

# WOMEN'S INTERESTS

## A GIRL AND A MAN

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

CHAPTER LVIII  
(Copyright, 1916, Star Company.)

"I will get the money somehow."

All the way home, the assurance she had given to Dr. Martin rang in Agnes' ears. And all the way home, before her mental vision, swam the gross red face of Hasbrouck Bainbridge as he had bent over her to kiss her last night.

She had lost her job. She felt sure of this now, for if her failure to report to-day had not caused her discharge, the story that the man who tried to buy her would tell Mr. Hale was certain to do so.

In her purse there was some change. There were also a few dollars due her at the office for the work she had done this week. That was all she had in the world. And the operation alone would cost two hundred and fifty, or thereabouts.

"I will get the money somehow," she repeated stubbornly as she walked along, and the passion-inflamed face of Bainbridge still hovered before her mind's eyes.

Her aunt was all she had in the world. It was to her aunt—the aunt who would die unless the operation was performed—that she owed her upbringing, her home, her ideals—everything. It was the teaching of the gentle woman, now lying in the hospital, that made her shudder and shrink from the only way which seemed open to her.

She had to have two hundred and fifty dollars—even more than that amount. Bainbridge would, she knew, part with this money willingly if she would go to him and ask his pardon and offer to be on friendly terms with him once more. She shivered and felt faintly nauseated at the thought.

"I will get the money somehow," she reiterated. People passed her, laughing and talking. She stared at them in dull amazement. How could they laugh? What did they know? She seemed to belong to another and more cruel world than did those about her—a world which held one heavy animal face, a world which echoed to just one sentence—"I will get the money somehow!"

She remembered that hosts of men had given their lives for their fellows. Men had been called heroes for laying down life itself for their loved ones. A woman could give even more. Her aunt was dying.

From houses that she passed came the smell of cooking. It sickened her. How could anyone eat? How could those Italian laborers, sitting with their lunch buckets on their laps at the side of an excavation, smile and chatter? That excavation looked like a grave—such a grave as they would dig for Aunt Lucy when she was dead.

Afterward Agnes did not remember opening the door of the house in which she lived. She did not recollect cutting the weeds on the stairs. But all at once she found herself

standing with her hand clutching the knob of the opened apartment door, looking up into the face of Philip Hale.

"Oh," she said, and then again, "Oh," all the while standing dazed before him.

Jennie O'Neil, who had admitted the caller, glanced out into the hall, then, seeing Agnes' face, retired to the kitchen. Something in the pale, drawn countenance warned her to keep out of the way.

Philip laid his hand on Agnes' arm. "What is it, dear?" he asked gently. "Your aunt isn't dead?"

She shook her head. "Then come in," he urged. "You look like a ghost—poor child!"

Silently she followed him into the parlor, her averted face set, her fingers clutched and wringing each other. "Dearest," the man said softly, "tell me all about it. You must."

"Nothing in the world could make any difference if I know you love me," he said solemnly. "So you are going to tell me all about it, dear, because you do love me—don't you?"

Agnes gives way. She tried to speak, then, as he drew her to him, she threw her arms about his neck and burst into tears.

Some subtle intuition warned Philip Hale not to attempt to check her weeping. Once she tried to lead her to a chair, but she clung to him.

When at last the storm of her grief had subsided into sobs, Philip took from her his little wet ball of a handkerchief and pressed his own fresh one to her eyes. She held up her face like a child while he wiped away her tears.

And then before she knew it she was telling him everything. It was easy, now that she had begun. She told the whole sordid tale in an even voice. The man held her close while she talked. Once she felt him shudder.

