

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

"Their Married Life"

Copyright by International News Service.

(Copyright, 1914, International News Service)

"Main floor, madam. Ties? Over to the left!" And Helen stepped out of the elevator and made her way toward the counter at the other end of the store.

She had started out about 10 o'clock with a vague idea of buying something that would be a real surprise, but nothing seemed to appeal to her in the light of a difference and she had almost decided to buy a tie and go home, the heat was so intense.

Helen had imagined that the stores would be almost deserted, but already the curious were on the lookout for the first glimpse of Fall styles, and every department was filled with a crowd of rushing, chattering women.

"What can I do for you, madam?" asked the clerk, coming up at that moment. "Something in ties?"

"Yes, but I don't like any in the case. Have you looked around?" "Yes, but I don't like any in the case. Have you anything else?"

"No, I didn't want anything so decided. If these are all you have I won't talk anything." The clerk put the tie back in the case and regarded her coldly as she walked away.

She decided to rest a few minutes before trying anywhere else. She would go to Thirty-fourth street and have a soda. That would be cooling and give her time to collect her thoughts.

"On the corner she encountered a huge crowd—something had evidently happened—but she hurried on without stopping to see what it was. In the cool little candy store, with an electric fan buzzing soothingly away overhead and a frosty drink before her on the little round table, Helen felt so much cooler that she decided to stay down and look at draperies. They would have to have the living room done over in the Fall, and after all, there wasn't so much time left before Warren took her West.

"How much longer are you going to make me follow you before you turn around?" "Louise! What are you doing downtown on a day like this?"

"I might ask what you are doing, I should think you would be so furious that you hadn't stayed up at the Bluffs that evening at cooler weather would hardly tempt you out to shop."

"What about yourself? Aren't you planning to stay in the city all summer, just because Bob can't get away?"

"And aren't you back in the city when you might have stayed where you were, just because Warren couldn't stay?" mocked Louise. Helen laughed.

"Well, anyway, I have a perfectly good reason for being downtown. I want to get Warren something really nice for his birthday. By the way, won't you and Bob come up for dinner that night, if you haven't anything else to do?"

"Delightful! Can't think of anything I'd rather do. Bob and I are looking forward to the Fall, when we can go to housekeeping. Of course, everything is a bit fine where we are, but I do want a home of my own so badly!"

Louise tells of the Good Points of Her Husband. "I do hope you can settle somewhere near us. It must be fun to plan to have everything new again and to be really starting out in life." Helen

said this wistfully, but Louise was so eager to speak that she hardly noticed Helen's manner at all.

"Oh, Helen," she went on, "Bob is such a dear. Do you know, he actually tries to make up to me for staying in the city. As if such a thing were necessary. But he always comes home with plans for week-end trips and all sorts of nice things. He's between you and me, Helen, he really spoils me."

Helen tried to smother the little envious pang in her heart. Whenever she saw Louise it was there, no matter how hard she tried to reason it away. Surely she ought to be the happiest woman in the world. What had she to wish for that she really ought to have?

And then that little voice would whisper maddeningly: "You miss the little first thrills, the little attentions that you once took as a matter of course, but which are lacking now."

Did she regret anything? Would she have anything different if it were possible for her to pick and choose? Nothing but to have Warren a little more considerate of her feelings, a little more loverlike, a little more like the man she had married, who, although he had always been more dictatorial than Bob, was at one time just as tender, just as attentive.

They had stopped at the store where both did nearly all their shopping. "Do you mind going upstairs with me, first?" said Louise suddenly. "I have a definite thing that I came downtown to get, and after that I can help you with Warren's present, if you like."

A few minutes later they were getting off at the sixth floor. "Bob is going to let me be really extravagant for once. I don't let him spoil me like this very often, but I have been wanting this set for ages. It's for my own little boudoir," she explained, "and it's a tea set, pale yellow Limoges. Here it is, isn't it sweet?"

