

Women and Their Interests

"Their Married Life"

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"My dear, I know this is an outlandish time to call on any one, but I had to see you, and here I am." And Miss Barnett sank gracefully into one of the living room chairs and looked around her admiringly. "This is the first time I have ever seen your apartment," she went on, "I think it most attractive."

Helen smiled. She did not know Miss Barnett very well, although she was very prominent in the works of the Current Events Club, of which Helen was a member. A call from her was very unexpected, and at the moment Helen was rather worried about Winifred. She had just finished putting Winifred to bed and had thought she seemed feverish. Although she did not admit it to herself, however, Helen realized in a vague sort of way that she was unnecessarily particular about Winifred and thought that after all the idea that the child was not well was probably just imagination.

She had just finished lunch and Nora was still busy with the table when the bell had rung and Miss Barnett had appeared. Winifred was already asleep and Helen resolved to put the idea of anything being the matter out of her mind entirely.

"I am glad to see you," she said cordially.

"Yes, and I suppose you are crazy to know what I am after."

"Can't I imagine that you have just come to see me?" queried Helen.

Miss Barnett laughed. "Of course, my dear, and it is perfectly true that I have been wanting to call on you for ever so long, but a call at this time of the afternoon would be quite too unconventional."

"Well, what is the great and important thing that you want to see me about? I am eaten up with curiosity really, so do tell me."

Miss Barnett entered into a more comfortable position in the big chair and looked at Helen pleadingly as though she were hardly sure of getting what she had come after.

"Well, you have heard about the children's carnival we are going to have for the benefit of the United Aids—You remember that we discussed it at the last club meeting."

Winifred is wanted to pose at a Carnival.

Helen nodded.

"Well, laughing and pulling a long face, you don't know how afraid I am to ask this, but we want little Winifred to pose as the Age of Innocence."

Miss Barnett, relieved of the request that had been made, leaned back in her chair with a sigh of relief. Helen could not help laughing at her.

"Why, I haven't any objection," she said slowly. "I have to speak to Mr. Curtis about it first, but I am almost sure that he won't object. I hope you can arrange her picture earlier in the evening than some of the others; she is so very young and we never allow her to be up at night."

"We'll do everything in our power," said Miss Barnett, eagerly, "and you are a dear to let us have her. We are having such a terrible time getting children, really good looking ones I mean; for instance, we can't find any one to pose as The Blue Boy, and Mr. Willets, who has charge of the pictures, thinks that we shouldn't miss that."

Like a flash the thought of little Joan Richards came over Helen. If Laura would allow it, what a perfectly beautiful tableau the child would make. She wondered if she ought to tell impulsive Miss Barnett about it. Since Laura had married Mr. Richards, Helen felt almost in awe of her in regard to some things. She hardly knew what to do about it.

"What are you hesitating about?" said Miss Barnett, who had been watching her narrowly. "I actually believe that you have thought of some one to pose as The Blue Boy."

Helen had not realized just how much her face had expressed.

"I have a friend who has the most beautiful child that I ever saw outside of a story book," she explained, "but I am not at all sure that I can get her for you."

Miss Barnett was all excitement, but she could not persuade Helen to tell her anything more.

"It wouldn't be fair," insisted Helen, "but I promise you to do all I can for you; I will let you know just as soon as I can find out, and I hope you can have her for the Blue Boy."

It wasn't until after Miss Barnett had gone, forced to be content with what Helen had told her, that Helen realized that Laura had not as yet returned her call. It was foolish to

think of such a thing, but still the thought was there and she could not help it. Of course she could telephone Miss Barnett that she had tried and the idea was impossible but it would be a shame not to have Joan pose if there were a chance in the world to get her.

The Child Calls From Her Bedroom

Helen was musing on the subject and wondering whether or not to telephone Laura when Winifred called her from the bedroom and she jumped up, for the moment the subject of tableaux forgotten entirely. Winifred had just waked up from her nap, and was still rolled up in the silk comfortable just as Helen had left her, but there were pink spots on each of her round little cheeks and her eyes were very large and bright. For a moment Helen's heart seemed to almost stop beating—she was too frightened to breathe.

