

Married Life the Second Year

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

RIIGHT after breakfast Helen went upstairs and came down with her hat and coat.

"Mother, I'm going to the post office this morning. I want some pearl buttons to sew on Winifred's dress, and I might as well get the mail while I'm out."

"And you'd better get some white thread number eighty. We haven't any thing finer than sixty—and that's too coarse."

It was a bright clear morning, with the freshness of dew still in the air. Helen hurried through the village toward Main street, on which was the post office, the bank, Wood's dry goods "Emporium" and the "Palace Hotel."

Helen stopped first for the buttons and cotton. She was almost afraid to get the mail—afraid lest there should after all, be nothing from Warren. The last had been only a brief note—dated eight days ago. She had written three letters since—anxious, loving letters—still he had not answered.

But there would be a letter this morning! With all the positiveness she could command she told herself that. A letter was there in the office awaiting her now! All that she had ever heard of the power of belief, of mental science, she now brought to bear on this. There would be a letter this morning. She knew there would be.

IT WAS FULL OF MAIL.

When she entered the post office her glance at once fell on her father's box—No. 146. Her heart leaped. It was full of mail!

She tapped lightly on the box and the postmaster, with a genial "good morning," handed her out the mail. There were two newspapers and a number of letters. She held them tight, rigidly keeping her gaze fixed ahead of her. She did not look at them until she reached home.

If she waited until then, one of the letters in her hand would be from Warren. It was a relief of her childish fancies of propitiating fate, of "making a bargain with the gods."

It was the same instinct that used to make her walk all the way to school with her cap on a crack—in the hope that she would then pass her examination. And when at the end of the quarter her report card was given her, she would hold it close, not looking at it until she reached home—believing that it is she did this, the mark would be a high one.

And once she even kept her report unopened until the next day firmly believing that if she could endure this suspense it she could only wait until morning, all the marks would be good. And they had been. Curiously enough, she thought of that now.

While she would not look down at the addresses, she felt the envelopes with easy fingers. There was one well filled and about the size and feel of the paper Warren always used. There were two other envelopes which seemed to contain only one sheet of paper, a long commercial envelope, and two others which were unsealed, plainly circular. Besides there were a pamphlet and two papers.

Still without looking, she separated the three possibilities from the others. One of these was from Warren. She repeated it over and over. The thought that she was mixing mental science and childish page superstition did not occur to her.

SUPERSTITION OF CHILDHOOD.

A big grey cat sitting on a gate post arched its back and stretched itself lazily as she passed. Whatever her suspicion, Helen could never go by a cat without stopping to pet it. And now she rubbed its arched back and murmured:

"Oh, kitty, kitty-cat, one of these letters must be from Warren."

And the cat blinked and purred at her sympathetically. Just three more blocks—not two more—and now she was at her gate. Martha was sweeping off the front porch. She hurried around to the side door and up to her room without meeting anyone. She closed and locked the door and went over to the window, the mail still held tight in her hand.

Now she would look. No, not just yet—she was afraid! Her heart was beating painfully. Then suddenly, with a catch of throat, she spread out the letters before her and looked!

The rest were circulars! A sparrow came and sat on the roof of the porch, just underneath her window, chirping.

DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored
Mrs. LeClear's Health—
Her Own Statement.

Detroit, Mich.—"I am glad to discover a remedy that relieves me from my suffering and pains. For two years I suffered bearing down pains and got all run down. I was under a nervous strain and could not sleep at night. I went to doctors here in the city but they did not do me any good."

"Seeing Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised, I tried it. My health improved wonderfully and I am now quite well again. No woman suffering from female ills will regret it if she takes this medicine."—Mrs. JAMES G. LECLEAR, 836 Hunt St., Detroit, Mich.

Another Case.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is all you claim it to be. About two or three days before my periods I would get bad backaches, then pains in right and left sides, and my head would ache. I called the doctor and he said I had organic inflammation. I went to him for a while but did not get well so I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I was relieved and finally my troubles left me. I married and have two little girls. I have had no return of the old troubles."—Mrs. CHAS. BOELL, 2650 S. Chadwick St., Phila., Pa.

