

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE" SURPLICE DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL

One of the Prettiest of Newer Designs With Two Materials Combined

Copyright by International News Service. "Well, my dear, I see that you are happy again," remarked Louise who had ensconced herself comfortably in a corner of the davenport. She and Bob were out of a maid, Della having left them suddenly directly after Christmas. "Of course, I am," Helen responded promptly. "The letter from Laura did arrive after all, it came while I was at breakfast. But I can tell you Louise, I was ready to give up. I shall never forget that awful day out at Carrie's if I live to be a hundred. I think it was the most horrible experience of my life."

By MAY MANTON



9230 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Girl's Surplice Dress, 8 to 14 years.

THE EMBROIDERY

—BY— GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER

Authors of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.

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Continued. He turns from the bar. The same barrels at the back of the room; the same ghastly blue ceiling and walls; the same musty odor; the same dim lighting, as if the sun had faded in which the sulphur had just burned out. The very saddest on the floor might be the same, for it is the old familiar party mire. As he looks the hot humiliation burns in him. Why, this where he had lived! It had been home! Home! That deep shame increases in him. It is good that he has come here today. It is good that he remembers every loathsome object. Let him never forget! Upon the benches sit four battered old hulks, no, three, for Jerry-the-Limp has now risen, armed with his most exaggerated lameness, is thumping across the floor, his face awine. Red White is looking mournfully at the ceiling; for Red, too, is an artist. With elderly gentlemen he always has contrition of soul! Piggy Marshall is uninterested. He only works on the sympathies of drunken men. Hank Tomko's fish-like eyes follow Jerry-the-Limp anxiously. There might be drinks for the crowd, for Jerry's guile is famous. All the same; everything! "I should think you would be sick," he could call each of these frowzy, unkempt, unclean beasts by their names, and they would answer. There had been his friends! Not one of them but his name as he had been! Their foulness had been his foulness! Bow-Wow! That had been his name in this abhorrent hole, this hole-poke filled with human mire! God! How could Harrison Stuart have sunk so low! So far away from Jean and Tavy! "Friend of Billy's?" Mike Dowd, who is inspecting the stranger with curiosity. "Very much so." The stranger raises his glass to his lips and takes a contemplative sip, his mind filled with a vague idea of the strange, unreal-like fact that he could ever have been a part of it. Jerry-the-Limp leans against the bar near by, and moans. He pays no attention to any one but himself. "Billy's a grand boy!" This from Mike. "Comes in here two or three times a week for some of my special. I have a barrel of the finest old whisky on the Bowers."

"The stranger nods. "Billy has friends everywhere," he says with a touch of pride. "Does he?" "Two or three slugs every trip. He drank what you're drinking to-day. Are you John Doe?" "The stranger glances startled into the crowd, but he meets there only the friendly interest of a man who has heard his praises. "I am." "St. Patrick!" That is only muttered. Mike Dowd leans back against his bar and gazes at John Doe as if he were one risen from the dead, and the more he gazes the more his wonder grows. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Doe," says Mike, recovering from his paralysis, stretches forward a huge palm. "Billy's been telling me what a wonder you are!" Jerry-the-Limp moans and moans, his poor, crippled leg drawn up, his head pressed to his side, his head bent, and his mouth piteously drooped. He is suffering intolerable agony, is Jerry-the-Limp. "I did not know that Billy was singing my praises." This with a trace of concern. "It was only an accident that it started," says big Mike, with an eye on his customers, and a monotonous evenness in his voice. "I was in on it in the beginning, you know, and after that I kept asking them to give me a drink, and I like to see people do well," then he leans against the bar for another long wondering gaze. "St. Patrick!" Jerry-the-Limp suddenly stops moaning. On the ear of John Doe there is a peculiar little bump, like a small mole. On the hand of John Doe there is a thin white scar. On the side of his nose and above the neatly cropped mustache, is a small black burn like a powder mark. The eyes of Jerry-the-Limp open in his head with a scientific, almost morbid, leg straightens down, his head stretches forward, and for a moment he scarcely breathes. "Bow-Wow!" "You're liar!" yells big Mike. Placing one hand on the bar he leaps over it, and by some miracle of quick reaching, there is a bungstarter in his hand when he lands. Jerry-the-Limp is gone, darting out on the Bowers as swiftly, with his poor crippled leg, as any other man could do with two whole ones. Tavy Tomko and Piggy Marshall and Red White are standing stupidly in a row, and gaping dazedly at the stranger, but when Mike Dowd looks at them they sit down in a row. "Give them a drink," and the hand of Mike Dowd is on the bar. He reaches out and shakes hands with Mike Dowd. "Thank you," he says gravely, and passes out into the street. It is Spring in Vanheuster Square. The annual blade of grass in the northeast plot has come up with sturdy persistence, and has been trampled down, and is done for this season. The dusty fir tree has hopefully shot new tips of green on its forlorn branches, and on the topmost bough sits a long, thin, robitul bird, which predicted Spring through all the snow and rain and dreary fog, and now he is carolling his throat out in triumph that his prediction has at last come true. There are other signs of Spring in Vanheuster Square. In almost every window there is bedding out for convenience in the balmy air and the bright sun. The windows of number seventy-nine there is no bedding, there are no curtains, there are no shades. Only bleak emptiness and glistening blackness! The old blind place after all! A beautiful girl with shining black curls and an oval face, and wonderful big dark gray eyes. "It's the new one better, broad shoulders, clear-eyed, and with a good nose, jaws and chin. There are no marks on him, as yet, that he had had any hurt. Those marks seldom come until the damage has been done; for nature hides her own shame as long as she can. "Of course we'll like the new one better, Billy," replies Tavy, her big eyes turning up to him, and as they catch the blue of the sky they too, are blue. "But we were happy here, mother and I. I guess because we were so busy. Billy, I want to confess something to you. I miss our work."

