

IN NORFOLK STYLE

A Fashionable Gown Adapted both to Street and to Indoor Wear.

By MAY MANTON



8770 Gown in Norfolk Style, 34 to 44 bust.

All the Norfolk effects are exceedingly fashionable this season and here is a quite new and most interesting gown which shows that feature. Here, it is made from the gabardine that is such a favorite material, with collar and cuffs of faille silk. It is an eminently practical, useful garment as well as a smart one; while the weather remains warm, it can be worn both upon the street and within doors, and later, it can be made to do duty beneath the separate coat. Blouse and skirt are made separately but joined by means of the belt; the plaits are laid in the skirt, but those on the blouse are applied and passed over the belt to be held by buttons. The Puritan collar and cuffs make a pretty feature.

For the medium size will be needed 9 1/2 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 6 1/4 yds. 36, 5 3/4 yds. 44, with 3/8 yd. 27 in. wide for collar and cuffs.

The May Manton pattern No. 8770 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 in. 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.

True Secret of Keeping Youthful Looking

(The Beauty Seeker.) "The real secret of keeping young-looking and beautiful, says a well-known hygienist, 'is to keep the liver and bowels normally active. Without these requisites, poisonous waste products remain in the system, polluting the blood and lodging in various organs, tissues, joints. One becomes flabby, obese, nervous, mentally sluggish, drowsy, wrinkled and sallow of face. 'But to get liver and bowels working as they ought, and thus producing after-effects, has been the problem. Fortunately, there is a prescription of unchangeable medicinal value which can be had in convenient tablet form. Its value is due largely to an ingredient derived from the humble May apple, or its root, which has been called 'vegetable calomel' because of its effectiveness—though of course it is not to be classed with the real calomel of mercurial origin. There is no habit-forming constituent in 'sentinel tablets'—that's the name—and their use is not followed by weakness or exhaustion. On the contrary, these harmless vegetable tablets tend to impart tone and elasticity to the relaxed intestinal wall. Sentinel tablets, which may be procured from any druggist, are a wall which will do—will prove a revelation to any constipated, liver-troubled person."

Chief Cause of Pimples, Blisters, Sallow Skin

(Messenger of Health.) "Unslightly eruptions, pimples, boils, blemishes, and itchy skin, usually are due to a sluggish or muddled bowels—and a polluted blood stream as a consequence. It is a foolish idea to resort to outward applications, which can never have natural, permanent results. If you are troubled with any of these eruptions, you should use a very simple remedy, which is as effective as any drug store, which is as effective as any drug store, which is as effective as any drug store. It is an old formula, long recognized by the medical profession, which has been put in tablet form, and at such a price that no one need now be deprived of its wonderful benefits. 'Sentinel tablets'—that's the name—are entirely vegetable and there is no habit-forming ingredient. You need only take a dime's worth, and swallow one at bedtime to realize there's nothing else quite so good for the purpose. The result is in the morning, you feel refreshed and invigorated. Sentinal tablets are not only the finest remedy known for constipation and torpid liver, but offer the sanest, most sensible treatment for complexion difficulties of the character mentioned."

Great Demand for New Constipation Remedy

They say that the advent of the 'sentinel tablet' as a vegetable substitute for calomel has created an extraordinary demand for this remarkable product. It seems to have made a hit particularly with those afflicted with chronic constipation, who were quick to recognize its advantages over calomel and the usual laxatives. Sentinel tablets, aside from their efficacy, doubtless owe their success largely to a tendency to aid in bringing about natural functioning—instead of encouraging the 'cathartic habit.' Also, instead of injuring the membranous lining of the organs involved, they exert a healing influence. Instead of weakening, they work so easily and gently, they are course preferred on this account to the violently acting purgatives. Their insipidness is another reason for the popularity of sentinel tablets. One need procure only a small quantity, and take one tablet upon retiring, and be convinced that the ideal remedy for constipation, torpid liver, and their many well consequences, has finally been found—Druggists Review.

