

# OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"I haven't much time to dress; you'd keep me talking all evening on that subject that I'm not interested in," and Warren pushed back his chair and rose from the table with a jerk.

"But, Warren—don't go yet; Mary hasn't brought dessert yet, and it's your favorite cocoanut pudding."

"Can't help it now—I won't have time to eat it," and Warren hurried off to dress for his lodge.

Helen smiled to herself. Warren had been just as much interested in what they were talking of as she remembered right, he had introduced the subject himself. But he was just like every other man; he needed some one to blame for something and he took the most convenient thing—his wife.

Mary came in at that minute with the dessert and Helen ate her pudding leisurely. Then she dished out some into a glass dish and proceeded to carry it in to Warren.

"I haven't time to eat that stuff now; don't you see I'm in a hurry; is there any hot water? I have to shave."

"I think so, dear," said Helen, hurrying into the bathroom. "Yes, there is, lots of it." Warren lumbered in after her and Helen went back to the bedroom and was examining herself in the hand mirror; lazily wondering what she would do all evening when she heard an exclamation from Warren and a sudden crash.

"What is it, Warren?"

"What's the matter with this confounded bowl?"

Helen stifled a desire to laugh, and hurried in to help him. She felt guilty as she surveyed the place. Warren had drawn some hot water into the basin and a triangular piece which had broken precipitating the water all over his shoes.

**The Broken Bowl**

"I forgot to tell you that Mary had broken the bowl," Helen said meekly. "I should think you did. What did you have inside holding that piece in place?"

"Some wax. I didn't know you'd use such hot water that it would melt."

Warren muttered something and Helen went out to get him a basin from the kitchen.

"You mustn't feel so cross at everything, dear. What would you do if you had some real trouble?"

"That's just the time I'd know what to do," said Helen philosophically. "It's the confounded little things that make such a difference."

"Hurry up, I have some pudding for you, and you can eat it before you leave," said Helen, determined to have him taste the pudding at least.

Warren in the midst of shaving, muttered something unintelligible and proceeded with his work at hand.

Helen went back to the bedroom and slipped his cuff links in place, shook out his evening clothes and arranged them on the bed. She saw that there was nothing more to be done and went into the adjoining room to see how Winifred was.

Winifred was still apt to be feverish at night. She seemed to be all

right in the daytime, but as soon as it got dark she would develop a temperature which, the doctor had assured Helen, was nothing to be unduly alarmed over.

Winifred was lying in her little brass bed, the rose silk of the comfortable close against her soft, flushed cheeks.

Helen touched the one nearest her tenderly and took the little, hot hands between her own for a moment. Winifred stirred sleepily but did not wake up, and Helen tiptoed out again without waking her.

"I don't want that full-dress coat," said Warren, testily, glancing over at the bedroom from where he was arranging his tie.

"I thought you said you wanted the full-dress coat."

"No; I said the dinner coat. Get it out for me, will you? I'm in an awful hurry."

"You really have plenty of time. Warren, or you would have, if you would try to take things calmly."

The telephone rang, and Helen hurried out to answer it.

"Warren, it's for you!" she called in.

Warren came out and took the receiver from her. He was plainly out and showed it in his manner of speaking. Again Helen went into the bedroom to wait for him. She put the full-dress coat away and got out his dinner coat. Warren came back in a few minutes.

"It was nothing important; you could have taken the message as well as not."

"But you never like me to take messages for you," expostulated Helen, "and this man said that it was about business."

**He Eats the Pudding**

"He's a regular pest anyway, it was Davenport."

"The husband of the caty Mrs. Davenport? I thought you liked them so much," Helen could not refrain from this remark.

"Well, what have you against them?"

"I told you what Mrs. Davenport said that night."

"Well it was nothing to make a fuss about. Here I'm ready, hand over your pudding, if you have it ready."

Helen watched Warren demolish the generous helping of cocoanut pudding and took the plate from him as he finished.

"What's the matter, you seem awfully anxious to have me leave tonight."

"O, Warren you are too absurd. If I thought you meant that, I'd box your ears."

"Well, I'm off, don't wait up for me."

"Shall you be late?"

"I may be late to-night, anyway, don't wait up, it's silly."

"I'll see how I feel. Good-by, dear, sure you have everything?"

Helen heaved a sigh of relief as she heard the elevator door clang and realized that Warren was actually on his way.

(Watch for the next installment in this series. It will appear here soon.)

## COLORS BRIGHTEN UP BOY'S SUITS

Charming Picturesque Effect Is Given by Pretty Trimming

By MAY MANTON



8988 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Boys' Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years.

Boys suits are unusually attractive just now for touches of really bright color are used for their trimming and they are given the general picturesque effect that is very charming and attractive without the sacrifice of the boy-like quality. This one is made of gingham in pale blue and white, the trimming is white and the smocking is done with blue thread. The touch of needlework is very charming and attractive and also it is in the height of style. The suit besides being most attractive is a simple one, adapted to any material used for boy's suits.

