

# 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 CCLXIII.  
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"Get out of this room!" screamed Val when I asked my ill-chosen question about the depth of her feeling for Shelly. "Get out of this room—and don't you dare come into it again!"

"Val, I'm sorry I've said anything stupid, anything to hurt your feelings. Don't you know I'm your friend—yours and Lane's? I want to help you. Won't you let me?" I begged, ignoring the insult of her words and frozen manner because she had gone through so much.

"Help me?" she sneered in a voice which shook and broke.

"Should I need you?" I asked in a hidden accident that cost the life of a man who was a dear friend to all of us. I'm broken up because I was so close to—

"But do you think your insinuations and suspicions help me?"

"I'm sorry, dear. I thought you needed me." I began.

But Val broke in on my words, her voice harsh and grating again and her eyes ablaze with fury.

"Did I tell you to clear out of here or didn't I? If you haven't any pride, I should think you might have the decency to get out when you see how offensive your question was. Do I care so much—indeed! Do I care? Do I need to tell you what was—what was in my mind for the poor dead boy? Oh—he isn't dead. He's here? I can see him. Can't you feel it—that magnetism making you do what you never meant to do?"

"She broke off with a harsh laugh and slid down among the pillows with a moan that rose to frenzy as I started toward her.

"Get out! Get out! Don't come here again! Get out!" she snarled, and fearing that she'd bring on some terrible condition like apoplexy I turned and softly closed the door behind me.

Mercifully the nurse was coming up the stairs, with Lyons back of her, carrying the tray. As they

nearly the door the nurse took the tray from him, and while she glided away silent, the man explained to me respectfully.

"I'm never forgetting what I owe you, Mrs. Harrison. And helping anywhere I can is part of my debt. If you had any job, now you wished some silent and unknown way to any one, you'd know you could ask me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I answered, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I would. But I'm pretty sure that is never going to happen."

"It might—sooner than you think," returned Lyons, quietly.

Then he added: "Knowing what you do about my bad habits, you might think it dangerous for me to be having the run of a grand house like this. But except I'm with my Bertha, who hasn't a dishonest bone in her body, or along with some one like that nurse who'd keep me from making a wrong move, I don't be about the house much."

"And if you were, Lyons, I'd trust you."

"I think you would—I think your heart's that much gold that you think no evil of others. But I'm not trusting myself yet."

When the man said this and went gravely on his way I stowed myself in the stair seat and began to ponder. Had I done wrong to put any interpretations at the simplest on Val's driving down to Dreamland in the early morning with poor Sheldon?

Sternly I took myself to task. Omitting the evidence of the hacked straps on the tank of the car and Val's uneasy insistence before her enemy, Evvy, that all was perfectly come all right, why shouldn't I be very early for a long day in the country? But I started back in sorrow from a tragic fact that had just obtruded itself on my consciousness:

When Sheldon's car went over the embankment on its fatal drop into the river ravine, that car was already many yards past the entrance to Dreamland.

After all, the question I had to consider was not the truth of Val's protests that I'd invited her down to spend the day—but the quality of her own feelings. If they had been Val's and compelling, what sort of wife would she make to Lane even in case he forgave her and took her back? If they had been petty and weakly emotional, what right had she to a second chance to love again and degrade Lane? But suppose it

## Bringing Up Father



had been something else—a magnetism to which she had almost yielded after a tremendous fight—a magnetism from which she was tragically saved? How then was I to judge?

Remembering her heroic rescue of Lucy Willoughby, adding to that her pleas to Lane not to leave her, I found my judgment tottering. And then another memory welled up from consciousness. Val's manner to Shelly had always been abrupt to the point of rudeness—rude, almost ugly. Had he been driven to break this down by his ruthless desire to conquer?

Shelly died in Evvy's arms. Was Val jealous? Why had Evvy brought to Val part of what the hacked straps over the tank once held? Why did Val want to hide Evvy's visit from me?

In a tangled mass of evidence I could not read, in the midst of the mystery where I wandered abashed and at a loss for the truth, one thing seemed clear. Something had passed between Val and Evvy which I was not to know. These two women who once had hated each other and who had so strangely been thrown together through the tragedy of Sheldon Blake's death held the key to the maze. And Val in Evvy's power. How did Evvy mean to use that power?

Strangely enough, in considering these questions, I never stopped to think of Val's treatment of me. That a sick and terrified woman had hurled abuse to me, did not seem worthy of a second thought—then. (To Be Continued.)

### LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"Men get worse every day," declared Mabel. "It's getting so a nice girl can't go out on the street for a little shopping or come into a restaurant for lunch without having some man annoy her."

"Meaning that a man ventured to speak to you while you were sitting here in the lobby waiting for me?" I asked.

"I'd like to know what he dared. I'd like to know what the masculine half of the world is coming to the conclusion that women want what they ask for?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Mabel.

"Well, I'll hate me if I tell you," I replied.

"As I spoke I let my eyes travel over Mabel's costume—group in the belt, a word. A saucy blue velvet Peter Pan hat was pulled down close to her shaven eyebrows. Pink gloves on her cheeks and red on her provocative lips. Her blue serge dress stopped abruptly far above black and steel buckles tilted up from satin slippers of the sort once reserved for the ballroom floor. Mabel's what may be called a "perfectly nice girl," and she dresses according to the standards of to-day and to-morrow. But everything she wears is a dare to the eye to pass it by unobserved and she wears everything challengingly.

