



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISIE

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

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CHAPTER COXXVIII

For a time after Phoebe departed for the luncheon to which Val had neglected to invite me, I wandered about restlessly, trying to find something with which to occupy myself. But the day stretched ahead blank and empty. I was delighted when the phone rang. Answering it gave me something to do, even if I got there only to be told "No one on the line now." That didn't happen, however. Instead Pat's voice came over the wire.

"Anne, will you drop everything you're doing and meet me for lunch?" He asked so anxiously that I was almost sure he had called at once, but now my raw feelings made me parley with him.

"Can't you get anyone else? Is that why you ask me to lunch at the eleventh hour?"

"Come now, Alanna, what ruffled the fine plumage of you?" coaxed Pat at his most Irish. "It's not the eleventh hour, but the lunch hour—just one. I've been waiting for young Neal to get out of the office so I could call you. Knowing how the lad adores you, I was sure he'd insist on being invited too, and I wanted to see you alone. Will you be blaming me for that?"

"You're balm to a wounded spirit, Pat," I replied, smiling in spite of myself.

"Then you'll come?" asked Pat with eagerness that was beyond pretence.

"Of course, I went.

I found Pat striding up and down the restaurant corridor, looking startlingly haggard, almost ill. His eyes seemed deeper-set than ever and the lines of his mouth were rugged. I made no comment, suffering him to greet me in commonplace fashion and lead me to the table he had selected.

That things were sadly amiss with Pat I gathered from the fact that instead of ordering with the customary grace so characteristic of him, he asked me unseeably what I wanted and didn't seem able to make up his mind about his food. At last we got the needed preliminaries out of the way, and as we settled back to wait for our order, Pat burst out doggedly:

"Anne, something's got to be done about that Harrison place. I can't have it like this much longer. The transfer's all made—only waiting for her signature. Some one's got to bring her to her senses."

"Yes," I inquired politely. "And who?"

Pat's eyes twinkled. I liked him for the understanding grin in the

midst of his own personal solemnity.

"Meaning you don't fancy the job?" he asked.

"Meaning I'm not up to it," I began, and then my blood froze in my veins and my voice stuck in my throat, for marching into the restaurant with the everpresent Sheldon in her wake came no less than Virginia.

Perhaps if she'd seen us as she came in she wouldn't have carried the thing through so scornfully. But the maitre d'hotel himself was escorting her diagonally across from us, so that directly she was seated Virginia must see us. One quick, scornful glance and then, frowning audibly about the draft, Virginia changed places with Sheldon so that she sat with her back to us. That she should turn away like this and yet remain in the restaurant must have seemed a deadly insult to Pat. He changed color, but made no comment.

As if by mutual consent, we raced through our lunch and got out of the place, and then, also as if we had planned it, we stepped into a taxi and rolled off toward the park. In a grim tone to match the lines about his mouth.

"I'm going to clear out of here for a while, Anne. Young Neal is well able to run the whole works. And if he strikes any snags, Carotta will steer him out of shoal water. I need a vacation."

"Where are you going?" I asked, as if that were the main point at issue.

"One of my clubs has a lodge up North. If I get company, I may go for a fishing trip," he replied, evading a direct answer and driving on to what was in his mind. "I've started work on the Old Place, Anne. I wonder if you'll run out now and again and see that everything's ship-shape. I'll withdraw that deal I made out to Virginia. It's never been recorded—couldn't be without her signature. When I come back I'll talk it over with Jimmie. I know he once wanted the place, and if he still cares to buy, I'll let him have it for what I paid."

"Of course, we want it, but we won't talk about buying it now. And remember this, you nice, generous boy; if we take it off your hands, we'll include the improvements in the price," I replied, feeling as if I ought to pull poor Pat's head down on my shoulder and tell him to cry it out.

"You'll get it for what I paid, or not at all. I had a lot of fun planning the improvements," replied

Bringing Up Father

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THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

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By a coincidence, Samuel Leighton met Walter Jefferson on his way uptown that afternoon.

