



Reading for Women and All the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

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

CHAPTER CXXXIV.

Jim and I had a joyous reunion on his return from the trip North with Uncle Ned and Pat. Chiefly because we had so much to discuss and relate, we spent the first hour or so telling each other how glad we were to be together again.

At our cozy little home dinner we started to settle down to a discussion of all that was going on in the background of our lives and spreading out over the foreground in such fashion as to make us forget our personal concerns—or that we could ever have any.

"You're sure Pat's journey isn't to the far country from which no mortal returns?" I asked seriously as we finished our coffee and adjourned to the living room away from Hedwig's ministrations and keen ears.

"Sure," replied Jim, setting down chummily with his pipe. "That is, as sure as one man can be about another. Pat doesn't give me the impression of being crazy. He's sad alright—main spring sort of broken—but I think he's just going off on some long trip, and when I see how keen he is to keep young Neal informed on every new development in the business I'm dead sure I'm guessing right."

"I'll make myself believe you're right, dear," I replied.

"Glad you and the kiddies had that week-end merriment and that you're all well. Glad you're all well. Glad you're all well."

"Don't know the law of that—precisely," said Jim with a frown. "But that woman's capable of anything."

"You talk as if you hated her and she's your sister," I reflected reproachfully.

"I wish I could hate her. She deserves it. But Jeanie gets into your blood somehow," replied Jim, unconsciously falling back on the dear old love name. "That's the worst of it. That's why Pat can't get free. Now you'll have to sit back and let young Ned do the next move. He's one dandy boy. The more I see of him and hear of him the more I realize how darn lucky the little Phoebe-bird is."

"Of course I hate that," I beamed disclosing some of the sacred feeling Neal had shown in protecting Phoebe from the world and—himself. Then I went on to tell Jim of my luncheon with Tom and of his revelations.

"Pretty good old skate—Thomas J. as you call him. I wish when you concluded the story of Tom's attitude toward Daisy and the whys and wherefores thereof. I told you so," as any woman—your wife included—must have done," I cried.

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bending over to lay my face against my boy's hair.

"Why should I?" asked Jim, patting me gruffly and evidently intent on other matters. "We both know you'd darn sight more about each other and the world than we did when we started trotting in double harness, don't we, girl?" he asked at last.

His tone suggested there were things hidden under the words he said—concealing more than he revealed.

"We do," I agreed. Then, compelling myself not to try to force Jim's confidence beyond the point he was ready to have it, I continued with Tom's story.

"I'd have been perfectly clear in my mind about Tom—only as soon as he got me comfortable about Daisy and his attitude toward her he switched off onto something equally puzzling."

"And what was that, kitten?"—very tolerantly from Jim.

"Irma Warren."

"Indeed!" A whistle from my husband, expressing question and acceptance at once.

"He wants us to dine with him down at his home," I went on. "We two, Miss Warren and Mr. Haldane. I don't understand his putting him—"

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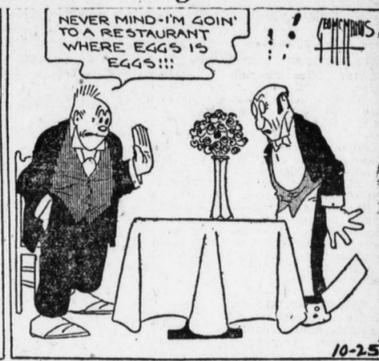
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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXXIV.

(Copyright, 1919, Star Company.)

David DeLaine found the condition of affairs well nigh unendurable.

Three months ago all these things were now independently wealthy; the war was over; he had done his share; his health, which had been menaced, was almost completely restored.

Now they seemed less than nothing when he reflected on Desiree's opinion of the David DeLaine of whom she had heard and whom she believed she had never met. She despised him. She would always refuse to meet him.

When she discovered his identity she might even think he had done this with the secret plan of winning her affections and thus becoming heir to his aunt's fortune.

He clinched his hands and swore softly to himself for a fool. He also said violent things about Aunt Jeanne's fortune. He wished that it was sunk in the depths of the sea.

"I would not touch the infernal property if it meant my death not to do so," he muttered, "and I will make Andrew know that I will not. Then—in some way, heaven only knows how—I must make her understand."

