

Women AND THEIR Interests

DON'T Is Her Advice to Generous But Badly Mistaken Young Woman

By DOROTHY DIX

A young girl who makes a good salary is in love with a youth who is just starting on a college course. The girl wants to know what I think about her financing the young man's education and supporting him while he goes to school. She says that to do this would require her to make many sacrifices, that she would have to skimp and pinch and economize in every possible way in the present, but that she feels that she would be gloriously happy in the future when the young man came home with his diploma and married her.

My advice to her is—DON'T. Don't do it, little girl, as you value your money and value your love. There are many ways to kill love, but none is so swift and deadly as for a woman to put a man under financial obligations to her.

Take your money and buy Wild Cat preferred. Back a scheme for raising the treasure of Captain Kidd from the depths of the ocean. Buy a gold brick from a sick Indian who has a hidden mine if you are bound to throw away what you earn. All of these gilt-edged investments compared to speculating in a sweetheart. That is a risk so great and hazardous that no plunger on earth except a fool woman would even think about taking it.

Sit down quietly in your room and size up the situation, little girl. First consider the character of the man who would take the hard earnings of a working girl. If you were a million-airess and wanted to bestow a few thousands that you'd never miss on him it might not matter, although personally I think that the education

that is bought at the price of a man making a mendicant of himself costs more than it comes to. Still, if you had lots of money and he had none, the man might justify himself in taking part of it.

But how can he justify himself in his own eyes, or in your eyes, for taking your few little dollars, every one of which represents some pitiful economy, some crucifixion of a need or taste, some hour of weariness? Any man who had one spark of manliness or independence in him would die before he would touch such money. Any man who had one throb of love in his heart for a working girl would perish before he would let her spend her hard-earned money on him.

There are some things that a real man just can't do, and one of them is to make a ladder by which to climb up on the tender, soft young shoulders of a girl. He doesn't crush the girl he pretends to love in his efforts to get on, and so, before you invest in such a man, look him over and see if you don't think he's a pretty poor bargain, and not worth the price.

Also, little girl, turn a calmly appraising eye on the future and try to visualize to yourself what is sure to happen. Suppose you do spend all your money on educating this young man. At the best you must put in from four to six years of the hardest kind of work, and of anxiety and waiting. You will have to live poorly and deny yourself of all the pleasures of your time of life, all the little luxuries, all the good clothes that go far toward helping a woman along in business.

The inevitable result will be that you will age under the process, that you will lose your good looks and, if you are a marvel of self-control, that you will get peevish and sour. Also, with you in the counting-room and him in the college, he is practically sure to outgrow you mentally.

Do you think that he will come back then and marry you? Or, if he does marry you, that he will marry you from any feeling but a sense of

duty? And if he does marry you, do you think that you will be a congenial and harmonious couple? Believe me, little sister, there are no husbands and wives so widely separated as those who have the width of an education between them.

Of course, the man who wants your money tells you that he will love you forever and a day for giving it to him, and that he will bless your name with gratitude. That is what all borrowers say, and yet the whole consensus of human experience shows that the debtor always hates the person to whom he is under obligations. That has passed into a proverb, so that we say that when you lend money to a friend you love your friend and your money both.

If this is true of transactions between men, it is doubly true when the woman is the giver and the man is the beneficiary. The sense of dependence on a woman is gall and wormwood to a man, and he hates her for the very favors that he accepts.

Many rich women marry poor men, but not once in a thousand times are such marriages happy, no matter how generous and tactful the wife is in dealing with her husband. Many men sit down supinely and let their wives support them, but you will never see in such a household a husband who is not the ill-tempered dog that bites the hand that feeds it.

You can buy many things with money, little girl, but you can't buy a real man and real love. The most that you can get is an imitation man loaded up with a lot of hot air about affection, and gratitude, that won't pan out pure gold in the test of life. Don't waste your money on such worthless truck. It isn't worth the price of a single hour's extra work or the cutting down on a single lunch.

And remember this, little girl—be suspicious of the man who reaches out for your pocketbook while he makes love to you. He's no Romeo. He's a con artist, and he has taken you for an easy mark. Don't be silly enough to fall for him.

THE LAST SHO

By FREDERICK PALMER
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[Continued]

"Yes?" he asked. "Yes? Go on!" And he thought: "I'm really having a very good time."

