

Women AND THEIR INTERESTS

"Their Married Life"

"Copyright by International News Service."

Warren had been strolling around the lobby of the Alpine Hotel for nearly ten minutes and still there were no signs of Helen.

"I never knew a woman to keep an appointment yet," he growled, savagely, as he pulled out his watch for the third time in exactly three minutes. And then Helen hurried in and looked hastily around the room.

"Dear, I'm sorry to be late," she apologized, as Warren glared at her, but Mrs. Stevens came in just before I left, and do you know, she and Mr. Stevens have quarreled!"

"Huh," said Warren, skeptically, as they stepped out on Broadway, "don't see how they managed to get along as far as they have without some kind of a fracas. She never did know how to handle Stevens. Now, have you any idea of where you want to go for your suit? I'm not going to walk up and down Broadway all afternoon without some idea in mind."

"Oh, yes, dear, we'll go right to Ardman's first, and then if we don't see anything there, we can go somewhere else afterward."

"Well, this isn't a shopping tour, you know," grumbled Warren. "I said I'd come down and look at suits, but I didn't promise to raid every store in New York."

Helen wisely kept still. She knew that Warren was right, for shopping for bargains was a besetting sin with her, and there was no need of starting an argument before they had looked at anything.

"Where are the suits?" said Warren as they entered the elevator. "Ladies' suits," added Helen timidly.

"Third," said the elevator boy as the door clanged, and a moment later they were walking through the suit department.

"Something in suits, madam?" And a tall, blonde saleswoman walked up to them, modestly attired in black charmeuse. "For yourself? Right this way. Had you anything particular in mind?"

"Why, no, I hadn't decided on anything, but I thought I like to try something in gray."

"Now," put in Warren, "you know gray has never been becoming to you; you haven't color enough to wear it. Why not stick to blue? I always said you looked better in that than in anything else you ever tried to wear."

"Oh! but dear, I had a blue suit just last Spring, and I just bought that blue dress when Louise was married. I don't want two more blue things, and gray is so lovely for traveling."

"Well, have your own way. I don't see what you brought me with you for, anyway."

Helen sighed, and then the saleswoman came back with several suits flung over her arm.

"How would you like something like this?" holding up a pale gray model with a peach-colored lining. The skirt was elaborately draped, and if Helen had been going to buy a suit for afternoon tea alone it would have been charming.

Warren said nothing as Helen stole a glance at him. "Oh, nothing so elaborate. I want something that I can use for traveling purposes. That light color would soil very easily."

"Would you care for anything in this new shade of tango, madam? We are selling a great deal of it this season. Slip on the coat and see if you like the color."

Helen slipped her arms into the coat obediently. The color was lovely, but still hardly practicable for what she wanted.

"Would you care for a suit of this color, Warren, or do you think I'd be foolish to get anything so extreme?"

"The skirt is beautiful," went on the saleswoman; "it has one of the new Russian tunics. Would you like to slip it on?"

"What do you think, Warren?" said Helen again, eyeing the skirt doubtfully.

"Well, if you're asking me, I don't care for the color and I don't like the way it's made. Reminds me of the suit Nora got this Spring."

"Oh, but, dear, this is an expensive model. Nora's suit isn't anything like this. You just think so on account of the color."

"Well, you asked me, didn't you? Now get what you like and leave me out of it if you object to a little honest criticism."

"Here is something very different," said the saleswoman, holding up the coat of a dark blue suit. "Perhaps your husband would like something more quiet, and this is a very different model. It has a tango-colored coat and substituted the blue."

"There, that's something like it," said Warren approvingly. "I told you that blue was your color. Why insist

upon setting another color simply because it's in style, when it looks like the duce on you?"

Helen twisted and turned before the glass. The suit was of dark blue serge, and the coat was short and was lined and faced with striped Roman silk in blue and green and red. It had a standing collar and flaring cuffs and was altogether quite ultra fashionable.

"Let me see the skirt," said Helen finally. "Oh, this has one of those Russian tunics, too, hasn't it? Don't you think the model is rather extreme, dear, to buy so late in the season? They won't be wearing these Russian tunics in the Fall!"

