I don't know," Helen evaded.

"Do think, however, that there is something rather mysterious about him. He makes a good butler this evening, doesn't he?"

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you see that it is serving the refreshments?" Helen asked.

"He brought you some punch just now."

Jefferson never even glanced at the chap. Jefferson took it for granted that he was some hired waiter. When he comes in again, I will get a good look at him. Like any man here there is something queer about him."

"Such as what?"

"Oh, well, his looks for one thing; I have seen him somewhere—in other circumstances—yet where I cannot recall. But if I had ever talked with him before he entered our host's employ, I am certain I would have remembered that Irish brogue."

"That brogue?"

"Yes, and that is another thing that puzzles me. He does not look a bit like an Irishman."

"He is not one," Helen asserted.

"I have talked a lot with him. He is no more Irish than I am."

"But his speech," Jefferson began, when a warning glance from his companion checked him.

David was approaching with a tray laden with plates of oysters. Gravelly, as to a complete stranger, he offered the dessert to Miss Goddard.

She helped herself to an oyster. Walter Jefferson's eyes met those of David De Laine.

It was a dramatic moment to which the girl thrilled. While she could have counted ten the two men gazed into each other's eyes. The look in Jefferson's eyes was inquiring and searching; that in David's was almost defiant.

A Recollection.

Then the chauffeur spoke in a calm tone.

"Will you have an ice, Mr. Jefferson?"

The guest gave vent to a short laugh.

"Why yes, my man, I will," taking a plate from the tray. "I was not aware," he added slowly, "that you knew my name."

David made no rejoinder, but passed on, in his manner that of a well-trained servant.

When he was out of earshot Jefferson spoke. His tones were rather unsteady, as if he were suppressing his excitement.

"I know where I met that man," he said with conviction.

"Where?" his companion asked eagerly.

"Down in Baltimore. It was at the house of a cousin of mine—at a dance."

"Really? What was he doing? Was he a waiter?"

"No—he was a guest."

Helen Goddard clasped her hands. "How romantic! I suspected," Jefferson interrupted her. "I will ask you," he said sternly, "to men-

Band Concert and Sing to Be Held This Evening

The Moose Band of Harrisburg, under the direction of Prof. J. L. Sprenger, will offer the following program, in conjunction with Elmer E. Key, who will conduct the community singing at Reservoir Park this evening at 8 o'clock:

"America," "The King Pin" overture, Taylor; "Hunting Scene," descriptive, Bucalossi; "Tres Jolie," hesitation, Waldteufel; "Arbuckle-land Polka," cornet solo, by Mr. Harvey E. Perloff, soloist; "Songs From 'The Old Folks,'" selection, Lake; "Marche Indienne (a) Hindu novelty Seltenick; "La Borinquena," Porto Rican dance, Astel; "Au Moulin 'in The Mill,'" descriptive, Gillette; "Remick's Big Hits," medley revue, Lampe; "Star Spangled Banner," Keys.

Community Singing.

"Good Morning Mr. Zip Zip Zip," "Rose of No Man's Land," "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Old Folks at Home," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Old Black Joe," "Long Long Trail," "Till We Meet Again," "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," "Adeline, Sweet Adeline."

The community sing also will be held this evening at Fourth and Seneca streets.

Catholics Warned Not to Aid Y. M. C. A.

By Associated Press.

Lima, Peru, Wednesday, Aug. 27.—Monsignor Emilio Lissón, archbishop of Lima, this morning published a communication in all newspapers here warning Catholics not to participate in the movement recently inaugurated in this city for the establishment of a branch of the Y. M. C. A., under the penalty of "laying themselves open to the suspension of heresy and incurring general ecclesiastical censure."

La Prensa, a prominent newspaper here, declares editorially that the Archbishop has "committed a serious error and has failed to comprehend the constitution and purpose of the institution he attacks."

The Y. M. C. A. has large and prosperous branches in Valparaiso and Buenos Aires which were established several years ago.

