

Women AND THEIR INTERESTS

Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

Thuan who makes his New Year resolutions known attains the same disadvantage as the sinner who has been converted at a revival.

Daysey Mayme, having heard a sinner publicly express a determination to be better, watches skeptically for proofs that he is behaving worse.

She calls this meanness. Others know it is human nature, accept it as such and keep their good resolutions lodged in their breasts.

Daysey Mayme Appleton, without vying any of her valuable time in analytical research of human motives, had discovered that her good resolutions brought a smile of scorn to her father's face, and rather than provoke it she decided to keep her New Year resolutions secret.

For several days she had been unavoidably prevented from doing her share of the housework by the labor attendant upon the thinking, and moulding and writing of her good intentions. One could not work, with any concentration on the abstract, while facing anything so concrete as a dishpan or a broom.

"Resolved," she wrote: "That I will pin a flower on father's coat every morning; the attention will please him, and the flower will serve to hide the lack of a button."

"That I will be more modest, according to the latest interpretation

of modesty, slitting my skirts a little higher, and more carefully covering my ears;

"That I will spend more money. An economical daughter is no incentive to a father to get out and earn more;

"That I will regard no time nor occasion too sacred to call attention to my brother's hands; I would not be sisterly if I ever relaxed in the mental attitude of handing him a cake of soap;

"That I will have more guests at all seasons and times, remembering always that the strain of cooking for them will incite my mother to higher culinary ambition, and that there is nothing more improving to the family than to be constantly invested with company manners;

"That I will prove my daughterly love by getting breakfast every morning."

These noble sentiments explain why Daysey Mayme is late to the table every morning. It would be impossible to keep her good resolutions if she did not constantly reinforce her memory, so she lies in bed while she reads them, and deplores greatly that the resolution to cook breakfast comes at the foot of the list.

Every morning by the time she reaches it she finds breakfast has been cooked.—FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Her impulse was to rush into extravagance of praise after he had sent the foreman out into the works to tell the men that he should not sell his patrimony to the trust, but for some reason which she would have found it difficult to explain fully she said not a word about it. Instead, she turned to him with matter-of-fact expression and the words of commonplace occasions.

"Did you have a good night's rest?" He felt like saying something full of emphasis, whether in access of joy or sorrow he was not certain, but he knew that any words which he could use to her would be inadequate to furnish him relief, and so he called her commonplace question with a thrill of real relief.

"My back is broken," he said with an expressive grimace and a writhe. "Who named that hotel?"

"The Grand?" He nodded with another serio-comic facial antic.

She laughed. "Is it as bad as that?" "There are men in prison for doing less than running a hotel like that!" Almost he made the revelation of their startling midnight wanderings, but caught himself in time.

"Why don't you open your uncle's home?" "My uncle's home?" he said, a little startled.

He had not thought of that. The suggestion probably did more to drive home definitely to his inner mind the true significance of his decision to take up the business than anything which had previously occurred. His uncle's home!

After his father's death it had been his home; it had been the only semblance of a home which he remembered, and his memories of it were harsh enough, in some details almost repellent. His uncle had been hard; he had had but little understanding of boy nature; the house had been a sort of prison from which he could escape at intervals each day.

He had not even thought of opening it; it never had occurred to him that he could ever live another day of his life there.

But, now she spoke of it, why not? The place was grim, old-fashioned, inhospitable, forbidding, as so many old New England houses are, and as so many more New England houses were ten years ago; but that atmosphere was more that of its occupant than that of the old place itself. It must have been a joyous and free-minded Jones who chose the site for it, for it was very beautiful; it must have been an artist Jones who chose the plans for it, for its design was of that beautiful, pure old colonial which (barring skyscrapers) is the only architectural merit America has yet originated, and than which nothing is more truly beautiful; it must have been a social Jones who added the great wing to it, for in that wing were bedrooms, sitting rooms, and a great dining-room quite plainly meant to welcome many guests.

His memories of the house were gloomy and unattractive, for from it

both his father and his mother had been taken to their final resting places, and in it he had spent few joyous hours. All the happiness of his youth in Jonesville were associated with the homes of others, public places, out-of-doors; he had heard very little laughter in the old homestead. But might it not house happiness? He realized that it would make an ideal setting for pure joy. Still, it was in Jonesville! That made him wince.

"You don't think it will be necessary for me to live in this town, do you?" She nodded. She was rather glad to feel that it was right for her to nod. She would have shrunk from revelations of the sorrow which would certainly have filled her heart if it had transpired, now, that Broadway was not to remain in Jonesville. She even shrank from an acknowledgment of this in her own heart.

"The business will need your attention," she said gravely.

He waved a hand which he tried to make appear as if dispensing privileges, but which, he knew, seemed more that of a shirker.

"Go right on with the business. Don't pay any attention to me."

