

# 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 CCCCXXI  
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For our week-end jaunt Neal selected a pretty little lake resort about sixty miles from the city. By now my ankle was in good condition, so I insisted on running up in my car—packing him and Phoebe in the rumble seat, while the baggage was distributed between the running board and the place next to me.

Driving up the steady grade that leads into the hills and to the lake of our destination occupied me pretty much. But it didn't keep me from worrying because the morning hadn't brought the expected letter from Jim. Nor, on the other hand, did it keep me from realizing that I'd have been a prig to insist on stopping at home to watch each delivery, with the long-for-letting-in view.

Phoebe's happy voice floated to me from the rear. It was full of laughs and ripples and trills—the bird-like happiness of youth was in it now, instead of the tense and terrifying woman's eagerness in which she berated the fate and the family that doted her to Neal.

All through the happy day I rejoiced that I'd come with the children. And yet there was an arid unnessiness in my mind which would not down.

In the afternoon I called up my apartment to see if there was any mail. But the operator reported that no one answered, which might

be put down to poor service, and might mean that Hedwig and Angy had taken advantage of my absence to take an afternoon off.

After a dip in the lake, Phoebe and Neal had got back into walking togs and gone for a stroll through the pine woods. When they hadn't returned by seven, I added my uneasiness over this to the fact that another trial over the toll wire didn't give my apartment, and, tucking this to my general disquiet—the "hunch" I'd felt about coming—I worked myself into a frightful state of nerves.

Seven-fifteen, and still Phoebe's room was quite empty. So, flinging a cape about my evening finery, I went down to the veranda to while away the tantalizing hours of waiting where there would be coming and going to distract my mind a bit.

Eldredly had I settled myself in a big wicker chair when up to the porte cochere drove a car, and out stepped Daisy Condon. The car itself, evidently driven by its only occupant and not piloted by a chauffeur, Daisy teetered about on the steps a minute before she vanished into the inn.

I sat still, making no move. It seemed that she must have seen me and preferred to pretend she hadn't. Perhaps she still wanted to avoid me because of that ugly situation between us, namely, the theft of my ring. Perhaps this evening in particular Daisy wanted to avoid me.

Without waiting for the other occupant of the car which had brought Daisy to the lake, I got up and drifted round to the side door of the inn. The clock in the quaint little living-room registered seven-thirty. Dusk had given way to darkness, and my uneasiness over Phoebe and Neal had given way to actual worry.

I made a trip up to my room, but still Phoebe's—oh, opened into it—was empty. And Neal—down the hall and around the corner—still failed to respond to my knocking.

"Now, be sensible, Anne," I told myself. "They may have gone off the path and lost their way. But to think that any harm has come to them is silly; and to imagine for an instant that they'd drag you out here and then elope is melodramatic. They're just lost, and if they

aren't back by eight you must send out a search party.

Of course, I didn't want to do this if it could be avoided. It would mean publicity and a fuss, which the whole Harrison tribe would go miles out of its way to avoid.

Time dragged on, toward eight and as I sat in the lobby, where I could watch both front and side entrances, I had a great struggle not to go all to pieces. Phoebe and Neal had left me before five and had promised to be back in time to dress for seven o'clock dinner. What could have happened?

Suddenly an inspiration came to me. Probably Daisy was with Carl Booth, who was due back in town just about now. Nice old "big brother" Carl would know just what to do. I'd go to the dining-room door, and if he were there, I'd have the waiter take me to him.

Suiting action to thought, I hurried across the lobby and to the very door of the dining-room. Just as I got there something made me turn, and there in the lobby stood Neal, looking sadly scratched and bedraggled. But he was alone, not Phoebe. I turned and ran to him, but not before I had glimpsed Daisy and a masculine figure I identified with a feeling of distaste and distrust. It was Tom Mason—not Carl Booth; and that put an altogether different complexion on what I had just been regarding as merely a jolly little dinner party.

When I reached Neal he seized my wrist and pulled me out into the shadows of the verandah. There he covered Phoebe—a sad sight indeed, with her pretty white clothes all caked in mud.

"Oh, darling! Are you hurt?" I cried, darting forward to gather her in my arms.

She giggled reassuringly. And Neal, motioning me away from her disheveled figure, explained: "I'm a dub woodsman. Lost the path. My poor darling tumbled into a stream I didn't notice in time. Wrap her in your warm cloak, please, Babbs, so no one sees her like this, and mind that she has a warm bath and doesn't take cold. I want you to tuck her right into bed—and I'll send up dinner."

