

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

"Their Married Life"

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The curtain fell on the last act and Warren leaned over to help Helen on with her coat. The play was obviously a try-out, and the kind that neither of them liked. Warren was in a bad humor and even Helen had reached a point where she was not quite herself. As they went up the aisle, Helen said fretfully:

"Have you ever seen anything quite so bad, Warren? I don't see how we managed to sit through it."

"No wonder they try out plays in towns like this one," growled Warren. "This play would not last an hour on Broadway."

They had reached the lobby and Warren was for hailing a street car, but Helen protested. "Let's walk, dear, I have a frightful headache and it can't be far to the hotel."

They strolled through the deserted streets leisurely. The fresh air acted as a tonic and Warren lost his grouchy mood. Helen smiled to herself as he remarked on the beauty of the night.

"You see, dear, you needed the walk as well as I. Now you feel more like yourself, don't you?"

"I feel all right, only I'm kicking myself all over for paying twenty fifty for those seats."

"Did you, Warren? That's a shame, but, anyway, it was fun to go to a try-out. I have never been to the theater on an opening night, so I enjoyed that part of it, anyway."

They reached the hotel, and as they went into the lobby, Warren asked if she weren't hungry.

"How would a nice little bite of salad taste, eh?" Warren could all ways be put into a good humor, if eating were involved, but Helen wasn't hungry, and, with the heat of the hotel, her headache had returned.

"I couldn't eat a thing, dear, really, but you go ahead and order what you like."

Warren Invites Helen to Have a Little Lunch.

"Nonsense, I'm not going to eat all alone, you come along with me and you'll have an appetite before you know it."

Helen would have preferred going to her room and was surprised that Warren insisted upon her going into the dining room. Ever since last summer at the shore when she had fainted in the water, he had insisted upon her doing anything when she had one of her peculiar headaches. True she had never had so bad a one as she had had that day, but then she had never done anything to aggravate even the slightest pain, for fear of another bad spell.

They had been settled at a little table along the wall, and Helen looked around as if she had never been there before. "Well, you are in a hurry," Warren remarked.

"I'm afraid my headache will come back, dear, and if it does I won't sleep at all."

Warren was silent, although Helen was sure he was thinking how much she gave in to herself. She knew she did; she wished with all her heart that she was more self-reliant, more clever and subtle about hiding her feelings. But she was just as dependent as any woman could be, and men get tired of a woman like that for regular diet.

Warren was sitting in the one comfortable chair the room afforded smoking his bedtime cigar. Between puffs, he regarded Helen as she sat up in bed against the pillows in her prettiest negligee watching him. She wondered what he would do if she should suddenly surprise him by thinking his thoughts out loud for him.

"You'd better get into bed," he remarked finally. "How's the headache now?"

"Much better, dear. I feel so much better than I did. What were you thinking about just then?"

"I was thinking how selfish I was to keep you up like this when you are all tired out. You're a real angel, most of the time, Helen, and don't you think I don't appreciate it."

(Another installment of this attractive series will appear on this page soon.)

"I think I'd rather have a club sandwich, dear. I don't feel like the salad to-night."

"All right, a club sandwich; that isn't much, though. I'm going to have a real meal. I'm hungry."

Helen smiled. "All right, you order what you like, Warren, that will be all I can possibly manage. I ate an enormous dinner, if you remember."

"So did I, but several hours have passed since then. Guess I'll have a lobster a la Newburg and some Julienne potatoes. Bring some coffee, too, waiter—for two."

Warren is Anxious About Helen's Good Time.

"Now how'd you feel?" said Warren smiling genially across the table.

"Headache better? That's good. Having a good time?"

Helen forced herself to act as though she felt better. "Just fine, dear. I'm so glad you wanted me this time."

"Of course I wanted you. Men don't like strange towns any better than women do, I can tell you that. This will make a fine ending to our little trip."

"Do you think I'll have time to look around the stores Monday before we go?" Helen never liked to miss out on the stores where possible shopping might be done for less money.

"Sure, we're not going till after lunch, you can have all morning if you like."

The things came and really looked appetizing. Warren dipped into his lobster with real enjoyment and Helen tasted her sandwich with not such a feeling of distaste as she had expected.

"Not so bad, eh? Have some coffee?"

"No, Warren I don't want any to-night."

"Come now, just a cup, you must have it to draw the blood away from your head."

"But I won't sleep dear."