"He thinks it Over. The 'her' did not refer to his departed aunt. What she had wished and hoped for was now a little to her nephew as his present worries were to her in the abode of departed spirits.

David walked northward for two hours before turning his steps toward his hotel. Baltimore's beautiful streets lay quiet silent in the dusk.

"But it is not legal," Andrews protested.

"I do not care whether it is or not! It will give me strength to sign it. Even if you stick it away in your safe, and at the end of the period of probation destroy it, it will be some balm to my wounded pride to know that it has been written."

Andrews read the paper again. It was a brief declaration to the effect that David DeLaine here and now renounces any claim to any part of the property of his aunt, the late Miss Jeanne DeLaine, and that under circumstances which he was to marry or remain single—would he touch a cent of it.

Andrews smiled whimsically. "You may never meet Miss Leighton," he ventured, "but if you did, stranger things have happened—and were you so fortunate as to marry her—what about this document?"

The young man flushed crimson. "It would hold good more than ever!"

Andrews shrugged his shoulders. "How could you escape accepting what would belong to you?" he questioned.

"I would either prove that my aunt was of unsound mind, or, failing that, I would give my property to her favorite charities," was the vehement reply.

(To Be Continued)

Scientific Discussions by Garrett P. Serviss

"Has the popular belief in lightning striking repeatedly on the same spot any foundation in fact? Would there be any danger in building a house on a site where two trees are dead and a man with buttons or snap fasteners supposed to be the result of lightning striking there at different times? Is it possible, or practicable, to take springs or sheets of metal, or large pieces of iron, and neutralize, a possible recurrence?"—J. O. H. Stapleton, N. Y.

There are places where lightning is peculiarly apt to strike owing to the presence of some attractive material, such as a deposit of iron underground. Underground water may serve as an insulator, but the neighborhood of a body of water is generally regarded as a place of slight degree favorable to the occurrence of lightning, although the danger from this source is practically negligible.

It has been contended that certain soils are more attractive than the average to lightning. In Germany, for instance, an observer, Hellmann, has estimated the liability of lightning strokes occurring on different soils in the following ratio: sand, 1; clay, 7; sand, 9; loam, 22.

In general very dry soil is safe unless there are metallic lodes, or large springs or sheets of water, at no great depth beneath.

It has been strongly affirmed that certain species of trees are particularly liable to be struck by lightning. A German authority gives the following

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

3017—This style is especially suited to mature figures. The neck and band trimming may be omitted, and the sleeves may be finished at the seam with buttons or snap fasteners.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Length 35 inches. Width of skirt at lower edge, is 24 yards.

A pattern for this illustration mailed to address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

Telegraph Pattern Department

For the 10 cents inclosed please send pattern to the following address:

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3017

A COMFORTABLE HOUSE OR WORK DRESS

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The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Length 35 inches. Width of skirt at lower edge, is 24 yards.

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ratios: Beech 1, pine 5, fir 35, oak 57. But such lists, though they may have been based upon local observations, and are not likely to represent any very wide state of facts. However, it has been noted in different parts of the world that the beech tree seems to be especially immune to lightning. If this be due, as some have suggested, to the smoothness of the bark of the beech, which causes it to be readily wet in a uniform manner, from top to bottom, thereby acting as an easy line of discharge for atmospheric electricity during a thunderstorm, that tree might perform the function of a lightning rod for a house standing close to it.

An oak, or a fir, on the other hand, would appear to be a relatively dangerous neighbor during a storm of lightning. While such a tree might catch a stroke that would otherwise attain a nearby house, yet a violent bolt often tears huge branches from trees, so that the silent action of the beech, harmlessly drawing off the accumulating electric charge, would be preferable. The Indians knew the lightning-shielding property of the beech, and were accustomed to seek shelter under trees of that family during violent thunderstorms.

With regard to warding off lightning by artificial conductors, there is considerable difference of opinion as to the effectiveness as to the methods used. In the nature of the case, the evidence of success can only be statistical, and the statistics are more or less doubtful on account of wide practical differences in the arrangement of the conductors, and particularly in the observance of the many precautions required. The consequence is that when a failure occurs it is ascribed to some imperfection in the apparatus, and no certainty can be arrived at.

