

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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How would you like to go out with me this afternoon to buy some new things?" said Warren as they finished lunch on Saturday afternoon.

"I'd love to, dear. I've been coaxing you to go shopping for ages, you know."

"Well, so long as you take so much interest perhaps it would be nice of me to ask your advice as to what to get in the way of a suit. We might go somewhere and have tea afterward."

Helen loved these informal afternoons with Warren. They meant so much to her, and when Warren would be so nice he could be so dear and intimate.

"Had you anything in mind?" said Helen gaily as they started off. "I thought if you hadn't, a blue suit would be nice."

"Well, we'll see," said Warren good naturedly.

"Are you going to have it made, dear?"

"No, I'm going to try a ready made concern for once. I've seen some pretty good looking suits that were ready made. It's a waste of money paying to have a suit made."

"Better or, as they say, to give it more class when as a matter of fact that is not true at all."

"They got off the subway at Times square and strolled down Broadway. There was plenty to see, for the windows were filled with entrancing, filmy things and hats were everywhere. Helen always wished for plenty of things when she saw good looking clothes."

She had often remarked that she would give anything for just once in her life to have given her enough money so that she would not have to consider whether she could afford to spend it or not. She said so now to Warren and he remarked scathingly.

"Yes, and I suppose you'd spend more money on frumpier than on anything that would show what it was worth, just like a woman."

"Not at all," said Helen gaily, "to a woman the price of lingerie would be a simple matter. She would know at a glance just what the thing cost."

"You don't say so," said Warren teasingly. "Well, are we going to buy a suit for me or are we going to spend the afternoon talking about the cost of lingerie?"

For a moment Helen was hurt. Warren spoke thoughtlessly so often that she was almost used to his manner, but a sarcastic remark of his always left some kind of a sting behind it. Perhaps Helen was a little ashamed to believe that she could never really be an absolutely happy afternoon with Warren.

She could not remember a time when he had not spoiled it with some carelessly spoken phrase that hurt and humiliated her; often she knew to her surprise, for he seldom meant it to hurt. He was simply not thoughtful, he wasn't made that way and the little courtesies that some women received from their husbands Helen could never expect and she had tried not to make herself unhappy about it.

"This looks like a good place, let's go in here," said Warren, as they were passing a large establishment. Helen followed him in and the process of buying a suit began.

"Why don't you have the back belted in?" said Helen, as the salesman left to bring out some suits.

"Because I don't like that model. It's more for a sport suit. Perhaps I can afford to get a sport suit later, a Norfolk style if you are so crazy about belts."

"Well, I have seen plenty of suits with belted back on Fifth avenue that weren't sport suits."

"Well, what do you know about it, anyway?" said Warren, a little irritated at being doubted, and at that moment the salesman returned, much to Helen's relief.

Warren looked at two styles in blue suits. One was a plain and very fine blue serge that Helen liked immensely. The other had a white line, very faint, that was effective. Warren did not seem impressed with either.

"I think I'll look at a gray suit," he remarked after a few moments. "There was one in the window that I liked fairly well."

Helen said nothing, although she held the idea of a gray suit on Warren's mind.

The salesman went in quest of the suit mentioned and Warren turned to Helen.

"What's the matter with you?" he remarked scrutinizing her face. "Don't borrow trouble because I asked to see a different suit from the one you had planned on. Remember, I am wearing the suit, not you."

"I know, dear, but blue is so much more appropriate, gray is more common."

"Gray isn't more common, is it?" Warren appealed to the salesman, who returned at that moment with the gray suit in question. "My wife seems to think it is not so conservative as blue."

"A Diplomatic Salesman. Well, of course, that is entirely a matter of opinion," said the salesman deprecatingly. "The gray suit will be popular, but the blue is just as universally worn."

Helen realized that he gave no opinion at all in the matter and she was amused in consequence, but she said nothing, but was the user. If she said that as Warren had asked her to give an opinion on the subject he ought not to demur when she expressed it. Warren would be sure not to let it. She would simply keep still and let him buy what he wished.

"Well, how do you like it?" said Warren after a few minutes, coming out to the gray suit. Helen had to admit that he looked very well in it, but she was still in favor of a blue suit and she said so.

"Try on the blue, now, dear, to please me," said Warren, "if I don't think there's any need of it, I like this one pretty well."

"But you haven't an idea of how the blue will look until you try it," Helen said, "but I know I would like the blue one better."

"Well, as long as you like it what's the fuss about. We'll take this one, and after I buy a hat, we'll go out and have some tea. Cheer up, dear, I'll have you so that you know the different styles in men's clothes yet."

(Another installment of this popular series will appear here soon.)