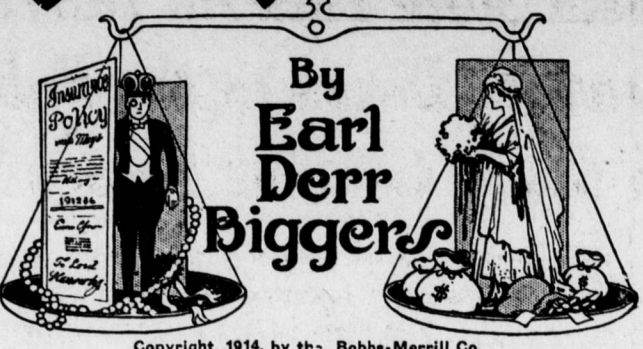
When the story was ended, she raised her eyes again to his face, and gasped at what she saw there. The boy seemed to have become a middle-aged man. His eyes were mere dark slits in his white face. She could see a pulse in his neck beating rapidly. Yet when she spoke it was in a calm, low voice.

"Is that all?" he asked. "Yes," she answered. "God!" he muttered softly. Then, still in the same unagitated voice: "Listen—you are mine—do you understand? Mine! And nothing is going to happen to you. I want you to believe that all because you are to be my wife, you can believe me."

He drew in his breath sharply. "And now," he added, kissing her and turning away, "I'm going to see Bainbridge. He won't trouble you again."

She tried to speak, tried to seize him by the arm, but, eluding her grasp, he was gone. (To Be Continued.)

# Love Insurance



By Earl Derr Biggers

Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

(Continued From Yesterday.) CHAPTER V. Trimmer Throws His Bomb.

IT happened to be as a very serious minded girl that Miss Meyrick opened her eyes on Tuesday morning. She lay for a long time watching the Florida sunshine, spoken of so tenderly in the railroad's come on books, as it danced



away—never see her again—never hear her voice. If he stayed as Jephson's representative he might know the glory of her nearness for a week, might thrill at her smile even while he worked to wed her to Lord Harrowby. And perhaps—Who could say? Hard as he might work, might he not be thwarted? It was possible.

So after lunch he sent Thacker a reassuring message, promising to stay. And at the end of a dull hour in the lobby he set out to explore the town.

The Mermaid tea house stood on the water front, with a small second floor balcony that looked out on the harbor. Passing that way at 4:30 that afternoon Minot heard a voice call to him. He glanced up.

"Oh, Mr. Minot, won't you come into my parlor?" Cynthia Meyrick smiled down on him.

"Splendid!" Minot laughed. "I walk forlorn through this old Spanish town. Suddenly a lattice is thrown wide, a fair hand beckons. I dash within."

"Thanks for dashing," Miss Meyrick greeted him on the balcony. "I was finding it dreadfully dull. But I'm afraid the Spanish romance is a little lacking. There's no moonlight, no lattice, no mantilla, no Spanish beauty."

"No matter," Minot answered. "I never did care for Spanish types. They flash like a skyrocket, then tumble in the dark. Now, the home grown girls—"

"And nothing but tea," she interrupted. "Will you have a cup?"

"Thanks. Was it really very dull?"

"Yes. This book was to blame." She held up a novel.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Oh, it's one of those books in which the hero and heroine are forever 'gazing into each other's eyes.' And they understand perfectly. But the reader doesn't. I've reached one of those gazing matches now."

She was interrupted by the shrill triumphant cry of a yacht's siren at her back. She turned her head.

"The Lilith," she said. "Exactly," said Minot. "The bridegroom cometh."

Another silence.

"You'll want to go to meet him," Minot said, rising. He stood looking at the boat, flashing gayly in the sunshine. "I'll go with you as far as the street."

"But—you know Lord Harrowby. Meet him with me."

"It seems hardly the thing"— "But I'm not sentimental. And surely Allan's not."

"Then I must be," said Minot. "Really—I'd rather not"— They went together to the street. At the parting of the ways Minot turned to her.

"I promised Lord Harrowby in New York," he told her, "that you would have your lamp trimmed and burning."

She looked up at him. A mischievous light came into her eyes.

"Please—have you a match?" she asked. It was too much. Minot turned and fled down the street. He did not once look back, though it seemed to him that he felt every step the girl took across that narrow pier to her fiancé's side.