Moreover, there is reason for thinking that there is one kind or type of lightning against which it would be practically impossible to protect a building. This is what has been called by Sir Oliver Lodge the "B flash," which is distinguished from the more simple, and less dangerous, "A flash" in this way: "When a charged cloud approaches the earth without any other clouds intervening, the air between the earth and the cloud becomes a steadily increasing electric stress, and the points of their form, are well suited to drain off this charge, or to receive and conduct it safely away if it bursts forth in a flash.

But when there is an intervening cloud between the charged cloud and the earth, the two virtually form an electric condenser, and if a flash takes place from the first cloud to the second, the disruptive discharge to the earth becomes so "erratic" or goes with such an "impulsive rush," that the points of the conductors are unable to receive and dispose of it.

However, it is a great comfort to know that, generally speaking, the danger to man and his constructions from lightning is one of the least pressing that we have to encounter. But, of course, a change of opinion in which it could be conclusively shown that a particular locality was specially subject to lightning strokes, the wise man would choose to neutralize, where to build his house. As to any attempt to neutralize the unknown source of attraction for the lightning, that might prove scientifically interesting, but economically expensive.

EVIDENTLY NOT

Bess—Somebody passed a counterfeit dime on Bob a year ago and he hasn't been able to get rid of it since.

Maiden Aunt (horrified)—What? Does that young man never go to church, then?—St. Paul Dispatch.

Daily Dot Puzzle

12 14 13 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

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"Joint-Ease" is better than musky old plasters and liniments—it will not stain or blister! Has a delightful odor and leaves skin soft and smooth. Rub it in or inhale it, then watch your troubles quickly disappear. Sold in small, convenient tubes in this city by Geo. A. Gorgas, Kennedy's Drugstore and all good druggists.

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Greta is a white-haired old "accommodator" who goes out by the day to help folks who can't afford a regular maid. She is apple-cheeked and has a figure that would do for Mrs. Santa Claus. She wears a calico dress that looks perpetual, or at least so if it must be an open-stock pattern.

Greta, with her two-fifty a day earning capacity and her roly-poly figure and her illiteracy, doesn't suggest fairy godmothers or goddesses out of a book. And yet that's just what she turned out to be in the life of Melora Pomeroy.

Melora is twenty-five, and under quite another name she has built for herself a reputation as one of our foremost illustrators. She gets a hundred and fifty dollars for four black and whites and twice as much for a color plate. She has a fine studio in the city where the big fellows in the magazine world keep her busy.

Melora lives in "THE BIG CITY" in order to be near her work. Her people have a tiny cottage in a far suburb of a town that has just worked the way into the class where it can be called a city at all. And once a week all year around Greta comes to do the washing and ironing and help with the heavy work.

The Pomeroy home is kept up by the ceaseless toil of Carrie, Melora's step-sister, a gaunt scare-crow of a woman who was an "old maid" when Melora was the belle of the high-school. There isn't any glowing tragedy about Carrie Pomeroy; she never was attractive enough to have a romance in her life. To Melora she is just a predestined grub, a dear old sister, content to lead a drab and colorless life of the sort to which Greta was probably also destined by a wise and discriminating fate.

For two weeks every summer Melora goes home. She spends her vacation at the old homestead. Thus she gladdens the heart of her father and the invalid brother whose horizon has a radius centering at his invalid chair.

And because she spends a yearly fortnight radiating sunshine all about the environs of her dad home, and sends home a weekly part of her earnings, Melora feels that as a daughter, a woman, and a human being she is a complete compendium of the virtues and crowned with leaves of bay and laurel and maybe gold and diamonds.

One day last summer Melora was standing in Greta's kitchen waiting for Greta to do a hurry-up job on a frilly, white waist the daughter-guest of the house of Pomeroy was planning to wear on a motor-trip with the home-city's most eligible bachelor.

"I had a right to be scrubbing the front steps," complained Greta. "So I don't, your beau thinks maybe we keep no clean house. So I don't, maybe Miss Carrie she goes and does."

"Well, the steps aren't clean, I don't mind," replied Melora indifferently.