The Social Pirates

Story No. 6

The Master Swindlers

Plot by George Bronson Howard. Novelization by Hugh C. Weir. Copyright Kalem Company.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"I see," said Mary. "Well, anyway, Mr. Watson said he would take the picture, and Melotte was to send it to his house this afternoon. He offered a check, but Melotte said he would like to have the cash, and Mr. Watson told him all right—to come and get it this evening."

"I think you Harry the Hun would have a way of getting rid of the picture," said Mona.

"I was enough for me—that was when I slipped out and telephoned to you," said Mary. "Later, after Watson had gone, they told me to get the picture ready to send—to put it in a box you know. So I did—and I changed your picture for the real Mona Vanna. They never thought to look at it again—that was the one big chance I took, of course! So—the copy you made has gone to Watson's house and Melotte is going for the money in about an hour."

Mona began to laugh helplessly. "And all the time—we—we—had the original," she said. "Mary—Mr. Watson will immediately see what an awful copy—my copy—has been sent him."

"Of course he will! And I'm just wondering how we had better work this. I think of the original, and telling them what we know, quite frankly—as they had learned about the theft by accident and planned to save him from being cheated. I think he'd be pretty liberal—he could afford to be."

"I think that's the best plan myself," said Mona. "We'll have to trust to his giving us something worth while—but I don't see just where anything else we can get. Honestly, it's the best policy this time—it's the only one, too."

And so, carrying the precious picture, the two girls set out for Mr. Watson's house.

And Melotte and Harry the Hun, at about the same time, were making for the same destination. Melotte was absolutely confident of success as he had every reason to believe.

"We've done ourselves proud this time, Harry," he said. "We never made a better strike than this going to Watson's house."

"It looks good," said Harry. "But it's a good idea not to crow before you've won."

Outside the house they arranged their plan. Melotte was to go in, get the money, and join Harry outside. Harry was to stand by the door, and if they had the money, they were to take flight—since the truth would sooner or later be sure to come out. They anticipated no hitch; it seemed that all that now remained to be collected the money. And when Melotte rang the butler appeared to be expecting him.

Wellington Watson, too, was expecting Melotte. He was the president of the Art Museum to be home, expecting to enjoy his discomfiture when he showed him the original Mona Vanna. But, when Melotte's copy was revealed, it was he who was disappointed. He turned furiously upon Melotte, demanding him, and asking him what he meant by such a barefaced fraud. Melotte, thunderstruck, could only stammer that there must have been some mistake.

"I'll go back to the shop and get the original picture," he said. But the president of the museum was not satisfied.

"Let him go back," he advised, "but with a policeman. He has a good deal to explain, if he can't get the original picture. For I can tell you, Watson, that the museum had the original as late as yesterday."

And despite Melotte's frantic protests, the butler was sent to call a policeman, and a special policeman, signed Melotte's name. He was to be taken to the station, and Melotte and Harry each began to accuse the other of double dealing. They convicted themselves and one another in their anger; both were placed under arrest.

The two girls, meanwhile, had arrived in time to see what was going on. They decided that they had chosen a bad time for their visit to the museum. But the next day, after they had read the stories in the papers, they decided to go back to their original plan. Watson received them cordially; Mona told of the suspicious Harry's conduct had caused in her. It was a coincidence, she said, that she had decided to go back to him from being victimized through the purchase of a stolen picture.

"And here," said Mary, dramatically, "is the real Mona Vanna."

There was no doubt this time. Watson and the president both recognized it.

"You two ladies," said the president, "were not only upright, but remarkably clever. I feel that the museum owes you great gratitude. The sum of \$1,000 would have been offered for the return of the picture—I take great pleasure, now, in writing my check for that sum."

"It isn't enough," said Watson. "And I'm grateful, too! I shall give you a certain percentage of the money that I would have given those conditions had it not been for your intervention."

That night Mona and Mary, their wardrobes restored, their jewels redeemed, gazed luxuriously in the best restaurant in the city.

End of Episode No. 6

HAGERSTOWN WEDDINGS

Hagerstown, Md., May 30. — Miss Edna Lutz of Enola, Pa., and Herbert G. W. Winters of Harrisburg, were married on Saturday at the parsonage of the First Baptist Church here by the Rev. E. K. Thomas.

Miss Sadie V. Smith, of Mercersburg, Pa., and John W. Spangler of Chambersburg, Pa., were united in marriage here on Saturday by the Rev. E. K. Thomas.

Marriage licenses were issued to the following: Charles E. Shimp of Harrisburg and Florence H. Binniger, of Sittillo, Pa.; Harry Dietrich, of Tamaqua, Pa., and Laura M. Jones, of Coaldale, Pa.

TALK NOT CHEAP FOR T. R.

New York, May 30.—On Thursday afternoon a private wire will be strung from Chicago to Colonel Roosevelt's home at Sagamore Hill and its use for ten days will cost Mr. Roosevelt or somebody else—the zippy little sum of \$9,000. Should the Progressive and Republican conventions in Chicago extend more than ten days, the operation of the wire will be continued until all, including the shouting, is over.