### Quick Way to End Coughs, Colds and Croup

An Excellent, Inexpensive Home-Made Remedy that is Prompt and Sure.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help, just try this pleasant tasting home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Thus prepared, you have a pint of really remarkable cough remedy—one that can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief at all times.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with gualaccol and is noted for its speed in overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. Its millions of enthusiastic users have made it famous the world over. There are many worthless imitations of this noted mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for 2½ ounces of Pinex with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

### FAT FOLKS WHO WOULD BE THIN

REDUCE WEIGHT 10 POUNDS OR MORE

"I'd certainly give most anything to be able to reduce a few pounds and stay that way," declares every excessively fat man or woman. Such a thing is not impossible despite past failures. Most fat people are the victims of superabundant condition which prevents the fatty elements of food from being consumed by the blood. Instead of only nourishing the blood, the fat producing elements are deposited in different parts of the body where they don't belong.

To correct this condition and to produce a healthy normal distribution the nutritive processes must be artificially supplied with the fat-burning power which nature has denied them. This can probably be best accomplished by taking an Oil of Korin capsule with every meal. Korin is a careful combination of splendid reducing elements, and its rapid effect has been in many cases reported remarkable. Reduce and reduce means health. Oil of Korin in a single month are by no means infrequent. Yet this action is perfectly natural and harmless. Oil of Korin is sold by good druggists in the original sealed laboratory packages.—Advertisement.

### Harrisburg Astonished by Merchant's Story

A merchant relates the following: "For years I could not sleep without turning every hour. Whatever I ate caused gas and sourness. Also had stomach catarrh. ONE SPOONFUL buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-I-ka relieved me INSTANTLY. Because Adler-I-ka flushes the ENTIRE alimentary tract it relieves ALL CASES of constipation, sour stomach or gas and prevents appendicitis. It has QUICKEST action of anything we ever sold. H. C. Kennedy, druggist, 321 Market street.

### PRETTY PATTERN FOR NIGHT GOWN

Simplicity Marks Latest Style in Sleeping Costume; How It Is Made

By MAY MANTON



9110 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) One-Piece Night Gown, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.

Nothing could be prettier or daintier than this simple night gown. In fact, its very simplicity means its greatest charm. It is made of fine material and the scallops and the designs are embroidered by hand. The Empire ribbon that is passed through laces worked for the purpose makes a charming finish. You can copy it in any material that you prefer and you can make it white or you can make it of flesh color, but the all white garment illustrated has a peculiar charm of its own. If the bare arms and low neck are not liked, the gown can be made with kimono sleeves and with a round neck, and when it is treated in that way, it is pretty with the edges scalloped and embroidered and the fullness held by smocking. For the gown, illustrated, crêpe de chine and washable satin are appropriate as well as the cotton materials and crêpe de chine is especially well liked with the finish of machine hemstitching on the edges.

For the medium size will be needed, 1½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 36 or 44. The night gown pattern No. 9110 is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 bust, and the embroidery pattern No. 938 in one size. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

### Silver Spring Couple Married Fifty Years

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Nov. 23.—Children of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fortenbaugh, of Silver Spring township, arranged a surprise party for their parents yesterday, at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Reilly Shope, of 113 South Walnut street, Mechanicsburg, in celebration of their golden wedding. Following a family dinner, a reception was held in the afternoon and evening, and many old friends and neighbors called to offer congratulations and good wishes to the happy couple, who received a number of handsome gifts and flowers. Among the callers was a delegation from the Mechanicsburg Lodge, No. 215, I. O. O. F., of which Mr. Fortenbaugh is one of the oldest members. The rooms were aglow with large yellow chrysanthemums, and two granddaughters, Miss Miriam Shope and Miss Nelle Sheaffer poured tea.

