

Women AND THEIR Interests

"Their Married Life"

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"What time do they say they'll be in?" said Warren, looking up from his paper at Helen's third ejaculation.

"Dear, I'm so sorry, Nora," as the girl appeared in the doorway, "bring Mrs. Curtis some more coffee, I'll read you part of the letter dear, and then you'll know as much about it as I do."

"Nope, I'm off now, see you some time this afternoon. Good-by." "Good-by, dear," said Helen, absently; she had already gone back to her letter.

"To-morrow, Mr. Bob Curtis and his wife will be here for dinner, Nora, and I want to have everything nice; we'll have some iced bouillon and a roast, and perhaps you ought to make some fresh mayonnaise; we'll decide on the rest of the things to-morrow."

"All right, ma'am, shall I make some ice cream or will you order something else from the store?" "The ice cream will be just the thing, I'll order some strawberries, and we ought to bake a fresh cake, Nora, one of your sponge cakes."

Helen hurried into her bedroom and began to pull the hairpins out of her hair. The day had been cool, and a fresh breeze was blowing. Perhaps it would be cool enough to wear her new suit.

Warren was always right and the best husband in the world, she reflected to herself, remembering only his good points as she whirled away in the subway. And then her thoughts turned again toward Bob and Louise; she DID want them to be happy.

As she entered the Hotel Giltmore several men turned around to look after her as she made her way toward the desk.

"Mrs. Curtis?" she questioned, conscious of her burning cheeks. "Curtis, yes, madam, they're just come in. I guess you can go right up. Show this lady to 245, second floor, and Helen followed the boy into the elevator.

A moment later she was knocking on the door of 245, and Louise's high voice called "Come in!" Louise was on her knees before an open traveling case, while Bob was lounging in a chair before the window. Both sprang to their feet as Helen entered.

"Oh, Helen, I knew it was you, and how very lovely you look, doesn't she?"

Bob?" said Louise, kissing Helen enthusiastically.

"Let's have a look at her," said Bob, drawing Helen into the light. "Looks all right to me, how have you been?"

"Just as if we needed to ask her that question," said Louise scoldingly. "Now, Bob, you go down stairs and have a smoke, or better still, why don't you run down to see Warren now as you said you would, while Helen and I talk."

Helen was surprised at Bob's prompt accession to Louise's request. Warren would have found some reason for not going, but then Bob was still in his honeymoon.

"Well, see you later," he said from the door, and Helen turned her head away as she saw him take Louise in his arms, his eyes darkening suddenly. And then Louise was back with Helen, her face still a little tremulous and something that made Helen's heart jump in the expression of her eyes.

"We're very much in love," she said, blushing rosy, she began over the dressing case. "My trunks haven't any of them come, so you won't have to help me unpack after all. But, oh, Helen, I have so much to thank you for and to tell you."

"I'm so glad, dear," said Helen tenderly, stretching out her hands to take the restless ones that were pulling things topsy turvy in the dressing case. "Suppose you tell me, then."

"I don't think Bob ever has either. You see, Helen, I've taken your advice about not letting him know how much I love him. I keep showing him a side of me that he does not recognize, and then there is always something more for him to know, and he is interested. That was what you meant, wasn't it, dear?"

"Yes," said Helen, softly, "but it isn't always easy, is it? It seems to me that there must be times when you would give almost anything to be just yourself."

"Happy Thoughts" "I used to think so, too, but now things seem very easy, and if I can keep Bob for my lover always, think what a recompense I shall have for any effort I might have to make."

Helen was silent. She knew that Louise was right. Bob would be a lover as long as the excitement of the chase could be prolonged. All men were like that. She wondered vaguely what it would be like to never have to pretend to be a maid, to be so utterly charming that each and every man would recognize that charm.

"Louise," she said, suddenly, "I think you're a humbug." Louise, dreaming, with her head in Helen's lap, sat up and looked at Helen with great wide-open eyes. "I mean that you are not pretending half as much as you think you are. I don't think Bob is ever going to know you, because I don't think you're ever going to know yourself!"

"But you advise me to go on with the treatment?" "By all means, if you are happy, and that seems the only way."

Louise was rummaging through the dressing case again. "Oh, here it is," she said under her breath, unearthing a lovely creamy thing folded in a pile of lacy lingerie. "This is for you, dear. I saw it in Baltimore and I just couldn't resist it. It looks just like you, and I want you to always remember that we owe a great deal of our happiness to you."

Louise held up a negligee of lusterless creamy silk embroidered here and there with tiny silver roses. It was an exquisite thing, almost too beautiful to wear, and Helen gasped at its loveliness. "Oh, but, Louise, how extravagant of you. If you had wanted to do anything like that, some little keepsake would have done just as well."

