

# A Word of Precaution.

JUST wherein lies the reason for the use of vegetable preparations for infants and children?

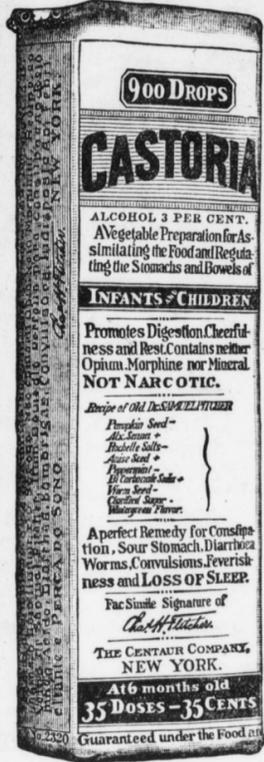
Why are any but vegetable preparations unsafe for infants and children?

Why are Syrups, Cordials and Drops condemned by all Physicians and most laymen?

Why has the Government placed a ban on all preparations containing, among other poisonous drugs, Opium in its variously prepared forms and pleasing tastes, and under its innumerable names?

These are questions that every Mother will do well to inquire about.

Any Physician will recommend the keeping of Fletcher's Castoria in the house for the common ailments of infants and children.



## Children Cry For



### Letters from Prominent Druggists addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

S. J. Briggs & Co., of Providence, R. I., say: "We have sold Fletcher's Castoria in our three stores for the past twenty years and consider it one of the best preparations on the market."

Mansur Drug Co., of St. Paul, Minn., says: "We are not in the habit of recommending proprietary medicines, but we never hesitate to say a good word for Castoria. It is a medical success."

Hegeman & Co., of New York City, N. Y., say: "We can say for your Castoria that it is one of the best selling preparations in our stores. That is conclusive evidence that it is satisfactory to the users."

W. H. Chapman, of Montreal, Que., says: "I have sold Fletcher's Castoria for many years and have yet to hear of one word other than praise of its virtues. I look upon your preparation as one of the few so called patent medicines having merit and unhesitatingly recommend it as a safe household remedy."

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS BEARS

the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

## Women and Their Interests

### The Wire Type

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Several correspondents have written to ask me to help them in determining the type of woman who will make a good wife. I believe in women in business and in the business of government. I respect the efficient woman wage-earner and include her in the category of "home keeping hearts" even though she be forced out of home and into the office during many hours of each day. For in the heart of every womanly woman there is an instinct for home making and home keeping that must express itself even in a fifth floor hall bedroom or in an expensive three-room suite of a modern hotel.

**The Wrong One**  
The gadabout woman who fills all the spare moments of her life with a feverish hunt for happiness will not make a good wife. The woman whose mind is littered with such "junk" as is formed by a kaleidoscope of tango teas, bridges, promenades in the avenue, shopping tours, flirtations, massages, Turkish baths, joy rides and beautification of face and gratification of body is a "gadabout." Beware of her.

George Du Maurier once wrote a beautiful bit of verse on life. The ideal wife would be the woman with whom a man would naturally and inevitably share such a simple and happy life.

A little work, a little play  
To keep us going—and so,  
Good day.

A little warmth, a little light,  
Of love's bestowings—and so,  
Good night.

A little fun to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing—and so,  
Good morrow.

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing—and so,  
Goodbye.

For a happy marriage many things are needed—love, sympathy, understanding, tenderness, congeniality. Both man and woman must bring this to the marriage.

No one can name the "type" of woman who will make a good wife—for the type depends on the type of man to whom it is to be mated.

In general every man would do well to consider character, health, congeniality, sweetness of disposition, reliability, ability to economize and manage consistently, common sense, domesticity, capability of affection and tact. But each individual man will require these things in varying degree.

**An Important Requirement**  
Congeniality is fully as important as love's self. For without sympathy and interests in common love disintegrates from lack of food. Without tenderness he freezes to death. Jealousy and lack of faith murder him.