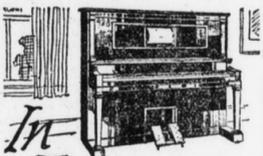
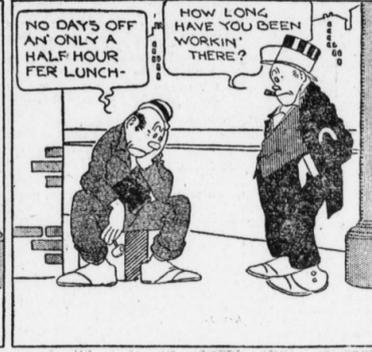
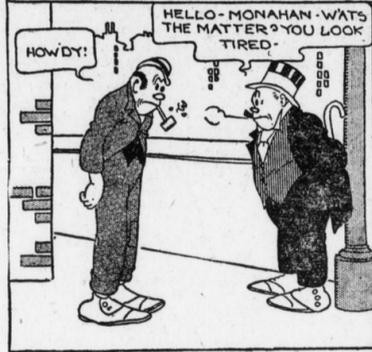
"Not much!" exclaimed Phoebe, with surprising vigor. "A warm bath and clean clothes'll set me right in no time. And the same for my boy. Will you starve, Anne, if you have to wait on your trunks another half hour?"

"Not I," I replied with great relief, as I followed Phoebe into the inn and up to her room. Once there

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## Every Home

A player Piano, with its pleasure, and joy, and restfulness, should be in every home, however humble.

Excellent players can now be purchased at low cost.

JOHN BROS.  
13 N. 4th St.  
Across From Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart

### CATARRH VANISHES

Here is One Treatment That All Sufferers Can Rely Upon

If you want to drive catarrh and all its disgusting symptoms from your system in the shortest possible time, go to your druggist and ask for a Hyomei outfit to-day.

Breathe the air of Hyomei and let it rid you of catarrh and chronic head colds; it gives such quick relief that all who use it for the first time are astonished.

Hyomei is a pure pleasant antiseptic, which is breathed through the nose and into the head and lungs; it soothes the sore inflamed membranes, reduces swelling and quickly heals all inflammation.

Don't suffer another day with catarrh; the disease is dangerous and often ends in consumption. Start the Hyomei treatment today. No stomach dosing, no sprays, or douches, no dangerous drugs or narcotics. Absolutely harmless. Just breathe it—that's all. At H. C. Kennedy and leading druggists everywhere.

## Walk-Over

If Comparison Convinces then—  
Walk-Overs will be your choice

Upon the grade of a shoe depends its price. Upon the quality of workmanship and material depend the grade.

Bearing these terms of explanation in mind if you will select any Walk-Over shoe and then compare it with a shoe sold elsewhere at the same price—you'll note a big difference.

Walk-Overs represent absolutely the most for the money you pay no matter what grade you select.

**The Shoe Illustrated**

A beautiful model in Patent leather vamp with Pearl gray kid button top. The long narrow vamp and plain toe are most stylish. The shoe is finished with a leather Louis heel and welted sole.

\$12.00

Other patent leather models are priced from nine dollars upward.

Only One Store in Harrisburg

### Walk-Over Boot Shop

226 Market St. Harrisburg Penna.

### DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

2726—The gümpe may be of crepe, lawn or silk, and the jumper of poplin, repp, serge, gabardine, silk or velveteen. The sleeve is also in wrist length, and pretty in elbow length. Brown poplin could be used for the dress, with smoke color crepe or silk for the gümpe. Blue serge or silk with white batiste for the gümpe is also pleasing.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 1-2 yards of 27-inch material for the gümpe, and 2 3-4 for the dress. 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 inclosed please send pattern to the following address:  
Size ..... Pattern No. ....  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City and State .....



### Daily Dot Puzzle

31	32	33	34
29	30	35	36
28	40	38	37
27	41	42	43
26	25	44	45
21	22	23	24
20	2	4	37
19	6	46	47
18	9	7	48
17	10	8	49
16	14	12	50
15	13	56	57
14	15	58	59
13	16	55	51
12	17	54	52
11	18	53	51
10	19	52	52

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"Of all the blind luck!" says Jones bitterly. "Here I go plugging along and doing the best I can every minute of the day and it gets me nowhere. Then Billings stumbles across a man who has a formula for redeeming metal scraps, he backs the invention and makes a fortune. Of all the blind luck!"

