

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A GIRL AND A MAN

A New and Vital Romance of City Life by Virginia Terhune Van Water

CHAPTER XXXII Copyright, 1916, Star Company. Bainbridge Asks Agnes to Lunch. Although Agnes Morley had been late in getting to the office to-day she had her letters done by 12 o'clock. But she did not hurry out to luncheon. She heard the various members of the office staff go out, one by one. Annie Rooney had started to-day on her vacation, so there was no girl to come to Agnes and suggest that she lunch with her. No, there was nobody here to whom her company made any difference. Agnes reflected moodily. Except to nod to the other stenographers she had no acquaintance with them. Of course, there was Arabella Durkee—but Miss Durkee disliked Agnes Morley. There was nothing in life these days but work and sleep. Nothing else! She went to the window and looked out over other office buildings. In each of these were hundreds of women with lives like hers. How did they stand it? Was it possible that she was the same girl who, only a few weeks ago, had been enthusiastic about this very kind of work that she was still doing? What had made the difference? Was it all because Phil— She shook her head impatiently. She would forget Philip Hale! She would not be unhappy about a man who cared nothing for her. A sound behind her made her turn. Hasbrook Bainbridge had come into the room. "Good day!" he greeted her pleasantly. Aren't you going out to luncheon? "Why—why—yes, sir," she stammered. "I had forgotten about it."

der if you would be good enough to a chap who has the blues to-day to go out to get a bite of luncheon with him?" She caught her breath and the color he liked to watch swept over her face. Yet she was not shocked at the suggestion as she would once have been. His manner lately had been so matter-of-fact and kindly that she was getting to like him. And she was very lonely. "Don't say 'no,'" he urged before she could speak. "Why should you not go? If, for instance, Mr. Hale asked you to lunch with him, would you not think it all right to accept? Wouldn't you?" Bainbridge repeated? "He wouldn't ask me," she said quickly. "But if he did—" He interrupted her. "I do not say that you would go—but it would be entirely proper if you did—wouldn't it?" he persisted. "And as to his not asking you, why that's just the difference between him and me. I do ask you." "Yes, that was the difference, she thought. And the thought prompted her to say impulsively. "Thank you! I will be glad to go with you—if you really want me to—and," hesitatingly, "if you think it will be all right." "Certainly it will, child," he declared. "As right as if you were my sister. If I were twenty-five, slender and good-looking, why you might deliberate before going with me. But I'm a settled, staid old bachelor of forty-five, so it's all right. Go get your hat and we'll start now. He glanced at his watch. "It's twelve-twenty. When must you be back?" "I don't have to be back very promptly to-day," she told him. "For I have done all the letters that Mr. Hale dictated to me, and he said he would not return until 3 o'clock or thereafter. And I do not suppose my services will be needed until then, since you," she added, "will not be here." "The only other person who might need you is Philip Hale," Bainbridge remarked. "And he does not give dictation, does he?" "No, he said quickly. Mr. Philip Hale does not give me dictation." (To be Continued.)

IS SATISFACTORY FOR HOME WEAR

Washable Fabrics Preferred Although Soft Woolens May Be Used

By MAY MANTON



8935

8935 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) One-Piece Gown, 34 to 42 bust.

This is a really pretty and satisfactory home gown. It can be made from washable material as gingham or light weight linen or it can be made from one of the light weight wools, cashmere or something of that sort would be good. Blouse and skirt are separate at the back but at the front they are cut together, and that means unbroken and becoming lines. The high collar with its flaring points and the wide cuff make two noteworthy features. Striped linen is the material shown here and the trimming is plain linen to match the stripes. For the medium size will be needed, 7 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 6 1/2 yards 36 or 5 1/4 yards 44, with 3/4 yard 36 inches wide for the trimming. The pattern No. 8935 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

WHY HUGHES WEARS A BEARD

Runaway Accident Years Ago Left Scar on Candidate's Cheek. One of the elements which have supported the popular conception of Hughes' aloofness and austerity is his beard. In a day when beards are the exception rather than the rule, the common mind cannot imagine that a man with Hughes' beard could ever smile. But Hughes smiles as often and laughs as heartily in everyday life as any other American. The truth about the Hughes beard robs it of all its terrors. Years ago, in youth, Hughes figured in a runaway accident. He recovered completely, but a long scar on his cheek remained. Soon after that the beard appeared—and it has been doing its kindly duty ever since.—Detroit News.

