

# WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

## When Love Grows Cold

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"When Love shows signs of leaving, don't try by tears and grieving, to hold him back," says a little verse. And there is wisdom and philosophy. Hear it do not break, suffering because of love once claimed and no longer desired surrounds us on every side, but life goes on and happiness is not at all uncommon.

When a man tires of a woman she wastes herself in the vain struggle to hold him. When a girl ceases to care for a man, he may win her pity by his devotion—or her scorn by his folly, according as the gentleness of her nature leads her to view his efforts to galvanize into life again the dull, dead thing that once was love.

But nothing is so dead as a dead infatuation. And most people resent loyalty greater than that of which they are capable—or stupid emotion that can waken no response. It is a bore to be cared for by some one who cannot waken in you a like feeling.

Love that persists after it is dismissed is waste. From the viewpoint of the onlooker it is sad extravagance; from the viewpoint of its recipient it is annoyance and torment and anathema.

When love is done, just resign yourself to the fact. Have a little mental funeral and believe that some day you will find its resting place is no black sepulcher, but a "sweetly smiling, grass grown, green willow." Don't make yourself an object of pity by struggling to perform the miracle of resurrection. That cannot be. Cherish love while you have it—try to keep it alive and blooming in loveliness. But

# WHO PAYS?

## Toil and Tyranny

Story No. 12—Installment No. 2

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(CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.)

There was a grim cruelty in Jake's eyes and just a tinge of a smile on his firm, thin lips as he answered: "They're pretty near the limit now, but I guess we can speed 'em up a bit."

The ugly smile was still on Jake's face when he left the private office and on the steps of the building he paused for a moment, spat on his hands, and squared his shoulders, as if enjoying the prospect of trouble that he sensed.

Jake was not a student of human nature, but he had native shrewdness enough to know that men who were driven as he drove his men, were not apt to be overburdened with loyalty and devotion. He knew that dissatisfaction with their pay was making many of the men restless and unreliable. And so, taking advantage of the shelter offered by many piles of lumber, he sneaked quietly back to his duty, spying for any signs of letup on the part of the men.

And like most of those who look for trouble, Snyder found it. He had hardly left the docks to answer Pow-

# TO PUT ON FLESH AND INCREASE WEIGHT



"Gee, look at that pair of skinny scarecrows, why don't they try Sargol?"

## WHAT YOU SHOULD WEIGH

Table of Statistics Similar to Those Used by Leading Life Insurance Companies

Life insurance companies are becoming more and more strict in their physical requirements of those who would take out policies. Any material falling in weight from their table or normal weight statistics is in itself sufficient to cause them, in most cases, to regard the applicant as an "undesirable risk." The following table of normal weights enables both men and women to know exactly what they should weigh to conform to the average for various heights:

Height	Men	Women
5 ft. 0 in.	121	113
5 ft. 1 in.	124	116
5 ft. 2 in.	129	121
5 ft. 3 in.	135	127
5 ft. 4 in.	139	131
5 ft. 5 in.	145	138
5 ft. 6 in.	149	141
5 ft. 7 in.	156	148
5 ft. 8 in.	161	153
5 ft. 9 in.	166	158
5 ft. 10 in.	171	163
5 ft. 11 in.	176	168
6 ft.	182	174

# SARGOL THE FLESH BUILDER

Sold in Harrisburg and vicinity by all leading druggists, including G. A. Gorgas.

Let us be useful to one another—let us do business together.

**Union Trust Co. of Penna.**

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## Forget The War Anybody - - Everybody

Invited to go along with Employees

**HARRISBURG FOUNDRY & MACHINE WORKS** on their 13th Annual Excursion to **WILLOW GROVE PARK, PHILADELPHIA, PA. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1915**

Remember the date—Special Music and Soloists this year. BALL GAME—Alexander will pitch for the Phillies against Boston. ROUND TRIP—Adults, \$2.00; Children, 5 to 12 years, \$1.00. Trains leave P. & R. Station, Harrisburg, 4:40 A. M. and 6 P. M. Returning leave Willow Grove 8:00 P. M. and 10:30 P. M. Street cars to all points will meet trains on their arrival at Harrisburg.

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Full Set of teeth \$5.00  
Gold fillings \$1.00  
Fillings in silver cement 50c.  
Gold Crowns and Bridge Work, \$3, \$4, \$5.  
22-K Gold Crowns . . . \$5.00

Office open daily 8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m.; Mon., Wed. and Sat. 7:30 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

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## FREE COUPON

WORLD FAMOUS EMBROIDERY PATTERN OUTFIT PRESENTED BY HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

To indicate you are a regular reader you must present ONE Coupon like this one, with 68 cents.

THE WORLD FAMOUS EMBROIDERY OUTFIT is guaranteed to be the best collection and biggest bargain in patterns ever offered. It consists of more than 450 of the very latest designs, for any one of which you would gladly pay 10 cents, best hardwood embroidery hoops, set of highest grade needles (assorted sizes), gold-tipped bodkin, highly polished bone stiletto and fascinating booklet of instructions giving all the fancy stitches so clearly illustrated and explained that any school girl can readily become expert.

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All old-fashioned methods using water, benzine or injurious fluids are crude and out-of-date. This is the only safe method. Others often injure expensive materials.

N. B. Out of Town Readers will add 7 cents extra for postage and expense of mailing.



Only Love for His Wife and Daughter Gave Karl Strength for His Daily Labor.

er's summons when Karl Hurd, delicate of face and hard strong enough for the work he had been forced to accept, staggered back, dropped the piece of lumber he was handling and almost sank to the ground from sheer weariness. Too much work and not enough food was slowly killing him, and only the thought of his wife and daughter gave him strength enough to keep up.

