

Women AND THEIR INTERESTS

Little Mary's Essays-Wives

By DOROTHY DIX

Wives is what men get wish on when they get married. Some times the men look like my cat did when he got my canary, but mostly he looks like he just wisht he knew who done it to him.

A man speaks nice and polite to a lady, and he takes her arm and helps her across the street but he snaps up a wife when she speaks to him, and when they walk on the streets together she tags along behind him.

A man calls a young lady "angel face" and "sweetheart" before they are married, but a man calls his wife "saw" after he has married her. Also a man kisses a young lady's mouth when he tells her good-by before they are married, but when he says good-by to his wife he pecks at her back hair. I know that this is true, because I watched my Aunt Susie and her beau, and my mamma and my papa.

A wife is one of the most useful of all of our domestic animals. She cooks, and sews, and minds the baby, and does the shopping and the marketing, and entertains the company, but she does not have to be paid any money like a cook, or a housemaid, or a nurse.

Women who are not wives have to work for a living. Oh, how thankful a wife should be that she does not have to work!

A wife is also useful to lay things on. That is why men get them. When a man doesn't want to do anything he

always says that his wife won't let him do it, and when a man plays poker and loses his money he blames his wife's extravagance because he is not rich.

Wives of Various Sorts

There are many different kinds of wives. There is a First Wife, who whines, and inches, and pinches, and scratches to help her husband get on, and who never has any nice clothes and who rides on the street cars; and there's the Second Wife, who has diamonds, and Paris dresses, and a limousine that the good First Wife saved up to buy for her.

And there's the Thin Wives and Fat Wives, but I guess wives is like automobiles. Every time you get a new one you try a new make.

Wives have many curious peculiarities. One of them is that they have got noses that can smell things as far as a hound dog. When my papa has had a drink my mamma can smell it before he gets within a block of the house. Also wives is like cats, and they never sleep, and no matter how easy you tiptoe in, you always wake them up.

Wives is very noble creatures, and they feel it their sacred duty to tell their husbands about their faults. Men would not know how many faults they have and what poor, miserable worms of the dust they are if they did not have wives.

Wives save their husbands a great deal of trouble by spending their money for them. A man who has a wife never has to worry about the danger of banks breaking.

When a man's wife dies he has nobody to quarrel with, and this makes him so lonesome that he runs right off and gets married again.

This is all I know at present about wives.

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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[Continued.]

Her point won with surprising ease, when she had feared that military form and law could not be circumvented, she leaned against the wall in reaction. For twenty-four hours she had been without sleep. The interest of her appeal for Feller had kept up her strength after the excitement of the fight for the redoubt was over. Now there seemed nothing left to do.

"That's fine of you, Lanny!" she said. "You've taken it like a good stoic, this loss of your thousandth chance. You really believed in it, didn't you?"

"Forgotten already, like the many other thousandth chances that have failed," he replied cheerfully. "One of the virtues of Partow's steel automatons is that, being tearless as well as passionless, they never cry over spilt milk. And now," he went on soberly, "we must be saying good-by."

"Good-by, Lanny? Why, what do you mean?" She was startled.

"The war is over," he said, "and longer than that, perhaps, if La Tir remains in Gray territory."

"You speak as if you thought you were going to lose!"

"Not while many of our soldiers are alive, if they continue to show the spirit that they have shown so far; not unless two men can crush one man in the automatic-gun-recoil age. But La Tir is in a tangent and already in the Grays' possession, while we act on the defensive. So I should hardly be flying over your garden again."

"But there's the telephone, Lanny, and here we are talking over it this very minute!" she expostulated.

"You must remove it," he said. "If the Grays should discover it they might form a suspicion that would put you in an unpleasant position."

The telephone had become almost a familiar institution in her thoughts. Its secret had something of the fascination for her of magic.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I am going to be very lonely. I want to learn how Feller is doing—I want to chat with you. So I decide not to let it be taken out. And, you see, I have the tactical situation, as you soldiers call it, all in my favor. The work of removal must be done at my end of the line. You're quite helpless to enforce your wishes. And, Lanny, if I ring the bell you'll answer, won't you?"

"I couldn't help it!" he replied.

"Until then! You've been fine about everything today!"

"Until then!"

When Marta left the tower she knew only that she was weary with the mind-weariness, the body-weariness, the nerve-weariness of a spectator who has shared the emotion of every actor in a drama of death and finds the excitement that has kept her tense no longer a sustaining force.

