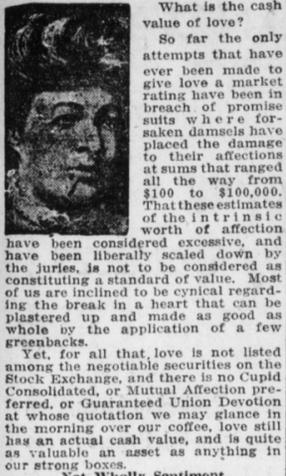


The Cash Value of Love?

By DOROTHY DIX



What is the cash value of love? So far the only attempts that have ever been made to give love a market rating have been in breach of promise suits where forsaken damsels have placed the damage to their affections at sums that ranged all the way from \$100 to \$100,000. That these estimates of the intrinsic worth of affection have been considered excessive, and have been liberally scaled down by the juries, is not to be considered as constituting a standard of value. Most of us are inclined to be cynical regarding the break in a heart that can be pieced up and made as good as whole by the application of a few greenbacks.

Yet, for all that, love is not listed among the negotiable securities on the Stock Exchange, and there is no Cupid Consolidated, or Mutual Affection preferred, or Guaranteed Union Devotion at whose quotation we may glance in the morning over our coffee, love still has an actual cash value, and is quite as valuable an asset as anything in our strong boxes.

Not Wholly Sentiment

Nor does this refer wholly to any sentimental consideration. It is a cold, hard, business proposition that the ability to win love is just as much a factor in any one's success in the world as is the ability to earn money.

Who are the people that we help, that we lend money to, and whose credit we boost into success? The worthy? The needy? The industrious and thrifty? Not at all. It is the people we like.

Who are the ones we should invest in? The especially gifted? The

unusually fit? Not a bit of it. It is the people we like. Genius allied to an appealing personality still starves in garrets, while agreeable mediocrity has golden opportunities thrown in its way.

All of us do things for people because we are fond of them that we would not do for them because it was their due to save their lives.

The most forcible illustration, however, that the world affords of the real cash value of love is to be found in the domestic relationship. Nobody ever appraises a man's love for his wife as a tangible asset, yet in reality the worth of a genuine case of affection for his wife runs the capital on which any man is doing business up \$50,000 a year.

Love Makes Him a Man

If he is violently in love with her this figure may be safely doubted, while if he thinks she is the only woman in the world and that nothing is good enough for her, he has practically unlimited financial resources. This is not an exaggerated statement; "Love hath made this thing a man," said Kipling of a little whimpering halfbreed who turned heroic in a moment of trial for the sake of a woman. Love has also turned many a poor man into a millionaire. It is a power so great that it is genius in itself.

Just because he wants to clothe some woman he loves in silks and jewels makes many a naturally indolent man into a hustler. The knowledge that a woman believes in him, and expects him to succeed, nerves a man up to the very best that is in him, just as the knowledge that his wife is indifferent to him, and will nag him, and twist him with his failures, saps his energies and paralyzes his courage.

A quiet, peaceful, happy home is such an element in a man's success, a tender, affectionate, loving wife is such an inspiration to him, that it is a wonder that even selfish women, who care for only what they can get out of their husbands, have not sense enough to see that in falling to give a man any

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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[Continued]

His elation... his plans going right was that of the instrument of Partow's training and Marta's service. He pressed the hands of the men around him; his voice caught in his gratitude and his breaths were very short at times, like those of a spent, happy runner at the goal. Feeding on victory and growing greedy of more, his division chiefs were discussing how to press the war till the Grays sued for peace; and he was silent in the midst of their talk, which was interrupted by the ringing of the tunnel telephone.

When he came out of his bedroom, Lanstron's distress was so evident that those who were seated arose and the others drew near in inquiry and sympathy. It seemed to them that the chief of staff, the head of the machine, who had left the room had returned an individual.

and thither with messages, in want of wires. Commanders had been told to hold, but how and where to hold? They saw neighboring regiments and brigades going and they had to go. The machine, the complicated modern war machine, was broken; the machine, with its nerves of intelligence cut, became a thing of disconnected parts; each part working out its own salvation. Authority ceased to be that of the bureau and army lists. It was that of units racked by hardship, acting on the hour's demand.