Then she went over to the bed and picked Winifred up in her arms. The child looked at her strangely for a moment and then smiled, and pushed her hand into Helen's collar against her throat in a little way she had.

Helen caught her up against her passionately. Was Winifred going to be sick again? Why, it was hardly any time since her operation, and she had been so careful about her ever since.

"I want a drink of water, mother," Winifred was saying, fretfully, "and I don't want to go out with Nora— it's cold."

"Mother will cover you all up on the bed, dear," Helen crooned, "where it will be nice and warm. Nora," she called, as Nora passed the room to get dressed. "Come in here for a moment, will you? I don't think Winifred is well enough to go out this afternoon—will you bring her a glass of water, please?"

Nora came in with the water and Helen held Winifred up while she drank thirstily.

"Get Mr. Curtis on the wire, and then call me, will you Nora?" and then she turned to Winifred while Nora hurried out to do as she was bid.

"Mr. Curtis," Helen could hear Nora say, and the voice seemed to come from far away. Winifred had fallen into a stupor, with her eyes partly open and her cheeks growing hotter every minute. With a gasp of relief she hurried out to the hall to the telephone at Nora's call.

"Is this you, Warren? Yes, this is Helen. Do you think you could come home early this afternoon. I am so worried about Winifred; she seems to have a high fever."

Warren's voice came singing across the telephone reassuringly calm.

"All right, I'll come up right away. Perhaps you'd better have a doctor in before I can get there. Sure you're not worrying unnecessarily?"

"Oh, no, dear, I tell you she is sick. I'll have Nora go down for Dr. Marshall. He's right here in the house. Yes, I know you will, dear. Good-by."

Dr. Marshall, the calm young doctor who had the apartment on the first floor, came in just before Warren. He examined Winifred carefully and smiled at the fear in Helen's eyes. Winifred had begun to breathe hard and the doctor lifted her up into his arms quickly and carried her out into the kitchen.

"She's in for an attack of croup," he explained to Helen. "We'll steam her over the mouth of the kettle, and then I'll give you some medicine. You called me in plenty of time, so there is no danger."

Helen watched him as he deftly arranged a tent of a blanket, and a moment later was sitting with Winifred on his knees, the steam from the kettle pouring into the child's mouth. In the midst of it Warren came in and at the same time the telephone rang and Nora few to answer it.

Later when Winifred was in bed and the doctor had gone, and she close beside Warren on the arm of his chair was watching the child fall quietly asleep, Helen thought suddenly of the telephone message.

"It was Miss Barnett, ma'am," whispered Nora, when Helen encountered her in the diningroom. "I told her you'd call her up later."

Helen smiled as she went back to her post. How little things like that seemed to count when the really big worries came along, she reflected. After all, God was very good to her.

(Another instalment in this interesting series will appear on this page soon.)

FOR WINTER COMFORT

Practical Little Night Gown Adapted to Cold Weather Needs.

By MAY MANTON



8467 Child's Night Gown, 2 to 6 years.

The yoke night gown is a very practical one and this model designed for little children is thoroughly satisfactory. It can be made either with a square neck or with a high neck and round collar and with long or short sleeves but the combination of square neck and long sleeves is an exceedingly comfortable one and just now is much used. Gowns of the sort are made of long cloth, of cambrie and of materials of the sort and also from other warmer materials, such as flannel and flannelettes. Lace, embroidery and embroidered scallops are used as finish. Below the yoke, the gown is satisfactorily full while it is perfectly smooth and plain over the shoulders.

For the 4 year size, the gown will require 2 1/4 yds. of material 36, 1 3/4 yds. 44 in. wide, with 3/4 yd. of banding, 1 1/2 yds. of edging.

The pattern 8467 is cut in sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. 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

"I COULD LEARN TO LOVE HIM"

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl of eighteen and meet many young men and young women I have been going with a certain fellow five months, and when I told him I did not care to keep company with him he went on a four years' trip to forget. I recently received a letter from him stating that if I cared to wait for him until he returns I would not regret it. Now I would like to ask your advice as to whether I should wait, as I think I could learn to love him.

