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 CCCLIV

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"If this man in Canada is my father—if my father is still alive"——

I got so far then I sat gazing vaguely at the soft green of the peaceful little nook where I'd parked my car. Even to Father Andrew I didn't want to express my thoughts. In fact, I hated to formulate them in my own brain. But Father Andrew being a man, with a man's habit of direct thinking, decided that we couldn't longer evade the truth. So he put it into words, and if I thought them cruel it was only to realize that they were far more cruel to him than to me.

"If this man in Canada is Lucky Lee," he said, "then—my Neal has no right to his name. That's legal and must be dealt with legally when the time comes. But it will stir up a dust, and when we get out of it I don't know that he'll have a right to be holding Phoebe Harrison by the hand."

"Why, father," I cried, "do you think Phoebe'd give Neal up because of this? It's an ugly new version of Enoch Arden and nobody's going to blame you or take Neal's name away from nim"——

"Or smirch you mother's memory if I live to stop 'em," Father Andrew added, grimly. "It's a strange world, Anne—a world that may take a thing like this one way and may take it another. Gossip and scandal are ugly things—they're capable of claiming we knew this all along and that we're a parcel of shameless wretches who deserve what we get. I know how much pitch can stick to a man once he starts rolling down hill."

"You cynic!" I cried. "You are losing faith in the world! This isn't really you, Father Andrew. It's just your father-love for Neal getting panicky because you don't trust the Harrison pride to see—our tragedy in the right light. You're dazed with fear lest some one try to establish a superior claim to your Babbsie. I do believe you're getting ready to be jealous—you old dear."

"Thank you, Babbsie," replied Father Andrew gravely. "I calculate that's about the first time the old man plumb lost his way, but your common sense and good cheer have got him back where he can side on even keel again with hand on the helm. Your old daddy kinda whimpered for a spell. You ain't going to hold it against him, are you?"

"Bless your heart, dear—if you'd gone on being calm and collected through this whole business I'd have held that against you," I replied. "I don't see what call you have to be superhuman. And if you didn't love Neal enough to be pretty near desperate about what this may mean to his future I'd not think you were human, so that's that. And now I've got my nerve back, too, and I'm betting dollars to doughnuts that this man in Canada is nothing but an impostor."

"So be it," said Father Andrew fervently.

"What shall we tell Phoebe and Neal?" I asked a few moments later as we drove out of the park on our way downtown to meet "the children" for lunch.

"Nothing," replied Father Andrew concisely.

His voice had recovered its rich tang and flavor of the soil and resounded with its old power and courage. It told me that everything was as it had been from the day when Father Andrew Hyland came into my life. I could trust him to work out our affairs to the best of human ability and with the greatest of human patience and kindness and understanding.

So when we joined Phoebe and Neal at the restaurant, I too, had recovered my poise and couldn't believe that Father Andrew had ever lost his.

"Everyone you ever heard of is here to-day," announced Phoebe, as we took our places at a corner table lighted by the crisp invigorating sunlight provided by the sort of "perfect day" that brings everyone out a holidaying.

"For instance?" I asked, smiling with happy amusement at the way Father Andrew and Neal plunged into the conversation as if they'd been parted for days instead of since morning.

The Cosby's and those Willoughby girls are here and Val asked if we couldn't have our coffee together, for Dana and Lacy Willoughby say they think she's ashamed of them or they'd have met you long ago. Then as we came Tom Mason and that little Condon girl came too. And Shelley's too joined them. Really this seems to be the only place in town nowadays."

Hard on her words, who but Sheldon himself sauntered up to our table with his insolent air of being sure of a welcome wherever he went.

"You folks have to let me lunch with you," he said. "I see you're just ordering, and Tommie hadn't the decency to wait. You can't expect a man to be eating clams while two hasty lunchers gobble coffee and cheese. Besides, I hate to be the third angle of the triangle where two absorbed young lovers are concerned, but if you're very polite I needn't feel like the fifth wheel on the wagon here since it's merely a family party."

