



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

(Copyright, 1919, Star Feature Syndicate, Inc.) CHAPTER CCCCX.

"I can't take the Harrison place with me where I'm going," said Pat and with the terror that brought to my mind our visit drew to an end. For he drove me politely home and stood on the curb with head uncovered, bidding me a formal farewell. I had to accept with a polite speech of thanks for my lunch and drive.

"As I said, I'll be North for a week settling up some affairs and then I'll be returning for a few days before taking my long journey. Please talk it over with Jim and we'll decide on the date of what to do with the old place. It's plain as my hand that Jeanie won't have it. But no Harrison can part with the old homestead. So, if Jim won't have it, either, it might do as my gift to Neal and Phoebe on their wedding day."

"Keep it in your own name," I cried, in a voice that struggled to make low and calm. "We'd all rather it stood that way. It makes us know you're one of us. It binds you to us."

Pat ran his hand nervously across his gray hair in the old familiar way and flung up his head as he lifted his hat high in the gesture of farewell preparatory to putting it on again.

"It binds me to you all—you Harrison," he said, lightly, but with an undertone of bitterness. "That's just what we can't have—that we can't have, Sister Anne. No, I'll transfer it. I can't take it with me."

The taxi swallowed him up and I was left on the curb, gazing after him in fear and helplessness. In another moment I had hurried into the building and up to my apartment, where I called Jim over the telephone. I fully intended to offer to call for him in my little car in spite of the pain which running had caused my sprained ankle. But I didn't care how I got Jim home—the point was to get him here at once. I felt a terrible need of him and his strength to lean on.

Jim, however, had left the office half an hour before. "Is he coming back?" I asked. "I couldn't say," replied the operator. "I'll let you speak to Miss Nevins, his secretary."

"Miss Nevins, this is Mrs. Harrison," I said in a tone that was not "No, Mrs. Harrison," replied Miss Nevins, with smooth suavity which made me wonder if she thought I was trying to kidnap her husband. "He left no word."

"Do you know where he went?" I persisted, almost in spite of myself. "I'm sorry, but he didn't say." The operator said it was about half an hour ago. Do you know if he's coming home or come to keep a business appointment?

"I'm sorry, but I can't say." As Miss Nevins repeated her formula I wanted to scream anything to rattle the indifferent repose that was so unaware of my terrible need. As I hung up the receiver a wave of helplessness swept over me. How completely shut out I was from Jim's life, after all! Miss Nevins might know of his plans and still think it for his best interests not to tell me over an open wire. She knows more of his work than I do.

After a minute I managed to laugh at myself. I can't conceivably be jealous of Miss Nevins, a tall, angular person of about forty, to whom investments and reports thereon are far more precious than any of the soft, feminine things that make women alluring. But I can't help being jealous of the community of interest that binds this spectacled spinster to Jim and make her judge it best to shut me out. And just when I need him so much.

With a feeling half-helpless, half-hysterical, I ripped off my hat and dress and flung myself down on the chaise longue. But I couldn't relax. Many things whirled through my mind. Pat and his grinning at me adorably. Then all in a flash I was wide awake—remembering, I leaped to my feet and caught Jim to me desperately.

"I've needed you so!" I cried. "Looks like it," laughed Jim, catching my arms from about his neck and drawing them around where he could kiss each in turn. "Consumed by your longing for me, you went peacefully to sleep, didn't you, Pussy?"

"Wrote out by it," I replied with a twinkle. "You darling!" cried Jim, flinging himself down on the couch and drawing me close. "But I pushed him away and in a torrent of words blurted out my conversation with Pat. Of the fears it had given rise to in my brain. I said no word, I was determined to have Jim's opinion uncolored by any suggestions from me."

When I had quite finished Jim looked at me with a strange, then he got up and stood staring at me thoughtfully. After a minute he said a queer thing. "Are you sure you've told it all to me without any reservation, Anne? Are you sure you want me to handle this? Have you given me the whole story, every bit of it? Think well, dear. Are you sure you trust me fully and entirely? Do you need me, dear?"

