

Women and their Interests

"Their Married Life"

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"Some one wants to speak to you on the telephone, ma'am," said Nora, coming into the dining room, where Helen was busy eating her dinner.

"Hello," said a voice over the telephone, a voice calculated to be sweet and winning, but which Helen heard with a strange feeling of uneasiness. Where had she heard that voice before?

"Hello, who is this, please?" she said, trying her best to recall where she had heard the voice.

"Why, don't you know? Well I suppose you'd better tell me. This is Mrs. Raymond," said Helen, still trying to remember. "Yes, I know now. Why, Mrs. Raymond, where did you come from?"

Mrs. Raymond had been the pest of the hotel last summer at the shore, and Helen and Warren had been thoroughly out of patience with the way she had clung to them, and now here she was in New York evidently with her husband, and she was coming back as if they would claim both Helen and Warren as old friends and expect to be entertained.

"We are down here for a week or so just for a visit. One must go to New York once a year anyway, don't you think so, Mrs. Curtis?" Mrs. Raymond was saying. "We are staying at the Clarendon, and I want you to come down and have dinner with us tonight."

"I don't believe we'll be able to do that, Mrs. Raymond," said Helen, with a sigh of relief. "Mr. Curtis and I are dining with a friend."

"That's too bad. Well, you come down this afternoon and we'll have tea somewhere. I certainly do want to talk to you."

Helen hesitated. She was planning to be busy or had been until Mrs. Raymond had called up and she hated to have all her arrangements changed. However, if she went down this afternoon perhaps it would arrange matters so that Warren would not have to be dragged into an engagement. She had better go.

Helen agreed to come for a little while.

"Well, I am up to my ears in work, but I'll come down for a little while, anyway," she said finally as cordially as she could. "Thank you, good-by!"

At three-thirty that afternoon Helen, in the brown suit with the fur over which she had had so much worry, was going up in the elevator of the Hotel Clarendon. Mrs. Raymond had asked her to come upstairs and although Helen would have preferred to wait down stairs in the lobby she could do no more than to comply with any wish Mrs. Raymond might make while she was hostess.

The page had gone up in the elevator with Helen to show her the room, and a few minutes later they were knocking at the door of one of the rooms on the third floor. There was no answer and Helen looked up at the page in surprise.

"That's very strange," she said finally. "I was to have met Mrs. Raymond here. You're sure this is the right number?"

Helen said nothing as the page summoned one of the chambermaids, who unlocked the door so that Helen could step inside. Helen could not help thinking it was strange that Mrs. Raymond would go off when she was expecting company, and yet there were many strange things that Mrs. Raymond might do in Helen's estimation that no other woman would think of doing.

Helen walked restlessly around the room, which was the typical hotel

room with its heavy red window draperies and substantial furniture. There was a tiny bath attached and the outlook was on the court; everything was comfortable, but Helen was too nervous to sit down. She wandered after she had waited fifteen minutes what she ought to do. Perhaps she had made a mistake in the place she was to meet Mrs. Raymond. She could phone down and have her passed.

She waits and No Sign of Mrs. Raymond.

On second thought, however, she decided to wait another ten minutes and then go down and look through the different rooms herself; there was no need of deciding things in too much of a hurry, and Mrs. Raymond might have a valid excuse for being late.

Another fifteen minutes passed. She had been here now for a half an hour, and still no signs of Mrs. Raymond. She certainly would not wait any longer. Crossing over to the telephone, she called up the desk downstairs.

"Will you send a page around for Mrs. Raymond?" she said to the clerk.

"She may be waiting in the palm room or in the tea room. Find out for me, will you?" She hung up the receiver with a click, and five minutes passed while she waited. Then she heard voices in the hall and a second later a key was fitted into the lock and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond entered.

"Why, you poor dear," gushed Mrs. Raymond, hurrying over to Helen and clasping her affectionately. "I am so very sorry for all this. Either you misunderstood me or I made a mistake. Did I tell you to meet me up here?"

"I thought I told you to meet me in the palm room. I mean to say, I told you we had lunch on Broadway and I got back later than I expected, and I hardly remembered which I had said. Mr. Raymond was sure I had told you upstairs, but I sit in the lobby and I had you paged just a minute ago."

"No, really; why we must have decided to come upstairs before the page got as far as the palm room, and here we are."

Helen looked at the time quickly. It was half-past four, just an hour since she had arrived. Perhaps she could make some excuse and not wait for tea.

"Well, you poor child," said Mrs. Raymond before she had time to say anything. "You must be starved. Some tea and toast will fix you up."

"Would you like anything else?" put in Mr. Raymond. "We always carry something with us, and we might have something before we go down."

"No, nothing more," said Helen quickly.

"Then we'll go right downstairs and have something to eat right away. I don't know what you must think of me, dear, but I do hope you'll forgive me this time. We'll do better when you and Mr. Curtis have dinner with us, and I do want to come up and see your apartment. I know it must be sweet. You have such perfect taste about everything. I always said so."

