



Reading for Women and all the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

The old gentleman in the buff waistcoat, peeked with red, announced to his guests that he never intended to grow old. The statement interested me—he was the oldest looking person I had ever seen.

The party of which he was plainly the host occupied a table next to the one where I sat in a big fashionable hotel where noise is apt to pass as gaiety, clothes for beauty, and the influence of wine for wit.

His guests might have been his grandchildren—they consisted of a "short-time" vaudeville lady and her dancing partner, a young woman who breeds toy-dogs, a gentleman jockey of sorts—part gentleman, part jockey. A boy—a boy—town, a girl from Greenwich Village with cropped hair and a colossal appetite and a lady with the face of a culture, antecedents and history upon—

None of the motley company dining at his expense—challenged his statement, but he repeated it, like a child crying in the dark: "I'm not afraid! No, I'm not afraid of the dark!"

The guests smiled assent; the poor old dotard had been lavish with his hospitality, the least he could do was to humor his delusion. Presently the old man drew out his wallet—a big apple-green, highly polished much slipping in and out of his pocket.

The waiter had not presented his bill, indeed he was nowhere in sight, but the gesture of reaching for the wallet had become automatic with the old gentleman in the buff waistcoat shot with scarlet. His purse was his wishing cap, so when he repeated the greatest of all his desires—not to grow old—unconsciously he took out his purse.

You Can't "Tip" Time

But he couldn't "tip" time. Already the grim figure with the scythe seemed to be waiting with his account at the old man's elbow.

Selfishly, I hoped "it" would not happen there, at the table next mine. In imagination I saw the little flurry that the passing of the old moth would bring about. He would collapse, fall, there would be confusion, the waiters would carry him out and the band would play its liveliest music, in the loudest tones, to hide the momentary disorder. And in a moment or two everyone would be eating and drinking as usual.

But "it" did not happen there, I

Bringing Up Father



FOR GOODNESS SAKE HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU TO GO AND GET DRESSED—WE MUST CALL ON THE CAMPBELL'S AT EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP—

WELL—I'M READY—

I'LL BE FIXED IN A MINUTE—

IT'S AFTER EIGHT—NOW—MAGGIE

I'M NEARLY READY—

ONE HOUR LATER—

By McManus

THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

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"It might be wise to knock or rattle the knob," Milton suggested laughingly, as he and Cynthia paused outside the drawing room door.

"Come in!" Dora called, in answer to their knock.

She ran forward as the pair entered and threw her arms around her cousin's neck.

"Oh, Cyn!" she exclaimed. "I am so happy! Gerald and I are engaged. Say you are pleased, dear!"

"Of course I am pleased!" Cynthia assured her, kissing her. "Why, Honey, you look like your own cheerful self again. It does me good just to see the change in you."

"That's because I am so happy," Dora declared.

Cynthia turned to where the two men were shaking hands warmly.

"Gerald, I am so glad for you and Dora," she said.

Gerald took her hand in his and smiled down at her. "You certainly seem mighty glad, Cynthia," he remarked.

She flushed hotly at the tone, and Dora pouted upon her.

"Cyn! What has happened? You say I look happy. Why, you look positively radiant, as if some beautiful thing had happened!"

"A beautiful thing has happened," Cynthia said in a low voice.

The minutes flew past as the four talked eagerly, explaining all the past, full of hope for the future. Dora insisted on confessing to Cynthia her actions on the afternoon on which she had sent her cousin into the library to see Gerald, and Cynthia showed her lack of vanity by laughing heartily at the recital.

"Just think what we all have escaped!" Dora exclaimed.

"You are not a bit complimentary, Dora," Milton teased. "But I forgive you. Since Cynthia approves of me nothing else matters."

"Yes, something else does matter," Gerald said suddenly. "We have to break the news to Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone."

"Oh!" Dora groaned. "I had actually forgotten for a while."

"I hadn't," Milton remarked. "But I did not want to talk of it. Now that Stewart has broached the subject, I suppose we've got to face it squarely."

Father on the Scene

"Hark!" Dora cautioned, as the sound of a latch-key was heard in the front door. "Here comes father!"

When Mr. Livingstone parted the portieres of the drawing-room, he found Dora sitting near Cynthia, chatting unconcernedly, while the two men stood at a polite distance, discussing politics.

"Good evening!" the elderly man greeted the quartet. "What have you all been doing with yourselves this evening? Talking over wedding plans, I suppose?"