F. W.

Four years is a long time. If you think you would care to correspond with the young man and to try to keep your friendship through letter writing, there is no objection, but I would most assuredly not become engaged to a man who has gone off on a four years' trip.

DIAMONDS NEVER

Wear out, get old or out of style. We buy our diamonds from headquarters and can save you money on the purchase price.

H. C. Claster, Gems, Jewels, Silverware, 302 Market Street. Advertisement.

CHEAP PRINTING

Cheap looking printed matter is like a seedy-looking representative—it casts a reflection on your business establishment. Economy of price in wearing apparel is commendable, but there is a certain line you must draw to avoid getting down into the cheap, tawdry kind. The typographical dress of your business messenger does not necessarily have to be high priced, but be neat and attractive, but it is just as necessary for you to guard against the substitution of an inferior paper and ink, as it is to avoid shoddy in buying clothing. A fair price consistent with quality is all you are asked to pay for good printing at this, the largest and best equipped printing establishment in Central Pennsylvania—The Telegraph Printing Company. Either phone for estimates or representative.

Corns Quit, Pains Stop, With "Gets-It"

Quit Plasters, Salves and What-Nots.

After using "GETS-IT" once you will never again have occasion for asking, "What can I do to get rid of my corns?" "GETS-IT" is the first sure, certain corn-ender ever known. If you have

Why "Suffer-Yet" With Corns? Use "GETS-IT." They'll Vanish!

Miss Violet Mersereau enacts the title role, and you will undoubtedly agree with the University that it is the best thing she has done since she has been an Imp leading lady. She invests the role of the little wild girl with a gracious picture, and two other subjects complete the program. To-morrow we present "Uncle Bill," a three-act Vitagraph picture, and a production, featuring Anita Stewart, popular lead of "A Million Bids."—Advertisement.

"THE MEANS AND THE END," EPIC DRAMA, PHOTOPLAY TODAY.

Richard Travers, popular Essanay star, appears to-day in a two-act drama, "The Means and the End." "What Could She Do?" is a three-act Edison picture, and two other subjects complete the program.

"PEG O' THE WILDS"—PALACE TODAY

Miss Violet Mersereau enacts the title role, and you will undoubtedly agree with the University that it is the best thing she has done since she has been an Imp leading lady. She invests the role of the little wild girl with a gracious picture, and two other subjects complete the program.

BIRDS CARRY WAR MESSAGES AND TAKE PICTURES.

"Thousands of carrier pigeons are being used as bearers of dispatches for the armies at war in Europe," says the December Popular Mechanics Magazine, in an illustrated article. "In Germany some 8,000 of these aerial messengers have been trained for military service, while French statistics show that the number in that country approaches 15,000. Some are also in service as military photographers. A small, light camera is strapped to the breast of a pigeon.

USEFUL INVENTION

Special to The Telegraph

Selinsgrove, Pa., Dec. 3.—Professor H. W. Smith, a teacher of the Hill End school, near this place, is the inventor of a seed and grain cleaner. A number of them are being used very successfully.

CHILD BORN

Remarkable Statement of Girl's Mother. How She Suffered Until Six Years Old, How Finally Cured.

Pittsfield, Mass.—"My little girl now six years old was born with a hard cough and very delicate. Every winter she would suffer from croup and poor digestion. Dr. Currier recommended Vinol and within a week she had improved considerably, and her appetite increased so she wanted things to eat that had disgusted her before.

On the first bottle she gained one and one-half pounds, and now at the age of six Vinol has made her a solid, healthy, good-natured child, and while sick she was so cross and fretful I grew discouraged and was worn out taking care of her."—Mrs. George Wagner, Pittsfield, Mass.

Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, is a wonderful appetizer, and you can see delicate, ailing children improve day by day under its use. It enriches the blood, builds up the body, making pale, delicate children rugged and rosy.

Write for all particulars of weak, sickly, delicate children in this vicinity to try Vinol, with the understanding that if it fails to benefit your little ones, we return your money. George A. Gorham, Druggist, Ready's Medicine Store, 321 Market St.; C. F. Kramer, Third and Broad Sts.; Kitzmiller's Pharmacy, 1325 Derry St., Harrisburg, Pa.

