

WOMEN'S INTERESTS PREPARING TO LIVE

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"Life wastes itself while we are preparing to live," wrote Emerson.

The Sage of Concord spoke one of his deep truths in that simple sentence.

Too many of us treat life as if it were a journey for which we had to do shopping and sewing and packing! We tire ourselves out buying certain things and arranging to take them with us and laying others away in camphor so that they will be out of the way for the present, but available if we chance to want them later.

Life is a journey—but most of the things we need we can get on the way! Education is not a matter of going through high school or college, earning a diploma, framing it, and feeling that in that piece of evidence lies our claim to culture. Education is a matter of learning every day and as we go.

Fitting ourselves for work isn't a matter of studying up to a certain point, accepting a position after due preparation and then expending bit by bit a full store of knowledge secured in advance.

Instead, it is a matter of imbibing knowledge every day, of learning by each hour's experience, of adjusting ourselves to circumstances as they rise and of growing to meet the needs of a growing work.

Most of us put the accent on the wrong place in our living. We live all the time and steadily, so we

should learn to live more and more fully each day. No one can prepare for anything so perfectly that unexpected situations will not arise which have to be met with mental agility and a certain power to react to new situations.

The sum of experience is never done. We keep adding to it every day. All of us are learning all of the time, else we are stagnating or, worse still, evaporating mentally.

Preparing to live, planning to do something splendid to-morrow or next week, is almost a guarantee of never doing anything worth while.

A great author once said that he kept a notebook full of plots and suggestions for plots which he meant to work up some day into masterpieces. He died with all the material in that notebook untouched.

His life might have wasted itself while he was preparing to write except for the fact that he never ceased writing other stories and plots—the tales of lesser importance in his judgment—the things he didn't jot down in the notebook with the idea of working up some day, but those he wrote at as he went along.

The great "masterpieces" he meant to do when he had leisure, when he had prepared himself for them, were never accomplished. His "lesser works" made his reputation.

And life is like that. It will waste itself as we are preparing to live if we don't live even while we prepare.



No. 26—Meats (Continued)

Another method of frying meats consists in entirely immersing the meat to be cooked in sufficient smoking-hot fat to cover it and keeping the fat at that degree of heat until the food is brown. It should then be taken up with a skimmer and laid upon brown paper for a moment to free it from grease.

Broiling.

The rules for roasting meat apply to broiling, except that instead of cooking it in the oven it is to be quickly browned, first on one side and then on the other, over a hot fire, and removed a little from the fire to finish cooking. Meat an inch thick will broil in about four minutes. It should be seasoned after it is cooked.

Roasting.

Meat is first wiped with a damp cloth, then trimmed and tied into shape if necessary. In the bottom of the pan put some pieces of fat from the meat itself. Arrange meat on rack in pan. Dredge with salt, pepper and flour. Have oven very hot at first; when meat is half done reduce heat. Baste every fifteen minutes. If there is danger of fat in pan being scorched add a few spoons of boiling water. Allow from ten to twenty minutes per pound of meat, according to how it is desired, rare or well done. When done remove to hot platter. Gravy is thickened with browned flour.

adding more water if necessary together with seasoning.

Players' Favorites.

As promised in my last installment I asked several prominent players to suggest their favorite meat upon which I would give my recipe in this department. I started off with Dustin Farnum and to my surprise learned that his favorite meat was boiled HAM. If "Dusty" were anything but one of the most popular actors in the country I could understand that his sympathies would be with a ham in any manner, shape or form, human or otherwise. However, boiled ham it is and here's the recipe I use for this particular item:

Boiled Ham.

Ham is soaked in cold water for about a day and then trimmed and scraped very clean. I use a blade of mace, a few cloves, a sprig of thyme and two bay-leaves for seasoning. Place ham in large stew-pan, with more than sufficient water to cover it; put in the seasoning. Boil four or five hours, according to weight; when done, let it become cold in liquor in which it was boiled. Then remove rind carefully, without injuring the fat; press cloth over it to absorb as much of the grease as possible. It is always improved by setting in the oven for nearly an hour, till incidentally becoming more tender. Shake some bread crumbs over fat. Serve cold.

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Mary Roberts Rinehart's Thrilling Mystery of "The Curve of the Catenary"

(Continued From Yesterday.)

I might not have been so anxious to have him stay if Miss Hazeltine had been going to be there. But I knew she'd never get back. I didn't tell Martin about that. I'd have had to tell what I'd said to the family that morning; the situation hardly called for that.

Each of us maneuvered carefully to get rid of the other when we got to town and we succeeded—for a time. But at something like 9, when I walked up the steps of the white house on the hill, Martin was there.

An elderly woman admitted me, and let me standing in the hall. She looked like a left-over from better times, like the Washington mirrors and the old paintings, and she didn't like my looks. Not that I knew it at the time. She told me so later. Martin and Miss Hazeltine were talking in the livingroom and had not heard my ring.

"So you see," Martin was saying, "with that out of the way, it's all right. It was a bit of luck finding it."

