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 CCLXXXVIII

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'Did you notice something funny last night?" asked Jim, the day after our visit to Pat Dalton's apartment.

"About you, our host or the world in general?" I parried.

"About your hubby—and the way he couldn't get up his nerve to let on to Pat that the news of the purchase of the Harrison estate and its transfer to Virginia had reached his ears," replied Jim.

"I never thought of it," I confessed. "I took it for granted that you and Neal had talked it all over with Pat."

'Can't answer for the kid, but I've never let out a peep——"

"No, and you're not letting out a peep about a more important subject. That's a way you have, Jim," I replied in irritation and unhappiness that would not down.

"Meaning? Oh—yes, I know. I ought to apologize for the way I fussed about your slippers and didn't show a mortal bit of sympathy for the sprained ankle. Well, that goes without saying. But I'll say it, dear. I was a brute. And when the boy was so darn sweet to Phoebe about that near-ptomaine attack of hers, I saw. I'll never hurt you like that again, dear. Never willingly," Jim added ruefully, coming over to perch on the arm of my chair and to ruffle up the little curlsat the nape of my neck neck.

"Oh, Jimmie—dear, don't make it so hard for me to lecture you," I begged, nesting my head against his shoulder. "'Cause I have to, dear—whether I like it or not."

"You may fire when ready, Gridley,'" quoted Jim. "Now what have I done to make the wee wifie ashamed of me? Wasn't I nice to Tommie? Or was I too nice? Go to it. Don't spare my gray hairs."

"Please, Jim," I begged. "You know just as well as I do"—

"Oh, you mean going to Pat's. Nok look here, Anne, I'm in wrong with Virginia anyway, but she can't boss and henpeck me, and run the world so that I cut Pat off my visiting list just when I find how all wool and yard wide he is!"

"I don't mean going to Pat's. Though I did think that a little ill-advised. I mean—I mean the dice. Your gambling. Oh, Jimmie, if you could see how it gets you, how it distorts you! Your fine, strong, sinewy hands look like talons when you grip that little cup. And you crouch over the table—like something sinister. My Jim goes. It almost kills me. It frightens me. It frightens me, Jim!"

I buried my face in Jim's shoulder and held myself well in leash to stifle the sobs that threatened to come in spite of me. Jim stiffened and drew away irritably.

"Cut out the sob-sister stuff!" he said, gruffly. "I'm a man — not a boy, Anne. I'm not going to perdition because I shake dice with a good friend now and then. And you needn't paint me in quite such garish colors. I don't relish such melodramatic bunk!"

"It isn't," I persisted, ill-advisedly. "If you could see yourself you'd know how the fever burns out all the real you and makes you a caricature of yourself."

Jim got down from the arm of the chair and spoke drily:

"I won't quarrel with you, Anne. But your lack of understanding of this interest of mine strikes me as about as unsympathetic as my failure to howl with grief over that ankle of yours. Don't forget the fifty-fifty stuff that's been making things go smoothly for the past month or so."

"Oh, Jim, we have been happy," I said, clutching fearfully at that happiness and Jim's coattails as he made to leave the room. "Let's not spoil it. Don't go without kissing me. The ankle annoys me, too, because it wouldn't let me run after you if you tried to get away."

So we kissed and made up, and Jim hurried off, leaving me to face the ugly realization that again as always when I tried to pin him down to a discussion of the sinister thing which I felt threatened our happiness, Jim had eluded me. And, again, as always when I yielded to my morbid fears of Jim's passion for gambling i visualizeo my own unhappy youth. The dingy hall bedrooms, the pink plush and gilt hotel suites which alternated with them, my red-eyed little mother and "Lucky Lee," the dimly remembered, swaggering man, who had never been a father to me in the sense dear Father Andrew Hyland was.

In the midst of my unhappy thoughts the phone rang and Carl Booth's voice came over the wire abrim with boyish eagerness:

"Berbara Anne, you haven't forgotten that I'm counting on showing you how I broil a beefsteak tonight, have you?"

I had forgotten. It flashed across my mind that I had never told Jim of this engagement which I had made without consulting him. He was on the edge of a dangerous mood, to which he felt that I and I alone had goaded him. I temporized a moment.

"You didn't know I'd been suffering from a sprained ankle, did you, Carl?"

"Poor little girl!" cried Carl instantly. "Is it still very painful? I'll tell you, we'll put it off till you're all right. I wouldn't have you hurt for the world. When will you be able to come without a twinge of pain?"

"To-night a week," I replied, feeling heartily ashamed of myself as I did so and wondering why it didn't seem exactly right for Carl to be so kind. "But, anyway, I needn't feel guilty, for since Daisy is left I'm not entirely breaking up your evening."