EXTREME WEAKNESS AND SUFFERING

Read How Mrs. Goodling got Relief and Strength.

York, Pa.—"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and found it to be all you say it is. I was so sick that I could not stand at my sink to wash dishes and I could not sit without a pillow under me. I had the doctor every few days but since I have taken the Compound I don't have to send for him. I have had three children and could not raise any of them, but since I have taken the Compound I have a bright baby boy. I advise every suffering woman to try it and get relief. It has done wonders for me."—Mrs. CATHERINE GOODLING, 138 E. King Street, York, Pa. When a medicine has been successful in bringing health to so many, no woman has a right to say without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." There must be more than a hundred thousand women in this country who, like Mrs. Goodling, have proven what wonders Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can do for weak and ailing women. Try it and see for yourself. If there are any complications you don't understand, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.



Next Week You Will Know What M-L Stands For

Mary Roberts Rinehart's Thrilling Mystery of "The Curve of the Catenary"

No introduction is needed to the author of "K," "Seven Days," "The Man in Lower Ten," etc. The pen of Mary Roberts Rinehart has written its way into the soul of the great American public. Of her newest creation, starting in the Telegraph to-day, a word will suffice to commend it to lovers of good fiction. Mystery—as thick as a London fog—that's the atmosphere. The characters, members of the boulevard nobility; portly dowagers frolicking at assemblies; old gentlemen with eccentric hobbies; impetuous little darlings whose loves are not always as planned; heroes splendidly attuned to the social machine. Mad business they make of it on that memorable November night! Murders that have apparently no author; bold hold-ups, proceeding from nowhere, putting a rude quietus on the revels; courtships torn asunder to the distraction of lovers; unpunished guilt and fettered innocence. Ruin and success, confusion and calm, despair and happiness playing at shuttlecock. A mental roughhouse that meets the acid test: it sends the thrill.

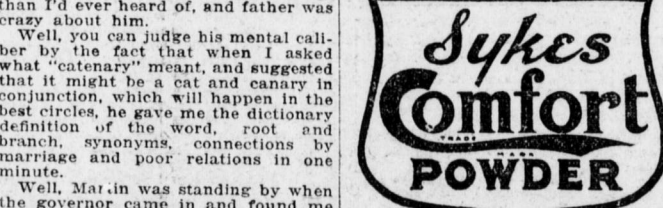
They've got into the way, at home, of thinking I'm a sort of lightweight. When a fellow's folks get an idea like that, there's nothing to it. When I came back from college and began to get my illusions exploded, seeing women as they really are and not what I'd hoped they were—scheming, you know, and false, and all that—all my family made of my disappointment and grief was to demand to know what I was peeved about. They never really tried to understand me. They took my most sacred emotions and made conversation of them. I was the family goat, all right, staked out in the yard with a short rope, and asked to believe I was having my fling. Jerked around by the collar, too, to teas and dinners, and gamboling playfully on the green to amuse S's substitute friends. Well, things are changed now. Maybe I'm changed. I don't know. I've been through a lot. That's what I'm going to tell about. Not that they want me to tell it. They've got some sort of silly provincial idea about keeping out of the public prints. When my sister came out last Fall they wouldn't let her photograph published, and the poor kid cried her eyes out. Well, they'll get plenty now. (Not, of course, that the family and anything with the crimes, or anything of that sort. Good heavens, no.) Do you know what the curve of the catenary is? No? Well, that's what I'm going to tell about. Look it up in the dictionary if you like. It won't help any. I give you my word I wasn't sure at first whether it was a riddle or a part of the human anatomy. I heard of it somewhere, but a chap gets a lot of stuff in college that there's only one thing to do with, and that's forget it. But to get on. I'd been at the works for a year before the war broke out. Well, before the war and depression and all that, we hadn't been making enough steel to justify keeping the mill open. But we've held the organization together, because it was a crackerjack in good times. The office force played bridge most of the morning, and knocked off at lunch time for the day. When I found I was losing more at bridge than I could afford, I learned to run one of the yard locomotives. I'd had an idea that it was a cinch compared to an automobile, being on a track and all. But, believe me, the day I got that thing into the shed without knocking out the rear wheel, I was pale. Nobody was doing much socially, either. Of course, everybody lives on his dividends. And when there are no dividends, where are you? There were a lot of silly little dinners with the women drinking and not eating to keep them slim, and the fellows eating and not drinking—this water wagon wave is playing the dickens with society—and a few balls with flowers to buy for the butler, the who had to come out, like ground hogs, because the time had come. I was as sore as the deuce the day the thing happened. For one thing, I'd won a hundred dollars that morning throwing dice in the storeroom, which is reasonably safe from father, and one of the stenographers grabbed it for the Red Cross. And, of course, just as I was on my knees asking for half of it back to pay a quarter's club dues, father came in. You know me, Al, I got up, looking pretty sick.

