



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 CCCXXXII

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After the mishap of the first evening, when Phoebe and Neal got lost trying to walk around the lake, my week-end with the two kiddies was completely happy and almost without incident.

I succeeded in getting my apartment by telephone Sunday morning. Hedwig assured me that there was no message from "Mr. Harrison." As she insisted that she hadn't left the apartment alone for a minute of my stay, I didn't argue, but blamed "Central," on whom we put so much nowadays, and attributing Jim's silence to the same agency. I managed not to worry.

When thoughts of Daisy and Tom threatened to disturb I resolutely put them aside. Hadn't I determined not to be "Mrs. Fix-It" any longer? Hedwig I promised Jim as much. Why make myself miserable over Tom's philanderings with a girl who—even if she was my dead friend Kate's little sister—was also a "hiss"? But somehow, one worry refused to leave me—would it have been better for me to have chaperoned the party Tom had suggested: Phoebe and Neal, Irma Warren and her uncle, who would have done pretty well to chaperone me?

We arrived home about 9 Sunday evening, and whatever doubts and fears I had were more than counter-balanced by Phoebe's gratitude to me for making her holiday possible.

"Our Neal is such a 'hiss'! You know it, don't you, Anne?" she whispered at my threshold, when Neal went ahead to carry my bags and light up the place for me. "You don't blame me for getting desperate for the way I have to wait and wait and just wait—do you?"

"No, I don't, honey-girl," I said, borrowing Neal's name for her, "I just ache for you sometimes when I stop to think how happy you'd be in a little nest of your own. But it's hard on you—don't you think it's

twice as hard on that brother of mine?"

"Poor little Phoebe! She seemed to derive a lot of comfort from that, and I realized that she was young enough and baby enough to resent Neal's marvelous self-control instead of worshipping him for it as an older and wiser woman would have done.

Came Neal then to the threshold, where he stood with his arm thrown about me.

"I thank you, madam," said he, tenderly, for all his note of bantering. "And now we may have to ask another favor of you. I can't get Virginia's telephone to answer. I'll spin Phoebe's over to see if her sister's home or no, and if she isn't, you'll take my girlie in over night, won't you, Babbie?"

"I'll certainly will, and happily, too," I replied, straining Neal to me in thanks for the beautiful thoughtfulness of him.

"Oh, Virginia, isn't getting back till morning," admitted Phoebe suddenly. "I've known that all along. Perhaps I'd best stay here since you're so—old-maidish about appearances."

Knowing Neal's red-headed temper, which matched his dear russet curls, a little resentment at Phoebe's little snowflake, helpless hands in one of his. The other hand he put gently under her chin and tilted her pensive face up to the brooding tenderness of his eyes.

"Honey-girl," he said, "do you know all you mean to me? I let you tumble into a nasty little river there along the banks of the lake. You hadn't a reproach or a cross word for me, bless your heart! But I can't forgive myself even now. It's my business to keep you out of rivers and bogs—even if you don't see them, even if they're so tiny you'd hardly feel 'em wet the soles of your shoes and wouldn't even guess they were there."

Phoebe's eyes were wet as she lifted her arms and put them about Neal's shoulders.

"But I do understand, dear," she

Bringing Up Father



"I'm a woman—and I do. And I'll tell my dear mother in heaven about you co-night when I say my prayers."

"I fled then. Who am I that I should look upon another woman's paradise, or pry into my brother's heart? But as I ran to my room and busied myself with the mail, which, sadly enough, didn't contain a message from Jim, I wondered how much longer I could sit idly by while Virginia's cynicism and bitterness cost two powerful young creatures their happiness."

After half an hour Neal came to the door of my room. There were marks of struggle and renunciation on his face.

"She's tired, Babba," he said in a tense voice. "Please make her go to bed. She's almost hysterical—seeing you here in your home, perhaps. Get her to bed."

"Neal," I ventured, "can't you do anything?"

"I'm going to do something—tomorrow," he said. "I can't let the kiddie fight and suffer like this much longer. I don't count. I'm a man. But Phoebe does. Oh, Babba, that blessed baby of mine ought to be a white, orange-blossom bride, with lovely things to remember, and the organ pealing out from her own home—the old place where she'd feel her mother's spirit blessing her! I don't want a darn cent of the Harrison money. I'd let Virginia cut her hair—if only she won't try to annul the marriage or make things ugly for Phoebe. She's got to trust someone. Virginia Dalton has—might as well begin on me."

