

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen had rather an unpleasant scene with Ned Burns in the walk they took up the country lane. Evidently Ned had thought that Helen meant to encourage him, for as soon as they were out of sight of the Bellhouse Ned began to make himself disagreeable.

In spite of the fact that Helen cared nothing for Ned, it sent a warm little feeling to her heart when he spoke that way. Every woman is the same when a man intimates that he loves her.

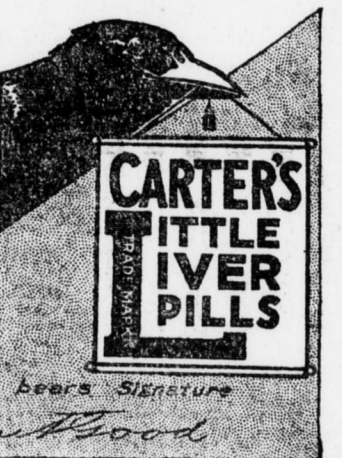
Ned Repents

Ned was silent for a moment. "Helen, that's right," he said finally.

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A. S. Williams, pastor of the Camp Curtin Memorial Methodist Church, is one of the men interested.

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Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Curve of the Catenary"

(Continued From Yesterday.)

He didn't even hear me. But when we got out of the crowded part of town he relaxed, if you can call it that, and talked a little, about the mill, and an order we'd been angling for, and some new machinery.

All at once the taxi, which had been going straight enough, veered to the side. The next minute we'd leaped the curb and brought up against a house.

"I'm not going into details about this part of it. I don't like to think of it. But the papers have been full of it, so you know about it. It is quite true. The chauffeur's throat was cut. I think he died while we looked at him, for he slid down in the seat and his head lolled over shockingly."

"Anyhow," I said at last, with a flicker of intelligence, "if it was flying glass, that would mean that the lamps were broken before he turned off the street. We'd have heard them smash."

"As long as I didn't look at the fellow I was all right. That is, I could stand, and control my voice to a certain extent. But it was Martin who struck another match and bent over him. He looked at him steadily, with his face as white as chalk. Then he lifted the match and looked over the frame of the taxi. At that time I thought it was one of those things that people do, without reason, under stress of excitement."

"Much hurt?" "I'm afraid so," said Martin. "Drunk, probably." He flashed a night lamp over us both. "There ought to be a law against selling these fellows liquor. You gentlemen all right?"

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"I don't like the way he grinned at me, and I went on. I don't blame him for being surprised, under the circumstances. As for his being there, it didn't strike me as unusual. The assemblies are about the biggest things we have, socially, and there is always a detective around. The women string themselves with jewels like popcorn on a Christmas tree."

Martin quietly. Jove, how I envied him his nerves. "His throat's cut from ear to ear."

"Well, I take my hat off to that policeman. He never turned a hair. He turned his light on the huddled figure, then he straightened and blew his whistle. It went through me like a razor. My cigar fell out of my mouth. The only way I kept my teeth from rattling was by thinking what a cracking story I had to tell the fellows the next day at lunch."

"Well, I'll hurry over this part of the story. It isn't pleasant to remember, and as I have to write it at night after I leave the mill, it's pretty nervous work. I've got my head turned to look back of me most of the time."

"I have. He may have done it himself. "Sure he may. It occurs right along." "Why don't you search the street from the corner where we turned?" "For what?" "For the weapon."

"Cleverly thought out! As a matter of fact, it had occurred to us also. But, although it is being done, the chances are against our finding it."

"Because he didn't do it himself. Whoever did this went down the street, boarded a Grove avenue bus, and cut the throat of a woman sitting up there along."

"Mother's motor drew up at the curb as I looked. It struck me that the mater was having a pretty hard time making sis about. Father gets home from a beer when he goes, which isn't often, and turns in at midnight. But it being sis' first season, she never wanted to go home. Even then it struck me as odd that the mater, who isn't much of a driver, would let herself be ragged into staying out until dawn. I made up my mind to tell sis she'd have to cut it out."

"I walked along briskly to get warm. We live in the best part of town, of course, near the park. I went across the park, past my club and past Boisseau's. Boisseau's is to our town what Sherry's is to New York, you know, and the assemblies are always held there. Talk about the mater and sis being late! There were still cars waiting at the door."

"I thought he meant the murders, of course." "Hit your people rather hard, didn't it?" "Look here," I said, "you leave my people out of this, will you?" "The dickens I will!" He stared at me with his jaw dropped. "Keep it out of the papers," I added. "I don't hanker after publicity."



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I stopped to watch them for a moment, and then I saw a girl. If you'll remember that it was 5.30 on a winter morning, and hardly dawn, you'll be as surprised as I was. For she was a lady. You could see that. And instead of going straight along she was moving up one path and down another. Sometimes she looked along the ground. Again she'd stand and stare up a tree. It made me creepy.



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