WOMEN---THEIR INTERESTS AND PROBLEMS

The Fortunes of Emily

By HAL COFFMAN

"I'll be all safe back here in two weeks."

CHAPTER IX.

Emily was to catch the boat the next morning to take the precious packet to the London agent of Grimshaw & Hart. She told her mother, as Hart suggested to her, that she had to go to San Francisco on business for the firm. Emily's mother was much concerned at first about her going so far away—for that seemed like a terrible distance.

"Don't you fear, mother, I'll be all safe and back here in two weeks. It isn't any more dangerous than walking down Broadway." But if Emily had seen the man in the doorway on the opposite side of the street intently watching her window she might have been a bit more concerned.

* * *

On account of the huge loans the firm of Grimshaw & Hart was conducting in this country for some of the European nations, Jack Sanford knew that the office was being watched closely. Also that some one in the office had been supplying information to the competitors of the firm. He had his suspicions as to just who it was, but as yet had been unable to get enough evidence to prove it.

Forbes had been Grimshaw's confidential secretary until Emily had come to work there. He was heavily in debt through playing the market, and in trying to square himself had been selling inside information about Grimshaw & Hart's affairs to people who paid well for it.

Since the senior partner had put Emily in his former position he had not been able to learn much of value to the outsiders. Forbes knew that a new code had been made for use between the London agents and the firm, but try as he would, he could not find it. Since Emily's absence Forbes had the key to Mr. Grimshaw's private safe, and this particular evening he had made a pretense of having some extra work that kept him after the others had gone. Jack Sanford, who had to go out of town the next day, had forgotten some papers in his desk and had to come back to the office for them.

As he took them out of his desk he heard someone walking in Grimshaw's office. 'The old man must be hanging around to make a few more millions before supper." Jack muttered to himself as he closed his desk and started to go. As he passed the door of the private office, it was ajar and he saw Forbes rummaging through the drawers of Grimshaw's desk.

"Guess I'll stick around and maybe I can get something on this bird at last," Jack thought to himself. Jack leaned against the door, making no sound. Forbes was so intent on what he was looking for that he did not look up. Jack finally heard him bang the drawer closed, muttering a curse at the same time. As he turned around he saw Jack standing in the doorway.

* * *

As Emily came from dinner the last night the ship was at sea, she found the contents of her suitcase scattered over her stateroom.

(To be continued.)

A HANDSOME COAT OF WOOL VELOURS

Fur Trimmings and Ample Pockets Make a Smart Coat For the Little Miss

By MAY MANTON

9034 (*With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance*) Girl's Coat, 8 to 14 years.

There is no handsomer material for the girl's coat than wool velours. This one is a rich blue in color and it is trimmed with white fox to be just beautiful, simple and childlike and at the same time smart in the extreme. The material can, of course, be chosen in any other color if preferred. The coat can be copied in corduroy or in velveteen or in velvet or in broadcloth or in burella cloth. They are all good and they are all fashionable but nothing is handsomer than the velours. The coat is a very smart one, yet a very simple one. It is perfectly straight and plain but the fullness is laid in box plaits and they are held by means of the belt, the pockets are oddly shaped and the coat is perforated for shorter length.

For the 12 year size will be needed, 5¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4¼ yards 36, or 44, 3¾ yards 54 with 3 yards of fur banding.

The May Manton pattern No. 9034 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.

Burglar Is Sorry, but Ties Two Girls in Bed

Toledo, Ohio, Jan. 22.—"Pardon me, ladies," said a voice in the dark. The lights went on and Louise and Alice Worthington sat up in bed, rubbed their eyes and were just about to shriek when the burglar showed a revolver. "It isn't very nice and I am sorry to do it, but I must," apoligized the intruder as he tore the bed clothes away and used them to tie the girls in their "nighties" to the bed. Taking their jewels, he fled. Servants found the young women next morning.

HOMEMADE CARAMELS

Pour one cupful of honey into a saucepan, add one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of cream or milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of glucose or a pinch of cream of tartar. Stir over the fire until a little forms a hard ball when tested in cold water, or 252 degrees Fahrenheit, is registered by the candy therometer. Take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of lemon extract and a few drops of red color. Pour into a buttered tin. When cold cut into oblong pieces, wrap in waxed paper, and set aside to chill until you are ready to pack it.