"Oh, I'll call it off with Daisy, too," said Carl carelessly. "I'll run up this afternoon to see if there's anything your old pal can do for you."

As I hung up the receiver I found myself uneasily wishing that he wouldn't come, and then wondering why I wished that. But at noon I phoned Haldanes and asked Daisy to run in after the day's work was over.

(To be continued.)

The Man Who Loved Good Desserts

"There goes Edith Bradford," said Mrs. Knowlton as she and Mrs. Winton were sitting on the porch sewing one afternoon. "She and Bob certainly seem happy together."

"I am sure they are," answered Mrs. Winton, "and that reminds me of something funny that happened before they were married. One day Edith came to me in the greatest excitement.

"What am I going to do!" she exclaimed tragically. "Bob's mother has just told me he could live on cornstarch pudding and blanc mange, and I simply cannot make either one."

She was so serious about it, it was laughable.

"Never mind," I reassured her. "There is Puddine."

"Puddine?" she questioned. "What is it?"

"A most wonderful dessert—rich and creamy and luscious.

"How do you make it?" said Edith.

"Why, you just add sugar and milk, either fresh or condensed, and boil it for three minutes. Out it comes, after it's cool, a firm, creamy mold of luscious, rich dessert."

"Well, I'm certainly glad to know it," sighed Edith. "Bob's mother is such a wonderful cook!"

"I know you'll both like Puddine," I said; "and it comes in any number of flavors—chocolate, rose vanilla, almond, spice and several others. And then you can make rich, creamy pie and cake fillings with Puddine, and you can even make ice cream with it.

"I suppose you'll finish, however," said Edith, "by telling me it's expensive and so rich one can't eat much of it anyhow."

I told her that a 15c box served 15 people, and was very wholesome.

Shortly after she was married I was talking to her again. "Oh, Mrs. Winton," she said, "how can I ever thank you? Puddine is wonderful. Bob raves about my desserts, and Puddine has done it all."

Order some Puddine from your grocer to-day!—Adv.

ASK FOR and GET

Horlick's

The Original

Malted Milk

For Infants and Invalids

Avoid Imitations and Substitutes

Bringing Up Father

-:- Copyright, 1918, International News Service -:- By McManus

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LI.

(Copyright, 1919, Star Company.)

For a moment even Helen Goddard was dumb. She was shocked that her indiscreet talk had brought about the present alarming state of affairs.

Surely she might yet do something to avert any trouble that she had started.

She knew that Walter Jefferson would hold his tongue until he had made the threatened investigations. He said he had seen Smith at the house of a cousin in Baltimore. Helen supposed he would question this cousin as to the names of the various guests to whom she had introduced Jefferson. But it was hardly probable she would remember which of her guests of several years ago bore a name beginning with a D.

In the meantime the fact remained that Helen had made Mrs. Duffield more suspicious than ever of Smith. The widow would probably voice her suspicions to her brother. If she did the blame would rest upon Helen. Conscience-stricken, she determined to make another effort to seal Mrs. Duffield's lips.

Meeting her in the hall she laid a detaining hand on the widow's arm.

"Dear Mrs. Duffield," she murmured, "I want to speak just a word more to you about poor Smith. Won't you, as a favor to me, wait just a few days before saying anything to Mr. Leighton about what I told you of Smiths assumed name? It may be all a mistake, you know. So it will be safer to wait. Walter Jefferson has told me in confidence that he is going to look into the whole matter. No harm can come of keeping this secret a little longer. You and I believe the fellow is all right. Such being the case, it would be cruel—wouldn't it?—to awaken the suspicions of his employer against him?"

"But suppose he is not honest?" Mrs. Duffield objected.

"Even if he were not,' Helen argued, "he would have no chance to take anything from any of you while performing his duties as chauffeur. It is not likely that he will be here in the house again soon, is it?"

Still Undecided

"No, it is not," Mrs. Duffield admitted. "I am quite certain he has not been in the house more than a couple of times since Samuel engaged him. And, as you say, it is not probable that he will take anything between now and the time we fined out more about him. Yet —I must say it does look queer.'

"But, you will not speak to your brother about it?" Helen urged. "I am sure Smith is all right."

"I hope so, the widow returned. "But, my dear, unless we learn the whereabouts of the pendant I really must speak to my brother about what you have told me. I cannot promise not to.'

Helen turned away, her heart sick within her. She had set in motion a train of events whose consequence might mean the discharge and disgrace of a man whom she had admired and about whom she had built up a very pretty little romance.

What should she do? If she told Desiree what had happened, it would only make conditions worse. Desiree would be displeased at finding that her guests had discussed her private matters in her own house. It would be best not to complicate affairs by telling her what had occurred.

