



# 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 CCCCII.**

When I arrived at Neal's apartment for the second time this morning I found Father Andrew waiting in the doorway. With amazing agility he rushed to the curb and jumped into the car the very moment that I came to a full stop. His mood communicated itself to me, and I opened the throttle again and started off at once. After a moment Father Andrew spoke almost timidly.

"The telegram, Babie girl, I must see that," he said.

I pointed to the moire bag lying in my lap, and then for several minutes I ventured a glance at Father Andrew out of the corner of my eye. He had taken off his big felt hat, and the wind was ruffling his face, gray hair above a forehead wrinkled by deep thought. His eyes wore a puzzled look, and for a minute he seemed old and defeated. Then he gathered himself together and turned

me with a smile of deep love and understanding that carried me back to the first happy memories of my strained childhood.

"Barbara Anne," he said suddenly, "there's a name that always means a heap to an old man. A wizened little girl, with big, unhappy, questioning eyes, and a little smile, that I knew when that little girl began calling him 'Father Andrew' that she was a-telling him that she loved and trusted him. It kinda established a big friendship between 'em at once, and it appears to me that neither of 'em ain't ever failed that friendship yet."

I took one hand from the wheel and put it over Father Andrew's.

"You're right about that," I said. "I'm sure that you're right. I've never failed you, and you've never failed me. And then you came, big and strong and kind and sturdy. And she loved you right off, that little girl did—and always will. You've never failed her yet, and she hopes she'll never fail you."

"What made you say that, Barbara Anne?" demanded Father Andrew huskily. "Can you tell me what made you say that right now—when I need to hear just their words?"

"Something deep in my heart made me say that. Because it's never been half so true as it is to-day. Somehow I feel that after all the years I've needed you so and called on your love for all I had need to take from it, now at last—it's my turn to give. And I'd be so proud to give. What's your name now, or Jim, is yours, dear?"

"I know that Barbara Anne. Drive deeper into the park, will you, girl, and you and me and the little wife that gets taken care of just like you and me—if only we keep our hearts' beating."

"I turned to the greenest, woodiest path I knew, and then Father Andrew went on gently:

"Babie, I'd like you to tell me all you can recollect about your own father."

"My own dear father never seems half so much my father as you," I replied. "I wonder if you believe I can add a thing to what mother told you long ago."

"Mebbe not—mebbe so. But an old man's memory is a queer thing, refreshing. And I wouldn't ask you to remember those poor days before we three came together and had our little home in the sunshine. I wouldn't if I could help it, Babie. You're keeping using Neal's name for me. It seems funny. Why do you do it, dear?" I asked, and was surprised at the questions after they were out.

"I'll tell you," replied Father Andrew, looking at me strangely. "When I was a boy, I used to wonder why they kinda go together. How about your own father? You ain't forgot how he came by his death, have you?"

"Of course, not, dear. It was that wreck in the hills."

"There was dynamite found on the tracks," he said. "I can't remember asked Father Andrew in a tone that was more like a statement.

"Yes, I remember leaving mother say that. He'd been off with a race meet with some friend about making a lot on the ponies. I can remember how mother cried and told me I could have the winter coat and a roast beef for dinner every evening."

"Do you remember the funeral, dear?" asked Father Andrew. "My Martha told me her recollection. But I must hear it from her daughter, too."

"Yes, it was all so terrible and yet so interesting to the child who'd never been so important in her life as then. Reporters asking me questions. An insurance man taking me to the room where the coffin lay and making me take hold of a sleeve and asking if I'd ever seen that suit before. And mother running in and crying that she'd rather lose the money and starve than have her poor child forced to look on that dreadful face."

"So the money he'd won at the races was gone. I remember Martha told me that too," said Father Andrew. "One more question, dear. You didn't look on that poor, married face, you didn't see—you father? Can you be sure that the man they buried—was your father? Can you be sure?"

"I turned and faced two blazing, compelling eyes looking at me out of an ashken mask.

"The telegram, your trip to Canada. My father? I stumbled with cold lips. "What do you mean?"

"Can you be sure that the man they buried was your father, Anne?" he repeated inexorably.

To Be Continued.

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## Bringing Up Father

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CHAPTER LXXXIII.

## THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

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Samuel Leighton's house was on a corner. The owner was walking up the opposite side of the street, and was still some feet away, when he heard a door slam. Stopping in the shadow of a large tree, he peered across the street.

It was his own front door that had opened and shut. Desiree must have had a caller who had stayed late.

Still in the shadow, he saw someone descend the steps and turn down the avenue. The rays of a street lamp fell full on the tall and erect figure of David Smith DeLaine.