"Tragedy," laughs Billy. "Not having to work is the easiest thing in the world to get used to. Besides, there's your music, and your French, and all the other things." The long curving black lashes droop over the big eyes as they muse. "Here were we, slaving away, but cheerful, because mother's money would make any one cheerful, when along comes this mine in which father held some mislaid stock, and it's paying us remarkably! Why, it gave us two thousand dollars last month! Look at me!" "Would any one, to say nothing of Billy Lane, need a second invitation to look at Tavy Stuart, as she nears Billy's machine in sunshiny Vanheuster Square? She wears a gown which has been expressly made to fit her adorable little figure; and such a beautiful, slender, rounded, petite figure it is! The gown itself is a marvelous creation, and its materials and colors are selected to be exactly the thing which should go with oval cheeks, and a delicately tinted complexion, and black ringlets and dark luminous eyes, and Springtime! Billy Lane, this boldly invited to look, does look, and strikes to his heart's content; and there is that in his eyes which makes Tavy drop her own, clear and steadfast as they are, and warm flush steals up into her cheeks. So she pushes into Billy to hide it; and what should Billy do but follow her! He is William Lane when he looks at his watch. "We've longed around this old square for nearly an hour," he exclaims, as he starts the runabout. "Just because I had to find my poor little keepsake gold piece," she contently resigns and she laughs. "But anyhow we did find it." "I'll send a carpenter up there tomorrow to repair the damage," promises Billy. "I suppose we take Mummy Stuart out that road some-where for dinner? I've only half a dozen letters to sign at the office, and then I'm free." So to the office they go, and find Spring ever there for the snub-nosed city bred office boy leans limply out of the window, with some wistful hereditary instinct for rod and line, and hook and worm. Back into Billy's room; and Spring there, too. A little branch of apple blossoms in a drinking-glass on his desk. The letters are ready, and he signs them in a hurry, Tavy looking on, his shoulder and admiring his strong, free signature. She is so adorable when Billy looks up that he drops his pen. She begins to tremble. There is something in Billy's tone which tells her far more plainly than words that the inevitable moment has come. Billy is going to propose, and it is a very, very fluttering moment. "Tavy!" He is on his feet now. He is so big and so tall, so overwhelming, that she can't see him from him, but not far, not very far. "I love you!" Straight out like that, no stammering, no approach, no leading to the subject at all, just a plain, plain, "I love you!" He strikes to her, one long, swift step, and the next thing she knows, Tavy is in his arms, both his arms! They are wrapped closely around her, so tightly that she can't get the beating of her heart. Oh, is it her own, pounding and thumping away like that? She can scarcely breathe. Her breath flutters, and her cheeks are burning. Now he is kissing her, again and again and again! Her cheeks, her brow, her eyes, her lips, and his own are like flame. "I love you! I love you! I love you!" He repeats over and over, saying that, over and over, and little Tavy is in his arms; and when his lips seek hers, her lips cling, too! A little space, a space in which the writing of words within them read adjust themselves to their new spheres, in which Billy and Tavy call back time and place and season, and put them in their proper order; and Jerry-the-Limp, who stands at her wide-eyed wonder that all this miracle could have happened, kisses her once more and reminds her of something. "You haven't answered me." She looks at him, and she looks at him, but there are little imps in her violet eyes, imps in her twinkling curls, imps in her fleeting dimples, imps in the curving lips; but the lips are not there, and she hides her face in his coat. "I asked you a question, and you haven't answered," insists Billy with great severity. The flushed face reveals itself for a moment, but all the imps are still twinkling there, then the oval cheeks are hidden against his coat. "Why, my dear, I'm a quandy. He ponders a long time as to how he shall next go about it. While he is still pondering, Tavy suddenly pushes back from him. The imps are gone! The face is swayed, and the big eyes, steady and strong and clear, are dark gray now. But there is much more in them than color—love and truth and real fidelity! "Yes, Billy," she gravely says. "No!" The tense, strong voice is that of John Doe. He stands in the doorway, and on his face there is a look of horror that Tavy shrinks back into the embrace of Billy's arm, in terror at this wild-eyed stranger. "I would rather see her dead!" CHAPTER XIV The Enchanted Parlor I would rather see her dead! Even as his own words rang in his ears, the John Doe who had been Harrisburg, and the expression in his daughter's face, that he had made a mistake. Perplexity, fright, even resentment; these were normal; but they were not expected; but not that deathlike pledge which was in the luminous eyes, as she turned them, for an instant, upon Billy! Love, truth, eternal fidelity! How wonderful a knowledge of qualities in Jean; and such women are born to suffer! Sickened at heart, he knew that he could not in any way affect Tavy, except to pain, by the statement that Billy had in his hand that curse which might render her life as wretched as her mother's had been. He knew that his only way to save her was to reveal himself. He did not dare! Why, only within this hour, he had endured a terrific battle with that devil of thirst, which continuously reached out its yellow clutch to drag him back to perdition, to Mike Dowd's Sink, to the kennel, to Bow-Wow! (To Be Continued.) FUNERAL OF JOHN LILLEY West Fairview, Pa., Jan. 9.—Funeral services for John Lilley, Jr., aged 71, who died Saturday, will be held from the St. Mark's Lutheran church to-morrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. The Rev. Wolf, pastor, will officiate. Burial will be made at the Enola cemetery.

