

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

THE STRUGGLES OF A WIFE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER I. (Copyright, 1916, Star Company) Myra Webb sat by the window in the livingroom, gazing out into Morning Park. She had tried to work this afternoon, but somehow could not. In spite of her sleepless night, she had managed to steady her nerves enough to do some copying this morning. But all the time she had been forcing away from her thoughts the recollection of what Horace had told her last night. She had always imagined that if the time ever came when his affairs would be prosperous she would rejoice. Now she could not make herself believe what he had said. And yet her reason told her it was true. She had not eaten any luncheon. She had told Lizzie not to worry when the maid feared she was not well. "I am well," she said, "only a little weary." Then when she found that she could not concentrate her mind enough to work, she had come off here into the livingroom and sat down in this big chair, and had let her thoughts wander where they would. And over and over she found herself saying to herself that she was tired—dead tired! As she repeated the words they seemed to have a sinister significance. Dead tired—yes, tired enough to die! Perhaps reaction had brought about this state of feeling, she mused. At last she had time to be still and think. Time to think of all she had tried to do these past two years. What had she done, after all? She had accomplished a good deal, and yet now that she reviewed it it did not seem to be worth while. What was the use of it all? A dull gray existence stretched out before her, with not a thrill nor a heart-happiness in it. That Awful Word If Horace and Grace had understood it might all be different now. But they did not understand. If they only understood, if they would only tell her so, life might be full and rich. But they did not know that she was hungry for their approval. She, herself, had not known how hungry she was until now that she had time to stop and think. Was it only last evening that Horace had informed her that his business was saved, adding briefly, "After this things will be easier for us; I will go into further particulars when I have more time." That was all. Not a word of her part in his fight with adversity. Yet it had been for him and Grace that she had fought by his side. Had he ever cared that she was always there? Had it meant anything to him and his child? The door opened and Grace came in. Her mother tried to smile a greeting. "Well, daughter, dear," she said, "you are back from school, are you?" Grace laughed, and there was a

ring of annoyance in the sound. "Evidently I am back, mother," she said brusquely. "You always ask that question. I would hardly be here if I were still at school, would I?" The mother flushed. "I beg your pardon," she murmured. "That was a foolish observation for me to make." "Oh, well, never mind!" the girl laughed again, this time more kindly. "Perhaps I spoke crossly, but the children were especially trying to-day. I had to linger longer than usual to straighten out some fuss about classes, and now I have an errand to attend to downtown, and I must allow time to walk a part of the way back. "Henry insists that I ought to do this, for he is afraid I don't get enough exercise and fresh air. So I had to rush home to leave my books and papers, and now I must hurry right off again." "I see," Myra rejoined. "Get as much fresh air as you can, dear." Grace hesitated for a second and glanced at her mother's face. "You look as if some fresh air might do you good, too," she remarked. "Why don't you go out also?" "I'm too tired," Myra replied. "Grace is Unsympathetic "As you please," the girl said, lightly. "Good-by! I'll be back in time for dinner." She did not urge her parent to go out. That was not her way. Myra, remembering this now, wondered if she had spoiled her child and husband. Then she dismissed the thought as disloyal. Were they not both working as hard in their way as she was in hers? And was it not perfectly natural that just now Grace's thoughts should be of her own affairs and of the man she loved? Was not that always the way with youth and love? The afternoon drew to its close, and still Myra Webb sat still, thinking. She had not sat idle and silent like this in two years—perhaps never before since she was grown. But she did not appreciate this fact now. It was dusk when Grace returned. She had met her father outside the front door and they entered the livingroom together. Myra started to her feet. "I did not know it was so late!" she exclaimed, confusedly. "I must see if Lizzie has dinner ready." It is five minutes past the hour now." Horace smiled as she left the room. Dinner was, as usual, good and well-served. They had been at the table for some time when Myra uttered a smothered exclamation. "Oh," she murmured, "I have on my morning gown still! I forgot to change my dress this afternoon!" "Never mind," Grace replied, "we had not even noticed." "No," Horace echoed, "we had not even noticed." (To Be Continued)

BLACK AND WHITE IS ALL THE RAGE

The Magpie Combination of Colors Extends Even to the Bathing Suits

By MAY MANTON



9101 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Bathing Suit, 36 to 46 bust.