"Smith himself!" Leighton whispered, his lips twitching and his hands clenching.

There was no mistake. The intruder's figure and bearing were too striking for the watcher to fancy himself in error. But what was he doing here? Had he the effrontery to attempt to call on his former employer at this hour of the night?

Still motionless, Leighton gazed after the departing form. Smith walked with an assured swing his head thrown back, as if he were as honest as Desiree had insisted he was.

A shocking idea forced itself upon Samuel Leighton's consciousness. Smith had been to call on Desiree. What did it mean? Was she a party to the deception the chauffeur had practiced?

The world seemed to be slipping away from under the father's feet. He crossed the street and looked in at his daughter's windows. At that instant a light flashed out. She had evidently just entered her room.

He had received her call. Smith had gone upstairs as soon as he had left.

Noislessly the parent let himself into the house. He wanted to be alone before talking to his daughter.

Five minutes' reflection in the darkness of his library brought him the answer. He would give Desiree the opportunity to tell him all that she was willing to confide to him.

She had always been open and honest with him. He would make it possible for her to be so now. If she were not it would be because her head had been turned by the rascality of this fellow who called himself "Smith," and who was really the good-for-nothing nephew of Miss DeLaine, of Baltimore. What a fool the father had been to allow his child to visit that eccentric old lady.

Going upstairs, he knocked at his daughter's door.

"Dear," he called in a voice he struggled to make natural, "may I come in?"

"Certainly, Dad!" she called back. "Come right in!"

He found her seated in an easy chair, she had taken off her dress and put on a soft negligee. Her loosened hair fell about her shoulders. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone. There was an air of suppressed excitement about her that the man noted with a sinking of the heart.

"I am feeling a bit restless," he said. "Smith," and who was not asleep yet we might have a little chat."

"I am not even sleepy," she assured him. "Sit down here, Dad," motioning him to a chair. "I want to talk with you anyway. I had a call from Smith this evening."

Her own accord

She said the words without looking at him. He was glad, for he knew that his face changed. Yet he drew a breath of relief. Of her own accord she was going to tell him the truth.

"Smith?" he repeated. He would not let his indignation betray itself in his voice.

"Yes," she said, still without looking up. "The reason for his coming is quite a long story."

"I shall be interested in hearing it, if you care to tell it to me," Leighton remarked.

Desiree was surprised. She had expected and feared a violent outbreak.

What had changed him—or was he exercising an unaccustomed self-restraint?

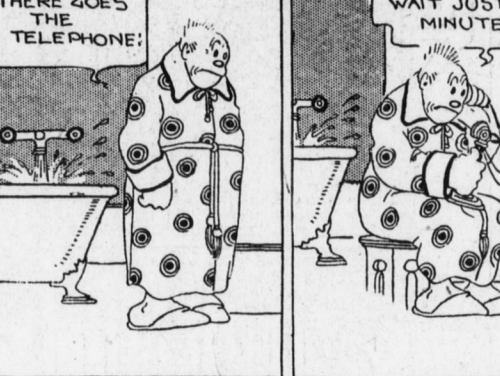
He may have felt the inquiry in her eyes, for he said hastily, as if to disarm suspicion—

"Would you object to my smoking, my dear? May I light a cigar?"

"Of course you may smoke," she replied. "What a ridiculous question for you to ask of me! Haven't you always smoked where I was?"

"I'm not in your bedroom," he reminded her.

"Then you must begin now," she



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"A very wealthy relative of his—uncle living in the West—died the other day and left him all his money—a large fortune, I fancy."

Smith received a telegram from the family lawyer calling him to Baltimore—his old home—immediately. That was why he went away so unexpectedly.

"Indeed!" Samuel Leighton's interest was genuine. "Then our chauffeur is a rich man?"

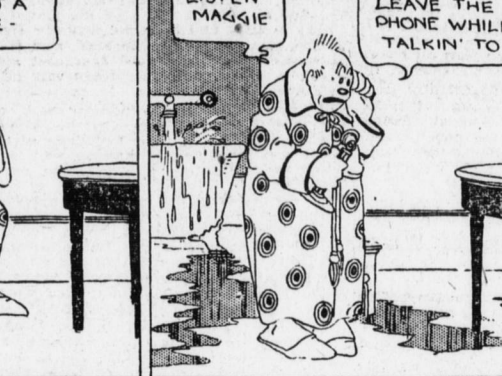
"Very rich," the girl affirmed. "Not," she added, "that makes any difference. He was a gentleman already—and money could not make him more of one."

"Yet it makes it unnecessary for him to work at an unbecoming job, obtaining a living," Leighton ventured.