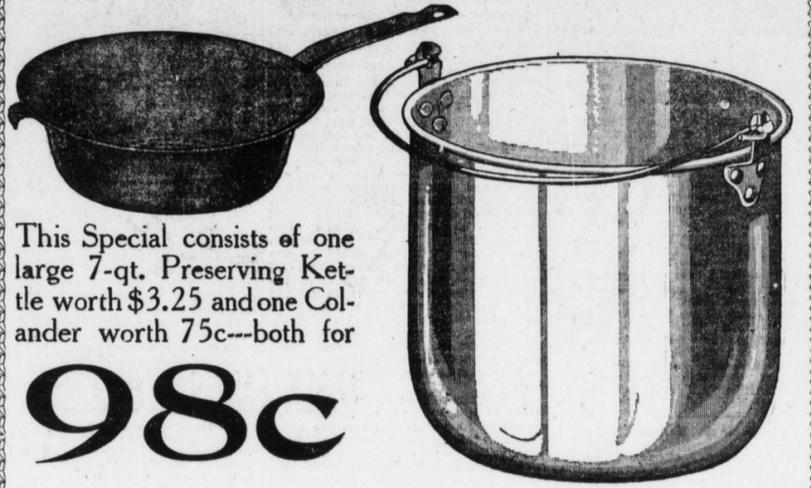
The woman who loves him and children, and who is also interested in the affairs of nation and world—the woman who is not flighty and silly, with pleasure her great goal; the woman who is not weak enough to be influenced by what her next door neighbor is doing, is the woman who makes a helpmate as well as a wife. But real love is a wonderful transmitter of dress to gold, and even the society butterfly sometimes becomes an earnest, faithful wife.

**IF YOUR PLAYER-PIANO PLAYS**  
65-note rolls, don't miss the 90 per cent discount sale this week. J. H. Troup Music House, 15 South Market Square.—Advertisement.

## A Wonder Value For Friday A. M.

Just at the Opportune Time---Preserving Season Special. Two Pieces of Guaranteed Pure Aluminum Ware, worth \$4.00, for

# 98c



This Special consists of one large 7-qt. Preserving Kettle worth \$3.25 and one Colander worth 75c--both for **98c**

NONE DELIVERED--PLEASE BRING CORRECT CHANGE

Our Store Will Close at Noon on Friday During July and August

Home | Gately & Fitzgerald Supply Co. | Family  
Furnishers | 29-31-33 and 35 S. Second Street | Clothiers  
Our Location Means a Great Saving to You

### Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

#### PARENTAL OBJECTIONS

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I am 18 and am in love with a man two years my senior. He acts, talks and looks as if he were much older. He loves me, but our friendship has to be kept secret because of his parents' objections. I repeatedly ask him to tell his parents that he loves me and has serious intentions, but he says he has already told them, but to no ad-

vantage. If he should happen to meet me when he is accompanied by his mother he only nods and walks on. Kindly advise me what both he and I should do under these circumstances and if it is wise to continue this secret love affair with his people in ignorance because of their objections?  
G. E. M.

Are you sure that you have not given this boy's parents some cause to feel that you are unworthy of their son's love? Perhaps if he arranges a meeting between you and his mother you can win her regard. If not, I should not permit myself to be in the position of having a friendship that had to be hidden from the man's par-

ents. He must either defend you loyally from slights—or give you up.

#### AT A DANCE

Dear Miss Fairfax:  
Will you please tell me the proper thing to say when a gentleman thanks you for a dance, and also if it is proper to go out for refreshments with one fellow when you have come to a dance with another?  
PERPLEXED.

Say, "Thank you, I enjoyed it too," or any gracious, friendly words that occur to you. It is very discourteous to go out for refreshments with any but your escort.

### THIS LONG KIMONO FOUND MOST USEFUL

Pattern May Be Shortened to Dressing Sack if One Wishes



8286 Long or Short Kimono, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.

WITH OR WITHOUT SHIRTINGS, WITH THREE-QUARTER OR LONG SLEEVES.

The simple, plain kimono is after all one of the best. It is easy to slip on and there is no unnecessary fullness. It can be run up in no time so that it is easy to have a variety. This one means only two seams but, in spite of that fact, it represents three such distinctly different possibilities as practically to represent three different garments. The plain long kimono is a most comfortable and satisfactory negligee. The plain sacque makes a good dressing jacket. If either the long kimono or the jacket is made with the shirtings, it becomes slightly more formal and can be used for the home breakfast and occasions of the sort.

For the medium size, the long kimono will require 4 1/2 yds. of material 27, 3 3/4 yds. 36 or 44 in. wide, with 1 3/4 yds. any width or 4 3/4 yds. of ribbon 6 in. wide for the bands; the sacque 2 yds. 27, 1 3/4 yds. 36 or 44 in. wide, with 1/2 yd. of material or 3 yds. of ribbon 5 in. wide for the bands.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

### The QUARRY

By JOHN A. MOROSO

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Up from the distant ocean the clouds rolled in great black folds, ripped raggedly in white streaks as the lightning played and as the thunderous voices proclaimed that a hot sky and a smiling sea had brought forth a summer's storm.

The gale increased as the afternoon waned, and as his cloth reservoir filled he squatted beside it, making fast the sticks that held the corners and carefully guarding it. Twice he leaned over and drank thirstily when it filled and began to overflow.

He was groping for more sticks of driftwood to strengthen his reservoir supports when a white object in the marsh grass struck his eye.

In the gloaming of a stormy twilight he could not make out just what the object was, and he parted the grass and leaned nearer. He recoiled with a little cry of horror. He had looked upon the face of a drowned man!