"But Miss Carrie she do. She mind, and she scrub. And it's no her work," protested Greta. "She's a lady, Miss Carrie is. She no should work."

"Well, I don't want her scrubbing the front steps on my account," said said Melora amiably. "I'll tell you, I'll iron my own waist, and you run out and do the steps."

"All right," agreed Greta. "Just so Miss Carrie she no scrub the steps. She hasn't right to be working so hard. Miss Carrie a lady. She has a right to be waited on. She got it too hard. She has right to be waited on. She a lady."

Melora smiled, divided between delight that old Greta appreciated sister Carrie, and amusement that the old woman didn't appreciate that she was Melora Pomeroy—working all through the year at the beck and call of editors, labored twice as hard as Carrie.

Presently Greta returned from doing the steps, and Melora, hot and tired from her efforts with the waist, held it up for the old woman's inspection.

"See, I worked, and it didn't hurt me," she said with subtlety which amused her.

MERE PITTANCE

"What's the excitement down the street?"

"An employer insulted an honest workingman?"

"Surely not. But how?"

"By offering him \$1 an hour."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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will make you feel ten years younger. Best known remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach and Dyspepsia.

25 cents a package at all Druggists, or sent to any address postpaid, by the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO. 260 West Broadway, N.Y.

Advertisement for Baker's Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a woman and a box of cocoa. Text includes: 'PURE AND DELICIOUS BAKER'S COCOA', 'Is a most satisfactory beverage. Fine flavor and aroma and it is healthful.', 'Well made cocoa contains nothing that is harmful and much that is beneficial.', 'It is practically all nutrition. Choice Recipe book free.', 'Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass.'

Advertisement for a dress pattern, featuring an illustration of a woman in a dress. Text includes: 'DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS', '3017', 'A COMFORTABLE HOUSE OR WORK DRESS', '3016—This style is especially suited to mature figures. The neck and band trimming may be omitted, and the sleeves may be finished at the seam with buttons or snap fasteners.', 'The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Length 35 inches. Width of skirt at lower edge, is 24 yards.', 'A pattern for this illustration mailed to address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.', 'Telegraph Pattern Department', 'For the 10 cents inclosed please send pattern to the following address:', 'Size.....Pattern No.....', 'Name.....', 'Address.....', 'City and State.....'

Advertisement for Joint-Ease, featuring a diagram of a human body with numbered points. Text includes: 'No More Mustard', 'Plasters or Liniments That Stain and Blister', 'Get your tube of JOINT-EASE', 'It's Wonderful For Relieving Pain, Stiff or Swollen Joints, Tired, Aching Feet and Muscles, Sharp Rheumatic Twinges, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Colds in Head, Throat and Chest', '"Joint-Ease" is better than musky old plasters and liniments—it will not stain or blister! Has a delightful odor and leaves skin soft and smooth. Rub it in or inhale it, then watch your troubles quickly disappear. Sold in small, convenient tubes in this city by Geo. A. Gorgas, Kennedy's Drugstore and all good druggists.'

Advertisement for Schenck's Mandrake Pills, featuring a large illustration of a man. Text includes: 'WHY IS IT? THAT FOR OVER EIGHTY YEARS SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS', 'Have been used for Constipation and Bilious Disorders YOUR DRUGGIST KNOWS', 'Tired? Try a Glass of Snappy, Sparkling Birchola', 'It Sets You Up In Great Style', 'S. OF C. GRADUATES RECEIVE THE NATIONAL SEAL OF EFFICIENCY; THIS IS ABSOLUTELY THE LARGEST, OLDEST AND BEST BUSINESS COLLEGE IN HARRISBURG.', 'Enter Now---Day or Night School of Commerce', 'J. H. Troup Building 15 S. Market Square Bell 485 Dial 4398 INDIVIDUAL PROMOTION', 'Can't sleep! Can't eat! Can't even digest what little you do eat! One or two doses ARMY & NAVY DYSPEPSIA TABLETS', 'will make you feel ten years younger. Best known remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach and Dyspepsia.', '25 cents a package at all Druggists, or sent to any address postpaid, by the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO. 260 West Broadway, N.Y.'