His daughter glanced at him sharply, and the parent saw her eyes flash.

"He is not the type of man who would ever resort to doubtful ways of making a living," she declared, with dignity.

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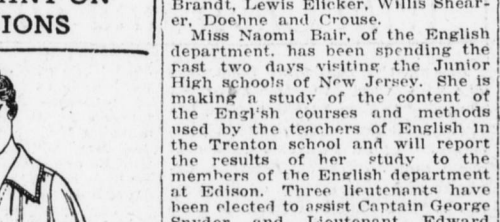
## Man Who Undergoes Operation Still in Danger

West Fairview, Pa., Nov. 15.—Harry Shaull, of this place, had an operation performed at the Harrisburg Hospital for appendicitis. He is not out of danger—Harry Holke has erected a bungalow on Market street. It is a modern dwelling and presents a good appearance.—E. E. Erb, the newly-elected councilman, has made extensive improvements to his home on Front street.

## GET-TOGETHER PROGRAM

New Cumberland, Pa., Nov. 15.—This program was rendered at a get-together meeting held under the auspices of the Women's Missionary Society in Trinity United Brethren Church Thursday evening. Hymn, Scripture lesson, prayer by Mrs. Stimpf, minutes and roll call, piano trio, reading by Mrs. Sender, piano solo by Miss DeLaine, recitation by Miss Emma Shaffer, reading by Miss Magonel. Refreshments followed the program.

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

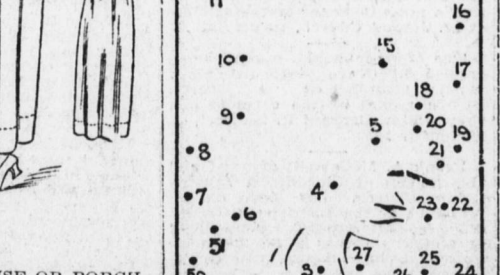


3006—For this design, linen, gingham, seersucker, drill, lawn, dimity, serge or gabardine could be used. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40. Bust requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or 1-cent and 2-cent stamps.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



## STEALS REGISTER AND CASH

Carlisle, Pa., Nov. 15.—House thieves continue operations almost here. On Thursday night one of them opened a front window on the porch at the home of J. V. Vance Thompson and stole a small "cash register" that contained over \$3.

## MITE SOCIETY MEETS

Dauphin, Pa., Nov. 15.—The Mite Society of the Presbyterian Church met at the residence of Charles A. Shaffer, Mount Airy, where he has regular business, with the new president in the chair, a social time was enjoyed. Refreshments were served.

## Ask For Horlick's Malted Milk



## Edison Junior High School Notes

The first division which is now the entire eighth and ninth grades, spent the special activities periods during the auditorium yesterday afternoon. The Edison Council, which consists of all the class presidents and the officers of the student community, together with the principal and several teachers were seated on the stage. Truman Thompson, president of the Edison community, presided over the meeting and Miss May Raymond occupied the secretary's chair.

The special features of the meeting were a piano solo by Niles Sowers, 9B-5, and "The Story of King Arthur" told by Anna Fisher, 9B-2. The athletic coach, Mr. Miller, gave a short address to the student body and several cheers were led by candidates for cheer leaders. The special numbers were especially good and were much appreciated by the student body.

Section 9B-1 is especially fond of debating and scarcely a week passes but the talk on airplanes and air service boats, was debated. A team led by Ester Aumiller championed the affirmative side of the question, while a team led by Christian Brand defended the negative side. The decision was in favor of the affirmative speakers. The members of the section were delighted with the talk on airplanes and air service boats. A team led by Ester Aumiller championed the affirmative side of the question, while a team led by Christian Brand defended the negative side. The decision was in favor of the affirmative speakers. The members of the section were delighted with the talk on airplanes and air service boats. A team led by Ester Aumiller championed the affirmative side of the question, while a team led by Christian Brand defended the negative side. The decision was in favor of the affirmative speakers. The members of the section were delighted with the talk on airplanes and air service boats.

## TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Beginning Monday morning's chapel a member of the Senior class of Technical High School will conduct the chapel exercises. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday's gatherings will have a Senior presiding, while Thursday there is no general assembly because of the club period. Then Friday morning the exercises will be in charge of Principal C. B. Pagan, Jr. With the Seniors leading the devotional exercises three times a week, every graduate will have a chance to show his executive ability before graduation from Tech.

At a meeting of the Natural History Club yesterday, Vice-President Keller presided in the absence of the president. Washington gave an interesting talk on "Wild Ducks" after which there was a general discussion. Next week, Minning will give a speech on "Bats."

