

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"We're going to serve dinner in a very informal manner, whatever that is," said Anne Redding, delightedly flying around in a blue gown and a dainty white apron.

"No remarks, please," said Frances, coming into the room and standing for a moment beneath the electric lights in the middle of the room. Her hair was a glory of color and Helen sighed appreciatively.

"I'll go," said Anne, "I do wish everyone would come so that we can serve dinner while the things are good."

"The bells breezed in, and almost immediately the bell rang again and Frances, who went to open the door this time, appeared a moment later with Ned Burns. Helen felt her heart contract and all the blood recede from her face.

"Are you surprised?" Frances said gaily to Helen. "Ned just begged to come, so I had to let him."

"I was certainly summoned all her faculties to aid her and tried to carry off the situation gracefully. Warren, for a wonder, did not sulk, but sat up like a Trojan and talked shop to Ned strenuously. Once in a while Ned would look at Helen in a way that made her indignant.

"I was certainly an evening of surprises. Frances, coming out of the bedroom beyond rather suddenly, met Atwood face to face and her eyes widened and then froze hard. Helen hated to see that expression on her face.

"I was it necessary for men and women to mask their real feelings

in this great game of life? Wasn't these things as she sat on the couch and looked at the little play enacted before her. How strange it was. Frances had arranged Ned Burns as a surprise for her, Helen, and in turn Anne and Babble had contrived a surprise for Frances. Helen wondered how it would all come out.

"You see there is really nothing else to do," she said gaily. "We are sandwiched in so tightly in this tiny place that we can't even breathe, and it would be fun to all together."

"I wish you would not go into that subject again. I was trying so hard to forget you. What made you come?"

"Then the deeper voice of the man: 'Because I couldn't help it, Frances.' And there was longing in that one remark that made Helen's heart beat suffocatingly as she hurried past, like a thief in the night."

"She hoped Frances would not know that she had overheard, but Helen was so excited about Frances and her affair that she had forgotten about Ned Burns. Somehow she felt her relationship with Ned Burns as something sort of a secret, and it was like this that she had given him a right to think of her, which she hadn't."

"Again the bell rang and Anne ran out, her face mischievous. Helen thought she had gone to meet Jack Parmelee, but she hadn't, for the next minute Avery Atwood came into the room. Helen knew from Anne's expression that she had arranged for a surprise for Frances, and as Babble looked guilty and knowing, Helen decided that the two must have planned it together, for Anne hadn't had time to know Mr. Atwood well."

"I was certainly an evening of surprises. Frances, coming out of the bedroom beyond rather suddenly, met Atwood face to face and her eyes widened and then froze hard. Helen hated to see that expression on her face. The next minute, however, she was the conventional woman of the world greeting a guest, and one could have gathered nothing from her expression."

"Was it necessary for men and women to mask their real feelings

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS

Enjoy Life! Stop Headaches, Sour Stomach, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Bad Colds, Constipation.

They're a Treat! Cascarets is Best Laxative for Men, Women, Children—20 Million Boxes Sold Last Year.

Straighten up! Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, breath offensive, and stomach sour. Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated and full of cold. Why don't you get a box of Cascarets from the drug store and eat one or two to-night and enjoy the nicest gentler liver and bowel

cleansing you ever experienced? You will wake up feeling fit and fine. Cascarets never gripe or sicken like salts, pills and calomel. They act so gently that you hardly realize you have taken a cathartic. Mothers should give their children a whole Cascaret any time they act thoroughly and are harmful.



CASCARETS WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Stock Transfer Ledger

The Pennsylvania Stock Transfer Tax Law (Act of June 4, 1915) which is now in effect requires all corporations in the State, no matter how large they may be to keep a Stock Transfer Ledger. We are prepared to supply these Ledgers promptly at a very nominal price.

The Telegraph Printing Co. Printing—Binding—Designing—Photo Engraving. HARRISBURG, PA.

MEN'S BATH ROBE IN GOOD DESIGN

Velveteens and Corduroys Are Used as Well as Fancy Woolens

By MAY MANTON



8859 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Men's Bath Robe, Small 36 or 38, Medium 40 or 42, Large 44 or 46 breast.

Here is a garment that can be used either for a lounging robe or for a bath robe. It is absolutely loose and ample, thoroughly comfortable and satisfactory, withal, it is very simple and can easily be made at home. In the picture, the material is plaid flannel and the trimming a broadcloth in plain color, but this robe would be handsome made from the bluest flannel, from terry cloth, or from velveteen or corduroy, for all these materials are liked for garments of the sort. Velveteens and corduroys are especially well suited to the lounging robe, but all are appropriate both for that use and for the bath robe.

