

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

"Their Married Life"

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"I suppose I'll be home late," remarked Warren as he struggled into his dress coat. Helen did not answer; she was busy brushing his hat and she turned to hand it to him with a little smile as she held up her face to be kissed. Warren kissed her perfunctorily, looking at her a moment as though he were wondering what she was planning and then with a characteristic shrug left the room. A second later the door slammed and Helen, watching from the front window, saw him go out downstairs and hurry toward the subway. It was an awful night, sticky and warm on the time of year, and raining hard. Helen turned from the window finally and wondered what she would do to pass the evening. The telephone rang and she hurried out to the hall wondering who was calling up. "Hello!" said Louise's voice over the wire. "What are you going to do this evening? I suppose Warren is going to the lodge." "Gone," corrected Helen. "So has Bob. Let's do something. I don't feel a bit like spending an evening home alone." "All right, what?" said Helen. "Well, to tell the truth, there's nothing much that he can do. Shall we go to the movies?" "That's as good as anything," said Helen. "We can go up here, too; it's simply pouring out."

"I hate to take my hat off," she explained in a whisper, "and as long as we are early enough the back seats won't be all taken." The pictures had not started and Helen settled herself comfortably, slipping out of her raincoat and showing the umbrella under the seat. "They are going to have one of those continued pictures to-night," said Louise. "I noticed it this afternoon when I was passing. The Exploits of Elaine, it's called. I haven't seen one of the new series, have you?" Helen was not what you could call a moving picture fan. She had gone a couple of times last year with Warren, but had not enjoyed it very much, so she was not looking forward to the pictures with any great anticipation. It was the idea of being out of doing something, that appealed to her rather than the nature of the thing they were doing. "I'm not up to them, Louise," she confessed. "Warren and I went only twice all last year." "I made Bob take me to every one of the other series," said Louise, laughing. "He used to hate the sound of the thing, and I never let him forget." The Pictures Full of Life and Interest "Poor Bob," said Helen, sympathetically. Then the lights went out and the first picture was thrown on. "Don't you like this man?" whispered Louise. "He's always good and the woman who plays with him is a peach. I hope she's in it to-night. Oh, yes, there she is." "I wish they'd show the 'Exploits of Elaine' next," said Helen, very much interested. "Oh, they are," said Louise, and a sigh went up over the entire house. "Everybody is crazy about it, I guess." "Well, I guess they are," said Louise, and then they both became enthralled with the picture and did not speak again until it was over. The rest of the show was all as good as the first part, and it was with a sigh because it was over that Helen finally realized that the last picture had been shown. "I'm starved, are you?" remarked Louise as they drifted out with the crowd. It had stopped raining. "Yes, come on home with me and we'll get something." "Oh, no; that wouldn't be exciting. Let's go into that little restaurant on the corner and get some coffee and a raffle!" "I'm agreed. And they hurried down the little steps into the cozy little place and in a few minutes were eating their sizzling cheese and sipping hot coffee. "I think it is fun to have the men go off one evening a week," said Louise, smiling over at Helen. "Haven't we had a grand time?" "Just fine," said Helen enthusiastically. "Let's plan to do something together next week. It certainly has been worth while." (Another installment in this interesting series will appear here soon.)

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama, corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

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They argued the matter for some time, but Ruth refused to consider retreat at this stage, and John, impressed though he was by the other's evident sincerity, could not feel that as an outsider he did not understand the necessity of the recovery of the plans. When he and Sir Donald talked it over alone the baronet was even more insistent. He characterized the whole expedition as rash and plainly stated that should the British government get wind of such a search immediate steps would be taken to see that the Americans went no further. Dorr was unconvinced and finally intimated that Faversham had not meant what he said when he had volunteered to help them. Sir Donald shrugged his shoulders and admitted himself helpless in the face of such arguments. "At least I can go along and do what I can to save the young woman from actual peril," he remarked. "I by no means promise to give you active assistance." "I'll be satisfied if you'll just tip me off once in awhile," John responded. They made the journey to Bhala safely. Ruth and John viewing the novel sights that met their eyes on every hand, Sir Donald acting as general guide and instructor. On their arrival at the teeming city they were soon installed in an inn outside the center and some distance up the river. Faversham wasted no time in looking up certain people he knew among the natives and was in a position to inform them that he had not only discovered the temple, but that he had learned that the idol had been recovered and would be restored to its proper shrine with due ceremony and great festivity. "That will be just our chance," said John. "In the crowds we ought to be safe." Faversham tried to convince him that this was not so, but Dorr insisted so strongly that the Englishman yielded to his better judgment. "I'll try to get you within sight of the idol anyway," he consented. "But I must insist that you obey my instructions implicitly. Otherwise we shall all get into trouble and you will eventually kill any chance you may have of attaining your purpose." The result of this was that Ruth late that night was awakened by Sir Donald's rapping on her door. When she had fung on some clothes and opened she saw from his manner and his disheveled dress that all had not gone well. "It's true," Faversham told her. "Dorr couldn't resist what he thought was a chance to get hold of the idol. He was captured, but I managed to get away by my knowledge of the language and the help of some natives who are friendly to me." For the moment Ruth was speechless; then she inquired for the particulars, and Sir Donald gave them briefly. At the conclusion he remarked, "They won't harm him, but if it gets out that he really intended to steal that image we shall have trouble." "But he is a prisoner!" she cried. "True," said Faversham wearily. "I didn't dare stay. If they had got me, too, you wouldn't have known anything about what had happened for days