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect June 27, 1915. TRAINS leave Harrisburg at 6:03, 7:52 a. m., 8:30 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 6:03, 7:52, 11:53 a. m., 2:46, 5:37, 7:46, 11:00 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:16, 5:26, 6:30, 9:35 a. m. For Williamsport at 5:03, 7:52 and 11:53 a. m., 2:16, 5:40, 6:37 and 9:30 p. m. All other trains daily except Sunday. H. A. RIDDLE, G. F. A. J. H. TONGE.

Try Telegraph Want Ads

NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne, AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, INC. COPYRIGHT 1915 BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

"How much do they want?" she asked. "Fifty pounds of gum opium," said her lord and master, "and twenty pounds of flake cocaine."



"I Hope It Chokes You!" She Exclaimed.

then he threw back an opening—a trap door in the floor beneath. Inez watched him until he disappeared into this wide hole. Then she gilded out to the veranda. She poured out a tiny drink and tossed it off. She lit a cigarette.

Before her lay a partially plowed field. She heard the jingle of an ox chain. She heard a quavering voice and then suddenly from the rear of the bungalow a strange trio entered the arena of events. Ponto, a fat little Mexican—who boasted ever of his Aztec blood—crawled behind a primitive and ineffective plow. And the team! A strangely assorted team was this. On the right, with its head thrust through a wooden yoke, was an ox. On the left hand side, also with his head thrust through a wooden yoke and with his brawny shoulders tugging, ever tugging, at the plow, there was nitché—a man. Ponto, cursing, raised his whip and brought down his lash time after time with strict impartiality upon the shoulders of the ox and upon the bare back of the man.

Hernandez just then appeared on the veranda bearing with him a large wicker dress-suit case. Hernandez, slowly smoking a panatela, scanned the horizon. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. He strode swiftly into the living room and as swiftly back again and in his hands he bore a pair of up-to-date binoculars. He held them to his eyes and carefully adjusted them—keeping them trained upon a speck, a mere speck, that had appeared upon the surface of the sea. With a bound he was off, circling the bungalow in the opposite direction from that which Ponto and his ill-assorted team had taken. He met him half way. "Ponto," he exclaimed, "we shall have visitors. Unhitch the brute. Get pickaxes—get spades."

Hernandez led the way to the foreground between the veranda end of the bungalow and the shore. He pointed to a well-plowed strip of ground. "There," he cried, "at that spot. Dig—dig like the very devil!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Clue. Hernandez returned to the veranda and seized the glasses once again. He passed them to Inez. "Tell me what you see," he said. The woman shuddered slightly. "Government vessel," she returned. "With the woman at his side he strode into the huge living room. A moment later he reappeared tugging with him a small steamer trunk. With her aid he carried it to the veranda; then they went back for another—and another—and still another. "Senior," exclaimed Ponto, from the inner edge of a small pit that he and the brute had finished digging, "behold, the task is now complete."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flash Flare. Neal Hardin of the United States life-saving service at Seaport, N. J., swung down the narrow lane toward the beach. Before he reached the intervening railroad tracks a train pulled in—a shore train from New York. Its last two cars blocked Neal's progress toward the beach—and he was forced to wait until the train pulled out again. Meantime, while the train was stationary, a single passenger alighted—a smartly dressed young woman. She stopped, once she had alighted and glanced about her in uncertainty. She caught sight of Neal and started toward him. "If you don't mind," said the young woman, in dulcet tones—and with just the trace of foreign accent in her voice—"if you do not mind, I should like to find the post office—if you have one here."

negro smuggler—that three times he had watched the departure of his boat and its return. Each time it had come in this direction—each time returned from this direction. "The point is," went on the officer, "just this: This is the only point south of Porto Rico within a given distance. The kicker owned by our informant, when it left its owner, sailed direct toward you and returned direct from you. Possibly I am on a fool's errand, but I've got to do my duty."