Bathing suit satins are greatly in vogue this season and they are both serviceable and smart. They shed the water and are pleasant to wear and they are injured little if at all by the ravages of the sea. This costume shows black and white satin trimmed with black. It is very handsome and in the height of style and it will allow the wearer to enjoy the swim or the dip to the full. The sleeves may be made with wedge shaped openings or plain. The blouse and skirt are joined one to the other and the bloomers are separate, finished with wide bands or cuffs that are buttoned at the outer edges. For the medium size will be needed, 8 yards of material 27 inches wide, \$3.98; 9 yards 36 or 5 yards 44, with wide 36 inches wide for the trimming. The pattern No. 9101, is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

TWO MORE NEWLYWEDS JOIN BUNKS AT MT. GRETTA Two more youthful new husbands were added yesterday to Camp Bunk at Mt. Gretna, private in the Radio Corps, and pretty Miss Grace Winter, both of Fall River, Mass., and Corporal Edward Bechtel and Miss Lillian Stevenson, both of Philadelphia, were married at

Mt. Gretna. Bands played the wedding marches and the regimental chaplains officiated at the ceremonies. In both instances tearful new wives lay on their backs in the early evening train. Only a few days ago John Bechtel, brother of one of the new husbands of yesterday, was married. At yesterday's ceremony a third brother did a special solo wedding march on his cornet.

Advertisement for Kingan's Provision Co. featuring 'The Experienced Camper Never Forgets to Bring KINGAN'S "Reliable" Ham'. Includes an illustration of a ham and a family scene.

Advertisement for Workmen's Compensation Act Blanks by The Telegraph Printing Co. Includes text about preparing to ship promptly and contact information.

Gives Up Claim to \$699, Preferring Feather Bed

Syracuse, N. Y., June 30. — For a feather bed and two pillows, Mrs. Carrie L. Button, of Salem, Washington county, will surrender all claim to \$699.43 from the estate of her sister, Mrs. Mary L. Colegrove, who died in this city on December 23, 1914.

Mrs. Button claims that she was entitled to the \$699.43 for services rendered to her sister and stoutly maintained her right to the amount for some months before the settlement of the estate was being arranged. Finally, however, she compromised and promised to waive all claim providing that the feather bed and two pillows which had been in the family many years became her property.

The terms of the unique settlement have been accepted by the Rev. William E. Sitzer, pastor of the Free Methodist church, who is executor of the estate.

Puts Officer to Bed at Point of Pistol

Marinette, Md., June 30.—Northern Michigan is being scourged for Earl Hatt, a paroled Missouri convict, who, when about to be arrested by a Wisconsin deputy sheriff, drew his own gun first and, with its muzzle against the deputy's ribs, forced him to go to bed in a locked room. Then he took a horse and fled into the woods. He was married three weeks ago to seventeen-year-old Margaret Lawrence, Wausaukee, Wisconsin.

He traveled all over this country with Deputy Sheriff Durfee, who "arrested" him, keeping his gun in a side coat pocket, constantly trained on the officer.

SWATARA WATER CARNIVAL

Hummelstown, June 30. — Much interest is being manifested in the water carnival to be held on Swatara creek at Hummelstown on the evening of July 15. Another enthusiastic meeting of the boatmen of Hummelstown was held at the home of the chairman, Homer Hummel Strickler last evening. Judges of the carnival were appointed as follows: William H. Earnest, H. M. Horst and Russel B. Stoner. Representatives of the band were present and decided to hold a festival at the Hanover street bridge. Various committees were appointed. One more purse was donated, making seven in all. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. Strickler next Thursday evening; all boatmen are invited to be present and join the carnival.

GYM CLASS PICNIC

Dauphin, Pa., June 30. — The Dauphin gym class taught by Miss Anna Houck, enjoyed a picnic yesterday at Paxtang Park, Harrisburg. Lunches were served to the Misses Anna Houck, Carrie E. Gerberich, Ethel R. Forney, May Williams, Julia Miller, Rebecca Lyter, Sarah Margaret Hawthorne, Viola McKissick, Emily Landis, Margaret Douglas, Kathryn Boughner, Susan Jackson, Fay Bickle, Ellen Trutt and Mildred Kline.

TO OPEN A MOLASSES JAR To remove the top of a molasses can which sticks, the following will be found practical: Take a piece of stiff wire and bend it into a circle the size of the top. Put this around the top, and with pliers, twist till tight; then a grip will be secured, which will remove the cover very easily. February Popular Science Monthly.

BEAUTY ALWAYS BOWS TO BRAINS

Pretty Girl Has Keen Rival in Person of Her Clever Friend

"Jack Smith doesn't care what a girl has in her head, provided she has a pretty face outside it," said my young friend Mary to me petulantly. "He and the men in his set like to be seen out with pretty girls and however much they like a clever one, they won't invite her to any of their club dances unless she is a good-looker too."