As she went along the path, steps uncertain from sheer fatigue, her sensibilities lived again at the sight of a picture. War, personal war, in the form of the giant Stransky, was knocking at the kitchen door. His two-days-old beard was matted with dust and there were dried red spatters on his cheek. War's furnace flames seemed to be breathing from his deep chest; his big nose was war's promontory. But the unexpressed space of his forehead seemed singularly white when he took off his cap as Minna came in answer to his knock. Her yielding lips were parted, her eyes were bright with inquiry and suspicion, her chin was firmly set.

"I came to see if you would let me kiss your hand again," said Stransky, squinting through his brows wistfully.

"I see your nose has been broken once. You don't want it broken a second time. I'm stronger than you think!" Minna retorted, and held out her hand carelessly as if it pleased her to humor him.

He was rather graceful, despite his size, as he touched his lips to her fingers. Just as he raised his head a burst of cheering rose from the yard.

"So you've found that we have gone, your brilliant intellects!" he shouted, and glared at the wall of the house in the direction of the cheers.

"Quick! You have no time to lose!" Minna warned him.

"Quick! quick!" cried Marta.

Stransky paid no attention to the urgings. He had something more to say to Minna.

"I'm going to keep thinking of you and seeing your face—the face of a good woman—while I fight. And when the war is over, may I come to call?" he asked.

His feet were so resolutely planted on the flags that apparently the only way to move them was to consent.

"Yes, yes!" said Minna. "Now, hurry!"

"Say, but you make me happy! Watch me poke it into the Grays for you!" he cried and bolted.

Within the kitchen Mrs. Galland was already slumbering soundly in her chair. Overhead Marta heard the exclamations of male voices and the tread of what was literally the heel of the conqueror—guests that had come without asking! Intruders that had entered without any process of law! Would they overrun the house, her mother's room, her own room?

Indignation brought fresh strength as she started up the stairs. The head of the flight gave on to a dark part of the hall. There she paused, held by the scene that a score or more of Gray soldiers, who had riotously crowded into the dining-room, were enacting. They were members of Fracasse's company of the Grays whom Marta had seen from her window the night before rushing across

the road into the garden.

When, finally, they burst into the redoubt after it was found that the Browns had gone, all, even the judge's son, were the war demon's own. The veneer had been warped and twisted and burned off down to the raw animal flesh. Their brains had the fever itch of callouses forming. Not a sign of brown there in the yard; not a sign of any tribute after all they had endured! They had not been able to lay hands on the murderous throwers of hand-grenades. Far away now was barrack-room geniality; in oblivion were the ethics of an inherited civilization taught by mothers, teachers and church.

But here was a house—a house of the Browns; a big, fine house! They would see what they had won—this was the privilege of baffled victory. What they had won was theirs! To the victor the spoils! Pell-mell they crowded into the dining-room, Hugo with the rest, feeling himself a straw on the crest of a wave, and Pilzer, most bitter, most ugly of all, his short, strong teeth and gums showing and his liver patch red, lumpy, and trembling. In crossing the threshold of privacy they committed the act that leaves the deepest wound of war's inheritance, to go on from generation to generation in the history of families.

"A swell dining-room! I like the chandeliers!" roared Pilzer.

With his bayonet he smashed the only globe left intact by the shell fire. There was a laugh as a shower of glass fell on the floor. Even the judge's son, the son of the tribune of law, joined in. Pilzer then ripped up the leather seat of a chair. This introductory havoc whetted his appetite for other worlds of conquest, as the self-chosen leader of the increasing crowd that poured through the doorway.

"Maybe there's food!" he shouted.

"Maybe there's wine!"

"Food and wine!"

"Yes, wine! We're thirsty!"

"And maybe women! I'd like to kiss a pretty maid servant!" Pilzer added, starting toward the hall.

"Stop!" cried Hugo, forcing his way in front of Pilzer.

He was like no one of the Hugos of the many parts that his comrades had seen him play. His blue eyes had become an inflexible gray. He was standing half on tiptoe, his quivering muscles in tune with the quivering pitch of his voice:

"We have no right in here! This is a private house!"

"Out of the way, you white-livered little rat!" cried Pilzer, "or I'll prick the tummy of mamma's darling!"

What happened then was so sudden and unexpected that all were vague about details. They saw Hugo in a catapulsive lunge, mesmeric in its swiftness, and they saw Pilzer go down, his leg twisted under him and his head banging the floor. Hugo stood, half ashamed, half frightened, yet ready for another encounter.

Fracasse, entering at this moment, was too intent on his mission to consider the rights of a personal difference between two of his company.

"There's work to do! Out of here, quick! We are losing valuable time!" he announced, rounding his men toward the door with commanding gestures. "We are going in pursuit!"

