

Women AND THEIR Interests

Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

"Here's one for you." Warren tossed a letter across the breakfast table. "Oh, it's from Louise!" joyfully. Helen started to run a fork under the flap. It was the first letter she had received from Louise since her marriage. For a moment she held it unopened, trying to conjecture what it might contain. In one way its thickness was alarming. If, after all, Louise should not be happy, if Bob—"Well, what's she got to say?" as Warren tore open another envelope. "I haven't opened it yet, I've absorbed it in his letter. Almost recently Helen ran the fork through the thick white envelope. There were six pages in Louise's fine, regular hand. "Dear Helen: "I cannot realize that we have been married over two weeks—sixteen days! And we're still at the Walton. We're so comfortable here that we've stayed on from day to day. Neither of us feels in the mood for traveling. There's enough that is new and wonderful in just being together. "From New York to Philadelphia isn't much of a wedding trip, but we're together—that's all that matters. Helen, I'm so happy that it frightens me! Can it last? Oh, I can't bear to think that there will be any "letting down"—and yet I suppose there must be! "Just now it seems impossible that the wonder of it should ever wear off—that we should ever grow commonplace and humdrum as do most married people. I can't conceive of the time when I will not be thrilled by his slightest touch. O, I want to hold on to these hours! I want to be always just his bride! But there—I didn't intend to inflict you with an effusive emotional letter. "I want to tell you about our rooms here. We have the bridal suite, and it must be fearfully expensive, but Bob will not hear of our making any change. He had wired ahead and had the rooms fitted with flowers the day we arrived. It was foolish, of course, for it stumped us as bride and groom. It was almost as though he WANTED everyone to know! "The first evening he ordered a special dinner served in our rooms. The table was laid by one of the long French windows in our drawing room, where we could look out over the city. I felt that we were living in a play. The room, with its Louis XV. furniture and silk shaded candelabra, seemed like a stage setting. It was too beautiful to be quite real. "I wore the white lace gown I got so hurriedly at Ardman's. You remember you thought two hundred and fifty too much for it. Oh, my dear, it wasn't! Every woman wants pretty things on her bridal trip, and as I had time to get so few, I'm glad I got them good. "You see, I'm trying to write of the rooms and my clothes—rather than of Bob and of how madly I love him! It's all so wonderful, dear; so much more wonderful than I ever thought it should be! He is so delicately considerate and gentle! I'm beginning to realize all the fineness of his nature, that he had almost concealed by his gruff curtness. In every way— "Here there was a break, and the page was crumpled as though there

