



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problem of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CCLXXXV.
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As I lay on my bed in tearless misery because Jim had forced me into Val's room to endure her insults and then hadn't defended me from them, I heard a scurrying and commotion in the hall and the sound of a hauntingly familiar bustling voice. I didn't pay much attention, it all seemed suddenly none of my affair.

Then the door opened, and the sixth sense of love told me that Jim stood on the threshold hesitating. After a moment he limped across the room and I felt the bed sag under his weight as he sat upon it, and his hand went softly around my shoulders. In another moment Jim had pulled me up into his arms. He held me silently for a moment and then in the gentlest, tenderest tones I have ever heard from him, he said: "My little Anne! My dear, wonderful girl. You do forgive me, don't you? You know I'd have cut off my right hand rather than have forced you to stand her abuse. When she turned on you like that, Anne, I knew—knew, I tell you—that Valerie Cosby is—"

"Don't say it," I murmured miserably, laying my hand across his lips in a certain astonishment at my unabated desire to protect the woman who had turned on me like a fury for just that desire.

"I won't," said Jim. "We'll play this game through your way. You're a wonderful girl—decent, square, loyal. You deserve the best, Anne, if ever a woman did. Love, I'd like to give you everything—"

"You do!" I interrupted defensively. "Sure," said Jim with more bitterness than the occasion seemed to warrant. "I must have seemed to be giving you a lot just now when I let Val bawl you out and stood there like a booby holding her hand."

"What was there to say?" I asked wearily. "There wasn't anything to say. I couldn't tell a woman who's finished herself off the way Val has just what I think of her. But it strikes me that

the right kind of a man—Perry, for instance—would have been able to think up some way of defending his girl from a vixen like that."

"Why, Jim? You sound as if a wild beast had attacked me and you hadn't pulled a gun," I replied, laughing it off because it seemed to be causing the man I love even more misery than I had. Now that I knew Jim had understood my position and sympathized with it; now that I knew Val hadn't cheapened me in Jim's eyes, Val didn't count.

"I sound as if a wild beast had attacked you and I hadn't pulled a gun?" Jim echoed thoughtfully. "Ugly idea that. A man ought to protect his wife from all the beasts of life—worry, slander, cruel tongues, want. Honey, a chap who can't protect his wife strikes me as a miserable imitation of a man."

"Aren't you a little morbid about this?" I asked, almost with the air of a teacher to a favorite small boy. "It's all over and no harm done."

"No harm done! Of course you'll never set foot in Val's room again. And if ever again I seem as unprepared as I was when she fled out at you, you will try to be as sweet and as understanding as a womanly as you've been about this, girl of mine."

The tenderness in Jim's voice, the depth of love and devotion I felt there, seemed to me great enough to make for everything. I decided that this moment was the right one to say just what I thought instead of competing, as most of us often do, with feelings so big we are embarrassed by them.

"Nothing could hurt me, Jim, so long as I knew you meant it for the best. And I believe I've come to understand you so well that, even if you seemed to fail me for a moment, I'd feel that you had meant it for the best and that when I came to see, I'd have come to adore you so, me when they seem right to you. Your way pleases me now."

"My blessed girl!" I held her close. "I'll try to be worthy of that faith. I'll always give you the best—as I'm given to see the best."

Bringing Up Father



A knock sounded on the door. With a happy skip of my feet I rose, but I was irritated because this perfect moment hadn't been permitted to last forever.

Virginia stood in the hall. "May I come in?" she asked with the sweet consideration which surprises me anew each of the many times I meet it now.

"I should say so, only why the air of a fellow conspirator?" I asked, giving Jim time for the adjustment that seemed to take him so long.

Virginia shut the door carefully behind her. "You heard the commotion of arrival, didn't you?" she asked. "It was that sweet little old lady, Mrs. Pettigill. She sent the nurse out and has been closeted with Val for half an hour. I went in just now, welcome or no, and asked Mrs. Pettigill to stay with me."

"Well, you'll roar at me when I tell you what's worrying me. When she came she had a black bag with her. I know because I saw it with my own eyes. But when she said she'd be glad to stay for a day or two, she remarked she hadn't brought any luggage."