Several of his fellow laborers came towards him and offered to help him. They talked with discontent over conditions that forced them to submit to the treatment that Jake and Powers meted out.

At a low warning shout from one of their number, all jumped to their places and were busy at work when Jake came around the corner of the nearest lumber pile—that is, all but Hurd. He had not been quick enough, and the foreman, with an angry glint in his eye and an oath on his lips, gave him a vicious shove that sent him spinning across a pile of lumber. He crashed to the ground beyond it and rising quickly, stood leaning against the pile weakly, endeavoring to get his breath.

"Here you get to work and cut out that soldiering," yelled Snyder as he bounded across the low pile in Hurd's direction.

"Get to work now, not next week," he added as Hurd, in a responding, emphasizing the words with a vicious kick.

Sudden, swift passion seized Hurd as he thought of the future that might hold for him—he lunged forward by his foreman, and struck him squarely between the eyes. His was the strength of desperation and the blow sent Jake reeling against the lumber pile.

The startled shout—half of amazement and half of approval—which greeted Hurd's action, as much as the sudden impact of doubled fist against human flesh, brought him quickly to his senses, and he stood for a moment staring at his dazed persecutor as the realization of what he had done was slowly impressing itself upon him.

And then fear seized him, and turning on his heel he fled—fled as if a thousand demons were after him—fled blindly up one lumber yard alley and down the other to the enraged Snyder, who had quickly recovered, dashing madly after him.

"Stop or I fire," yelled Jake, and then his revolver spoke—not once but three times in rapid succession, the vicious fire and the snapping bullet adding to the pandemonium that reigned in the lumber yard.

But Hurd fled blindly on. Stumbling, plunging, falling and rising again, he raced across the rough, uneven ground, and reached the railroad tracks just as the Interurban trolley bound for San Pedro whirred into view. With his last remaining ounce of strength, he made a desperate spurt and flung himself headlong onto the front platform of the rushing trolley. That he escaped death beneath the wheels was a miracle.

For just an instant Hurd lay prone upon the platform and then slowly drew himself up to a standing position. He was too relieved at his escape from immediate danger to give much thought to the fact that his job was probably gone—that he was out of employment. That a realization of his full plight would have come to him soon is possible, had not a sudden commotion in the interior of the car attracted his attention. Glancing through the glass door he noticed Jake, the smoking revolver still in his hand, advancing along the center aisle of the car. His face was working angrily and every line of his ugly countenance cried out for revenge. He had been close upon Hurd's heels in the mad race and a duplicate of the wild lunge that ended Hurd on the front platform had catapulted him onto the back one.

The Powers lumber yard lay in low ground just east of the trolley right of way, and at the instant that Hurd, glancing into the interior of the car, saw his pursuer advancing upon him, the car was swiftly moving unto a trestle that carried the trolley high into the air, over the lumber yard, and on toward the city.

It was a time for quick action and Hurd was equal to the emergency. With a new strength born of his momentary respite, Karl gathered himself together for a spring and murmuring a prayer for safety, he hurried his body fiercely from the swiftly moving trolley and landed on top of a towering lumber pile. As he lay winded and panting on the top of the rude skyscraper, he saw Jake carried swiftly past him on the dashing trolley, shaking his fist at his escaped quarry in impotent rage.

"Sargol has put just 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin and N. D. Sander-son adds "when I started Sargol I weighed 147 pounds and now I weigh 160 pounds. Everybody is telling me how fat you have got in the last month."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds, with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra

## A FASHIONABLE SUMMER FROCK

A New Model with Blouse and Skirt Buttoned One to the Other.

By MAY MANTON



8701 Child's Dress, 4 to 8 years.

Such a pretty little dress as this one will be wanted whether there is actual need or is not. It is very simple and easy to make and gives just the newest possible features. The long waisted blouse is joined to a wide belt and the boxplaited skirt is joined to a second belt and the two are buttoned together. The little vest effect at the front is pretty and its edges are buttoned together, the short opening being all that is required to draw the blouse over the head. In the picture, white galatea is combined with plaid gingham, but white could be combined with color or one material could be used throughout, or, plain color could be used for the belt, collar and cuffs on a plaid frock.

For the 6 year size will be required 1 3/4 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 1 3/4 yds. 36 or 44, for the blouse, with 1 yd. 27 3/4 yd. 36 or 44, for the skirt.

The pattern No. 8701 is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years. 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 MAMIE STAMBAUGH DIES

Special to The Telegraph

Blain, Pa., Aug. 10.—On Sunday Miss Mamie Stambaugh, 19 years old, daughter of Lewis Stambaugh, of Jackson township, died at her home. Besides her parents the following sister and brothers survive: Miss Grace Stambaugh, Floyd, Newton, Milo and George Stambaugh.

## KILLED FIVE WEASELS

Blain, Pa., Aug. 10.—Arthur S. Robinson and William Cooney, of Jackson township, killed five weasels which they brought to the office of Notary R. H. Keil, here, to receive the bounty of \$1 each. The weasels were large ones and one especially was of extraordinary size, measuring 21 inches from the nose to the tip of the tail, the body alone being 16 inches long.

## SPEAKERS AT PERRY PICNIC

Blain, Pa., Aug. 10.—Over a thousand people were in attendance on Saturday at the annual union Sunday school picnic held at Ickesburg in Simonson's Woods, near Ickesburg. Speakers who delivered addresses were the Rev. J. L. Nicholas, Luther-an minister, of Mechanicsburg; County Superintendent D. A. Kline, of New Bloomfield and Martin Kochender-der, of Ickesburg.

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

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