

Women and Their Interests Summertime Fables

By DOROTHY DIX
Once upon a Time there was a certain Man who at the beginning of the Heated Term called his two Daughters to him and thus addressed them: "It irks me greatly," he said, "that I cannot put up for your annual Summer Campaign, but a Psychological Campaign that resembles the Real Thing to a Low-brow like me has paralyzed the Grocery Trade, and put Business on the Blink. Therefore I opine that it is Home Sweet Home for yours this Season."

"Nix on that Economy Stuff," replied the Older Daughter. "I apprehend that there is Nothing Doing in Town in Summer, and so it's me for the Mountains, where I can Write Back how I am Sleeping under a Blanket in July. Besides, Summer is the Open Season for the Matrimonial Hunt, and when a Young Woman has Collected as many Birthdays as I have it behooves her to be Hot on the Trail."

"Your Words are Words of Wisdom," groaned the Poor Father, "yet how I am to Get a Bank Roll to Stake you in the Gamble of a Conundrum that gives me the Willies to Contemplate!" "Cut the Appropriation in Half," said the Second Daughter, turning a Sympathetic Look upon her Father, "for I will remain at Home, and Sweat my Old Clothes, while Sister Dolls herself up in the Glad Rags at Fashionable Summer Resorts."

Thereupon the Older Sister Fared West and began Playing the Big Time at the Swell Summer Resorts. She would change her Clothes seven times a Day for the Inspection of the Old Cats who sat upon the Hotel Veranda and Clawed to Pieces the Looks and Reputation of every Pulchritudinous Woman that passed there. Also at Night she Tanged with other Maidens, than which there is no Sadder Sight on Earth.

But she did not Grab Off any Engagement Rings, for the Excellent Reason that the only Men in Sight were either Dotty old Grandpas who were already tied up with an Ample Sufficiency of Wife, or else they were Schoolboys with an Allowance of \$1.50 a Week for Spending Money and Wearing their Old Clothes.

In the meantime the Good Sister who had Remained at Home in the City was having an Uproarious Time, because while Most of the Girls in their Set had gone West for the Summer, all of the Men were still Attending to Business at the Old Stand. Therefore, she had a Monopoly which she Proceeded to Work in the Way that howled that Rockefeller will have Nothing on Women when they get the Chance.

Daily and Nightly her Door was Besieged by Youths with Automobiles and Motor Boats, and the Price of Roof Gardens in their Pockets, and as she always said that she Preferred the City in Summer, and did not think it At All Warm, three Misguided Young Men asked her Hand in Marriage, under the Delusion that she would Hold the same Views after she was Wed.

Moral—This Fable teaches us Two Things. First, that Virtue is its own Reward if we know how to Collect the Dividend. Second, it Teaches us the Wisdom of Fishing where the Fish are Plentiful.

HOW I CURED MY EYES

THIS FREE PRESCRIPTION DID IT
My eyes were in a terrible state; I could hardly see. They were red and inflamed; felt as though they had sand in them. They would ache and burn dreadfully. My eyes were itchy and I could hardly read at all. After wearing my glasses my eyes felt strained and eye-worked. One day I met a man whose eyes had bothered him the same way. He gave me the following prescription which he said had cured him and since had enabled him to discard his glasses.

If you wear glasses or have eye trouble similar to mine I advise you to have this formula filled at once. H. C. Kennedy, of any druggist can fix it up for you. Here it is: 5 Grains Optona (1 tablet) 2 ounces Water.

SOUSA AT Willow Grove

SUNDAY, AUG. 30 SEPTEMBER 13 1914

Special Excursion Train table with columns for From, Fare, and Special A.M.

Returning, Special Train will leave Willow Grove 9.00 P. M. for above stations. Tickets good only on date of excursion on above Special Train in each direction. Children between 5 and 12 years of age half fare.

Try Telegraph Want Ads.

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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(Continued)

"Eighty million people to our fifty million!" "Because of the odds, they think we are bound to yield, no matter if we are in the right!"

"Let them come!" said the butcher's son. "If we have to go, it will be on a wave of blood." "And they will come some time," said the judge's son. "They want our land."