Incensed as he was by his ex-chauffeur's behavior, he felt suddenly indignant with Jefferson. Man is an unreasonable creature, and Leighton had a swift desire to vent his irritation upon the first person he met. Moreover Jefferson was directly concerned with the matter that had destroyed his equanimity—*for had he not informed Helen Goddard that he was going to "investigate" Smith's past?*

"Good afternoon!" Jefferson greeted the older man unbanely. "I am just back from Baltimore."

"So I infer," was the blunt rejoinder. "I tried to call you up during your absence."

"Ah," Jefferson's expression indicated he slipped away before he could find out who he was.

"Indeed!" he explained. "I am sorry. To tell the truth, I had hoped in a few days to give you a little information about this man. I know his name is not 'Smith.'"

"And what if it is not?" Leighton burst forth, raising his voice to make himself heard above the roar of the subway. "Whose business is that, pray?"

A change of manner.

Walter Jefferson had always regarded this elderly gentleman as a mild and courteous individual—yet here he was challenging him in a way that astounded him.

"I'm glad you THINK I GOT A MIND."

"I WANNA GIT A PASSPORT FER ME SELF AND WIFE."

"NO-IV' BEEN ORDERED."

"NOW ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS—ARE YOU GOING FOR PLEASURE OR BUSINESS?"

"DIDN'T I JUST TELL YOU I WOZ GOIN' WITH ME WIFE!!!!"



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

ry is not lost—it so happens. It was simply put into one receptacle instead of another by my daughter's maid. I never knew so much fuss over a slight happening. One would think that in a big city like New York there was enough interest going on to engage busybodies without their prying into a trifling matter that was of no moment whatever.

"As to Smith, my chauffeur—when I engaged him I knew all about him. I am a man of the world and have the sense to make sure of the character of a person before I employ him. If you wish to satisfy your curiosity on this matter, Mr. Jefferson, I can supply you with the name and address of the gentleman who recommended my chauffeur to me. You are welcome."

"Why, Mr. Leighton—my dear sir," Walter stammered—what object could I possibly have in inquiring about a common chauffeur like this fellow?"

Still More Angry.

He, too, was angry now, and his speech showed it.

"I'm blest if I know!" was the sharp rejoinder. "But apparently you thought it worth while until this minute. As Smith has left my employ of his own volition, I have nothing more to say about him or his affairs one way or the other. So if you have any investigations to make—such as those you referred to just now—you will pursue them for your own gratification."

"But to save you some trouble, I will assure you here and now that the man you are hounding is honest. This may be a disappointment to you. Here is my station. Good afternoon!"

Before Jefferson could reply, his



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cholerie companion had left the train.

"I'll be darned!" Walter muttered. "What the devil's struck him? Something's up, I bet. Where there's so much smoke there's bound to be some fire. The crusty old clogger has got his fingers burned in some way."

"Well, my fair Cousin Daisy and her husband are to be in New York soon. Then I'll find out who this upstart, Smith is. He certainly seems to make a disagreeable sensation wherever he goes."

Samuel Leighton walked from the subway to his home as much surprised at his own outburst as Jefferson had been.

"Queer," he pondered, "how that fellow's insinuations angered me! I got as mad as if Smith had treated me fairly instead of going off like a scoundrel without a day's notice. I suppose I took out my wrath on Jefferson. Ye gods! how I hate a man-gossip! A woman tattler is bad enough—but a male scoundrel monger—heaven deliver us!"

To Be Continued.



THE LOVE GAMBLER

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EBERTS ESTATE IS VALUED AT \$9,200

Letters of administration on the estate of the late S. S. Eberts, were issued to-day by Register of Wills E. Fisher to the widow, Mrs. Mary A. Eberts. The value of the personal and real estate is estimated at \$9,200.

Letters on the estate of the late C. H. Enck were issued to the widow, Margaret E. and a son, Ralph C. Enck. The estate is valued at \$8,000.

PLAN DAY'S OUTING

Keystone Division No. 47, Ladies' Auxiliary to the Order of Railway Conductors, will have a day's outing on Thursday at Mrs. Zepel's cottage at Juniata Bridge. Some of the party will leave in the morning, taking the 8 o'clock train, and some in the afternoon on the 1.35 train. Notice of the event has been issued over the signature of Mrs. J. W. Flickinger.