"All right! How can you say it is all right? I cannot even think of it!" Miss Hazeltine's voice said, despairingly. "And even with that out of the way, there is the picture."

"What picture is that?"

"The thing is, not to let it happen again. If you had only waited until 2 o'clock. Eleven was dangerous. I told you so."

"He would not wait, I begged him to."

The maid, who had not bothered with an apron to admit me, had put one on by that time to announce me, and the voices ceased. I got an impression that they were about as glad to see me as the servant had been, and Martin as much as told me they were alarmed. I think, for I saw Hazel glance at him as if to get some comfort from him. But Martin eyed me grimly.

"Well," he said, "how did you get it?"

"The usual method—bell and front door."

It looked very cozy there, a small wood fire and no much the light. Nobody sat down, but if they had had an idea of getting me off that way, they didn't know me.

"Do you mind if I sit down by the fire?" I said. "I haven't been warm to-day. Taking cold, I think."

"Oh, sit down and spend the evening," Martin said, rudely. Did you ever notice the insolence of the man who is over six feet tall, in a particular brand, half patronizing and half sarcastic. And when the man is in love, there's something of the savage in it, too.

"Thanks. But that invitation to be effective should come from Miss Hazel, shouldn't it?"

He turned red with fury, but she didn't understand, poor kid. She stood by the fire and looked at us in turn, wistfully. And when I turned to scowling, Martin picked up his hat and went out looking surly as blazes, she was still bewildered.

I wasn't the only one who wanted to go. Not that I didn't want to see her. I did. But I had to tell her of the mess I'd got her into, and I had to go through with it. Hurt? I'd as soon have pinched a baby.

But do you think I could do it? I could not, just then, anyhow. It was easier to sit near her, and think how pretty and how pale she was, and how hurrying along with the office would be like without her. After a while it got on my nerves to see her sitting there, white and wretched, and trying to be polite.

"I've had a headache all day," she said. "But I'll be back at the office to-morrow. I hope your father was not much put out."

"I tried to tell her then, but somehow it wouldn't come."

"And we've landed the big order, Mr. Martin says. All the men will be back and Grayton will be happy. I've been so worried about some of the families there."

I got up and wandered to the window. To save my life I couldn't see the light die out of her eyes. I'd never thought she cared about the Grayton people, or anything like that. Martin was always raving about the conditions in the mill settlement and he took six or seven times to look around. But she said the odors and the dirt made her sick.

It was some view. The whole town lay spread out below. The lights were on again, and one could see the bridges, with their double rows of lamps, and a road bridge in the river, lit up with red and blue lights, like a Christmas tree. The trolley cars moved along the streets like boats in a canyon.

"It's pretty up here," I said. "I don't know why more people don't live here."

"I like to sit here on summer evenings and think of the people down there hurrying along to get to some place or other. The street cars and the trains, and the automobiles rushing across the bridges, everything seems to hurry so. And up here it is so quiet. Do you know what I like most to watch?"

"I know what I like to watch," I said, looking at her.

"The mill, your father's mill. It's so dark and restful."

"Too darned restful," I said. "A really healthy and normal mill doesn't need rest. But with the big order in to-day, we're going to put on a night shift."

She was all eagerness at that, poor kid. And me with what I had to tell her!

Can you beat it?

I got it out somehow after a while—that she was not to go about town, tried to make up an excuse. But I'm no liar, and she saw through me like a shot.

"The real reason," I said, as steadily as I could, "is that I told them I was going to marry you."

"You—what?"

"Your ears didn't not deceive you. I—oh, hang it all, I made a fool of myself this morning, and you're paying for it."

I softened what the Mater had said, and told her the whole wretched business from start to finish.

"So you see," I said, "we're both out. I'm a homeless wanderer, sitting on your doorstep, and you—you poor little thing!"

For she was crying. By heaven, it hurt. I went over and stood by her. I couldn't think of a thing to say. But after a bit I took one of her hands and let me hold it for a minute. I don't believe she knew I had it.

"Will you let me talk to you a little?" I said. "You needn't answer. It's just this. I've been pretty crazy about you—I'll not put it that way. For a good while now I've been thinking I liked the business. It wasn't any effort to go to the office; I—I looked forward to it. I'm a good bit of a dub and I never exactly thought about it. But to-day I've been doing some thinking and—it wasn't the business only. It was you."

It was hard to go on, but I did. I did that she didn't care to rap for me. But I had to go on. If she'd

looked up it would have been easier, but she never moved.

"If I ask you to marry me, I want you to know that it isn't carry out that miserable bluff I made this morning. It's because, sooner or later, I'd have asked you anyhow."

It wasn't hard to see something that hung to it. Jove, it was a solitaire ring, and a beauty.

"Well, that's the answer, of course," I said.

We both fell looking out over the town, and suddenly I saw the light flash up in the mill. She saw it, too. "The night shift!" she said. "Working on the new order."