"Oh, needn't you?" I thought to myself, hating Shelley for the way he got in his malicious bit of gossip about Tom and Daisy.

But even as he talked he ordered a waiter to make a place for him, and a moment l er was ensconced between Father Andrew and me. Phoebe flushed a bit under his glance of tolerant understanding. Uneasily then, I remember that Phoebe might be unattainable now for poor Neal. The presence of this so-called eligible, whom I found so undesirable, was doubly unwelcome in the light of the tragedy hovering over Neal's head.

"Are you looking over me, at me or through me?" demanded Phoebe suddenly of Sheldon.

I read pique and coquetry and something of challenge in her tone. Following Shelly's line of vision, I looked beyond Phoebe and saw that we were directly opposite Val's party. Her Oriental profile was clearly revealed, and, flanking her on either side, I saw two girls, animated, bird-like and full of the graces and lure of the Southern belle.

"Aren't Val's friends charming?" I cried, with what Phoebe may have thought spitefulness.

But in that moment I was thinking only of Neal. How grateful I must be for his sake that Sheldon Blake was the eternal philanderer.

(To Be Continued.)

Bringing Up Father

-:- Copyright, 1919, International News Service -:- By McManus

THE LOVE GAMBLER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

(Copyright, 1919, Star Company)

For several minutes after Desiree Leighton had made her declaration there was an uncomfortable silence.

At least it was uncomfortable for Samuel Leighton. He was wondering just how much his daughter knew. So far she had evidently told him the truth. He feared to question her lest his inquiries imply a suspicious curiosity. Yet, unless she knew the facts, he must reveal them to her. He cleared his throat.

"Well, Smith always seemed to me to be a gentleman," he said, then added, "even if what I heard about his not using his own name be true."

"It is true in a way," Desiree affirmed. "Yet he had a right to call himself Smith, for that is his middle name."

"It is, is it? And did he tell you the rest of his name?"

"Yes, I know just who he is, Dad. Please do not get too much excited when I explain to you about him. He is David DeLaine—Miss Jeanne DeLaine's nephew."

"So I have heard," was the dry rejoinder.

"You have heard that!" she exclaimed, sitting up very straight, all the color leaving her cheeks. "And what else have you heard?"

She had been truthful to him; he must tell her the ugly rumor even if it hurt her.

"Daughter—it is not a pleasant story, and I hope it is not true—but at the club this evening I was informed that Miss DeLaine left her fortune to her nephew, David, on condition (he paused and swallowed hard) on condition that he marry a young girl of whom she was very fond. The intimation was that it might be you. I wish I had knocked down the man who suggested this—and yet I feared it might be true."

"It was true, Dad."

The father started to his feet as the words fell upon his ear. The girl, too, rose and faced him. She was pale but her gaze did not waver.

"Dad, I did not know all the facts until to-night, but I did know about Miss DeLaine's will. And the knowledge made me sick—so that I did not tell you of it—until now."

"Until now!" her father stormed. "Until now! I should think that now you would be overcome by what you must see—that this scoundrel, DeLaine, came as a sneak into my employ to try to win your affections, so that he could claim his aunt's money! Desiree!" grasping her by the shoulders—"are you crazy that you cannot realize what all this means?"

She had seldom spoken sharply to him, but now her voice rang out with an authority that brought the man to an appreciation of his own lack of self-control and her strength of character and willpower.

"Father, have you not enough faith in me to hear me out? If not, I will say no more. But I would like you to understand everything—if you will listen to what I have to say and not go all to pieces in this way."

"Go Ahead."

He set his jaws firmly. "Go ahead!" he ordered. "I will try to keep my tongue between my teeth until you have finished."

"Then," sitting down again and clasping her hands tightly as was her habit when keenly excited, "what you say of Miss DeLaine's will is true. This condition, I mean. That was why her nephew vowed never to touch a cent of her money. He avoided me as I avoided him.