For the medium size will be needed, 5 1/2 yds. of material 36 in. wide, 4 1/2 yds. 44, 3 3/4 yds. 54 in. wide, with 1/2 yd. 44 in. wide for collar and cuffs.

The pattern No. 8859 is cut in three sizes: 36 or 38, 40 or 42, 44 or 46 in. breast measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

Germans Are Suspected of Secret Wireless on Summit of Mountain

Concord, N. H., Feb. 22.—A report of the recent movements in the White Mountains of a party of Germans, who were formerly under government surveillance, was sent last night by United States Marshal Charles J. O'Neill from his office in this city to United States Attorney Fred M. Brown at Somersworth.

The report is based on information that the people whose actions have been viewed with suspicion are engaged in secret wireless operations from mountain tops. Their headquarters is at Glen, which is a village in Jackson county, and affords approach to Mount Washington. It is on the Maine border and the altitude is such that Portland harbor is in plain view.

Sportsmen who return from a camp at Glen report that Secret Service officials have been working around Glen and Intervale getting information as to the goings and comings of certain strangers, unmistakably Germans.

Marshal O'Neill when interviewed admitted that he had received letters suggesting that the Glen tin and being used as a base for a wireless station.

Continue Argument on "Hardscrabble" Case to March 28

Argument on the appeals and exceptions to the report of the viewers on the condemnation of "Hardscrabble," which was scheduled for hearing today by the Deareshin county courts, was continued until March 28.

The appeal of the barbers who prosecuted Charles Williams, proprietor of the Union station shop for violating the Deareshin county ordinance, was continued until March 28.

Argument was also heard this afternoon on the injunction proceedings brought by V. E. Martin and J. J. Lynch against the city to restrain the municipal building inspector from tearing down a wall which he declared not in conformity with the building regulations.

Today And A Generation Hence

The flight of time makes us think of the future. The baby of today reflects what greatness may be acquired when he grows up. And any influence that brings relief to the expectant mother is the first and greatest of obligations.

HOME A NOVEL

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. V., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by.

CHAPTER II.—Captain Wayne tells Alan of the falling of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

CHAPTER III.—Judge Healey buys a picture for Alix Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers.

CHAPTER IV.—Alan and Alix meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious.

CHAPTER V.—At home, Nance Sterling asks Alan to go away from Alix. Alix is taken to task by Gerry, her husband, for her conduct with Alan and defies him.

CHAPTER VI.—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco.

CHAPTER VII.—Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII.—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl.

"There," said the judge with a sigh of relief, "that's something. It takes a steady nerve to draw a bank account in full. You must take the news upstairs. I'm off. I'll follow up the clue tomorrow."

There was a new look of content mingled with the worry in Mrs. Lansing's face that made the judge say as he held out his hand in farewell, "Things better?"

Mrs. Lansing understood him. "Yes," she answered, and added, "we have been crying together."

Mrs. Lansing and Alix had never given themselves to each other. There had been no warfare between them but equally there had never been understanding. To Mrs. Lansing's inherent calm, Alix's scintillation had been repellent and Alix before Gerry's mother had felt much the same restraint as before Gerry's old butler.

There had been strength in Mrs. Lansing's calm. She had been waiting and now the waiting was over. Alix had given herself tearful and almost wordless into arms that were more than ready and had then poured out her heart in a broken tale that would have confounded any court of justice but which between women was clearer than logic.

At the end Mrs. Lansing said nothing. Instead she petted Alix, carried her off to bed and kept her there for three days. In her waking hours Alix added spasmodic bits to her confession—sage reflections after the event, dreamy "I wonders" that speculated in the past and in the measure of her emotions.

Mrs. Lansing sat and listened and sewed. Her soft brown hair just touched with gray, her calm face with its half-hidden strength, her steady eyes, turned now on Alix, now on her work, brought peace into the room and held it there in spite of the disquieting lack of news of Gerry.

When she spoke at last it was to say half-shyly, "You are stronger than I had thought. I believe every woman at the actual moment of surrender feels an impulse of shame and fear. During that moment desire lets go of her. It's the last chance that fate holds out. The women who fall to take the chance—it seems to me they fall through weakness of spirit and not of flesh."

