



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

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CHAPTER CCLXII

"Babbs, the bells sure are ringing for me and my sweetheart," chuckled Neal as we stood at the gate to the track on which Father Andrew's train was due. "I sorta kinda feel as if I made a wise move when I secured a few time tables while I was waiting for you. They deal with such places as Niagara Falls, Yellowstone National Park and Washington, the capital of our Nation."

"Sounds like a wedding trip," I cried, squeezing his arm.

"Oh, Babbsie, how could you forestall my surprise by guessing?"

"You're not kidding me, are you, and there's the blessed old governor lugging his own bag, for all the world as if he hadn't a rich son in real estate and pining to spend his earnings in ten-cent tips and such."

He finished as we dashed forward to swallow up Father Andrew in our eager arms. In a minute we had begun the usual series of questions about health and feelings and were fighting for Father Andrew's possessions as we piloted him across the station.

"What's this? What's this?" cried Father Andrew as we pulled up short next to the big dark blue car, whose door panel was marked "A. L. H."

"This is our Babbsie's own coach, but it may turn back into a pumpkin any minute," chuckled Neal.

"So my girl is riding around in the comfort she deserves," said Father Andrew tenderly.

By this time Lyons was off the driver's seat and stowing father's possessions in the car. Touching his cap he asked if he should take the trunk check and get the baggage to carry home in the car, but transfixing the man with one of his shrewd, yet kindly glances, Father Andrew replied that he was traveling

light—just the two bags we'd already stowed in the car.

"Yes, sir," said Lyons, touching his cap again. But in that moment I felt strangely enough that the two had measured each other.

All the way home the talk was of Neal and me. Father Andrew seemed to have an insatiable appetite for everything that concerned his children, and showed even more than his usual reticence when it came to talking about himself. But when he'd greeted Phoebe and Jim, and had admired the apartment and enjoyed Andy's version of a fatted calf for father, there was a purposeful air to the way he settled down in the living room and to a perfect.

"Don't make the old man feel too good, children," he said, "or he won't be able to pull up stakes and start on his long hike in a day or two."

"Where you hiking to, dad?" asked Neal. "Phoebe and I are some little hikers ourselves. Maybe we could meet up with you after—"

"After what?" asked Father Andrew briskly.

"After the wedding," cried Neal, throwing out his chest. "Jeanie and Pat are honeymooning again and we're ready to be next."

Father Andrew beamed.

"Fine! But you must wait for my return," he said, skipping over Virginia's romance in astonishing fashion and imposing his will on Neal as if he'd known him to do so. "You see, children, I'm off for a very important trip to the wilds of the Canadian Northwest," he added. "Expecting a wire any day. Probably have to go to-morrow."

There was a queer mumbering effect to his sentences. It seemed, unlike dear, straightforward Father Andrew, I wondered if it meant that he was getting old and—different. But when I took quick inventory of the faces I perceived that no one else seemed mystified. Father Andrew however, caught my wondering

Bringing Up Father



glance and went on with an abrupt change of manner:

"I want to be best man or something prominent like that at this wedding. But for all that, I can't postpone this trip of mine, so maybe you'll oblige an old gentleman who's more or less interested, by putting off the great day."

"Will you be long gone?" she asked. "Seems as if we might manage to wait for a week or so."

"I can't put off a day. I'll have to be on my way as soon as ever the trip's ripe for me," replied Father Andrew tenderly. "But it would shame me before folks to have my boy stand up with his little sweetheart while I'm away. You won't do that, will you children?"

"I should say not!" flamed Phoebe generously. And she ran to perch on Father Andrew's knee, crying "Please hurry back, Father dear, 'cause I think the best thing to having Neal for a husband is having his daddy for mine. We'll wait for our 'best man,' won't we, Neal?"

"Surest thing you know!" replied Neal with a gulp. "Only make it snappy, Dad. That wedding of ours acts like a mirage in a desert most of the time."

"You'll wait then," repeated Father Andrew half to himself. "You won't fail me. You'll wait for my return."

"It isn't easy," replied Neal with a gulp. "But we'll wait. It won't be long though, will it?"

