

# 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 CXXIII  
(Copyright, 1919, King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

"So far, Miss Condon, you've liked every one of my pet bits, exclaimed Tom stopping in delight before a crudely colored Tartan rug, at which Daisy was gazing rapturously in her progress through Tom's new uptown studio. "You ought to let me decorate your apartment for you. I'll wage I'll be able to do it up a bit without a word from you."

Daisy lifted her hazel eyes, which had darkened to brown in the dimness of the studio, and she flung out her hands in a little gesture of protest.

"My apartment! I live in a third-floor-back in a boarding house on a side street, Mrs. Mason. I'm nothing but a stenographer—one of Mr. Harrison's poor but honest friends."

Her concentrated bitterness started me no less than her choice of words. I couldn't help wondering if Daisy called herself honest because she wasn't, or hadn't stumbled on the formula as a matter of course. But Tom seemed to derive an inspiration from what she said, for he replied with eagerness of a sort different from any I had ever seen him show:

"You're a businesswoman? Fine! Now to cap the climax you have only to tell me you're dissatisfied with your present work and would like nothing better than to come and take charge of my studio during the hours I'm at my place further downtown."

"If I knew anything about those marvelous things I'd love it," said Daisy with a sincerity and earnestness I had never known was in this little grain of dust. "Or if I didn't have a pretty good job—one that just about fits my abilities. I'm not clever, Mr. Mason."

"Maybe not. But you're something just as good—or better," he replied. "And that's honest. You have a respect and an admiration for my antiques that would make you easy to train. And, of course, I can't have any one in charge here unless I have absolute confidence in her integrity. First of all, you're a friend of Anne Harrison's and I'd be inclined just on that evidence to trust you with the priceless things and the big sums of money that pass through this little shop of mine."

I have averted my tell-tale face. I could hardly keep silence, and yet not for words as Daisy spoke and so destroyed what might be Daisy's big chance.

"And apart from my being a friend—or acquaintance of Anne Harrison's," persisted the amazing Daisy.

"Apart from that—now please don't think I'm being patronizing or schism-mongering—but this strikes me so forcibly I've got to say it. When I suggested doing an apartment for you nine women out of ten going through a shop with a casual acquaintance who happened to be the proprietor would have put me off with some remark about not wanting anything of the sort just now—or letting me know if they decided to have any work done. While you—"

He stopped suddenly and bent deferentially over Daisy, who had never seemed smaller and more retiring than now, measured against Tom's bulk and the heavy insistence of his forcible, self-indulgent features. In spite of being only a few years older than Jim, Tom looks almost middle-aged—a handsome, well-groomed middle-aged man but he has lived so much and so unreservedly that he has a spent and blasé appearance. Drab little Daisy accented that.

"While I—" prompted Daisy breathlessly.

"While you," Tom smiled as he took up his idea again. "You were so honest that you promptly corrected my impression that you were one of the spenders and told me that you are an earner. I think you said you were nothing but a stenographer. Don't underrate your job—or your personality."

Daisy fairly hung on his words. She brightened and flashed the way a dull stone does sometimes when you scratch away the earth caked on it, and find gleaming quartz underneath.

"Did you mean it when you said you'd put me in charge?" she demanded eagerly. "You'd teach me all about these wonderful things? You'd bother to fit me for this interesting work? I'd try hard to learn—but maybe I'd disappoint you. Maybe I'm not clever enough, or adaptable."

"You're cleverly enough," replied Tom, and then turned to me defensively, sensing, no doubt, something hostile in my silence. "You know, Anne, from the moment I saw the reverent way Miss Condon touched that ugly old Ming and the almost colorless bit of old Byzantine tapestry I knew she had the 'flair' the feeling for old things that people find hard to have. She's got it. And with her business training and typing—"

"When do I start? Oh, when do I start?" cried Daisy, gazing at Tom, as if he were some magic-making Jinn right out of a fairy tale.

Her expression was respectful, admiring, almost worshipful, yet completely impersonal. It displeased me for all that. It annoyed me to find myself suddenly switching to unbusinesslike for Daisy right in the midst of wondering if I dared let Tom trust her. But, knowing what I did of Tom and his attitude toward women, I hated to see Daisy's radiant face dimmed. Daisy might be a little thief. But she was Kate's sister. So I broke in with a bit of temporizing I knew perfectly well was inadequate:

"Daisy, in loyalty to my old friend Mr. Haldane I'm going to insist that you don't leave him without a decent amount of notice. He may make you a very good offer to stay. One offer brings others, you know. And anyway this has been most unbusinesslike. We haven't talked together all. Mr. Mason must tell you what he is prepared to pay, and then you must see if Haldane won't meet you with new capital and advance you so you can't afford to leave."

Daisy's eyes faded to dull green. She stared at me curiously for a moment as if she were afraid to meet my questioning glance. Then she turned to Tom and spoke in a flat voice from which all animation had faded:

"It was amusing while it lasted, wasn't it? But of course I can't give up a job where I'm trained almost to the point of being the chief secretary. The money she offered me the slip like this," protested Tom promptly, wanting the unattainable and wanting it badly. But Daisy shook her head and had become suddenly as hard and as elusive as the charm of a piece of Ming pottery.