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We Never Charge For Alterations

They Admit It

(From an article by the advocates of manual telephone service in the Star-Independent of January 4.) "In order to understand the nature of the telephone girl's work, put yourself in her place for a few moments. You have from 100 to 125 lights to care for. You know that there is nothing in this world to keep all those lights from flashing at the same instant, and you know that the same time that, while such a contingency probably never will happen or never has, yet it is within the range of possibility, and should it occur it would be your duty to give them all service."

We told you manual telephone service is a case of "wait your turn." We told you it meant "stand in line" while the operators are putting through calls for other subscribers. Now THEY admit it!

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Cumberland Valley Telephone Company of Pa. FEDERAL SQUARE

Resolve to Use Our Coal Make the New Year bright and comfortable by burning the coal we know will prove absolutely satisfactory. J. B. MONTGOMERY THIRD AND CHESTNUT STS. Bell Phone 600 C. V. 4321

Surplice dresses are among the newest to have appeared and this one is very pretty and at the same time very simple for the front edges are lapped one over the other and the sash extension is passed through the opening at the left side to be knotted at the back. If a plainer dress is wanted, a belt can be used in place of this sash. Here, a plain material is trimmed with a plaid but this is a design that you can use for the washable materials, for wool, and for silk and be sure that it will be satisfactory whichever is chosen. It would be very pretty made of colored linen with the collar and cuffs of white and it would be very serviceable and attractive if it were made of a serge with the collar and cuffs embroidered in some simple design with bright colored worsted. For the 12 year size will be needed, 7 yards of material 27 inches wide, 5 1/2 yards 36, 5 yards 44 with 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide for the trimming. The May Manton pattern No. 9230 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.