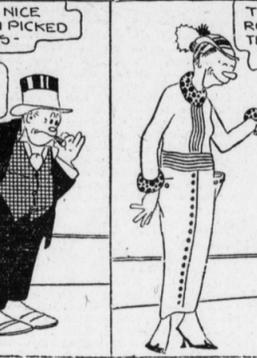
I avoided Jim's eyes. But Virginia went on with a lit of laughter in her eyes.

"What worries me is the sort of things with which to supply her. I've nothing in the world but silk and batiste—and I'm sure the dear old soul wants flannel and all sorts of warm things."

"How could she say she didn't bring a bag if you saw her bring one?" said Jim.

"Oh, that was Val's!" replied Virginia unhesitatingly. "Val had been staying with her and the dear old soul brought her a bag full of things. You ought to see our invalid. Val's all dressed up in some of her own prettiest things. I'm sure she looks childishly pleased she is to have her own things."

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Christmas Dinner, Musicals and Dance at Penn-Harris

A program of unusual interest will be given in the ballroom of the Penn-Harris Hotel on Christmas night, and will be an event not to be overlooked by the music-loving public.

The feature of the evening will be the presentation of the cycle, "In a Persian Garden," which is the work of Minnie Legia Lehman. The cycle is written for four solo voices with piano accompaniment, and is considered the most satisfactory and best known work of its kind of the present decade.

Minnie Legia Lehman was a daughter of the late Rudolf Lehman, well known artist of London, England. She attained distinction through her ability in arranging old classical English songs. The cycle, "In a Persian Garden," is her best known work, though she also wrote musical comedy, and her ballads for voice and orchestra have given her a position as one of England's most brilliant artists.

The text used by Mme. Lehman in "The Persian Garden," are from "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," Omar Khayyam (the tentmaker), the Persian mathematician, astronomer, and poet of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, is one of the men who stand in the delightful realm just outside the world of the imagination. On a philosophic nature, born in a country where mysticism was common and asceticism and self-condemnation not unusual he stands forth as a man who was not afraid to praise the legitimate pleasures of life, and the desirability of enjoying these without fear. His verses have been frequently translated into English. One of the best known being the translation by Fitzgerald, which Mme. Lehman had used in the cycle mentioned.

The program on Christmas evening which will be presented to those interested in the cycle as one of the best of our modern song cycles, but also to the large body of people who are interested in the hearing of beautiful poetry as interpreted by a kindred art, the art of the musician.

The cycle will be presented by the Pine Street Quartet, under the personal direction of Frank A. McCarell, with Thelma Cox soprano, Salome Sanders contralto, John Gibson tenor and Elmer H. Ley basso. Assisting on the program will be Miss Isabel Ely, who has delighted her hearers at the hotel the past week and who previously was soloist with Arthur Pryor's Band.

Arrangements are in charge of Salome Sanders and the program is given as the big feature of the Christmas dinner, musicale and dance which is the great attraction at the Penn-Harris Hotel for the holiday season. Reservations may be made at anytime at the hotel.—Adv.

Commercial Travelers Hold Annual Dinner

The annual dinner of the United Commercial Travelers in the ballroom of the Penn-Harris Hotel, Saturday evening was a success; a large number of the members of the local council, with their wives and guests, being present.

L. D. Wiltse, senior counselor, welcomed the guests and introduced the toastmaster, Robert H. Cahill, president and general manager of the Harrisburg Shoe Manufacturing Co. Mr. Cahill introduced the speakers of the evening, the first being Gus M. Steinmetz, president of the Harrisburg Rotary Club, who welcomed the visitors to the city, and in the course of his remarks urged upon the traveling men the paramount importance of this time of selling Americanism throughout the towns and hamlets of the Commonwealth.

The next speaker was Grand Counselor S. C. Dinan, of Williamsport, who told of the order's wonderful growth in membership. Following Mr. Dinan were Supreme Auditor C. A. Hobbs, of Columbus, Ohio, who began his career as a salesman in Harrisburg twenty-five years ago; District Deputy Bodey, of Philadelphia; J. W. Boyce, of Erie, and Grand Secretary W. E. Porter, of Pittsburgh. At the close of the speaking program the room was cleared for dancing.