"Oh, pardon me, madam, but they will. We have sold any number of them lately for steamer suits, and a number of the early Fall models are made with the Russian tunic. The style is too popular to go out so soon."

"The skirt is rather nice, isn't it, dear? I like the blue serge. Have you anything like this in dark gray?"

"Now, Helen, you don't want a gray suit. This suit is just the thing for what you want it. Why don't you take it and come on?"

"Let me slip the skirt on, madam; I don't think you'll need any alterations. We're really not selling any gray suits to speak of just now, excepting for more elaborate wear, and then the color comes lighter like the one I showed you. There, hooking the skirt down the side, I don't think you'll need anything at all done to this, everything is worn so loose just now."

"I'll slip on the coat again and you can get the entire effect."

"Yes, it is becoming," admitted Helen. "Are you sure you like it, dear, or would you rather look somewhere else before deciding?"

"What do you want to look somewhere else for? Isn't that just like a woman; that's the suit you want. Why not get it, and have it done with?"

"How much is it?" asked Helen, realizing for the first time that the suit might cost a great deal more than they might want to pay.

"Seventy-five dollars, and cheap at that. Why, there isn't another suit like it in New York city."

"A big price," Helen said, but she didn't want to go as high as that. I had planned on buying a suit for about \$50. You see it's so late in the season, and in the Fall I'll need a new one. Oh, I think I'll look at something cheaper."

"Now, what's the matter?" said Warren impatiently.

"Why, I think \$75 is too much to pay this time of the year for a suit of this kind, don't you, dear? Hadn't we better look at something cheaper?"

"If you like the suit, get it, and come on. What's the use of haggling about the price? You'd probably have to pay as much in the end to get what you want."

"But I'd rather get a cheaper suit and spend the rest on something else."

"That's right, just like a woman; have the suit sent up and come on. I'm hungry."

"All right, you can send the suit," turning to the saleswoman. "Curtis, Mrs. Warren Curtis. Yes, charge it, please."

"Well, now that's settled," said Warren, as they hurried toward the elevator. "You see, you bought a blue suit after all; it pays to get something you really like. Now what are you stopping for?"

Helen had stopped at the shirtwaist counter and had picked up a filmy blouse.

"Do you mind waiting just a moment, dear? I need a couple of shirtwaists, and they are having a sale here to-day."

"I came out to buy a suit," said Warren determinedly, "and that's all we're going to do to-day. You can come down for those gawgaws some other time."

"But the sale only lasts one day; to-morrow I'll have to pay more for the same thing."

"Yes, that's what you say, and that's the way you women shop. I don't care if you have to pay twice as much, I'm through for to-day."

Helen tried to keep up with Warren's long strides as they hurried toward the subway, but he was not inclined for conversation as they were whirled away uptown.

"Here, read the funny sheet and don't bother me," he growled, handing the part of an evening paper. "That's the last shopping tour you get me on in some time. I'm tired."

And Helen bent over the newspaper in silence wondering vaguely if she wouldn't regret having bought the blue suit after all.



BY JOHN A. MOROSO

Copyright, 1913, by Little, Brown & Company

CHAPTER III.

"Murder in the second degree."

WHERE it required three months to bring about a mistrial for a murderous young millionaire in this same vilely kept building, with its horde of idling political appointees, it required only three hours to dispose of the case of this pale country boy facing a hurried and impatient judge and a sleepy jury.

In those three hours Kearney, the man from headquarters, had his witnesses present the case for the state. The three men from Hell's Kitchen told of seeing the prisoner lurking in that neighborhood. He was in the company of two yeggs. The policeman who arrested him told of his attempted escape after the vault of the bank was blown with nitroglycerin.

Garrett then learned why the expert was brought into the case. The expert qualified as such in a brief direct examination. He identified a heavy iron wrench handed him by the prosecutor as one of the tools found in the kit taken from the prisoner.

"You made a careful examination of this implement, did you not?" asked the assistant district attorney.

"I did."

"Tell the jury what you found there."