Marta, who had observed the latter part of the scene from the shadows of the hall, knew that she should never forget Hugo's face as he turned on Pilzer, while his voice of protest struck a singing chord in her jangling nerves. It was the voice of civilization, of one who could think out of the orbit of a whirlpool of passionate barbarism. She could see that he was about to spring and her prayer was for his leap. She glared in the doorway.

"No Alum"

must be the watchword when the housewife buys baking powder.

Alum is well known to be a powerful astringent, and should never be used in food.

Prof. Geo. F. Barker, M. D., of the University of Pennsylvania, says: "I consider the use of alum baking powder highly injurious to health."

Food economy now, more than ever, demands the purchase and use of those food articles of known high quality and absolute purity and healthfulness.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Perfectly leavens, leaves no unhealthful residues, makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

THE CAPE TAKES AN IMPORTANT PLACE IN THE AUTUMN WARDROBE

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8391 Double Cape, One Size.

Never was a more graceful garment worn than the cape when cut on good lines. This one is both practical and beautiful. When made double and in full length, it means generous warmth, when made shorter and without the over cape, it is a lighter wrap, adapted to milder weather but, in both instances, it is attractive and satisfactory. The band which finishes the neck and is extended to pass around the figure holds the garment perfectly in place. In the illustration, an exceedingly handsome double-faced cloth is shown but we make the cape of today of almost every fashionable material, of sturdy cheviot and Scotch frieze for hard use and of soft silks and satins for afternoon and evening wear. Black charmeuse satin, with lining of white is a favorite combination and a handsome one, or black velvet treated in the same way for colder weather. In addition to all other advantages, the cape is always a simple garment to make.

The long double cape will require 6 1/2 yds. of material 27, 4 1/4 yds. 44, 3 3/4 yds. 50 in. wide; the short, single cape 4 yds. 27, 2 yds. 44, 1 1/2 yds. 50 in. wide.

The pattern 8391 is cut in one size. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

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They Saw Pilzer Go Down.

felled the great brute with the liver patch on his cheek, which was like a birthmark.

[To Be Continued]

HUNTINGDON BANKER KILLED

Huntingdon, Pa., Sept. 30.—Horatio G. Cutshall, 43 years old, a prominent citizen of the lower end of this county and director of the First National Bank of Three Springs, while walking in a coal mine of the Rock Hill Iron and Coal Company, near Robertdale, was instantly crushed to death by a fall of rock from the roof of the mine.

CHILDREN'S EYES NEED GREAT CARE

Commissioner Dixon Calls Attention to the Necessity of Commonsense, Too

Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, State Commissioner of Health, has called attention of parents and teachers to the grave importance of attending to the eyes of children. The commissioner says that more persons go through life with their eyes strained as the result of lack of care in childhood than in any other way.

Speaking on the subject he said: "In all of our schools there are children who, to use the small boy's expression, are 'blind in one eye and can't see out of the other.' Unfortunately, often the children themselves are not aware of it nor are their parents and teachers.

"Near-sighted children struggle to see the blackboard from their benches in the rear of the schoolroom and far-sighted children in the front rows endeavor in vain to get distinctly the image on the board immediately before them.

"Children with an astigmatism in one or both eyes are made unaccountably nervous and irritable by the constant demands upon their imperfect vision. Persistent headaches are often caused by such imperfections.

"Of three hundred thousand children inspected in the rural schools of Pennsylvania over \$2,000,000 were found to have defects of sight which no effort has been made to correct. Nothing is more irritating or trying to the nerves than the continual strain resulting from the effort to see through imperfect eyes. To the growing child, whose brain is endeavoring to grasp new facts and solve new problems, it is oftentimes an insupportable barrier. There are hundreds of dull children who could be cured by properly fitted glasses. Unfortunately, many parents hesitate to have their small children wear glasses on account of appearances or for other foolish reasons. They fail to realize that often the wearing of glasses for a few years is sufficient to prevent a visual error which is left uncorrected and would continue for a lifetime."

Pittsburgh Men Buy Manganese Iron Mine

Pittsburgh, Sept. 30.—Pittsburgh capitalists have become interested in the development of what is considered to be one of the most important deposits of high percentage manganese ore in the country and have organized the Pittsburgh Manganese Ore Company. The company's mining property is in Rockingham county, Virginia, near Elkton. In the body of ore, the extent of which is said to be approximately 380 acres, a shaft already has been sunk 200 feet, and mining operations have resulted in a production of 100 tons of the ore a week.

DULL, SPLITTING, SICK HEADACHE

Dr. James' Headache Powders relieve at once—10 cents a package.