Use McNeil's Cold Tablets. — Adv.

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By McManus



ISN'T THIS A NICE APARTMENT I PICKED OUT FOR US?

WHERE IS MY ROOM?

THIS IS YOUR ROOM—ISN'T THAT A FINE VIEW?

YES—I CAN SEE THE DOOR—HOUSE FROM HERE!

HELLO THERE—JIGGS!

JUST AS SOON AS THAT BUILDING IS FINISHED—YOU CAN TAKE THOSE BOARDS OFF.

12-15

Some Popular Musicians Take Part in Musicales

A most interesting musical program was presented Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Barton, Rose Manor, Myers avenue and Chestnut streets, Camp Hill. The proceeds of the silver offering were given to the fund for a new Sunday school room in Mount Calvary Episcopal Church.

Among the gifted musicians taking part were Mrs. Howard E. Sigler, Camp Hill's popular soprano; Walter Sicles, a choir boy of St. Stephen's; Miss Hope, of Steelton, who played several violin selections in a charming manner; Miss Watts, whose vivacity makes her solos most taking; Lewis Morrell, tenor, giving songs that are always a delight, and C. L. Bausher, making quite a hit with an Italian number, accompanied by Mrs. Bausher. An innovation to the music was a story told by Mrs. Harry G. Koffer followed graciously in response to much applause by two recitations.

Girl Scouts in Mass Meeting Tomorrow Night

A mass meeting of the Girl Scouts of the city will be held at Messiah Lutheran Church, Sixth and Forster streets to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock.

Plans for the Scout Christmas party will be discussed and also the part to be taken by the Scouts in the Christmas pageant. Every Scout is urged to be present at the meeting on Tuesday evening.

LEAVE FOR FUNERAL

Quite a number of old friends from this city went to Juniata today to attend the funeral of the Rev. Alexander Lamberson, a Methodist pastor, who was widely known and beloved. Dr. Lamberson died last Thursday night in an Altoona hospital, and is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Blanche Lamberson Mackie, wife of the Rev. A. E. Mackie, minister of the Llysawn Church, an Altoona suburb.

TO VISIT HERE

Erwin B. Stone and Frederick A. Stone, students of West Virginia University, will spend the Christmas holidays as the guests of their sister, Howard M. Bingham, 3293 North Front street.

ISSUE CARDS TO DANCE

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Meyers have issued cards to a dance at their home, 213 North Front street, Tuesday evening, December 30. Their guests will be members of the younger set.

Miss Pauline Murdock, of Cincinnati, will be a holiday guest of her sister, Mrs. Lorne G. Hemmingway, of Market street, of the Rev. A. E. Mackie, Grace Ellison and her sister, Miss Ruth Belle Ellison, Pittsburgh, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Lucius H. Robinson, of Green street.

Miss Clarissa Wiggins, of the Penn-Harris, returns home to-day after an extended visit with friends in New England.

C. D. Orth, Jr., of New York, was a weekend visitor of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Stamm.

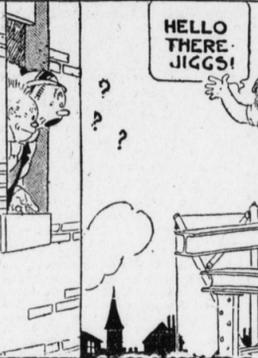
Dept. 2, P. R. R. Women's Division, in Meeting

Mrs. William Elmer, superintendent of Department No. 2, P. R. R. Woman's Division for Relief, has announced a monthly meeting to be held Thursday, December 18, in the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. when a moving picture, "The Americanization of Antonio" will be shown. Mrs. Joseph Brown and Mrs. H. J. Babb will be hostesses for the afternoon.

for gifts

VAN RAALTE and Vanity Fair Silk Under-wear

KEEFE ORSET AND HOSIERY SHOP 107A N 2nd St.



