



# Reading for Women and all the family



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LESLIE

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

CHAPTER CCLXXXIII.

Bright and early on the morning set for Val's departure from Dreamworld I awoke.

Resolutely I turned around and tried to go to sleep again. Lane had intimated that it would be merciful for me not to appear until they had left. I had intended to do that for Val's sake as well as his, but the queer wild kiss with which the big brown bear had said good-bye made me inclined to avoid him on my own score.

Since my marriage to Jim no other man had kissed me. So even though I felt sure that Lane would simply be a devoted friend who would be inclined to avoid him, until he had time to forget, I went to the window where it rounds into a curve just under my window and leads to the porte cochere. There stood an enormous, padded ambulance.

Wondering whether Val had refused to drive in my car, or if in her state she must be kept in a reclining position, I went back to bed. Since I'd been plainly told I wasn't wanted on the scene of action, I couldn't play peeping Thomasina.

I poked my head under the covers and didn't get up even to run my bath until I heard the ambulance rattle down the driveway. Then I rose and made my preparations for the day. To my amusement it was only nine when at last I was ready to go downstairs.

Pat was breakfasting when I got down.

"Sleep through the rumpus?" he asked.

I yawned and smiled and so avoided a reply.

"Jeanie borrowed your car," he continued.

"Phoebe telephoned from the city. Appears Carlotta was called back to town, as her governor's very sick. So the kiddie came in with Carlotta late last night, and she's due on the ten-ten. Jeanie's marketing first, and then off to meet Phoebe. Fine, I call it, the way you and Jeanie are regular sisters now. Be borrowing each other's hats before long, I expect."

"I'm happier than I can tell you to have Jeanie feel so close to me," I said, adding with more emphasis than I realized, "staying down today, Pat?"

"No, I'm skipping out in a taxi I've just ordered to take me to the station. I'll call Jim as soon as I'm after getting into the big town. Never doubt that, Alanna. And we'll be coming down on the same train to-night."

"I took the liberty of sending the waitress off to make up the rooms," she said. "I wanted so much to have a word with you, Mrs. Harrison. I thought I'd like to tell you how happy we are—me and Lyons. And how we do nothing but talk about how we owe it all to you. And if ever you need us—"

The doorbell rang just then and Bertha had to rush to answer it. I smiled to myself. How odd it was that in the past few days things could be that I wanted to remember and yet couldn't capture?

Phoebe's voice brought me back. I hurried into the livingroom to greet the little sister. After hugging and kissing me, she burst out:

"Doesn't honeymooning agree with Jeanie? Doesn't she look great? Don't you think she's the beautifullest thing you ever saw? I wonder what a happy marriage would do to me?"

"We'll try it and see," replied Virginia. "I've a plan."

But Phoebe, sending me a quick little glance of understanding, interrupted:

"Let's not talk about me. I've got to hear all about the accident. Poor Shelly! Neal says the town's agor with it. Tell me everything."

"Tell us what you've heard first, dear," replied Virginia smoothly.

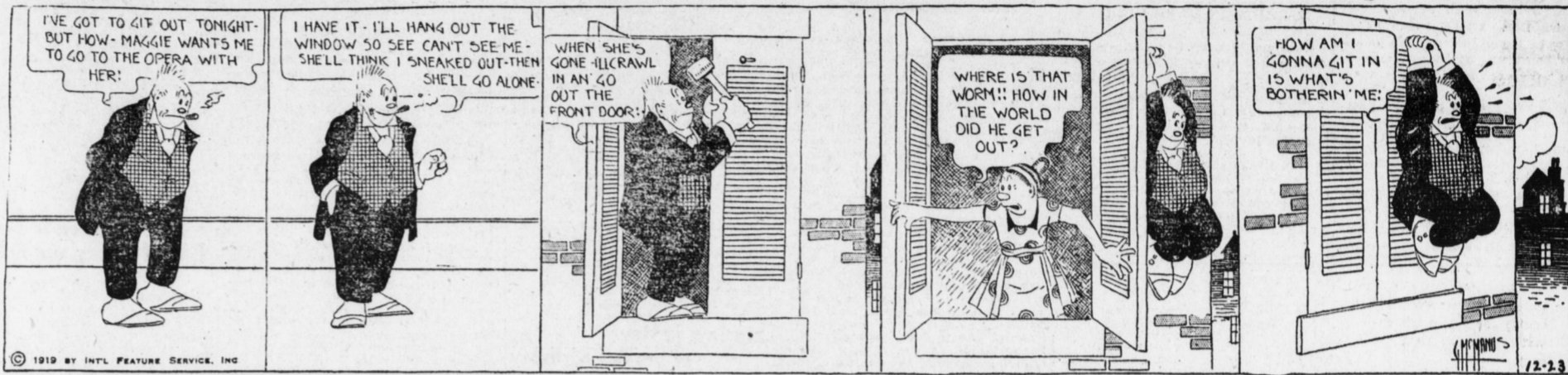
"Then we won't be in danger of boring you with the parts of the sad little tale you already know."