You take a Dr. James' Headache Powder and in just a few moments your head clears and all neuralgia and pain fades away. It's the quickest and surest relief for headache, whether dull, throbbing, splitting or nerve-racking. Send someone to the drug store and get a dime package now. It's the only relief that's so needless. Be sure you get Dr. James' Headache Powders—then there will be no disappointment.—Advertisement.

GEORGE SOURBIER FUNERAL DIRECTOR

BIDMORTH THIRD STREET

"Peace Emperor" Aim of Emperor William

Berlin, Sept. 30.—There is in circulation in Berlin a copy of the International Monatschrift, in which there appears an article concerning Emperor William from the pen of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, an English author, who has lived in Germany and Austria since 1885.

Mr. Chamberlain says that he has often met Emperor William without ceremony. He declares that his Majesty's guiding principles are a deep feeling of responsibility before God and a determination to preserve peace for Germany. The highest desire of Emperor William, Mr. Chamberlain writes, was to be able to stay on his deathbed: "I have preserved peace for my country. History will call me the peace emperor."

DEATH OF M. J. RIGHTER

Special to The Telegraph

Duncannon, Pa., Sept. 30.—M. J. Righter, a well-known barber, died yesterday of tuberculosis. He was 53 years old and is survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. E. Charles Smith, of this place, and Mrs. Hugh Leak, of North Carolina; also several brothers and one sister. Funeral services has not as yet been made.

Mothers Tell of Mother's Friend



Experience is or should be our best teacher. Women who have obeyed the highest and noblest of all sacrifices, the struggle for the life of others, should have a better idea of helpful influence than those who theorize from observation.

At any rate when a prospective grandmother urges her daughter to do as she did—to use "Mother's Friend," there is reason to believe it the right advice.

"Mother's Friend" is an external application for expectant mothers. Its purpose is to furnish pliancy to the muscles, to take away the strain on the cords and ligaments, to relieve the tension of nerves and tendons so apt to provoke or aggravate nausea, morning sickness, twinges of the limbs and so on.

Although, in the nature of things, a woman would use "Mother's Friend" but rarely, yet so effective has it been found that this splendid remedy is on sale in most drug stores throughout the United States. It has been prepared by Bradford Regulator Co., 406 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and advertised by us for over forty years. This is a fine record for such a special remedy and the grateful letters received to-day are just as appreciative as were those of years ago notwithstanding that methods are supposed to have greatly advanced. Ask at the drug store for a bottle of "Mother's Friend." It is worth while.

Free Advice About Lumber

Tell us for what purpose you need lumber for and we will gladly advise you the right kind to buy.

One kind of lumber is not suitable for every purpose.

We handle Hemlock, Cypress, White Pine, Yellow Pine, Poplar, Fir, Oak, etc., and each kind is intended for a particular class of work.

It is important to get the right kind of lumber if you want a permanent job.

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WASHINGTON AND RETURN

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SPECIAL TRAIN

FROM	LV.A.M.
Harrisburg	2:40
Hummelstown	2:57
Swatara	3:02
Hershey	3:05
Palmyra	3:12
Avon	3:21
Lebanon	3:32
Myerstown	3:37
Richland	3:47
Sheridan	3:55
Womelsdorf	4:01
Robesonia	4:07
Wernersville	4:18
Sinking Spring	4:29
Reading	4:30
Franklin Street	4:35
Washington (arrive)	4:45

Returning, Special Train will leave Washington (Union Station) 6:10 P. M., same date 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.

†Ticket office will not be open for sale of tickets on morning of excursion from stations marked with star, but tickets may be secured in advance or from Conductor of Special Train. Advance sale of tickets at all stations will start Wednesday previous to date of excursion.

U. S. Capitol, Congressional Library, Corcoran Art Gallery and New National Museum will be open.

FREE GIFT For One Week

BOX DRESDEN LINEN STATIONERY free to each customer who purchases a 25c jar

Perodix Cream

OUR OFFER: A. D. S. Perodix Cream 25c (The original Perodix Cream) Dresden Box Stationery 25c

Both for 25c

SEE DISPLAY IN OUR WINDOW

Forney's Drug Store

426 Market Street

Notice Everybody Take Notice

The Home German Bau and Spar Verein (Building and Loan Association) will open a new series on Tuesday evening, Oct. 6th, at 7:30 p. m. at 409 Market street, second floor. Come and join this series. You get 6 per cent on your savings. If you want to borrow to purchase home, see any of the following officers:

C. BENITZ, 446 Walnut St.
B. F. EBY, 1321 Perry St.
GEO. HOVHTER, 409 Market St.
CHAS. WISEMAN, 1150 Mulberry St.
CHAS. A. KLEMM, 1304 State St.
WENDELL PACKLER, 1626 Market St.
W. D. BLOCK, 139 Evergreen St.

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