possibly." "But you will save him?" she pleaded. In her appealing beauty Ruth stirred Sir Donald to the depths. He knew now that he loved her. For love of her he would do what he knew might mean his own death, but he was helpless in the grip of this sweet passion. Yet he would not go without at least a word of hope and promise. "I'll get him," he told her. "It will be a hard job, but I'll save him for your sake, Ruth, and when I come back with him!" She leaned forward, gloriously content that John was to be brought back to her. She did not read aright the expression in the man's eyes. She threw out her little hands to him joyously. "I'll always love you if you will," she whispered. He stared dizzily, and she withdrew before he could put out his hands or say a word. Five minutes later he was hastily making his way back toward the temple. To his dying day Sir Donald was never able to explain just how he found John Dorr nor how he extricated him from the howling mob who yelled for the life of the impious man who had laid foul hands on their god. His own recollection was of desperately using his tongue, his muscles and his knowledge of the usual intricacies of a native city. John himself could give no clear description, but confessed that he had given up hope of rescue when Sir Donald appeared as by magic. It was dawn when they reached the hotel, and Ruth was on the balcony watching. When Faversham looked up and called out, "I managed it!" she leaned far over, her eyes shining, and threw him a kiss. The baronet's heart beat high. He had won her for his wife. The fact that Dorr and Ruth had sailed for India did not escape Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell's sharp senses, and they sailed, with Drake as their companion, on the next steamer. "We can easily pick up Dorr's trail when we land," Wilkerson told them. He found this true. Within two days he had also ascertained that they had left for the interior under the escort of Sir Donald Faversham. Without delay they followed and in due time landed in Bhala, not long after Sir Donald had rescued Dorr from the mob who had seized him when he had tried to recapture the idol. Wilkerson grinned when he told Mrs. Darnell of this fiasco. "But will you fare any better?" she demanded. "Sure," he said confidently. "I'll let Dorr and this British baronet burn

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HERE in this city, as all over America, women go about providing delicious, tasty meals with sure knowledge.

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Pretty Frock Adapted to Remodeling as well as to New Fabrics.

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8491 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.

For the 12-year size will be needed, for the skirt and over blouse 5 1/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 1/4 yards 36, or 3 1/2 yards 44; for the blouse 3 1/4 yards 27, 1 3/4 yards 36 or 1 3/4 yards 44. The pattern No. 8491 is cut in sizes for girls from 8 to 14 years of age. 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.

WHEN HEADACHY TAKE CASCARETS FOR THE BOWELS

To-night! Clean your bowels and end headaches, colds, sour stomach

Get a 10-cent box now. You're bilious! You have a throbbing sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes burn, your skin is yellow, with dark rings under your eyes; your lips are parched. No wonder you feel ugly, mean, and ill tempered. Your system is full of bile not properly passed off, and what you need is a cleaning up inside. Don't continue being a bilious nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and don't resort to harsh physics that irritate and injure. Remember that most disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels are cured by morning with gentle, thorough Cascarets—they work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet, and your head clear for months. Children love to take Cascarets, because they taste good and never gripe or sicken. —Advertisement.



"Then the 'Master Key' will be ours," their fingers getting the thing; then I'll get it away from them. It's a long way back to America, and if we stick tight to Dorr we'll sooner or later be able to handle the plans ourselves. "Then the 'Master Key' will be ours for good and all."