"Some little keepsake would never express what I feel toward you, Helen, and this lovely thing seems to have a message in it. And now I must dress. Bob and I want you and Warren to stay with us for dinner to-night. You will, won't you?"

KIMONO COAT THAT RIPPLES IS LATEST

Pretty Graceful Lines Just the Thing For Young Girls



\$308 Kimono Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

The coat that ripples below the waist line is the newest and smartest and this one gives the prettiest, most graceful lines possible. It is excellent for small women as well as for young girls and it makes a really ideal summer wrap.

For the 16 year size, the coat will require 4 3/4 yds. of material 27, 3 1/2 yds. 36, 2 1/2 yds. 44 in. wide, with 1/2 yd. 27 in. wide for trimming.

The pattern \$308 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

DON'T BE IMPATIENT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I met a desirable young man several months ago and until last week he had been keeping steady company. He promised to call me up some time during the week, but failed to do so.

What shall I do, as I love him dearly? MARJORIE MCK. The young man for whom you care may be ill or busy, or presented from communicating with you by any number of life's chances. If you don't hear from him within a reasonable time, write a little note and ask what is the matter.

Girls ought to treat the men for whom they care with at least as much simple consideration and courtesy as they would show a girl friend with whom some misunderstanding had arisen.

TRY AGAIN

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Two months ago last Sunday I had an appointment with a girl whom I love dearly and have been keeping steady company with. The night before I was called out of the city on some business, and, being unable to reach her over telephone, I sent a message, stating my disappointment at being unable to see her on Sunday, and telling her I would drop her a line later, which I did (also two other cards); but I have not heard from her since.

Having just got back, and realizing no more, I thought I would drop you a line for some advice on the subject. What would be the best thing to do? B. J. H. If you cannot reach this girl over a telephone, why not go to her home and attempt an explanation? Letters often miscarry, and the warmth of the human voice gives a personal touch to an explanation that the written word cannot convey.

Elihu Root May Decide to Be Senate Candidate

Special to The Telegraph New York, July 20.—Elihu Root may, after all, become a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate. Pressure is being brought upon him to reconsider his decision to retire with the expiration of his term and petitions for the appearance of his name on the primary ballot are being circulated in at least ten counties.

These petitions were first put out in Sullivan county. They have been carried into Delaware and Orange counties and reports which reached the city yesterday said they were being extensively signed. Mr. Root's name, furthermore, is extremely likely to be put before the convention at Saratoga Springs next month. It will be backed heartily, it is said, by the men who make up the committee on platform for the constitutional convention which Mr. Root appointed last week.

Sulzer Again Seeking New York Governorship

Special to The Telegraph Asbury Park, N. J., July 20.—Ex-Governor William Sulzer, of New York, was enthusiastically applauded by an audience of 2,000 persons in the Beach Auditorium last night during his speech on "Fifty-fifty, or the Looting of New York State." Sulzer, who is again seeking the office from which he was ousted, asserted that he had "Boss" Murphy's candidate defeated before he had been nominated.

"Whether I can beat Barnes' man I can't tell yet, but if the Progressives will stand by me, he can be accomplished," he said. "If Theodore Roosevelt backs me up I am certain I can defeat them both." The former Governor compared the "fifty-fifty system" that he said prevails in New York state to the system of "addition, division and silence," which he said formerly held sway in Pennsylvania.



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"Oh, but father knows all about machinery, and he says that you are a wizard," she laughingly protested, the color in her cheeks deepening.

The music of Molly's laughter lingered in his ears as Nelson followed his host. "My boy, Jim, is a lawyer," Mr. Bryan told Nelson. "We shall be busy on some other legal matters before we can take up the question of your next invention. I'll leave you to the care of Molly. She is a great walker, and I'll warrant you that when she brings you back from a tour of the place you will have a splendid appetite for supper."

Walking at his side, over paths heavy with fallen leaves, Molly Bryan seemed to him less of earth than of heaven. The rustle of the crimson and golden leaves under their feet drowned the soft sounds of her garments. He heard only her voice; he felt only the appreciation of the sanctity of her presence.

When he dared speak to her he had to make an effort to keep his sonorous voice from trembling. She felt instinctively the effect that her nearness had upon the quiet, modest companion of her walk, and Molly Bryan accepted with a feeling akin to awe the tribute it implied. Not knowing the depth of his nature and guessing nothing of the tragedy of his life, she attributed his taciturnity to shyness. She soon found a way to unloosen his tongue.

"It is glorious in the Indian summer," she said, as they paused to feast their eyes upon a mingling of gold and crimson leaves, "but in the spring it is even more beautiful through all this country. Before the snow disappears the trailing arbutus is to be found on the mountain sides."

