

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A GIRL AND A MAN

A New and Vital Romance of City Life
by Virginia Terhune Van der Water

CHAPTER XXX
(Copyright, 1916, Star Company.)
Agnes Morley pushed her chair back from the dinner table that night and sighed.

"I'll do the dishes, Auntie," she announced. "Then I think I will put on a wrapper, read a while, and go to bed."

"You are not feeling well," the older woman accused.

"I'm perfectly well," the girl contradicted. "But the day has been fearfully hot, and I have been working pretty hard."

She would not admit even to herself how the remembrance of that afternoon's encounter with Philip Hale had depressed her. Yet she knew that the cold, impersonal sound of his voice as he disclaimed responsibility for the anonymous gift still rang in her mind.

She had not heard his eager request that she wait a minute. Her only sensation at the time had been one of resentment against him and of anger with herself, coupled with a feeling of humiliation.

"I understood you to say," Miss Morley ventured after a minute, "that you were to have a caller to-night—Mr. Pickens."

Agnes stared at the speaker in consternation. She had entirely forgotten that her former teacher was to come this evening.

"Oh, how can I see him to-night!" she exclaimed rebelliously. "I just can't! I'm terribly tired, and he bores me to extinction!"

His Little Gift

Yet when—after the table was cleared and the dishes washed—she caught sight of herself in a mirror, she hurried into her room and arrayed herself in a fresh white dress and rearranged her hair. She did not, however, pin one of the roses in her blouse to-night.

"I may as well feel that I am looking respectable and neat," she explained to her aunt, who commented upon her altered appearance. "My self-respect demands that I suppose Mr. Pickens himself will come all dressed up as gorgeously as Solomon in all his glory."

She laughed at the idea, yet she thought that she had not been guilty of exaggeration when she saw the splendor of the costume in which her caller appeared fifteen minutes later.

From his narrow shoulders to his bony ankles, Randolph Pickens was arrayed in a suit of violent plaid, in which was the prevailing color. About his Panama hat was draped a scarf of silk surpassing in its gaudy coloring the most brilliant lily any field ever boasted of.

A magnetite he contrasted painfully with the brick-red of his face, flushed from embarrassment and a hasty climbing of the stairs. Magenta socks showed warmly above a pair of bright yellow shoes. From the breast pocket of the suit protruded the corner of a yellow silk handkerchief. This was evidently carried only for decorative purposes, for its owner mopped his face vigorously with a piebald cotton handkerchief which he drew from his hip-pocket.

"Good evening Miss Morley," he

greeted his hostess abruptly. "I hope I see you in good health and unaffected by the extreme heat?"

There was an indescribable change in the demeanor of Randolph Pickens. This change might have been the result of the stair-climbing, or it might have been the effect of some supposed emotion. He spoke in sudden jerks, with pauses between sentences, as though he were pumping up his words. In his left hand he held a cone-shaped parcel, wrapped in tissue paper. Not until he had relinquished his hat and seated himself in the little parlor did he hand the parcel to Agnes.

His Tribute to Agnes

"This is merely a slight token of my esteem, Miss Morley," he said, in the tone of one delivering a carefully-memorized speech. "They are humble flowers, but sweet peas always remind me of you in their freshness, and—if I may say so—their innocence."

"These are very lovely," the girl said sincerely. "But, Mr. Pickens," she added, thrown off her guard for the moment, you should not send me so many lovely flowers. Those roses—pointing to the vase of great pink blooms—"came from you, didn't they? They are so lovely!"

For a full half-minute the man looked at the roses in silence. Then his eyes fell on his own humble offering of sweet peas.

"No," he said slowly, "I did not send you those roses. They are mine," he added wistfully. "I wish they had come from me."

Agnes began to talk rapidly to hide her confusion and her pity. Her companion responded only in monosyllables. Apparently there was something he wanted to say, yet he lacked courage to begin. At last he drew a long breath, and, in the stress of some emotion, mopped his forehead with the decorative silk handkerchief. This he then rolled into a ball between his perspiring hands.