(To Be Continued)

## Lackawanna Mines Again in Operation; Big Production Lost

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 18.—All mines in the Lackawanna Valley, with one exception, operated yesterday following the strikes called over a week ago by employees of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and Delaware and Hudson Companies. The exception was the Hyde Park Colliery, of the former company, where motor drivers have a special grievance. It is estimated that the strike caused a loss of 140,000 tons of coal that would otherwise have been mined and marketed.

## WILL WORK IN BELGIUM.

Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 18.—Miss Kate Boyd, of this place, has signed up for duty with the Y. W. C. A. in Belgium and will sail for that place on Saturday. Miss Boyd had been engaged in this work during the period of the war and recently returned to this country. She expects to be absent about a year.

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LVIII  
(Copyright, 1919, Star Company)

While Desiree, in her own room, was interviewing her maid, Samuel Leighton donned his coat and hat and strolled around to Mrs. Duffield's apartment.

He was fond of his sister and was sorry for her in her loneliness. Moreover, he had received a telephone message from her this afternoon, saying she would like to have a talk with him when he could come to her.

He was comfortably seated in her drawing room and was smoking a good cigar before he asked her what it was she wished to consult him about.

She had nothing to consult him about, she replied, only a bit of information to impart on a matter about which she felt she should not keep silence.

She was with a great deal of circumspection, she gave him the few facts that Helen Goddard had given to her. Her brother drew his brows together.

"Who told Helen that Smith was going under an assumed name?" she questioned sternly.

"Young Jefferson told her," Mrs. Duffield answered.

"Jefferson, eh? Well, I shall demand from that young man the name of his informant."

"Oh no—please do not," Mrs. Duffield protested. "Mr. Jefferson asked especially that the matter be kept quiet until he has made certain investigations. If you say anything about it to him now you may get Helen into trouble."

"I cannot help that. She should not have told you anything about it in the first place. She talks too much."

"But, Samuel—the widow liked Helen and did not want to hear her blamed—it was only natural that the child should come to me about this—for it did look queer that Desiree's pendant should disappear and the fact of Smith not being Smith came out at nearly the same time. Yet Helen did not believe that the two things were really connected in any way."

Samuel Leighton frightened his companion by the sharp tone in which he asked the next question.

"What do you mean? Did Helen know about the disappearance of the pendant?"

"Why—yes—she—" Mrs. Duffield began stammeringly.

But her brother interrupted her. "How did she know? Who told her about it?"

"I—I—well, to tell the truth, I mentioned it to her. Surely, Samuel, it did not harm!" the nervous woman quavered.

Samuel Leighton sprang to his feet and stood in front of her accusingly.

"No harm!" he exclaimed. "No harm! Not even if it means that a man's reputation may be ruined, or that you have set on foot a story that will warn him of his danger if—"

he is not honest. And you say that is no harm!"

Leighton was not a hard man, but he was very angry with his sister. He told himself this was because she had made it possible for Smith to learn that he was suspected. But in his heart the employer hoped that these suspicions were without just foundation.

There was one course for him to pursue. Leighton decided as he stepped back toward his house that night. He must, first of all, get into communication with Jefferson and warn him to hold his tongue until he could produce positive proof that Smith was an imposter. Another course was to hold his own tongue.

Smith had promised to stay with him for another week. That would give Leighton the time he needed.

Stopping at a drug store, he telephoned to Jefferson's rooms, but was told that Mr. Jefferson had gone to Baltimore for several days. This informant did not know his address there.

On emerging from the telephone booth, Samuel Leighton paused to cogitate for a minute, then retraced his steps to his sister's apartment.

"Adelaide," he said abruptly and unannounced, he entered her drawing room and met her startled gaze.

"I have come all the way back here to issue an order—not make a request.

When Desiree came into his library an hour later to kiss her

three this story that Jefferson has started. She is worried enough as it is about losing the pendant. I will not have her perturbed further until I know just how matters stand. I suppose," he added grimly, "that there is no hope of silencing Helen Goddard's tongue."

"I do not think, Samuel," Mrs. Duffield ventured tremulously, "that there is much danger of Helen's talking any more about the matter just now. She was very much worried last night over what she had said."

"She ought to be!" the man declared. "Talk is the devil himself sometimes."

When Desiree came into his library an hour later to kiss her

father good-night, he spoke gently. "Try to get a good sleep, little girl," he counseled. "And don't worry."

"No, dad." Then, with an effort, "I obeyed you about questioning Annie. She says she knows Norah gave the little box, all wrapped up, to Smith, for she—Annie—saw Smith put it in his inside pocket before he got into the car."

"Very well, dear. We'll try to think nothing more of it just now," her father said.

It was as if he did not want to hear anything about the matter, the girl reflected, puzzled. Which might mean that he did not trust Smith, or that his suspicions against him were confirmed.

To Be Continued

GARMENTS OF QUALITY

# Ladies Bazaar

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ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY

### DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

2918

A COMFORTABLE NIGHT GOWN  
2918—This would be pretty in pink silk or crepe, with facings or binding of blue washable ribbon. Hemstitching, embroidered scallops, picot or edging would be nice also. The revers may be omitted.

This 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 4-2 yards of 36-inch material.

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