The simple pleasures of the road, when he had traveled as a poor tinker in his flight from the north to this haven, had brought him the joyful knowledge of growing wild things. She jured him from his silence with questions about trees and flowers and brought from him his simple praise of all that was so freely given to him who would but open his eyes and look about him with discernment.

She listened to him eagerly and coaxed him with questions when he faltered and seemed suddenly conscious of the fact that he was actually talking to her.

The sun had gone across the mountains into the Tennessee country and beyond when they returned to the Bryan home. The supper hour, with Molly seated at his side, the charm of a contented family circle and the hospitable attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, put Nelson at ease.

"It will not be necessary to worry longer about the proposition of your manufacturers to secure an option on your next invention," Mr. Bryan told Nelson as they left the table. "They sent along a contract, and Jim has gone over it carefully. Jim thinks that it is very fair and that it will be to your advantage to close with them."

Nelson thanked his employer. "Your first invention has made you practically independent, so far as wages go," said Mr. Bryan, "and I must confess that I am a little disturbed on that account. I would like you to remain with us. In a very little while I may be able to offer you the general managership. New mills are to be built in the adjoining county, and Lansing and the present vice president and general manager will be sent there to get them going."

"It is a very high compliment you pay me, Mr. Bryan," Nelson replied. "I had no intention of ever leaving Greenville. I hope that I shall be found worthy of your belief in my capacity."

The two chatted until bedtime, Mr. Bryan enjoying more than one cigar as he studied Nelson and coming to the conclusion that he would make no mistake in advancing him until he joined the board of directors of his company and became his right hand man in the operation of the great plant under his care.

Nelson went to his room. Thoughts of Molly must have followed him, for he seemed to feel her presence as he stood at an open window and stared out into the darkness. He was in love, deeply, wonderfully, tragically in love. Yet, trying to master himself, he realized the barrier that separated them. If she came to him to share her life with his she would enter a cloud without a silver lining.

In the records of the courts of the land he was written down as a convicted murderer. A price was upon his head! A human bloodhound was snuffing the world over for a scent that would fetch him to bay.

There was one way and one way only to lead him to happiness. With the wealth he gathered he would prosecute a hunt for the real murderer. He felt that the time had come for him to set about this task. A large reward might aid in bringing about the capture of the man. But who would offer it? Detectives might be employed in every city of the country to seek him out, but who would employ them? Menace most dreadful would be his the moment he stirred from the cover he had found in this peaceful mill city.

After all he was nothing but an escaped convict!

Telegraphic Briefs

Hindus, ordered deported, forcibly resist immigration officers boarding ship at Vancouver, B. C. Senator Williams, at Atlantic City, says Democratic senators are determined to carry through anti-trust program.

New Haven stockholders fear depreciation in value of their shares as result of legislation in Massachusetts. Builders of trans-Atlantic airmail America expect to have it ready for shipment to Newfoundland August 1. Senator Root will be asked to reconsider his refusal to be a candidate for re-election in New York.

Defeat of rivers and harbors bill predicted if Senate fails to act before anti-trust legislation is disposed of. Secretary of the Interior Lane says the mining industries in the United States are enjoying widespread prosperity.

Cotton exports for the last fiscal year broke all records. Suffragettes will make another attempt to force the House of Representatives to act on proposed amendment to the Constitution. Fire destroys sixteen buildings at Woodland, Clearfield county, causing a loss of \$30,000.

State College expert warns farmers against the use of too much lime. Hazleton trolley strikers reply to gambling charges, accusing detective of furnishing state of mind. Fifteen thousand visitors spend day at Third Brigade camp, near Selinsgrove.

Continued trade depression has forced the F. A. Goodrich Company, nail makers, of Milton, to dissolve the business. The Rev. Peter Masson, of Allentown, vicar general of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, receives honorary title of monsignor. More stores open for business in Norristown yesterday than last Sunday.

Therefore I say unto you, All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them. —Mark 11:24.

How to Get Rid of Eczema

Your Blood Must be Right if Skin is to Heal

Impurities Will Come Out Somewhere Working outwardly through a myriad of very small blood vessels, the famous blood purifier S. S. S. brings to the skin new material for its regeneration. And as these new materials keep up a flood of action they keep crowding off the scales or patches of eczema, just as you can remove the scum from a bathtub by pouring clean water over it.

Get a bottle of S. S. S. today of any druggist then write for a copy of "What the Mirror Tells" published by The Swift Specific Co., 115 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. For more detailed directions write the medical department as suggested in circular around the bottle of S. S. S. Avoid substitutes that may contain harmful mineral drugs. S. S. S. is purely vegetable.

With a part of the money that began to flow into his possession from royalties, as his machines were put on the market, he bought stock in the mills where he was employed. He was chosen a director of the company at its January meeting, and Mr. Bryan took him into active co-operation in the direction of the management of the plant.

[To Be Continued.]



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