

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen felt very timorous about entering a bachelor apartment. Not that she was overconventional, she knew that it was done, and by nice women, too, and that no one thought much about it. But Helen had never done anything of the kind. She had never been inside such an apartment, and when she asked the boy for Mr. Davis' flat she flushed uncomfortably and fancied that he smirked behind his hand.

Helen felt a sudden little wave of wrath sweep over her when she thought of Laura. Laura was always getting into trouble, and she, Helen, had to take the consequences and solve the problem. She felt somehow responsible for Laura, who was so helpless in managing domestic problems, and once this affair was settled Helen intended to read Laura a stern lecture, and then decide that next time Laura must manage things for herself.

The boy came back at this moment and said that Mr. Davis was in, and the next moment Helen found herself in the apartment, actually on her way. Her fear left her when she saw the room of the apartment, which was opened for her immediately by a Japanese servant.

"Mr. Davis?" Helen said inquiringly, and then sat down in a tiny reception room to wait. Helen did not send in her card; she hardly thought it necessary under the circumstances; she had simply told the man to tell Mr. Davis that a stranger would like to see him. Laura in telephoning had not talked with the boy; she had simply ascertained whether he was in, so he was not at all prepared for Helen's call. When he came into the room Helen rose, and they stood a moment each measuring the other.

Helen saw a nice frank faced boy, well groomed and one who had lived an apparently clean life. His eyes were good, and his face showed character, but he looked very young, and his mouth was weak. Helen felt as though she could manage the entire affair beautifully now that she had seen him, and she smiled a little as she said:

"I am Carlyle Davis, what can I do for you?" he said smilingly, "won't you sit down?"

Helen dropped back into her chair and came to the point immediately. There was no reason for postponing matters.

"I came from Mrs. Richards," she said simply.

The boy looked amazed, but nothing more, he did not seem embarrassed at all.

"I shall have to speak plainly," Helen went on, "you see she has told me what happened the other day. O, don't misunderstand," she added quickly as the boy exclaimed, suddenly, "she had to tell someone, she is in great trouble."

"But I don't understand," protested Davis. "Well, it seems that the new maid who happened to Helen was so unfortunately taken a dislike to Mrs. Richards and she immediately took it upon herself to repeat the affair to Mr. Richards."

"To Richards?" Why that seems incredible. I know I was a fool that day. I lost my head and all that, but it wasn't Laura's fault."

"O, no, not ordinarily, only to myself," Helen could not help smiling. "Well you see, things like that might be mistaken just as this unfortunate affair has been mistaken," she explained. "Of course you don't mean anything by it, but if anyone heard you call her Laura, if you should make a break sometime she would be misjudged, don't you see? A woman always has to pay for things like that."

"But what has happened, what does Richards think?" "He thinks that there must be something between you and Mrs. Richards. He refuses to believe that it was not in any way Laura's fault."

"But he's got to believe it," the boy exclaimed. "Why, Laura wouldn't have an affair with any one, I know."

"Does that mean that you have tried anything of the kind?" Helen questioned dryly.

"No, but I know her well. I like her; she isn't like the other women in that set. She really knows things a fellow likes to talk about, and I've seen a lot of her, but I swear that she was all open and above board. Why, she might have been my own sister."

"I believe you, of course, and Laura tells me the same thing. But I think that under the circumstances you ought to explain matters to Mr. Richards. He might think things very unpleasant. He might even sue for a divorce. I don't think he would do that. Doesn't he trust his wife? Why, if I were married to a woman like that I would always believe in her. But I'll see Richards, of course. It's the only thing to do. I'll see him and explain that I've been an utter fool. Why, I wouldn't have Laura hurt for anything. She's a wonder."

Helen liked the boy's enthusiasm. It struck her plainly that the thoughts of Laura were altogether worthy. But it showed, too, that he cared more for Laura than perhaps that lady herself dreamed. As she rose to go Helen felt that she should tell Mr. Davis once more about her attitude. Whether she knew it or not, a woman can unconsciously cause any man to fall in love with her. All that is necessary is a certain sympathy for his feelings. Helen felt that she was conquered through his greatest weakness—vanity.

Another incident in this series will appear here soon.

PRACTICAL COAT FOR LITTLE MISS

Fur Trimmings and Huge Collar Make Garment Attractive and Smart

By MAY MANTON



9257 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Girl's Coat with Pocket-Belt, 8 to 14 years.

This is a very smart coat and at the same time it is a simple and a childlike coat. In the picture, it is made of a wool velvets with trimming of fur and nothing could be smarter or handsomer, but it could, of course, be copied in various materials. Velvets unquestionably is a favorite, but the velvets and velveteens, and corduroy are extensively worn, chinchilla cloth makes handsome coats and cheviot and cloths of such sort are admirable for harder usage. Fur can be found to suit one and all if fur trimming is desired, or the collar and cuffs could be made of velvet or they could be braided trimmings. A practical feature is found in the collar that can be worn high or low, and the coat is as simple to make as it is attractive when finished. The fullness is laid in plaits at the front and back and the ends of the pockets disappear under these plaits.