There was a chap at the works, an awfully brainy fellow, named Howard Martin. He'd forgotten more things than I'd ever heard of, and father was crazy about him. Well, you can judge his mental caliber by the fact that when I asked what "catenary" meant, and suggested that it might be a cat and canary in the conjunction, which will happen in the best circles, he gave me the dictionary definition of the word, root and branch, synonyms, connections by marriage and poor relations in one minute. Well, Martin was standing by when the governor came in and found me on my knees to Miss Hazelting. She was the girl who had just snatched the money for the Red Cross. She's part of the story, so remember her name. "But as usual, Ollie," the governor said dryly. "If you have finished, suppose you run out and play with the yard locomotive. I want to talk business with Martin." "All right," I said. "I'll run out and play. But some time it may occur to you that I'm not a child, and that I'd talk business, too, if I had a chance." "It might interfere with your dancing."

What can you do against that kind of thing? I went out. Martin was watching me and the stenographer's eyes were sorry. You know where I mean. She was awfully pretty. We like 'em pretty, if they've got brains, too. It keeps the fellows up. We used to have a woman named Blair in the office, and I give you my word I never dictated a spontaneous word to her. I like to put a crimp in a business letter now and then—run in something lively or original. Anybody can quote armor plate, but not everybody can put ginger into it. I remember once quoting the Rubayat to a coal concern in Ohio when I was forwarding a voucher—this part, you know: "Some for the glories of this world; and some for the glories of the next." Sigh for the prophet's (profits!) paradise to come; Ah, take the cash and let the credit go. Nor the rattle of the rumble of a distant drum!" Would you believe that she took the letter to father? Well, the girl who had taken my money for the Red Cross was good looking, all right. And smart. She had a little old father that she idolized. They used to go mooning about in the country together on hot days. He was a crack on photography. He came down to the mill once and took pictures. He lined up the office crowd, with me on the end, and I was out of focus. I'm not vain, but when the fellows framed that thing, with my head drawn out over my right ear, it made me sore. Miss Hazelting liked Martin. It wasn't any secret. He had his own secretary, but I used to see them chatting in odd minutes. We didn't know about Martin himself. He was a serious chap, built like a prize fighter, and he didn't take kindly to chaffing. Once or twice, on hot days, he'd taken her home in his car, but nobody knew whether it was serious or not. It gets me, the way women go crazy about big men. It's the man who has to be built up inside his shoes, or wear French heels like the Charlemagne or Louis the Fourteenth—I forget which—or Napoleon, who does things. Not that I'm small myself. I'm a fair tango size. I did some running at school. I guess I've always been readier with my feet than my head. I've mentioned Miss Hazelting because she belongs in the story. So does Martin. Father does not, except as, financially speaking, local color. The mater belongs, because of the suitcase, and even poor sis comes in toward the end, in a matter of fact, I got there before her. The governor had been ragging me the night before about doing a man's work in the world, and the usual dope. So I'd had Sharp call me early and stand by until I got up. It made me sore as the mischief to get to the office two hours before I usually dropped in, and to find Miss Hazelting not there. I had to open the letters myself, although that wasn't so bad, for I happened on a dun from my tailor to father, telling him I paid no attention to my bills, and the 'ed sus if the thing wasn't settled. I've paid him a fortune in the last few years, but those fellows have no gratitude. There was no use my trying to do any thing until Miss Hazelting came in, and so I took the cover off her typewriter and sat fooling with it. I thought I'd write one of those fool letters to the newspapers. You know, "I'm 16 years old and madly in love with a married man"—you've seen the sort of thing. A lot of fellows at the club think somebody makes up the letters and answers, and I wanted to see if I'd get a reply. One of the letters stuck, and I gave it a good slam, and broke something. The "d" wouldn't write at all after that, but I avoided words with "d" in, and made the man a commercial traveler instead of a dentist, and was getting along fine when Miss Hazelting came in.