BOMBS BIGGER THAN THE CANNON

A German Invention That Defies Precedent, and is Scaring France.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

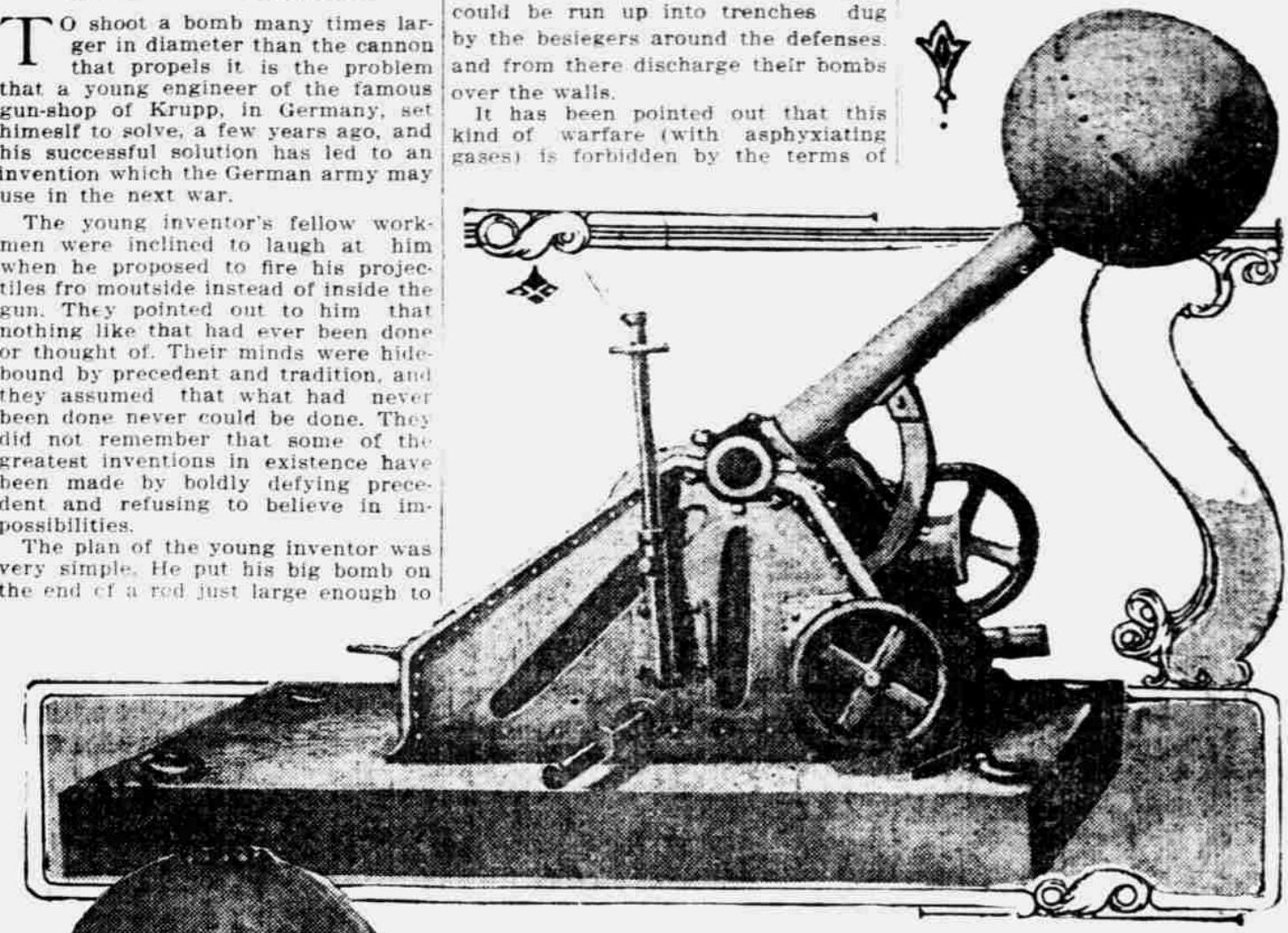
TO shoot a bomb many times larger in diameter than the cannon that propels it is the problem that a young engineer of the famous gun-shop of Krupp in Germany, set himself to solve a few years ago, and his successful solution has led to an invention which the German army may use in the next war.