"Gorged was the pass road, overflowing with the struggling tumult of men and vehicles. Self-preservation breaking the bonds of discipline was in the ascendant, and it sought the highway, even as water keeps to the river bed. Like specks on the laboring tide was the white of bandages. An ambulance trying to cut out to one side was overturned. The frantic chauffeur and hospital-corps orderly were working to extricate the wounded from their painful position. A gun was overturned against the ambulance. A melee of horses and men was forming at the foot of the garden gate in front of the narrowing bounds of the road into the town, as a stream banks up before a jam of driftwood. The struggle for right of way became increasingly wild; the dam of men, horses, and wagons grew. A Brown dirigible was descending toward the great target; but on closer view its commander forbore, the humane impulse outweighing the desire for retribution for colleagues in camp and mess who had gone down in a holocaust in the aerial battles of the night.

"The connection was broken while we were speaking!" he said blankly. "That means it must have been cut by the enemy—that the enemy knows of its existence!"

"Perhaps not. Perhaps an accident—a chance shot," said the vice-chief. "No, I'm sure not," Lanstron replied. "I am sure that it was cut deliberately and not by her."

"The 53d Regiment is going forward in that direction—the same regiment that defended the house—and it can't go any faster that it is going," the vice-chief continued, rather incoherently. "And the others no less felt the news as a personal blow. Though absent in person, Marta had become in spirit an intimate of their hopes and counsels.

"She is helpless—in their power!" Lanstron said. "There is no telling what they might do to her in the rage of their discovery. I must go to her! I am going to the front!"

Under the awful spell of the panorama, she did not see Westering, who had stopped only a few feet distant with his aide and his valet, nor did he notice her as the tumult glared his eyes. He was as an artist who looks on the ribbons of the canvas of his painting, or the sculptor on the fragments of his statue. Worse still, with no faith to give him fortitude except the materialistic, he saw the altar of his god of military efficiency in ruins. He who had not allowed the word retreat to enter his lexicon now saw a rout. He had laughed at reserve armies in last night's feverish defiance, at Turcas's advocacy of a slower and surer method of attack. In those hours of smiting at a wall with his fists and forehead, in denial of all the truth so clear to average military logic, if he had only even a few conventional directions all this disorder would have been avoided. His army could have fallen back in orderly fashion to their own range. The machine out of order, he had attempted no repair; he had allowed it to trash itself to pieces.

The artillery's maceration of the human jam suddenly ceased; perhaps because the gunners had seen the Red Cross flag which a doctor had the presence of mind to wave. Westering turned from a sight worse to him than the killing—that of the flowing retreat along the road pressing frantically over the dead and wounded in growing disorder for the cover of the town. Near by were Bellini, the chief of intelligence, and a subaltern who had arrived only a minute before. The subaltern was dust-covered. He seemed to have come in from a hard ride. Both were watching Marta, as if waiting for her to speak. She met Westering's look steadily, her eyes dark and still and in his reflection of the vague realization of more than he had guessed in her relations with him.



An Insulated Telephone Wire at the Bottom of a Crater.

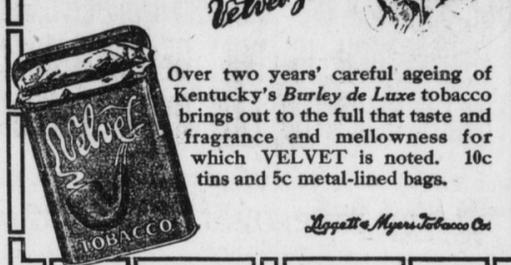
of a crater in the earth made by the explosion of a heavy shell. The instructions to all subordinates from the chief of intelligence to look for the source of the leak in information to the Browns made him quick to see a clew in anything unusual. He jumped down into the crater and not only found his pains rewarded, but that the wire was intact and ran underground in either direction. Who had laid it? Not the Grays. Why was it there? He called for one of his men to bring a buzzer, and it was the work of little more than a minute to cut the wire and make an attachment. Then he heard a woman's voice talking to "Lanny." Who was Lanny? He waited till he had heard enough to know that it was none other than Lanstron, the chief of staff of the Browns, and the woman must be an spy. An orderly dispatched to the chief of intelligence with the news returned with the order:

"Drop everything and report to me in person at once."