The Honeymoon House

By Hazel Dale

Janet Goes Forth to Engage a Maid of All Work

Janet had gone down to the intelligence office to interview a maid. She was so happy and contented these days that it hardly seemed as if it could possibly last, but it was a fact that at times she had difficulty in refraining from singing a few notes while she was walking, or from skipping a few steps instead of pacing sedately as a newly-married young woman should do.

She and Jarvis were so perfectly suited they ought never to have any differences, she thought happily. Janet did not know that two people of the temperament that she and Jarvis possessed could not possibly avoid differences at times. It was just that nothing of outside interest had happened to obtrude itself.

Janet had done three articles for the new serial and they had been very much liked. One of them had appeared, and Janet had bought six copies of the Chronicle and had gloated over her work until Jarvis had poked all manner of fun at her.

"I don't care," she had returned. "I am so proud of myself that I just can't believe it possible."

And Jarvis had kissed her soft throat where the bright hair ended, and had said that she couldn't be as proud of herself as he was of her, and it had all been very sweet. Janet had seen nothing more of Mr. Reese, but Mr. Deering, one of the associate editors, had received her work, offered her kindly criticism and praised judiciously. Janet felt that she would like him very much.

A Successful Visit

Her second interview at the paper had been memorable. She had asked naively what she would be paid, and Mr. Deering had answered that they would put her on a regular salary, unless she preferred to be paid at space rates.

"You see," he explained, "it will be easier to mail you a check, and you will be considered a member of the staff."

Then he had asked her name, and Janet had told him. "Janet Carew More—Mrs. More," she added, prettily.

Janet blushed furiously as she met the quizzical eyes over the glasses.

"I suppose," she said to herself, "that he can tell from my appearance that I have been married two weeks?"

"Your salary will be $20 to start. Is that satisfactory?" And Janet, to whom the thought of $20 weekly earned by herself seemed wealth undreamed of, smiled and thanked him.

And so they had decided to have a maid and they were to divide the expenses. Janet thought that part of it no more than fair, and when she left the office she had engaged a bright, young girl, who had grinned broadly at Janet's short interview. She had promised to begin work immediately, and was to come every morning, get breakfast and the other meals and keep the little apartment clean.

Janet expected to be busy entertaining people for awhile. As she said to Jarvis, they could pay back some of their obligations that way, and she did want people to come and see their darling place and the way they lived.

"Well, I've got a mind," she announced, bursting dramatically into the sunlit studio. Then she stopped. Jarvis was not alone, a slim young girl sat back in a corner of the davenport and she smiled as Janet entered. Jarvis jumped up quickly and came over to her, but, strange as it was, Janet could not help a cold little feeling from closing around her heart.

A Foolish Idea

How foolish she was, it was perfectly all right for Jarvis to have a girl here talking with her, hadn't she resolved to look at the thing broadly, hadn't she, of her own accord, come into Jarvis' life and manner of living, where conventions were not narrow, and where men and women were just good friends?

And, most of all, hadn't she promised to trust Jarvis? She didn't want to feel as she did, but she avoided Jarvis' kiss. Anyway, she argued, she didn't want a demonstration before this girl.

"Please don't mind me," the girl called out, "I know you haven't been married long."

And Jarvis drew Janet forward and said laughingly:

"Janet, I want you to meet Neva Hart. She poses for the boys, and we have known each other for a long time."

Janet tried valiantly to throw off the feeling that she had and to appear natural, and she succeeded after a few minutes. Neva Hart was so big and sincere in her views, she treated Jarvis so impersonally, she evidently thought nothing at all of dropping into the studio for a friendly chat. Janet felt all this after she had heard the girl talk for a few minutes.

"We have all been dying to meet you," Neva said, scrutinizing Janet closely. "And I shall tell everyone that Jarvis picked a winner." She finished and Janet felt a warm little feeling of friendship for this girl steal over her in spite of herself.

(To Be Continued.)

NEW "ZEPPELIN CHASER"

British Plane Said to Go Straight Up to 15,000 Feet in Seven Minutes

New York, Jan. 22.—Details of the latest aerial developments and the work of the Royal Flying Corps in France were given to-day by Flight Lieutenant Lloyd Faulkner, Royal Flying Corps, who was recently invalided after being shot down near Abel, in the Ypres salient.