The figure disposes of the rumor that talk is cheap, for the charge amounts to \$900 a day, \$37.50 an hour for twenty-four hours, 62½ cents a minute.

50,000 MINERS REJECT SCALE. THEIR OFFICERS HAD SIGNED

Pittsburgh, May 30.—By a unanimous vote delegates representing 50,000 miners from District No. 5, United Mine Workers in America, in convention to-day, rejected the new wage scale signed several weeks ago in New York at a conference of union representatives and coal operators.

LAST OF THE MONTH SALE Specials for Wednesday

The Last Day of the Month, To-morrow, Wednesday, May 31st Stock Readjustments Invariably Follow Fast Selling—That Means Unusually Choice Pickings For Alert Shoppers. Our Month-End Stock Readjustment Brings Hundreds of the Most Desirable Money-Saving Values Tomorrow. Read This List & Take Advantage of These Wonderful Values

Last of the Month Sale of Men's and Young Men's Spring and SUMMER SUITS; Value \$16.50, For \$9.75

Boys' KHAKI and CRASH PANTS; Actual 75c Value 50c

50c Silk Gloves For 39c Women; Sale Price, 39c

GIRLS' WHITE DRESSES, Worth to \$3.00, For \$1.95

One Lot of WOMEN'S UNTRIMMED HATS For 25c

Last of the Month Sale

In Our Women's and Misses' Ready-to-Wear Section

Women's and Misses' up to \$20 Suits \$9.50

Women's and Misses' up to \$30 Suits \$12.50

Women's and Misses' up to \$6 Coats \$3.95

Women's and Misses' up to \$11 Coats \$7.50

Women's and Misses' up to \$14 Coats \$9.75

Women's and Misses' up to \$6 Silk Dresses \$3.75

Women's and Misses' up to \$8.50 Silk Dresses \$5.75

Women's and Misses' up to \$14 Silk Dresses \$9.75

Just Five New White COATS

Women's and Misses' Sizes; \$8 value; \$4.75

Last of the Month Sale Price \$4.75

One Lot of WOMEN'S TRIMMED HATS 50c

Last of the Month Sale Price. All new season's styles, straws and shapies; beautifully trimmed with flowers and ribbons. A wonderful bargain.

10c and 15c Hair Nets 2c

Ladies' Handbags, regular 50c value, special 39c

50c Back Combs, set with assorted color stones 39c

Black and navy messaline Girdles, 40c

50c Child's Mesh Bags, with gate tops 39c

25c Military Hose Supporters with satin pad 15c

15c per cake Glycerine Soap, 3 cakes for 15c

10c Air Float Talcum Powder 6c

\$1.00 Red Rubber Fountain Syringe 60c

1 pint toilet Household Ammonia, 5c

50c Auto Hood, in linen color 49c

One Lot of 25 Silk Parasols; Worth \$3.00; Last of the Month Sale \$1.79

This season's newest styles and colors and combinations. Only 25 to sell.

Last of the Month Bargains in BARGAIN BASEMENT

Table listing various household items and their sale prices, including Wash Fabrics, Hamper, Mops, Aluminum Ware, Baskets, Tea Kettles, Dryers, and Porch Gates.

KAUFMAN'S MARKET SQUARE UNDERSELLING STORE. Advertisement for a clothing store with prices for various fabrics and items.

LITTLE GIRL HAD ECZEMA 4 YEARS. Advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT. Advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment with a testimonial and image of a child.

FOR LITTLE TOT IN EMPIRE STYLE. Advertisement for children's clothing.

Full and Fluffy, Just the Thing For Youngsters Under Four Years Old. Advertisement for children's clothing with an image of a child.

When You Ache, Itch, Smart or Burn Anywhere Use WONDEROIL To Bring Quick Relief. Advertisement for Wonderoil with an image of a person in pain.

9056 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Child's Dress, 1, 2 and 4 years. Advertisement for children's clothing.

MAXWELL CARS IN HAZARDOUS CLIMB. Advertisement for Maxwell cars.

Three Stock Touring Cars Negotiate Tortuous Roads of Mt. Chamarel. Advertisement for stock touring cars.

Time and again Maxwell cars have demonstrated their superior powers as hill climbers. Advertisement for Maxwell cars.

MEMORIAL DAY AT ANTIETAM. Advertisement for a memorial day event.

FOODS UP 1 PER CENT. Advertisement for food products.

JOHN J. TRIPPLE DIES. Advertisement for a funeral home.

Physician's Prescription For Rheumatism. Advertisement for a medical product.

DR. PHILLIPS, Painless Dentist. Advertisement for a dentist.

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