

August Furniture Sale

A Record Breaker For Low Prices

A wonderful sale for money saving possibilities. All our previous efforts have been smashed by placing our entire furniture stock in this sale under the heaviest reductions we have ever known.

EVERY REDUCTION A GENUINE ONE

We invite your careful comparison of our goods and prices with those of other stores. We know that we can save you money. We want you to see and convince yourself of the truth of our statement.

If you are interested in furniture you will simply do yourself an injustice if you do not visit our store this month and see the values we have to offer you, before purchasing elsewhere.

CASH OR CREDIT

Our prices are based on an extremely low cash business system but for the benefit of those who find it inconvenient to pay cash and who wish to take advantage of the low prices this month, we will submit a very liberal and easy-payment plan.

BROWN & CO., The Big Up-town Home Furnishers
1217 N. Third Street

Women AND THEIR INTERESTS

What Has a Wife a Right to Expect of Her Husband?

By DOROTHY DIX

A wife has a right to expect that her husband shall have finished sowing his wild oats before he marries. Unless a man has made up his mind that he is tired of running with the boys and prefers the lady he has asked to be his wife to any other woman in the world he does a most dishonorable thing to marry.

Possibly in the olden days, when a man really did a woman a favor by keeping her from being an old maid, there was some excuse for the man who married a girl and put her down in a home, or a boardinghouse, and left her by her lonely while he went off to amuse himself with his boon companions. No such excuse prevails now. The unmarried woman is very comfortable as she is, thank you, and doesn't need to get married for an occupation or a support.

Furthermore, she wouldn't if she had the faintest idea that a man was marrying her to leave her, and just to get somebody to keep a comfortable place for him to come home to when everything else shuts up. Therefore, if a man is going to spend his evenings at his club, or playing poker, or has an incurable propensity for taking blondes out to dinner and supper and automobile riding, in plain justice he should stay single. There is no compulsory marriage law.

Woman Has Right to Expect Husband Will Make Her His Comrade

A wife has a right to expect that her husband will make her his comrade and friend, and give her some of his companionship. If a man is of the opinion that his wife has not the intelligence to understand his mighty masculine intellect, or see the point of his wit, he should not have married her. He should have picked out somebody in his own class, and at least have given her an opportunity of marrying some man on her own plane. Then she might have had a little companionship.

If, however, he thinks she isn't a fool, and very few women do think that

of their wives, then it is up to him to make some efforts at trying to be chums with her, and it would surprise most husbands nearly to death if they would only find out what awfully good fellows their wives can be.

The average American businessman at home makes a clean, absolute, unqualified, rushing through the business of lighting speed, generally with the newspaper in front of him; gives his wife a dab on the cheek by way of a kiss, and bangs the front door behind him. He comes home late to dinner, eats it in silence that is often only broken to scold at the children or criticize the cooking. Then, with cigar and paper, he settles himself for the evening and only grunts a monosyllabic reply when his wife tries to talk to him. For conversation and general companionship she might just as well have a stuffed teddy bear for a husband.

That isn't the kind of a happy evening at home that the girl who married him dreamed of having, and the wonder of it is that more women whose husbands never talk to them, and never try to entertain them, and never evince the slightest interest in them, don't hunt up some other man who will make himself agreeable.

Both Have Right to Expect Respect For Their Personal Liberty

A wife has a right to expect that her husband will respect her personal liberty as she does his. "Liberty" in marriage does not mean "license" any more than it does anywhere else. It simply means that a wife should have just as much right to freedom of thought and act within the prescribed bounds of propriety as a husband has.

Matrimony is bound to be a series of concessions, but because a woman is married is no reason why she should be forced to sacrifice her own personality, and become a weak echo of her husband. Provided she does not exceed her allowance she should have the privilege of spending her money as she likes, and so long as she does not

run the thing into the ground and interfere with her husband's comfort she should have the right to join whatever clubs she pleases, or pass her leisure in the manner most agreeable to herself.

A husband soon begins to hate the wife who polices his every move, and a wife entertains pretty much the same feeling toward the husband to whom she has to go for permission for everything she does as if she were a child. The tyrant husband, the high stone is never loved, no matter what the sex.

A woman has a right to expect that her husband will do his share toward making a happy home. It's more than any one person can do, and especially it's more than any woman can do alone.

Has Right to Expect Husband to Aid in Making Happy Home

A woman has a right to expect her husband to help her make a happy home. The old recipes for the construction of ideal family life always tell the wife to go about with a glad, sweet smile, and to keep all of her little worries out of sight. That's good as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough, for no woman can make a happy home, even though she grins like a Cheshire cat, if the man of the house is surly and grouchy or swears around like a blue blazer, or if he makes his home a dumping ground for all the accumulated nerves and worries of the day.

It's just as much a man's part to smile as it is a woman's. It is just as much up to the husband to make some active effort toward making the home happy as it is the wife, and whenever you find a real, bright, sunny home, take my word for it you are going to find some big, cheerful man in it, doing his share of the radiation of good cheer.