Does Mrs. Jones strive to dissipate her husband's bitterness by suggesting that there's something positively thrilling about living in a world where such miracles can occur, and that if such good fortune merely happened to overtake Billings—who isn't to hope?

Or does she philosophically remark that Billings probably kept his eyes open and was around just in time to see his chance, and that if her own Freddie will only keep on plugging, probably he'll manage to see his chance too?

The chances are she does nothing of the sort.

She's perfectly free to gather in her bit from the Billings' success. Hope. Encouragement. Generosity. Strength to go out. But she doesn't. Instead she adds her crumb of bitterness to what her husband feels and they extract for themselves from the success of Billings the following items:

Jealousy, Malice, Discouragement.

Of course, I like to think about the ethics of situations, and the ideal side of things appeals to me. But in this particular phase of human weakness, my sense of efficiency is affronted. There's so much waste and inefficiency to envy that it seems one of the chief stumbling blocks to human progress.

Let's return to Billings. Probably he had foresight and shrewdness, and he must have done a bit of saving in order to have the money to get into the game when he saw his chance.

Wouldn't it be possible to share his joy and the fine glow of his fortunes by just rejoicing and letting generous enthusiasm hold sway? The electric spirit that runs through mobs is always ready to communicate itself from person to person. Why miss it?

The other day it was given me to read a book. A masterpiece. The man who wrote it is beyond his first youth. And there is to his credit long years of a big job well done; a routine job of hours and hours and the sort of effort and concentration that the average man would say "took everything out of him." Besides the job there have been other books. And now the masterpiece.

As I read the exquisite phrases lovingly turned, as I steeped myself in the atmosphere as fragrant as a lane set in balsam woods and as pungent and clean, I shared the triumph that is coming to the author. For the moment I was uplifted to the point of having as my own part the joy of achievement.

"What do you claim it gave you?" asks the Cynic. "Don't tell me that you weren't a little jealous? Don't tell me you didn't wish you'd written it?"

Well, Mr. Cynic, I will tell you all of that. The only emotion I was conscious of at first was joy. It was beautiful to vision the triumph coming. It was inspiring to feel that the glorious expression of a fine personality was set down in love and honesty, and was clearly to bring acclaim, appreciation and the honors that are due to genius.

Then the meaning of it all added itself to the joy I felt just because some one else had done the big thing for which all of us strive, and so inevitably some must strive in vain.

So my heart and soul and mind joined in saying this to me:

"Here's success. It has come to reward honest striving, big ideals, a longing for growth.

"Here's beauty. It is written here on these pages because the man whose work they are has loved beauty always and has set it on the pinnacle it deserves.

"Here's good workmanship. It has come after years of effort. And it always does come to the man who will work hard enough.

"Here's a beautiful contribution to life. And a human being has

### STOPS HEADACHE, PAIN, NEURALGIA

Don't suffer! Get a dime pack of Dr. James' Headache Powders.

You can clear your head and relieve a dull, splitting or violent throbbing headache in a moment with a Dr. James' Headache Powder. This old-time headache relief acts almost magically. Send some one to the drug store now for a dime package and a few moments after you take a powder you will wonder what became of the headache, neuralgia and pain. Stop suffering—it's needless. Be sure you get what you ask for.

Francisco, Red Cross Commissioner for Northern Russia, directed that the Russians follow the same regulations of distribution as observed by the Americans who spent one year in this district.

One Way To Be Happy. "They seem to get along very well." "Yes. She makes her plans so they interfere as little as possible with her husband's golf engagements."—Detroit Free Press.

## ASPIRIN—A Talk

Take Aspirin only as told by "Bayer"

The name "Bayer" identifies the ache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis and for Pain.

Always say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then look for the safety "Bayer Cross" on the package and on the tablets.

Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages.

Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monocetacidester of Salicylicacid

## KAUFMAN'S MARKET SQUARE UNDERSELLING STORE

### 12 Pound Sack of Hoffer's Best Flour

For 14c Thursday and Friday

For 14c Thursday and Friday

Every housewife in Dauphin county will be interested in this announcement.

This is the most popular flour being sold in Harrisburg today, a tried and true product that is wanted in every home in the city.

This sack of flour will be sold on Thursday and Friday, October 23 and 24, for 14c to every customer who buys \$10.00 worth or more in our store on either one of these two days—we desire to be as liberal as possible, and in that light we permit you to make the \$10.00 purchase up in small amounts from various departments throughout the store, or you can make one purchase, as you see fit.

It's up to you to take advantage of this unusual offer—

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY With Every \$10.00 Purchase of Merchandise 14c (only one to a customer)