"Yes," Milton answered, "talking over wedding plans."

been hers had it not been for Stephen Livingstone's sharp practice.

"Yes," she admitted musingly. "It is perhaps all right that he should pay. I will try not to worry about it."

"But," Milton asked with a feigned shiver, "who's going to tell Mrs. Livingstone?"

Dora spoke up promptly. "Let father do that," she said. "You men can break the news to him. He must break it to mother."

To which excellent suggestion there was not a dissenting voice.

(To Be Continued.)

EX-CAESAR'S FAMILY JOIN HIM

Moscow, May 31.—Alexis Romanoff, formerly the Russian heir apparent, and the daughters of the former Emperor, have arrived at Yekaterinburg, in the Government of Perm, on the Asiatic side of the Ural Mountains.

U. S. Has a Million Soldiers "Over There;" to Reach British Mark

Chicago, May 31.—Senator James Hamilton Lewis said in a speech here yesterday that the United States now has 1,000,000 soldiers in foreign lands, and that by December 1 it will be numerically equal to that of England.

The ordnance department has spent, he said, \$176,000,000 for projectiles, and 75,000,000 projectiles are on their way to Pershing. One thousand rifles are being manufactured daily, and 3,500,000,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition has been contracted for. Last month, he said, we produced 275,000,000 rounds. He placed the machine guns contracted for at \$50,000, and added that 100-

000 have been delivered. By July 1, he added, "we shall be producing 18,000 a month."

The American Navy, the speaker added, has climbed from fourth to second position among the world's fleets. We have 150 warships in European waters, and fifty others of a war character. There are 400,000 men in the Navy, and by October 1 there will be half a million, he explained.

DROWNED IN VIRGINIA RIVER

Markelville, Pa., May 31.—Funeral services were held on Tuesday at the Markelville Lutheran Church for John L. Hutchinson, of Markelville, who was drowned in a river while swimming at Leesburg, Va., where he had gone just three weeks before for employment as a monotypist. Burial was made in the Markelville Cemetery. Hutchinson is survived by his wife, three children, his mother and one sister.

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Harrisburg's Garment Institution

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ASTHMA

There is no "cure" but relief is often brought by—

VICK'S VAPORUB

25c-50c-\$1.00

The Bad Influence of the Wallet

The fatal thing about the wallet was the big shining wallet with which he had always paid his way. There had never been a time since he came into his money that he could not command the paid smiles, the paid assent to any statement,—no matter how foolish—from such a company as he had gathered about him to-night.

He had always paid the bills, the others ate and agreed. He sat there a miserable refutation of the statement "All men are born equal." He had been born with a handicap—the handicap of too much money.

It had weighed him down, kept

Simplified Spelling Is Tabooed by Teachers

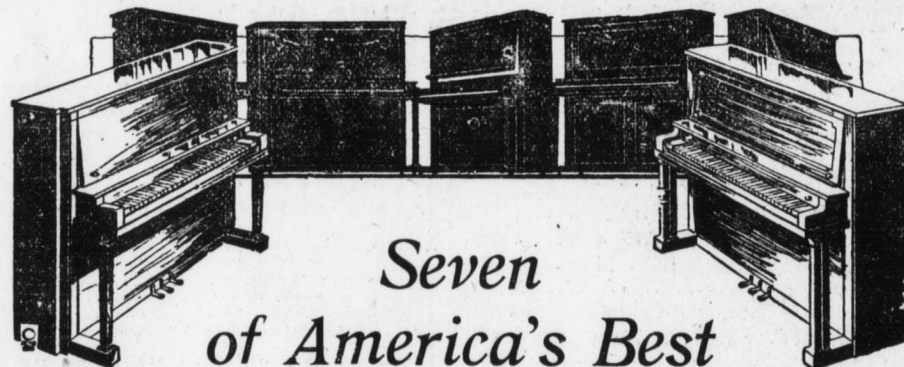
Spokane, Wash.—A national secretary of education, with a seat in the President's Cabinet, is favored by educators of this State, according to a resolution adopted at the recent convention here of the Inland Empire Teachers' Association. Simplified spelling and other advanced propaganda found little favor with the convention. It was declared of greater importance that the youth of the land be taught to study health, morality, political science and lan-

Daily Dot Puzzle



Sister Mary from New York Brought this pretty silver—

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.



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And four others that are scarcely less famous. Over twenty styles to choose from in these eleven makes. That is what this store offers you.

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