NOTE—You can get Vinol at the leading drug store in every town where this paper circulates.—Advertisement.

TO CURE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises should know that this distressing affliction can be successfully treated at home by an internal remedy that in many instances has effected a complete cure after all else has failed. Sufferers who had scarcely heard a watch tick have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear.

Therefore, if you know someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, out out this formula and hand to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor soul perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home, and is made as follows:

Secure from your druggist 1 oz. Parmitin (Double Strength), which is worth. Take this home, and add to it 1/2 pint of hot water and 4 oz. of granulated sugar, stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

The first dose should begin to relieve the distressing head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat, are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are often entirely overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are said to be directly caused by catarrh, therefore, there must be many people whose hearing can be restored by this simple home treatment.

Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness or catarrh in any form, should give this prescription a trial.

Important.—In ordering Parmitin always specify that you want Double Strength. Your druggist has it, or he can easily get it for you. If not, write to the International Laboratories, Washington, N. Y., who make a specialty of it.

AMUSEMENTS

MAJESTIC

To-morrow, afternoon and evening — Billy Watson's Orientals. (Burlesque).

ORPHEUM

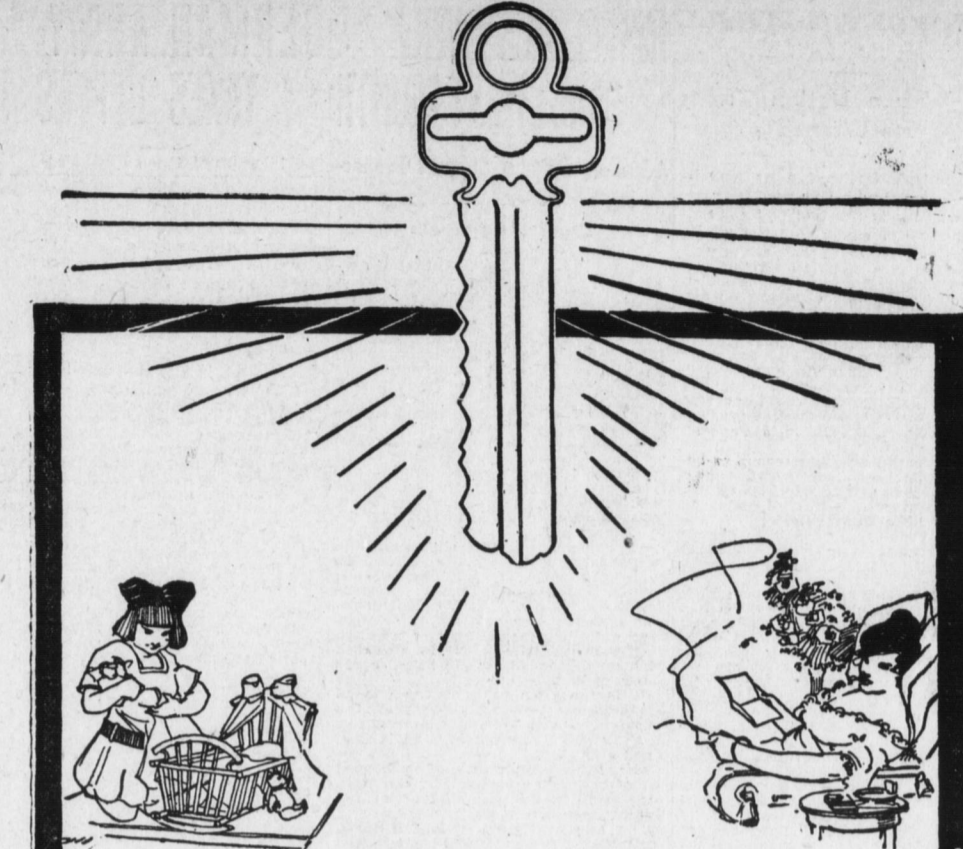
Every afternoon and evening — High-Class Vaudeville.