"When he came back from France he was not strong. He had to get outdoor work—for he had no money. He came here. He learned who I was after coming here. He determined to give up this place, but we urged him to stay.

"Then he had this big fortune left him by his uncle. He signed a paper renouncing all claim to his aunt's property. He will never touch her estate, not if he has to prove that her mind was unbalanced.

"That is all, Dad—except—oh, Dad—he and I love each other!"

With a groan the parent dropped into a chair and buried his head in his hands.

For a minute his child watched his face working painfully. Then, with a murmur of tenderness, she sank upon her knees and took the gray head into her ambrace.

"Daddy, dear—please try to understand!" she begged. "David is so good—so fine! Why should you feel like this? You are not losing me!"

"And you cannot see that he is mercenary?" the man stammered excitedly, drawing away from her.

"Mercenary!" she repeated. "Mercenary, when he has planned to give away every cent of his aunt's property if he cannot avoid accepting it!"

The man's face softened for an instant, but hardened again.

"And what about your fortune, child?" he demanded. "I suppose you believe he has not thought of that!"

"I know he has not!" she protested, "for he has so much money, Dad, that he could buy and sell you! And, as for myself," proudly, "if that is the tone you take about David, I will do what he has done with regard to his aunt's property—and refuse ever to touch a single cent of your money as long as I live—since you can't trust David! There!"

After which, to her surprise, the tension snapped, and she burst into tears. A minute later she found herself held close in her father's arms, her head upon his breast.

"Sweetheart—little girl," he murmured, "forgive me! I was an old bear. Of course I trust David—and you. Haven't I always given you what you wanted, honey? You shall have your happiness! When can I see DeLaine?"

It was like Samuel Leighton to capitulate entirely and suddenly when convinced he had been wrong.

Desiree lifted a tearful but smiling face. "He's going to see you tomorrow," she said.

Pee-Keller Wedding in Church Parsonage

Miss Alice Pee, of Duncannon and John Keller, 2616 Lexington street, this city, were married yesterday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock at the parsonage of the Covenant Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Harvey B. Klaer. The couple were unattended. The bride wore a blue georgette crepe gown with hat to match. The newly-married couple will be "at home" December 15, at 78 North Eighteenth street. The bride is well known in Harrisburg and is a graduate of Temple University, of Philadelphia. The bridegroom has recently been discharged from the Army after seeing eighteen months' service as a lieutenant in the Aero service, and is now connected with the Liberty Flying Association of Dauphin. Prior to entering the Army he attended Lafayette College.

Story Tellers League Issues New Year Books

The Harrisburg Story Tellers League, of which Mrs. David J. Reese is president, has issued their new Year Books for 1919-20. The president's report for the past year shows marked progress along all lines with celebrated lectures brought here by the club for educational purposes.

The programs scheduled so carefully include "An Evening With Hawthorne," "Old Testament Heroes and Heroines," "Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know," "Minstrelsy," "What Is a Myth and When Best Used?" "Mothers' Night," and many others with the usual Christmas matinees for children with selected music.

During the summer the club had the honor of entertaining the National League of Story Tellers here and a number of the members are associated with the art in lecture-recitals in this and other towns. The club has a list of working and associate members all whom are much interested in its work.

How Many Uses has a Dessert?

There was once a Woman in Moderate Circumstances who was particularly famous among her friends for her desserts.

"I don't see how you do it," said a friend enviously, as they were talking together one afternoon. "Your dinners are always delicious, and your desserts a triumph. Just the other night, Bob and I were talking, and he said he never had tasted such delicious pie filling as he had here last Friday night."

The Woman in Moderate Circumstances smiled quietly, and continued to crochet. "It's so ridiculously simple," she said at length. "I use Puddine, that's all."

"Puddine?" questioned her friend.

"Yes," she replied. "Puddine is my dessert of many uses. Long ago I gave up making cornstarch puddings—one can never count on their turning out right. But with Puddine, one can make a delicious, creamy dessert that always turns out—a firm, smooth mold, luscious, rich and so nutritious. It's easy to make, too," she added. "All that is required is to add some sugar and milk, and boil for three minutes."