"For this I have made my sacrifice!" Marta thought. "The killing goes on by Lanny's orders, not by Westering's, this time."

Leaving her mother to enjoy the prospect, a slow-moving figure, trance-like, she went along the first terrace path to a point near the veranda where the whole sweep of landscape with its panorama of retreat magnetized her senses. Like the gray of lava, the Gray soldiery was erupting from the range; in columns, still under the control of officers, keeping to the defiles; in swarms and batches, under the control of nothing but their own emotions. Mostly they were hugging cover, from instinct if not from direction, but some relied on straight lines of flight and speed of foot for escape. Coursing aeroplanes were playing a new part. Their wireless was informing the Brown gunners where the masses were thickest. This way and that the Brown artillery fire drove retreating bodies, prodding them in the back with the fearful shepherdry of their shells. Officers' swords flashed in the faces of the bolters or in holding rear-guards to their work. Officers and orderlies were galloping hither

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POULTRY NEWS

PRESERVING EGGS INCREASE PROFITS TRAP NESTS BRING POULTRYMEN CASH

Wise Poultrymen Can Get Double Price With but Little Care.

At this season of the year the preserved egg is being pressed into service in many homes and it is at this time that lessons showing the economy of the preserved egg can be most easily taught.

Locally the retail price of fresh eggs to-day is around forty cents a dozen while the eggs that were preserved last Spring cost no more than twenty cents the dozen. The preserved egg is far preferable to the cold storage egg and for practically every use it is not one mite less desirable than a fresh egg. Fresh eggs are to be preferred for frying, boiling, etc., but for these purposes the preserved egg is still better than the average storage egg. For the omelet and custard and for all kinds of baking the preserved egg is not less desirable than the fresh article.

The wise poultry keeper is now making the most of his opportunities by using 20-cent eggs in his own home and selling the new-laid product at double that price. As the season advances the saving per dozen will go even higher.

There is no risk to run in preserving eggs. There is neither much trouble or expense connected with the process. On the farms where the cellars are cool and fresh eggs plentiful, the advantages for the practice of this economy are greatest.

Careful Operator May Learn More About His Hens by Its Use

The broody hen is an asset or a liability, according to circumstances. When she is wanted for hatching, she is an asset; when it is preferred that she be laying eggs, she is a liability.

The superficial, dogmatic theory that a hen lays more eggs if allowed to rest on a nest for a month or so occasionally, inactive and unproductive, does not appeal to one as being sound.

On the contrary, the weight of evidence derived from individual hen records seems to show that the best layers are the least inclined to broodiness, and that the proper interruption of broodiness causes hens to lay more eggs than they would have laid had they been allowed to sit out their terms.

The trap nest enables the user to study this matter as thoroughly as his temperament and wishes permit, and also enables him to control broodiness to a greater degree than could be possible with ordinary nests.

The careful and observing person who operates the trap nests himself will note the very first indications of approaching broodiness. These signs often become plain a considerable time before the individual ceases to lay. It is quite a difficult proposition to take exact readings from a hydrometer operated in the egg chamber of an incubator.

From certain moisture tests that have been conducted with the aid of the hydrometer it would appear that a reading, without fanning of the wet bulb indicates a moisture condition conducive to good results in artificial incubation.

The second method of checking up the moisture, that of weighing the eggs at regular intervals has been studied by many investigators in all parts of the country and is one that may be followed with some degree of certainty in results. A comparison of the data shows that the weight of the egg at the end of a six-day period will show a loss of approximately ten ounces for every hundred eggs incubated. With this knowledge it can easily be determined whether moisture must be added or whether there is already too much.

