## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

|  | Saturday was perfect and the ride up was perfect. Warren had determined his route carefully and the trio reached the little country town before dark. "It looks like a perfect duck of a place," Helen said delightedly, as they drove slowly along a shady street bordered with maples. <br> "And there's a hotel," said Warren, driving under a porte-cochere. The place in question was a neat brick establishment, with a large, comportabie gold letters over the door. "Really it Frances looked surprised. "Really it does look like a great place," she said approvingly <br> I'll go in and see what they have," Warren suggested. <br> spectful crowd had gathered at a reHelen quite naturally felt proud to be the possessor of so good a looking ma- chine and Frances whispered in her <br> ear: "I guess they don't see many cars of "Well, it would be foolish to buy a car like this for a country town," helany use for it. The people use their cars for Sunday faunts for the family, cars for Sunday jaunts for the family, and such a thing as speed is unheard of." Warren returned at that moment and began to haul down the suitcases. pick out your room. No baths, Helen, to the bathroom; that's not so bad.' <br> That's not bad at all," Helen said wide staircase into the cool lobby where in a pink linen gown eyed Helen sus piciously, and Helen returned her glance with some surprise. She had no idea Such an arrangement seemed strange then it seemed perfectly natural for as amy to earn a livelihood that way Apparently Helen's well-groomed appearance satisfied her, and she turned away and came out from behind desk. young lady?". she questioned. room this young lady will stay with relatives in town. The woman looked at Frances curiously: Evidently everyone knew everyone else in a town so small as know where Frances was stopping. <br> I have two rooms," the woman said |
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To Open Bids For
Riprapping Nov. 8



Shortage of Coal
DRESSES, GLOVES,
SILKS AND SUITS



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## - --From Life--



This is how "Life"-the world-famous magazine of fun-views the "wrong-number" nuisance, one of the
many outrages of old-fashioned manual telephone service.
It may be funny to "Life," but it's no joke to the shivering soul in bathrobe and slippers routed out of good, warm bed at 3 in the morning
Even the dog is mad about it
One look at the good wife on the stairs shows how she feels.

The AUTOMATIC
Gets The "Right Number" There is no operator to misun-
derstand on the AUTOMATIC telderstand on the
ephone system. When you rotate the dial the
number you want rings, not the
number some number
wanted.
"At the Sign of the Dial" Cumberland Valley Telephone Co. of Pa.

Federal Square

## Masem



