



# 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 CCLXXVII.  
(Copyright, 1919, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Toiling along in spurts of grim frenzy Val and I made our way from the scene of the terrible accident in which she and Sheldon had been the actors and the victims. We struggled up from the ravine where the river meandered along so peacefully between Mason Towers and Dreamwood, and after a perfect agony of effort made our way at last to the Harrison place.

It was still very early, only about half-past eight. No one was down yet, so I led Val into the living room, made her comfortable on a divan and then hurried to the phone to call the nurses and doctors from the hospital in the northern part of the district. This was what Evvy had ordered, and I recognized the wisdom of getting doctors from a part of the country other than the one whence Evvy summoned attendants for Sheldon.

"Now I'll go out and tell Bertha that my guest was hurt in an automobile accident and needs hot milk," I said. "After that I'll call Virginia."

"I hate hot milk. Make it cocoa, please," replied Val surprisingly, and then added: "Be sure you make it clear to the maid that I was on my way to visit here when I was hurt. Servants do gossip so terribly."

I caught my lip between my teeth and hurried from the room.

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We also maintain a Repair Department, where your old fur pieces may be re-made into new shapes at low cost.

# Goodman's

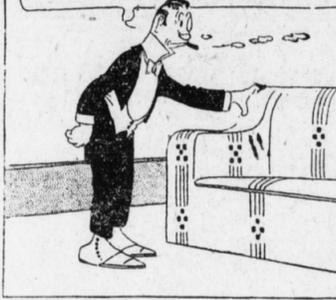
Coats FURS Scarfs  
440 MARKET STREET

## Bringing Up Father

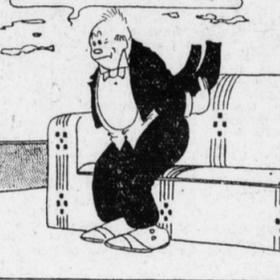
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By McManus

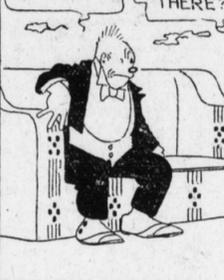
BY JOVE—HERE COMES MRS. SMITH—SHE MUSTN'T SEE ME SMOKING IN HER HOUSE AS SHE DOESN'T ALLOW IT.



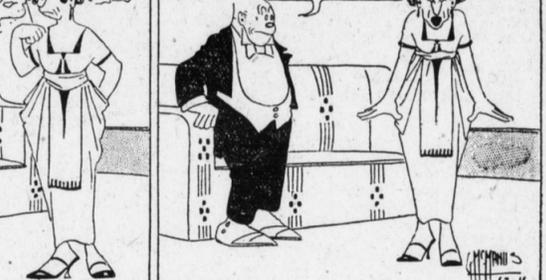
WELL—OF ALL THE BUM EVENINGS I EVER SPENT THIS IS THE LIMIT—ID JUST AS SOON BE HOME AS HERE!



HOW DO YOU DO MRS. SMITH!



MR. JIGGS—HAVE YOU A CIGAR THERE?



NO—BUT I KIN GIVE YOU A CHEW OF TOBACCO!

"Poor old Shelly! Done for. And he loved living so," said Jim thoughtfully. "Poor old chap. Well—it's Val you and I've got to think about now. She's here and she's got to go through with whatever's coming—got to pay the piper."

"Then you think—what I do?" I asked.

Jim gave me a long look. When he spoke he was grim and determined.

"Val says she was coming to pay you a week-end visit. All right, we'll tell that to Jeanie and Pat. I'll tell that to the world. No reason why old Lane should be made miserable, is there?"

"Won't he be made miserable anyhow?" I asked. "Is Val to be counted on?"

"If she had a lesson to learn, poor Shelly probably brought it home to her. And we've no right to judge what's for Lane's happiness."

"I'm glad you agree with me, Jim," I said. "I gave Bertha the idea that she was a guest, and I carried out Evvy's instructions in getting the doctors and nurses from the hospital up North instead of from the crossroads, where Evvy phoned for people to come and do what they can for Shelly. Now, you go tell Jeanie whatever you think best. I'll hurry down and see if Val can come up to the blue room. I stopped in before I came to you, and it's all ready."