"We gain nothing if we beat them back. War will be the ruin of business," said the banker's son. "Yes, we are prosperous now. Let well enough alone!" said the manufacturer's son.

"Some say it makes wages higher," said the laborer's son, "but I am thinking it's a poor way of raising your pay."

"There won't be any war," said the banker's son. "There can't be without credit. The banking interests will not permit it."

"There can always be war," said the judge's son, "always when one people determines to strike at another people—even if it brings bankruptcy."

"It would be a war that would make all others in history a mere exchange of skirmishes. Every able-bodied man in line—automatics a hundred shots a minute—guns a dozen shots a minute—and aeroplanes and dirigibles!" said the manufacturer's son.

"To the death, too!" "And not for glory! We of the 58d who live on the frontier will be fighting for our homes!"

"If we lose them we'll never get them back. Better die than be beaten!" Herbert Stransky, with deep-set eyes, slightly equining inward, and a heavy jaw, an enormous man who was the best shot in the company when he cared to be, had listened in silence to the others, his rather thick but expressive lips curving with cynicism.

His only speech all the morning had been in the midst of the reception in the public square of the town when he said: "This home-coming doesn't mean much to me. Home? Hell! The hedgerows of the world are my home!"

He appeared older than his years, and hard and bitter, except when his eyes would light with a feverish sort of fire which shone as he broke into a lull in the talk.

"Comrades," he began. "Let us hear from the Socialist!" a Tory exclaimed.

"No, the anarchist!" shouted a Socialist. "There won't be any war!" said Stransky, his voice gradually rising to the pitch of an agitator relishing the sensation of his own words.

"Patriotism is the played-out trick of the ruling classes to keep down the proletariat. There won't be any war! Why? Because there are too many enlightened men on both sides who do the world's work."

We of the 58d are a provincial lot, but throughout our army there are thousands upon thousands like me. They march, they drill, but when battle comes they will refuse to fight—my comrades in heart, to whom the flag of this country means no more than that of any other country!"

"Hold on! The flag is sacred!" cried the banker's son. "Yes, that will do!" "Shut up!"

Other voices formed a chorus of angry protest. "I knew you thought it; now I've caught you!" This from the sergeant, who had seen hard fighting against a savage foe in Africa and therefore was particularly bitter about the Bodlapop affair. The welt of a scar on the gaunt, fever-yellowed cheek turned a deeper red as he seized Stransky by the collar of the blouse.

Stransky raised his free hand as if to strike, but paused as he faced the figure, aristocratic of feature. His indignation was as evident as the sergeant's, but he was biting his lips to keep it under control.

"You heard what he said, sir?" "The latter part—enough!" "It's incitation to mutiny! An example!"

"Yes, put him under arrest." The sergeant still held fast to the collar of Stransky's blouse. Stransky could have shaken himself free, as a mastiff frees himself from a puppy, but this was resistance to arrest and he had not yet made up his mind to go that far. His muscles were wearing under the sergeant's grip, his eyes glowing as with volcanic fire waiting on the madness of impulse for eruption.

"I wonder if it is really worth while to put him under arrest?" said some one at the edge of the group in amiable inquiry.

The voice came from an officer of about thirty-five, who apparently had strolled over from a near-by aeroplane station to look at the regiment. From his shoulder hung the gold cords of the staff. It was Col. Arthur Lanstron, whose plane had skimmed the Gallands' garden wall for the "easy bump" ten years ago. There was something more than mere titular respect in the way the young captain saluted—admiration and the diffident, boyish glance of recognition which does not presume to take the lead in recalling a slight acquaintance with a man of distinction.

"Dellarme! It's all of two years since we met at Miss Gallan's, isn't it?" Lanstron said, shaking hands with the captain.

"Yes, just before we were ordered south," said Dellarme, obviously pleased to be remembered. "I overheard your speech," Lanstron continued, nodding toward Stransky. "It was very informing."

A crowd of soldiers was now press-

ing around Stransky, and in the front rank was Grandfather Fragrant.

"Said our flag was no better'n any other flag, did he?" piped the old man. "Beat him to a pulp! That's what the Hussars would have done."