(To be Continued.)

Baby So Fleeshy She Chafed Badly—Healed by



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Has Stood the Test of Years in Hundreds of Households. Like a choice family relic handed down from generation to generation, Antiseptic Wonderoil is cherished in thousands of homes as the one reliable "first aid" for all aches, pains, irritations or congestions. For over 50 years it has been a household name and as dependable as the seasons. For soreness, pain, stiffness and swelling from rheumatic joints, nothing gives more speedy or sure relief than a little Wonderoil, slightly heated and bound on the ailing member with soft flannel. It never burns or blisters and is pleasant to use. It is physician's prescription and endorsed everywhere. Wonderoil can be secured at Geo. A. Gorgas' and from reliable druggists everywhere in both 10-cent and 50-cent boxes. The 50-cent size will be found most economical. Request M. E. Raymond, Inc., Ballston Spa, N. Y. will send you a generous free sample. You will profit by sending to-day.

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Advertisement for Southern Railway Lines Pacific, featuring a circular logo with a train and the text "VERY LOW FARES CALIFORNIA September 24th to October 8th SUNSET ROUTE".

Advertisement for Newark Shoe Stores Co. featuring an illustration of a shoe and the text "The Ideal Shoe for BOYS and a Wonderful Value WE PRODUCE shoes for boys that are specially designed for two purposes. (1) To give the growing feet of the boy every comfort, so that when he has grown to manhood he will not have foot troubles from which so few escape. (2) To stand up and keep their shape under hard usage to which boys put their shoes—and wear LONGER than the average shoes for boys are intended to wear."

Advertisement for Dr. Phillips, Painless Dentist, featuring a portrait of a man and the text "Absolutely No Pain My latest improved appliances, including an oxygenated air apparatus, makes extracting and all dental work positively painless and is perfectly harmless. (Aero as objection.) Full set of teeth... \$5.00 Gold fillings \$1.00 in silver alloy... \$1.00 Gold crowns and bridge work \$3.00 Office open daily 8:30 to 6 p. m.; Mon., Wed., and Sat., till 9 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. BELL PHONE 2522-R. EASY TERMS OF PAYMENTS 329 Market St. (Over the Hub) Harrisburg, Pa. It didn't hurt a bit"

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills, featuring an illustration of a man and the text "CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS Internal Cleanliness is the 'first-aid' to health. To keep the system cleansed of Constipation use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Genuine bears Signature Benthood"

Advertisement for Kingan's Sliced Bacon, featuring an illustration of a camp scene and the text "KINGAN'S SLICED BACON Is a favorite among all campers, by reason of its crispness and appetizing flavor. PURITY & QUALITY SOLD BY ALL GUARANTEED GOOD GROCERS KINGAN PROVISION CO. 421-425 S. Second St. Harrisburg, Pa. All Kingan's Products are U. S. Government Inspected"

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