When I got down to the living room I found Val propped up on the divan, waiting feverishly for my return.

"You told Jim and his sister I was on my way when I got hurt?" she demanded.

"I gave Jim a bare outline of the facts," I replied, but I couldn't meet

her self-absorption with anything but coldness.

Val stared at me for a moment without replying. Then she said: "Jim ought to try to reach Lane before he gets too far into Canada. I think he's just about due in Montreal now. Why not put in a long-distance call for him?"

"All right," I gasped.

My face must have been tell-tale.

"That's about the last thing you thought I'd do, wasn't it?" asked Val, in the old creamy voice, with more than a tinge of malice.

To Be Continued.

## Big Boy Scout Rally at Zion Lutheran Church

One of the biggest exhibitions of what the Boy Scouts of America are being taught, and what the Scout organization is doing for the boys of Harrisburg, will be given on Friday evening at eight o'clock in the Sunday school rooms of Zion Lutheran Church, 4th Street, below Market.

Troop No. 14 of that church and Troop No. 1 of Salem Reformed Church, both of the fifth district, will be the hosts of the evening, and will have participating with them fourteen other Scout Troops of the city. Invitations have already been sent to all other troops and indications are that a very large attendance, including the public who are also cordially invited, will be on hand.

Music will be furnished by one of the Troops, and one of the most interesting features of the program will be the Camp Fire scene in charge of the Scout Executive of the City, Mr. J. F. Virgin. Deputy Scout Commissioner John E. O'Neill will preside at the Rally and Scout commissioner William H. German will give a brief address on "Scouting."

## Liverpool School Board Has Organized For Year

Liverpool, Pa., Dec. 4.—At the regular meeting of the School Board two newly-elected directors took the oath of office, J. Frank Holman, who is serving his fourteenth year and R. L. Kerstetter, who begins his first term. Other members of the board are James L. Snyder, H. E. Ritter, and Frank E. Shuler. The following organization was effected: President, James L. Snyder; vice-president, H. E. Ritter; secretary, J. Park Holman; treasurer, Frank E. Shuler.

## Hunter Quickly Brings Down 160-Pound Deer

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Dec. 4.—Ralph Greeger, of this place, was out in the South Mountain but ten minutes on Monday when he shot a deer that pulled the beam at 160 pounds. This deer was shot on the Cameron place. The following persons were in the party: Harry Greeger, of New Kingston; George Greeger, of New Mechanicsburg; John K. Greeger and Samuel Wondery, both of New Kingston. Greeger and the party returned home last night with the game.

## Lewistown to Pay Six Cents Trolley Fare

Lewistown, Pa., Dec. 4.—Effective January 1 Lewistown people will pay 6 cents trolley fare on the lines of the Lewistown and Reedsville Electric Railway Company. The new schedule of rates has been posted. Between the hours of 4.30 and 6 in the morning and 4 and 6 in the evening workmen will be carried from Lewistown station to Burnham for a single fare.

## Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

"He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small— Who dares not put it to the touch To win or lose it all."

Do you remember when every one was glibly quoting: "Steve Brodie took a chance?" The inference was that lives were full of Brooklyn bridges from which folks might leap successfully if only they had the daring.

Most of us find ourselves at some stage of the game called life just how much we could successfully "get away with" if only we "had the nerve." And if our judgment isn't good we're likely to take risks in which all the inference and liabilities against us—chances where we're beaten almost before we start. How are we going to calculate our chances so that we neither sit quivering at home afraid to risk losing any of life's busy streets nor dash into whirlpools of traffic where we're sure to be run down by the juggernaut cars that bear down on us from every side?

Between conservatism and wild gambling there's a broad middle course. But most folks take instinctively to one side of the road or the other.

Youth, of course, is optimistic, bold, full of faith in life and itself. It blunders in and wins, too, where more sage counsel would hesitate and be lost.

The aviators of our great war were youth in either the comparative or superlative degree. I've heard that the average age of the flying man was twenty-three, and I've known several young heroes of the skies who were under twenty-one.

Given thirty-five and the balance an quiet calculation with which it would face and weigh chances, there was too much mental strain, too much deliberate and conscious heroism to make the sort of bird-daring that we know without a shattered nervous system. Youth—daring and brave because unafraid instead of daring to be deliberately brave—was better. Youth, with its optimism, was subject to less strain. There were, however, great heroes in the flying forces who were men in years. But they retained some of the dauntless, adventurous spirit of youth, some of the dash and aplomb with which youth plunges into all things. That spirit of youthful optimism, that spirit of hope for the best, that belief that life is kind and generous, may live in a man of fifty—of seventy, even. And if it does live, its possessor is going to win through the most tremendous obstacles, because he'll never know when he's defeated, and so he'll jump up and start fighting again, when a lesser spirit would have let himself be counted out.

It's a bit as if I were all for the Steve Brodies of life, doesn't it? Well, I am. But with a mental qualification. If you're going to jump off any Brooklyn bridges in the chance-taking line, you've got to know something about the current where you will strike the water, and a lot more about your ability to swim when you do strike it. And it is well to be posted about your chances of being rescued if your calculations fail. In other words, you have to know your own strength, too, what the chances against you are, and what chances there are for you in the line of reserves.

If you're going into aviation you'll be tested out in dozens of ways—heart, lungs, eyes, hearing, sense of balance, ability to orient yourself, and go through a gamut of qualities that make or break you as a birdman. Courage and daring to inspire you to fly or dive or rush into the game of life boldly and win the high hope of youth for victory.

But justifying the courage and daring these other things: A steady, shrewd head to reinforce your brave heart. A steady, clever hand to carry out the bidding of your wise head. And a strong, efficient body to put "punch" into the work of your hand.

The coward never starts. The quitter stops before he reaches his goal. The conservative doubts himself justifiably or timorously. All of these fall because they are afraid of the risks without which one can't even cross a teeming city street or turn a corner of a dusty country road.

Bold youth sometimes succeeds with high hope as its chief equipment.

But he who wins ninety-nine times out of a hundred is the man who dares to take chances, but calculates himself and them before he starts.

## National City Bank Breaks Wealth Record

New York, Dec. 4.—The National City Bank on the occasion of the last call for condition by the Comptroller of the Currency on November 17 last had total assets amounting to \$1,027,358,100. This is the first time in the history of American banking that an institution has been able to show resources totalling more than \$1,000,000,000.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

BE FRIENDS

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am sixteen and am very much in love with a young man of about nineteen. I have been going out with this young man, with my mother's permission, for over a year, and have been riding with him quite often. When with me he seems to love me, but I have seen him with other girls and know that he goes out with them. When I see him with other girls I lose all faith in him, but he tells me not to think about the other girls, as he goes out with them only for a pastime.

I also have been out with other boys. Do you think that I should give all my love to him when he is going out with others, makes me feel bad.

DOUBTFUL. Indeed, I don't advise you to give "all your love" to this boy. Neither do I counsel you to demand all of his time and affection. You are children, and you ought to be friends—not sweethearts.

DO WITHOUT IT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-one years old and have been friendly with a young girl by the name of Anna. I met her in our school days, and learned to love her dearly. She in return showed affection for me. I have known her for four years and have corresponded with her for that length of time. Two years ago she moved out of town with her folks and promised to go around with no one else. I have written to her often, but got

very few letters in return, therefore I am under the impression that she no longer cares for me. As tired as I am when I come home from business, I have written to her. Does it pay to be "true"? Late in September she came to her aunt, and there I met her and the past and be married. She in return showed little satisfaction.

ANTHONY D. In your case, the school days' infatuation turned into love. In the case of your sweetheart it didn't. You have no more right to judge her for this than to feel bitter toward yourself for not outgrowing the feeling of your childhood. Since you can't have Anna's love, determine to do without it, to make something of yourself and to be man enough to win the next woman for whom you care. Whimpering about a blighted life won't do it.

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Beautiful New Petticoats, . . . . \$1.95 to \$8.95  
Blanket Bath Robes, . . . . \$6.95 to \$8.95  
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82	83	84	85	86
87	88	89	90	91
92	93	94	95	96
97	98	99	100	101

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

One kind of a good time is to have all I want to eat of

**POST TOASTIES**  
says Bobby  
The Corn Flakes that taste like "more"