Now I've always contended that we get what we want in this world if only we want it hard enough. "That I'm bound to add that we sometimes get what we want if we only look for it," we wanted it hard enough. Mabel, dressed just like the show-girl in a chorus who is frankly arrayed to attract and please the eye, has a little extra lure because she's an individual instead of a bevy. And Mabel sitting in the vivid light of day against the sober draperies of a quiet hotel stands out from her background, while a chorus girl blends in with her setting.

The masculine intelligence, however, ten in a score of cases or business, is very likely to be primitive and boyishly simple as regards pleasure, food and emotion. And when a woman is dressed so that her costume fairly shrieks, "Stop and look at me," with the simplest following of effect on cause, is prone to do what he thinks is expected of him.

Emotionally inflammable in addition to being a boy, man is likely, on

### Low-Salaried Vicar Rents Home; Sleeps in Harness Horse

London.—The Rev. James Boyle, vicar of Wembdon, near Bridgewater, created quite a flutter at Bath and Wells Diocesan conference by opposing an appeal for funds for Wells Cathedral.

His contention was that the insufficiency of clerical incomes was a more pressing matter. Giving instances of poor benefices, he told how he himself, having to defray out of his stipend the cost of keeping up a mansion, had had to turn his home into a lodging house.

Mr. Boyle said that he and his wife slept in the harness room, and their children in the hayloft.

"This is in order," he said, "to

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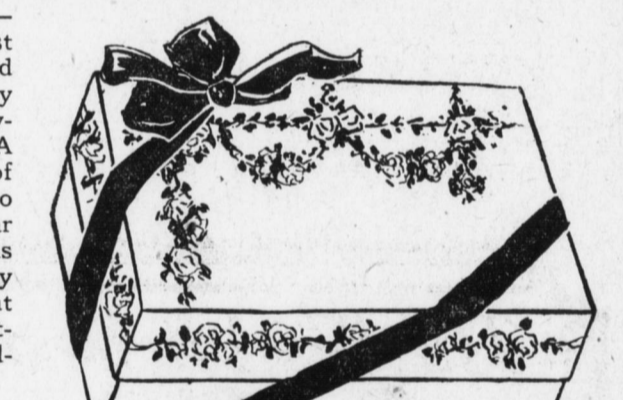
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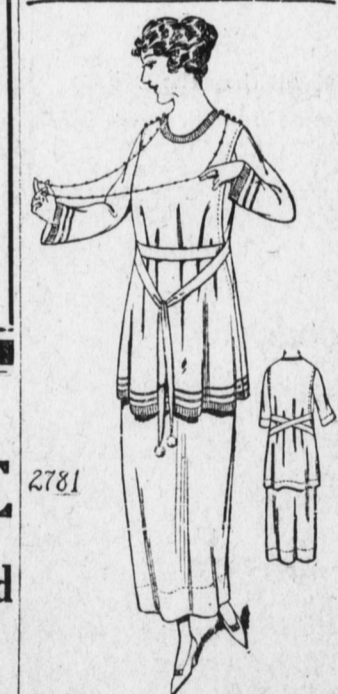
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### DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



2781—This model is good for satin, linen, serge, shantung, tulle and for combinations of material. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 35, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4-3/8 yards of 26-inch material for the dress and 1-7/8 yards for the jumper. The skirt measures about 1-3/4 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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## THIN, NERVOUS PEOPLE NEED BITRO-PHOSPHATE

What is It and How It Increases Weight, Strength and Nerve Force In Many Instances

SHOULD BE PRESCRIBED BY EVERY DOCTOR AND USED IN EVERY HOSPITAL

Says Editor of "Physicians' Who's Who."

Take plain bitro-phosphate is the advice of these physicians to thin, delicate, nervous people who lack vim, energy and nerve force, and there seems to be ample proof of the efficacy of this preparation to warrant the recommendation. Moreover, we judge from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the neces-

sary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate should produce a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Clinical tests made in St. Catherine's Hospital, N. Y. C., showed that two patients gained in weight 23 and 27 pounds, respectively, through the administration of organic phosphate; both patients claim they have not felt as strong and well for the past twelve years.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should soon disappear, dull eyes ought to brighten and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

Physicians and hospitals, everywhere are now recognizing its merits by its use in ever increasing quantities. Frederick Kille, M. D., editor of "Who's Who," says: "Bitro-Phosphate should be prescribed by every doctor and used in every hospital to increase strength and nerve force and to en-

rich the blood."

Joseph D. Harrigan, Former Visiting Specialist to North Eastern Dispensatory, says: "Let those who are weak, thin, nervous, anemic, or run-down, take natural, unadulterated and pure substance such as bitro-phosphate, and you will soon see some astonishing results in the increase of nerve energy, strength of body and mind and power of endurance."

Bitro-Phosphate is made entirely of the organic phosphate compound referred to in the National Standard Dispensatory as being an excellent tonic and nerve and a preparation which has recently acquired considerable reputation in the treatment of neurasthenia. The standard of excellence, strength and purity of this substance is beyond question for every Bitro-Phosphate tablet is manufactured in strict accordance with the U. S. Pharmacopoeia test requirements. Bitro-Phosphate is therefore not a patent medicine and should not be confused with any of the secret nostrums, so-called tonics or widely advertised "cure-alls."

CAUTION—Although Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, owing to its tendency to increase weight, it should not be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.



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