"Oh, I heard that he was killed driving Mrs. Cosby to spend the day with you. I spoke to Aunt Mollie

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



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Last night and she told me how happy they started off from her house at the crack of day—about eight in the morning—and three hours later the poor boy was gone."

I avoided Virginia's eyes. Aunt Mollie's story was so patently made up to protect Val. When I took my morning stroll that fatal morning and stumbled into the tragedy, it was not yet nine o'clock. We were two hours from the city and Aunt Mollie an hour on the other side. In manufacturing her story of kindly purposes, it seemed to me Aunt Mollie had forgotten one important factor. Lady and Dana. Willoughby should know the truth. Surely Val had started from home and not from Aunt Mollie's cottage. Would the little song sparrows help to protect Val?

(To Be Continued.)

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

I am nineteen and have been going about with a young man a year, my senior. Of late his mother has disapproved of his taking me out, but this young man loves me dearly and he doesn't listen to his mother. Do you think, Miss Fairfax, that it is right for me to still keep on receiving his attention? I love him dearly and it would break my heart to leave him.

MIRIAM K.

Why does this young man's mother disapprove of you? Is it because you have been thoughtful of her and have neglected little courtesies you might have shown? Or is it because you are careless of your own conduct and good name? Or is it merely because she craves to keep her son exclusively for herself? If it is one of the former reasons, why not conquer it? If it is the latter, do you feel that you care enough for him to justify your in taking him away from his mother?

## MAINTAIN YOUR DIGNITY

I am nineteen and the only stenographer in an office with a lot of men who often get too familiar.

I value my position and like my employer very much. He is very seldom in the office and I like all of the other men as friends, but I never know what to say or do when they get too personal.

VIVIAN.

Assert yourself and your dignity. You have been employed to write letters, not to make love. No position worth the name is dependent on a girl's submitting to familiarities or putting herself on a basis where the men in the office sneer at her for her weak compliance. Speak right out in meeting them and announce firmly that you are in the office for her work and not for nonsense and that you don't propose to stand for the latter.

## DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

Belonging. You don't treat your



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## LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Can we put into words the meaning of love? Or is it an indefinable and impalpable thing?

"Love is such a mystery I cannot find it out."

For when I think I'm most resolved. Then I am most in doubt.

"How shall I know my true love?" is the question which comes to me most often in the chain of daily letters which binds me to my unseen friends.

To decide which of two suitors a girl really loves to help a man to some understanding of whether he is a true friend or lover, to interpret the meaning of the actions of two young folks to each other—this is my daily task. Poets, philosophers and sages since the world began have been struggling with this mystery.

Yet I often wonder—is it a mystery?

We all know how often youth tries to build houses of love on passion and its lure. Quickening heartbeats and desire may be part of love, but they are not its cornerstone and foundation.

Love must know tenderness and devotion. It must be made of kindness and loyalty. It must be blended of them. Without them it can't last or satisfy.

When a girl thinks he loves a girl, there are some keynote questions he might well ask himself. We all know the old formula: "Not can I live with her, but can I live without her?" and good enough formula, but not very clear, is it?

But how about questions like these: "Love is the touchstones for discovering real love."