For several minutes he stood naked and shivering, awed but not frightened. Then he parted the grass again, reached down and dragged to his little island the abandoned tenement of a man's soul.

James Montgomery knelt beside the body and prayed. And as he prayed there came to his mind the thought that none other than his merciful Father in heaven had sent to him this outcast of life. He had brought with him an offering of a suit of clothes. In the pitch black of a night of storm the fugitive put upon the dead man the blouse with the white disk and white star of honor and the baggy trousers. In the soaked and muddled suit of working clothes he took in exchange Montgomery knelt for a final prayer in parting with the dead and then disappeared in the marsh grass toward the nearest shore lights.

As the men directing the bands of hunters reported by telephone from hour to hour that no trace of the escaped convict had been found the warden of Sing Sing extended his zone of search. Inspector Ranscombe was reached by telephone at his New York home. He gave orders for a search of all railroad yards, and the Oak street police station was instructed over the telephone to send a man to the little flat in Oliver street and rout out Mike Kearney.

At headquarters the Lieutenant in charge of the detective bureau informed Kearney that there was no reason for haste.

"The Inspector just telephoned for you to wait here until he comes," he said. "Jim Montgomery, the yegg you sent up for life, escaped from Sing Sing last night and"—

"What?" gasped Kearney.

The tone of his voice was that of a man who had been deeply aggrieved. "How'd he get out?"

"Here's a morning paper. It will give you all the details."

Kearney read the story carefully and then went to the identification bureau and secured all the records in the case of the police against James Montgomery. The Inspector arrived at 9 o'clock, and Kearney was summoned before him immediately.

"Well, Mike," hailed the Inspector, "what do you think of the departure of Mr. Montgomery?"

Kearney shrugged his shoulders. "He ain't the first yegg to get out," he said. "They got plenty of money and don't mind spending it. The papers say he was the best machinist in the prison. I guess he'll be using electric drills on safes around the country."

"He was only a boy as I remember him," suggested the Inspector, "and somehow he impressed me as truthful, although the evidence convicted him of the crime."

"There's lots of boy wonders among the crooks," replied the detective. "There's the Boston Kid, Little Jimmie Moran, Baby Bernstein and a whole raft of them that's just out of short pants."

"Well, everything is pretty quiet now," said the Inspector, "and we might just as well spend a little time on the Montgomery escape. Do you think you can find him?"

"I gotta good start on the job," Kearney replied. "We got his record. He can grow whiskers, change his name and hide where he wants to, but if I ever get the print of one of his fingers and check up on it he comes back to Mulberry street with me."

It is only a part of an hour's journey from the Grand Central station, in Forty-second street, to the prison village of Ossining.

Detective Lieutenant Michael Kearney presented himself in the warden's office at Sing Sing at 10:30 o'clock the morning after the escape of convict No. 60,108.

He showed his authority to the warden and said abruptly, "We put him in here for life, and we want to get him back here and keep him here."

The warden flushed, but controlled his anger.

"Well, this isn't exactly the place to hunt for No. 60,108," said he. "He left here about 11 o'clock last night."

"Did he have any help from the outside?" asked Kearney.

"None that we know of. He managed to slip out in a box with a lot of machinery."

"Did he get any inside help?"

"None that we know of."

[To Be Continued]

## Veta Solves the Polishing Problems

NO more "back-breaking"—"dirt a flying," "clothes all dirty" jobs. Veta is the cleanest, easiest and most economical way to "shine up" you have ever tried, and you can't possibly get soiled because Veta polishes come in a "Clean tube." A pressure does it.

In addition Veta polishes are made of the best materials that can be put into a polish.

Keeps Hands Clean

# VETA

VERY EASY TO APPLY

A Brilliant Shine

### VETA STOVE POLISH

will make that red, rusty stove look like new and keep it looking that way and then it's so very easy to apply. Veta Stove Polish is fireproof and lasts long. Tube of polish, brush and dauber are in one, the tube fits in handle of brush, an opening permits thumb to press it when applying. That's all—no fuss, no dirt; always ready for instant use.

Single tubes, 10c. Brush and dauber, 40c.

### VETA SHOE POLISH

Shines shoes in a jiffy. No dirty, sticky lids to knock off, you just press the tube and go to it and get the dandiest looking "shine" you have ever had; a brilliant rain-proof lasting shine.

Veta outfit, consisting of tube, mitt or dauber with polishing cloth—25c. In black or tan, at all dealers.

# 10c

The Veta Manufacturing Company  
ALLENTOWN, U. S. A.

At the J. H. Troup Music House. Why? Investigate for yourself. We're glad to have you do so any time. Ware-rooms, 15 South Market Square.—Advertisement.