The direct way was the best way. Helen reminded herself too late. But one thing was left to do. She must put Smith on his guard.

With characteristic impetuosity she went back to the dining room. The guests had gone, and Smith and Annie were removing the doylies from the table. Helen spoke impulsively.

"Annie, you must be tired. I told Miss Leighton I would lend a hand in here. Run away and do something else. I will help Smith take off the doylies."

"They are oll off, I thank you," David said as Annie left the room. "But it was kind of you to think of helping us with them.'

"I. may as well be truthful, David," Helen began.

She stopped as she saw his face change as she used his first name for the second time this evening.

As She Prefers

"Would you prefer having me call you 'Smith?" she asked bluntly.

"That must be as you prefer, Miss Goddard," he replied. "My employers call me 'Smith.'"

"Yet they know your first name, do they not?' Helen questioned.

"Certainly. I told Mr. Leighton when he engaged me that my name was 'David Smith.'"

Helen looked at him fixedly. She believed she had a sudden inspiration.

"You may trust me, David," she said, "so I am going to ask you a very plain question. Is your name really 'David Smith'?"

If David was startled, his face did not betray it. He was on his guard now.

"That is my name," he said gravely, then added, with a little smile, "the name 'given me by my sponsors in baptism.'"

Helen drew a breath of relief. She felt as if she saw light ahead.

"Oh, I am so glad, David! And I believe you absolutely. I want you to remember that, please."

David looked puzzled. "Thank you," he bowed. "But I do not understand why you assure me of that.'

"Because I want you to remember it if any queer questions are put to you. Don't tell anybody I said a thing to you about this. But, David, no matter what happens, please believe that I believe you know nothing about"— She stopped, gathering courage to speak the word that trembled on her lips.

"About what?" he insisted.

"Oh," she blurted forth, "about that pendant of Miss Leightons!"

To Be Contined

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

A STYLISH DESIGN

2920—This dress is good for gingham, chambray, lawn, seersucker, and other cotton fabrics. It may also be developed in silk, satin, gabardine, rajah and shantung silks. Gingham with linen or pique, or foulard and organdy could be combined. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 5-8 yard.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

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Makers Report on Study of Industrial Conditions Abroad

New York, Sept. 2. — "Democratization of industry," "workers' control," "a voice in management" and similar phrases were characterized as "verbal coinages of stampeders after economic will-o'-the-whisps" by James W. Sullivan, representative of organized labor on the commission sent by the National Civic Federation to England, France and Italy, to study industrial conditions, in a report made public here to-night.

Mr. Sullivan in four articles on the general topic, "The Labor Situation Abroad Following the War" points out, however, that behind the phrases is screened a big idea—"a compound of syndicalism, socialism and the newfangled guildism."

After analyzing the "shop steward" movement in Great Britain and calling it a war-time schism from regular trade unionism and a thrust toward nationalizing industry, Mr. Sullivan refers to its rise and rapid growth, the "extravagant" claims made for it in the United States and its subsequent decline. He claimed that it came into being because of abnormal conditions combined with inefficient functioning of British trade unions and that "it quickly died when the exceptional conditions that gave it birth had passed"

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

"I'll tell the world!"

It is a phrase which is on many lips nowadays—one of those meaningless slang expressions which for no apparent reason achieve currency and are flung into colloquial conversation solely for emphasis, or else to bridge a lack of ideas.

There are bits of slang which are both picturesque and pointed, and which fill a gap in the language. "I should worry!" was one of them. No other phrase carries quite such a suggestion of careless indifference; it is a verbal shrug of the shoulders. "Going some" was another; and so were "Let George do it," "G-o-o-d Night!" and "Never again!"

But "I'll tell the world" is utterly banal, inconsequent and superfluous. Most of the things that people boastfully announce they are "telling the world" aren't worth listening to.

Their bombastic assertion is like the ballyhoo of a sideshow barker luring people into his tent and with nothing to show them after they get there but a fake "wild man" or a flimsy papier-mache "mermaid."

The men and women who are really telling the world anything of value are usualy too busy to ballyhoo. They speak to us in deeds rather than in words.

Once in a way, though, one of them is surprised or cajoled into divulging the reasons for his success—not the customary copybook platitudes, but a hint as to the real sources of power—and when this happens, the world may well prick up its ears.

I caught this passage in an interview I read not long ago.

"If you have a handicap, try to act as if you hadn't. Try to forget it yourself. And, above all, don't let other people keep it in their minds."

The man who said that has no feet and a part of only one hand. He lost these missing members as a result of being almost frozen to death in a Minnesota blizzard when he was fourteen years old. A poor boy, without family or reatives, almost without education and lacking the specific knowledgs of trainin except in rough farm work, he seemed a typical subject for charity, a helpless charge upon the State all his days.