"When she suffers, will I suffer too? Will I try to comfort her? Will I give her my strength on which to lean? Will I be patient and understanding when she comes to bad hours?"

Tenderness. That's what a man or woman must feel in order to know the kindness of love.

More touchstone questions:

"Am I so interested in myself that what he wants to do won't interest me? Or do I care enough for him to want his career? Will I put myself in the background and try to aid him? Will I support him over the rough places and believe in him even when he fails?"

Unselfish fair. The belief that makes the rough road beautiful so two lovers travel it together is needed for the great understanding of love.

When a man thinks he loves a girl, there are some keynote questions he might well ask himself. We all know the old formula: "Not can I live with her, but can I live without her?" and good enough formula, but not very clear, is it?

Devotion—the loyalty which makes two things together to the end of the path they have elected to travel together—is vital for the companionship of love.

Love is useless unless it has tenderness and devotion and loyalty. What's the use of a surging passion of desire that covets the possession of another being unless there's back of that emotion the great sense of belonging?

Belonging. You don't treat your

most valuable jewel carelessly, do you? If you have a fine diamond you don't let it get loose in its setting; you don't permit it to lie about for any chance dishonest mastery to appropriate. You don't fling it into the mud. You don't scorn it when its setting grows old-fashioned. You don't love it merely for the fire and brilliancy other folk see, oh, no. You value it because it is yours. You cherish it. You guard it. And you know you would love and cherish and guard it before ever you permitted yourself the extravagance of buying it, didn't you?

Love less valuable than the most precious jewel in the world? Of course not. The question is absurd. Love is vital to life. It is like the life-giving sunshine of our existence and the great enfolding motherhood of nature itself.

We all need great protecting, believing, understanding kindness to help us in its dark hours. We all crave sympathy to cheer us along life's steep path. We all long for someone to believe in us, some one to need us, some one to stand by us. Life itself requires these, or it is incomplete.

Love believes. It understands and forgives. It is faithful and loyal. It enfolds. It is ready to take the blow meant for its beloved.

If you only desire and covet and long, you don't love. If you only like and enjoy, you've failed of the great things of life.

But when to the emotion that is beautiful when right, and the comradeship that remains loyal, are added faith and loyalty and great enfolding tenderness, then we have love.

Love isn't a mystery at all. It's just like sunshine and soft air—warming, refreshing, kind and needful for life itself.

## Scientific Discussions by Garrett P. Serviss

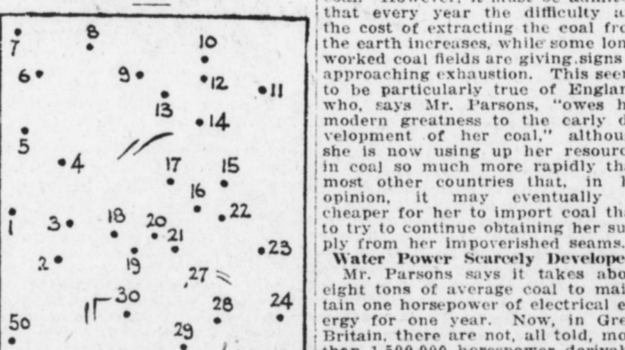
That King Coal is not in immediate danger of being dethroned by King Waterpower is indicated by some figures presented by the English engineer, Charles A. Parsons, who estimates the 7,000,000,000 tons as representing the probable total remaining resources of the world in coal. From other sources we find that the total annual coal production of the world at present is in the neighborhood of 800,000,000 tons. Dividing the first figures by the last, it appears that, supposing the present rate of production and consumption to continue unchanged, it would require 7,777 years to exhaust the world's coal supply.

That is long enough for a good many empires to rise and fall, and also long enough to give plenty of time to inventive science to find cheap and effective substitutes for coal. However, it must be admitted that every year the difficulty and the cost of extracting the coal from the earth increases, while some long-worked coal fields are giving signs of approaching exhaustion. This seems to be particularly true of England, who, says Mr. Parsons, "owes her modern greatness to the early development of her coal," although she is now using up her resources in coal so much more rapidly than most other countries that, in his opinion, it may eventually be cheaper for her to import coal than to try to continue obtaining her supply from her impoverished seams.