And Helen found herself picking out cups and saucers and a tiny cream jug and sugar bowl, while Louise added a lemon dish and a quaint tea pot.

"You must come up often after we are settled, and we'll have tea together. Won't it be fun?" And now, as she gave the address to the girl, "for the real business of the occasion."

She Hits on Just the Present For Warren. "Yes, what do you suppose he'd like?"

"I think I know just the thing. How would a smoking set do? Men always like things like that, and I remember hearing Warren say once that he must get one."

Like a flash Helen remembered the many times Warren had actually expressed a desire for one. That would be just the thing. Besides giving him a present, the gift itself would be something he approved of, something to be appreciated, not just something to say "thank you" for and then forget that he possessed the thing at all.

"Louise, you're a genius; really you are. Do you know I have heard Warren speak about that more times than I could count, but I just couldn't remember it at the right time!"

"Bob has one, you know. I think it was over at our house one night that I heard Warren say that he wanted one. Here we are! Well, there are enough to choose from, anyway."

"Did you want one with a stand? We have a splendid one over here with a stand attached," volunteered the salesman as Helen poked curiously into the mysterious belongings of the tray.

"This is a beauty, Helen. I like the stand ones better, don't you?" called Louise, who was examining the one that the salesman had designated while she pointed out the many advantages.

"Yes, you can send that one up," she said finally, after she had exclaimed at its completeness and had been assured that there wasn't another like it in the store.

"You're sure he'll like it, Louise? I want him to like it better than any present I have ever given him."

"My dear, I know he'll like it. I'm so sure that if he doesn't I'll be willing to buy it from you to give to Bob. Bob's hasn't a stand, you know, but it's practically new, so that's assurance enough for you, isn't it?"

(Another chapter of this entertaining series will appear here soon.)

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

(Continued)

"Come on! ... is not made that can get me! Come on!" cried the giant Eugene Aronson.

Nearly all felt the exhilaration of movement in company. Then came the sound that generations had drilled for without hearing; the sound that summons the imagination of man in the thought of how he will feel and act when he hears it; the sound that is everywhere like the song snatches of bees driven whizzing through the air.

"That's it! We're under fire! We're under fire!" flashed a crooked lightning recognition of the sound through every brain.

There was no sign of the enemy; no telling where the bullets came from.

Whish-whish! Thup-whing! The refrain gripped Peterkin's imagination with an unseen hand. He seemed to be suffocating. He wanted to throw himself down and hold his hands in front of his head. While Pilzer and Aronson were not thinking, only running, Peterkin was thinking with the rapidity of a man falling from a high building. He was certain only that he was bound to strike ground.

"An inch is as good as a mile!" He recollected the captain's teaching. "Only one of a thousand bullets free"

In war ever kills a man—but he was certain that he had heard a million already. He looked around to find that he was still keeping up with Eugene and felt the thrill of the bravery of fellowship at sight of the giant's flushed, confident face reveling in the spirit of a charge. And then, just then, Eugene convulsively threw up his arms, dropped his rifle, and whirled on his heel. As he went down his hand clutched at his left breast and came away red and dripping. After one wild backward glance, Peterkin plunged ahead.

"Eugene!" Hugo Mallin had stopped and bent over Eugene in the supreme instinct of that terrible second, supporting his comrade's head.

"The bullet is not—made—" Eugene whispered, the ruling passion strong to the last. A flicker of the eyelids, a gurgle in the throat, and he was dead.

"Here, you are not going to get out this way!" Fracasse shouted, in the irritation of haste, slapping Hugo with his sword. "Go on! That's hospital-corns work."

Hugo had a glimpse of the captain's rigid features and a last one of Eugene's, white and still and yet as if he were about to speak his favorite boast; then he hurried on, his side glancing showing other prostrate forms. One form a few yards away half rose to call "Hospital!" and fell back, struck mortally by a second bullet.