"I found a spot about two inches long by a half inch wide and by laboratory tests found it to be a spot of human blood."

"What else did you find?"

"I dusted the wrench with a white powder and found the prints of a thumb and two fingers."

The prosecuting attorney placed the wrench in evidence as Exhibit A and then offered as Exhibit B an enlarged photograph of the prints found upon it.

"I offer you for identification this document, which is the Bertillon record of the accused taken at police headquarters following his arrest," said the prosecutor.

The expert examined it.

"What do you find in this record that bears upon the case before us?"

"The thumb print and the prints of the index and middle fingers of the right hand in this record are the same prints shown upon the wrench with the spot of blood."

"That is all," said the prosecutor, with a smile and an air of triumph.

He was young and eager for a record of convictions. He looked significantly toward the jurors as if to say, "It is now up to you, gentlemen, to send the prisoner to the chair."

This trump card of the police brought to James Montgomery a realization of the utter hopelessness of his plight, and his face became a chalky white. Death in the electric chair was before him. He was but a boy, and his patient, old mother was sitting beside him, her hand clasping his.

Fortunately she could not comprehend what was going on. She had never heard of the Bertillon system. Montgomery choked back the sobs of despair that kept rising in his throat and returned the pressure of his mother's hand.

The witnesses for the defense were put on in quick order. They told in homely language what they knew of the accused. He had been a faithful son and the support of his mother. He was working as an apprentice machinist in a factory in Nyack when hard times caused the factory to close. Work was scarce and he had left home to seek employment in the city.

The mother took the stand. She turned in the chair and looked to the judge appealingly, as a wounded bird would look up to the bough from which it had fallen.

"Just tell the jury about your boy," said Garrett, standing and twirling a heavy gold watch chain.

"My son was born in the cottage in which I now live near Nyack," she began.

"You must speak louder," the judge instructed.

She finally raised her voice and told her story. The mother love sang in every word she uttered; it glistened with the soft light of holy candles in her faded eyes, and it fairly trembled forth from her fragile body as she told of the life of her only child and of their mutual struggle.

"It is not in the nature of my son to harm any one," she started to say, as her story drew to a close. The young prosecutor popped from his chair as if a powerful spring had been released beneath him.

"I object!" he cried wrathfully. "I ask the court to have that remark stricken out as irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial. It is not evidence."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the court, after rapping with his gavel, "you are instructed to pay no attention to the remarks just made by the witness. They are not in the nature of evidence, and they are ordered stricken from the records."

Being only the mother of the prisoner, her frail body having brought him into the world, Mrs. Montgomery's opinion of him had no value in court. There was no place in the trial for an account of maternal trust and love. Garrett took her from the stand, the prosecuting attorney declining, with an air of scorn, to cross examine her.

The prisoner was then sworn. He had spent nearly a month in the Tombs

waiting trial, and the prison pallor, the ghastly yellow tinge that would make a saint look like a convict, was upon him. The spectacle of his little mother on the stand had shaken his nerve, and his hand trembled as he took the Bible and made his oath. His story was simple enough despite the havoc wrought with it by the district attorney.

When the factory closed he left Nyack and came to New York, bringing his kit of tools with him. He had never heard of the Hell's Kitchen section and was asking work along Tenth and Eleventh avenues because factories were located there. He met a man who seemed to take an interest in him. This man introduced him to another, and they bought him his supper at a restaurant near the river. They told him that they could get him work, but he would have to work at night. They looked over his kit of tools, and one of them admired a steel drill and said it was a fine one.

"After nightfall," Montgomery told the jury, "I went with the men a number of blocks east. One of them took my tools and bade me wait at a corner. I was beginning to suspect that something was wrong when I heard a dull explosion as if in a cellar. A minute after one of the men passed me, running. He dropped the kit of tools and the wrench. My tools were all that stood between me and starvation. If they were lost I could not hope to get work at my trade. I grabbed up the wrench, threw it into the bag and started to run away when I was arrested."

The cross examination furnished the young prosecutor with excellent practice in those sophistries supposed to be necessary in the practice of law. The boy was as wax in the hands of the questioner before him. After an hour of misery and bewilderment he was excused from the stand.