Harmless Means of Reducing Fat

Many fat people fear ordinary means for reducing their weight. Here is an extraordinary method. Extraordinary because while perfectly harmless no dieting or exercise are necessary. Marmola Prescription Tablets are made exactly in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription. A reduction of two, three or four pounds a week is the rule. Procure them from any druggist or if you prefer send \$1. to the Marmola Company, 864 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., for a large case.

Memorial Park Addition—The suburb unparalleled.

HERPICIDE MARY SAYS:

"A Girl That Cares for her looks cares for her hair"

USE NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

Sold at all Drug and Department Stores

Applications at the Better Barber Shops

C. E. Pass Leaves on an Extended Trip

Charles E. Pass, Great Tokalan of the Improved Order of Red Men, will leave to-day for Maine and Connecticut where he will conduct sessions of the Great Councils of Red Men in those states. The session in Maine will be held at Lewiston, and in Connecticut at Hartford. Mr. Pass also will make a welcome home address to the Red Men of Seymour, Conn. He will be gone about two weeks.

MAJOR ERICSON GETS ARMY DISCHARGE

Major John E. Ericson, who returned from overseas on September 15, is leaving for Washington Saturday and is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Gilbert at their country home.

Major Ericson received a citation from General Pershing for "exceptionally conspicuous and meritorious service in the A. E. F."

Major Ericson will leave Harrisburg, which he considers as his permanent home, on October 15, to take on his former duties with Scovell Wellington & Co., of Boston in their Cleveland office.

CHARTER GRANTED

Judge S. J. M. McCarrell yesterday afternoon granted a charter to the Memorial Hall Association, an organization which plans to build a hall for Harrisburg Lodge, No. 1, Order of 99-ers and Allequippa Lodge, No. 57, Improved Order of Red Men.

S. OF C. GRADUATES RECEIVE THE NATIONAL SEAL OF EFFICIENCY

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INDIVIDUAL PROMOTION

We Send You This Special Invitation To Visit Our Shop During Home Craft Week All This Week

displaying a complete assortment of seasonally advertised and well known Quaker Laces

together with a large variety of other laces for curtains. Our patterns are exclusive and will individualize your draperies. It is well to make your selection early.

A Display of Over Draperies

will be presented during this week showing the various modes which are adapted to the modern American home.

We shall be pleased to estimate on your draperies.

THE BLAKE SHOP

Interior Decorations

225 North Second St.

CENTRAL HIGH NOTES

The members of the Demosthenian Literary Society of '20 were announced yesterday by Miss Mary C. Orth, faculty adviser of the club. The members of the society, chosen for high standing in English in the junior year, are: The Misses Helen Bahn, Frances Burkholder, Catharine Burris, Katharine Clark, Marion Davis, Mabel Dice, Ethel Earley, Esther Frank, Florence Frank, Cora Gilbert, Sylvia Gingrich, Elizabeth Handschuh, Eva Irving, Lillian Koster, Ethelyn MacCloskey, Edith Rife, Mary Rodney, Helen Rosenberg, Emily Sites, Evelyn Snyder, Miriam Splitter, Elizabeth Tolbert, Winifred Tripper, Gladys Voorhees, Virginia Watts, Elizabeth Wise, Rosalie Yeakle, Harold Fox, Isaac Jeffries, John Minnaugh, Albert Sanders, Howard Selsam, Wayne Snyder and Vincent Stanford.

A meeting of the C. A. Society was held last evening at the home of Miss Emilie Jean, 1420 State street. After the business meeting which consisted of furthering the plans for a dance to be held at Christmas time, a social hour was spent in dancing and singing at the conclusion of which refreshments were served to the following members: The Misses Emily Sites, Claire VanDyke, Elizabeth Herr, Catharine Edwards, Elsie Hope, Elizabeth Hobart, Fernie Hoff, Margaret Chamberlain, Mary Harris, Virginia Watts, Louise Keller and Emilie Jean.

The S. S. S. Society will meet on Thursday evening at the home of Miss Elizabeth Frantz, 1701 North Third street.