"If you don't mind telling it in public, Stransky, I should like to know your origin," said Lanstron, prepared to be as considerate of an anarchist's private feelings as of anybody's.

Stransky squinted his eyes down the bony bridge of his nose and grinned sardonically. "That won't take long," he answered. "My father, so far as I could identify him, died in jail and my mother of drink."

"That was hardly to the purple!" observed Lanstron thoughtfully. "No, to the red!" answered Stransky savagely.

"I mean that it was hardly inclined to make you take a roseate view of life as a beautiful thing in a well-ordered world where favors of fortune are evenly distributed," continued Lanstron.

"Rather to make me rejoice in the hope of a new order of things—the recreation of society!" Stransky uttered the sentiment with the triumphant pride of a pupil who knows his text-book thoroughly.

By this time the colonel commanding the regiment, who had noticed the excitement from a distance, appeared, forcing a gap for his passage through the crowd with sharp words. He, too, recognized Lanstron. After they had shaken hands, the colonel scowled as he heard the situation explained, with the old sergeant, still holding fast to Stransky's collar, a capable and insistent witness for the prosecution; while Stransky, the fire in his eyes dying to coals, stared straight ahead.

"It is only a suggestion, of course," said Lanstron, speaking quite as a spectator to avoid the least indication of interference with the colonel's authority, "but it seems possible that Stransky has clothed his wrongs in a garb that could never set well on his nature if he tried to wear it in practice. He is really an individualist. Enraged, he would fight well. I should like nothing better than a force of Stransky's if I had to defend a redoubt in a last stand."

"Yes, he might fight." The colonel looked hard at Stransky's rigid profile, with its tight lips and chin as firm as if cut out of stone. "You never know who will fight in the pinch, they say. But that's speculation. It's the example that I have to deal with."

"He is not of the insidious, plotting type. He spoke his mind openly," suggested Lanstron. "If you give him the limit of the law, why, he becomes a martyr to persecution. I should say that his remarks might pass for back-room gassing."

"Very well," said the colonel, taking the shortest way out of the difficulty. "We will excuse the first offense."

"Yes, sir!" said the sergeant mechanically as he released his grip of the offender. "We had two anarchists in my company in Africa," he observed in loyal agreement with orders. "They fought like devils. The only trouble was to keep them from shooting innocent natives for sport."

Stransky's collar was still crumpled on the nape of his neck. He remained stock-still, staring down the bridge of his nose. For a full minute he did not vouchsafe so much as a glance upward over the change in his fortunes. Then he looked around at Lanstron glowering.

"I know who you are!" he said. "You were born in the purple. You have had education, opportunity, position—everything that you and your kind want to keep for your kind. You are smarter than the others. You would hang a man with spider webs instead of hemp. But I won't fight for you! No, I won't!"

He threw back his head with a determination in his defiance so intense that it had a certain kind of dignity that freed it of theatrical affectation.

"Yes, I was fortunate; but perhaps nature was not altogether unkind to you," said Lanstron. "In Napoleonic times, Stransky, I think you might even have carried a marshal's baton in your knapsack."

"You—what rot!" A sort of triumph played around Stransky's full lips and his jaw shot out challengingly. "No, never against my comrades on the other side of the border!" he concluded, his dogged stare returning.

Now the colonel gave the order to fall in; the bugle sounded and the centipede's legs began to assemble on the road. But Stransky remained a statue, his rifle untouched on the sward. He seemed of a mind to let the regiment go on without him.

"Stransky, fall in!" called the sergeant. Still Stransky did not move. A comrade picked up the rifle and fairly thrust it into his hands.

"Come on, Bert, and knead dough with the rest of us!" he whispered. "Come on! Cheer up!" Evidently his comrades liked Stransky.

"No!" roared Stransky, bringing the rifle down on the ground with a heavy blow.

[To Be Continued]

PHILIPP FOR GOVERNOR

By Associated Press
Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 3.—The nominations of Governors Francis F. McGovern, Republican, and P. O. Dunne, Democrat, for United States Senator, and Emanuel L. Philipp, Republican, for Governor, seem assured from returns received from yesterday's primary election early this morning.