"That's what you get if you forget instructions," said Fracasse with no sense of brutality, only professional exasperation. Keep down, you wounded men!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

The colonel of the 128th had not looked for immediate resistance. He had told Fracasse's men to occupy the knoll expeditiously. But by the common impulse of military training, no less than in answer to the whistle's call, in face of the withering fire they dropped to earth at the base of the knoll, where Hugo threw himself down at full length in his place in line next to Peterkin.

"Fire pointblank at the crest in front of you! I saw a couple of men standing up there!" called Fracasse. "Fire fast! That's the way to keep down their fire—pointblank, I tell you! You're firing into the sky! I want to see more dust kicked up. Fire fast! We'll have them out of there soon! They're only an outpost."

Hugo was firing vaguely, like a man in a dream. Pilzer was shooting to kill. His eye had the steely gleam of his rifle sight and the liver patch on his cheek was a deeper hue as he sought to avenge Eugene's death. Drowned by the racket of their own fire, not even Peterkin was hearing the whish-whish of the bullets from Dellarme's company now. He did not know that the blacksmith's son, who

Young Dellarme, new to his captain's rank, watching the plain through his glasses, saw the movement of mounted officers to the rear of the 128th as a reason for summoning his men.

"Creep up! Don't show yourselves! Creep up—carefully—carefully!" he kept repeating as they crawled forward on their stomachs. "And no one is to fire until the command comes."

Hugging the cover of the ridge of fresh earth which they had thrown up the previous night, they watched the white posts. Stransky, who had been ruminatively silent all the morning, was in his place, but he was not looking at the enemy. Cautiously, to avoid a reprimand, he raised his head to enable him to glance along the line. All the faces seemed drawn and clayish.

"They don't want to fight! They're just here because they're ordered here and haven't the character to defy authority," he thought. "The heaven is working! My time is coming!"

For Dellarme the minute had come when all his training was to be put to a test. The figures on the other side of the white posts were rising. He was to prove by the way he directed a company of infantry in action whether or not he was worthy of his captain's rank. He smiled cheerily. In order

that he might watch how each man used his rifle, he drew back of the line, his slim body erect as he rested on one knee, his head level with the other heads while he fingered his whistle. The instant that Eugene Aronson sprang over the white post a blast from the whistle began the war.

It was a signal, too, for Stransky to play the part he had planned; to make the speech of his life. His six feet of stature shot to its feet with a Jack-in-the-box abruptness, under the impulse of a mighty and reckless passion.

"Men, stop firing!" he howled thunderously. "Stop firing on your brothers! Like you, they are only the pawns of the ruling class, who keep us all pawns in order that they may have champagne and caviare. Comrades, I'll lead you! Comrades, we'll take a white flag and go down to meet our comrades and we'll find that they think as we do! I'll lead you!"

The appeal was drowned in the cracking of the rifles working as regularly as punching-machines in a factory. Every soldier was seeing only his sight and the running figures under his feet. Mechanically and automatically, training had been projected into action, anticipation into realization. A spectator might as well have called to a man in a hundred-yard dash to stop running, to an oarsman in a race to jump out of his shell.

The company sergeant sprang for Stransky with an oath. But Stransky was in no mood to submit. He felled the sergeant with a blow and, recklessly defiant, stared at Dellarme while the men, steadily firing, were still oblivious of the scene. The sergeant, stunned, rose to his knees and reached for his revolver. Dellarme bent over to keep his head below the crest, had already drawn his as he hastened toward them.

"Will you get down? Will you take your place with your rifle?" demanded Dellarme.

"No!" said Stransky. "You won't kill much if you kill me and you'd kill less if you shot yourself! God Almighty! Do you think I'm afraid? Me—afraid?"

His eyes in a bloodshot glare, as uncompromising as those of a bull in an arena watching the next move of the red cape of the matador, regarded Dellarme, who hesitated in admiration of the picture of human force before him. But the old sergeant, smarting under the insult of the blow, his sandstone features mottled with red patches, had no compunctions of this order. He was ready to act as executioner.

