

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

"Their Married Life"

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It was quite late when Helen and Warren finally left the Biltmore and proceeded leisurely toward Times Square. Just before they reached the subway entrance it began to rain, and Warren hurried Helen along with a muttered expression about her foolishness in wearing that suit. Helen could not help exclaiming at the injustice of this.

"Why, dear, how could I tell it would rain? It was perfectly wonderful out this afternoon."

Hurrying had made Warren warm and he answered gruffly:

"Didn't suppose you'd want to dress up so all-fired much just to go down to see Louise. Couldn't see that she looked so nice herself."

"Why, dear, that was a stunning gown she had on. It must have cost a great deal. If I hadn't worn this suit I should have worn a dress that wouldn't be half as appropriate for a rainy night. I don't think the rain will hurt this suit at all, and Helen brushed a few drops from the coat."

Warren went to buy the tickets and Helen went on through. She had had such a happy time all day that Warren's remarks hurt more than they would have under any other circumstances. Bob's tenderness and consideration of Louise was still fresh in her mind. Bob seemed to dote on all the little independent ways that Louise used constantly, marriage had changed him so very much, and if Louise had been able to do that for Bob, why couldn't she have done the same for Warren?

So wrapped up was she in her thoughts that she did not notice two men who were standing near her on the platform. Warren had come through and was as usual, absorbed in a paper; she might have been alone as far as the looks of the thing went. The train came in with a rush and they entered the car, the two men who had stood next to Helen on the platform taking seats directly opposite. They both eyed her constantly, and Helen felt very uncomfortable till Warren threw down the paper and turned to her. The box containing the negligee lay on the seat beside him, and he turned to it with a scowl.

"What's in the box?" "What the deuce is in the box, anyway? Depend on a woman to have a box for a man to take care of, no matter where she goes." Louise had given it to him to carry, with a playful remark about it being a present for his wife, and Helen had noticed that she took it with good grace at the time.

"Just something that Louise bought for me in Baltimore," she said, a little wearily, and Warren gave the box a little shove with his elbow and was silent.

At Seventy-second street they changed for the express, and the two men also changed and again sat directly opposite. There were some more men in the car who looked at Helen as though she were the only one to look upon. Warren had not brought the paper with him, and he could not help noticing the glances cast in their direction.

Helen, anxious to make conversation lest she should think she was angry, turned to him eagerly.

"Dear, don't you think it will be nice for Louise and Bob to board for the rest of the summer, and then get an apartment in the Fall? Louise thought it would be nice to go away together, too. How would you like that if Bob can arrange his vacation for the same time?"

"They might better get an apartment right away, instead of waiting all that money hoarding. Suppose that was Louise's idea; sounds like her."

"Oh, but they're not going to board in an expensive place. Bob doesn't want to bother with an apartment any more than Louise does just at present."

"Easy to see who's going to run that family. Bob had better set his foot down once in a while if he wants any peace at all!"

Helen was silent and Warren observed her out of the corner of his eye. "What's the matter with the people on this train, don't they know enough to stop staring?" he growled finally. "It's that suit; noticed it all evening, everybody's been looking at it."

"But, dear, this is the suit you wanted. Don't you remember you really wanted me to buy it? I wanted a gray one, and after I got this one home I liked it so much better than the gray."

"Well, how could I tell that it would look this way on you? Maybe

it's the hat that gives you that appearance."

Warren is unfair. "What appearance, dear? You have always liked this hat so much. Isn't it becoming? Don't you remember that day I had it sent up you told me it was the most becoming hat I had ever bought?"

"Maybe, it's the hat and suit together, but you have that appearance that most of the women in Broadway have, of wanting to attract every man you meet."

Helen knew this was unfair. To tell the truth she was rather delighted with her new clothes. She had always been a quiet type, with little or no dash to attract attention, and now that she was so obviously attractive to other people besides her husband it inwardly pleased her.

"I always blame a woman for attracting a man anyway," went on Warren.

"But, dear, you know that I haven't done anything but talk to you ever since we entered. What could I have possibly done to make anyone look at me?"

"It's the way you women put on your clothes these days. A suit like that a couple of years ago would have been all right, but now worn with a hat that goes off on one ear, no wonder men don't know what to do with their eyes."

"But Warren, I'll have to wear the suit now that I've bought it. I thought you liked it so much. It's really too late to change it now, you know. I've worn it all afternoon."

"Who's talking about changing it? If you change it, you'll end up with something worse. Come on, this is our station."

Helen followed Warren out of the car, and in the rush of the after-theater crowd, dropped her handbag on the platform. Warren was striding on ahead, and didn't notice it, but one of the men who had been sitting opposite in the train handed it to her with a bow. She flushed as she thanked him and Warren, looking around suddenly, caught the smile and the bow. The man was gone, however, before he could reach them.