Shackleton Protects Eyes of Rescue Party

The odd collection of "indispensables" included among the equipment of the expedition to the South Pole, a dash to rescue his imprisoned comrades in the ice-locked lands of the Antarctic region would make the average layman gasp in wonder. There are scientific instruments of the most minute construction; clothing, the like of which has never before been beheld by man; canned goods in huge heaps; a thousand and one homely little devices familiar to us all but intended for far different purposes than for which we use them. One of the most important adjuncts of the equipment will be found in snow spectacles for every man of the crew of dare-devils. The lenses are those of the bearing the patent of Sir Wm. Crookes. This lens is of a delicate amethyst tint and filters out the harmful ultra-violet rays produced by the dazzling glare of the sun on the snowy surfaces. Without this lens, the rescue party would surely suffer from "snow blindness." Permanent blindness is the ultimate result. The delicate tissues of the eye require artificial relief when subjected to such abnormal strain as that produced by the glare of sunlight on snow-covered surfaces, whether it be in the Antarctic or on the city streets. Sir Wm. Crookes' lenses, the one relief and preventative, are in stock and can be ground to your prescription by J. S. Belsinger, Optometrist, 205 Locust street, opposite Orpheum theater.

TO RELIEVE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head noises go to your drug-gist and get 1 ounce of Farmint (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of water and 4 ounces of granulated sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day. This will often give quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should be open, break and become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Any one who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. UNION MADE THOMAS P. MORAN

SOME MAKE MONEY, SOME MAKE LOVE

Marriage Based on Bigger Principle Than Kisses and Compliments

By Beatrice Fairfax "Shall I marry Tom, who is earning \$5 a week and whom I dearly love, or Dick, who is a rich man and whom I merely like?" The girls who write that query to me are numbered and named Legion. One of the desire to give—to give comfort and well-being and comradeship and understanding instead of tender and stimulating embraces—that makes the sum of real love-making. I know said to me recently: "If love were only put on a business basis it would last." And he is right. Sentiment and moonshine kisses and caresses are nothing more than the bonbons of life. No one ever succeeded in living on candy. No one ever succeeded in living on it for a little while. For indigestion and headaches and a general state of misery follow very quickly on a diet that is all confectionery. You must have meat and vegetables and fruit and bread and milk mixed in with your sugar in order to have a sane and satisfying diet. And you have to have a great deal of work and thought mingled with your love-making if you are going to find it satisfying. When the average decent citizen comes out from the breakfast table in a great hurry, he is not actuated by selfish or ignoble motives in his desire to get to work. His money is good, to buy as much for his wife and kiddies—probably more if the truth be told than for himself. If a woman has a sane viewpoint about love, they won't write and ask whether they should marry a poor man whom they love or a rich one whom they care very little. Instead, the type of woman who now writes and asks to have this problem solved for her will sit back and study herself as well as the situation. If she is a hot-house flower who wants coddling and petting and nicely tempered air blowing upon her gently, she will know she had better marry the man who can buy her the comfort and ease so dear to her luxury-loving soul. But if she is a real woman, she will recognize that she can afford to marry a man that she can work at his side and stimulate him to better work. After that decision is reached, she must decide with equal sanity whether her poor man is a shifless ne'er-do-well who would rather hold a pretty girl's hand than go down to the world of business and try to hold his own. If she is a rich girl, she must figure out whether she is a sane, ambitious, hard-working, honest individual or a hard-fisted, narrow-minded, selfish soul slave driver. One of the most successful of New York's young captains of industry married on \$12 a week just five years ago. His wife considered herself a working partner just as much as a sweetheart. Her husband's success seemed to her to be as much her business as it was his. She stimulated a clever, hard-working youth, shared his interests and worked out his problems with him. The business of being a wife is just what this young woman thought it—a real business. Marriage is a working partnership with shared ideals and ambitions and toleration and understanding, going to back up emotion and sentiment and physical attraction. And the choice between a rich man and a poor man has nothing to do with earning capacity at the moment of marriage. It has everything to do with what sort of a working partnership the two lovers can form. Choosing a husband means choosing a life partner. Remember that and you won't have to ask some one else to make your choice for you. "BLUE LAWS" AT CARLISLE Carlisle, Pa., Jan. 9.—Notice was served by Burgess Morris on shoe-shine parlors, confectioneries and fruit dealers that the "Blue Laws" relative to Sunday closing will be rigidly enforced beginning next Sunday. The majority of the places are operated by Jews.

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Because of its Tonic and Laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. It removes the cause of Colds, Grip and Headache. Used whenever Quinine is needed.

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