

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

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

CHAPTER LIX
(Copyright, 1916, Star Company.)
A sense of horror, a fear of something awful and intangible, gripped Agnes Morley when she found herself alone.
"Ph! Ph!" she called.
But the echo of the downward rush of feet on the stairs, then the slamming of the heavy lower door were the only answers to her voice.
"Oh!" she exclaimed. The ejaculation was almost like a scream, and the maid shrank back, appalled.
"Please, Miss Agnes," she began, but at the sound Agnes started violently. "Excuse me, please, ma'am," she stammered. "I thought you heard me coming. I did not mean to scare you like that."
"Yes, you did scare me," Agnes tried to speak steadily, going toward the window as if to look out that the girl might not see her reddened eyes. "But I should not have exclaimed as I did. I must have been a little nervous."
"Indeed, ma'am, you've had enough to make you nervous," the kind-hearted Irish girl agreed. "I came in because I thought I heard you call out something. My kitchen door was shut but I heard your voice, and it sounded kind of frightened. I thought, so I came right in. Is anything the matter?"
"Why, no—nothing—that is, I tried to call Mr. Hale—there was something I wanted to speak to him about, but he was gone before I—before I—could make him hear me. I did not know he was calling so loudly."
Jennie is Mistaken
The girl lingered awkwardly. She had jumped to the conclusion that her employer's agitation was due to some bad news with regard to Miss Lucy Morley. At last, when Agnes still remained with her back to the room, Jennie summoned courage to ask a question.
"Please, ma'am"—with a preliminary clearing of the throat—"did you mean—is Miss Lucy any worse?"
"A sudden inspiration came to Agnes' relief. Since Miss Lucy was so very ill, she wanted to know if she was getting any better. It might be a little like prevarication—and yet back of it lay troubles that Miss Lucy's illness, but for that all these dreadful things would not have happened."
[To be continued.]

MAKE NIGHTGOWN IN SHEER BATISTE

Dainty Insertions Whipped Together Form the Favorite Empire Yoke

By MAY MANTON



8937 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Empire Night Gown, 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 bust.

Women are sure to like this night gown. It is as simple as can be, it is delightfully pleasant and comfortable to wear and it can be made in a variety of ways. On the figure, the main portion is of batiste, but the Empire body portion is made of rows of insertion whipped together and finished with lace. In one small view, both body and skirt are made of lingerie material with lace appliqué used as trimmed, in the other, the edges are scalloped. If crepe de chine or tub silk is used, still further variation can be obtained by finishing the neck and the sleeve edges with machine hemstitching. That finish is much liked for the silks and it washes well and easily, and one of the great advantages of the silk underwear is to be found in the reduction it causes in the labor of laundering.
For the medium size will be needed, 4 yards of material 36 inches wide, with 6 yards of lace banding 2 inches wide, and 2 1/2 yards of lace edging to make as shown on the figure, 6 1/2 yards 27 1/4 yards 36 or 38 1/2 yards 44, with 3 1/4 yards of banding and 1 1/2 yards of banding, to make as shown in the small front view.
The pattern No. 8937 is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 bust. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

