

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A Brother Worth Having

By Beatrice Fairfax There is nothing more splendid than a real friendship between a brother and a sister. It seems to me very tragic that such friendships are rare. A little understanding, a little tolerance, a little respect for each other's viewpoint and personality would probably make a real friendship between brother and sister a forgone conclusion. No brother can prove his real interest in his sister by taking a suspicious attitude toward every friend she has or by refusing to let her share the pleasures which he generally approves of for other girls or by selfishly neglecting her. And no sister can cement happy relations with her brother and herself by nagging at him for everything he does and by making demands of all sorts on him by prying into his affairs. The way to possess a brother worth having is to be a sister worth having—and of course the converse of the proposition is equally true. There are few little things and some large ones in which brothers and sisters ought to defer to each other. Here is just an outline suggestion of them. Work them up and apply them to your own individual cases and see what harmony in your family they produce. Brothers, attention. Don't issue orders to your sister. If you see her going about with boys and girls of whom you suspect, and if you are right and then persuade her that you

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Younger Woman Will Find This Coquettish Pattern For Afternoon Wear



8790 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Blouse with Over-Portion, 34 to 40 bust. 9099 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Straight Skirt with Yoke, 24 to 30 waist.

Charmeuse satin and flowered crepe are the materials that are shown in this illustration and a very smart and useful gown results. It shows new features and it is serviceable for many occasions. The blouse is quite plain but the over portion may be made as it is on the figure or extended to the shoulders, forming suspender-like straps at the front. Any two materials that contrast well can be used. For the medium size the blouse will require 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 1 3/4 yards 44, with 3/4 yard 36 or 44 for the half length over-portion and 1 yard any width for the full length. For the skirt will be needed, 5 yards 36 inches wide and 3 yards for the drapery; the width at the lower edge is 4 yards. The pattern of the blouse No. 8790 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure, and the skirt No. 9099 in sizes from 24 to 36 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's

Thrilling Mystery of "The Curve of the Catenary"

(Continued From Yesterday)

"It isn't necessary, anyhow, father. She is going to be married." He looked up at me. "To you?" "To Martin." I suppose he knew it had hit me pretty hard. Maybe he was relieved. I don't know. He'd rather depended on her, in a lot of ways. Anyhow, he didn't go on with it. "Martin has handed in his resignation," he said, after he'd lighted a fresh cigar. "His views about some things are rather radical. I am running a steel mill, not an eleemosynary institution." It gave me a jolt to think of Martin going. We'd never been what you could call intimates. A fellow could get just so far with him, and no further. But he'd seemed to like me, in his way. He didn't approve of me, exactly, and the reason poor Sis had never had a chance with him was that he didn't approve of her. He told her once she belonged to the parasite class, and she was pretty fond of him, and she was a good deal awfully hard, and started a sewing class for "kids" in Grayton. But it petered out, because she couldn't sew herself, and the "kids" got into it. "When is he leaving?" I asked, when I got my breath. "He will stay until I've filled his plate. If you take it he will work with you until you think you can manage alone."

Well, I'd plenty to think of after that. There were two people I had to see, and see soon — Martin and Hazel. I must put my mind to tell Martin the whole thing. I guess if you've followed this story you'll know that I wanted to protect Hazel. I was willing to compound a felony or be an accessory after the fact, or whatever was necessary to keep her out of trouble. But Sis selected her own champion, as you may say, and I was not it. I usually see her more or less of my family on Sunday. I try to be at home for one meal. It's only right. What's going to become of family life in America, if people belonging to a household only meet accidentally at dinner parties? I'd just as soon have had luncheon that day, however, with the Mater sitting at me when she thought I was not looking, and she staring at her plate and nowhere else. I hadn't told them about the robbery that night before. It involved too much of my secret. But I had a queer feeling that the Mater knew about it. She did, as a matter of fact. How? Well, that's what I'm coming to. Maybe you know it already. But there was something odd in the way she looked at me. Poor Mater, she was having her own troubles that day, and to think that she suspected it. That's the way things stood on Sunday of that week. I was to go to mill on Monday, and Martin was to stand by until I was ready to take up about the chest at the thought of going back in my new caparison, and my hat measure remained stationary. I wasn't any too proud of the way things were going as to the robbery. When I thought of the mess things were in my brain felt like succotash. It was just as the Mater got home from church that a special delivery letter came from Lottie Murray. The Mater took it and after looking at Lottie's writing on the envelop put it to her nose. "What's that?" she said grimly, and gave it to me. "I'll copy the note, and you can see where it put me. It was well enough when the thing came out later in the papers, for the Mater to throw hysterics and demand that the whole family go abroad. She's taught me herself always to help out a woman in trouble, and if Lottie wasn't in trouble I don't know what you call it. "Dearest Ollie," she wrote, "I'm really in a terrible way. Anderson isn't dance, and sits all day with his legs on a chair and yaps. It's awful just to hear him. "I've made a real hit here—see the enclosed clippings. Save and return them. I want to send them to Flo Ziegler. He'll turn green. He threw me out of the 'Follies' just because never mind that. It's a long story. "Here are the facts. I've been engaged for a second week, but Anderson won't marry me. He's married to Willy Randolph, who was my dancing partner last season—and he will get here on Tuesday. But what about Monday night? "This is what I want, old dear. You dance like a breeze. Do you remember the time we tried out a lot of new steps together? I want you to go on with me Monday night. "If you don't want to be recognized, you needn't be. You can wear a wig, and I'll make you up so your own people won't know you. "Don't say no without thinking it over, Ollie. It will be a lark to you, but it's bread and butter and bookings to me. "Come around to the hotel and talk it over, anyhow. I'm desperate. "L. M." What would you have done? Dollars to cents you'd have done exactly what I did—clapped on your hat and gone to the hotel with your lips set in a dog's snarl. And dollars to cents, after an hour of Lottie curried up in a damp heap on a couch, with her handkerchief a soggy ball in her hand, and her scrapbook of clippings on the floor, you'd have surrendered. As I did. "I didn't want to do it. I give you my word. I hated myself for giving in. But a crying girl gets me every time. "I was struck dumb with stage fright, too. When I thought of it my heart stopped. We tried out one or two of the dances then and there, but my knees wobbled and Lottie looked discouraged. Anderson held me in about that time, looking sour as the mischief. "Lottie was happy, however, at the solution of her troubles, and she waltzed over to him and slipped her arm through his. "Forgiven me yet?" she demanded. "He was pretty fond of her. You could tell it by the way his eyes softened when he looked at her. And she knew it. But he shook her hand off. "I'll tell you to-morrow," he said. And without noticing me again he turned and limped out. I didn't think of it at the time, or of Lottie's explanation. "I'd do something he told me not to do last night," she said. "He's been positively vicious all day. "I'm not proud of the fact that I spent part of that afternoon dancing around Lottie Murray's hotel sitting-room. But it isn't so hard to explain after all. I hadn't intended to get into the thing, but once in and swimming hard, it was at least something to do, something that wasn't connected with murder or theft or suspicion. I'd put in a pretty rotten week, one way and another, and I was glad to forget it. "And I'd reached a place where I

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