Water Power Scarcely Developed.

Mr. Parsons says it takes about eight tons of average coal to maintain one horsepower of electrical energy for one year. Now, in Great Britain, there are not, all told, more than 1,800,000 horsepower derivable

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from water power, and in the whole world it is calculated although such calculations are far from certain, that the total energy derivable from falling water does not exceed 200,000,000 horsepower. That is nearly twice as much as the 900,000,000 tons coal could maintain per year, but only a small part of the world's water power has yet been developed, and the cost of development is, at present so high that Mr. Parsons says the average capital required to produce electrical power from coal is less than half that required in the case of water power.

One fundamental difference which will finally work enormously to the advantage of water power, is that the coal, once burned, is gone forever as far as supplying further power is concerned, while the water will continue to flow and to furnish undiminished power per unit of time, as long as the meteorological and climatic conditions of the planet remain unchanged. In burning coal we are using capital from a stock that is not renewable, but in deriving power from water we use only the interest of an active capital of energy which the sun maintains in its integrity.

Millions of years ago the sunbeams locked up a certain definite amount of energy in the plants of the Carboniferous age which were transformed into coal. The deposit was made and left inactive in the earth, and became dead capital, which could earn no interest. But, all the time the sun pours forth energy, in the nature of interest on its active capital, which lifts the waters of the sea to the realm of the clouds and winds, and they in turn, contribute it over the continents and thereby maintain the flowing streams.

If intra-atomic energy could be utilized should we be drawing upon one of nature's uninterrupted streams of energy-interest, or on the other hand, exhausting one of her undiminished deposits of dead capital? At present it may be impossible to say. We do not know whence the atoms get their energy, but the phenomena of radio-activity indicate that by parting with it they lose their identity,

so that the ultimate residues of their disintegration resemble, in a way, the ashes and smoke of burned coal.

WITHIN HIS GRASP

The old civilian lieutenant who was the old male in the mixed veranda party of seven was not getting anywhere near so much attention as the three discharged bucks.

"But, you know," he confided at last to the blondest of the hero-worshippers, "I could have been a private if I wanted to."—Home Sector.

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## "The Feast Of Aching Hearts" Need Never Touch Your Home

(From THE PATRIOT, Dec. 19)

force for many years under Mayor Royal. The past few years he was connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad Police.

His wife, Margaret L. Grear, survives him. There are no children.

Maxim Litvinoff, representative of Soviet Russia, which have been going on here regarding the repatriation of British prisoners held in Russia, has been broken off without an agreement being reached.

## HERE ARE SIX PLACES TO CARRY CHRISTMAS

### Associated Aid Societies Give List of Worthy Families Where Help is Needed—One Case Includes Widow and Six Young Children—Aged Pair Need Coal and Groceries

Here are six opportunities for citizens of Harrisburg to carry Christmas cheer where it is sorely needed and where it will be appreciated. The list is made up from the files of the Associated Aid Societies, which announces that these "are a few of the many homes where there will be no Christmas joy unless someone is interested and helps."

The following cases are those of needy families right here in the city who are personally known to the workers of the Associated Aid Societies," it is explained.

"If citizens of Harrisburg wish to do something for these people who will provide a Christmas long to be remembered, the way is simple—send your check or envelope with your name and mail to St. G. Jean, Treasurer, Box 406 Harrisburg, and if you wish state in a few words where there will be a donation for."

"Miss M. Glenn G. had anticipated that every year she would use for the Christmas season. If you desire telling her and

## Right Here at Home

### Instance of Pitiful Conditions—Want—Poverty—Misery.

### In scores of homes right here in Harrisburg Christmas is "The Feast of Aching Hearts."

### This will never happen in your home if you carry sufficient life insurance.

The underwriters named below wish you a Merry Christmas, not only in 1919, but throughout the years to come.

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- EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY  
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- PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
E. R. Eckenrode, General Agent.  
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H. L. Whiteside.  
Isaac Miller.
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- PROVIDENT LIFE & TRUST COMPANY  
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