"I dropped my bag, dear," she said, apologetically. "Some one pushed against me in the crowd!"

"I noticed that you seemed rather pleased about it," he said sarcastically. "Attracting so much attention seems to have gone to your head."

Several people looked around at his tone, and Helen flushed angrily. "What did he always have to embarrass her needlessly before people? At least he might have waited until they reached home. The entrance was crowded with people hesitating to start out in the drizzle, but Warren pushed through and made his way with long strides through the streets, Helen hurrying along by his side.

Helen was thankful that he did not speak as they went up in the elevator, and as he unlocked the door of the apartment she went in quietly. The place was warm and cozy after the wet streets, and Pussycat rubbed her soft head contentedly against Warren as he closed the door behind him. Helen turned on the lights over the dresser and was taking off her hat as Warren looked in the door.

"Feel like having anything to eat?" he questioned, as she slipped out of her coat. Helen opened a couple of bottles of beer.

"There's some sardine paste in the ice box. I'll make some sandwiches; get it out, will you, dear? I'll be out in a minute," said Helen, delighted at the turn things had taken. With a warm little glow in her heart she slipped off her coat and blouse and put on a loose gown.

"How the devil do you open this jar?" said Warren, as she entered the kitchen. "Never mind, I've got it. Here it is, all ready for the bread. I'll carry the beer into the dining-room. Hurry up; it's a good while since we had dinner, and I'm about famished."

Helen had stopped to give Pussycat some fresh milk; now she hurriedly made up some sandwiches and followed Warren into the dining-room.

"Here, drink some beer," he said, filling a glass. "I'll put you to sleep in a jiffy. How do you feel now, better?"

"But, dear, don't you really like that suit and hat? I thought you'd be so pleased with everything."

"Oh, the suit's all right, so is the hat. It's the times, I tell you, I don't know what the world is coming to with the styles you women are getting up and the way you are putting your clothes on these days."

(Another interesting incident in this absorbing series will appear soon.)

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8313 Girl's Dress, 4 to 8 years.

It would be difficult to find a prettier dress for little girls than this one. The edges of the Japanese sleeves are lapped at the shoulders to effect the closing so that there is no opening at either the front or the back. The plain skirt is in three pieces with just enough ripple to be exceedingly smart. The contrasting materials shown on the figure make a very good and very fashionable effect, but the dress can be made of two materials or of one for it is just as smart treated in one way as the other. For immediate wear, the shorter sleeves are pretty but mothers who are looking ahead to the first school days will like the suggestion found in the back view where the dress is made of blue linen throughout.

For the 6 year size, the blouse will require 1 1/2 yds. of material 27, 36 or 44 in. wide, the skirt and trimming 1 1/2 yds. 27 or 36, 1 yd. 44 in. wide; or, the entire dress 2 1/2 yds. 27 or 36, 1 1/2 yds. 44 in. wide.

The pattern of the dress 8313 is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt ten cents.

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Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 18 years old and have been in love with a man of 21 for two years. He seems fond of me, but is careless about keeping engagements with me. He has a good position and is able to marry, but does not say a word about getting married. He knows I have to work hard, but he takes my evenings three days out of the week and doesn't want me to see other young men the other four evenings.

I doubt that you are really in love with this young man. You seem to regard him as a possible "good provider" and to look on marriage as an escape from congenial hard work.

Under the circumstances I think it would be as well for you to see other young men on your disengaged evenings. In this way both you and your hesitating lover may come to know your own minds. Have a little talk and tell him you do not see why he is unwilling for you to have other friends.

He seems to be like the dog in Aesop's fable in that he neither wants you nor wants another to have you.

TELL HER OF YOUR LOVE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 22 and in love with a girl one year my junior. We have been playmates since childhood. My brother, four years my senior, has been abroad for many years. Now he has returned and is trying to win this girl's love. I am making a fair salary, but could not yet give to this girl all the comforts she is used to. I am desperate.

BROTHER.

Why not talk the matter over with your brother? He may not realize how much this means to you. If he cares, too, you must each tell her of your feelings, and when she has chosen, feel that the best man has won and that the other has no grievance.

GO ON WORKING

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a pretty widow of 35 and am the mother of three children. I am desperately in love with a man who is ten years my junior and he cares for me. The only things that stand in my way are his youth and the fact that he makes a very meager salary and, having a mother and sister who are dependent upon him, I feel that it is an injustice to him to allow him to take upon his shoulders the support of four more. I am a businesswoman, but am tired of working.