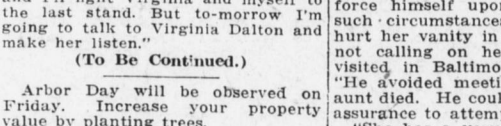
"Are you thinking of eloping, after all?" I asked breathlessly, frightened of it, if it had come at last. "Are you thinking of running away, after all?"

"If Virginia drives us to it," replied Neal grimly. "But I want Phoebe to come to me the right way, and I'll fight Virginia and myself to the last stand. But to-morrow I'm going to talk to Virginia Dalton and make her listen."

(To Be Continued.)

Arbor Day will be observed on Friday. Increase your property value by planting trees.

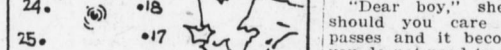
Daily Dot Puzzle



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

CHILDREN

Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply the "outside" treatment.



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No special skill is necessary in applying mercerized wax, it being smeared on at night like cold cream, and washed off in the morning.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXXIII

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For a moment after Miss Bristol had finished speaking there was silence in the room. David's eyes were still fixed on the glowing coils in the grate, but even in the firelight his very lips were pale. His hostess leaned forward and laid her hand on his face.

"David—do not look so distressed, dear boy! I tried to persuade Desiree when I last saw her that you knew nothing of this affair."

"When was that?"

"The Sunday evening in October when I took supper at the Leightons. I saw you that day in church, you know?"

"Well, I mentioned that to Desiree at supper. She said she had never seen you and did not want to. I could not discuss the subject then, for her father and aunt were present. But when I went upstairs to put on my wraps before leaving I spoke of you and told her I was sure you were in ignorance of the terms of your aunt's will even after her death."

"He must know them now!" she said stiffly.

"I acknowledged that you probably did, and had been shocked by them, and had made no effort to see her."

"And what did she say then?"

David frowned and stood up very straight and remarked that unless a man was a fool he would hardly force himself upon any girl under such circumstances. I believe you hurt her vanity in the beginning by not calling on her when she first visited in Baltimore, for she said: 'He avoided her respect me before my aunt died. He could hardly have the assurance to attempt to do so now!'

"She has a very thorough disgust for me, hasn't she?"

The speaker regarded the questioner solicitously. His face was white and strained. She would not have told him this story if she had supposed it would affect him like this.

Miss Bristol's Argument

"Dear boy," she soothed, "why should you care now? As time passes and it becomes known that you do not need to marry to increase your income, I believe you will smile—'everyone will comprehend that you are not a fortune-seeker. Moreover, why should you care what a girl who does not know you thinks of you?"

"I do care!" he insisted. "I care very much. No man wants to be considered a cad—lense of all by a woman whose respect he would like to win. You see," hastily, as an expression of surprise crossed his companion's face, "I have heard so much of Miss Leighton that I feel almost as if I were acquainted with her. I am averse to incurring the hatred of anyone whom Aunt Jeanne loved."

"I do not believe Desiree hates you, David," Miss Bristol urged. "I shall write to her some time and tell her that you have an independent fortune, that you have fought in France and been wounded, that she is mistaken in her estimate of you—"

"Please, please, my dear Miss Bristol, do not do anything of the kind!" David protested vehemently, checking her offer to be the goddess of the machine. "I must beg you as a friend of mine never to mention me to Miss Leighton until I give you permission to do so. Moreover, I do not want her to know that I have a cent of my own just yet. And now let us talk of other matters."

Miss Bristol followed his lead, but she saw that, in spite of his gallant efforts to be natural, what she had told him rankled. His eyes were not as clear, nor his laugh as ready as it had been earlier in the evening.

When he arose to take his departure she half apologized for the revelations she had made.

"David," she said, "I feel most uncomfortable about having told you what your aunt confided to me—about Desiree's position, and all that. Yet, as Jeanne's nephew, it seemed to me that you had a right to hear it. But I hope you do not regret coming here this evening and listening to an indiscreet old woman's endless prattle."

"On the contrary, dear Miss Bristol," he assured her, "this is just where I wanted to come to-night, and what you have told me is exactly the information I sought."

Valuable Information

"I have fancied that Miss Leighton objected to making my acquaintance. I cannot blame her—now that I am aware of all that she has believed about me."

