

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A GIRL AND A MAN

A New and Vital Romance of City Life by Virginia Terhune Van der Water

CHAPTER XLVI (Copyright, 1916, Star Company.) "He's not our meal ticket!" Annie Rooney's exclamation returned to Agnes Morley's mind as she passed in front of the address engraved on the card Hasbrook Bainbridge had handed her. She remembered, as she looked at the big apartment house, that Mr. Bainbridge had told her he was a rich man. He must have means to live in this building. She hesitated a moment before entering. No, Mr. Bainbridge was not what Annie Rooney had termed the "meal ticket" of either of the girls who had discussed him this afternoon. But just now he was the means with which Agnes Morley could hire the trained nurse needed by her aunt. She hated to have to depend upon any man for this money—yet, how fortunate that she could work for it! After all, she reflected reassuringly, she would be earning this sum, not accepting it as a gift. The thought gave her courage to enter the wide lobby and cross to the elevator. The liveried elevator boy looked at her inquiringly. "Mr. Bainbridge," she said briefly. "Are you expected?" the boy queried. The question brought a slight flush to her face. "I am," she replied coldly. On the tenth floor the operator directed her to a door at the end of the hall. "Even D," he said laconically. The descending car was out of sight by the time Agnes had pushed the button indicated. A man servant answered her ring. "Mr. Bainbridge is expecting you, madam," he said, before she could speak. "Please come right into the library."

vin led her. She scarcely glanced at the combination clock and dressing room, but, laying off her hat and jacket, and giving a hasty glance into the mirror, returned to the library where Bainbridge awaited her. "Here is a typewriter," her host said. He turned on the light in a hanging lamp on one side of the room, and the radiance fell upon a small rolltop desk which, when opened, revealed a machine of the make to which Agnes was accustomed. "That is all I will need this evening, Calvin," Bainbridge told his man. "Leave a siphon of vichy in the icebox and glasses on the dining room table before you go out." "Nothing else, sir?" "Nothing else to-night," Bainbridge told him. "Close the door behind you when you go." When the servant was out of earshot, Hasbrook Bainbridge resumed the pleasant manner to which Agnes had become accustomed of late. "Well, child," he said genially, "this is nice, isn't it? Are you ready to hear about your work, or shall we have a little chat, first? There is no hurry, you know." "I want to know about the work, please," Agnes replied. She felt vaguely uncomfortable, although she could not have explained why. The man, noting this, fell in at once with her mood. The matter he wanted copied, he told her, was many pages from an old English book he had come across recently, and which he had been able to borrow for a few weeks. "It is so valuable that I dare not let it go out of the house to an ordinary copyist," he explained. "Moreover, I must be on hand when the work is being done, for some of the old type is hard to decipher and you will need to ask me about it." "I see," she said. She gazed at the book curiously. The covers were of dark brown leather, stained with age. The language in which it was written was indeed, as her employer had said, "old English." "It looks like some of Chaucer," Agnes remarked. Bainbridge glanced up in surprise. "Do you know Chaucer?" he queried incredulously. "We had him at school, of course," she said gravely. Did this man suppose that she knew nothing of English literature? Yet she was but his stenographer, not his equal. The thought quieted her nervousness and made her manner cold and practical. "I will be ready for me to begin writing to-night, if you wish," she suggested. "I cannot stay much over an hour this evening." He made no demur, and she began the typing. It was slow work, and she wondered how many nights she would have to come here before she would finish the task assigned her. (To Be Continued)

TOUCHES OF FUR MOST IMPORTANT

Winter Frocks and Coats Just Must Have Fur Trimmings Somewhere

By MAY MANTON



9206 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Dress with Applied Box-Plaits for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

Fur trimmings makes such an important feature of the Autumn fashions that it fairly cries out to be discussed. This frock shows it used most successfully. The dress is made of the wool gabardine that is such a pronounced and deserved favorite and the little belts that are arranged at the waist line are very new and very smart. Skirt and body portions are made separately but are joined beneath the belts. The box-Plaits are applied, but their edges are joined to the separate edges of the skirt and they add to the width while they give exceedingly becoming lines to the figure. The model is a charming one for the frock of silk, as well as for the frock of wool. Tafteta would be handsome and gros de Londres is much used, and either silk poplin or wool poplin would be smart. If wanted, the fronts can be rolled open to give a V-shaped neck. For the 16 year size will be needed, 7 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 6 1/2 yards 36 or 3 1/4 yards 44 or 54, with 5 yards of fur banding; the skirt is 4 yards in width at the lower edge. The pattern No. 9206 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

Love Insurance



By Earl Derr Biggers

PROLOGUE. Life insurance, fire insurance, accident insurance—they're all as old as the hills and as substantial. But "LOVE INSURANCE" is the original 1916 S. O. S. for the love stricken, a panacea for all the 999,999 varieties of divorce evils, a gilt edged guarantee against breach of promise suits.

Enough that it is the invention of Earl Derr Biggers, author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Certainly that is sufficient indorsement. LOVE INSURANCE is the last word in entertaining fiction, and every one who reads it becomes a beneficiary of the richest fund of gaiety and excitement on record.

CHAPTER I. A Sporting Proposition.