QUARRELS AND JEALOUSY

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am keeping company with a young man two years my senior. We are engaged, but we are always quarreling. He is very jealous of me. Would you kindly advise me what to do. A. B. A. E. M.

Fall River, Mass.



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His shoes were polished. He paid the Greek boy and returned to the Bowersky with his shadow.

Hawkins entered the "reading room" of a lodging house just north of Chatham square. One table, littered with castoff newspapers and three or four old and well thumbed magazines, was in the center of the room. Around the walls were ranged chairs placed as closely together as the seats on the average New York park bench.

As he fumbled among the papers his keen eyes swept the faces of the down and outs who had been able to pay for the shelter they would have during the coming night.

Kearney's man followed him into the room after a minute, pulled a newspaper from his pocket and found a seat near a window.

The probationer expected some one, but he was not among the men gathered here. He took a paper and found a seat in the same row with the detective.

Without craning his neck, and leaning forward the detective could not watch Bill's movements. Still, there was no way for Bill to leave the room without being seen by him, and the detective was satisfied with their relative positions.

"The Butcher," beside whom the probationer had worked in the cutting room, had told him to seek this spot if he needed any help. Generally about noon "The Butcher's" friend, "Boston Ed" Fallon, came there to get his mail and read the papers after breakfast. A part of Ed's duties in life was to keep up the underground communication between the outside world and the convicts in Sing Sing. It was he who had sent in the cash with which Montgomery was staked when he made his getaway. Bill would know him by a birthmark under his drooping left eye.

The noon hour passed tediously for Kearney's man, but comfortably for Bill. He read paper after paper, enjoying every line of the news of the world from which he had been shut off so long.

Toward 1 o'clock "Boston Ed," a middle aged man, dressed as a laborer, entered the room and went to the table, where he fumbled among the papers and sized up the other guests and "sponges" of the Chatham square lodging house. He uncovered the headquarters man in a glance from under his heavily lidded eyes and flashed a signal with a look to Bill, whose eyes he saw peering knowingly at him from over his paper.

Bill's fingers began to move, and without appearing to look his way "The Butcher's" birthmarked friend read a message in the deaf and dumb language, telling him to stand by for a talk.

He chose a paper and a seat, placing the table between him and Kearney's man. With his hands in his lap, "Boston Ed" could work his fingers without the detective reading his messages, should he by chance know the sign code.

"The Butch" sent me," signaled Bill. "I'm just out." "Is the bull shadowing you?" asked Ed's fingers.

"Yes." "What's doing?" "He's following me to find an escape."

"What you want?" "Get a personal in the Herald for me."

"Shoot it." "Here it is: 'Kid.—O. K. December. —Bill.'"

"I got you." "Repeat it." "Kid.—O. K. December.—Bill." "I'm broke." "I'll pay."

"Thanks." "What you doing next?" "Try to shake the shadow."

"Hunt for my wife, Jennie Hawkins. Advertised for her, but the bulls will watch the newspaper offices."

"Jennie Hawkins?" "Yes." "Are you Bill Hawkins?" "Yes."

The man with the birthmark smiled and pretended to read his paper for a moment.

"Bill," he resumed. "Shake the bull and meet me in Corlears Hook park. I'll take you to her." Bill's hands dropped in his lap. He paled and then flushed.

"How is she?" he asked. "Fine and a good woman."

"Thank God," said Bill to himself and then, with his fingers: "I'll meet you in Deefy's saloon. When?"

"Any night between 10 and 12." Bill rose from his seat and left the room, his shadow at his heels.



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INCA RELICS

Before taking leave of Cuzco (Peru) we went to see the very interesting collection of Inca relics in the private museum of a Peruvian doctor who has devoted many years of his life to Inca research. Ranged round the walls were mummies which had been taken from rock tombs. All had been buried in a sitting posture, and judging by the horrible expression of agony on the parchment skin, I should imagine that some of them—prisoners of war, I was told—had been entombed alive. The horror of those mummified faces and the awful contortions of the skeletons haunted me for a long time, nor shall I ever forget the sight.

One or two of the skulls bore evidence of skilful surgery, star-shaped pieces of bone having been cleverly fitted in to repair damage done by the star-shaped weapons of the period. I did not measure those I saw in the museum, but one of the aforesaid stone weapons which was brought back to England from Cuzco measures four inches from point to point across the top—a truly formidable club.—From the Wide-World Magazine.

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Geo. A. Gorgas, Druggist, Harrisburg, Pa.—Advertisement.

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In Effect May 24, 1914.

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For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg, and intermediate stations at 5:03, 7:50, 11:52 a. m., 3:40, 6:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 9:30 a. m.

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