

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

"Their Married Life"

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The waiting room at Lacy's department store was crowded as Helen entered and looked around. Laura had asked her to come there for lunch, but as yet she herself had not put in an appearance. Helen sat down in one of the few remaining chairs and glanced idly at the woman next to her. People always interested Helen. She liked to speculate on their lives from their appearances. She could amuse herself any time in a crowd doing this very thing.

Suddenly Laura Wilson came in and looked eagerly around. Helen walked across the room to meet her, wondering vaguely what had changed Laura so obviously. Over the telephone her voice had sounded triumphant, but Helen was not prepared for such a radical change in dress.

"Whatever have you done to yourself, Laura?" she said as they walked to a table by the window. "I am eaten up with curiosity concerning the news you have to tell me, too, so please begin right away."

Laura was dressed very simply in plain white linen with a soft sheer collar and dainty turned-back cuffs. Laura drew off her gloves before speaking. Then she leaned across the table and looked at Helen steadily.

"The most wonderful thing in the world has happened to me, Helen, and it hasn't come all at once either. I have been on the point of calling you up before, but each time I decided to wait until you'd really notice a difference."

"Of course, I notice a difference. I told you long ago how pretty you'd be if you didn't pull your hair right straight back and if you wore more clothes that were really becoming. That dress is a dear, and the hat is so becoming, but, Laura, please get to the point. I am so interested."

"We'd better decide what we want to eat first," said Laura composedly, and again Helen was surprised. Before, when she had gone anywhere with Laura, Helen had always taken the initiative in everything, and now Laura was going ahead in a way entirely foreign to her. Decidedly things had changed.

"I'm not very hungry. I think I'll have a salad, and some iced coffee—chicken salad, I guess, is as good as any."

Laura gave the order to the waiter, who departed, and then she turned to Helen again with a smile.

"Well, in the first place, Helen, I have had a raise!" She said back and waited for Helen to exclaim over this piece of luck before she went on.

Helen exclaimed delightedly over this information.

"Why, Laura, I think that's simply splendid, but do tell me about it, and is it very much?"

"Not so very much. I am getting twenty-two dollars now, but six dollars makes a big difference in a great many ways, I can tell you. Do you remember the day I had almost made up my mind to leave, and I let Mr. Richards talk me over? I was pretty miserable that day, I don't think I'll forget it in a hurry."

Used To Be a Grumbler
Helen did remember it very well. It had been a very trying afternoon for her, and then Warren had taken them both to the theater that evening.

"I remember that you were very unhappy, dear, I was so sorry for you!"

"I used to be a perpetual grumbler, Helen, and you were always so good to me, when I knew there were plenty of times that I didn't deserve your pity."

"Nonsense, Laura! You know very well that I had everything in the world to make me happy and you had no one to care!"

told me that I had been very faithful and that they had decided to give me a raise in salary. He asked me if I would be entirely satisfied if they made my salary the same as the one I had been offered some time ago. Of course, I said yes; I was only too glad to have any kind of a raise, and then he said: "Well, Miss Wilson, I'll make \$2 more because you didn't desert us that time."

"Of course, I was delighted, and I thanked him rather rapturously for me; I think it rather surprised him. Anyway, he looked at me curiously, and as he turned back to his work asked me why I didn't smile that way more frequently. It wasn't much, but it gave me something to think about for the rest of the day."

"There isn't so very much left to tell. I decided then and there that we get out of life what we put into it, and I have been trying to live with that motto before my eyes ever since. I bought a couple of simple dresses and began to fix my hair becomingly, and then I actually began to practice smiling before my mirror every night."

"And now you don't smile that way any more, I can see that," put in Helen eagerly; "you have the dearest smile, Laura, I have always noticed that; it seems to come from inside and it reaches your eyes last."

"Yes, I smile now whether I have anything to smile at or not, and it really helps a lot in making me feel bright and happy. I really had to show off for you, Helen, so here I am. This salad is very good, don't you think so?"