### Little Deeds

Be careful of the little deeds you do, For oftentimes they echo back to you. Across the years. The tiny note you sent one sorry day, The coin that helped a beggar on his way; Ah, always take the time to stop and say The word that cheers! Perhaps some little deed may bring you fame, Perhaps the world will learn to love your name. Because of tears You dried for others. And when life is through, Perhaps the little deeds, you thought less of, Will be a glowing monument to you For countless years! —Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in The Christian Herald.

### Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time In Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home. Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read anything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me. A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read the print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes and avoid the expense of getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time. Note: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations that should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold in Harrisburg by H. C. Kennedy, Croll Kellar and by druggists generally.

## S. H. KAUTZ

646 Dauphin Street, . . . . . Harrisburg

YOU ARE THE LUCKY LAD WHO WON THE

# \$25.00 IN GOLD

In the Automatic Telephone Prize Contest held yesterday. Manager Hopkins of the Orpheum Theater, where the secret number, No. 55, was located reports that you were the first man to call and say the golden words:

## "USE THE DIAL"

Hi Ralston, treasurer of the theater, you won the \$5.00 in gold for receiving and recording the message.

### Come Get the Money!

As soon as you see this advertisement, Mr. Kautz and Mr. Ralston, come to the business office of the Cumberland Valley Telephone Company, "At the Sign of the Dial," Federal Square and get the money.

If you, Mr. Casual Reader, know either Mr Kautz or Mr. Ralston, tell 'em about it. But they'll probably know it before you reach them, for it's a cinch they read the papers!

## CUMBERLAND VALLEY TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PA.

"At the Sign of the Dial" Federal Square

### Check and Abort a Bad Cold

In Five Hours With MENTHO-LAXENE.

You Buy It Concentrated and Mix With Pint of Syrup.

Doubtless every reader recalls having neglected a slight cold until in 24 hours it settled into a "Bad Cold" and then about 72 hours of distress, discomfort, if not weeks of bronchitis or pneumonia or catarrh. Now confess, if you've had such an experience, and take time by the forelock by preparing to check and abort colds, coughs, catarrh, difficult breathing, watering eyes and painful headaches. It can be done, by taking Mentho-Laxene either in its raw state—ten drops to the dose—or by making a granulated sugar syrup or mixing in a pint bottle or jar. A pint will last a whole family for a long time and keeps every member free from the distressing after-effects of a bad cold. Mentho-Laxene is guaranteed to please or money back by The Blackburn Products Co., Dayton, Ohio, and any well stocked druggist can supply you. Don't take a substitute. There is really nothing to compare with Mentho-Laxene.

### You can cure that cold in a day. Take—

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures even in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents. At Any Drug Store

### Ruhl's Bread

Costs no more than other bread—Direct from our Oven to your Table.

Ruhl's Penbrook Bakery

### A Good Cook Needs Good Coal

If you want your Thanksgiving Dinner on time and your Turkey "done to a turn," provide your cook with good coal—our coal. It's the kind that brings joy and happiness into the homes of all its users.

J. B. MONTGOMERY  
Phone 600 Third and Chestnut Sts.

### GOOD REASONS FOR BEING THANKFUL

as Thanksgiving approaches are possessed by all depositors of the First National Bank. They know their money is safe, they are well and generously treated, and that every facility, convenience and courtesy that a bank can offer is given them, and they have the assurance also that with us their future is safe, as the same capable and efficient management will continue in the future as it has in the past.

224 MARKET STREET

## SENRECO and your TOOTHBRUSH

your first line of defense against Tooth Trouble

KILL THE GERMS—SAVE THE TEETH  
See Your Dentist Twice Yearly  
Use SENRECO Twice Daily

Go to your dealer today and get a tube of SENRECO—25c. Learn what REALLY CLEAN teeth mean. Get the new idea of mouth cleanliness. A copy of the folder, "The Most General Disease in the World" together with a liberal sized trial tube of SENRECO will be sent you for 4c in stamps. The Sentalal Remedies Co., Inc., Dept. A, Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio