



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 CCLXXXV
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I hurried after Jim to the bushes which hide the top of the patch that dips toward the river between Mason Towers and the Harrison place. I got there just in time to spy a figure scurrying out of sight in the dusk of the path.

"Evyv—by all that's certain!" Jim exclaimed. "Now, why should she be spying around here when we're over at her place? I'll bet that silly little mother of hers isn't such a simpleton after all, and that she held us up so long purposely in order to give Evvy a chance to carry out some scheme of hers. But what?"

"What?" I echoed. "You can't make it out either, can you?" asked Jim.

"Some impulse of sex solidarity, some feeling of loyalty to the woman I didn't like, held me from laying before Jim all my fears and doubts and suspicions. Lane wasn't here yet. How he'd act I couldn't surmise. And what sort of influence Jim would desire to have over him if, indeed, the big brown bear could be swayed, I didn't know.

"Well, nurse or no nurse, I'm going in to see Val," declared Jim. "If Evvy's gotten past the attendants and in to Val the poor thing will need us."

"I'd better not go in, Val doesn't want me. She ordered me out of the room yesterday. I'd only aggravate her. You go alone, Jim."

"Nonsense. You're coming right in with me."

"Please, Jim—I can't. Val doesn't want me."

"Don't be petty, Anne. You aren't capable of sitting in judgment on a woman who's been through all Val has suffered."

"But I'd annoy her. Val doesn't want me."

"A sick woman's fancies. If you have a soul, Anne, now's the time to show it."

Jim seized my wrist and led me up the hall toward the blue room. He knocked at Val's door. But there was no response.

"Naturally," said Jim, consulting his watch. "This is the nurse's supper hour, and poor Val may be too doped up by her interview with Evvy to answer. You go in and see how the land lies."

"Please, Jim—I began.

But something in the nervous force of his manner alienated me—told me there would be no use arguing with him, so I pushed open the door of the room where I was sure I'd be thoroughly unwelcome and entered.

Val was cuddled under the covers in a crumpled heap that shook and heaved suspiciously.

"Val, I said almost pleadingly. "Val, it's Anne. Can I help you?"

Jim and I were worried about you, so in spite of orders we are here."

With amazing force the covers heaved back and Val bounced round to face me. Her face was distorted by tears, and she was still in the throes of great, surging sobs.

She stared at me for a moment, blinking back her tears and gulping down the emotion that shook her. Then a strange look came over her twisting face. It was something like triumph. Malice at the least.

"And now are you satisfied she demanded. Has your spying shown you one thing you're better off for knowing? Are you any happier for making me so much more miserable than I need to be? Jim—Jim!" she cried, raising her voice.

Jim strode into the room. She held out her hand to him with the air of a poor frightened child wandering in the dark. The change in her manner was astounding. I clung to Jim desperately, and I could see that the trust and the affection she suggested were pleasing to him. Everything in her suggestion of helplessness and faith were calculated to flatter any man—most of all my Jim.

"Oh, Jimmie-boy, Jimmie-boy! If you'll any pity at all, if your friendship for Lane prompts any tenderness for his wife, won't you make Anne leave me alone?" she moaned.

"She hates me and suspects me of all the despicable things in the world. And she comes prying in here all the time under the guise of friendship. It's driving me mad! It's more than I can bear. Won't you keep her out of here? Won't you make her understand that I'm going to be free of her surveillance if I have to insult her in front of the nurse. For you sake, don't want to do that. But she's driving—she's driving me to it!"

Humiliated and outraged I shrank from the woman I'd been trying to protect myself from the matter. I didn't had a suspicion that would by now have been clear fact to everyone, if I had not done all in my power to cover her tracks.

"I told her yesterday never to darling me against screaming Evvy. I'm not in a condition to endure her persecutions. Jim, Jim, don't let her take it out on me! Don't let her ruin my whole life! There seems nothing at which she'll stop."

I closed the door. I could stand no more. I heard Val's voice going on and on, hearing the voice and reproaches at me no doubt. I was mistaking for her own ends every kindness I'd tried to render her, reading suspicion into my desire to protect her. All I'd wanted knowledge for was to protect Val from the consequences of her own deed—from Evvy first of all. And now this. I was shamed here, Jim. And Jim didn't defend me.

I covered against the door. Hoping against hope, I waited for Jim to come to me. A minute passed. Another. Still Jim didn't appear. I crept down the hall to my room and flung myself face down on the bed, fearless but utterly miserable. (To Be Continued)

Bringing Up Father

I JUST CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND WHERE TO GO THIS WINTER



GO TO PALM BEACH FOR THE WINTER



GO TO PALM BEACH FOR THE WINTER



SAY, MAGGIE—I WUZ JUST THINKIN'—HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO PALM BEACH?



Flood's Death Toll in South Is Now 15

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 13.—The Alabama river was the center to-day of the flood which for nearly a week have inundated the lower portions of the states of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. As the crest passed Montgomery, leaving the city without street car service, gas lights and with hardly enough power from crippled electric plants for street lights and water plants, reports from down stream became more alarming.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
THE MAGNETISM OF CHARM
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
Can you please tell me why it is I have no boy friends and very few girl friends? I am considered pretty, dress well and without exaggeration, attract considerable attention.