She looked at him very gravely. Then, dropping her eyes, she took some papers from the desk, went to a filing cabinet, deposited them with care in their allotted places, and slowly went back to her desk. As she returned she did not again raise her eyes to his.

"Have you thought of what we talked about last night?" she asked.

She made him most uncomfortable. He had begun to wonder, for the first time in his life, if possibly, he did not have a conscience. He had never taken any obligation very seriously; sud-

denly it seemed necessary for him to consider many things with solemn, pondering mind. He did not like it. It distinctly made him nervous. What was the use of being heir to all his uncle's property if riches brought the very thing which he had thought they might preserve him from—dull care?

Had he thought of what she had said last night? He had thought of little else! Had that train of thought been started by any human being other than herself, he would have bitterly resented the intense discomfort it had caused him. Even now his voice was peevish when he answered:

"Have I thought of it! All I dreamed about last night was poverty stricken families crying for their food. Thousands of men, women and children chased me through the streets, out of the town and into a wild forest—where there was nothing but chewing-gum trees."

She let her head fall back, and laughed. He was so funny! Yet she plainly felt that there was truth in his complaint. She believed he really had passed a most uncomfortable night. Perhaps she was not very sorry that he had.

"Oh, I had an awful night," he mourned. "I could have slept this morning, but the Ladies' Aid began to rehearse their minstrel show across the street, so I got up and ordered

breakfast."

Having gone thus far he stopped, as if there could be nothing further to be said, but she did not understand the reason for his sudden silence.

"Yes?" she inquired.

"Did you ever breakfast at the Grand?" he asked pathetically.

"No," she smiled.

"I dare you to!" he challenged.

"It's the best hotel in town. All the theatrical troupes stop there."

He nodded grimly. "The troupes that play in Jonesville probably deserve it."

She did not quite approve of this. She was sure that she had seen some wondrous acting there in Jonesville. Had she not wept her eyes out over a new play, entitled "East Lynne," the previous winter? Had not another novelty, which the bills announced came straight to Jonesville from a metropolitan run of many weeks, and which was known as "The Two Orphans," held her spellbound for an evening? Had not the leading men in these productions been invariably very different in their appearance from any of the Jonesville youth, and therefore romantically attractive; had not the leading women worn enormous jewels and extraordinary, yellow hair which she had envied fiercely? Her own hair was rich, dark brown. She thought it

very commonplace.

She looked at him somewhat coldly. It was plainly time to turn from gossip to pure business.

"I've worked all the morning with the auditor upon a statement which shows the year's business up to the first of this month," she notified him gravely. From an upper drawer of the big desk at which she had been seated she secured a long, formidable-looking paper and, rising, approached him with it. "Do you care to go over it now?"

He eyed it askance, as if it might have been a dangerous thing and liable to sting. Business! Should he ever really discover how to feel the slightest interest in it or understanding of it? What a tiresome looking thing it was.

"No; not right now," he told her, almost shivering. "I—Mr. Wallace promised to do all that for me."

She put the statement back into her desk, a little disappointed. "Then he'll be here this morning?"

"Yes; he'll be here right away. He had to go to the barber shop." He laughed. "I shave myself, thank God!" he added fervently.

[To Be Continued.]

Try Telegraph Want Ads.

To-morrow the Last Friday Bargain Day At Kaufman's Clean Sweep Sale

Women's Neckwear

One lot of Women's fancy Neckwear; values up to 75c. Choice for, each, 10c

Women's Silk Blouses

One lot of Women's Messaline Silk Blouses; broken sizes; values up to \$3.50. Choice for, 98c

Baby Caps

One lot of Infant Baby Caps; values up to 75c. Choice for, each, 10c

Women's Silk Hose

One lot of Women's all-pure Thread Silk Hose in high colors only; values up to \$1.50, all perfect. Choice for, a pair, 49c

Children's Hose

200 pairs of Boys' and Girls' fast black ribbed Hose; slightly imperfect; 20c value; all sizes. Choice for, pair, 8c

Men's Shirts

One lot of Men's Blue Chambray, two-collar shirts, sizes 14 and 14½ only, 50c value. Choice for, each, 29c

Men's Suspenders

One lot of Men's and Boys' Suspenders, good web, 25c value. Choice for, each, 10c

\$15 to \$20 Value Men's and Young Men's Overcoats and Suits

The quality kind, not alone good, but the best clothes. For men and young men.

L. and M. System Stein make, perfect clothes, \$15 to \$20 values, to-morrow, \$9.75

Again--Tomorrow 350 Pairs of Men's Good Business PANTS. Value to \$3.50 at \$1.50

ANOTHER BIG PURCHASE FROM THE Carlisle Garment Co., OF CARLISLE, PA.