And all at once I knew that it had hurt me to leave the mill. I'd thought it was a bore and a nuisance, but that was because we were idle. Now things had started up; double shifts; the yard gang hustling, the hammering and banging and heat that mean big business; the chaos that was order; the little girl and I, who'd every step of landing that contract, we were out of it for good.

She felt it, too, for she reached out a hand and slipped it into mine.

"Don't worry about me," she said. "I'll manage. But you liked it. Do you remember how excited we were when the first nibble of that order came in? Don't be too proud, Oliver. Go back there, to the bank and work. You can, if you only will."

I went away.

I got to the club before 11. The lights were all on. A big electric sign-board announced the name of one of the theaters. Almost exactly twenty-four hours before she had kissed me over the footlights, and I'd been rather elevated about it. A lot of the fellows were crazy about Lottie.

"Twenty-four hours! And in that time I'd seen a murder, lost a perfectly good family and been turned down by a girl!"

Can you beat it?

I've seen the time when it would have taken about three drinks to get me out enough for bed. But I didn't want anything to drink that night. I wanted to go off in a corner and die. Believe me, I thought maybe the Mater would have sent a note. She's a good hearted woman, and fond of me, when I'm away somewhere or not too much under foot. There was a letter, but it was not from mother. It was from the dealer I'd seen that day.

"Dear Sir," it said, "in regard to a camera which we understood you to-day to say you had lost. A camera with the lens missing was offered to me by a certain person. We took the matter under advisement, pending communication with you. Would you say that this carried a lens of the approximate size of the one you describe, and is somewhat damaged?"

"Said camera," now in our shop, and we will take pleasure in holding it for your identification. We have replaced the missing lens, having exceptional facilities for this sort of work."

I didn't know it, but I was rapidly approaching the Curve of the Catenary.

I slept without moving that night until daylight. I didn't expect to. I was wretched enough. But I was shut all to pieces and that's a fact. My room at the club looked out toward the hill and beyond that to the river and the mill. I'd been in the white house. Before I turned in I took a last look out of the window and said good-by to them both.

She was engaged to Martin. I might have known it, but I'm not very observant and somehow I'd never thought of Martin and any woman. She had tried to take him tea-fighting how much a fellow knows about other fellows.

But at daylight I wakened up and the thing hit me like a blow. I watched the top of a white house when the sun came up a good bit, and I was sorry for me. She'd looked sorry, all right.

I had a notion to throw the whole thing up and go to Bermuda. It's no place to forget in. It's too small. But I'm not much of a sailor and I thought the trip down would keep me too busy to worry. If she was in trouble, and I knew she was, Martin was in the secret and about twenty times more capable than I was to help her out. There, in the dawn, I had to acknowledge that the only reason I wanted to work things out was on her account. And she didn't need me.

Then I got to wondering if Martin did know. I'd only stumbled on the thing, you see. If he knew, and the trouble was serious, why had he gone to the country club that previous afternoon? I'd been in his place, and she'd gone home sick, and all the rest of it, you can just believe it was but I wasn't in his place, worse luck.

I had a cup of coffee and the papers sent up. There was a good bit about the robbery and two or three men were being held. Nothing about the murders except that there were no developments, and a symposium from two or three alienists on the effect of darkness on crime. Under the heading, "Return of Prosperity," there was an article on the mill opening up and running double turn, and a socialist had written a red-hot letter to the editor about women wearing a million dollar worth of jewelry to the ball, while in the mill district—that was us—the houses were shamefully out of repair and children stayed home from school because they had no shoes.

Well, that was right enough. Our houses were bad, and I'd told the governor so more than once. That was one of the things that kept me popular with him.

At 8 o'clock I was at the camera shop, and when I saw the camera I gave up the idea of Bermuda. I was pretty sure that the lens I'd lost would have fitted it exactly. It looked queer with the lens out, like a blind eye.

"The case is scratched," said the dealer. "It's a good case, but I'm glad to say the plate is not broken."

"Plate?"

He stared at me.

(To Be Continued.)

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Dies in Electric Chair For Murder Despite His Assertion of Innocence

Sing Sing, N. Y., Oct. 7.—Thomas Bambrick, of New York City, was electrocuted in the State Prison early to-day for the murder of George Dappins, a New York policeman a year ago. Bambrick had twice been prevailed by the Governor and unsuccessful attempts to obtain a third reprieve continued up to the very hour of his execution.

Thomas M. Osborne, warden of Sing Sing Prison, asserted in an address before two hundred bankers and businessmen in New York City last night "there is not a doubt in the world that this man is innocent."

Several bankers hurried to telephone booths and endeavored to call the Governor at Albany but his secretary, William A. Orr, declined to have the Governor awakened unless the petitioners had some new evidence to submit.

Governor Whitman declined yesterday to extend further executive clemency to Bambrick after granting a hearing to his attorney. Just before Bambrick left his cell for the deathhouse to-day he again told the prison chaplain, the Rev. Father Cashin, that he was innocent. Three electric shocks caused death.

The shooting for which he was executed took place during an altercation at an outing.

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