"You and Mr. Raymond must come up and have dinner with us some evening," Helen found herself saying much to her surprise. How could she do anything else, though, when Mrs. Raymond had just about asked herself.

And as they went into the tearoom Helen wondered vaguely what Warren would say to all this.

(To Be Continued)

A NEW AND INTERESTING GOWN

A One-Piece Model that Includes the Newest Features, is Easy to Make and Easy to Adjust.

By MAY MANTON



8377 Gown with Deep Tunic, 34 to 42 bust.

Every woman knows the comfort of a one-piece gown. This one requires few buttons and button-holes for the closing, is the easiest and simplest in the world to adjust and takes the newest and smartest lines. The tunic features gracefully over the narrow skirt, the sleeves are extended to the neck edge in raglan style and the chemise is finished with a Normandy collar. The checked tunic is illustrated as trimmed with charmeuse and made with a vest and collar of white taffeta. It is very charming and very attractive in material as well as in style and the silk is one of the best liked materials of the season but the design is available and can be copied in almost any seasonable fabric. Moiré and poplin effects promise to be extremely smart; a gown made of plain colored bengaline with trimming of moiré bengaline would show two of the best, newest and handsomest materials of the season; made of wool crepe with trimming of charmeuse, it would be simpler and adapted to simpler occasions.

For the medium size, the gown will require 8 1/2 yds. of material, 27, 7 yds. 36, 6 yds. 44 in. wide, with 1 yd. 44 and 2 1/2 yds. of ribbon for the trimming. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1 1/2 yds.

The pattern 8377 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. 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.

Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

INVITE HIM TO CALL.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

About eight months ago I met a young man at a party and he escorted me home and asked me to go out with him the following week, but as I was attending my mother, who was ill at that time, I could not leave her to go out. Recently I met this young man at a social. He offered to escort me home, but as my sister was with me I didn't deem it necessary as I don't live far. Now, would it be proper to ask this young man to call on me? I like him very much, and I think he likes me, too. Also, would it be proper to phone to him and ask him in that way? N. K.

You were not quite courteous to refuse to allow the young man to escort you home. Even if you did not "need" his protection, you should have thanked him for his courtesy and accepted. Now the least return you can make for the friendship he has shown twice proffered you, and when you have twice rejected (once quite rightly, since you were caring for your sick mother), is to invite him to your home. It would be quite proper to telephone and invite him to spend an evening at your home—and I think, under the circumstances, I should choose that method instead of the more formal one of writing a note.

AN ENGAGEMENT RECEPTION

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Kindly let me know correct or most appropriate style of dress for fiance and fiancee who will receive in a hall on a Sunday afternoon, 2 to 5 o'clock; also proper style of dress for brother and sisters of the engaged couple on that occasion.

ALICE J.

SPRAYED PUPILS' SHOES

Carbolic Acid Used in Fighting Cattle Disease

Hagerstown, Md., Nov. 21.—Instead of closing Rock Hill school to eradicate the hoof and mouth disease in the infected section of this county, inspectors for the Government and State fungeed the building and sprayed the shoes of the teacher, Roscoe Wolf, and all of the pupils, with a solution of Carbolic acid to prevent the possibility of germs being carried into the schoolhouse. This precaution was taken because a boy attending the school crossed a farm on which infected cattle have been found.

FRANK GORMAN DIES

Special to The Telegraph.

North Adams, Mass., Nov. 21.—Frank Gorman, of 66 Kemp street, 32 years of age, died today at the North Adams hospital after an illness of three weeks with typhoid fever. He was born in Starusca, Pa., and formerly lived in Scranton, Williamsport and Harrisburg, Pa.

FIXING IDENTITY OF CITY TEACHERS AT INDUSTRIAL HOME

Score of Instructors to Aid in Night School Course Leading to Certificates

Special to The Telegraph.

Carlisle, Pa., Nov. 21.—Lacking only the positive investigation by Bertillon measurements, which will be taken late today by John W. McKenty, parole officer of the Eastern Penitentiary, the identity of Max Morgenthau, of Harrisburg, who entered a plea of guilty here on the charge of murdering John Rupp at his home near Shremmanstown last May, and on whom Judge Sadler is preparing to pass sentence, with a man who, as John Fischer, violated parole on a previous sentence in the State institution, has been made. The identification has considerable bearing on the case on which Judge Sadler will soon render a decision as it breaks down a considerable part of the testimony offered by Morgenthau in his own defense in an effort to have the charge against him read second degree murder.

The photograph of Fischer appears in the parole violators record for this year. A Harrisburg officer who testified when the case was tried here recognized the picture and told the parole officer, who came here yesterday and practically positively identified Morgenthau as Fischer. Under this name the man who posed as a Harrisburg huckster was sentenced from two and one-half years to ten years for larceny from Montgomery county in 1909, was released on parole in 1912, subsequently broke the oath and has since been sought by the officers.