That's the kind of a husband that every woman has got a right to expect; but, oh, me! oh, my! what a rare animal he is!

THIS prevents fermenting

Dip the tops of your fruit jars in a pan of melted Parowax (pure, refined paraffine), and there you are—sure, pure, can't-spoil preservers for next winter. Box of 4 big cakes, 10 cents, everywhere.



The Atlantic Refining Company

Parowax

Department of Sales and Service

We'll Design For You

The poster stamp idea has struck Harrisburg. You have seen them and it has probably occurred to you that you could use them in your business. The value of them as advertisements has appealed to you.

Poster Stamps in Single Designs or Series. As You Wish.

Poster stamps must possess individuality and originality. The art work that goes into the designing is the quality which makes good poster stamps.

The Telegraph Printing Company with service in every department required to produce quality stamps is at your disposal. Call our services into consultation, let us suggest ideas and designs, let us help you bring your business before the public in a manner hitherto unexploited.

THE TELEGRAPH PRINTING CO.

Try Telegraph Want Ads Try Telegraph Want Ads

Story No. 12—Installment No. 1.

WHO PAYS?

The Fruit of Folly

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Sharp and clear above the crash of the orchestra and the murmured voices of the dancers, the revolver shot rang out. The music died in mid-air, its pulsating throbs ebbing away into a slow, pathetic wail that ended almost in a human sob. With pale faces and trembling limbs the dancers stopped where the music had left them; some with arms upraised; some with one foot in the air.

It was a tense moment; a moment fraught with pregnant portent. All the wealth and society of the town was at the Van Lind residence that night. Mrs. Van Lind, leader in her set and fashions devotee, was giving a ball for the relief of the Bel-



Miss Columbia Was Leading the Dance and Joy Reigned Unconfined.

glans. All the music had a patriotic tinge; all the guests carried tiny American flags, and the prettiest girl in town, dressed as Miss Columbia, was leading the dance. Joy reigned unconfined.

And then the shot. The sound seemed to come from a chamber to the right of the ballroom, and the startled dancers, gazing in that direction, saw a tiny wisp of smoke uncurl itself from the rich portieres and waft gently towards the ceiling.

One, more bold than the rest, strode towards the door and threw aside the heavy hangings. And the tableau that was there revealed offered food for several hundred late supper discussions and gave the busy gossip of society many a dainty morsel.

The room was, strictly speaking, a den, richly carpeted and not very large. Across a table in the center, when the curtain was so rudely brushed aside, sprawled the inert body of Edgar Clay, society leader, business man, good sport, hard drinker, and the husband of Isabel Clay, prettiest butterfly of them all. Standing over him in a protecting attitude, the smoking revolver still in his hand, was his business partner and father-in-law, Russel Irwin. He gazed from a pair of narrowed eyes; beady, steady eyes that never wavered from those of Horace Stone, attorney, who, pale as death, stared back at Irwin across the table.

At Stone's feet lay a shattered table, the contents of which ran over the rich rug in tiny rivulets, strongly suggesting blood to the excited minds of the eager spectators. But Stone was grasping the right hand with his left, and the trickle of red that oozed between his fingers told only too plainly where the bullet had found its mark.

"Oh, Edgar, Edgar are you dead?" From the surge of figures at the door, one fair form detached itself and hurled its length across the limp and sagging body of Clay on the table. With trembling hands, she raised his head, and with choking sobs planted a tearful kiss on his unresponsive lips. Anguish and relief and disgust struggled for the mastery of her eager features.

"What a question!" read the answer to her question in the kiss. Clay was not dead. He had yielded again to a habit that was stronger than himself.

"And may I ask the meaning of this ill-bred disturbance?" Mrs. Van Lind was speaking and the tone was cold, incisive, uncompromising.

Irwin nodded grimly towards Stone. And those who watched him closely noted that he held his weapon in a firmer grip.

Haughtily the hostess turned her icy, questioning stare in the wounded man's direction.

For a moment he hesitated. Then his eyes wavered under the steady gaze of Irwin, and he answered sullenly:

"It was an accident."

Avoiding the glances of those who would have questioned him; ignoring the advances of those who offered sympathy, Stone elbowed his way through the excited throng at the den door and left the house. And so the incident was ended. But it is not with the incident so much, as with the happenings which lead up to it that our story has to do; a story that deals with the lives of men and women you see around you every day—men and women who sow the seeds of folly and reap the fruit thereof.

CHAPTER ONE.

Folly was a constant guest at the home of Edgar Clay and his pretty wife, Isabelle. Folly was the boon companion of the young and society couple. Reared in luxury and knowing no restraint except that imposed by their own desires they had gone the pace that has but one ending; had traveled along the road that leads but to disaster—disaster that is the more complete the longer it is delayed. That they drifted farther and farther apart was but natural for Folly was always there to see that both persisted in the wild pursuit of individual enjoyment.