CHAPTER XXV. The Escape of Ruth. AFTER his experience in rescuing John Dorr from the hands of the outraged priests of Bhala, Sir Donald Faversham prepared to start the new day. He could not well realize just what had happened in the twenty-four hours that had just ended. It needed the commonplace details of a morning's toilet to make things seem actual. And what facts they were that changed his whole future! Ruth had promised to marry him! Faversham belonged to that great class of Englishmen who unite the virtues of careful training with an adaptability to circumstance which has made Great Britain the colonizer of the world. [To be Continued.]

Y. M. C. A. WILL SEND DELEGATES TO CONVENTION

Delegates will be appointed next week to represent the local branch of the Y. M. C. A. at the forty-seventh annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Pennsylvania, which will meet at Johnstown, February 19-22, inclusive. Speakers of national reputation will address the delegates. Among the subjects to be discussed are the following: "Why Christianity Did Not Prevent the War," "The Social Evil and Its Cure," "The Conflict: Its Cause and Cure."

ROBBING REFRIGERATORS

Captain Joseph P. Thompson received a number of complaints of thefts of eatables. He was told that at least a half-dozen refrigerators had been robbed during the past week. Thefts of milk are also reported.

FEHLEISEN IN FIELD

Patrolman Theodore Fehleisen announced to-day that he had decided to enter the field as a candidate for constable of the Third ward.

The Best Food-Drink Lunch at Fountains



Ask For ORIGINAL GENUINE HORLICK'S Avoid Imitations—Take No Substitute Rich Milk, malted grain, in powder form. More healthful than tea or coffee. For infants, invalids and growing children. Agrees with the weakest digestion. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Keep it on your sideboard at home. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. A quick lunch prepared in a minute.

The Store of the WINTER PIANO COMPANY Will be open every evening until February 18th, till 9 o'clock. 23 North Fourth St. H. M. ELDRIDGE, Manager

War Map Coupon Latest European War Map Given by THE TELEGRAPH To every reader presenting this COUPON and 10 cents to cover promotion expenses. BY MAIL—In city or outside, for 15c. Stamps, cash or money order. This is the BIGGEST VALUE EVER OFFERED. Latest 1914 European Official Map (5 colors)—Portraits of 16 European Rulers; all statistics and war data—Army, Navy and Aerial Strength, Population, Area, Capitals, Distances between Cities, Histories of Nations Involved, Previous Decisive Battles, Historical Peace Conference, National Debts, Coin Values. EXTRA 2-color CHARTS of FIVE Involved European Capitals and Strategic Naval Locations. Folded, with handsome cover to fit the pocket.

TETLEY'S INDIA AND CEYLON Gold Label \$1.00 Buff Label 80c Per Pound Green Label 70c Red Label 60c Per Pound TEA

"My Coal Burns Too Fast" "I cannot damper it off. It burns and burns until it is all burned up. I turn off the drafts but that don't seem to do any good. And there is an awful lot of Clinkers in the ashes." Well, the trouble with your coal is that it is too soft or too small in size. We sometimes find people will insist upon using soft Lykens Valley Coal in their furnace where they have a strong draft—and the result is "clinkers." If you are using Pea Coal or Stove Coal in your furnace with the above results order a larger or a harder coal next time. Let us send our expert to advise you. United Ice & Coal Co. Forster and Cowden Third and Boas 15th and Chestnut Hummel and Mulberry Also Steelton, Pa.

A Cold House Means Sickness Heavy colds, pneumonia and even tuberculosis are frequently the result of a cold house. An even warmth is essential to your family's health and even heating requires good fuel. Montgomery coal is all coal, burns evenly, thoroughly and gives the maximum in heat value. Try a ton the next time. J. B. MONTGOMERY Both Phones Third and Chestnut Streets

How Croup Comes and What To Do For It Croup usually comes at night. The child wakes with a harsh, croaking, choking cough and a struggle for breath. Immediate action to loosen the phlegm is necessary, as there is always the danger of suffocation and strangling. Goff's Cough Syrup acts at once: cuts the thick, hard mucus, opens the air passages and brings instant relief. It is a most reliable remedy for Whooping Cough and common colds and coughs. Every mother should have it in the house. Contains no opiates. Get a 25 or 50 cent bottle from your Grocer or Druggist now, and have it ready "the night."

WHOOPIING COUGH SPASMODIC CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS Vapo-Cresolene Est. 1879 A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, soothes the sore throat, makes breathing easy, soothes the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children. Send us postal for descriptive booklet. Sold by Druggists. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND READ Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once. If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief. Ah! how good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more hawking, snuffling, blowing, no more headache, dryness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.