The court and counsel conferred in whispers. The arguments followed. They were brief. While the rules of evidence would not permit the mother of the prisoner to beg for his life and proclaim her belief in his innocence, they allowed the prosecutor in his address to the jury to paint him as a desperate young thief, crouching in the dark with a heavy iron wrench uplifted and quick to do murder for the sake of loot.

Garrett's address was short and weak. His vocabulary was that of the money hungry lawyer who sits in a hole in the great city shuffling bonds and mortgages through his fingers and always nibbling away at the little hoardings of ignorant clients. His sense of humanity and his appreciation of the pity and horror of the whole drama in which he was participating were nil.

The judge's instructions to the jury were a string of empty words, mouthed hurriedly and tonelessly.

The case was entirely circumstantial. There was one way for the jury to avoid the risk of sending an innocent man to his death in the electric chair. They took it. The clerk ordered the prisoner to stand and face the jury and the jury to look upon the prisoner.

"Gentlemen, have you reached a verdict?" asked the clerk.

"We have," replied the foreman. "We find the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree."

The country people who had journeyed to the metropolis to do what little they could for the widow's son took Mrs. Montgomery back with them. What little brightness of hope had been within her during the trial of her boy vanished with his conviction.

She had tried the day after the trial to reach the judge and appeal to him for mercy and a light sentence, but the importunings of widows, wives and children are avoided by the judiciary as much as possible. The legal representative of a great banking institution or some mighty estate or corporation has the open sesame to the chambers of the men wearing the ermine, but there is not such a great number of these and the poor are a mighty multitude.

At every turn the mother of James Montgomery met with an obstacle. She had no "Big Mike" This or "Little Mike" That, with political power enough to make a judge tremble, back of her. She had no money with which to allay the itching of the palms of petty grafters who would sell the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes, as they have been doing since Isaiah's time.

[To be Continued.]

waiting trial, and the prison pallor, the ghastly yellow tinge that would make a saint look like a convict, was upon him. The spectacle of his little mother on the stand had shaken his nerve, and his hand trembled as he took the Bible and made his oath. His story was simple enough despite the havoc wrought with it by the district attorney.

When the factory closed he left Nyack and came to New York, bringing his kit of tools with him. He had never heard of the Hell's Kitchen section and was asking work along Tenth and Eleventh avenues because factories were located there. He met a man who seemed to take an interest in him. This man introduced him to another, and they bought him his supper at a restaurant near the river. They told him that they could get him work, but he would have to work at night. They looked over his kit of tools, and one of them admired a steel drill and said it was a fine one.

"After nightfall," Montgomery told the jury, "I went with the men a number of blocks east. One of them took my tools and bade me wait at a corner. I was beginning to suspect that something was wrong when I heard a dull explosion as if in a cellar. A minute after one of the men passed me, running. He dropped the kit of tools and the wrench. My tools were all that stood between me and starvation. If they were lost I could not hope to get work at my trade. I grabbed up the wrench, threw it into the bag and started to run away when I was arrested."

The cross examination furnished the young prosecutor with excellent practice in those sophistries supposed to be necessary in the practice of law. The boy was as wax in the hands of the questioner before him. After an hour of misery and bewilderment he was excused from the stand.

The court and counsel conferred in whispers. The arguments followed. They were brief. While the rules of evidence would not permit the mother of the prisoner to beg for his life and proclaim her belief in his innocence, they allowed the prosecutor in his address to the jury to paint him as a desperate young thief, crouching in the dark with a heavy iron wrench uplifted and quick to do murder for the sake of loot.

Garrett's address was short and weak. His vocabulary was that of the money hungry lawyer who sits in a hole in the great city shuffling bonds and mortgages through his fingers and always nibbling away at the little hoardings of ignorant clients. His sense of humanity and his appreciation of the pity and horror of the whole drama in which he was participating were nil.

The judge's instructions to the jury were a string of empty words, mouthed hurriedly and tonelessly.