COLONIAL

Every afternoon and evening — Vaudeville and Pictures.

ORPHEUM

While all Harrisburg seems deeply interested in the Orpheum's unique headliner, Captain Sorcher, the chief submarine engineer, and his deep-sea divers, it must be remembered that he is surrounded by an array of high hits that are as clever and diverting as any bill that has been presented here this season. Not the least of these attractions is the return of pretty Dolly Connelly, a positive Orpheum favorite, who is appearing in new songs and who is also displaying a wardrobe that is especially pleasing to the ladies. Whenever Miss Connelly comes to Harrisburg she can be depended upon for bringing some new and tuneful song hits. The new song is no exception. Her biggest hit, or rather her catchiest song, is "When You Wore a Tulip and a Rose," which she sings in a style as good as any that has been heard in the city. Her first encounter with her piano partner, who accompanies her on the piano for all her songs, but who joins her in singing this last number, "Their voices harmonize beautifully and at the finish they do a little coddling scene that sends them off to a big hand. Miss Connelly is a pleasant singer, a graceful dancer, a magnetic comedienne and her wardrobe is exquisite. Comedy honors of the week go to Billy Watson and company in their breeching farce, "Going Into Vodvil," with English and Hawthorne, the "nut" comedians, running them a close second. The Orpheum's bill is replete with merit and diverting entertainment.—Advertisement.



One for His Daughter's Happiness

One to Buy a Woman



The Harrisburg Telegraph

Then see the spectacular moving pictures, produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company by special arrangement for this paper.

THE MASTER KEY

by JOHN FLEMING WILSON

A Thrilling Story of Mystery and Romance!

FIFTEEN WEEKS UNIVERSAL REELS

dress there are lines which suggest a rugged, well developed body. Peg climbs trees and jumps streams with the same ease that she runs and laughs. Of society and men she knows nothing; her world has been the woods and her only companion her old, half-mad father. Her first encounter with "the man," her awakening to the meaning of love, her fight to save her old father from the law and the final reconciliation with her mother are all interesting developments of the play. William Welsh, the long-whiskered hermit, gives an unusually vigorous, impressive interpretation. The wild retreat of the old man through the woods, in the final scenes, the object fear expressed in every line of his wrinkled face and feeble body, the manner in which he bares his breast to the detective's gun and last but not least, his pathetic death are all indicative of Mr. Welsh's exceptional ability and finish as an artist. For the most part, the play has its locale in the mountains. Settings are picturesque and beautiful; the atmosphere is pleasing.—Advertisement.

DUFF'S Molasses

In hermetically sealed sanitary cans. Finest for table use and baking. Ask your grocer for it. Send postal card for booklet of Prize Recipes to P. DUFF & SONS, 920 Duquesne Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Established 1867

A LITTLE THEN ONE DOLLAR A WEEK

Have You Ever Watched A DIAMOND GROW?

It is a very fascinating process, and especially interesting when it is your own diamond. The possession of one diamond is pretty sure to give you a strong desire for another or larger stone. Supposing you buy our \$27 Special for a little down, then \$1 a week. Within six months you will probably turn it back and we will allow the full purchase price on a \$50 to \$75 stone. At the end of a year you may have it exchanged for the \$100 diamond, and the pride of possession of the beautiful, sparkling stone will thrill you more than ever. See our special values at \$27, \$34 and \$43.

START THIS WEEK

Gately & Fitzgerald Supply Co.

29-31-33 and 35 S. Second Street

Home Furnishers Family Clothiers

Try Telegraph Want Ads

GETS-IT

tried other things by the score and will now try "GETS-IT," you will realize this glorious fact.

You probably are tired sticking on tape that won't stay stuck, plasters that shift themselves right onto your corn, contraptions that make a bundle of your toe and press right down on the corn. Put two drops of "GETS-IT" in that corn, and the second day the corn is then doomed as sure as night follows day. The corn shrivels. There's no more fuss, if you think this sounds too good to be true try it to-night on your corn, callous, wart or bunion.

"GETS-IT" is sold by druggists everywhere, 25c a bottle, or sent direct by Dr. Lakrence & Co., Chicago.