"You see, I came home from my tour with an idea—an idea for a life occupation just as engrossing as yours," she went on, "and opposed to yours. I saw there was no use of working with the grown-up folks. They must be left to The Hague conferences and the peace societies. But children are quite able to do the world over. You can plant thoughts in the young that will take root and grow as they grow."

"Patriotism, for instance," he observed narrowly.

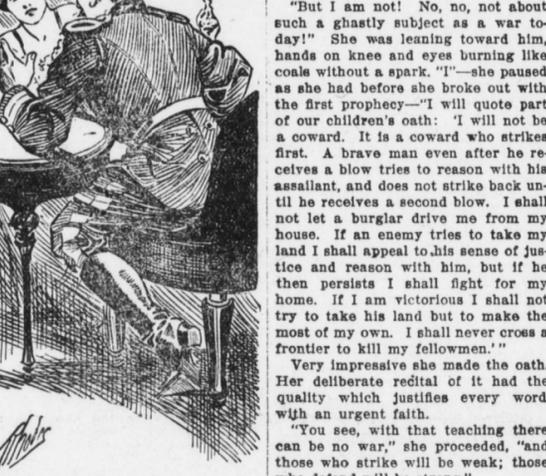
"No, the follies of martial patriotism! The wickedness of war, which is the product of martial patriotism!"

The follies of patriotism! This was the red flag of anarchy to him. He started to speak, flushing angrily, but he held his tongue and only emitted a "whew!" in good-humored wonder.

"I see you are not very frightened by my opposition," she rejoined in a flash of amusement not wholly untempered by exasperation.

"We got the appropriation for an additional army corps this year," he explained contentedly, his repose completely regained.

"Thus increasing the odds against us. But perhaps not; for we are dealing with the children not with recruits, as I said. We call ourselves the teachers of peace. I organized the first class in La Tir. I have the chil-



This Was the Red Flag of Anarchy to Him.

dren come together every Sunday morning and I tell them about the children that live in other countries. I tell them that a child a thousand miles away is just as much a neighbor as the one across the street. At first I feared that they would find it uninteresting. But if you know how to talk to them they don't."

"Naturally they don't, when you talk to them," he interrupted.

She was so intent that she passed over the compliment with a gesture like that of brushing away a cobweb. Her eyes were like deep, clear wells of faith and purpose.

"I try to make the children of other countries so interesting that our children will like them too well ever to want to kill them when they grow up. We have a little peace prayer—they have even come to like to recite it—a prayer and an oath. But I'll not bother you with it. Other women have taken up the idea. I have found a girl who is going to start a class on your side in South La Tir, and I came here to meet some women who want to inaugurate the movement in your capital."

"I'll have to see about that!" he rejoined, half-banteringly, half-threateningly.

"There is something else to come, even more irritating," she said, less intently and smiling. "So please be prepared to hold your temper."

"I shall not beat my fist on the table defending war as you did defending peace!" he retorted with significant enjoyment.

But she used his retort for an opening.

"Oh, I'd rather you would do that than jest! It's human. It's going to war because one is angry. You would go to war as a matter of cold reason."

"If otherwise, I should lose," he replied.

"Exactly. You make it easy for me to approach my point. I want to prevent you from losing!" she announced cheerfully yet very seriously.

"Yes? Proceed. I brace myself against an explosion of indignation!"

"It is the duty of a teacher of peace to use all her influence with the people she knows," she went on. "So I am going to ask you not to let your country ever go to war against mine while you are chief of staff."

"Mine against yours?" he equivocated. "Why, you live almost within gunshot of the line! Your people have as much Gray as Brown blood in their veins. Your country! My country! Isn't that patriotism?"

"Patriotism, but not martial patriotism," she corrected him. "My thought is to stop war for both countries as war, regardless of sides. Promise me that you will not permit it!"

"I do not permit it!" He smiled with the kindly patronage of a great man who sees a charming woman flounder-

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Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—MRS. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Signs Her Name on Docket in "Yiddish"

When Joe Smith and May Sief, both of this city, applied for a marriage license they answered all the questions readily and signed up application docket. May's signature aroused a little curiosity however among the marriage bureau attaches and then she smilingly explained: "It's in Yiddish!"

"Um-well," murmured a clerk in the recorder's office, "I suppose it is!"

Whether or not it was the hot weather of August attaches in the marriage bureau wouldn't say to-day in discussing the small number of licenses issued, but the docket for August spoke for itself and demonstrated plainly that Cupid didn't do so well during the past month. All told there were but eighty-four licenses issued.