OUTSIDE a gilt lettered door on the seventeenth floor of a New York office building a tall young man in a fur lined coat stood shivering. Why did he shiver in that coat? He shivered because he was fussed, poor chap. Because he was rattled, from the soles of his custom made boots to the apex of his Piccadilly hat. A painful, palpitating spectacle he stood. Meanwhile, on the other side of the door, the business of the American branch of that famous marine insurance firm, Boyd's of London—usually termed in magazine articles "The Greatest Gambling Institution in the World"—went on oblivious to the shiverer who approached. The shiverer, with a nervous movement, shifted his walking stick to his left hand and laid his right on the doorknob. Though he is not at all best, let us take a look at him. Tall, as has been noted, perfectly garbed after London's taste, mild and blue as to eye, blond as to hair. A handsome, if somewhat weak face. Very distinguished—even aristocratic—in appearance. Perhaps the thrill for us democrats here—of the nobility. And at this moment sadly in need of a generous dose of that courage that abounds—see any book of familiar quotations—on the playing fields of Eton. Utterly destitute of the Eton or any other brand, he pushed open the door. The click of two dozen American typewriters smote upon his hearing. An office boy of the dominant New York race demanded in loud, indiscreet tones his business there. "My business," said the tall young man weakly, "is with Boyd's of London." The boy wandered off down that stenographer bordered lane. In a moment he was back. "Mr. Thacker 'll see you," he announced. Mr. Thacker sat in plump and genial prosperity before a polished flat top desk. Opposite him at a desk equally polished sat an even more polished young American of capable bearing. For an embarrassed moment the tall youth in fur stood looking from one to the other. Then Mr. Thacker spoke: "What can we do for you?" Mr. Thacker was cold and matter of fact, like a card index. Steadily through each week he grew more business-like, and this was Saturday morning. The visitor performed a shaky but remarkable juggling feat with his walking stick. "I—well—I—" he stammered. "Oh, come, come!" thought Mr. Thacker impatiently. "Well," said the tall young man desperately, "perhaps it would be best for me to make myself known at once. I am Allan, Lord Harrowby, son and heir of James Nelson Harrowby, earl of Raybrook. And I—I have come here—"

The younger of the Americans spoke in more kindly fashion: "You have a proposition to make?" "Exactly," said Lord Harrowby and sank, with a sigh of relief, into a chair as though that concluded his portion of the entertainment. "Let's hear it," boomed the relentless Thacker. Lord Harrowby writhed in his chair. "I am sure you will pardon me," he said, "if I preface my—proposition with the statement that it is utterly—fantastic. And if I add also that it should be known to the fewest possible number."

Mr. Thacker waved his hand across the gleaming surfaces of two desks. "This is my assistant manager, Mr. Richard Minot," he announced. "Mr. Minot, you must know, is in on all the secrets of the firm. Now, let's have it." "I am right, am I not," his lordship continued. "In the assumption that you company frequently takes rather unusual risks?" "Our company," answered Mr. Thacker, "is chiefly concerned with the fortunes of those who go down to—and sometimes down into—the sea in ships. However, there are a number of non marine underwriters connected with us and these men have been known to risk their money on pretty giddy chances. It's all done in our name, though the firm is not financially responsible." Lord Harrowby got quickly to his feet. "Then it would be better," he said relieved, "for me to take my proposition to one of these non-marine underwriters." Mr. Thacker frowned. Curiosity agitated his bosom. "You'd have to go to London to do that," he remarked. "Better give us an inkling of what's on your mind." His lordship tapped uneasily at the base of Mr. Thacker's desk with his stick. "If you will pardon me—I'd rather not," he said. "Oh, very well," sighed Mr. Thacker. "How about Owen Jephson?" asked Mr. Minot suddenly. Overjoyed, Mr. Thacker started up. "By gad—I forgot about Jephson. Salls at 1 o'clock, doesn't he?" He turned to Lord Harrowby. "The very man—and in New York too. Jephson would insure T. Roosevelt against an other cup of coffee." "Am I to understand," asked Harrowby, "that Jephson is the man for me to see?" "Exactly," beamed Mr. Thacker. "I'll have him here in fifteen minutes. Richard, will you please call Jephson?" Mr. Minot set down the telephone. "Owen Jephson is on his way here in a taxi," he announced. "Good old Jephson," mused Mr. Thacker, reminiscent. "Why, some of the man's risks are famous. Take that shopkeeper in the Strand. Every day at noon the shadow of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar square falls across his door. Twenty years ago he got to worrying for fear the statue would fall some day and smash his shop. And every year since he has taken out a policy with Jephson, insuring him against that dreadful contingency." "I seem to have heard of that," admitted Harrowby, with a ghost of a smile. "You must have. Only recently Jephson wrote a policy for the Dowager Duchess of Tremayne, insuring her against the unhappy event of a rainstorm spilling the garden party she is shortly to give at her Italian villa. I understand a small fortune is involved. Then there is Courtney Giles, leading man at the West End Road theater. He fears obesity. Jephson has insured him. Should he become too plump for Romeo roles Boyd's, or, rather, Jephson, will owe him a large sum of money." "I am encouraged to hope," remarked Lord Harrowby, "that Mr. Jephson will listen to my proposition." "No doubt he will," replied Mr. Thacker. "I can't say definitely. Now, if I knew the nature—" But when Mr. Jephson walked into the office fifteen minutes later Mr. Thacker was still lamentably ignorant of the nature of his titled visitor's business. Mr. Jephson was a small wily man, crowned by a vast acreage of bald head and with the immobile countenance sometimes lovingly known as a "poker face." One felt he could watch the rain pour in torrents on the dowager duchess, Courtney Giles' waist expand visibly before his eyes, the statue of Nelson totter and fall on his shopkeeper and never move a muscle of that face.

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