"A matter of months, maybe," confessed Father Andrew.

Neal and Phoebe stared strangely at each other, but they turned brave faces to Father Andrew's searching eyes.

(To Be Continued.)

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXXXII

(Copyright, 1919, Star Company.)

Walter Jefferson was a member of the same club to which Samuel Leighton belonged.

Not that he could really afford to belong to such an expensive organization as this. Yet, as a climber, he felt that it was to his interest to have his name on the club roster. He economized in other ways in order to pay his dues, hoping meanwhile that his association with rich men would be of benefit to him.

One of these rich men had a charming daughter. Samuel Leighton's son-in-law would never have to work hard. Desiree was desirable from all points of view.

The dinner in honor of the Canadian military man went off successfully. It was 11 o'clock when Jefferson made his way to Samuel Leighton's side. There was about him an air of elation that convinced the older man that he had something of importance to import. Immediately Leighton was on his guard.

"Good evening!" he said stiffly.

"Good evening!" Walter Jefferson returned.

There was an awkward pause. "Have one—won't you?" Walter suggested, proffering his cigarette case.

"Thanks. I never smoke the things," was the reply. "Have a cigar, won't you?" holding out his own cigar case.

Jefferson wanted to take one, but something in the cold and disappearing gleam in his companion's eyes made him decline. Leighton started as if to move on. If the younger man would drop his verbal bomb, he must do so quickly.

"I want just a word with you," he said hastily, laying his hand on Leighton's arm. "From your manner when we parted the other day I knew that you thought me very foolish. Since then I have proved that my suspicions, expressed then, were well founded."

"Eh?" the gruff monosyllable was not encouraging. But Jefferson was not daunted.

"Yes, I met my cousin, Daisy Darkin, to-day—in fact, I called on her. She is stopping at the Waldorf—she and her husband. I reminded her of the chap I met at her house some time ago—described his looks and all that—and told her his last name began with 'A.'"

"How did you know that?"

"From the initials on his cuff-links," Jefferson replied. Then, seeing the sneer creeping about the hostess's lips, he hastened to check it by the startling statement—

"A startling statement?"

"Smith your ex-chauffeur happens to be David DeLaine of Baltimore. My cousin is sure of it. Samuel Leighton was puzzled for an instant. "David DeLaine"—he began.

"Yes!" Jefferson interrupted him eagerly. "The nephew of Miss Jeanne DeLaine, a rich old woman in Baltimore."

"Oh, I understand," the older man admitted—then contradicted himself with—"but no, I don't either! Why should Miss DeLaine's nephew think it necessary to give up his own name—and be my chauffeur?"

"Ah, that's the very point!" Jefferson announced triumphantly, a glow of revenge in his pale blue eyes. "Why, indeed? I wondered, too, until Daisy enlightened me, or at least threw some light on the subject, although she did not suspect the significance of what she told me. It seems, indeed, that some rumors about Miss DeLaine's will have leaked out, the principal one being that unless her nephew married a certain young woman in New York of whom she was fond he would get none of her fortune."

For a moment the young man was startled by the changes that swept over the parent's face. Perplexity gave way to suspicion, suspicion to incredulity, followed by a rage that made Leighton seem to tower above his informant.

"Be careful what you say, Jefferson!" he exclaimed. "No more suggestions! Speak out what you mean!"

"Sh—sh! Do not speak so loud," Walter continued. "I suggest nothing. I only tell you what was told me. Since you demand cold facts—my cousin said she had heard that Miss DeLaine left a pretty sum of money to her nephew on condition that he marry a rich girl in New York—a girl of whom the old lady

was very fond. You can draw your own conclusions, sir."

"It's a d— lie!" Leighton burst forth, "and you can tell your cousin so from me. I beg your pardon—I forgot she was a lady. No doubt she believed the story. But I know it is an infernal lie, and I forbid you to repeat it in connection with the young man who has been in my employ, or any young woman whom he has met in New York."

Thus his thoughts ran for the first five minutes of his walk. Then common sense asserted itself.