(To Be Continued)

10 BANK ARRESTS EXPECTED Philadelphia, Oct. 9.—At least ten more arrests will result from the transactions that led to the collapse of the North Penn Bank with a shortage of more than \$2,000,000. An authoritative statement to that effect was made yesterday.

Several of the impending prosecutions are understood to be predicated on the detailed confession made by Elwood H. Strang, former paying teller of the institution, last Friday. Some are said to involve people heretofore not mentioned in connection with the scandal.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A SIMPLE STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL 2977—Here is a model excellent for serge, gabardine or gingham. It is also nice for plaid or checked suiting, combinations of silk or satin and cloth, and good for linen, voile, poplin and rep. The fronts close over a vest that will look well embroidered or braided trimmed. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps. Telegraph Pattern Department For the 10 cents enclosed please send pattern to the following address: Size.....Pattern No..... Name..... Address..... City and State.....

Bringing Up Father



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

"Every time I pick up a paper," moaned Mazie, "I read about some poor soul who, like me, has appendicitis. It seems as if I couldn't get away from it. I didn't know there were as many sick folks in the world as there are just suffering from my trouble."

"Did you notice the prevalence of the troublesome appendix among humans before you were one of the afflicted?" I asked with a mental twinkle I just managed to keep out of my eye.

"No, I didn't. That's the mean part of it," replied my young friend.

"Not the mean part. The natural part," said I, trying not to seem too superior. "Haven't you noticed that when you come out of a sunny day feeling that life is a mass of clouds, you seem to pass dozens of grouchy people? And when you have a little colorature ripple of warmth and joy running through your soul like a bright red thread in a dull pattern, you can march out in the rain and see nothing but happy, smiling folks."

"That isn't my luck," protested Mazie. When I'm blue, the whole world seems happy—pitiless. Nobody cares what becomes of poor me because everybody's so gay over their own selfish personal concerns. And when I'm happy I see a lot of lame folks and poor ones and all sorts of people who seem to prosper for having an air of well-being."

"What would you say if I told you that you'd just finished proving my point?" I asked. "I haven't, you old fraud, now don't say I have," replied Mazie, lacing her arms through mine and snuggling up in a manner that took the sting out of her words.

"Yes, you have, dear," I insisted. And proceeded to prove it. It's like this: Mazie, gay in spite of the rain, stands off and looks at herself and says: "It's wonderful that I should rise above unpleasant weather conditions and be happy. It won't last. And I'll see a lot of unhappy people and unpleasant things to make it end the sooner."

Of Mazie, miserable groans to herself: "It's an unfair world. In the midst of happiness, I'm sad and nobody cares. You see, Mazie, thinking about her appendicitis or her frame of mind, travels about in a tiny plot of existence where all the things of life are entering her mind can break into that mind."

If she was honestly happy, instead of posturing and posing as happy, she might notice misery, but to pity it and wish to alleviate it by sharing some of her joy. And Mazie, deep in the toils of a real trouble, wouldn't have any artificial emotions to diffuse about in envy of the happy. If she were a reasonable and logical person, she might say:

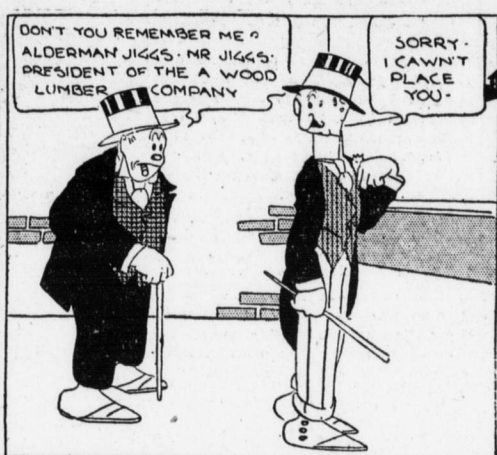
"Of course I'm sad enough now, but in a world where there seems to be so much joy and sunshine, I'm bound to get my share soon. Things are bound to come right. Even when reading about a long and startling list of appendicitis cases, Mazie, thinking sanely, would notice that most of 'em get well, but to pity it and wish to alleviate it by sharing some of her joy."