Love Insurance



By Earl Derr Biggers

Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

(Continued.)
Her pleading eyes gazed into his. It was a touching scene. To be besought thus tenderly by a famous beauty in the secluded parlor of a southern hotel! The touch of her hands on his shoulders thrilled him. The odor of Jockey Club—
It was at this instant that Mr. Minot, looking past the Gaiety lady's beautiful golden coiffure, beheld Miss Cynthia Meyrick standing in the doorway of that parlor, a smile on her face. She disappeared on the instant, but Gabrielle Rose's "big scene" was ruined beyond repair.
"My dear lady"—gently Minot slipped from beneath her lovely hands—"I assure you I do like you—more than a little. But unfortunately my loyalty to Harrowby—no, I won't say that—circumstances are such that I cannot be your friend in this instance. Though I could serve you in any other way."
Gabrielle Rose snapped her fingers. "Very well." Her voice had a metallic ring now. "We shall see what we shall see."
"Undoubtedly. I bid you good day."
As Minot, somewhat dazed, walked along the veranda of the De la Pax he met Miss Meyrick. There was a mischievous gleam in her eye.
"Really, it was so tactless of me, Mr. Minot," she said. "A thousand apologies."
He pretended not to understand. "My untimely descent on the parlor," she beamed on him. "I presume it happened because romance draws me like a magnet. Even other people's."
Minot smiled wanly, and for once sought to end their talk.
"Oh, do sit down just a moment," she pleaded. "I want to thank you for the great service you did Harrowby and me—last night."
"What service?" asked Minot, sinking into a chair.
She leaned close and spoke in a whisper.
"Your part in the kidnaping. Harrowby has told me. It was sweet of you, so unselfish."
"Fierce!" thought Minot. And then he thought two more.
"To put yourself out that our wedding may be a success!" Was this sarcasm, Minot wondered. "I'm so glad to know about it, Mr. Minot. It shows me at last—just what you think is"—she looked away—"best for me."
"Best for you? What do you mean?"
"Can't you understand? From some things you've said I have thought—perhaps—you didn't just approve of my—marriage. And now I see I misconstrued you—utterly. You want me to marry Harrowby. You're working for it. I shouldn't be surprised if you were on that train last Monday just to make sure I'd—get here—safely."
"Really, it was inhuman. Did she realize how inhuman it was? One glance at Minot might have told her. But she was still looking away.
"So I want to thank you, Mr. Minot," she went on. "I shall always remember your—kindness. I couldn't understand at first, but now—I wonder? You know, it's an old theory that as soon as one has one's own affair of the heart arranged one begins to plan for others?"
Minot made a little whistling sound through his clenched teeth. The girl stood up.
"Your thoughtfulness has made me very happy," she laughed. "It shows that perhaps you care for me—just a little—too."
She was gone! Minot sat swearing softly to himself, banging the arm of his chair with his fist. He raged at Thacker, Jephson, the solar system. Gradually his anger cooled. Underneath the rallery in Cynthia Meyrick's tone he had thought he detected something of a serious note, as though she were a little wistful, a little hurt.
Did she care? Bitter-sweet thought! In the midst of all this farce and melodrama had she come to care just a little?
Just a little! Bah!
Minot rose and went out on the avenue.
Prince Nevil Bey Immo was accustomed to give lectures twice daily on the textures of his precious rugs at his shop in the Alameda courtyard. His afternoon lecture was just finished as Mr. Minot stepped into the shop. A dozen avid housewives from the middle west were hurrying away to write home on the hotel stationery that they had met a prince. When the last one had gone out Minot stepped forward.
"Prince, I've dropped in to warn you. A very angry woman will be here shortly to see you."
The handsome young Persian shrugged his shoulders and took off the jacket of the native uniform with which he embellished his talks.
"Why is she angry? All my rugs—they are what I say they are. In this town are many liars selling oriental rugs. Oriental! Ugh! In New Jersey they were made. But not my rugs. See! Only in my native country, where I was a prince of the—"
"Yes, yes. But this lady is not coming about rugs. I refer to your—wife."
"Ah! You are mistaken. I have never married."
"Oh, yes, you have. I know all about it. There's no need to lie. The whole story is out and the lady's game in

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ALREADY OCCUPIED
Father Vaughan tells this story of an experience in Florida during his recent tour in the United States. He was about to preach in a little chapel to a colored congregation when a man came up to him and said rather anxiously: "Perhaps you wouldn't mind preaching from the altar steps?" Father Vaughan asked why he could not use the pulpit. "Because," the other explained, "I've got a hen sitting there!"
50 CARLOADS OF COCOA BEANS
Hershey, Pa., Dec. 5.—The Hershey Chocolate Company to-day reported the receipt of the largest shipment of cocoa beans in its history. It consisted of more than fifty carloads from Guayaquil, Ecuador. Some of the beans were brought a distance of 324 miles by rail from Quito, while others came from Trinidad and Brazil.

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STOMACH MEDICINES ARE DANGEROUS
DOCTORS NOW ADVISE MAGNESIA
Just how dangerous it is to indiscriminately dose the stomach with drugs and medicines is often not realized until too late. It seems so simple to swallow a dose of some special mixture or take tablets of soda, pepsin, bismuth, etc., after meals, and the folly of this drug-taking should be manifest, perhaps years afterward, when it is found that gastric ulcers have almost eaten their way through the stomach walls. Regrets are then unavailing; it is in the early stages when indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, flatulence, etc., indicate excessive acidity of the stomach and fermentation of food contents that precaution should be taken. Drugs and medicines are unsuitable, and often dangerous—they have little or no influence upon the harmful acid, and that is why doctors are discarding them and advising sufferers from indigestion and stomach trouble to get rid of the dangerous acid and keep the food contents bland and sweet by taking little pure antacid magnesia instead. Bismuthed Magnesia is an absolutely pure antacid which can be readily obtained from any drug store. It is absolutely harmless, is practically tasteless and a teaspoonful taken in a little warm, cold water after meals, will usually be found quite sufficient to instantly neutralize excessive acidity of the stomach and prevent all possibility of the food fermenting. G. A. Gorgas can supply you.—Advertisement.

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