



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 CXXXIII.
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Probably showing my pearl ring to Phoebe and Neal was what turned my thoughts to Daisy and the day when she restored stolen property. I suppose I can never look at my beautiful ring again without visioning the poor little thing cowering against the wall in loathing of herself and horror at what she had done. That led me straight to the blue crepe de chine dress.

Daisy had brought it back. But I was sure that when I hurried her out of the kitchen to avoid Jim she hadn't carried it away with her. There hadn't as a matter of fact been time to cross the room and get it. Moreover, in her frame of mind, Daisy wouldn't have dreamed of taking my gift a second time without my insisting—nor yet if I had insisted. And from the moment she bundled it down on a chair until now I had completely forgotten the dress.

Puzzling about it got me so nervous I went back to my room and hunted all through my closet. Then I rummaged by bureau. Next I went over my closet again more carefully and, finally, emptied the bureau drawers one at a time. I looked in the most unlikely places. No blue crepe de chine dress. Then I summoned Hedwig and asked her if she remembered putting it away. No satisfaction there.

"What am I to do?" I asked myself. "I want the poor little kiddie to have her nicest dress. But I can't call her up and ask her if she took it. What am I to do?" Suddenly I had the answer: Ask Jim.

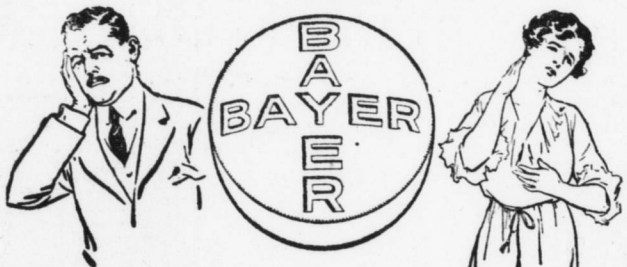
This fitted in with something that had been in the back of my mind for a long time. It gave me the opening I needed. And it clinched a feeling I had partly expressed to Jim this very day. From now on I wasn't going to run things. I believed in Jim's strength, and I felt that one of the happiest privileges of our marriage was the one that gave me my boy's strength to lean on.

Business might shut me out from his life and thoughts now and then, but I needn't deliberately shut Jim out from my life and thoughts and make a horrible chasm of misunderstanding between us. Only today I had told my boy that I trusted him—and trusted him completely.

Is it trusting Jim to tell him only

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Finkelstein Cleaner and Dyer

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



fly these days!" replied Jim with a look I couldn't quite fathom. "And money's tight. Try to pull in the ropes a little, dear."

"And have you called me a tightwad again?" I laughed. "Not much! But anyway, Jim, you're convinced that for the present I needn't worry over Pat—aren't you?"

"I am that," said Jim, with conviction. "He talked to me about his long journey. But not morbidly—just strangely—and in a queer, set way. We'll look out for him however, never fear."

"We?" I asked. "Meaning us?"

"No. Uncle Ned and I," replied Jim, intent on his pipe.

Somehow it didn't suggest much to me then, for I was only holding myself in leash. I was very anxious to blurt out the Daisy story.

"Jimmie, boy, I've a confession to make."

"Oh, you have?" said Jim, calmly. "It's about time. Go ahead."

Something caught me by the throat. Evidently Jim was expecting some grave disclosure from me.

But what?

(To Be Continued.)

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

There are a great many ways of falling in love. Some of them work—that is lead to staying in love. Some don't. And since all waste is foolish, even tragic, why not try to avoid emotional waste?

Nothing can be more useless, more devastating, than unhappy love. The wear and tear of caring madly for some one and then finding that it wasn't deeply as well and that it hasn't any lasting qualities affects different folks differently, but it affects them all unpleasantly, to say the least.

Cynicism, shame, chagrin, bitterness, instability, insincerity, frivolity—long list of weaknesses are likely to come along and attack the folks who manage their love affairs so ill that they get to thinking that love itself is an ill-favored and tragic thing and the worst curse Adam and Eve left as our inalienable inheritance.

A great deal of this might be avoided. Knowing that the aftermath of a love affair that works out wrong, why shouldn't we be practical enough to strive for love that is right and so works out right?