MAY ESTABLISH BRANCHES
By Associated Press
Washington, D. C., Sept. 3.—The Federal Reserve Board to-day decided to grant the application of the National City Bank of New York to establish branches in South America.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

FRIDAY IS BARGAIN DAY AT KAUFMAN'S

On y 4 Hours of Bargain Selling-Store Opens at 8 A. M. Closes at 12 O'clock Noon

FOR FRIDAY ONLY One Lot of Full Length Serge COATS Values to \$15.00, for \$4.95

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Six Fine SAMPLE SILK COATS Worth to \$20.00. Choice for \$5.00

FOR FRIDAY ONLY One Lot of SILK DRESSES Worth to \$10.00, for \$2.00

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FOR FRIDAY ONLY Last Call On WASH DRESS SKIRTS 30 Wash Skirts, worth to \$1.25, for 25c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Big Sale of Women's and Misses' SUMMER WASH DRESSES: values to \$5.00, Choice for \$1.00

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Big Sale of Women's and Misses' FALL WEIGHT COATS; values to \$7.50, for \$2.95

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Four Women's GOLF FINE COATS, worth to \$12.50, for \$2.75

FOR FRIDAY ONLY One lot of Women's Silk Padded Hose Supporters; 50c value. Friday only, pair 10c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY Women's Bungalow Aprons; cut full; 50c value. Friday only 29c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY One lot of Women's Corset Covers; lace and embroidery trimmed; values to 39c Friday only 15c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY One lot of Children's Middle Blouses; value to \$1.00; not all sizes. Friday only 39c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY One lot of Women's Messaline Silk Shirt Waists, not all sizes, value to \$3.50. Friday only 59c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY One lot of Women's Lawn Shirt Waists; value to 50c. Friday only 19c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY One lot of Women's Fancy Silk Parasols; value to \$7.00. Choice for \$1.48

FOR FRIDAY ONLY 50 Women's full length Lawn Kimonos; 50c value. Friday only 10c

Boys' School Suits, Pants and Blouses These Very Extraordinary Prices for Friday Only

Boys' Norfolk Suits, sold for double elsewhere, strongly made, pants made full, 6 to 12, for \$1.89

Boys' Blouse Waists, open cuffs, link collar, fine percale and madras, for 23c

Boys' Norfolk Suits, handsomely made and trimmed, a \$3.50 value, for \$1.29

Puritan Blouse Waists, sold elsewhere at 75c, for 48c

Boys' School Suits, 2 Pairs of PANTS, \$3.90

Men's Suits and Pants at These Prices for Friday Only

Men's Suits, only five in the lot; \$7.50 value, for \$2.50

Men's Sun-Proof Blue Serge Suits, Fall weight, a \$13.50 value, for \$7.50

Men's Fine Worsted Pants, 50 pairs of these pants, \$2.00 values, for \$1.00

Men's Khaki Pants, Sweet-Orr make, \$1.50 value, for 90c

Men's Suits at \$5.00 Values to \$12

Men's Suits at \$5.00 Values to \$12

Only 15 suits in this lot, but all sizes.

DRAPED TUNICS ARE NEW AND SMART FOR EVENING GOWNS

One of the Prettiest Skirts of the Opening Season

By MAY MANTON



8366 Draped Skirt, 24 to 32 waist. The draped tunic is one of the newest and prettiest developments of that favorite model, the prettiest for dressy costumes whether designed for afternoon or evening wear.

For the medium size, the skirt with train will require 8 3/4 yds. of material 27, 6 yds. 36, 4 3/4 yds. 44 in. wide; the skirt without train 7 yds. 27, 5 1/4 yds. 36, 4 yds. 44 in. wide, with 2 1/2 yds. of lace 3 1/2 in. wide. The width of the skirt in round length is 2 yds.

The pattern 8366 is cut in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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Second Fly Contest of the Civic Club

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Don't start off the first thing this Fall with a repetition of your coal troubles of former years. Keep your peace of mind and insure body comfort by using judgment in your coal buying.

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