TO NATIONALIZE OIL

Mexico City, Wednesday, Aug. 27.—The petroleum committee of the Mexican Senate to-day presented a report on legislation regulating Article 27 of the constitution of 1917, which nationalizes oil lands, and at the same time laid before the Senate a draft of a law regulating this article and eliminating all retroactive effects of proposed oil legislation.

This is a concession for which foreign oil interests have been contending. The proposals submitted by President Carranza last November looking to the regulation of Article 27, now are being considered by the Chamber of Deputies.

THIS WEEK TRY KRUMBLES AT OUR RISK

This week you are invited to make a thorough trial of Krumbles at our risk. Buy a 15-cent package of Krumbles from your grocer. Use the whole package if you wish, and if you are not more than pleased your grocer will refund your 15 cents without question and we will reimburse him.

We couldn't ask you to buy Krumbles on this basis if we did not know how greatly they will please you. The war taught us how to make Krumbles 100 per cent better—by creating a blend of choice cereals that is really most delicious and appetizing. Everybody likes Krumbles. They are made in the same big kitchens that produce Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—this fact is a guarantee of quality. Buy your money-back trial package of Krumbles today. Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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GROCERS SHOW A SMALL PROFIT

Corner of window display in Dive s. Pomeroy and Stewart's Store, of the prizes that will be awarded to winners in contests and games at the big "Something Doing" Christian Endeavor picnic to be held at Hershey Park to-morrow.

Following is a list of the prizes that have been donated, together with their donors:

Witman, Schwarz Company, three sacks of flour.

Mary Sach's Fashion Store, \$2.00.

United Hat Store, one hat.

Dives, Pomeroy and Stewart, prize to be selected.

Harrisburg Telegraph, 100 engraved calling cards.

Joseph Shenk Tin Store, Penbrook, one stewing kettle.

J. B. Montgomery, one pair of shoes.

W. B. Schleisner Store, one lady's camisole.

The Globe, one pair cuff links.

New Idea Hosiery Company, \$1.50 worth of hosiery.

W. L. Ferry, one silk tie.

Oliver Ebersole, Penbrook, \$2.50 worth of chicken food.

Doutrich Company, one shirt.

United Ice and Coal Company, one load of wood.

Harrisburg Coal Company, one load of coal.

Paxton Flour and Feed Company, \$5.00.

J. F. Feeser, one watermelon.

C. H. Puhl, Penbrook, one large cake.

Fairland and Company, one box of candy.

Harrisburg Light, Heat and Power Company, one electrical candle.

Elias Confectionery Store one box of candy.

PRIZES FOR C. E. OUTING



It is also contended by the grocers that the selling of what is called "hoarded" food may result in defeating the very purpose of those who are endeavoring to reduce the high cost of living. Illustrating this point a writer in the New York Times says:

"The fact that there are large quantities of foodstuffs in the storehouses seems to me sufficient proof that they are being hoarded. Until recently, even little school children were expected to know that it was necessary to collect and store food in the season of plenty so as to have it when needed in the season of scarcity. Butter and eggs are gathered most easily and cheaply in April, May and June, the season of their greatest production, and stored for winter when little or none of either is produced. It was even thought at one time that the person doing such work was of help to the people. Now he is a hoarder and public officials propose to seize his stores and force them on the market when they are not needed, and they will be gone by winter when they will be needed. In a few weeks apples and potatoes will be stored and their owners probably charged with hoarding."

"Although present prices are high and burdensome, the people can get along, because vegetables are cheap, and many have gardens. The use of our stock of stored foods now would be foolish beyond relief."

It is quite possible that there are very large stocks in store, and that some of them belong to speculators. It may be also that the buyers have over-estimated the market and have stored too much. If so, they have encouraged production by the farmer by paying him a large amount for his goods, and they will do the public at least a measure of good by selling at a loss.

"Either there is a surplus or there is not. If there is a surplus it is a good thing, as next winter, when prices are high, the most it will be plentiful and cheap. If there is no surplus, it would be suicidal to take the food out of storage now and sell it."