had been a struggle for its possession. Then came a scrawl in Bob's large vertical hand. "I can't spare my wife another minute! She's been writing to you for half an hour—and that's quite long enough." "You see, how he tyrannizes over me? Hereafter I shall write unflattering things about him so he'll have no desire to look over my shoulder. I'll finish this to-morrow. Bob says the taxi's waiting—we're going for a long drive into the country. "The next page was dated "Wednesday." "Bob has gone out for some theater tickets. It's the first time that I've been really alone. And Helen thought something I want to ask you—something I couldn't ask anyone else. "You know, I first attracted Bob by my aloofness, by making him feel that he was never quite sure of me. At times I used that aloofness as a deliberate lure. I think every woman has done this; it's part of the game. A feigned coldness to the man she loves is a woman's most effective enticement. "But now that I'm his wife, to what degree must I still keep up this pretense? That is what I want to know now. Can I let him see all the emotional intensity of my love? Or must I keep on pretending that I am just a little cold and reticent? Must I keep up the subterfuge of being pursued? "There are times in the last few days, when I have let myself go—just a little. I may have only imagined it, but it seemed to me that Bob looked surprised. There might have been even a suggestion of withdrawal on his part. It was only momentary, of course, and so slight that I may have been wrong, yet it checked me instantly. "I am expressing this very badly, but it is all very subtle. Yet I feel sure you'll understand what I have written—and much that I haven't. Write me freely and tell me something of what you have learned in these four years of your married life. "Oh, I want to keep Bob married to my lover—as he is now. And if to do this means that I must show my love always a little less than he shows his, that I must feign a constant coldness—it will be hard, cruelly hard! Yet I will try! "LOUISE. "Well, what's she got to say? Let's hear it," demanded Warren, who had now finished his mail. "Oh, I can't read you this." "Why can't you?" "The Reason Why "Why, dear, it's—it's a very personal letter. I'm sure you wouldn't want me to. But they're very happy—and still at the Walton. They're so comfortable there, they're not going on for a while. "But let's hear the letter." "Dear, I tell you I can't! It wouldn't be fair to Louise." "The sentimental effusion of a bride, eh? Lot of maudlin rot! I'll bet it fairly oozes with gush! All right, you needn't read it. Guess we can survive without hearing it, eh Purr-Mew?" shying a crumpled envelope at Pussy Purr-Mew, who was regarding him with grave intent. "Louise couldn't gush if she wanted to," retorted Helen indignantly. "And she's not sentimental in the way you mean." "Hub, all women are alike. She'll probably have Bob surfeited before they've been married six months." Helen caught her breath. He was answering the very question Louise had asked. "Dear, don't you think a man should WANT his wife to be affectionate? If she loves him—why shouldn't she show it?" "Well, no man wants to be eternally slobbered over," brutally, as he rose from the table. "Wonder if I'll need an overcoat? If the tailor comes—give him that thin suit to press." "When Helen went back to the breakfast table and again read Louise's letter. All morning she pondered over it. "Oh, I want to keep Bob always my lover"—that phrase haunted her. Could any woman keep her husband a lover always? Certainly she had not. Then how could she advise Louise? "When finally she sat down to write her, she had the feeling that anything she might say would be only words, that in this she was pathetically unqualified to offer advice. "Louise dear: "I think the lives of most women are made up of pretenses and subterfuges to hold the love of some one man—that's what we're all striving for. But not always in the same way. "Assumed coldness and stulvisness may be the ruse of one woman, while another impassioned ardor may be more effective. "I know Bob is much like Warren—but he and I are so different. I haven't your independence nor perhaps your pride. I've never been able to assume aloofness with Warren. I've always been demonstrative and emotional. I can't help it—I know it pulls on him and I hate myself for my weakness. Often he withdraws from my caresses, they irritate and annoy him, and yet his very withdrawal makes me lavish them on him all the more. "Yes, I suppose all men do like to "pursue." It is the unattainable, the thing they are not always sure of, that appeals to them most. And if you have the courage to school yourself to a little coldness and reserve, if you can hold Bob always in the attitude of the pursuer—it may keep him more the lover. "That is what every woman wants—to keep her husband a lover always. And yet, how dimly most of us see! I don't believe any woman ever had all the love she wanted, and she always feels that she might have had more if she had been "different." "Yet none of us can play a part for very long. We may keep up a pretense for a while, but we always end by being—just ourselves. "HELEN."

MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS

Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed, in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me. "If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact. "If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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LINER EMPRESS OF IRELAND SINKS

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Salvation Army Is Largely Represented on Ship's Passenger List

By Associated Press Winnipeg, May 29.—The Salvation Army delegates to the London world's convention who were booked on the Empress of Ireland followed: Commissioner and Mrs. Rees, Toronto. Field Secretary Colonel Gaskin and Mrs. Gaskin. Field Secretary Colonel Maidman and Mrs. Maidman. Adjutant Beckett, of Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. Brigadier Scott Potter, financial secretary, Toronto. Brigadier Walker, editor of the Canadian War Cry, Toronto. Major and Mrs. David Creighton, of the immigration department. Major and Mrs. Findlay, Winnipeg. Major and Mrs. Howell, manager printing department, Toronto. Major Turtin, manager trade department, Toronto. Major Frank Morris, divisional commander of the London department, London division. Staff Captain Arthur Morris, Toronto. Staff Captain McAmmond, Winnipeg. The second class passengers who have been brought ashore are: Florence Bawden, Hillsboro, Ind. Bessie Bawden, Hillsboro. Miss Boch, Rochester, Minn. Reinhold Boch, Rochester, Minn. Alexander Buntrome, Santa Barbara, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. E. Byrne, Brisbane, Australia. Miss F. Byrne, Brisbane. Miss E. Court, Liverpool. J. M. Finley, Liverpool. Mrs. John Fisher, Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. H. Freeman, West Allis, Wis. Mrs. M. Gray, Terre Haute, Ind. Miss W. Gray, Terre Haute. H. L. Heath, Chicago. J. R. Heath, Chicago. George Johnstone, Santa Barbara. Evan Kavalske, Duluth. Herman Kruse, Rochester, Minn. Miss Freda Kruse, Rochester. Miss A. Liston, London, Eng. A. Matier, Indianapolis. Mrs. W. Mounsey, Chicago. Miss Jennie Newton, Antier, N. D. F. Oelander, London, Eng. George C. Richards, Terre Haute, Ind. Mrs. S. Richards, Terre Haute. Miss Eva Searle, Seattle. Reginald Simmonds, London, Eng. Mrs. Simmonds, London. Mr. and Mrs. A. Vincent, Faircross, Eng. Joseph Zezulak, Odorburg.