"You won't sleep anyway if you have a headache, so you're more likely to if you drink the coffee than if you don't."

Helen gave in and took the cup from Warren. It was sweetened to suit her and she began to sip it obediently and to her surprise felt a little better. By the time she had finished her cup and most of her sandwich and they were ready to go, her headache was almost gone, although it gave a warning throb when she rose to go upstairs.

Warren got the key, and they went up in the elevator. In their room Helen began to get undressed as quickly as she could. If she could get into bed before her head started to throb she might ward off a bad night.

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THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

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A signal and a whispered word from Wilkerson, and the door widened the opening, and all passed through. With a whisk it closed.

Around bends and corners and down steps, another bend and another flight of stairs. Then along a long corridor, where scarcely a ray of light was visible. All the time the shuffling feet of the little yellow man could be heard in the advance.

Then a door stopped the procession. Another series of signals. Another long wait. The door opened with a peculiar rumbling sound. They entered a queerly arranged room. At first glance it seemed very small, but as the eye traveled around its walls its strange shape gave one a feeling of fearsome apprehension. It was completely cylindrical.

Wilkerson at a sign from the Chinaman laid Ruth on the floor and a Chinese woman shuffled to her at the beck of the yellow man. Leaving her in the charge of the oriental, the others returned the way they had come.

On the arrival of Dorr in San Francisco he was met by Everett at the ferry, and together they started the search for Ruth. First they began a round of the hotels. Failing to locate her at any of the smaller hotels, first inquiring at the St. Francis, where she was supposed to stop, they arrived at the Maux.

Wearily and sore from his narrow escape of the night before, Dorr was ready to retire to his room, intending to purchase wearing apparel the next day.

Desiring to put some of his personal effects away, he tried to open the dresser drawers and discovered them to be locked. He sent for a key, and to his amazement, on opening one of the drawers he discovered Ruth's papers to the mine.

He made speedy inquiry at the office and from the clerk and the detective learned of the getaway of Mrs. Darrell and her party.

Drake in the interim secured quarters for the quartet, and still leaving Ruth in secure hiding, well guarded by the watchful Wah Sing, a former smuggling partner of Wilkerson in the days of the "opium ring," they walked to the lodging house and settled themselves to await further developments.

The experiments that proved this were performed some years ago by Professor E. P. Lyon. He put some little fish into a bottle filled with water and corked the bottle, which he then placed in an aquarium, whose sides had seaweed upon them. When he moved the bottle along by the wall all the fish crowded to the hinder end of the bottle. Of course there was no current in the bottle. The fish were trying to keep alongside that part of the seaweed covered wall that was opposite them before the bottle was moved.

In another experiment the professor reversed the conditions. He made a wooden box with wire netting at each end. Its bottom he covered with sand and its inner sides with seaweed. Then he put the fish into this box and placed it in a stream. As long as the box was kept still the fish headed against the current, but as soon as the box was allowed to float away in any direction. While the box was still the fish, unless they made head against the stream, were carried along past their landmarks on the sides and bottom of the box. But when the box floated along with them they carried their landmarks with them, and so they made no opposition to being swept along by the stream.—Youth's Companion.

Left Handed Men Not Defective.

As left handedness is an inherited characteristic, apparently behaving as Mendelian recessive, it is interesting to note the belief of some investigators that it is one of the stigmata of degeneracy, says the Journal of Heredity. Bardeleben is quoted in German periodicals as saying:

"That a few great men, such as Leonardo da Vinci, were left handed does not neutralize the prevalent belief in all ages that left handedness implies a substandard subject. The percentage of left handed recruits is but 6.8; of school children somewhat higher. These figures are very deceptive, however, for of the left handed children who become right handed the percentage is some 26. This, added to the persistently left handed, raises the original percentage of left handed considerably."

After pointing out that the gibbon and orang outang are as a rule right handed and the gorilla and chimpanzee left handed the speaker decided there was no evidence at all that a left handed person was mentally or physically inferior.

(To Be Continued)

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT MISSION

Special to The Telegraph

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Dec. 23.—On Christmas noon a substantial dinner, consisting of roast beef, corn, lima beans, potatoes, pepper slaw, celery, bread, butter, preserves, pie, ice cream and cake will be served at the Inasmuch Mission to the needy people of this place. Bean soup will also be furnished to all who come with something in which to carry it home. Gifts will be given from the Christmas tree in the afternoon and the day made bright for those who otherwise would have no Christmas.