Consisting of 279 Women's and Misses' One Piece Cloth Dresses

The Entire Purchase Goes on Sale To-morrow, Friday Morning At Prices Far Less Than Cost to Make

Lot No. 1. Carlisle Garment Co.'s Women's and Misses' up to \$4.50 Dresses for \$1.95

One-piece Serge Dresses, in assorted colors and assorted sizes.

Lot No. 1. Carlisle Garment Co.'s Women's and Misses' up to \$6.00 Dresses for \$2.95

One-piece Cloth Dresses in assorted colors and assorted sizes.

Lot No. 4. Carlisle Garment Co.'s Women's and Misses' up to \$12.00 Dresses for \$4.95

This lot contains a good many samples of all kinds of materials, all good styles, assorted colors and sizes, but not all sizes of each style.

Carlisle Garment Co.'s Girls' One and Two Piece Serge Dresses, Values to \$6.00 for \$1.89

Sizes 10 to 14 years, mostly navy blues, and made of all-wool serges.

None of these Dresses sent C. O. D. None on Approval. None exchanged.

Women's House Dresses & Wrappers

One lot of Women's Fancy Flannelette House Dresses and Wrappers; slightly imperfect; values up to \$1.50. Choice for, 39c

Girls' Wash Dresses

One lot of Girls' Washable Dresses; all colors; sizes 6 to 14; values up to \$1.50. Choice for, 49c

Ribbed Underwear

One lot of Women's and Children's Ribbed Underwear; mostly small sizes; values up to 25c (soiled). Choice for, each, 5c

Children's Dresses

One lot of 25 Children's Flannelette Dresses; sizes 2 to 6 years old; soiled; 25c value. Choice for, each, 10c

Women's Sweaters

One lot of Women's all pure wool fancy stripe Coat Sweaters; \$8.50 value. Choice for, \$1.19

C-B Corsets

One lot of C-B corsets, value up to \$1.00. Choice for, 59c

One Lot of C-B Corsets Value up to \$1.50. Choice for, 79c

Children's Supporters

One lot of children's Velvet Grip Hose Supporters, in black and white, all sizes, value up to 20c. Choice for, 10c A Pair

Cadet Boys' Blouses

The standard make, sizes 6 to 16, 50c and 75c quality, 37c

Boys' Suits and Overcoats

Values to \$7.50, to-morrow, \$3.00

Boys' Knickerbockers 5 to 17 years Values to 75c, at 39c

Broadway Jones From the Play of George M. Cohan By EDWARD MARSHALL

CHAPTER X. There was another than the foreman who was happier than ordinary words would have expressed, now that Jackson Jones had stated, with what seemed to be finality, that he intended to continue at the business which had made his fortune and had made Jonesville. But Josie felt a strange need for reserve in her young employer's presence, a need which she had not felt the night before and one which she could not explain.

THIS WAIST DESIGN SUGGESTS BOLERO

Touches of Persian Silk Add Greatly to the Beauty of the Design



8122 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 44 bust. WITH THREE-QUARTER OR ELBOW SLEEVES.

Everything that gives the suggestion of the bolero is fashionable. This blouse shows extremely pretty and extremely becoming lines. It is made with the new kimono sleeves that are loose under the arms and with the chemise effect that is essentially smart. Added to all, it is simple and easy to make. The waistcoat extends all the way to the waist line and the side of the blouse are attached to it, the little bib portion being arranged over all and the whole closed at the left side. The fullness at the lower edge of the sleeves is unusual and pretty but this is a season of infinite variety and plain elbow sleeves can be substituted.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 2½ yds. of material 27, 2 yds. 36, 1½ yds. 44 in. wide, with ½ yd. 21 for the collar and cuffs, ¾ yd. 18 for the chemise.

The pattern of the blouse 8122 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's and May Manton Patterns.

CONFERENCE AT BLAIN Special to The Telegraph Blain, Pa., Jan. 29.—Yesterday the fourth quarterly conference of the Blain Methodist Episcopal charge, comprising the congregations at Blain, New Germantown, Emory Chapel and Fairview, was held in the Blain church in charge of the district superintendent, the Rev. A. S. Fasick, D. D., of New Cumberland. The Rev. Mr. Fasick delivered a fine sermon last evening in the New Germantown Church, where the Rev. Gideon P. Sarvis is conducting a series of revival services.

This Will Revive A Faded Complexion

Many Winter complexion troubles could be avoided if a plain maytane lotion were used instead of greasy creams or injurious face powders. This lotion can be made by dissolving an original package of maytane in one-half pint witch hazel. Apply after cleansing and drying the skin and rub lightly until it dries and you will be delighted with the result. The maytane lotion is especially fine for pimples, blackheads and rough, faded skin, and restores the youth-tint to the faded complexion.

Potts' Greaseless Cold Cream Softens and Relieves Chapped Skin. For Sale at Bowman's (Toilet Articles Counter) And Potts' Drug Store, Third and Herr Streets. 25c the Jar.