How J. G. Leighton that there had been some trifling what Jefferson had just told him? He remembered now that Desiree had spoken disparagingly of this young DeLaine—she expressed her aversion as unwilling to meet him. Had she

heard the rumor about his aunt's will?

But, of course, she had not! Yet could young DeLaine know of it, and had he crept like a sneak into the employ of the father of the girl whom he must marry to get his aunt's fortune?

It all sounded like a dime novel. Samuel Leighton called himself a fool for having thought seriously of the matter.

To Be Continued

restoration of the British constitution and of civil liberties.

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his people, and to this end its leaders think it will become necessary to reorganize and strengthen the House of Lords.

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Nine Injured in Hotel Fire at Buffalo

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 12.—One guest was seriously burned and eight others were slightly injured or overcome by smoke in a fire at the Vanderbilt Hotel, a four story brick building, early to-day.

William H. Rawling, of Watertown, may die. Others less seriously injured include Floyd Cressie, of Pittsburgh, and Walter Jennings, Bridgeport.

About 40 guests were in the hotel when the fire started on the second floor and swept up wooden stairways to the roof. Most of them escaped unaided by way of fire escapes. Firemen carried Rawling and others from the third floor.

FARMER ACCIDENTALLY SHOT

J. M. Brindle, who lives on rural route No. 8, near Mechanicburg, was returned home from Polytechnic Hospital where he received treatment for a bullet wound in the hand.

The other evening, just before he planned to retire, Mr. Brindle got out an old-time four-cylindered pistol, which he prepared to load. The gun was accidentally discharged, the ball penetrating the palm of the hand.

Liquor Dealers Are Jubilant Over Order Restraining Prosecution

Providence, R. I., Nov. 12.—Rhode Island liquor dealers were jubilant to-day over the preliminary injunction issued by United States District Judge Brown forbidding government officers from enforcing the provisions of the wartime prohibition act affecting the sale of beer.

They are, however, undecided as to when they can place four per cent. beer on draught. A warning issued by Internal Revenue Collector George F. O'Shaunessy has been taken to mean that saloonkeepers who take advantage of the court's action and sell stronger beverages than one-half of one per cent will become liable to prosecution later should an upper court reverse Judge Brown's decision.

The Narragansett Brewing Company, through whose petition yesterday's action was taken, was reported to-day as ready to deliver four per cent. beer, but is considered safe to do so. Company officials declined to reveal their plans, however, declaring that the decision "may and may not" result in a resumption of the distribution of four per cent. beer.

Funeral Services Are Held For 111 Heroes Who Died in Siberia

New York, Nov. 12.—Funeral services for the 111 American soldiers who gave their lives on the battlefields of Northern Russia were held this morning on the long pier at Hoboken, N. J., where the bodies were landed last night by the little transport Daraga.

The service held with full military honors, presided by representatives of official Washington, foreign governments and the states from which the dead soldiers entered the service.

The pier was scarcely visible under the decorations of flags and crepe, while over the shore entrance hung a great reversed red, white and blue streamer bordered with deep bands of black.

Senator James W. Wadsworth, of New York, and Major General John F. O'Ryan, delivered the address, the former speaking for the nation, and the latter for the American Legion.

General Wood Ready to Recall Mine Troops

By Associated Press.

Charleston, W. Va., Nov. 12.—Federal troops on strike duty in the coal fields of West Virginia, will be withdrawn within a few days, Major General Leonard Wood, commander of the Central department of the Army, announced. The time for the removal of the troops had been left "entirely in the hands of the governor."

Unless some sign of lawlessness occurs, Governor Cornwell said the troops probably would be withdrawn from the field duty as the latter part of this week or early next week.

The Governor and I are prepared to accept in good faith the statement of the union leaders that the miners are going to return to work," said General Wood, "and we have decided to withdraw the troops in a few days, or as soon as possible."

General Wood, accompanied by three staff officers arrived here last night and immediately went in conference with Governor Cornwell.

CLAIM HEAVY CAPTURES

London, Nov. 12.—Between November 8 and 10, according to a Bolshevik wireless message received here, the Reds captured four entire regiments of Admiral Kolchak's troops and two divisional staffs. The message says all officers who refused to surrender were shot by their own soldiers.

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