The young inventor's fellow workmen were inclined to laugh at him when he proposed to fire his projectiles from inside instead of outside the gun. They pointed out to him that nothing like that had ever been done or thought of. Their minds were bound by precedent and tradition, and they assumed that what had never been done never could be done. They did not remember that some of the greatest inventions in existence have been made by boldly defying precedent and refusing to believe in impossibilities.

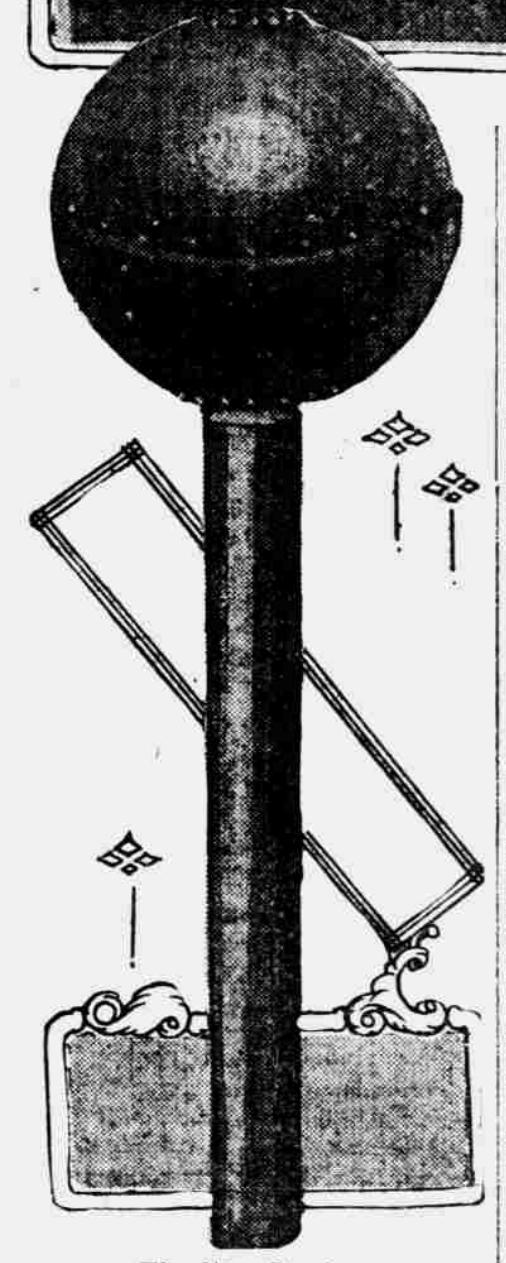
The plan of the young inventor was very simple. He put his big bomb on the end of a rod just large enough to

guns are so easily movable that they could be run up into trenches dug by the besiegers around the defenses, and from there discharge their bombs over the walls.

It has been pointed out that this kind of warfare (with asphyxiating gases) is forbidden by the terms of



The Bomb Ready To Be Fired.



The New Bomb.

the peace convention at Geneva and The Hague, but in France, where a wary eye is kept upon all the war-like activities of Germany, it is sarcastically remarked that at The Hague convention the German representative had an clause introduced into the restriction which renders it null and void unless the sole object of the projectiles is to spread asphyxiating gases.

Now, the sole object of the new projectiles is not to spread such gases, since a part of their effectiveness depends upon the direct results of their

explosion. That being the case, say the French critics, we may expect when the next war comes, to find our soldiers asphyxiated by deleterious gases released by the explosion of these new German bombs and if any body objects our enemies will point to the wording of the law, and thus a genuine lawyer's trick, escape responsibility. And in confirmation of this assertion, they aver that the German war office is keeping secret the composition of a powder which, in the act of exploding the bombs, releases a deadly gas.

now they are a household word in every land.

Mr. Wilberforce is also an essayist of rare ability, some of his essays having been pronounced as better than Ruskin's best efforts and at least as meritorious as those of Emerson. He is now but twenty-eight years old, and his friends and admirers think there is no limit to his future greatness. He does not drink or smoke, though his father does both to excess."