"More women are ruined by circumstance than by desire. Women decide to burn their bridges behind them and then they think they've burned them. All the circumstances were against you. There wasn't a loophole in the net. Fate gave you your moment and you tore your way out."

On the fourth day Alix got up but on the fifth she stayed in bed. Mrs. Lansing found her pale and frightened. She had been crying.

"Alix," she whispered, kneeling beside the bed, "what is it?"

Alix told her amid sobs. "Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Lansing, throwing her arms around her, "don't cry. Don't worry. The strength will come with the need. In the end you'll be glad. So will Gerry. So will all of us."

"It isn't that," said Alix, faintly. "Oh, it isn't that. I'm just thinking and thinking how terrible it would have been if I had run away—really run away. I keep imagining how awful it would have been. It is nightmare."

"Call it nightmare if you like, sweetheart, but just remember that you are awake."

"Yes," said Alix softly. "I am awake now. I want to watch the Hill come to life and dress up for the summer. It will amuse me. It's long since I have watched for the first buds and the first snowfalls. I won't mind the melting snow and the mud. It's so long since I've seen clean country mud. I want to smell it."

"You don't know how bleak the Hill can be before the spring comes," objected Mrs. Lansing.

"Will it be any bleaker with me there than when you were alone?" asked Alix.

Mrs. Lansing came over to her and kissed her. "No, dear," she said.

Mother and Daughter

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

What a lovely sight is a young mother with her baby daughter! How charming are the love and tenderness expressed in the mother's face as she watches her little girl toddling about the room when she first begins to walk!

How sweet is her sympathy for every childish trouble. Then how interested and anxious she is that her daughter should enjoy the best advantages possible, and how proud she becomes when the young girl receives credit marks at school.

But as this child develops into womanhood how rarely does the mother keep the same close sympathy, the same tender understanding, the same sweet patience, in the association with her.

The Mother's Fault When a woman fails to win the first place in her daughter's heart as friend, counselor and sympathizer, it is no one's fault but her own. I make this assertion without reservation or exception. Of course, here will be a clamor of protest from "devoted mothers," but I know what the average idea of opinion on a mother's part is, and I call it by other names.

To make a slave of yourself for your child, to try to save your daughter from mental labor, to try to dress her better than other girls and to tax your strength and purse in order to give her luxuries, is not devotion. It is unwise ambition and folly on your part. It is sowing the seeds of selfishness and intolerance in a receptive young mind, that has come into being through no wish of its own.

Having brought the girl into the world, it is your duty to study her as you would some plant were you a horticulturist, and to be patient, loving and gentle with her faults and sympathetic with her requirements.

It is your life work to make a noble and useful woman of her, and to lead her by the power of unending love and cheerfulness to be your pride and comfort and joy.

You can only do this by controlling yourself in her presence, by setting her an example of dignity and patience and all-embracing love; by eliminating all bitterness, all gloom, all carping criticism from your heart, and by bestowing upon her nine words of appreciation for every one of fault-finding.

You must win her respect before she can be asked to respect you. You must be lovable before you expect her to give you more than the duty regard which so many children are obliged to make serve for filial affection.

You must be sweet and responsive and sympathetic before she can confide in you, and you must be tactful and merry and wise in your methods of teaching her to be industrious, un-

selfish and thoughtful of you and others.

The Great Mistake The girl who is reminded of her disagreeable inheritance from ancestors naturally does not feel herself responsible for her faults. Yet she is—for the divine inheritance is there, and if she is taught to cultivate that, no earthly traits can dominate or control her.

It is this truth, madam, which you should impress upon your daughter's mind from the cradle to womanhood. You should say to her: "You are God's creation, sent to earth to beautify and bless it with your sweetness. I know you will be all that I want you to be."

The child used to love and praise feels the force of a merited reproof while it falls dead upon the ears of one accustomed to continual fault-finding and nagging and ill-temper.

If you have let your child slip too far away from you to bring her back, and if you have cultivated weeds instead of flowers, in her heart, at least take the blame upon yourself and do not assume the air of a martyr before the world. You were the architect of your daughter's character—before her birth and afterwards. You could have made her anything you wished her to be had love and patience been your tool.

God and a wise mother can overcome heredity and environment and defy the devil and fate in educating a girl's heart. God always does His part by implanting the divine nature, but it is the mother's work to develop it.

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Advertisement for TONSILINE, featuring a giraffe illustration and text: "EVEN IF YOU HAD A NECK AS LONG AS THIS GIRAFFE, AND HAD SORE THROAT... TONSILINE WOULD QUICKLY RELIEVE IT."