How can you tell? Remember the old saying, "You can't always sometimes tell." Well, it's like this: But, at least, one can remove some of the elements of chance and avoid the worst pitfalls.

Let's put little Dan Cupid on the witness stand and see if he won't have to tell us which are his poisoned arrows.

There's "love at first sight."

Johnny goes to a dance and meets a girl in rose pink in the moonlight. She can follow all his most difficult fox-trot steps, and she's a breathless listener to his tales of how he won the hundred-yard dash his senior year in high school.

You can't find much permanent happiness on a mutual taste for fox-trotting and interest in tales of athletic prowess. But Johnny and his rose-pink lady don't stop to consider that until they have been engaged two weeks and find rainy evenings dragging on their hands after they've told each other a few times how they love each other.

They're nothing vital in common. But in sharing the biological pull of a mutual attraction they didn't stop to find that out until it was almost too late.

Another kind of long habit. Friendship drifts along until everyone thinks it's more than friendship and then to oblige the public two people undertake to turn bread and butter (too) into chocolate cake (and chocolate cake of the soggiest and least digestible).

There's passion—sometimes that comes along disguised so prettily that it looks like the "original something just as good."

There's propinquity. "I must love some one and it might as well be you," says youth.

There's loneliness. "Every one else is mated and why shouldn't I be?" asks a shrew.

There's pride. "I'm not going to have every one think I'm too unattractive to appeal to any one," says bitterness.

There's the old spirit of wanting what you can't have. The combative spirit, the spirit that won't take a dare. It chases after the unattainable. But by chance it reverses the verdict and makes that unattainable attainable, it stops wanting just as soon as it can possess.

That's one of the most prevalent, most mischievous, most utterly pernicious ways of falling in love with the absolute certainty of falling out again. And it's very human, being all tied up with such admirable things as ambition and pride in achievement.

But to want what you want—until you get it, and then to hurt someone else by brutal indifference to the obligation to him which you voluntarily assumed, is little short of criminal.

A "slow but sure" isn't a bad rule in any game.

But in the pursuit of love which shall be true love and so lasting love, "slow but sure" is about the best rule I've ever heard.

If love wants to work out into its normal expression: marriage of the ideal sort, it must be composed of many elements.

The feeling you have for the person you think you love may turn out to be friendship or attraction or infatuation or interest, but you can't build a life partnership on any of them.

Give your love the third degree and turn it in an honest indictment before you put one of love's imperators in a position to pass an unhappy judgment on you.

Doctor Lately Out of War Goes to Greencastle

Greencastle, Pa., Oct. 13.—Dr. W. E. Seibert, of Fannettsburg, has decided to locate in Greencastle and will remove here next week. Dr. Seibert has been serving as an army physician and recently was honorably discharged from the service.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

She was married when a mere girl in her second year at high school.

Her husband, a harum - scarum lad little older than herself, deserted her almost immediately. She fell into ill-health, and since her father is an ill-recognized her or would have anything to do with her, and since she had neither money nor friends, the only refuge open to her was the public hospital of a neighboring city.

For weeks she was desperately ill, and during that time her baby died from lack of nourishment and the care which under other circumstances she would have given it.

When she finally left the institution, she found herself facing the world alone and penniless, still weak and broken from the sorrow and suffering through which she had passed.

She was a country girl utterly unacquainted in the ways of the world, and as the daughter of well-to-do parents had never been obliged to work and so was without any sort of training or vocation. A weaker spirit would have surrendered and gone down before the stark hopelessness of the future.

But she pluckily gathered the shreds and fragments of her life together, and started in to make a new career.

"After my discharge from the hospital," she writes me, "I secured a position as a servant and worked for four months in order to secure my railway fare to another city where I was absolutely unknown."

There, after various vicissitudes, I finally obtained the chance to enter a large and well-known hospital as a probationer, and with hard work eventually completed the course. I was graduated as a trained nurse.

"About this time I received the report of my husband's death in an automobile accident, and since there was no longer any obstacle in the way I accepted the attentions and ultimately married a very fine young man with whom I had become acquainted. There were no secrets between us; I told him frankly and fully my whole history and he was big enough to overlook my follies and mistakes and take me as I was."