"There was a lot more to it, all about on the sam eorder," said the Manicure Lady, "and when me and Mayme kidded him about it he burned it up. I never seen him so mad. I ain't got a bit of sympathy for him, either. It was a fool thing for him to write, and if he had sent it to that trade paper and had it printed the old gent would have went to the mat with his mabot what he said about father. I don't think no son should print anything about his dad's habits, even if the old gent dies like his tea and smokes do you, George?"

"Certainly not," said the Head Barber. "A man gets enough slams when he is running for office without having his son print stories about him that sounds like a knock. Your brother must think pretty well of himself, too. I don't see how nobody could write anything beautiful about a dying horse."

"It wasn't beautiful at all," said the Manicure Lady. "All of the neighbors kidded the life out of him the time it came out in the school paper, but Wilfred just said that they didn't understand poetry and to this day he thinks

it is one of his best poems. Part of it went:

"Thou dying steel I cannot bear
To see thee suffering as thou art.
I only wish that I could dare
To send a bullet crashing through
thy heart.

Then would thy soul have liberty

Frills Cannot Be Covered Up

By MAUDE MILLER.

YOU cannot cover up an ill-cut gown with frills. You can't cover a lack of personality and magnetism with mannerisms. Maria Josephine Victor is an *extra*—a charming voice. The real beginning had been the delightful way my hostess had greeted me at her dressing room door. Even though one glance had told me of her slender, great brown eyes under crescent brows, of a sensitive mouth, a clear-cut, artistic profile and masses of wavy dark hair,

matter of fact it is no elusive at all.

but is based on physical loveliness

plus brains, personality and graceful

graciousness. You all love the Maria

Josephine Victor of her dressing room

after the play at the Belasco Theatre

has rung down the final curtain.

A WELL MADE GOWN.

"If a gown is made with understanding and earnest care, it will have

good lines—it will bear inspection on

its own simple merits. If it is awk

perseverance.
We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert air;
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies;
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached
And kept—Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
—H. W. Longfellow.

ing over and over: "Simple! Be simple, Miss Victor!"

"I would like to say that to all beauty-seekers! 'Simple! Be simple!' Affection is never charming. If you permit your manner to become over-effusive—elaborate and airy—you will at once be accused of affectation. Affection is instinct. Be sincere—that will charm. Simplicity will give a warm, sweet human charm."

"After you have cultivated simplicity, study being responsive. Be interested in people. Be interested in all the great concerns of life that are going on around you. Very often the woman who appears a beauty while you have but glanced at her perfect features lacks the brains to bear careful inspection. She fails apart at the touch of beauty—like all poorly constructed things."

"The most beautiful picture in the world would not be beautiful if it were covered by dust and grime and mold. I think stupidity and unsympathetic nature and self-consciousness hide beauty the same way."

"Cultivate your knowledge of life, cultivate your interest in people and things, learn to forget yourself. Then your face will take on a radiance, an intelligence, a sweetness that will make you beautiful even if your figure and hair are without distinction."