HELLO THERE—JIGGS!

JUST AS SOON AS THAT BUILDING IS FINISHED—YOU CAN TAKE THOSE BOARDS OFF.

12-15

Local People Attend Phi Delta Theta Dance

A number of local people attended a delightful informal dance given Saturday evening at the Phi Delta Theta fraternity house, Carlisle, when the Syncopaters played for the dancing. Many alumni members were present for the event as well as a number of guests from other chapters of the fraternity. Among those present from this city were Miss Esther Wengert, Miss Cherrick Westbrook, Miss DeGaugue, Miss Adeline Paul, Miss Ethel Eisenhour, Miss Mildred Day and Miss Henrietta Stoessefer.

The chaplains were Mrs. W. S. Ruch, Mrs. Mary Parker and Dr. William Landis and the committee comprised Sam Gilbert, William Shultz and Arthur Johnson.

To Have Complexion That Men Admire

"A man may admit, with great sophistication, that powder and rouge are necessary aids to beauty," says a well-known writer, "yet deep in his heart he dreams of the woman whose loveliness needs no artificial touching up. Women who appreciate this, who give consideration to the masculine viewpoint, avoid using anything that might indicate their beauty is not all their own."

Such women in increasing number are acquiring the mercerized wax habit. By applying the wax at night as they would cold cream, washing it off in the morning, they secure and maintain entirely natural complexions. Their faces exhibit no evidence of having been "beautified." Nothing is added to the old complexion—the latter, instead, is discarded. Mercerized wax, procurable at any drug-store (an ounce is sufficient), absorbs the greasy outer skin, gradually, almost imperceptibly. The fresh, clear, satiny under-skin which appears, bears a healthy, youthful bloom not comparable with the fixed artificial color."

Bell Phone 1112-R.

HEMSTITCHING SHOP 105-A MARKET ST. (3 doors from Front Street) ALL KINDS OF HEMSTITCHING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE

1220 N. Third Street, Near Broad

Wash Day

---an Expense Instead of an Economy!

Mrs. Housekeeper, let us look at this problem of the Family Wash from the angle of the pocketbook.

Let us take the average family of five persons. YOU know how much labor is connected with the weekly wash of five persons. YOU know that it means you must get up one or two hours earlier in order to get the task finished. YOU know what a killing job the weekly wash has been. Now let us take the other side. That wash—if you do it yourself costs you REAL MONEY. There's soap, and bluing, and starch, and ammonia, and soap powder and fuel. All that costs money. With a family of five; it will cost you anywhere from sixty to eighty cents AND YOU'VE STILL THE IRONING TO DO.

Now then, let's do it The Sanitary Family Washing way. You get your wash together, call Bell 733 or Dial 3723 and just say: "Tell your driver to stop." The driver calls. And almost before you know it your wash is back to you, clean, sweet and snowy-white. All flat pieces have been carefully ironed and folded, ready for your linen drawer. Your bill will be from 80 cents to \$1.10 and the boogy-boo of the Wash Day has vanished.

Now then, doesn't it PAY you, from a dollars and cents point to let us do that family washing? With us, each family's work is washed individually, with no unsightly ink marks to disgrace your dainty linens. You certainly owe it to yourself to at least find out how easy it is to get away from Blue Mondays. Let us call for that next washing. We'll please you, we know!

Sanitary Family Washing Co.

Bell 733 Dial 3723

ORSET AND HOSIERY SHOP 107A N 2nd St.

Do You Believe in Santa Claus?

Of course you do and so long as you are here the little Folks of your family will always know the meaning of Merry Christmas. But what if you should be taken away? Who would be their Santa Claus? You can arrange with any of the Legal Reserve Life Insurance Companies to act as Santa Claus for your family after you are gone, by taking an income contract payable monthly or annually at Christmas time.

Why not arrange an income contract to your wife and family this Christmas. The cost is small compared with the future happiness of your little ones at home.

Any representative whose name appears below can furnish you with complete data on these contracts.



This emblem identifies members of the National Association of Life Underwriters who are pledged to the highest standards of life insurance practice.

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