For the 4 year size will be needed, 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 36 or 2 1/2 yards 44 with 1/2 of a yard 47 inches wide for the belt and trimming. The pattern 8988 is cut in sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

### COLLEGIANS WILL ORATE ON PROBLEMS OF WAR AND PEACE

Arguments upon the problems of peace, arbitration and war, will be stringently advanced by college orators to-night in Technical high school auditorium when the Pennsylvania Arbitration and Peace Society conducts its \$100 prize oratorical contest. Among the contestants will be J. Stewart Innerst, Lebanon Valley; E. G. Diehm, Juniata College; Robert Gary, State; Everett T. Jones, Bucknell, and William J. McMenmin, St. Joseph's College. The contest will be judged by Dr. Charles B. Fager, principal at Technical high; Prof. Howard G. Dibble, principal of Central high, and Headmaster Brown of the Harrisburg Academy.

### Fire Destroys Dwelling and Spreads to Woodland

Special to the Telegraph  
New Bloomfield, Pa., April 20.—Yesterday morning the dwelling house of Thomas Patten, in Center township, one mile west of Mannsville, took fire and burned to the ground, together with all the household goods, etc.

### PENBROOK'S MAIN STREET WILL BE IMPROVED BY BOROUGH

Special to the Telegraph  
Penbrook, Pa., April 20.—It has been decided to go ahead with the improvement of the main street here notwithstanding the fact that the State will assist in the work are not available. The street will not be paved, as was intended, but crushed stone will be put down and the highway rolled. When this dressing is sufficiently worn, oil will be applied to the surface.

### What is Home Without an Heir!

This is a subject that has a place in all minds in all times. And it naturally directs thought as to the comfort of the mother during that wonderful period of expectancy. Mothers who know recommend "Mother's Friend."



It is an external remedy for the stretching muscles, enables them to expand without undue strain, assists the organs to crowd against nerves, to pull at ligaments to thus avoid pain. Thus restful days are assured, peaceful nights are experienced, morning sickness, headache, apprehension and other distresses are among the various things which women everywhere relate they entirely escaped by using "Mother's Friend. And by its effect upon the muscles the form is retained and they return to their natural, smooth contour after baby is born. Get a bottle of this invaluable aid to expectant mothers. Any druggist will supply you. It is harmless but wonderfully effective. Write to Bradford Regulator Co., 413 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a specially written guide book for women interested in the subject of maternity. It will prove an inspiration. It contains information that every woman should know all about. Write today.

**Purify the Complexion**  
Do not be troubled with complexion ills. Keep all blemishes concealed while you are treating them. You can do this instantly without detection by using **Gouraud's Oriental Cream**  
It will also assist you to overcome "those little things" at the same time. It does not irritate internally. Renders the skin a soft, pearly-white appearance. Non-greasy. and 10c. for trial size.  
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, New York City

## The Social Pirates

Story No. 1  
Little Monte Carlo  
Plot by George Bronson Howard.  
Novelization by Hugh C. Weir.  
Copyright Kaleni Company.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Mona herself scarcely knew the apartment. So skillfully had it been transformed into the semblance of one of the cozy and luxurious gambling dens that cater to the patronage of rich and fashionable people; and especially women, that it amazed her. A suave and smiling man came forward to welcome them, and pretended that he knew Mona well, though she had never laid eyes on him before. He was the "proprietor." Mona had to admire Mary's cleverness. Mona had to admire for their were several other superiors—a waiter, two or three croupiers and dealers, and a number of players, well dressed people, who paid no attention to the newcomers.

"Awful glad to see you, Betty," said Mary, coming up to them. "But I was sure you'd persuade me to stay upon her. He didn't—altogether. I'm not going to play," said Mona.

However, it was easier to say that she wouldn't play than to stick to the resolution, good as it was. The sight of the rolling ball, the disappointment of seeing it roll into a number she would have played—was all too much for Mona! In a few minutes she drew out her purse and risked, one by one, the few quarters that it held. She lost regularly, and at last she turned a disappointed face up to Holbrook.

"There—I've lost all I had!" she said. "Now I'm going home!"

"Don't be silly," he said. He squeezed her hand, and left a couple of bills in it. "Take that and play. All you've got enough to pay me back."



Mona and Holbrook at the Gaming Table.

Mona still had scruples, but suddenly she cast them away. And now the gambling fever seemed to seize upon her. She played recklessly, taking more and more of Holbrook's money, until all he had in his pockets was used up.

"Have I got to stop now?" demanded Mona, angrily. "Oh—one hasn't any business playing roulette, without plenty of money! If I could play a few minutes more I'd win it all back, I know!"

"Let her have some chips—I'll make good," said Holbrook, to the proprietor. "Here's my card. I guess you know the name."