My feminine impulse was to feel indignant at Jack and his low standard at just that juncture. And then I remembered a few simple biological facts. Nature meant the masculine half of creation to furnish the race with power and strength and the fighting qualities. And in her scheme of things the feminine was intended to stand for sweetness and beauty and dependence and the home-making qualities.

Modern society has made this clear demarcation impossible. Woman goes out into the world and fights, and so inevitably cultivates powers and resistances that approach the masculine. She needs them for modern social conditions. But when man admires mere clinging dependent feminine beauty he is only expressing a world-old instinct, and it is silly for women to get righteously indignant about or to try to combat nature. There is a simpler way to meet the situation. It is by compromise—and not an inglorious compromise at all.

The pretty girl cannot be clever unless she has the actual equipment of brain. But the clever girl ought to be clever enough to contrive a certain amount of prettiness. Oh, yes she can! Unless a woman is handicapped by a squint or a hairlip, or a broken nose, or some definite physical deformity, she can manage to have a little of the beauty that is her feminine heritage.

Almost no woman need have a hideous complexion if she regulates her diet and uses plenty of soap and water. No woman need be fat and ungainly if she can look a potato or a chocoiate "sundae" in the face and deny it then and there.

No woman need have dull and staring eyes if she will regulate properly the light by which she reads, her output of tears, her exercise, and a few other precautionary measures. No woman need be a frump and dowdy if she brings a little thought to bear on the purchase of her clothes.

Recently I attended a meeting at which there were present some forty brilliant and successful women. Four of them were pleasing to the eye. The other thirty-six had reacted so strongly from the extravagances of the present style that with shiny noses, unkempt hair, hats perched high on unbecoming and hard pompadours or sliding back

off low and untidy chignons, they all managed to look like caricatures.

Half of those women might easily have been pleasant to look upon if their respect for their mental makeup had not been so great that they had put down any attention to their physical selves as actual "makeup."

The clever girl is too likely to react from the merely physical. She despises the charms nature gave her and bewails the fact that those charms appear.

Why not be honest with ourselves? We all love beauty. A wonderful sunset, a perfect flower, a beautiful child, a glorious painting, an exquisite song—all these things appeal to the senses, and none of us are ashamed to acknowledge the appeal.

The clever girl who ignores her physical assets shows a lack of mental balance. No man worth knowing is going actually to prefer a stupid little beauty to a clever, sane, attractive looking woman. Perhaps the pretty girls whom Mary despises are companionable and sympathetic, if not brilliant. Charm and beauty are always attainable in some degree—and they are worth striving for.

Elect Officers and Plan to Raise Entire Regiment

Officers of Washington Camp, No. 8, Patriotic Order Sons of America, were elected last night following the call for organization of a volunteer regiment. The officers who were elected followed:

President, Marion King; vice-president, George Graham; master of forms, Truman B. Keener; conductor, George Hohenschildt; inspector, Harry Fyneguard; Frank Lindsey; trustee, Ed H. Weigle; degree master, W. H. Best; delegates elected to State Camp were, Ed H. Weigle and Oscar C. Martin; and alternates, R. S. Sayford and A. G. Lehman. Captain W. H. Best spoke to the Reserves and many names were signed in response to a call from the First Regiment. Frank Lindsey, Frank Warren and Marion King were appointed as recruiting officers. The Past Presidents' Association will meet July 12 at Camp 47, Fenbrook. The booster committee completed plans for the anniversary celebration, which will be held on July 15.

TO HOLD MEMORIAL SERVICES

Capital City Castle, No. 212, of the A. O. K. of M. C., will hold a memorial service in the hall at Third and Cumberland streets on July 2, at 8 o'clock.

NUXATED IRON

Increases strength of delicate, nervous, rundown people 200 per cent. in ten days in many instances. \$100 forfeit if it fails as per full explanation in large article soon to appear in this paper. Ask your doctor or

Large advertisement for Stern's Cut Rate Shoes. Features various styles like Barefoot Sandals, Children's Tan Calf, Men's White Canvas Rubber soles, Ladies' Sport Oxfords, and Men's Tan Calf Oxfords. Includes prices and contact information for 209 Walnut St.

Advertisement for a shoe store featuring a portrait of a man and the text: 'I Have Had a Steady Increase in Business Every Week Since I Opened My New Store at 209 WALNUT STREET. Isn't that proof positive that I am giving just a little better value than the other fellow? My styles are what you look for in high-priced shoes. If you buy a pair of shoes from me, you will be a booster for me.'