MOUNT TOP SOCIETY MEETING

Special to The Telegraph

Dillsburg, Pa., Dec. 23.—On Saturday, December 26, the Mount Top Horse Thief Detecting Society will hold its annual meeting and election of officers. This is the oldest society of its kind in this part of the State and during its life has recovered quite a number of stolen horses and brought the thieves to justice. All members of the society have their horses branded with the letters "MT."

BROOK FISH.

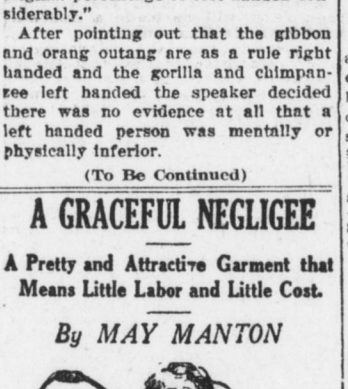
Why They Do Not Get Carried Away Out Into Deep Waters.

If you watch a school of minnows in some stream that has a strong and swift current you will see that they always head upstream. The reason is plain. Only by constantly swimming against the current can the brook fish remain a brook fish and not finally be carried out to sea, as the brook empties into a river, and the river empties into the ocean. But we cannot suppose that the brook fish knows that this will happen if it weakly allows the stream to carry it along. The young minnow is born with the instinct to resist the flow of the brook. The most natural supposition would be that the instinct amounts to a tendency to push against the pressure of the water, but experiments have shown that it is not the sense of touch, but the sense of sight that plays the important part. The instinct of the brook fish is not to swim against the current, but to keep near the same "scenery" on the banks or bottom of the stream.

A GRACEFUL NEGLIGEE

A Pretty and Attractive Garment that Means Little Labor and Little Cost.

By MAY MANTON



8479 Draped Negligee, Small 34 or 35, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

Whenever you feel a cold coming on, think of the full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on box. 25c.—Advertisement.

EARLY MORNING SERVICE

Marysville, Pa., Dec. 23.—There will be a 6 o'clock service Christmas morning at the Zion Lutheran Church, conducted by the pastor, the Rev. S. L. Rice. The following churches will hold Christmas entertainments: Methodist, Reformed, Christmas Eve, and the Lutheran Church will hold theirs on Sunday evening, December 27.

GIRL COASTER HURT

Special Correspondence

Dillsburg, Pa., Dec. 23.—While coasting down a hill near her home in Warrington township Sarah Wolf was thrown from the sled and cut a gash eight inches long on her left leg near the knee. Fourteen stitches were required to close the wound.

HOME AFTER 25 YEARS

Special to The Telegraph

Lewisport, Pa., Dec. 23.—G. E. Kerr, of Enid, Okla., is visiting his mother and sister here, after an absence of about twenty-five years. While in the East he will visit friends in Perry county and also in Harrisburg.

"SHEPHERD KING" CANTATA

Special to The Telegraph

Blain, Pa., Dec. 23.—To-morrow evening the Zion Lutheran Sunday school will render the beautiful cantata, "The Shepherd King," in observance of Christmas.

RABBITS IN CORNER

New Germantown, Pa., Dec. 23.—School Director J. T. McConnell, who is a successful rabbit hunter, is catching rabbits in box traps and shutting them up in his corner. When the game season closes Mr. McConnell will turn these captured rabbits loose on his farm.

SAUSAGE FORTY-FIVE FEET LONG

Special to The Telegraph

New Germantown, Pa., Dec. 23.—George M. Smith, of this place, made a sausage forty-five feet in length last week.

SUCCESSFUL FOX HUNTER

Special to The Telegraph

New Germantown, Pa., Dec. 23.—John C. Smith, of Toboyn township, a successful hunter, killed a large gray fox on Thursday and two more on Friday. He will receive \$5 bounty on the three foxes besides what he gets for the pelts.

RUSS BROS.

Velvet Ice Cream

A happy combination of choicest materials, experience and unceasing care in the making

Specials For Christmas Day

Nesselrode Pudding, - - - - -	75c per quart
French Vanilla, - - - - -	50c per quart
Fresh Strawberry, - - - - -	50c per quart
Frozen Custard, - - - - -	50c per quart

Ice Cream Flavors In Bulk

Vanilla	Chocolate	Peach	Lemon	Maraschino Cherry
Strawberry	Maple	Walnut	Pineapple	Bisque

Brick Ice Cream

Three Flavors to the Brick, in the Following Combinations

- Strawberry, Chocolate and Vanilla.
- Walnut, Cherry and Vanilla.
- Bisque, Lemon and Cherry.