Edward Gelstwhite of the Tech Tattler Club, has been elected librarian of the organization. He is endeavoring to get a complete file of all the back issues of the school magazine since the first issue back in 1909. The members of the Alumni are asked to bring old issues to the school if they have any on hand. The file will be kept under supervision in the library, so that the complete history of Tech is chronicled in the school papers.

President "Buddie" Lingle of the Senior class has held several meetings recently for the purpose of arranging for the annual Christmas entertainment. This year children will be given an entertainment by the Tech students whose names are furnished to the Senior class by the Associated Charities of the city.

Gehr, Baker and Paxton were the three speakers at the weekly gatherings of the Thomas A. Edison Club. Gehr and Baker finished their experiment on "Magnetism and Magnetic Currents." Paxton gave a talk on the electric propelled ship. The club will buy a picture of Thomas Edison.

## CAMP CURTIN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The Camp Curtin auditorium rang with enthusiastic singing of football songs, Thursday afternoon, "Rah, Rah, Rah for Camp Curtin," "Our Boys Will Shine To-day" and other stirring selections were sung under the leadership of Miss Mildred Conkling by voices twelve hundred strong in anticipation of a victory over Millersburg High on the gridiron tomorrow.

Mr. Geisel's blackboard talk for the benefit of those not yet knowing when to cheer increased the enthusiasm of the audience for all football games.

Then came a surprise for the whole school. Paul Shenk, head cheer leader of Tech and "Pal" Moore were introduced by Mr. Brehm to the audience. After a demonstration of how Tech cheer leaders swept their side into victory winning applause, Shenk and Moore were joined on the platform with fine spirit by Camp Curtin's cheer leaders, Jack Carpenter, Clay King, Donald McCann, James Kipp and Arthur Winters, and from the way Camp Curtin raved and cheered many touchdowns will surely be made this month.

With Helen Graeff in the center and Virginia Wertz and Margaret Rathfon to right and left on the main floor, Camp Curtin students and teachers were roused to stronger cheering power.

After another peppy song for the team, Helen Graeff led the other cheer leaders of the school. In a rah, rah, rah for Shenk and Moore and Tech, which was answered by the visiting friends with vim and sincerity.

Announcement was made of a total near two hundred and fifty dollars for the Red Cross with 12 sections, 9B1, 9B10, 9B13, 9B4, 9B12, 9B11, 8B4, 8B5, 7A2, 7B2, 8B3, 7B5, 100 per cent, and faculty and sections 9B11, 8B3 and 7A1 over 100 per cent. Two pleasing violin selections by Ross Bell and a story, "Balder the Beautiful," interestingly told by Elizabeth Siegmund, were numbers on the program that also won applause from the audience.

Following a recent announcement to the faculty of the coming organization of Camp Curtin into student clubs, Mr. Brehm told the boys and girls that next week their respective home room teachers would inform them of the list from which to make a least one selection. Audible expressions of pleasure followed the announcement.

## Pupils Present Lamp to Teacher Who Is to Wed

New Cumberland, Pa., Nov. 15.—Miss Hilda Commer, a popular teacher of the third and fourth grades of the borough school, whose wedding is to Carter Mear has been announced, was presented with a handsome electric portable lamp by her pupils yesterday afternoon. The lamp was presented in behalf of the school by Mrs. Charles Ross, one of the patrons. Miss Commer responded, thanking the donors in grateful words.

## Do Rainy Days Interfere With Wash Day?

Our Rough Dry Laundry Service was started to meet just such problems as yours, Mrs. Housewife.

We've been busy remodeling our big plant—making more room for new machinery and better working conditions for our workers.

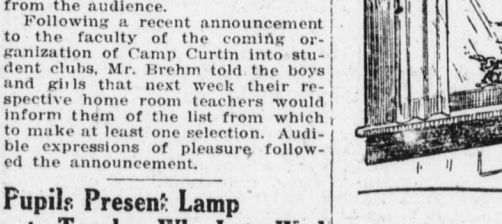
Now, all remodeling is complete, new machinery is installed and we are ready to give you that greatly superior laundry service for which you've been waiting.

Let us call for your family wash ANY DAY—we'll deliver it next day, clean, sweet and snowy white. Every wash is individually laundered—never comes in contact with any other wash. Consequently, no ink-marks are required to mark your fire lines. No piece too delicate—none too heavy for this superior laundry service. Phone and our wagon will call.

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Quick Lunch at Home or Office  
Avoid Imitations and Substitutes



## CURED HIS RHEUMATISM!

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the Army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," being distributed free by an au-

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