"If you don't want to shoot, I can! An example—the law! There's no other way of dealing with him! Give the word!" he said to Dellarme.

Stransky laughed, now in strident cynicism. Dellarme still hesitated, recollecting Lanstron's remark. He pictured Stransky in a last stand in a redoubt, and every soldier was as precious to him as a piece of gold to a miser.

"One ought to be enough to kill me if you're going to do it to slow music," said Stransky. "You might as well kill me as the poor fools that your poor fools are trying to—"

Another breath finished the speech; a breath released from a ball that seemed to have come straight from hell. The fire control officer of a regiment of Gray artillery on the plain, scanning the landscape for the origin of the rifle-fire which was leaving many fallen in the wake of the charge of the Gray infantry, had seen a figure on the knoll. "How kind! Thank you!" his thought spoke faster than words. No need of range-finding! The range to every possible battery or infantry position around La Tir was already marked on his map. He passed the word to his guns.

[To Be Continued]

ELECTED INSTRUCTOR

Special to The Telegraph

Annlville, Pa., Sept. 15.—Faber E. Stengle, a senior at Lebanon Valley College, was elected as instructor in physics in the Annville high school to succeed Miss Clippinger, who removed to Shippensburg. Mr. Stengle will continue his work at the college. His home is in Oberlin.



Pilzer Was Shooting to Kill.

was the fourth man from him, lay with his chin on his rifle stock and a tiny trickle of blood from a hole in his forehead running down the bridge of his nose.

Buy Now and Save Money

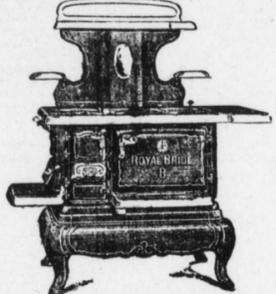
Everything to Furnish the Home and Clothe the Family From Head to Foot at a Saving of Almost One-Half

Our enormous stock, our unequalled buying power, our inexpensive location enables you to furnish the humblest home or the most elegant mansion at great savings. Four large stores filled with new up-to-date stock and everywhere the price tickets proclaim wonderful economy. You can furnish an extra room with what you save in buying at this store. Whether you wish to furnish modestly or with highest grade Grand Rapids furniture, you may select whatever you want.

Pay CASH if you wish or have your bill charged. No Club Fees. No interest added. No embarrassment. No red tape. No inquiries made of your neighbor, landlord and friends. We are 44 years in business and know how to run our business without annoying our friends or patrons.

How is the old Range doing? Better get the new one now.

Kitchen work no longer drudgery if you have one of these. Let us show you this Cabinet.



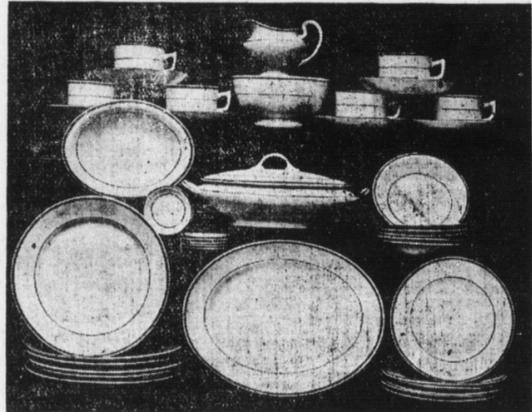
The world's best Range \$20, \$24, \$25, \$26, \$30, \$40 and up to \$55. Fully guaranteed. No charge for pipe or setting up. Repairs always on hand.