All orders must be in not later than 6 P. M. Thursday. Family deliveries to all parts of the city.

RUSS BROS.

Bell Phone 3207
United Phone 87-Y

16th and Walnut Sts.

REVIVAL AT FRANKLIN CHURCH

Dillsburg, Pa., Dec. 23.—An interesting revival service is being conducted by the Rev. G. H. Eweler in the Franklin Church, near Clear Springs. To-night the male chorus of St. Paul's Lutheran Church will accompany the Rev. Mr. Eweler and sing during the evening's services.

FUNERAL OF HARRY M. SLIDER

Special to The Telegraph

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Dec. 23.—Funeral services of Harry M. Slider will be held on Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the home of his son, Murray W. Slider, East Keller street. The Rev. L. M. Dice will officiate, assisted by the Rev. E. C. B. Castle. Burial will be made in the Mechanicsburg Cemetery.

WOMAN TERRIBLY BURNED

Special to The Telegraph

Reading, Pa., Dec. 23.—Mrs. John C. Hieter, a middle-aged woman, who lives near Leesport, Berks county, was perhaps fatally burned yesterday when her clothing caught fire while she was assisting at butchering. Enveloped in flames she ran through the burning yard. Her husband beat out the flames with his hands and was severely burned.

EXTRA MESSENGERS EMPLOYED

Special to The Telegraph

Duncannon, Pa., Dec. 23.—Charles E. Johnston and Daniel E. Kluck of this place, are employed this week by the Adams Express Company as extra messengers to handle the Christmas rush on the run between Harrisburg and Altoona.

WEDDING INVITATIONS ISSUED

Special to The Telegraph

Marietta, Pa., Dec. 23.—Invitations have been issued for the marriage of

FARMERS' INSTITUTE AT BLAIN

Special to The Telegraph

Blain, Pa., Dec. 23.—On Monday afternoon the Farmers' Institute opened in the Town Hall. The house was last night filled to the doors and all could not gain admittance. The State speakers, Dr. M. E. Conrad, of West Grove, Pa.; Mr. Sheldon, W. Funk, of Boyertown, Pa., and J. T. Campbell, of Hartstown, Pa., are giving interesting and instructive addresses on their several topics. Last night Miss Lillian Stevens Howard, of Harrisburg, State organizer of the Woman's Suffrage Association, gave an address.

HOLLAND-SAYLOR WEDDING

Special to The Telegraph

Duncannon, Pa., Dec. 23.—Olive Ethel Saylor and Elmer E. Holland were married on Wednesday evening, December 16, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Casey, of East Market street. The Rev. F. T. Kohler, pastor of the United Brethren Church officiated.

CHINA

Hand painted, beautifully designed at reasonable prices.

JOS. D. BRENNER

Diamond Merchant and Jeweler
No. 1 North Third St.

MISS OLIVE REYNOLDS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Reynolds, of Quarryville, and Harold M. Rose. The ceremony will take place next week and will be a brilliant affair.

CHURCH ELECTION TONIGHT

Special to The Telegraph

Lemoyne, Pa., Dec. 23.—This evening the Christian Church will hold an election of church and Sunday school officers at the school building, where all services are being held during the erection of their new edifice.

Supreme goodness

Whether you buy one or a thousand you will find

Wilburbuds

to be nothing but the richest and purest chocolate there is. Made the Wilbur way. The machine wrapped foil delivers them in your hands as clean and pure as when they leave the Wilbur factory.

The shape is crudely imitated, but the Wilbur way cannot be duplicated. For convenience ask for "Wilburbuds"—the full name is "Wilbur's Chocolate Buds"—(trade-mark registered U.S. Patent Office.)

Buy some at the next candy shop or drug store that you come to. Ten and twenty-five cent pocket packages; half pound and pound boxes, forty and eighty cents.

H. O. Wilbur & Sons, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

Not a One Variety Candy

There are milk chocolates — dark chocolates — light chocolates — nutted chocolates — and Beverly medium sweet-chocolates.

—there are five varieties of Marshmallows.

—there are six varieties of nougat.

In fact, in the 1600 different kinds of candies made and guaranteed by

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FRESH EVERY HOUR

there's a candy to exactly suit your taste.

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HUYLER'S COCOA, LIKE HUYLER'S CANDY, IS SUPREME