"Miss Morley," he plumed in desperately, "I have come to your abode this evening with one idea only. Before I go any further I should inform you that my work has been recognized by my superiors at the business college by a substantial increase in my salary, which lifts me above the fear of want."

He paused looked at the amazed face before him, and continued:

"I desire to lay at your feet my heart, hand and estate. May I hope that you will look kindly upon my suit?" Then, with a gulp, he dropped stilted phraseology. "I love you!" he blurted forth.

Later, Agnes could never recollect what she said in reply. But she remembered the hurt expression that crept into the thin face.

"Don't try to explain," he said quietly. "I am sorry."

He took up his hat and moved toward the door. Here he looked back. "Sometime I would like to do something for you," he said longingly.

He was gone before she could reply. Beside the flaunting roses on the table, a little bunch of sweet peas lay withering.

(To Be Continued.)

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8904 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) One-Piece Apron, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.

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The pattern No. 8904 is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 bust. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

WHARTON DEAN SMOKER GUEST

Plans For Whirlwind Student Campaign Outlined at Get-together Meeting

Plans for a whirlwind campaign for new students were outlined at the annual get-together smoker of the Harrisburg branch of the University of Pennsylvania Wharton School of Accounts and Finance at the Engineers Club.

The new dean of the Wharton school, Dr. William McClellan, who was guest of honor, said he would like to see as many of the younger business men of the city interested as possible in the university extension work and pointed out that the young men and women now serving as underclerks in the offices of stores, mills, factories, manufacturing plants, the railroads and the steel works can procure the very meat of a university education in business by entering the Wharton school.

New Function of University

Dr. McClellan expressed himself as being in hearty sympathy with the university's extension work and said the day is past when it should be necessary for the man to go to the institution of learning. "The institution should go to the man," he declared. He said the day is not far distant when branches of the great universities would be found in every town and city of any importance in the land.

Others who spoke were Theodore J. Grayson, Ward W. Pierson and Wendell P. Raine, all members of the Wharton faculty; C. Harry Kain, chairman of the Rotary Club's educational committee; Fred C. Burris, instructor in the Central high school commercial department, who is taking the Wharton course; Norman J. Rintz, secretary of the Wharton Study Club; James Fitzpatrick and T. J. Stewart Kishpaugh, chairman of the committee on arrangements.

INVITATIONS ISSUED FOR WEDDING OF CARLISLE COUPLE

Carlisle, Pa., Sept. 27.—Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Jean Fredericks, a daughter of T. C. Frederick, of Carlisle, and E. E. Barnitz, a leading young attorney practicing in Carlisle and Harrisburg. The wedding will take place on October 11 here, and a number of special affairs in honor of the couple have been planned.

Miss Fredericks is prominent in Carlisle and Harrisburg. Mr. Barnitz is a member of the school board here and of the Cumberland and Dauphin county bars, maintaining his principal office in Harrisburg.

BELGIAN LASSIE THANKS MAYOR'S SECRETARY

Albert M. Hamer, secretary to Mayor E. S. Meals, in response to an appeal several months ago from a Belgian soldier for postcards for his little daughter, sent views of Harrisburg. Yesterday Secretary Hamer received a letter from the soldier thanking him for the cards.

DEATH OF INFANT

Wiconisco, Pa., Sept. 27.—Henry Watkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Watkins of Center street, died last night, aged 18 months from cholera infantum.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wiconisco, Pa., Sept. 27.—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Radel, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fegley announce the birth of a son, born September 24.

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When Mere Man Creature Mocks the Mocking Bird

Listening to the mocking bird tomorrow evening in Technical high school auditorium will mean more than a bit of the song writer's sentiment; literally, the flute-like notes of the warbler of the tree-tops will touch the ear of the listener mightily pleasantly. That a mere man creature who hasn't been in the tree-tops since he was a boy will fill the mocking bird's job for awhile will not detract from the music a bit; the chances are that a real mocking bird would feel like giving up his own efforts as a useless job after he heard Henry Oldys, Mr. Oldys, who is one of the leading authorities of the country on birds and bird music has made an especial study of the meaning of the songs and he has arranged an interesting lecture on the subject to-morrow evening under the direction of the Natural history society.