Since then my life has been one of perfect happiness. I have a devoted husband, a lovely home, and am the mother of two beautiful children, a girl of seven and a boy of six. In the town where we live I am universally respected, and have a wide circle of dear friends.

"You can imagine my consternation and despair, therefore, when I tell you that about three months ago while engaged in Red Cross work at a base hospital I was assigned to duty one night in a ward filled with returned soldiers, and upon the first chat that I examined I found the name of my former husband."

"Hoping against hope that there might be some mistake, I made inquiries regarding the identity of the man, only to become more and more convinced that it must be he. Then at last summoning all my

courage, I stole over and looked down at him. There could no longer be any question or doubt, it was the husband I had married in my girlhood.

"Just in from the operation table and still under the influence of ether, there was no chance of his recognizing me or knowing of my presence; but even so, I did not wait for more than the one look, but hurried away from the place as fast as my feet could carry me. Then I simply collapsed."

"Oh, how many days have been a dream of horror. My heart is broken. I dare not tell my husband, and I have no one else to whom I can turn. I do not know what to do. I can expect no relief or assistance from my people, I am sure. I have never heard from them since I left home, and I have been told that my name is never mentioned by them. They are very religious and they will never forgive me for having, as they consider, brought disgrace upon them."

Advice to the Lovelorn

She Is Two Years Older.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-one and in love with a man of nineteen. He has told me that he loves me. Now, Miss Fairfax, I have never told this young man my age. He believes I am his age.

Whenever the subject of marriage comes up he always says that he is young yet and intends to see more of life before he marries. As I have written above, I love this young man and I would gladly wait forever for him, but everyone tells me that I am a fool to bother with him, because he is too young, and that if I waited a few years for him he would still be a young man and would be looking for some one younger than I.

Two years difference in age is nothing at all. One of the happiest couples I know the wife is twelve years older. Nineteen is certainly too young for a man to marry, and his decision to wait is sensible. If you care enough about him, why wait and see what developments come in the next few years? The difference in your ages is so slight that I do not think it makes any difference whether you tell him or not.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

Waist 2987 and Skirt 2995.

This graceful creation is of blue serge and black moire, taffeta and serge, crepe de chine and satin, would also be effective.

The Waist Pattern 2987 is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt 2995 is cut in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require 5 7/8 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is about 2 1/8 yards.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or 1 cent and 2 cent stamps.

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Medium brown..... light brown.....

Name.....

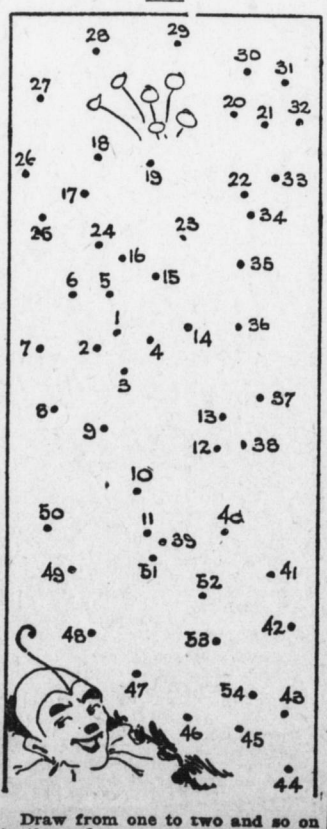
Street.....

City.....

State.....

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

Daily Dot Puzzle



SKILLED MEN BACK
Indiana Harbor, Ind., Oct. 11.—Mill officials here claim that almost all the skilled workers have returned to their places and that the plants are operating from 50 to 75 per cent capacity. There is a shortage of unskilled labor, they state.

GET 20 ALLEGED "REDS"
Gary, Ind., Oct. 11.—Raids by the United States soldiers stationed here on half a dozen houses last night netted twenty more alleged "reds." Most of them have been released. A number of stills were raised and rain brandy and distilling apparatus were turned over to the city police. At the steel plants the situation remains practically unchanged.

We Urge Our Clientele Not to Delay In Ordering Their Winter Draperies

As the Winter Season approaches and the home would be completely furnished with the correct draperies, those who have delayed will want their work rushed through.

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