"Permit me to escort you, senior," said Hernandez. An hour later the officer was seated on the veranda waiting for his men. One by one they filed in and reported. "No go, sir," they all said. "We've covered the whole place. There's not an ounce of gum nor a penny's worth of flake." The officer shook his head and dismissed his men. "You were speaking," he remarked, sipping his glass of ice-cold vichy, "you were speaking of the Martinique eruption."

"Of that," assented Hernandez, "and of something else—the steamship Princess of New York." "Why," said the officer, "she was burned, that tramp—burned two days out from Martinique."

Hernandez's eyes narrowed. "How do you know, senior?" he queried. "I know," returned the officer, "because I was a seaman on the gunboat Eaglet—and the gunboat Eaglet rescued the survivors of the Princess." "Why," said the officer, "she was burned, that tramp—burned two days out from Martinique."

"Senior," said Hernandez gravely, "I would hear about this Princess of New York. She stood by, senior—I remember well, for I thought my last hour had come—she stood by to succor refugees and I with my man Ponto here—I was a refugee. I fled from the smoke and lava of Mount Pelee back in 1902—" "Were you on the steamer Princess?" asked the officer. "No," returned Hernandez, "they would not let us on; they beat us back. But a strange thing happened, senior. There were four of us, myself, my servant Ponto and an American named Hlington."

"Four of you?" queried the officer. "Ah," said Hernandez, "there was a fourth member of the party—we had put off in a leaky boat. She was a baby girl—a child. She was the daughter of this Hlington."

The officer leaned forward. His mind was at work. His memory traveled back over some thirteen years. He nodded. "Hlington," he repeated. "A child—a baby girl. I remember now." "That baby girl, senior, boarded the ship—they took her out of all her party—her and her native woman servant—" The officer slapped his thigh. "I remember now," he said, "I remember all about it. Let me see. It was common talk aboard the Eaglet. This child came aboard with the wife of the Princess' captain. She had two boys with her and this little girl. I don't remember the girl, but she was young, say five years old. The captain's boy I remember well—he slept in my hammock the first night he came aboard. I remember him. But there was something about the girl—wait, I have it. A bag of gold—Spanish pieces most of them, I think—or maybe French. A bag of gold—and something else. Some note or package—some mystery at any rate, as I recall."

Hernandez knocked the ashes from his panatela. "You don't say so, senior," he replied, with a show of interest. "A bag of gold and a mystery—I knew nothing of all that. I wonder what has become of Hlington. By the way, senior, what became of the survivors of the Princess?" The officer nodded. "We landed them at Brooklyn navy yard. They were people from the North, New York or thereabouts. Curious about this little girl. I had almost forgot all about her. I will have to look her up somehow some day and see what her history is and what the mystery was."

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Like looking for a needle in a haystack, officer," he suggested. "Oh, no," said the officer, "they've got the record in the Brooklyn navy yard. I can easily find out." He rose and held out his hand. "Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Hernandez. Duty is duty and the government is to respect of persons."

