

Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

By Ann Lisle.
CHAPTER CLXXXV.

My hand, was already on the telephone receiver when a tiny, funnily sound arrested my attention and the motion I was beginning to make. I clutched the receiver, but did not lift it from the hook. After a second of fright the sound explained itself—a key in the lock. And as I stared, waiting for I scarcely knew what, the door opened cautiously and Jim tipped over the threshold.

I stared at him—and he moistened his lips and muttered:

"Anne! What are you doing up at this hour?"

"Come in and shut the door," I said.

My voice sounded flat and indifferent. I was tired and hurt. And suddenly I didn't see how a woman could imagine that she was a woman who had hurt her so much—who gave her, in fact, practically nothing but wounds. Wounds to her pride. Wounds to love. Wounds to life itself.

"I'm loving a man who possibly got over and over, each time she nursed it back to life. I saw this suddenly with dreadful clearness.

Jim shut the door and limped across the room toward me.

"I'm dog tired," he said, "dog tired. And you look fresh as a daisy. Where were you anyway when I phoned last night?"

His voice took on a querulous tone, and suddenly his lighted on the white porcelain annunciator.

"A message in the office. May be important. Let's have it," he flung at me as he swayed down on the chaise longue at the foot of the beds.

So I took down the telephone receiver which I had stood clutching all this while and asked for the message for room 316.

When I turned to repeat it to Jim, flexing the stiff fingers of my left hand and noticing vaguely as I did so that my knuckles were white.

"It's the message you phoned in for me last night—that you had to meet Mr. Crosby at the station and might go out of town with him, and in that case wouldn't be in till morning. I don't see why I didn't get it."

Jim's eyes traveled over my finery with an amused air of appraisal. "Do cause you were out. That's evident.

CATARRAL DEAFNESS MAY BE OVERCOME

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing go to your druggist and get 1 ounce of Earmint (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has the Deafness of head noises should give this prescription a trial.

But you keep pretty wild hours, Anne. Were you with Virginia or Phoebe?"

"I wasn't out," I said wearily, and without troubling to give any particular emphasis to my words. "Aw—tell that to some other guy, not to Jimmie. Who took you out, Anne?"

"I tell you I wasn't out of the place," I repeated pettishly.

Jim leaped to his feet and took the step that separated us. He straightened up so that his tired, lined face was way above mine and I had to throw back my head to watch his eyes. In a sort of disgust I noticed how heavy and lustreless they were and that there were little puffs under them.

A queer, impish light flickered into Jim's eyes, and he caught my wrists in one of his hands and drew my lips with the other hand. His touch annoyed—even frightened me. I dragged myself out of his clasp and flung him from me.

"Let me alone," I said. "You've forfeited the right to touch me."

"Don't worry. I won't touch you again in a hurry," he laughed mirthlessly. "But now I'll trouble you to tell me what you've done that makes you afraid to have your husband kiss you."

"I isn't what I've done," I snapped. "It's what you've done. Staying out like this on our very first night back at the Walgrave. And leaving me to wait and wait—when I try to tell you. You can't get away with it, by jingo. Were you out with Norreys?"

"I tell you I wasn't out," I said acidulously. "It's not I who should give an account of myself—but you. I dressed to go down to dinner, and then hadn't the heart to brace it out in the dining room alone, so I came up and ordered my dinner here. I suppose they tried me here while I was downstairs and paged me in the dining room after I returned to the room."

"That doesn't—if you wore it all evening—why are you still wearing it?"

"Because I fell asleep waiting for you," I said in a voice that threatened to tremble. "I shall never sit up for you again. That you promise myself. And now perhaps you'll condescend to give me some idea what you were doing."

But when he answered, I almost wished that I need not have known.

"Oh, I was having a little session of Blind Tiger with some oil men Crosby went to the station to meet," said Jim. "Blind Tiger — poker you know."

"You're gambling again," I whispered.

"Gambling?" Jim laughed. "Say, that's my whole business—the business that buys you suites, like this, at the Walgrave?"

(To Be Continued.)

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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER LXXXV.

In spite of Honora's utmost endeavors to keep the talk at dinner that night on safe topics there were some awkward moments.

Mildred imparted her news with regard to Harold Hilton to Mrs. Higgins. The kindly matron, accompanied by a harsh laugh, started both her companions by its vehemence.

"Yes, Mrs. Higgins," she burst forth sarcastically—"when a man dies his divorce proceedings stop! But even if it is agreeable to you to roll all those horrible details as a sweet morsel under your tongue, some of the rest of us would like to avoid them."

"Milly!" Honora warned.

"I beg your pardon!" Mrs. Higgins said stily. "I did not suppose that I was saying anything that would offend anybody."

Had she been another type of woman, she would have been angry at the girl's speech. As it was, hurt feelings usually took the place of anger with her. And wounded feeling is sometimes more exasperating to the person who has caused it than a display of temper would be. So Mrs. Higgins' apology but drove Mildred on to further intemperate speech.

"For pity's sake, Mrs. Higgins, don't take that tone! I suppose now that I have hurt you! But perhaps you can understand that this conversation has been painful to me when I tell you that Thomas Chandler wanted me to marry him and that I refused him."

"Milly!" Honora's warning this time was severe. "Be careful what you say!"

Mrs. Higgins apologized.

"Oh!" Mildred tossed her head. "I suppose I have a right to say what I please! I never gave him a particle of encouragement. Therefore it would be hardly kind of me to discuss his mistakes and downfall. Not but what he brought all this trouble upon himself. In my own soul I never quite trusted him, in spite of his being so clever and amusing and such good company."