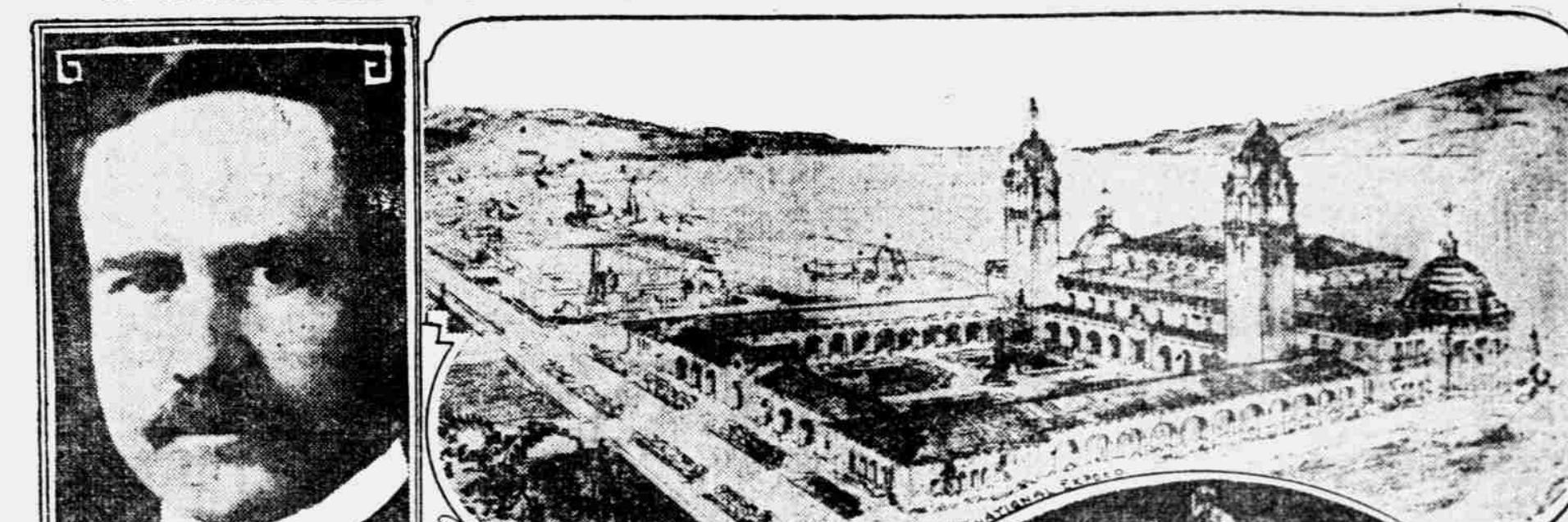
THINK BEAUTY.

"Think Beautiful Thoughts. They will mould your face to be like them. Your eyes will be like deep pools in whose depth there is hidden treasure. Your mouth will take on sweet, full lines of graciousness. You will radiate charm."

"Now for a background you must have the good health that comes from the constant, painstaking care of the woman who has the proper secret for the value of the health that is her body. Good food, fresh air, exercise, no dissipation. These are the basis of bodily health. And not to dissipate means not to overindulge in anything, good or bad. It means moderation. Be moderate and careful to protect your health. That will give you a foundation for your house of beauty."

"And now build the house according to the little rules that greater teachers than I have found so effective. Be simple. Be gracious. Be interested in the splendid books there are to study, the fine people there are to know and the worthy things there are to do. Be gentle and kind and loving. Think beautiful thoughts, do beautiful deeds. And I am sure that you will find yourself growing in beauty, like a flower," concluded gracious, simple and lovely Josephine Victor.

PREPARE MARVELS IN ILLUMINATION AT PANAMA EXPOSITION; SPLENDORS OF GREAT PALACES TO BE EMPHASIZED BY NEW DISCOVERIES IN LIGHTING



President Charles C. Moore at left; California Counties Building at Right and Triumphal Arch at Bottom, Where Astounding Illuminating Effects Will Center.

Marvels in the development of electrical lighting apparatus and its illuminating methods will enable San Francisco to light the buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition inside and out in a way that would have been impossible five or six years ago. Perfect reflections of whole buildings will be obtained at night in the lagoons as clearly as in daylight. There will be no glare at night and no dark places.

Fifty thousand dollars has been expended in a single line of experimentation—in the development of electrical lighting apparatus and its illuminating methods will enable San Francisco to light the buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition inside and out in a way that would have been impossible five or six years ago. Perfect reflections of whole buildings will be obtained at night in the lagoons as clearly as in daylight. The hills of Oakland and Berkeley will stand out as if in daylight.

In place of incandescent lamps, cut glass disks, technically known as "jewels," The splendors of the colonnades and towers will be brought out in a way that is more brilliant and distinct than in daylight. The sculptures will be shaded, but will have form, life, perspective.

Most exhibitions appear too bright and often the visitor goes away with tired eyes. This won't be true at San Francisco. By use of the new discoveries the world may find with in few years that daylight actually can be dispensed with.

Expert Ryan is working to bring his lighting plans in accord with the plans of Jules Guerin, director of color. There is to be harmony in hue under the artificial illumination.