New Treatment for Croup and Colds

Relieves by Inhalation and Absorption. No Stomach Dosing.

Plenty of fresh air in the bedroom and a good application of Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve over the throat and chest is the best defense against all cold troubles.

The medicated vapors, released by the body heat, loosen the phlegm, clear the air passages and soothe the inflamed membrane. In addition, Vick's is absorbed through the skin. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

VICK'S VAPORUB SALVE

A REMARKABLE LETTER

Received Regarding Peterson's Ointment—Please Publish This Letter.

March 22, 1915.

Peter Peterson— I was afflicted with a very severe sore on my leg for seven years. I am a teamster at the American Agricultural Chemical Co. at West Park. I tried all medicines and salves, but without success. I tried doctors and all others, but they all failed to cure me. I couldn't sleep for many nights from pain. Doctors after treating me for some time said I could not be cured unless I had a radical operation. Finally Peterson Ointment was recommended to me and by its use the sore was entirely healed. I gladly recommend Peterson's Ointment as a wonderful healing agent and sincerely urge everyone afflicted as I was to begin using it at once.

Thankfully yours, WILLIAM HAASE, West Park, Ohio. Care P. O. Reitz, Box 199.

Gerry chartered a ponderous canoe. At first he had a man to paddle him up and down and sometimes across the wide half-mile of water. But before long he learned to handle the thing himself. The heavy work soon trimmed his splendid muscles into a variety of fish.

One morning he awoke earlier than usual. The wave of life was running high in his veins. He sprang up and, still in his pajamas, hurried out for his morning swim. The break of day was gloriously chilly. A cool breeze, hurrying up from the sea, was steadily banking up the mist that hung over the river. Gerry sprang into his canoe and pushed off. He drove its heavy length up stream, not in the teeth of the current, for no man could do that, but skirting the shore, seizing on the help of every eddy and keeping an eye out for the green swirling mound that meant a pinnacle of rock just short of the surface. He went farther up the river than ever before. His muscles were keyed to the struggle. He passed the last jutting bend that the boatman on the river could master and found himself in a bay protected by a spit of sand, rock-tipped and foam-tossed where it reached the river's channel. From this point the river was a chaos of jagged rocks that fought the mighty tide hurled from the falls still miles above.

Gerry ran the canoe upon the shore and stripped. He stepped on to the spit of sand. In that moment just to live was enough. A sharp cry broke on his astonished ears.

(To be continued.)

MARRIED AT HAGERSTOWN

Special to the Telegraph. Blain, Pa., Feb. 22.—Miss Nellie Murray, daughter of Ira Murray, and William Wetley, both of Madison township, went to Hagerstown, Md., and were married.

Advertisement for Harrisburg Window Cleaning Co. featuring an illustration of a man with a window cleaning tool and text: "Ask The Merchants For Whom We Work As To Our Ability"

Advertisement for Educational School of Commerce featuring text: "We will gladly furnish you with the list, but here's a good plan: Notice the cleanest windows— WE 'DID' THEM. Harrisburg Window Cleaning Co. OFFICE—808 EAST ST. Bell Phone 631-J"

Advertisement for Harrisburg Business College featuring text: "Harrisburg Business College Day and Night Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Civil Service Thirtieth Year 329 Market St. Harrisburg, Pa."

Advertisement for Office Training School featuring text: "The Office Training School Salary Increasing Positions Kaufman Bldg. 4 S. Market St. Training That Secures In the Office Call or send to-day for interesting booklet. The Art of Getting Along in the World. Bell phone 634-R."

Advertisement for Efficiency featuring text: "Efficiency INCREASE THE PROFITS of your business by adding your skilled helpers to make the best use of their time. Use the proper blanks, book, books, stationery and advertising matter. Get the right kind of designing, engraving, printing and binding at the right prices from The Telegraph Printing Co. Federal Square"

Advertisement for The Telegraph Printing Co. featuring text: "The Telegraph Printing Co. Federal Square"

Advertisement for Highest Prices Paid For Rags featuring text: "Highest Prices Paid For Rags Metal of description, rubber boots and shoes, auto tires, paper stock, books, magazines. Specially interested in Merchant Tailor Clips. Drop postal, or call Be. phone 1047-M. Wagon will stop at your door. Keystone Iron and Metal Co. 645-659 BROAD STREET"