"Well—I think it is too bad that you and she did not meet long ago—long before all this matter of the will ever came up. If you had, I doubt if your poor aunt would have gone to such an extreme as putting that ridiculous provision in her will. And, David, if you could have known, Desiree I am sure you could not have helped liking her at once."

"She is really beautiful, I think," Miss Bristol continued, "and she is very broad in her views, too. Even after what your aunt said and did, Desiree acknowledged to me when I had that talk with her in New

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

VISITED A BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty and engaged to be married. I would like to have your opinion, please, regarding a slight misunderstanding I had with my fiancé.

I had been employed with a large retail firm in this city for over three years, and naturally being thrown in contact with my co-workers (some of whom were men of serious ages) I had become friendly with them.

Recently my fiancé was ill, and on my way to his home to see him I had occasion to pass a branch of this company (which by the way, is a large store on a very lively street), and thinking that some of my old acquaintances might be in, I just stepped to say, hello! It so happened that three of the men were in. I merely inquired after their families, asked some questions, said good-by and left.

Upon arriving at my fiancé's home, I told him of the incident, and now, Miss Fairfax, was I wrong in doing this? Looking at it from his point of

By McManus

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10-23



"I wonder if I could study up an' become a doctor?"

"You're a wonderful doctor—my father told me you cured his gout while I was at college and I just had to come in and meet you and thank you—so there, you old dear!"

"I must say your account of the affair makes it seem an entirely innocent impulse. The fact that you told your fiancé all about it on your arrival ought to acquit you of any ulterior motives."

Beautiful in form and color, trees inspire constant appreciation of nature. Plant them.

MEMORIAL PARK ADDITION The Suburb Unparalleled.—Adv.

York that she did not blame Jeanne—that she supposed the poor dear was not quite sane on the matter of you and your future and thought she was doing right in making that dreadful provision. And Desiree has never even discussed the matter with her father. "It would not be quite fair to Miss DeLaine," she said so sweetly. "She was not herself at the last. Wasn't that a lovely way to put it?"

"Yes," the man replied softly. "It is the kind of thing one would expect of her."

Then, before his hostess could ask for an explanation of this remark, he uttered his brief adieu and departed.

(To Be Continued.)

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INDIVIDUAL PROMOTION

Dial 4398

Garments of Quality

Ladies Bazaar

Attractive Week End Offerings

---ON---

COATS, SUITS, DRESSES

SKIRTS AND WAISTS

Dresses

As a special we are offering one group of heather mixtures, braided front and back, in brown, Copen and green

\$24.95

Other dresses in dazzling styles for the women and misses of Harrisburg to choose from, in Tricotine, stunningly tailored, serges, youthfully bloused, combination satin and Georgette intricately braided.

\$14.95 to \$69.95

Coats

Coats

Coats

\$24.95 to \$95.00

All the handsome materials of the season, including plain and mixed velours, broadcloth, Tinseltone, Silvertint, Bolivia, Silvertones, Plumette, Plush, etc. Some trimmed with furs on collars and cuffs; others in plain models.

\$24.95 to \$135.00

Skirts

All wool pleated plaid skirts with pockets, in desirable models, formerly \$7.95. Special

\$5.95

Other skirts in desirable models

\$3.95 to \$14.95

Waists

Two attractive models in Georgette that formerly sold for \$6.95 and \$7.95 have been marked special

\$5.95

Other blouses in desirable models.

\$1.39 to \$14.95

Ladies Bazaar

8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST.

In fairness to the money you have to spend you must see what we offer.

We cheerfully show our merchandise even to those who want merely to look.

Garments of Quality

Ladies Bazaar

Attractive Week End Offerings

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PUDDING is the dessert everybody can make. That's because it is the sure dessert—always turns out right. All you have to do is to add sugar, milk—either fresh or condensed—and boil for three minutes. The result is a firm, smooth mold of rich creamy dessert.

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CHILDREN Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply the "outside" treatment. VICK'S VAPORUB "YOUR BODYGUARD" - 30¢, 60¢, \$1.20

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS 3018 Such a dainty play dress is here illustrated. It was developed in unbleached muslin, with cross stitching in blue. Size 2 will require 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material.

Garments of Quality Ladies Bazaar Attractive Week End Offerings ---ON--- COATS, SUITS, DRESSES SKIRTS AND WAISTS