For the 12 size will be needed, 4 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 4 yards 44, 3/4 yards 54 with 3/4 of a yard 13 inches wide for the collar and 3 yards of fur banding for the pockets and the cuffs. The May Manton pattern No. 9257 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of fifteen cents.

Harry Lauder's Son Is Killed in Battle After Being Wounded Twice

London, Jan. 2.—Harry Lauder's son, Captain John Lauder, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, has been killed at the front.

When the war broke out Captain Lauder was in Cambridge University. After joining his regiment he was in training for some months at Bedford. It will be remembered that he was visited in camp there by his father, who delighted the regiment by singing the Scottish songs they loved. Lieutenant Lauder went to the front and was wounded at Festubert. He soon was back in the trenches, but in September, 1915, was invalided home. Shortly afterward he was promoted to be captain.

\$4,000,000 Raised For Protestant Episcopal Church

New York, Jan. 1.—Success in obtaining pledges for \$4,000,000 toward the \$5,000,000 church pension fund has been raised for Protestant Episcopal clergymen and their dependent families was announced here by Bishop William Lawrence, of Massachusetts, chairman of the fund committee.

BABY NEARLY SHOT

A shot from a revolver narrowly escaped killing an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Wagenheim, 1122 South Ninth street, yesterday afternoon. An intoxicated foreigner was celebrating the passing of the old year by shooting off a revolver about his neighborhood. A bullet struck the door jamb near the infant's head.

CARUSO'S ARM BROKEN

Frank Caruso, 168 Dock street, fell on the icy sidewalk in front of his home yesterday, fracturing his right arm. Mrs. Anna Kyor, 1225 Cumberland street, fell on the sidewalk on State street yesterday afternoon, fracturing her right knee.

TAX RATE 4 MILLS

Carlisle, Pa., Jan. 2.—The county commissioners have placed the 1917 tax rate at 4 mills, the same as that of 1916.

THE ELEGANT

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER Authors of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.

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Continued. Mrs. Stuart sewed up the rest of the seam. The girl walked over and looked out of the window. She was gazing straight down towards Mike Dowd's Sink. How often must Bow-Wow have passed within her range of vision to reach that point!

"It is impossible," decided Mrs. Stuart, and the girl flashed a smile at her mother, a fond smile this one was, and there was something of the mother's patient fondness in it. Of what a variety of moods was she capable! "I could not permit Mr. Stuart's name to be appended to a work which could not be wholly his own," went on Mrs. Stuart, with that quiet dignity which is bred in the gentleman with her soft slurring of the tongue.

"Naturally," agreed Billy—reviling himself for his clumsiness. The girl in the window was standing extremely stiff and straight. One black curl had strayed down on her white neck, calling insistent attention to that beautiful, smooth, round column. Mrs. Stuart, Billy went on, trying to reach the cause for that curl, "would it not be possible to have this manuscript completed and edited by the most competent person to whom it could be published under another name, or anonymously?"

The financial returns to you would be practically the same, and frankly, I think it is to your duty to give to the world as much as you can of the technical genius of Harrison Stuart."

That was a new phase. Mrs. Stuart picked up the little crimson jacket and examined it thoughtfully, but there was not another stitch to be put in it. She laid it down again.

"I don't know," she wavered. "I might think it over," suggested Billy. "Here is my card. If you care to take up this proposition, I should be glad to have you let me know. Or, may I call; some time next week, say, in spite of himself, his gaze, as he said this, moved to the girl in the window. Again she was smiling at him, and this time there was an imp in every elin curi.

CHAPTER IX Conspiracy "Alive!" "Thank God!" He knew it even before Billy had spoken, knew it before he had seen Billy's face, knew it from Billy's tread in the hall and the significant opening of the door, knew that at last they had been found, that they were alive, that they were well! He buried his face in his hands; but he straightened up and looked at the girl in the window, smiling; though the tears were streaming down his cheeks. It was a smile of such heartfelt thanksgiving that no verbal prayer of praises could have expressed it.

"Now, tell me!" He sat down, to show that he could be perfectly quiet, and he put his hands on his knees. "Tell me all about it. The me ever-thing! Sit down, Billy," and the older man hitched his chair closer. "How do they look? How have they prospered? My wife? And what is my little Tavy like? Billy! Tell me!"

"In a minute," laughed Billy. "I'll have to sort those questions, Stuart. First, the little girl—Say, what is her regular name?" "Octavia. What about her?"