The case was entirely circumstantial. There was one way for the jury to avoid the risk of sending an innocent man to his death in the electric chair. They took it. The clerk ordered the prisoner to stand and face the jury and the jury to look upon the prisoner.

"Gentlemen, have you reached a verdict?" asked the clerk.

"We have," replied the foreman. "We find the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree."

The country people who had journeyed to the metropolis to do what little they could for the widow's son took Mrs. Montgomery back with them. What little brightness of hope had been within her during the trial of her boy vanished with his conviction.

She had tried the day after the trial to reach the judge and appeal to him for mercy and a light sentence, but the importunings of widows, wives and children are avoided by the judiciary as much as possible. The legal representative of a great banking institution or some mighty estate or corporation has the open sesame to the chambers of the men wearing the ermine, but there is not such a great number of these and the poor are a mighty multitude.

At every turn the mother of James Montgomery met with an obstacle. She had no "Big Mike" This or "Little Mike" That, with political power enough to make a judge tremble, back of her. She had no money with which to allay the itching of the palms of petty grafters who would sell the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes, as they have been doing since Isaiah's time.

[To be Continued.]

waiting trial, and the prison pallor, the ghastly yellow tinge that would make a saint look like a convict, was upon him. The spectacle of his little mother on the stand had shaken his nerve, and his hand trembled as he took the Bible and made his oath. His story was simple enough despite the havoc wrought with it by the district attorney.

When the factory closed he left Nyack and came to New York, bringing his kit of tools with him. He had never heard of the Hell's Kitchen section and was asking work along Tenth and Eleventh avenues because factories were located there. He met a man who seemed to take an interest in him. This man introduced him to another, and they bought him his supper at a restaurant near the river. They told him that they could get him work, but he would have to work at night. They looked over his kit of tools, and one of them admired a steel drill and said it was a fine one.

"After nightfall," Montgomery told the jury, "I went with the men a number of blocks east. One of them took my tools and bade me wait at a corner. I was beginning to suspect that something was wrong when I heard a dull explosion as if in a cellar. A minute after one of the men passed me, running. He dropped the kit of tools and the wrench. My tools were all that stood between me and starvation. If they were lost I could not hope to get work at my trade. I grabbed up the wrench, threw it into the bag and started to run away when I was arrested."

The cross examination furnished the young prosecutor with excellent practice in those sophistries supposed to be necessary in the practice of law. The boy was as wax in the hands of the questioner before him. After an hour of misery and bewilderment he was excused from the stand.

The court and counsel conferred in whispers. The arguments followed. They were brief. While the rules of evidence would not permit the mother of the prisoner to beg for his life and proclaim her belief in his innocence, they allowed the prosecutor in his address to the jury to paint him as a desperate young thief, crouching in the dark with a heavy iron wrench uplifted and quick to do murder for the sake of loot.

Garrett's address was short and weak. His vocabulary was that of the money hungry lawyer who sits in a hole in the great city shuffling bonds and mortgages through his fingers and always nibbling away at the little hoardings of ignorant clients. His sense of humanity and his appreciation of the pity and horror of the whole drama in which he was participating were nil.

The judge's instructions to the jury were a string of empty words, mouthed hurriedly and tonelessly.

The case was entirely circumstantial. There was one way for the jury to avoid the risk of sending an innocent man to his death in the electric chair. They took it. The clerk ordered the prisoner to stand and face the jury and the jury to look upon the prisoner.

"Gentlemen, have you reached a verdict?" asked the clerk.

"We have," replied the foreman. "We find the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree."

The country people who had journeyed to the metropolis to do what little they could for the widow's son took Mrs. Montgomery back with them. What little brightness of hope had been within her during the trial of her boy vanished with his conviction.

She had tried the day after the trial to reach the judge and appeal to him for mercy and a light sentence, but the importunings of widows, wives and children are avoided by the judiciary as much as possible. The legal representative of a great banking institution or some mighty estate or corporation has the open sesame to the chambers of the men wearing the ermine, but there is not such a great number of these and the poor are a mighty multitude.