"How are the people of the cities to be fed in winter if foods are not stored in summer? And who will invest his money to store food hereafter, when his goods have been seized and sold?"

"Will not somebody whisper to the officials having the matter in charge that the grasshopper policy of eating all you have in the summer without a care for the winter was disapproved some centuries ago by good authority?"

It's Easy to Peel Off Your Tan or Freckles

This is what you should do to shed a spoiled complexion: Spread evenly over the face, covering every inch of skin, a thin layer of ordinary mercurized wax. Let this stay on over night, wash it off next morning. Repeat daily until your complexion is as clear, soft and beautiful as a young girl's. This result is inevitable, no matter how soiled or discolored the complexion. The wax literally peels off the filmy surface skin, exposing the lovely skin beneath. The process is entirely harmless, so little of the old skin coming off at a time.

Mercurized wax is obtainable at any drug store, one ounce usually suffices. It's a veritable wonder-worker for rough, tanned, reddened, blotchy, pimply or freckled skin.

Rheumatism Leaves You Forever

Deep Seated Uric Acid Deposits Are Dissolved and the Rheumatic Poisons Start to Leave the System Within Twenty-four Hours.

Every druggist in this county is authorized to say to every rheumatic sufferer in this vicinity that if two bottles of Allenru's does not stop all agony, reduce swollen joints and do away with the slightest twinges of rheumatic pain, he will gladly return your money without comment.

Allenru has been tried and tested for years, and really marvelous results have been accomplished in the most severe cases where the suffering and agony was intense and pitious and where the patient was helpless.

Allenru relieves at once. Immediately after you start to take it, good work begins. It searches out the uric acid deposits, dissolves the secretions and drives rheumatic poison out of the body through the kidneys and bowels.

It's marvelous how quickly it acts. Blessed relief often comes in two days and even in cases where the suffering is most painful all traces disappear in a few days.

Mr. James H. Allen, the discoverer of Allenru, who for many years suffered the torments of acute rheumatism, desires all sufferers to know that he does not want a cent of anyone's money unless Allenru decisively conquers this worst of all diseases and he has instructed George A. Gorges to guarantee it in every instance.

ENROLL NOW IN THE SCHOOL OF RESULTS

The largest and best in Harrisburg—the Standard, Accredited Business College—the School that MUST and does promote individually; that MUST keep strictly up-to-date in every respect—the School selected by the people who cannot be led blindly; the thinking people, who demand facts, truth, and proof—not camouflage. Any MISREPRESENTATION or violation of methods, etc., would cancel our connection with the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools of the United States.

THINK—DECIDE

Term Opens—Day School, August 25 and Sept. 1

NIGHT SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER 1

Uniform Rate of Tuition to All

School of Commerce

J. H. Troup Building, 15 S. Market Square

BELL 485 DIAL 4393

Dinner Thursday Eve., Aug. 28

Stouffer's Restaurant

4 N. Court St. 5 to 7.30

50¢

Creamed Tomato Soup

Chicken (Mary style)—Pork Chop (plain)

Beef Croquettes—Roast Beef

Mashed or Hash Browned Potatoes

Baked Beans—Eggplant—Entrée

Ice Cream, Pie or Pudding

Coffee, Tea or Cocoa

Human Kids and Mountain Kids Are Very Much Alike

BOTH need leather suits to "stand the gaff." The Mountain Goat is satisfied with a glossy coat outside, but Human Kids need stylish patterns a-top their leather hides. And that's the reason for—

"Leatherized" Suits for Boys

The One New Idea in Boys' Clothes

Slide down cellar doors—rub your elbows on the desk—fill your pockets as you will. NO FEAR OF HOLES!

EVERY LEATHERIZED SUIT is lined with strong, soft, pliable, real leather—where the wear strain comes. Sizes 8 to 18 years. Fabrics All Wool—and—what's more

THEY'RE GUARANTEED

You'll find them nowhere else in town.

Wm. Strouse & Co.

THE BOYS' STORE

310 Market Street Harrisburg Pa.

Leatherized GUARANTEED SUITS for BOYS