And so the Saturday morning on which our story opens, found them dangerously near to the parting of the ways.

Clay, young, good looking, but with the marks of dissipation already showing on his otherwise boyish features, was in no mood for trifling that morning. The cares of business weighed heavily upon him. Junior member of the real estate firm of Irwin & Clay, he realized that the house of which his father-in-law, Russel Irwin, was head, faced financial ruin because of his extravagance and recklessness. The throbbing in his temples and the nagging reminders of last night's wild time in no wise improved his temper, as he slowly picked at the breakfast that had been served in his room.

"Have his lordship a new crown this morning," smiled Isabelle as she came into the chamber unannounced and almost unheard.

With a slightly forced laugh, she pointed to the wet towel that he had bound around his aching head.

"Or is it some new style of head-gear made fashionable by the war?" she persisted.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

KNOCKS OVER LAMP; SETS HOUSE AFIRE

Tooting around on the floor in an effort to find a cool place to sleep, H. R. Gibbons, 2008 North Sixth street, it is believed, kicked a bureau and upset a lighted lamp, which caused a slight fire, yesterday morning.

CLOSED

Our Temporary Store Has Closed Its Doors--Our Employees Take Their Vacation

WE HAVE A BIG TASK AHEAD

Our Buyers Will Now Spend the Time in the New York Markets Completing the Buying of the Vast New Stocks

For the Bigger and Better NEW KAUFMAN UNDERSELLING STORE

Which Will Be Opened in Time For Early Fall Business

THIS LITTLE WORD is to express our thanks to the public for its patience and steadfast patronage while we were in the small temporary store.

Nothing has been a greater source of satisfaction to us than the way the people of this community have stood by the Kaufman Store while we were compelled to do business in cramped quarters.

AND WE ARE GOING TO SHOW YOU how we appreciate your friendship and patronage by giving you a far better store in every way.

WHILE THE BUYING FOR THE NEW STORE has been going on steadily for the past several months the task is a big one and our buyers will have to devote the rest of the time between now and the opening of the new store to completing what is going to be the

BIGGEST PURCHASING OF READY-TO-WEAR STOCKS IN THIS SECTION OF THE STATE

THIS IMMENSE PURCHASING POWER IS THE BIG REASON BACK OF THE FAMOUS KAUFMAN UNDERSELLING PRICES WHICH HAVE BEEN OF UNTOLD BENEFIT TO THE THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES IN HARRISBURG AND VICINITY.

Kaufman's Underselling Store will be the Largest Ready-to-Wear Department Store in this section of Pennsylvania—and all the departments will be larger than ever.

One of the newest and greatest features will be the

Bargain Basement

WHICH WILL BE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF FRANK V. ZUG

THE BARGAIN BASEMENT will be run under a plan different from any other bargain basement anywhere.

NONE OF THE LINES THAT ARE CARRIED IN THE REST OF THE STORE will be carried in the Kaufman Bargain Basement. Everything that is useful and reliable will be carried and sold at the famous Kaufman Underselling Prices. We will guarantee everything in the Bargain Basement with the same broad guarantee that goes with everything Kaufman's sells—

YOUR MONEY BACK FOR THE ASKING

MAKE IT A HABIT to visit the Kaufman Bargain Basement every time you go shopping.

THE BARGAIN BASEMENT will be well ventilated and well lighted in every nook and corner—a comfortable, convenient and profitable place for you all the year round.

Our Temporary Office Will Be Continued Until Further Notice at 9 N. Market Sq. Bell Phone 1107.



Intense Heat Causes 26 Deaths in Philadelphia

Philadelphia, Aug. 2.—Intense heat of the hottest day of the summer and the hottest August 1 on record took a toll of eight lives yesterday in this city. Seven deaths were reported on Friday and seven on Saturday. With Thursday's total of four, deaths from the heat number twenty-six. More than two score prostrations have been reported, with nearly all patients critically ill.

MICHIGAN STRONG FOR ROOT

Canvass Shows Ex-Senator Favorite For Next President
Detroit, Mich., Aug. 2.—Sheridan Ford, member of the Legislature from Detroit, after a canvass of Republican and Progressive leaders in the State, just completed, makes the following report:

"A careful canvass of sentiment among Michigan Progressives and Republicans shows Elihu Root far in the lead for the presidential nomination next year. A letter of inquiry was mailed to 300 Progressive and Republican and representative newspapermen throughout the State. Practically all the writers who are quoted declare that there is no Roosevelt or Taft sentiment worth speaking of, but a feeling that the candidacy of either would only result in more factionalism."

FIREMAN'S FOOT CRUSHED

Slipping, as he was attempting to board the Friendship chemical wagon while it was responding to an alarm from Fourth and Market streets, Saturday night, James McClellan, 310 Mulberry street, sustained a badly crushed foot. The fire was in an automobile and was extinguished with small damage.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Tutchen*