Harrisburg Girls Will Enter Irving College

The following young women from Harrisburg will enter Irving College and Music Conservatory when the fifty-ninth session opens September 22: Miss Vera Valentina Care, Frances Elizabeth Daniels, Margaret Christine Fleisher, Edith Katharine Flower, Mary Matilda Goodyear, Avis Grove, Mabel Irene Grunden, Edna Margaret Hutton, Elba Irene Romberg, Rachel Hilda Schlosser, Marian Gertrude Smith, Olive Beatrice Thomas, Esther Susan Wengert, Marian Strouse.

Austrians' Position Is Reported as Dangerous

London, Sept. 1, 7.15 A. M.—Commenting on the temerity of the Austrians in crossing the Vistula, apparently with the intention of joining hands with the army engaged in the province of Lublin, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Times says: "By placing the Vistula between themselves and their base at Cracow, the Austrians are running a terrible risk. We must conclude that there is an urgent need in Lublin, where according to the headquarters staff, desperate fighting has been in progress for nearly a week."

BREAKFAST JACKET WITH ELBOW FLARED EFFECT

A Becoming Negligee That is Sure to Be in Demand

By MAY MANTON



8368 House Jacket, 34 to 44 bust.

The negligee is always a garment dear to the woman's own heart, for it represents dainty charm and relaxation at the same time. This one is quite new, giving the flared ripple effect in the pelum and can be worn over any simple pretty skirt or made with skirt to match, and from almost any simple material. Some of the flowered challis are very charming for garments of the sort, the cotton voiles and cotton crepes make up most attractively in such ways while among them are to be found the prettiest and most attractive possible color effects. The sleeves are separate but are joined to the garment at the long shoulder line, so giving the Japanese effect. The jacket is a very easy and simple one to make.

In the illustration, flowered challis is trimmed with Valenciennes lace banding and ribbon frills.

For the medium size, the negligee will require 3 1/2 yds. of material 27, 3 yds. 36, 2 1/2 yds. 44 in. wide, with 10 yds. of banding, 5 1/2 yds. of ruffling.

The pattern 8368 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 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.

Germans Tell Another Story of Destruction of City of Louvain

London, Sept. 1, 4.50 A. M.—A Copenhagen dispatch to the Times says that the German difficulty in justifying the destruction of Louvain is shown to-day by the publication of a new version, different from the former and apparently a story untrue.

It is said that the inhabitants, finding only one battalion of reserves and a transport column in the town, formed the impression that the Germans were evacuating the town. Thereupon the priests served out ammunition to the populace which fired upon the unsuspecting Germans from all sides, wounding many.

The German patrol wagons were also attacked. Twenty-four hours of street fighting followed and as a result, part of the town was burned. The previous version had said that the attack was deliberately devised by the Belgian authorities to synchronize with a sortie in Antwerp.

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Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24, 1914.

TRAINS Leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6:15 a. m., 7:15 a. m., 11:35 a. m., 3:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m., 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 2:27, 6:30, 9:30 a. m.

For Dillsburg at 6:03, 7:50 and 11:55 a. m., 2:15, 4:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p. m.

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AN EARLY FALL SPECIAL

Women's and Misses' Cloth Coat Suits

\$15.00

ACTUAL VALUE \$20.

Materials of all-wool Men's wear Serge, novelty chevrons and wool crepes. Stunning models in the long and short coat effects. All coats lined with guaranteed satin and are hand-tailored. Colors, black, navy, Russian green and chocolate brown, in all sizes for women and misses.

Many have already taken advantage of this early Fall special.

Women's and Misses' Cloth Coats

\$2.95

ACTUAL VALUE \$6.50

The favorite Balmacaen Coat, made of good quality English mixtures, Raglan shoulder, turnback cuffs, button trimmed, and plait down the back. Will make a very desirable coat for early fall wear. A lucky purchase of last week enables us to quote this low price. All sizes for Women and Misses.

AN EARLY FALL SPECIAL

Women's and Misses' Separate Cloth Skirts

\$2.45

ACTUAL VALUE \$3.50.

Made of all-wool men's wear Serge. Colors, black and navy. The new yoke style, also the long Russian tunic and Roman stripe flounce. All regular waist bands, 23 to 30.

Separate Cloth Skirts For Large Women

\$2.95

ACTUAL VALUE \$4.00.

Made of all-wool men's wear Serge. Colors, black and navy. Just the sensible style for big women, with kick plaits on sides and cut very full. All large size waist bands 30 to 38 inches.

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