At every turn the mother of James Montgomery met with an obstacle. She had no "Big Mike" This or "Little Mike" That, with political power enough to make a judge tremble, back of her. She had no money with which to allay the itching of the palms of petty grafters who would sell the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes, as they have been doing since Isaiah's time.

[To be Continued.]

waiting trial, and the prison pallor, the ghastly yellow tinge that would make a saint look like a convict, was upon him. The spectacle of his little mother on the stand had shaken his nerve, and his hand trembled as he took the Bible and made his oath. His story was simple enough despite the havoc wrought with it by the district attorney.

When the factory closed he left Nyack and came to New York, bringing his kit of tools with him. He had never heard of the Hell's Kitchen section and was asking work along Tenth and Eleventh avenues because factories were located there. He met a man who seemed to take an interest in him. This man introduced him to another, and they bought him his supper at a restaurant near the river. They told him that they could get him work, but he would have to work at night. They looked over his kit of tools, and one of them admired a steel drill and said it was a fine one.

"After nightfall," Montgomery told the jury, "I went with the men a number of blocks east. One of them took my tools and bade me wait at a corner. I was beginning to suspect that something was wrong when I heard a dull explosion as if in a cellar. A minute after one of the men passed me, running. He dropped the kit of tools and the wrench. My tools were all that stood between me and starvation. If they were lost I could not hope to get work at my trade. I grabbed up the wrench, threw it into the bag and started to run away when I was arrested."

The cross examination furnished the young prosecutor with excellent practice in those sophistries supposed to be necessary in the practice of law. The boy was as wax in the hands of the questioner before him. After an hour of misery and bewilderment he was excused from the stand.

The court and counsel conferred in whispers. The arguments followed. They were brief. While the rules of evidence would not permit the mother of the prisoner to beg for his life and proclaim her belief in his innocence, they allowed the prosecutor in his address to the jury to paint him as a desperate young thief, crouching in the dark with a heavy iron wrench uplifted and quick to do murder for the sake of loot.

Garrett's address was short and weak. His vocabulary was that of the money hungry lawyer who sits in a hole in the great city shuffling bonds and mortgages through his fingers and always nibbling away at the little hoardings of ignorant clients. His sense of humanity and his appreciation of the pity and horror of the whole drama in which he was participating were nil.

The judge's instructions to the jury were a string of empty words, mouthed hurriedly and tonelessly.

The case was entirely circumstantial. There was one way for the jury to avoid the risk of sending an innocent man to his death in the electric chair. They took it. The clerk ordered the prisoner to stand and face the jury and the jury to look upon the prisoner.

"Gentlemen, have you reached a verdict?" asked the clerk.

"We have," replied the foreman. "We find the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree."

The country people who had journeyed to the metropolis to do what little they could for the widow's son took Mrs. Montgomery back with them. What little brightness of hope had been within her during the trial of her boy vanished with his conviction.

She had tried the day after the trial to reach the judge and appeal to him for mercy and a light sentence, but the importunings of widows, wives and children are avoided by the judiciary as much as possible. The legal representative of a great banking institution or some mighty estate or corporation has the open sesame to the chambers of the men wearing the ermine, but there is not such a great number of these and the poor are a mighty multitude.

At every turn the mother of James Montgomery met with an obstacle. She had no "Big Mike" This or "Little Mike" That, with political power enough to make a judge tremble, back of her. She had no money with which to allay the itching of the palms of petty grafters who would sell the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes, as they have been doing since Isaiah's time.

NEW PRINCESSE SLIP JUST IN THE MODE

Flounce Is Slightly Gathered or Plain Hem May Be Used



8282 Dart-Fitted Princesse Slip, 34 to 42 bust.

WITH CIRCULAR OR GATHERED FLOUNCE LONG OR SHORT SKIRT.

There is perhaps no garment more really necessary for the warm months than the princesse slip to be worn beneath thin gowns. This one can be made long and utilized for that purpose or it can be made short and worn with the addition of an outer skirt. The long skirt allows a choice of a circular or a gathered flounce or a plain hem, for, beneath many thin gowns, the plain slip is the one to be preferred for trimming serves only to confuse the lines. The model is a good one for silk as well as for lingerie material and is, consequently