Incomplete List of Those Aboard Eureka

By Associated Press Rimouski, May 29.—Danford, the Marconi operator of the Eureka, reports the following incomplete list of survivors at Rimouski: R. H. Perkinson, bedroom steward; W. Rowan, steward; Alex. Radley, Coombs, porter; A. Reginald, Moreland, White, Grey, James Williams, assistant stewards; E. Foster, A. Elliott, baker; A. C. Ferguson, S. R. Simon, Nostalg, Speddon, Novek; A. W. Good, chief engineer; S. Ampson, Swan, tenth engineer; T. D. Bradwick, sailor; S. Murphy, T. Borah, quartermaster; Duckworth, electrician; J. Salto, Sapek, Donovan, A. Williams, H. Clarkson, T. Hanon, Charles Clarke, K. Laski, Savelin, King, Scott, Haes, assistant engineer. Only one woman, Mrs. Simon, is among those picked up by the Eureka. The great number are members of the crew and third class passengers. Every effort is being made to secure correct lists of the rescued. Among Staff Captain Hayes, commanding officer of Temple Corps, Toronto. Staff Captain Goodwin, commanding officer, Ottawa. Adjutant Brice, matron, Hamilton Rescue Home, Hamilton. Adjutant Edwards, men's social department, Ottawa. Ensign Jones, Calgary. Ensign Peacock, Calgary. Ensign Knudson. Captain Ruth Rees, daughter of Commissioner and Mrs. Rees. Staff band, composed of officers from headquarters at Toronto, consisting of twenty-eight members, including Captain McGrath. The bandmaster is Adjutant Samains.

Insurance \$2,900,000

By Associated Press London, May 29.—The flags on the shipping offices in London were half-masted on receipt of the news of the disaster to the Empress of Ireland. The insurance held at Lloyds on the Empress of Ireland amounts to \$2,900,000. When the first news of the accident arrived a considerable amount of reinsurance was effected at 47 1/2 per cent.

Distinguished Men on Board Sunken Ship

By Associated Press New York, May 29.—Laurence S. B. Irving is an actor, author and manager. He received his education at Marlborough College, College Rollin, Paris, and spent three years in Russia studying for foreign office. His plays are widely known. In 1908 and 1909 he presented sketches of his own authorship in England and America. On May 3, 1913, Mr. Irving addressed the Equal Suffrage League at New York. Sir Henry Seton Kass is a son of the late George Berkeley Seton Karr. He was born in 1855 and educated at Harrow and at Oxford University. In 1906 he was defeated for member of parliament in the general election. In 1910 he attended a dinner to Colonel Roosevelt at London.

Sister Ship of the Empress of Ireland Ran Into Collier

By Associated Press Montreal, May 29.—The Empress of Ireland was a twin-screw vessel of 14,191 tons. She was built in Glasgow in 1906 by the Fairfield Company, Limited, and was owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway. She carried a full wireless equipment. The Storstad registered 6,028 tons. She was built by the Armstrong-Whitworth Company at New Castle in 1911 and her owner is the Danpsk Aktieselskab Maritime, of Christiania, Norway. She is a single-screw vessel and is loaded with coal. She carries a crew of fifty men. The disaster equals the accident to the sister ship of the ill-fated vessel, the Empress of Britain, which two years ago rammed and sank the collier Helvetia in almost the same spot that the collision took place this morning.

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Our Annual Sale Of Men's

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MEN: IF YOU MISS THIS SALE OF straw hats, you'll miss one of the best bargains of the season. We prepare for this sale many weeks in advance, and we offer you values that are seldom duplicated so early in the season as this.

THESE ASSORTMENTS CONSIST OF sennit, Italian and split straws. The shapes are the very latest, and the qualities are the usual \$2.50 kinds. This week we offer you your unlimited choice of the entire lot for the low price of—

\$1.48



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Knights of St. George Win Honors at Pittsburgh

Local Branch, No. 168, Knights of St. George, won a handsome banner for the largest increase in membership in one year. The prize was awarded at Pittsburgh this week at the annual convention.

Flowers For Memorial Day

Roses, Carnations, Peonies Wreathes for the Cemetery The House of Flowers CHAS. UTTLEY, 321 Walnut St.

Advertisement for Gold Dust cleaning product. Includes illustration of a hand holding a brush and cleaning a surface. Text: "You have only to wipe your dishes when you let them practically wash themselves with GOLD DUST. A labor-saver for cleaning pots and pans, floors, woodwork and everything. 5c and larger packages. THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO. 'Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work!'"

Advertisement for School of Commerce. Text: "SUMMER TERM During June and July Special attention given to students who want to increase their speed in Shorthand and Typewriting. Positions Secured For All Graduates. Enroll Any Monday. School of Commerce 15 S. Market Square, Harrisburg, Pa. Try Telegraph Want Ads. Try Telegraph Want Ads."