"But," objected her friend, "you have more than one dessert. How about the delicious blanc mange you served the night the Grahams were here? And what about that creamy mound of wonderful vanilla dessert you had one time?"

"Oh," said the Woman in Moderate Circumstances, with a knowing smile, "Puddine comes in any number of flavors—chocolate, rose vanilla, cream vanilla, orange and lemon."

"But your pies and cakes with those lucious fillings—surely you don't make those with Puddine."

"Surely I do," she replied with a laugh, "and ice cream, too—makes it rich and velvety."

"My dear," said her friend solemnly, "I want to thank you. You certainly have taught me something this day."

The Woman in Moderate Circumstances finished counting her stitches. "It only costs 15c, too," she said, "and one box serves 15 people."

Your grocer sells Puddine! Order a box today!—Adv.

MOVIE ACTRESSES AND THEIR HAIR

Did it ever occur to you that every movie actress you have seen has lovely hair, while the most popular count their curls as their chief beauty? In fact, many are leading ladies just because of their attractive looks. Inquiry among them discloses the fact that they bring out all the natural beauty of their hair by careful shampooing, not with any soap or makeshift, but with a simple mixture by putting a teaspoonful of canthrox (which they get from the druggist) in a cup of hot water and applying this instead of soap. This full cup of shampoo liquid is enough so it is easy to apply it to all the hair instead of just the top of the head. After its use, the hair dries rapidly with uniform color. Dandruff, excess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. The hair is so fluffy that it looks much heavier than it is, its luster and softness are delightful.

Here to Locate Plant For New Oil Burner

William M. Hoffman, the inventor, from Buffalo was in Harrisburg Monday deciding on a site for the location of the new liquid fuel apparatus business. It was this apparatus which was demonstrated at the Penn-Harris Hotel, the last of October, and which attracted such favorable attention among Harrisburg businessmen. It affords a new method of burning fuel oils, by automatically combining with the oil flame, hydrogen and oxygen to form a perfect, carbon-free gas heat, of great economy and free from the dirty and tiresome labor required by the use of coal.

DISREGARD U. S.

By Associated Press.

Paris, Nov. 18.—Regardless of the American Government's attitude the Peace Treaty of Versailles will be put into force, according to the prevalent view here to-day following receipt of the report that President Wilson might withdraw the Treaty from the United States Senate. Whatever happens, the feeling in French circles is that France cannot meet German plenipotentiaries again and French opinion is that Italy, and Great Britain have a like feeling.

Winter Draperies

Draperies are perhaps the most important part of the furnishings of your home. This may not occur to you at first thought, but when you view bare windows and doorways or perhaps windows and doorway draperis that are not harmonious with the furniture and rugs, you will find a something lacking. That something can be supplied inexpensively with the correct style of curtains and draperies.

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GOOD TIDINGS FROM MOTHER IN FAR EAST

"Your mother is getting stronger every day," writes relatives of S. Bhagwan Singh, 1345 Vine st., Phila., from Hindustan, East India. "That medicine you sent fixed her up in two weeks."

Mr. Singh, a student here, said: "Several months ago I had trouble with my stomach. I was advised to take Tanlac. I got such wonderful results that when I received word that my aged mother in India was ill and run down, I immediately sent two packages of Tanlac to her. I am mighty grateful to Tanlac. I feel that it has saved my dear mother's life."

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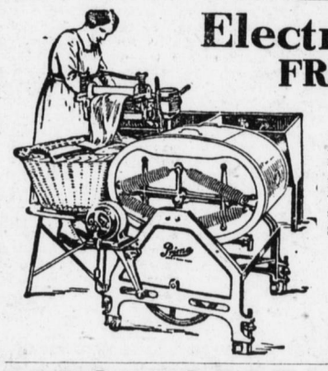

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