FRIDAY IS BARGAIN DAY

AT KAUFMAN'S

No Friday Bargains Sent C. O. D. or on Approval; No Telephone Orders Filled

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Girls' Rain Capes Worth to \$1.95, for \$1.00 Made of rubberized lined (fast color) with large plaid hood; choice of blue or garnet. Sizes 6 to 14 years. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY WOMEN'S AND MISSES' Cloth Dress SKIRTS \$1.59 Worth up to \$3.50, for... Made of all wool materials; choice of black or blue; new Fall model, with 2 pockets. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY GIRLS' COATS Worth to \$3.00, for \$1.59 New Fall Weight Coats, in neat checks. Sizes 6 to 14 years.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY INFANTS' FLANNELETTE SACQUES Worth 25c; Friday only 17c Made of white flannelette, nicely trimmed; all sizes. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY WOMEN'S AND MISSES' New Sport Coats \$2.95 Worth to \$5.00, for... Made of good quality materials, in neat mixtures; button to the neck and belted. Sizes 16 to 42. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY CHILDREN'S HOSEIERY Worth 17c; Friday only 12 1/2c Boys' and Girls' heavy and medium weight ribbed Hose, in black only; double heel and toe; fast colors. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Women's Muslin Petticoats Worth 50c; Friday only 25c Made of good quality of muslin, cut full, embroidered ruffie; all lengths. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY WOMEN'S AND MISSES' New Fall Suits \$9.75 Worth to \$15.00, for... Made of all wool materials, in Serges, Crepes and Novelty Mixtures; assorted colors and all sizes. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY WOMEN'S BUNGALOW APRONS Worth 50c; Friday only 29c Made of fast color percales and gingham, cut big and full; all sizes. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY CHILDREN'S BLOOMERS Worth 35c; Friday only 19c Made of fast black sateen, in all sizes 4 to 12 years. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY WOMEN'S AND MISSES' Balmacaan Coats \$4.75 Worth to \$7.50, for... Made of All Wool Tweeds, in neat grays and tans, new Fall model. All sizes. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Women's Petticoats Worth \$2.00; Friday only \$1.00 Made of messaline, silk and Jersey silk top, in all new Fall shades, cut full. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY MEN'S PANTS 89c Good, strong Pants, made to give service—the materials of mixed cassimere and worsted. Sizes 32 to 42.

Friday Bargains on Sale In the Bargain Basement

FOR FRIDAY ONLY WOMEN'S SILK HOSE Worth to 35c; Friday only 19c Manufacturers' slightly imperfect, pure thread silk, in black and all colors; all sizes. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Men's New Fall Suits \$4.75 A few more of those very good mixed cassimere and black thibet Suits, well made and nicely trimmed; these suits would fetch \$7.50 in other stores. Sizes 34 to 44.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY 10c Bed Ticking; 5c yard 59c Muslin Cur- 37c tains, pair Flat edge with Battenberg edge and insertion.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Women's Flannelette Gowns Worth 50c; Friday only 39c Made of fast color stripe flannelette, cut big and full; all sizes. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Boys' Oliver Twist Suits \$1.29 These suits are made of good, fancy and plain cassimere, nicely trimmed, in sizes 2 1/2 to 7 years.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY 89c Cotton Blank- 59c ets; pair 95c Table Cloths, 68c each Full mercerized and hemstitched, size 64x64 inches.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY MEN'S SHIRTS Worth \$1.00; Friday only 59c All new Fall patterns, laundered cuffs, in all sizes. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Boys' Tapeless Blouses 19c These Blouses are made of good percale and madras; they have the new link collar and made with open cuffs; a 39c value. Sizes 6 to 15 years.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY 25c Window 15c Shades, each Seconds of water color window shades, dark green, with good rollers and fixtures.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY SUIT CASES Worth \$1.00; Friday only 69c For men or women, Matting and Fibre Cases, well made, with locks. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Boys' Norfolk Suits \$1.79 A Real \$3.00 Value These Suits are well made; the coats are double knife pleated and faced bottom; the pants cut full peg. Sizes 6 to 17 years.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY 12 1/2c Turkish 25c Bath Towels, 3 for Hemmed and snow white, good for general use.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY MEN'S WORK SHIRTS Worth 50c; Friday only 29c Fast colors, blue chambray, with attached collars; all sizes. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