Really it isn't astonishing at all it's just the funny kinky contrariness of it. When your boy's division was in action "somewhere in France" last year, and you ached to know of his fortunes, you could find full information about a division you recognized as being Freddy Smith's or Wally Brown's—but nary a word that told you aught of our lad. And when he was in hospital with shell shock, you never looked at a magazine or went to a dinner but what people were telling of the horrors of shell shock.

And in both cases you got what you were looking for! Think it over and see if you don't agree with me. Then think it over some more and tell me if you don't think the kinky contrariness of life is a pretty good thing to laugh at.

SMALL BOY IS SCALDED Lewistown, Pa., Oct. 9.—While Mrs. Marie Balona was putting up tomatoes in jars one of the cans burst, scattering the scalding contents over her small son. The child was badly burned about the face and chest.

THE LOVE GAMBLER



THE LOVE GAMBLER By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Desiree's restless mood did not abate as the day wore on. She had been to her father's office, then to the jeweler's to explain Smith's absolute innocence in the matter of the supposed theft of the pendant. Yet, after luncheon was over, and she had tried in vain to write letters, then to read, she was forced to acknowledge that she was too "fidgety" to sit still.

"I will run around to see Aunt Adelaide," she decided, "and tell her that my pendant is safe here in my jewelry case."

This it came about that as Mrs. Duffield was about to partake of her five o'clock tea her niece walked in. The widow greeted her affectionately. "My dear this is nice of you! Sit down and take a cup of tea with me."

"I will sit down, but I will take no tea, thank you," Desiree said. She paused for a moment, then drove straight to the point. "Auntie, my pendant was not stolen at all. I said all along that it was not."

"You mean you have found it?" Mrs. Duffield gasped. "Yes, it was put away in a leather case instead of in the little box where I thought it was. The automobile pocket was leather and a case, Desiree reflected. This statement would obviate the necessity of further explanations."

"But who put it there?" Mrs. Duffield asked. "Orah," replied Desiree, "my dear how dreadful!" the widow sighed.

"Dreadful? Why?" "Because it is dreadful to think that all of us suspected Smith?" "All of us!" Desiree interrupted. "I never suspected him. You must surely recall how I begged father not to doubt him—and how I de-

clared to you that Smith was honest."

Further Complications "Yes, yes, dear—I know you did," the older woman soothed. "But what I mean is—it is dreadful to think that had other people got the idea that he had stolen the thing, she got no further. "Other people? What do you mean? Desiree questioned. "What other people?" as Mrs. Duffield said, too late her mistake.

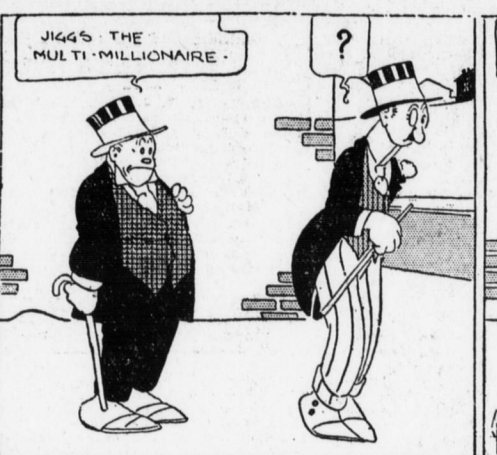
"Oh, well," she tried to evade the question. "I only thought that perhaps others might have some idea of the matter."

"How could they? Who would tell them about it? Was the abrupt demand. Then as Mrs. Duffield colored uncomfortably, Desiree pressed her inquiry further. "What have you in mind, Aunt Adelaide? I know from your manner that you are keeping something back. Who knew about the pendant—except you and father and me?" Mrs. Duffield squirmed in her chair. "I suppose I may have been indiscreet, my dear—but I took it for granted that you had told Helen Goddard about it—so I mentioned it to her. And she—desperately—she—I am afraid from something she said that she may have spoken of it, since you and she are—"

Desiree sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing. "You mean, Aunt Adelaide, that in spite of all my father's cautions of silence on the subject you spoke of it to Helen?" "Yes, Desiree, for I supposed that naturally you had told her about it, since you and she are friends."