Great murals partitioning up the walls of the courts will be illuminated in part by concealed lights.

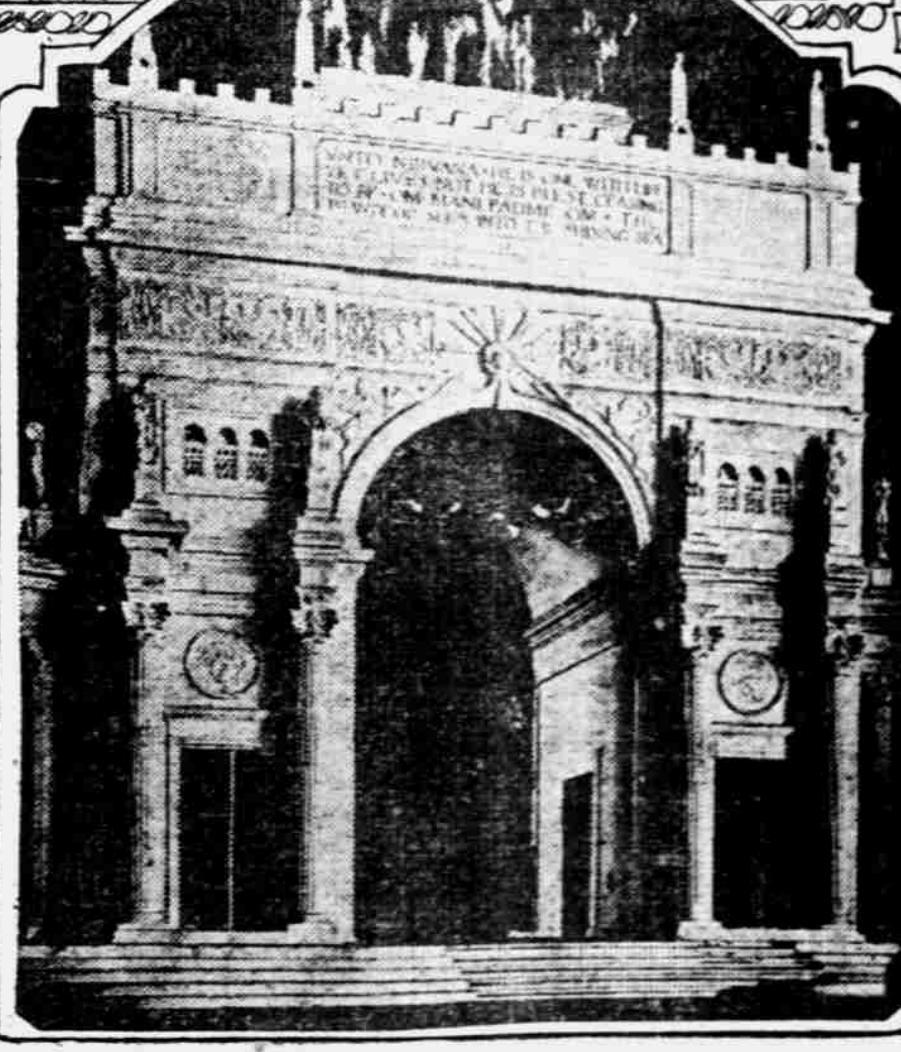
The three central courts of the ex-

position will be illuminated by huge glass fountains of thick white glass that by day will not suggest that they are sources of light.

The batteries of searchlights will be manned by sixty men drilled to handle them with the precision of artillerymen. On clear nights, the shafts of light, radiating like the petals of a great lily, will be visible in the heavens forty or fifty miles. The hills of Oakland and Berkeley will stand out as if in daylight.

In place of incandescent lamps, cut glass disks, technically known as "jewels," The splendors of the colonnades and towers will be brought out in a way that is more brilliant and distinct than in daylight.

Indirect or reflected lightning will not be seen, but the searchlights will cast upon the statuary, mural decorations and facades of the buildings. In the courts and throughout the grounds will be radiating groups of statuary.



GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT. BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make it Thick, Glossy, Wavy,
Luxuriant and Remove all
Dandruff.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, full, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any druggist or toilet counter, and just try it.

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