"Yes, sir—of course," said the man, as he took the card. He hesitated. "I'm sorry, though, Mr. Holbrook—but it's a rule of the house—we can't do anything on a verbal agreement. If you'd sign an I. O. U., now—"

"Oh, do!" begged Mona, all her scruples supposedly gone.

At the sight of her flushed cheeks Holbrook forgot discretion. He took the pad the proprietor had offered him and scribbled an I. O. U. for five hundred dollars.

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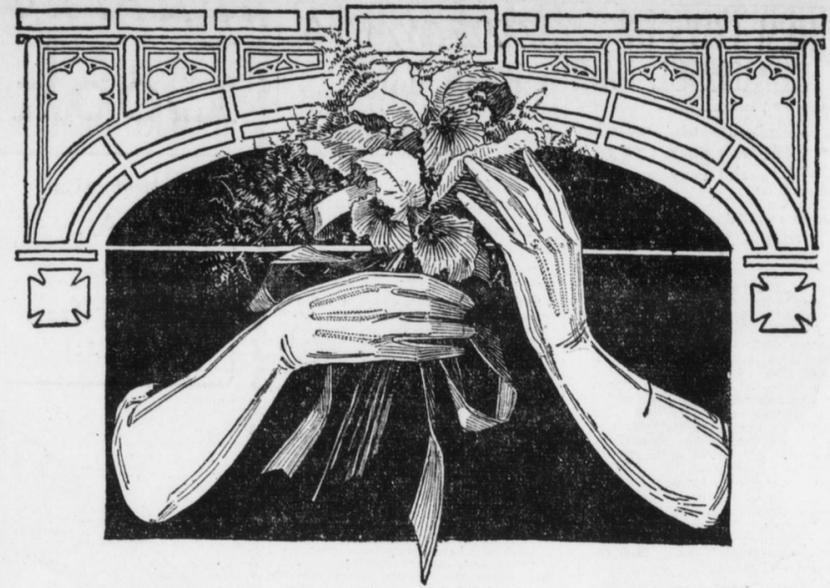
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## Be well gloved on Easter morning

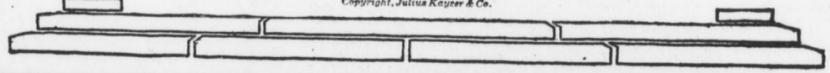
Millions of smartly dressed women are depending on Kayser Silk Gloves to complete their Easter costumes.

You will not be disappointed. Your favorite store can supply your Easter needs with these well-fitting, long-wearing gloves.

Let your Easter glove be Kayser's—the silk glove that looks better, fits better and wears longer. The high class stores throughout the world are now showing the new styles for 1916.

Two clasp are always 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and up; twelve and sixteen button lengths are always 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and up. The name "Kayser" is in the hem, and with each pair is a guarantee ticket that the tips will outwear the gloves.

## Kayser Silk Gloves



ORGANIZE WORKERS' Band  
Following a largely attended evangelistic meeting last evening in Harrisburg Street United Evangelical Church, the men of the congregation met in Stetter and W. H. Bowers, secretaries the Sunday school room and organized of the organization. Evangelist Darrell C. B. Fisher was elected president and Roy J. Fisher will preach on the subject "Get Up and Dust."



**MILEAGE**  
That's another point where Atlantic Gasoline shows strong. Besides the zip and the snap that make motors reel off landscape like tape, it's got the stretch that looms up big on the speedometer. Phoney fuels lose out on the mileage test—they can't stand the gaff. There is one gasoline that, despite market conditions, maintains the uniform boiling-point that made it famous—Atlantic. Play safe. Get that one gasoline.

**THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY**  
Philadelphia and Pittsburgh  
Makers of Atlantic Motor Oils  
Light—Heavy—**Clarine**—Medium  
**ATLANTIC GASOLINE**  
Puts Pep in Your Motor

**SAVE-A-CENT**  
Soft Scouring Compound  
The mighty FOUR cent punch at dirt  
It's good FOUR all cleaning  
It's bad FOUR all dirt  
It's fine FOUR housecleaning  
Does more work than powders—does not waste  
**Only FOUR Cents**  
At Your Grocers

Good - Wholesome - Palatable.  
**Ruhl's Bread**  
Direct from our oven  
To your table  
Phone for Wagon  
Ruhl's Penbrook Bakery

**There's a Difference in Coal**  
A vast difference. You may be burning more coal than is necessary, because you are not burning the kind especially adapted to your requirements.  
Talk the matter over with us—we'll steer you right on the particular kind of coal you ought to be using—and supply you with the best heat-giving fuel you can buy. Costs the same—and goes further.  
**J. B. MONTGOMERY**  
600—either phone 3rd and Chestnut Streets

**The Telegraph Bindery**  
Will Rebind Your Bible Satisfactorily