The Wonderful Stories of OZ

By L. Frank Baum

The Mangaboos Prove Dangerous

The Wizard bent a pin for a hook and took a long piece of string from his pocket for a fishing line. The only bait he could find was a bright red blossom from a flower, but he knew fishes are easy to fool if anything bright attracts their attention, so he decided to try the blossom. Having thrown the end of his line in the water of a nearby brook, he soon felt a sharp tug that told him a fish had bitten and was caught on the bent pin, so he drew in the string and, sure enough, the fish came with it and was landed safely on the shore, where it began to flop around in great excitement.



The Sorcerer Shows His Magic

floor, where it covered quite a broad surface. When he lifted the oil a hundred tongues of flame shot up, and the effect was really imposing.

"Now, Princess," exclaimed the Wizard, "those of your advisers who wish to throw us into the Garden of the Clinging Vines must step within this circle of light. If they advised you well, and were in the right, they will not be injured in any way. But if any advised you wrongly, the light will wither him."

Mrs. Bergdoll Sued by Her Attorney for Fees

Philadelphia, Dec. 13.—The sensational escape of the Bergdoll brothers from the net spread for them by Federal agents at their mother's palatial home near Wynnefield, is recalled in a suit brought against Mrs. Bergdoll by her attorney, Henry J. Scott. Mr. Scott represented Mrs. Bergdoll when the police and government agents were strenuously hunting for her sons, Irwin and Grover, wanted as draft dodgers.

IDENTIFIES BANDIT

New York, Dec. 13.—Emil Werle, of this city, was identified here today by Police Sergeant Fenton Keenan, of Roselle, N. J., as the man who shot him on October 16, when seven men held up employees of the First National Bank of Roselle and escaped in an automobile with \$5,000. Werle, who was arrested for jumping his bail bond in connection with a charge of highway robbery in Brooklyn, was held to await requisition to New Jersey.

Lose Your Fat, Keep Your Health

Superfluous flesh is not healthy, neither is it healthy to diet or exercise too much for its removal. The simplest method known for reducing the overweight body two, three or four pounds a week is the Marmola Method tried and endorsed by thousands.

Advertisement for Harrisburg Rubber Co. featuring various rubber goods like raincoats, footwear, garden hoses, and rubber bands. Located at 205 Walnut St.

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap, highlighting its benefits for shaving, bathing, and shampooing. Includes the slogan 'The Healthy Up-to-Date Cuticura Way'.

Daily Dot Puzzle section featuring a grid of numbers and instructions for solving the puzzle. Includes the text 'One Soap for All Uses' and 'Shaving Bathing Shampooing'.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS

Fashion advice section featuring a drawing of a woman in a dress and a hat, with text describing a 'SMART COSTUME' (Blouse 3058, Skirt 3050) and providing details about the fabric and construction.

Advertisement for the National School of Commerce, featuring the text 'Enter Now—Day or Night' and 'School of Commerce'. Includes contact information for J. H. Troup Building and 15 S. Market Square.

Advertisement for the Telegraph Pattern Department, offering patterns for 10 cents. Includes a form for requesting patterns with fields for name, address, and city/state.

Zeb walked down again to unbarred Jim, who, when he found himself free, rolled over a few times and then settled down on his bench, with Eureka nestling comfortably beside his big, boney body. Then the boy returned to one of the upper rooms and, in spite of the hardness of the glass bench, was soon deep in slumberland.

When the Wizard awoke the six colored suns were shining down upon the Land of the Mangaboos just as they had done ever since his arrival. The little man, having had a good sleep, felt rested and refreshed, and looking through the glass partition of the room he saw Zeb sitting up on his bench, and yawning. So the Wizard went in to him.

"Zeb," said he, "my balloon is of no further use in this strange country, so I may as well leave it behind me. The animals and the people on the square where it fell. But in the basket are some things I would like to keep with me. I wish you would go and fetch me these things, in spite of their prettiness."

"I don't like these vegetable people," said the little girl. "They're cold and flabby like cabbage, in spite of their prettiness. I agree with you. It is because there is no warm blood in them," remarked the Wizard.

"But you are in need of a Sorcerer," said the Wizard, "and not one of those growing is yet ripe enough to pick. I am a eater than any them-covered sorcerer that ever grew in your garden. Why destroy me?"

"It is true we need a Sorcerer," acknowledged the Princess, "but I am informed that one of our own will be ready to pick in a few days, to take the place of Gwig whom you cut in two before it was time for him to be planted. Let us see your arts, and the sorceries you are able to perform. Then I will decide whether to destroy you with the others or not."

"I have heard of this wonderful magic. But it accomplishes nothing of value. What else can you do?"

Advertisement for Baker's Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a woman and a box of cocoa. Text includes 'BAKER'S COCOA IS GOOD for Breakfast Luncheon Dinner Supper' and 'WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd. Established 1780. CHESTER, MASS'.