After dinner Honora followed Mrs. Higgins upstairs.

"May I have a word alone with you?" she asked.

Then, when the pair were together in the housekeeper's room with the door closed, Honora spoke gravely.

"I just want to explain to you, Mrs. Higgins, that Milly talked very rashly to-night at dinner. Naturally, she has been annoyed by all this gossip about a man whom she knew as well as she knew Tom Chandler.

yet, taking all that into consideration, she was very imprudent in making those statements that she made to you.

Mrs. Higgins was not in the room at the time, and that, since the child did speak like that, it was only in your presence—for you are wise enough to know what mischief might come from repeating such a conversation. I am sure you will never mention the matter to any one.

Mrs. Higgins patted the girl's hand affectionately. "No, dear, indeed I will never mention it. The thing must not be suspected outside."

Honora was certain now that Mrs. Higgins' loyalty would keep her silent about Mildred's indiscreet statement. Then, with a sigh, she wondered how long she must make explanations and apologies for the speeches and acts of her reckless little sister.

Lieut. Ross H. Boas Is Promoted to Captain

First Lieutenant Ross H. Boas of this city has been elevated to the rank of Captain according to dispatches just received here. He will command Company B, First United States Engineers, in the First Division of the Army of Occupation.

Captain Boas, according to word contained in dispatches is now located

Cocoon Oil Fine For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mulled cocoon oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulled cocoon oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last every one in the family for months.

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Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea Best Spring System Cleanser—Make It at Home

After the long winter months, nearly everyone needs a spring medicine that will drive out accumulated impurities and put the system in good condition.

One of the best spring upbuilders and restorers we know of, is made of roots and herbs and is called Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea — your Grandmother can tell you all about it. Get a package of this tea at any drug store and brew a steaming cup before you go to bed tonight — you'll like it!

It's splendid for the liver and bowels, sick headache and biliousness. The kiddies like it too, and it doesn't hurt the stomach. Because it never acts harshly. You can get Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea at any drug store.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

2480

A PRETTY CALLING GOWN
2480—This model is very attractive for foulard, crepe, satin, taffeta, gingham, organdy, linen or shantung. The fronts closed at the left side of the insert, under the collar. The sleeve is pretty in wrist-length, and equally desirable in elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures a little more than 2 yards at the foot.

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

Telegraph Pattern Department
For the 10 cents enclosed please send pattern to the following address:

Name Pattern No.
Address
City and State

Build Up the System After "Flu" Attack

Important That You Get Back Your Strength as Soon as Possible.

Everyone who has had the "flu" finds the system in a weakened and run-down condition, the nervous system all upset, the appetite gone, and a general good for nothing feeling pervades the entire body.

This is the effects of this strenuous disease. It always leaves its victim so weak and debilitated that there is as much danger from its after-effects as from the disease itself.

In other words, after an attack of the "flu" you need a thorough tonic to rebuild the system so that you can have your old-time strength and vigor restored.

Nothing can equal S. S. S. for completely restoring your strength and vitality after you have had this distressing disease. This splendid regulated purifier, cleanses the blood, removing all disease germs, and builds up the entire system.

S. S. S. is sold by druggists everywhere. If you wish medical advice, simply write to Chief Medical Advisor, 255 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga., who will give you such advice as your case may need, without cost.

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at Eberhahn, fifteen miles beyond Coblenz. His company is now drilling five hours every day, and is on rifle range every afternoon, practicing for company competition. Captain Boas is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Ross Boas 115 State street. He is widely known here and was decorated for gallantry under fire.

Garments of Quality

New Spring Blouses in Wide Array Attractively Priced for Saturday Buyers

During the past two weeks, our stocks have been replenished with hundreds of dainty new blouses that typify the last word in design, material and color tones from the best makers in the country. Our low pricing will simply add to the instant appeal which the garments themselves will make upon inspection.

Georgette Blouses \$2.95 to \$12.95	Lingerie Waists \$1.95 to \$4.95	Crepe de Chine Blouses \$1.95 to \$5.95
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We Are Also Offering Some Exceptional Bargains in Skirts, Suits and Dresses For Friday and Saturday

Plaid Skirts All wool plaid skirts, some plain and some box pleated in a variety of models and colors. Friday and Saturday, \$5.95 and \$7.95	Silk Poplin Skirts Neatly tailored silk poplin skirts; latest designs in wanted colors and designs. Friday and Saturday, \$2.95	Misses' Suits Misses' suits, sizes 14 to 16 only; navy; box coat; vestee of Copen or rose; silk lined; silk braid trimming; regular \$29.95 value. Friday and Saturday, \$16.95
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SATIN AND TAFFETA DRESSES

Neatly tailored satin and taffeta dresses, some with combination, Georgette and satin, taffeta and satin sleeves, others with all satin sleeves in a variety of shades and models. Regular values \$19.95. While they last—

\$10.95

Other dresses in satin, taffeta, Georgette and tricolet—

\$18.95 to \$59.95

New Short Capes Brand new creations brought out by the makers during the present week. Velour capes with flower design silk lining at \$17.95 Silvertone capes, \$18.95	SUITS One lot of suits; wool poplin, checks, serges in a variety of models and colors. Regular \$24.95 value. Friday and Saturday, \$13.95	SUITS Another lot of all-wool poplin, checks and serge suits in variety of models and colors. Regular values \$29.95. Friday and Saturday, \$16.95
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