KITCHEN CABINETS FROM \$16 to \$45

Two Great Specials For To-morrow

42 pieces of handsome gold band Dinner-ware; worth \$4 to \$5, for \$1.98

A 10-quart Pure Aluminum Preserving Kettle For



THIS SET CONSISTS OF THE FOLLOWING:

- 6 plates 7 1/2 inches.
- 6 plates 8 1/2 inches.
- 6 dessert dishes.
- 6 butter dishes.
- 6 cups.
- 6 saucers.
- 1 large vegetable bowl.
- 1 large meat platter.
- 1 cream pitcher.
- 1 large bread plate.
- 1 gravy bowl.
- 1 celery dish.

Guaranteed Pure Aluminum, full 10-quart size for

69c

None Delivered at this Price.

Home Furnishers Gately & Fitzgerald Supply Co. Family Clothiers 29-31-33 and 35 S. Second Street Our Location Means a Great Saving to You

**Absolutely No Pain**

My latest improved appliances, including an oxygenated air apparatus, makes extracting and all dental work positively painless and is perfectly harmless. (Age no objection.)

**EXAMINATION FREE**

Registered Graduate Assistants

**Dr. Phillips, Dentist**

Full Set of teeth... \$5.00  
Gold fillings \$1.00  
Fillings in silver... 50c  
alloy cement... 50c  
Gold Crowns and Bridge Work, \$3, \$4, \$5.  
22-K Gold Crown... \$5.00  
Office open daily 8.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Wed. and Sat. 9 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.  
Bell Phone 3322R

EASY TERMS OF PAYMENTS

320 Market Street  
(Over the Hub)  
Harrisburg, Pa. It Didn't Hurt a Bit

CAUTION! When Coming to My Office Be Sure You Are in the Right Place.

The Secret of a Good Figure

often lies in the brassiere. Hundreds of thousands of women wear the Bien-Jolie Brassiere for the reason that they regard it as necessary as a corset. It supports the bust and back and gives the figure the youthful outline fashion desires.

are the daintiest, most serviceable garments imaginable. Only the best materials are used—for instance, "Walcron", a flexible butler—permitting laundering without removal.

They come in all styles, and your local Dry Goods dealer will show them to you on request. If it does not carry them, he can easily get them for you by writing to us. Send for an illustrated booklet showing styles that are in high favor.

**BENJAMIN & JOHNES**  
50 Warren Street Newark, N. J.

Former City Newspaper-Man Chosen to Head Big Publicity Dep't.

Frank Wert, a son of Professor J. Howard Wert, this city, and a former city editor of the Patriot, has been made head of the publicity department of the Mahoning and Shenango Railway and Light Company, of Youngstown, O.

to Philadelphia where he had been in the service of the "Bulletin," the "Evening Telegraph" and the "Ledger." In discussing Mr. Wert's appointment the current issue of "Electrical Review" says: "Frank Wert of Philadelphia, Pa. where he was engaged in newspaper work, has been made head of the department of public relations of the Mahoning & Shenango Railway & Light Company, at Youngstown, O., succeeding in the capacity H. D. Manning, assistant to the president, who has found his double duties too heavy by reason of his frequent absences from the city in connection with his work in the latter position. Mr. Wert was formerly engaged in newspaper work in Baltimore and Harrisburg, and is admirably qualified for the work of maintaining amicable relations between the company and the section which it serves."

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24, 1914. TRAINS leave Harrisburg: For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6:02, 7:50 a. m., 2:40 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 6:03, 7:50, 11:55 a. m., 2:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 1:18, 5:27, 9:40, 1:20 p. m. For Dillsburg at 8:03, 7:50 and 11:55 a. m., 1:18, 5:40, 9:22 and 6:30 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Sundays. H. A. RIDGE, G. P. A.



HERE'S a mighty good Catsup, because it's made of mighty good materials. Ripe, choice tomatoes, flavored with pure spices.

Wagner's Catsup

Behind every Wagner product you buy is a reputable house of 32 years' standing whose business has been built on fine Quality.

Buy at your grocer's. Look for the blue-band label.



GEO. H. SOURBIER FUNERAL DIRECTOR 1510 NORTH THIRD STREET