On Thursday evening the French students will meet in the assembly hall and under the leadership of Miss Edith Phillips, French teacher, will organize La Cercle Francaise which originated last year and attained such great success under Miss Phillips.

The members of the P. B. P. Society of '19 initiated the new members last evening. They were being tied together with rope, forming a long chain, the girls were paraded over Market street to the Palace Confectionery store where they were treated to a P. B. P. sundae, after which they were taken to the Sweetland shop and from there to the Davenport Restaurant, being treated at each place. When filled to bursting capacity with refreshments they were made to sing "Hail Dear Old High School" in the Square, from whence they proceeded to Second and Walnut streets where traffic was held up while this crowd who resembled Alpine climbers, strolled being taken through the secret rites of the society the following girls were declared the 1920 members of the P. B. P. The Misses Marion Davis, Mary Witmyer, Margaret Good-year, Elizabeth Clark, Sarah Manahan, Ella Kreidler, Katherine L. Clark, Virginia Morrow, Katharine Flowman, Frances Burkholder and Katharine Kohler.

Memorial Park Addition—The suburb unparalleled.

Dinner--And An Unexpected Business Friend

"I don't know when I have been so embarrassed as I was last night," said Mrs. Greenly, as she and Mrs. Gordon sat knitting on the cool, awning porch.

"Why, what happened?" replied her friend with interest.

"Well, she said, 'you know I always have a rather makeshift dinner on Monday nights. Every time I wash with the washing, and I don't go to much trouble. Well, last night Bob came home early, and I brought a business friend to dinner.'"

"Isn't that like a man?" said Mrs. Gordon sympathically.

"And," continued Mrs. Greenly, "I was having a cold supper so I thought the best thing to do was to have a nice dessert to save the situation, so I made a cornstarch pudding and this—I simply couldn't serve it. I had to serve stewed fruit. My dear, I'll never get over it."

"Didn't you have any Pudding?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"I've never used it," she replied, "what is it like?"

"It's a most wonderful dessert—nothing uncertain about it like a cornstarch pudding. Pudding always turns out right."

"How do you prepare it?" said Mrs. Greenly with interest.

"All you need do is to add milk, either fresh or condensed, to the bowl for three minutes, pour into a mold and then after it cools, you have a nice creamy pudding which is most delicious rich dessert you ever tasted."

"It sounds lovely," said her friend, inquisitively.

"It's that—and more," continued Mrs. Gordon enthusiastically. "You can get it in chocolate, vanilla, orange, lemon—and Pudding is so pure and wholesome you can give it to children as much of it as they want."

"Is it expensive?" asked Mrs. Greenly.

"Expensive! I should say not. One 15c box will serve 15 people. And you can make all sorts of things with it—rich pie and cake fillings and delicious ice cream, smooth and velvety."

Some time later, the two friends met.

"My dear," said Mrs. Greenly, "I can't thank you enough for telling me about Pudding. The whole family love it. They want it for every meal."

Include Pudding with today's groceries!—Adv.

Three Groups of Dresses

Georgette	Satin	Georgette
Serge	Tricotine	Tricotine
Taffeta	Serge	Satin
Values to \$22.95	Values to \$29.95	Values to \$29.95

The dresses all represent the latest styles and materials for this Fall's wear. They are exceptional values. For quality and service they are sure to meet your approval in every respect. The sizes include both the regular stock and odd sizes.

Two Groups of Suits

Broadcloth	Tricotine
Poplin	Broadcloth
Tricotine	Silvertone
Serge, Gabardine	
Values to \$39.95	Values to \$49.95

These Suits are bigger values than we have offered for some time. They include the many wanted materials and styles that have proven so popular this Fall. Our policy of lower prices for first quality garments makes these suits exceptional values, indeed.

COATS

All sizes, all materials, all styles. Prices range \$24.95 to \$195.95

WAISTS

Every new design and material are in our stocks and at lower prices. \$1.39 to \$14.95

SKIRTS

Our stocks are complete. Any style you wish from \$4.95 to \$14.95

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Ladies Bazaar

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