City Briefs

Prisoner Has Appendicitis.—Taylor Wallace, a prisoner at the Dauphin county jail, was taken to the Harrisburg hospital yesterday, suffering from appendicitis. He was operated upon.

Stone Strikes Man's Eye.—Harry C. Noll, of Mahanostock, a laborer on the Pennsylvania railroad, was struck in the eye by a large stone yesterday. He was treated at the Harrisburg hospital.

To Paint Letter Boxes.—Local post office officials last night issued a warning cautioning persons not to lean against letter boxes and posts. They are being painted in all parts of the city.

Wed By Alderman.—Miss Elizabeth Bennett and Sherman Martin were married yesterday afternoon by Alderman John H. Shaner, of the Seventh ward.

Police Stops Serenade.—When a number of boys began serenading Mr. and Mrs. William S. Avercool, 626 Reilly street, a newly married couple, some one called up the police and had them to end the uproar. Motorcycle Officer Fetrow dispersed the serenaders.

Woman Attempts Suicide.—A report was received here last night from York that Mrs. Arthur Farling, of Harrisburg, attempted to commit suicide by taking bichloride of mercury tablets.

Arrest Alleged Thief.—Edgar Williamson, charged with stealing a watch belonging to his sister, was arrested yesterday by Detectives Shuler, Speece and Murnane.

SHEPHERDS DEPART

Select Albany, N. Y., as Place for 1917 Convention

Delegates at the twenty-first annual national convention of the Order of Shepherds of Bethlehem of North America closed their sessions yesterday afternoon with the election and installation of officers and the selection of Albany, N. Y., as the place for the 1917 convention.

Officers elected follow: Supreme commander, Peter J. McNeerney, New Haven; supreme vice-commander, John W. Adams, Kentucky; supreme aid, Mrs. Amanda Robinson, Newburg, N. Y.; supreme marshal, Fred Johnson, Jersey City; supreme chaplain, Mrs. Hermie Hazell, Philadelphia; inside guard, Mrs. Mary Doty, New Haven, Conn.; outside guard, Mrs. Mary Deacon, Jersey City.

OYSTER SUPPER FOR FIREMEN

Annville, Pa., Sept. 27.—The Ladies' Auxiliary of the United Hose Company decided at a meeting at the home of Mrs. A. E. Shroyer in College avenue to hold an oyster supper.

Skin Comfort for Sick People

No Bed Sores by use of

Sykes Comfort POWDER

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"For fifteen years in my work as a nurse I have used Sykes' Comfort Powder in the sick room with splendid results. My mother was confined to her bed for three years, but by the use of this powder never had a bed sore. In all my work for skin irritation or soreness I insist upon the use of Sykes' Comfort Powder."—Mrs. T. A. Bacon, Nurse, Lawrence, Mass.

Not a plain talcum powder, but a highly medicated preparation unequalled for nursery and sickroom uses, to heal and prevent chafing, itching, scalding, eczema, infants scaldhead, prickly heat, rashes, bites, bed-sores, and irritation caused by eruptive diseases and bandages.

Used after bathing children it keeps the skin healthy and free from soreness.

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It's just like magic the way this simple little EZO rubs the pain, the ache, the swelling and the misery out of tired, misused feet; and what will tickle you most—the happy feeling last! Out of the window with the fussy prepared alum powders and foot paints! Give your feet a real treat with EZO. Do it just this once and make your feet happy!—Advt.

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Mary Roberts Rinehart JOINS THE BIG TELEGRAPH STAFF

The fiction idol of the American public will start her new serial in The Harrisburg Telegraph Friday, September 29.

It is a smashing tale of mystery that plunges you into its swift, fascinating action. It baffles and grips and thrills. You'll rave about—

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