Women and Their Interests

Mother-in-Law Question Still Supreme

By DOROTHY DIX in the world so fraught with misery and so insoluble as the mother-in-law question. In it are condensed jealousy, and selfishness, and stinginess, and temper, and greed, and tyranny—every mean and unworthy impulse that can sway the human heart. Just to put two persons together in the relationship of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, or son-in-law, seems to bring out the worst that is in them, as a hot poultice brings out the measles. The mother who has been a saint in her own home becomes a firebrand in her children's home. The angel wife turns into a spiteful when she has to live with her husband's mother. Chivalrous men treat their mothers-in-law with a lack of courtesy they would not show to a scrub woman. Any divorce judge will tell you that nine-tenths of the domestic infelicity that results in the breaking up of homes is caused directly or indirectly by the mother-in-law, and just how much of the unnecessary sorrow of life is occasioned by the inability of in-laws to get along peaceably together no one knows. Here is a case in point: A man writes me that he has a mother, eighty-one years old, and that his wife has left him because he refused to turn his mother out of his house. He says he loves his wife dearly and his mother dearly, and has done everything he possibly could to make them both happy, but that when it came to a showdown between his wife and his mother he simply refused to send the mother away, because she is old and helpless, while his wife is young and strong. The man writes that he is bound to his mother not only by every tie of natural affection, but of gratitude, for his father was a drunkard who misused him and his mother, and finally deserted them, and his every childish

memory is of her toiling all day long and far into the night to support him. Now he wants to repay that devotion by making her old and happy and comfortable, and his wife demands that he turn the old woman out as if she were an old workhorse who had served her day. The man cannot do it. He knows that he is his mother's all. Every interest she has in life is bound up in him. He is her one ray of sunshine, and he cannot send her off to live among strangers, to be lonely and neglected, and waited upon by hired hands. Yet he loves his wife, and his heart is torn between the conflicting claims of these two women. He writes: "What shall I do? Shall I give up my wife, or shall I forsake my old mother, who has got such a little while to live, and make her last years desolate? If you can settle this question you are a wonder." If I could settle the question of the mother-in-law I would be more than a wonder. I would be wisdom incarnate and the greatest benefactor to my fellow-creatures who has ever lived, but, alas, I don't even pretend to be able to solve this heart-breaking enigma. The only way it can be solved is by a great and unselfish love, and very few people are capable of that. If this man's wife really loved him enough to put his happiness above her own she would cherish his mother for his sake. She would feel that she could never do enough for the woman who had gone hungry that her little boy might be fed, and she would never look at the old woman's work-knotted hands without wanting to kiss them because they had toiled so hard for that little lad who is now her husband. Suppose the old woman is cranky and querulous and set in her ways, as old people are apt to be. It is a poor and paltry love that is not capable of making some sacrifices, and the wife who is not willing to purchase her

husband's happiness at the price of putting up with his old mother certainly gives him every reason to doubt her affection. Precisely the same thing may be said of men's relations to their mothers-in-law. It would seem that the man who truly loved his wife would look upon her mother as the one individual who had bestowed upon him the most precious gift on earth. But, on the contrary, most men hate their mothers-in-law at sight and treat them as if they had done them an irreparable injury by bringing into the world the women they married. Which is uncomplimentary, to say the least of it, to their wives. It is a strange thing that neither husbands nor wives seem to realize that when they have their in-laws they are jeopardizing their own happiness. With all but the most dastardly, the love of our parents is interwoven with the very fibres of our souls, and husbands or wives try to destroy that their peril. Not long ago a man, asked why he had married a certain girl, replied, "Because I saw how good she was to old women. I have an old mother that I worship, and for years I had refrained from marrying for fear my wife would not treat her properly, but when I saw Mary's tenderness and consideration for her old aunt I knew I had found a woman I could trust." Practically all men feel the same way. They love their own families. They resent their wives' ill-treatment of their relatives, and you will never find a woman who is on good terms with her husband's people who isn't repaid a thousandfold by his devotion to her. Nor is there any one thing that a husband can do that makes his wife so grateful to him as for him to be "nice" to her family, and especially to her mother and father. She knows it is his final proof of love for her that makes those that are dear to her dear to him.

Special Excursion TO ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

Girard Ave. (31st Street) Philadelphia, via Philadelphia & Reading Railway, Saturday, Oct. 2 Round Trip Tickets, good only on trains noted below, will be sold at rates annexed. SPECIAL TRAIN From Harrisburg... Fare... Special L.V.A.M. 10.00

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