Helen had been looking at Laura intently.

"Isn't there anything more?" she said suddenly.

Laura, taken unawares, flushed scarlet.

"Isn't that enough?" she stammered, and then, gaining her self-possession quickly, "I should think you'd be tired to death listening to me rave."

"You might as well tell me the rest, Laura," ignoring the remark; "that blush was enough to give away any secret. Don't you want to tell me?"

Laura was silent, then she looked up and smiled that peculiarly attractive smile of hers.

"Mr. Richards has been nice to me ever since," she said softly, meeting Helen's direct glance with slightly heightened color and a look in her eyes that Helen had never imagined could be there. "And last night he asked me to be his wife," this last very softly.

"Oh, Laura," breathed Helen, "you don't know how happy I am for you! Why, I just can't tell you how I feel!"

"Don't you really believe I know, Helen? I couldn't have told you if I hadn't believed you would feel as you do. But I don't think anyone, even you, can know how happy I feel; they're playing that Sari waltz; isn't it lovely?"

Helen was silent as they listened to the music. She knew that Laura did understand her feelings on the subject, and even if she had wanted to it would have been impossible for her to say anything more just then.

A Little Girl of Eleven
"You know Mr. Richards has been married before," Laura went on, after a few minutes, when the music had stopped and she and Helen had both come back to earth, "but his wife has been dead for several years. He has a little daughter eleven years old. Helen, it seems so wonderful to have someone who really cares. Sometimes I wake up in the night with the idea that it can't be true. And now I must rush back, or I'll be late."

(Another incident in this story of human interest will appear on this page soon.)

SIMULATED TUNIC
IS MADE BY A TUCK
The Gown Is Less Heavy Than
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8306 Gown with Simulated Tunic, 34 to 42 bust.

WITH THREE-PIECE SKIRT. THREE-QUARTER OR LONG SLEEVES.

The gown that is made with a simulated tunic has many advantages. It gives all the effect of the fashionable over-skirt while it means only the weight of one, it involves the use of less material and it means less labor than making two skirts while the effect is quite as good. This one will be found a good model for linen in its various weaves, the heavier cotton crepes and the like and also for the foulard and the taffeta that are put to all uses.

In the illustration, buff linen is combined with white and that the combination is always a beautiful one while just now it is one of the smartest possible. The three-piece skirt is a very simple one to make. The tuck is laid on indicated lines and the kimono bodice means only two seams.

For the medium size, the gown will require 6 3/4 yds. of material 27, 44 yds., 36 or 44 in. wide, with 7/8 yd. 27 in. wide for the vestee, collar and cuffs. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1 yd. and 20 in.

The pattern of the gown 8306 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

Miss Fairfax
Answers Queries

DON'T DESPAIR

Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly advise me what to do. I'm a young girl of eighteen and considered good looking. I am kept very, very strict by my parents. We have no money and I am always in the store, even Sundays. I am not allowed to go for a walk. I am not allowed to have any men friends. We have complained to my parents, but they don't seem to care.

PERPLEXED.
You are very young, my dear girl, and all the possibilities of life are still before you. Your parents probably mean only to protect you from the silliness and affection that are spoiling girls to-day. Be simple and sweet and modest, and your big happiness will come to you most unexpectedly. Prove to your parents that you are a sensible, trustworthy girl, and I am sure as soon as any desirable friends come your way they will do all in their power to foster the acquaintance.

HE MAY HAVE A REASON

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Live with my marriage in a small city. I have chances to go to dances where I can meet the nice boys and girls of the town, but my brother-in-law objects. He says for them and am paid for my services, and don't you think it is selfish for him to try to keep me away from these dances which are always given at nice places? MYRTLE.
Possibly your brother-in-law thinks he is guarding your best interests. Go to him in a friendly spirit and talk it over. Remind him of his own youthful yearning for friends and fun and assure him that a little play will enable you to bring added zest to your work.