"Friends—yes, in a way we are—that is, we are pleasant acquaintances. But that does not mean that I would so far forget by sense of honor as to tell her something that would injure the character of an innocent man. Oh, Aunt Adelaide

By McManus



YOUR mother served Puddine!

YOUR mother served Puddine! Member how the meal dragged when you knew there was Puddine for dessert? How delighted you were when along came a rich, brown chocolate, a cream vanilla, or a firm, smooth mound of pink rose vanilla Puddine!

Puddine can still be had—an easy-to-make dessert that tops off any meal. Simply add sugar and milk—either fresh or condensed—and boil for three minutes. It always turns out right—a firm, smooth mold of delicious creaminess.

A full box of Puddine—costing but 15c—will serve 15 people. And of course, you need use only as much at one time as you need.

Use Puddine for rich pie and cake fillings, and smooth, velvety ice cream. Your grocer sells Puddine. FRUIT PUDDINE COMPANY Baltimore, Md.



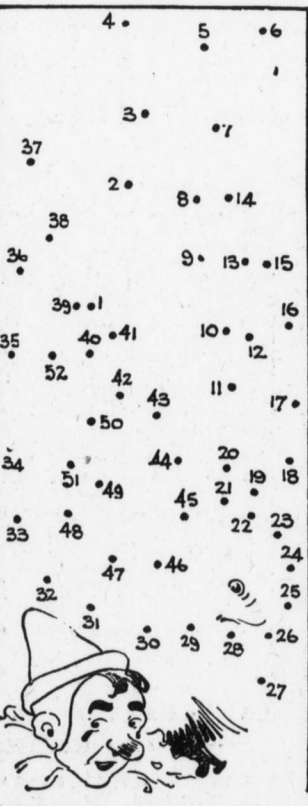
YOUR mother served Puddine! Member how the meal dragged when you knew there was Puddine for dessert? How delighted you were when along came a rich, brown chocolate, a cream vanilla, or a firm, smooth mound of pink rose vanilla Puddine!

Puddine can still be had—an easy-to-make dessert that tops off any meal. Simply add sugar and milk—either fresh or condensed—and boil for three minutes. It always turns out right—a firm, smooth mold of delicious creaminess.

A full box of Puddine—costing but 15c—will serve 15 people. And of course, you need use only as much at one time as you need.

Use Puddine for rich pie and cake fillings, and smooth, velvety ice cream. Your grocer sells Puddine. FRUIT PUDDINE COMPANY Baltimore, Md.

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

A Real Remedy For Falling Hair

Keeps Scalp Clean and Healthy—Prevents Dandruff

When your hair becomes faded, dry, streaked and scraggy when it falls out badly and new hair cannot grow the roots should be immediately vitalized and properly nourished.

To do this quickly, safely and at little expense, get from your druggist some Parisian sage (liquid form) and apply as directed. Parisian sage is guaranteed to abolish all scalp itching and falling hair and promote a new growth of money refunded. It's in great demand by discriminating women because it makes the hair so soft, lustrous, easy to arrange attractively and appear much heavier than it really is.

A massage with Parisian sage is a real delight—easy to use, not sticky or greasy, and delicately perfumed—an antiseptic liquid free from all dangerous ingredients. If you want good looking hair and plenty of it by all means use Parisian sage—a little attention now helps insure beautiful hair for years to come. Kennedy's Druggists will supply you and guarantee money refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.

Ladies Bazaar

The Many New Fall Garments Shown Here Represent Wonderful Values at Low Prices

Friday and Saturday Specials Are Big Incentives to Buy Now

You Surely Should Appreciate These Big Dress Values Note the Real Savings DRESSES

\$10.95 \$19.95 \$29.95

New Fall Coats Blouses

\$24.95 to \$195.95 \$1.39 to \$14.95

Wonderful Skirt Values

Ladies Bazaar 8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST.

BUY HERE AND YOU BUY WISELY BUY HERE AND YOU BUY WISELY

Parowax advertisement with image of product and text describing its benefits for sealing fruits and vegetables.

Enter Now--Day or Night School of Commerce advertisement with contact information for J. H. Troup Building.