VIVID WAR PICTURES OF PERMANENT INTEREST

Superb Illustrations in the Book Which We Are Distributing

One of the many valuable features of "The Story of Europe and the Nations at War," which we are distributing to our readers, is comprised in the magnificent collection of historical pictures of current and permanent interest which the book contains. In this collection are photographs of the rulers, statesmen and great military and naval leaders of all Europe, including both those who have made their impress upon world events of the last century leading to the present conflict, and those who are foremost in the public eye today. They show also the scenes of great battles of history described in the book, and trace the wonderful developments of modern instruments of warfare from the comparatively crude implements with which the great Napoleon fought his battles and achieved his victories. No similar collection of vivid photographs has ever before been brought together in a single volume. These full-page half-tone engravings are printed on specially finished paper which brings out all the beauty of their execution and details. The illustrations also include a large map in colors.

Be sure to clip the coupon on another page and obtain your copy of this remarkable book containing the history of Europe and the causes and issues of the present war.

News Items of Interest in Central Pennsylvania

Special to The Telegraph.

York. — Slack & Slack, of Baltimore, were awarded a contract by city council yesterday to straighten the channel of the Codorus creek to decrease the flood danger. Their bid was \$7,870. T. L. Eyre, of Philadelphia, was a bidder.

Altoona. — Nicholas Ganz, of Altoona, Democratic candidate for State Senator, filed one of the briefest political statements on record yesterday. He neither received nor spent a penny in his campaign.

Reading. — Emily Galdum, five years old daughter of Joseph Galdum, was bitten in the face, both hands and legs by a bulldog yesterday. The animal was shot. The child is in a serious condition.

Scotch Grove. — Riding on a steam boat yesterday with several companions near McKees Half Falls, Snyder county, Ida Billman fell from a moving machine and was so badly hurt that she died in a short time.

Laws. — Mr. and Mrs. John S. Risser, lifelong residents of this section of Lancaster county, to-day celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with a family reunion.

Reading. — Mattie Macherer, wife of Edwin S. Macherer, of this city, started suit against Aquila Adams to recover \$1,000 damages for alleged alienation of her husband's affections.

Shamokin. — Ralph Hornberger, a boy, while playing machinery at the Natalie Colliery, fell seventy-five feet yesterday from a platform to the main shaft, breaking his hip and was fatally injured.

Hazleton. — Ninety days in jail was the sentence given Cookless of McAdoo, who was convicted of beating his wife with a pair of gumballs and carrying a lighted lamp on her when other arguments had failed.

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The smoking of a pipe o' VELVET with a man is the American way of drinking milk in the tent of an Arab—a sign of friendship. And there's nothing like the aged-in-the-wood mellowness of this Smoothest Smoking Tobacco to ripen its acquaintance into friendship. 10c tins and 5c metal-lined bags.

Leggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Recent Deaths in Central Pennsylvania

Landis Valley.—Mrs. Jonathan Hilbrand, 73 years old, died yesterday after a long illness. She is survived by her husband, two sons, residing in Philadelphia, and one sister.

Mountville.—John Reese, 64 years old, died yesterday at the Lancaster county hospital from pneumonia.

Blain.—Funeral services of Samuel C. Gutshall, who died at his home in Jackson township, near Manassa Gap, was held to-day. Burial was made in the Union Cemetery. Mr. Gutshall was 76 years old.

BLIND WOMAN FALLS

Special to The Telegraph.

Marietta, Pa., Nov. 21.—Mrs. Barbara Clinton, 70 years old, who lives with her son, in Second street, fell down a flight of stairs this morning and was nearly killed. She has been blind for a number of years, and this is the second time she fell in two months. She may be hurt internally.

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CORNWALL-MARTIN WEDDING

Special to The Telegraph.

Waynesboro, Pa., Nov. 21.—A very pretty home wedding was celebrated noon Thursday when Chester Cornwall and Miss Hazel Martin, of Charming, near Blue Ridge Summit, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. David Martin, of Charming. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Entfeld, pastor of the Hawley Memorial Church, at Monterey.



Everybody Needs an Antiseptic

It prevents a slight accident from becoming a grave one—and a serious one from being fatal. Keep a box of

Tyree's Antiseptic Powder

—in the house—and use it freely—not only when you have hurt yourself, but in the daily bath; in the douche; when the feet are tired and ache. It gives pleasant, soothing relief. Easy to use, quick to act and ABSOLUTELY SAFE. Even physicians prefer it to the dangerous bichloride of mercury tablets, carbolic acid and the other poisons that irritate and stain.

TYREE'S ANTISEPTIC POWDER is a powerful germicide, cleansing and purifying—and SAFE in anybody's hands.

A little goes a long way. **25c 50c \$1.00**

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