People shook their heads pityingly. "It would have been better if he had died," they said.

Yet by establishing the formula I have quoted, and living up to it, that man is to-day at fifty-three a useful and influential member of society. He is the president of a bank and has held high public positions, among them that of Commissioner to the Philippines.

He married the most sought-after girl in the town where he lived and his wife and three children adore him. He drives his own car, walks, dances, hunts big game, travels about without any attendant; and in short, lives just like you or I. He is healthy, happy and successful.

"I believe I have proved," he says, "that being 'a cripple' is more a state of mind that of body. I know plenty of men whose bodies are perfectly normal and who yet cannot do the things even physically that I can. There is only one really insurmountable, handicap, so far as I can determine, and that is the loss of that inner power which we call the mind. Nothing else is unconquerable,"

How is that for something to "tell the world?"

Ii's easy, of course, for him to believe it now; but it wasn't so easy for him to believe it that day in his boyhood when he came out from under the ether, maimed and penniless, to face a hopeless future.

Then he had only his faith that it was true; but by clinging unwaveringly to that faith he has moved mountains.

In every act and in every thought he had persistently told the world that he was not incapacitated, that he was not 'a cripple," and the world as it always does, took him at his own valuation.

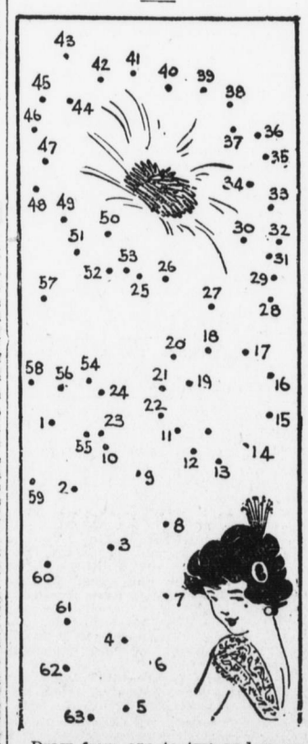
Few of us realize how much what we tell the world—not in words alone, but in deeds and general attitude—counts toward our success or failure.

If we pity ourselves or allow others to pity us; if we are gloomy or pessimistic or despondent, the world with its arms full of golden opportunities quickly sheers away.

The world doesn't want to hear any hard-luck stories or attend any soul clinches. It doesn't want any tales of disease or tragedy of misfortune or oppression. To those who try to catch its attention with these things it says impatiently, "Go tell it to a policeman or your doctor."

What the world wants is inspiration, courage, joy. And to those who can tell it what it wishes to hear it will give its richest reward.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end

Diptheria Cases Follow Visit of Hanover Family

Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 2. — Admiral Benjamin Chambers Bryson, U. S. N., of Charlestor, S. C., a great-grandson of Colonel Benjamin Chambers, founder of this city, has offered to present the officials the original grant for the land on which the town is built. The valuable old document will be turned over to the Kittochtinny Historical Society for preservation as soon as it arrives.

Out Goes the Fan

There's no need for it when you have an iced cold pitcher of Tetley's. A tinkling, refreshing glass of Tetley's iced Tea makes you forget the heat!

Tetley's Teas are selected from the world's finest tea gardens—skilfully blended from 15 or more teas—then carefully packed to protect the flavor.

Use Tetley's Orange Pekoe Tea, clear and amber-colored for making iced tea.

TETLEY'S TEA

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THINK—DECIDE

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Paris—and the winter fashions

Know the right fashions and avoid costly mistakes. Good Housekeeping for September contains more Fashions than it has ever before published in one issue. Not the freaks of Fashion but the new, wearable, clothes of distinction. One article tells WHERE to find the latest styles and the FAIR price to pay. Another, gives the dressmaking points in the newest clothes. A third tells what is latest in corsets, shoes and gloves. 90 illustrations feature this complete department.

Parents are criminals

—if they do not observe the injunctions laid down by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley in his startling article "Making the New American." It is the duty of the state to deny marriage certificates to certain people. Who they are, and why, are features of this article. The sex problem and the various crises in a child's life are discussed authoritatively and constructively.

Do you know?

Do you know that a 93-year-old woman is still in business? Do you know the newest ideas for a home entertainment? Would you like to have 3 pages in color just for the kiddies? These are just a few of the features contained in the largest issue of any woman's magazine ever published. Among the other authors in the same issue are: William J. Locke, Elsie Janis, Fanny Heaslip Lea, Dr. Frank Crane, Coningsby Dawson, Ida M. Evans, Louis Untermeyer, Dorothy Dix.

All in September

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Harrisburg News Agency, Wholesaler