Recommend White Rocks For Exhibition Purposes

The White Plymouth Rock has advantages that are pleasing to a great majority of persons interested in exhibition poultry. Beauty of plumage, beauty of head, beautiful golden color of flesh, skin and shanks are points that appeal to admirers of fine poultry. No other breed of fowls have these desirable qualities so well established. Flocks of thousands will differ but little in general appearance. They can be bred in large numbers and culled for two-pound broilers at the age of twelve weeks; later they can again be culled for three and four pound roasters. The poorest of the pullets can set apart for the production of eggs for market; the surplus cockerels make fine capons, and finally the cream of the flock can be used for exhibition.

The White Plymouth Rock has perhaps been more popular in the East and Middle West than anywhere else, and despite efforts to push other breeds into public favor it has withstood the test. One of the reasons for this is because the fowls bred of pure plumage that but little yellow or cream color shows on the surface plumage of the males.

Supply of Moisture May Be Measured Two Ways

There are two ways in which one may determine whether or not sufficient moisture is being supplied to eggs under artificial incubation. The first is by the use of the hydrometer; the second, by carefully weighing at regular intervals the eggs incubated. Of the two it is the opinion of most experts that the latter is preferable since it is quite a difficult proposition to take exact readings from a hydrometer operated in the egg chamber of an incubator.

Poultry Troughs May Be Improved Cheaply

Here are some suggestions for improving the V-shaped trough: To keep the litter out of the troughs build them higher. To keep the hens' feet out, place a strip of wood lengthwise across the middle of the top. To keep the hot sun, rain or snow out, place a board over the top. As a rule the weather is such that the loose board may be laid aside.

Several points of advantage possessed by the trough are themselves important enough to deserve attention. It is constructed to rest on four legs instead of the usual board ends. This provides for greater stability. The trough so constructed seldom rocks, nor is it thrown over by crowding hens.

It can, however, readily be thrown by the attendant, for the purpose of discharging any dirt that may have collected there, though his hands be otherwise occupied. It can as readily be righted, the high ends preventing complete turning. The attendant will soon discover the high ends also provide convenient resting places for the bucket as he goes the rounds of his work in the poultry yard.

Swiss Chard May Be Raised With Profit

Swiss chard is a vegetable that commends itself to every family that has a garden, and especially to those families that have both a garden and hens, for poultry and poultry keepers alike relish Swiss chard.

The claims for chard are many. In the first place, from a planting made early in the spring there will be continuous supply throughout the summer and Fall. Cut the leaf just above the ground and in a short time a new growth will take its place. The quality of the leaf does not go back as the season advances. Moreover, the root is just as palatable to both man and fowl as is the leaf, and when heavy frosts have killed on the top growth, there remains a good crop of roots to fall back upon.

Anyone who esteems spinach as a green food probably will be more than willing to accept chard as a substitute.



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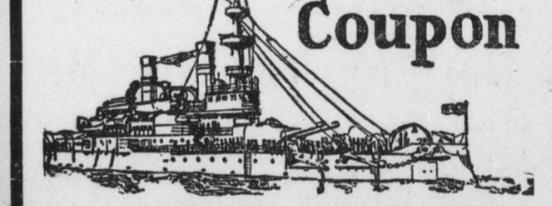
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A SIMPLE FROCK WITH GOOD LINES

An Ideal Model for School Wear, Smart Yet Easy to Make.

By MAY MANTON



8415 Girl's Dress, 6 to 10 years.

One-piece frocks, or those with body and skirt portions cut in one piece, are always best for the younger girls; they are easy to make and easy to launder and they are always becoming. This one has a quite new feature in the applied box-plaits that give excellent lines. Beneath the plait at the left of the front the closing is made. Plaid Scotch gingham is the material shown here, with collar of white, but, as is shown in the back view, the plait can be of contrasting material as well as the collar, and white galatea or white pique with plaits, collar and cuffs of rose-color or blue makes a very pretty effect, with the belt either of the trimming material or of patent leather. The sleeves are sewed to the dress, but they give such a long shoulder line that they give the Japanese effect, nevertheless.

For the 8-year size will be needed 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards of 36 or 2 1/4 yards 44, with 3/4 yard 27 for the collar, or 3/4 yard for the collar, plaits and cuffs.

The May Manton pattern No. 8415 is cut in sizes for girls from 6 to 10 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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