

# Women AND THEIR Interests

## "Their Married Life"

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"Hello," said Warren, as he stepped up to Helen in the Grand Central Station. "Have I kept you waiting long?"

"About five minutes, but that isn't bad for you. Come on, I have the tickets, and Warren led the way toward the train.

They were going out to Carrie's for dinner, and Helen had been dreading this day ever since Fred and Carrie had been in to have dinner with them; somehow she didn't mind so much entertaining Carrie in her own home, but to go out to visit them meant an evening of yelled remarks when she would be defenseless, because Carrie was Warren's sister, and if she resented anything Warren was sure to complain of her absurd sensitiveness.

She had heard him say so often that it was no wonder she and Carrie did not get along. And then he would accuse her of having no sense of humor, a thing that always made her furious.

In the train she looked idly out of the window, while Warren perused the paper. It was just a short run out to Carrie's, and before they knew it the station was reached and there was Fred in the machine with Carrie and Warren's mother in the back and little Roy in the front with his father.

"Thought you'd never get here," said Carrie, and if Helen hasn't another new suit, well, nothing like being rich.

Helen could not help smiling. Already Carrie had begun her tactics, but they were obvious enough to be amusing. Well, she would show Warren that it did not matter to her what Carrie said. However, she was glad when they reached the house and entered the hall.

"Oh, you have a new rug," she said delightedly, "when did you get it, Carrie?"

"It wasn't my doing, trust Fred to buy something like that. I told him he was extravagant."

Helen genuinely liked Fred. He never said the caustic things that Carrie did and his kindness was always evident. She knew that he understood Carrie's barbed remarks, for he often covered them with some hastily concocted story of his own.

"Aren't you a sport, Fred?" she said gaily. "Why, you just bought one, didn't you?"

"We got this one at Asbury Park," said Fred. "You have no idea the bargains you strike at those little auction places."

Warren's Father Appears

"Want to come upstairs and leave your things?" said Carrie, and Helen followed her sister-in-law upstairs and into the slightly severe bedroom that Helen had always disliked. When they returned downstairs Warren's father had put in an appearance, and Helen was forced to be pleasant while he made several remarks.

"Seems to me we don't see much of you lately," he said.

"Helen's too busy with her friends," said Carrie.

"Yes, and some of them are pretty sporty looking, too," put in Fred, yawning.

"Who was that stunning-looking woman?" Warren, you had with you last week near Times Square?"

Helen caught her breath suddenly and her heart began to beat sorrowfully.

"What night was that?" said Warren easily.

There was a hush, and Fred looked up uneasily, as though he had made a mistake. There was no help for it now, however; he would have to go on.

"Well, now, let me see," he said musingly, "last Monday night, I think it was."

Last Monday night was Warren's

# Neal of the Navy

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Cats-paw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

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He was quite right. Some three-quarters of an hour later Inez and her small party passed that very spot—a spot now deserted.

Suddenly twenty-five American marines with drawn bayonets sprang from the jungle as by magic and surrounded them.

Inez, excellent actress, breathed an audible sigh of relief. "At last," she said, "we have found you."

The ensign advanced toward her and saluted. He glanced doubtfully at the half-dozen insurgents wearing uniforms.

"Who are you?" he demanded of Inez.

"These," said Inez, with a wave of her hand, "are Dolores regulars who have befriended us, and we are three Americans, and one of us is sick. It is for her that we seek refuge."

He strode swiftly to the side of Mrs. Hardin. She was swaying helplessly from side to side in the saddle of her donkey, supported by two insurgents escorts.

"Neal, Neal," she cried.

Inez dismounted and approached the officer. "She has the fever," she exclaimed, "and she saves in her speech all the time, Lieutenant; she makes up names—all kinds of names."

"There are other Americans in the mountains?" he queried.

Inez opened wide her eyes and shook her head. "We saw none, sir," she said.

The ensign pondered. "This woman needs immediate attention. Take her to the launch and thence to the Albany." He bowed to Inez and beckoned to Joe Welcher. "You two must go along," he said soberly.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### Corazon del Sol.

After a march of hours in the very thickest of the jungle, Hernandez halted his band of insurgents. The respite was welcomed. Exhaustion reigned supreme. Hernandez picked out two of the sleeker looking revolutionists.

"This trail," he said to them, "has been lately traveled. See where it leads."

Hernandez went back to his captives. He carried with him thick pieces of bread. He unloosed the bandages from their eyes.

"Mine hostages," he said lightly, "eat, drink and be merry."

Three miles further on there was a clearing in the jungle. Across this clearing was an ancient gateway and a crumbling stone wall, older than historic man himself. Two unprepossessing stolid stone figures guarded this gateway. A third guard now entered the foreground and passed through the ancient ruined gateway.