"A HIGH SCHOOL AFFAIR"

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am a girl in the middle of my teens and in the midst of what is generally spoken of as a "high school affair."
I know it is silly for me to think of love yet, but the more I try to forget and get over it the worse it seems to become. Can you suggest any way which might help matters? Do you think things would be better if I would simply let them take their course instead of trying to prevent them? The boy is all that can be desired in every possible way, and I believe he thinks more of me than I do of him; but I cannot bear the idea of liking any one as well as I do him at my age and in my position, for I have never planned out for myself for years ahead.

M. R.
Really, my dear girl, you seem so sensible and logical that I feel sure you can manage your affair very well. You surely realize that you are years too young for marriage and that you have much to accomplish before you are ready for a serious love affair. Suppose you simply try not to think about this at all and just force yourself to keep your mind on your work and your ambitions. I have faith in the ultimate common sense of the girl who wrote your analytical letter.

DON'T MAGNIFY TRIFLES

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am giving private lessons in English to a young lady whom I have learned to love dearly. I am a college student with good prospects for the future.
According to some of her actions to-

Southern Man Saw First Coal Fire in His Life

Special to The Telegraph
Waynesboro, Pa., Aug. 5.—John Smith, an old resident of Virginia, is spending sometime at the Glendon Heights cottage, Pen Mar Park, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Haines. Last week, during the cold snap, he witnessed the first coal fire he ever saw in the sixty years of his life. Down "whar he came from" they have open fireplaces and the good, old-fashioned hearth and wood stove fires. They never see a pound of coal from one year's end to another and Mr. Smith didn't know what it looked like, sah, till he saw it at Pen Mar.

Black Hand on Porch

Special to The Telegraph
Sunbury, Pa., Aug. 5.—Frederick J. Waltz, ex-police chief of Sunbury, yesterday awoke to find a huge black hand lying on his front porch. It was made of wood and had good marks on it. Waltz was a terror to evildoers in his official days.

The New Baby is World's Wonder

Every tiny infant makes life's perspective wider and brighter. And whatever there is to enhance its arrival and to ease and comfort the expectant mother should be given attention. Among the real helpful things is an external abdominal application known as "Mother's Friend." There is scarcely a community but who has its enthusiastic admirer of this splendid embrocation. It is so well thought of by women who know that most drug stores throughout the United States carry "Mother's Friend" as one of their staple and reliable remedies. It is applied to the abdominal muscles to relieve the strain on ligaments and tendons.

LAST DAY FOR "ATLANTIS"

Thousands of theatergoers and moving picture fans have seen and enjoyed the mammoth moving picture, "Atlantis," at the Colonial Theater. This is the last day that the picture will be shown. To-morrow a new bill of vaudeville goes on at the Colonial for the balance of the week, and with this there will be daily two-reel features and the best single reels obtainable in the market. To-day's big six-reel feature, will miss a great treat if they let to-day go by. The feature to-morrow will be "A Letter From Home," two-reel Essanay; Friday, "Romantic Joie," two-reel Vitagraph, and Country Store Friday night; Saturday, "The Identification," in two acts.—Advertisement.

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1310 NORTH THIRD STREET

Trout Family Reunion

Special to The Telegraph
Marietta, Pa., Aug. 5.—Preparations are being made for the annual reunion of the Trout family, which will be held at Red Lion, York county, Saturday, August 15. A complete literary and musical program will be given, and the family history read by Frank M. Trout, of Quarryville.

Bald Eagle Killed

Gettysburg, Pa., Aug. 5.—A bald eagle was shot yesterday by John W. Epley, of Sedgewick, while the huge bird was devouring a pig which it killed and carried from the farm of Henry Swartz, near Rock creek. The eagle measured seven and a half feet from tip to tip of wings and weighed ten pounds. The bird had carried the pig a mile.

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- 6x15.2 Body Brussels Rugs . . . \$22.50
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