"Well, she's a beauty! A regular Stuart! Big, dark eyes, but I couldn't tell whether the color they are. Dark gray, like yours, I think. I never saw eyes so changeable, and they seem to read a fellow through and through. She must think I'm a blithering idiot, the way I stammered around when she came to the door. You see, I had just climbed four flights of stairs."

The old man, who had been listening with every expression of delight suddenly held out his hand, and his face paled.

"What?" he interrupted. "You say you had climbed four flights of stairs. Where were they?" "Billy gulped and thought quickly. "Some mighty cozy apartments downtown. I never saw a more cheerful and homelike room in my life than the one I was in!" and he looked with disdain on his quarters.

He was a world of ease in them, but no home. "They had your mahogany drawing-desk in that room. It's a handsome thing!"

The old man's face softened. At least they were not poor. If the apartment corresponded to that mahogany desk, and he well knew the good taste of Jean, they were in comfortable circumstances. No doubt apartments would be more convenient for two lone women.

"Jean!" he begged. "What of her?" "She is beautiful, too, and sweet. Of course her hair is gray."

Billy. "They're a more delicate tone than was ever spread on old ivory out of the most carefully furnished pallet box. She is like a pink pearl! She is like a wild white rose touched with the sunset! She's a marvel, Stuart! She would set an artist mad, with her dainty coloring and her perfectly classical features! She is one who startles, and then attracts—compelling you to study her detail by detail!" and Billy warmed to his work, as he read in the glinting eyes of his partner the joy and the pride in this recital. "She beats anything I've seen in New York; and I've been around some! If she ever puts on a fluffy gown and appears on the Avenue, she'll be—"

"On the Avenue?" The expression of keen delight faded from Stuart's face, and he reddened the younger man's sharply. "If she ever puts on a fluffy gown—Billy; don't hide anything from me."

Lane blushed. This had been his day for feeling contemptible. "Well, I don't think they're rich, if that's what you mean," he finally blurted.

"What's their address?" "Seventy-nine Vanheuser Square, North."

"And you walked up four flights of stairs. That means a cheap tenement. They were not in the telephone book. They were not in the tax list. They're poor!"

"They're well!" Billy stoutly maintained the rest of it we'll fix. Stuart clinched his knecaps with his lean fingers, and stifled a groan. "They're poor!" he repeated, and set his teeth together. "How do they live?"

"Fancy work," plumped out Billy, driven fairly from cover. "Work." That was the one word Stuart caught in the word which made him wince. "I don't understand it. Unless I left them plenty of money; I mean Jean paid certain outstanding claims which I had intended to take care of myself, but they couldn't have touched her money. That was why I turned my securities into cash for her."

"That probably explains it," surmised Billy, going back over their conversation. "You know, Stuart, it was too bad that this accident happened to you. What do you suppose she said when I suggested that we could have the book completed? That it was her duty to protect your reputation for authoritative accuracy! It was Tavy; proud as a peacock! Her chin was tilted and her eyes fairly snapped with pride."

It was on this that Stuart broke. His wits, as he called by his illness, he folded his arms on the table and dropped his head on them, his fingers clutched convulsively.

"Eyes up, old man, counseled Billy, pacing the floor as he paused, and poured himself a drink. "The thing for us to do is to dig in and improve their condition. If you want to advance on what we're going to do this year, I'll fork over cheerfully. You don't know how much pleasure it will give me," and Billy was quite sincere about that.

"Now don't refuse," he pleaded. "I saved my life on the Fannard Building, and your invention of that assembly hall truss will make a reputation for our firm. It's a piker proposition to say that you've already earned five thousand dollars, but you can take that much without any feeling of obligation. Now how shall we get it to them?"

Stuart had straightened up, and he smiled his gratitude. He was not yet quite master of himself, nor strong enough physically to expect to be.

"I've an idea," presently figured Billy, as busy with the project as if it were a problem in floor loading. "We'll say it's recovered from some old account." It occurred to Lane that he might take the check he carried himself, and then it occurred to him that he would be compelled to forego that privilege. Mrs. Stuart might investigate. He gave up the gaudy plan with a sigh. "Who was your attorney?"

"Donald Cullam." Stuart was eager, now, as eager as his young partner. "Then it's easy; unless Cullam's dead," rejoined the practical Billy. "If he is, we'll get another lawyer. Then, possibly we can make some money out of the book, after you've fussed it up. I am to see them about that again next week." He added this last with particular zest!

Stuart rose and paced the floor, keeping step with Billy. "I've something to live for!" he said, with a thrill of new purpose in his voice. "God willing, I'll make what amends I can! I'm going down to the office to-morrow!"

"Don't overtax yourself," warned Billy and headed for his dressing-room, ringing for Burke and starting to untasten his cravat as he went. "Shall you remain to dinner to-night?" asked Stuart, reaching for a cigar.

"Sorry, old man, but I'll have to allow you to dine alone," returned Billy, unbuttoning his collar. "I'm due at the Bennings."

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