He was a living guard, but of a dead race. He was an Aztec. He had heard noises and he had come out to see as well as to hear.

And suddenly he saw and was seen in turn. Wriggling through the portions of the edge of the clearing suddenly appeared the two scouts sent forward by Hernandez. They crouched there, staring speechlessly at the Aztec warrior. He in his turn stared speechlessly at them.

But they had seen more than he had. They had caught a glimpse through that gateway of a mass of leaping, twisting flame, and they knew it for the thing it was.

An hour later, panting, breathless, with their tongues hanging out and their eyes still wide with terror, they crept up to Hernandez and clutched him by the arms.

"Corazon del Sol," they cried, their faces twisted with terror.

Ponto heard them. His eyes gleamed with sudden interest. He waddled to the side of Hernandez and nodded understandingly.

"Corazon del Sol," repeated Hernandez. "The Heart of the Sun."

Ponto nodded again. "The Heart of the Sun," he repeated.

"Well, what of it?" asked Hernandez.

"The lost tribe," whispered the scouts. "The Aztecs. Come," they cried, "we have no time to lose. They will be upon us. Fly."

Hernandez gripped each man by the wrist. "Speak, Ponto," he demanded.

Ponto tapped himself upon his chest. "I am of Aztec blood myself," he said. "I have heard of this lost tribe. I have heard of this city of Corazon del Sol. Many assume it to be a myth, senior, but it is no myth."

Hernandez nodded. "How many inhabitants of Corazon del Sol?" he queried.

"Tradition has it," said Ponto, "that it is a town surrounded by a wall and that its population never increases." He smiled grimly. "What human beings it does not need, it feeds to the Heart of the Sun—the flame."

"It will feed all of us to the flame," cried the scouts. "We must go back—back."

Hernandez leered. "Ponto," he said, "in front of us, according to these insurgents, is a fiery furnace with a million foes. Behind us, camping on our



Annette Was Watching With Eyes Wide With Terror.

the terror he inspired, "and you shall be destroyed. Behind me is fire, sudden death. We have many thousand warriors. We have an insatiable god. We brook no strangers—we tolerate no enemies. You are an enemy, you and yours. Go, and go at once."

"We are not enemies," returned Hernandez. "We are travelers—wary travelers. We have lost our way. We need rest and food. To turn back now means death."

The high priest shrugged his shoulders. "Follow me," he said.

He turned and passed between the divided group of warriors and entered the gate.

Hernandez followed, entering the walls three paces behind the priest. He led Hernandez to the center of the village.

With a long, lean, skinny finger, the high priest pointed to the sun god. He prostrated himself, then rose and gave a sharp command. Two Aztecs, clad in scarlet robes, darted forward, each with a burning brand raised high above his head. Before Hernandez was a pit sunk into the ground. It was piled high with fuel and from this pit there rose quite a familiar odor—the odor of petroleum. In went the burning brands and in the twinkling of an eye the fuel caught fire and a leaping, twisting flame sprang into the air.

Hernandez drew back. The flame was hot. It grew hotter as he watched. In a few moments it was a seething, roaring furnace.

Hernandez stood with folded arms. The high priest swooped down upon him and denounced him in withering jargon. Hernandez knew what it meant. It meant that they were to go.

"Ponto," he cried, "come here."

Ponto, quivering, crept through the double line of Aztec warriors and through the gate. Hernandez jerked his head toward the priest.

(To Be Continued.)

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Misses Anna Rupert, Elizabeth Rupert, of Hummelstown; Ruthelia Sheaffer, of Steelton; Mary Painter of Hershey; Violet Beamer, Jennie Shartz, Martha M. Esslinger, Esther E. Esslinger, Catherine Hocker, Edith Eshenour, Mable Eshenour, Ethel Mann, all of Penbrook; Romain Honich, of West Fairview; Mary Boyer of Steel; Emma Renshaw of Highstown.

Catherine Wagner, Mayme Stambaugh of Harrisburg; Ruth Shaffner of Lingiestown, and Gorman Anderson, of Hershey; Lewis H. Farker, William Mann, Ira R. Koons, Arthur Aungst, Ralph Rhodes, John Umholtz, Calvin Martz, Jacob Garman, John Mann, of Harrisburg, John Paul and Harry Stively, of Penbrook; Walter Knupp, of Progress; Enos Aungst, of Paxtang;

Miles Wagner, Paul Shultz, Harvey H. Esslinger, and Percy Esslinger, of Harrisburg; Mrs. Charles Spahr, Mrs. Edward Stephenson, and William Reiger, of Hornerstown, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shadle and Sherman Kreisler, of Lingiestown; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baker, of West Fairview, Mr. and Mrs. G. Early, Mr. and Mrs. William Mann, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Esslinger.



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