"Our new machine, the name of which may not be mentioned," he said, "makes 13 miles an hour. This is the great surprise. It is only arriving at the front now. It can ascend straight up, without banking, and has reached 15,000 feet in seven and a half minutes. This makes it the ideal machine for Zeppelin work, as it can get height quickly enough to catch the dirigibles."

Lieutenant Faulkner's home is in Toronto, Canada, where he enlisted nearly two years ago.

HOMEMADE CANDIES

Striped Creams.—Take three pieces of cooked or uncooked fondant cream, flavor one with chocolate, one with lemon juice and one with vanilla extract, and color suitably. Form the pieces into long thin strips on a slab or board, lay one over the other, cut into neat squares with a sharp knife and place on waxed paper to harden. Other colors and flavors may also be used, provided the contrast is suitable.

Cream Almond Dates.—Put into a saucepan one-half cupful of fondant and one-half cupful of ground almonds, and stir and mix thoroughly over the fire. Turn out onto a board and knead in color and flavor as desired. Roll in oval portions and place in the centers of stoned dates. Decorate to taste with crystallized mint leaves, violet or rose leaves.

THE ENEMY

—BY—

George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

Author of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.

Copyright, 1915, Hearst International Library. Newspaper Rights, International Feature Service.

(Continued)

She sat motionless, and the color slowly ran up into her cheeks. She felt almost guilty in the knowledge which she had of her father. She was ashamed, not alone for him, but ashamed that she knew. The long, curving lashes came down over her eyes, and the hand which lay in Harrison Stuart's clasped his own, in fondness.

"She has, then." He surmised it from her downcast eyes, from her confusion from her silence, and, for a moment, he bowed his head. This was a humiliation which hurt more than all his other hurts!

"Only just now, Daddy." She edged closer to him, and drew Billy with her. "It was not until the night Billy — went away," and this time it was Billy's turn for self-abasement. Of the three, Tavy alone, clear-eyed, clear-souled Tavy, had no cause for self-reproach, and yet she was as ashamed as they, and this added the more to their guilt.

"Then you know that, in one case at least, marrying a man to reform him was a failure." He spoke quickly, as he grappled with the problem which confronted them. He put hurt pride away from him. "Billy believes in himself, and you believe in him, but your father and mother are going to insist that Billy must prove his strength before, not after, he has taken your happiness in his hands." Both young people were silent and sombre-eyed, but there was a certain squaring of Billy's mouth which indicated some strong resolution in him. "I'm going to propose a plan," Tavy's father went on. "I have yet some time before I can announce myself as Harrison Stuart. I must be sure that there can be no further stain attached to that name before I take it to my wife."

"Why, Daddy!" Tavy turned to him in astonishment. "You talk as though you were going to stay here! I wouldn't go home to Mummy without you! Oh, she'll be so happy, Daddy!" and, reaching up, she pressed her warm face against his cold one, and patted his other cheek.

"Not yet, Tavy dear. Why, only to-day I would have fallen, had not God sent you to me just in time. I dare not go to Jean so long as this danger threatens me. Every day I fight this battle, and, until I win, your mother must not know that I am alive. I must have your promise for that. You see why, don't you?"

A pressure of the hand was his only answer. Tavy's eyes were swimming with tears. Poor Mummy, poor Mummy! And poor Daddy! And poor Billy! And poor Tavy!

"I shall win, however." There was the ring of confidence in his voice. "You must go home, Tavy, and Billy must fight out his battle, side by side with me. Then when we are perfectly sure of ourselves, we will come to you, side by side. How about it, Billy?"

The two men looked at each other for a moment, and then they shook hands, across Tavy, and she was a very, very happy little girl, for one with so many tears in her eyes.

"It will be the first real secret I ever had from Mummy," she wondered. "I don't know how I shall ever keep it!"

"You will have more," and now there was exultation in his tone. "I have you, Tavy, and that is a joy I had not dared to hope for until the end of my trial. You must arrange for clandestine meetings with Billy and me, and we'll buy a beautiful house for Mummy, and spend the time in fitting it up, so that we may take her home like a royal princess when the happiest day of my life arrives."

Tavy clapped her hands at that, and laughed like a child. It was such a glorious trick to play on Mummy, such a delightful secret to hug to one's breast!

"It's dreadfully late," and she looked reproachfully at the clock on the mantel. "I have to start home in a hurry, or Mummy will be worried. I don't suppose we could spare time to drive out right now past some of the places where we might want to buy the house."

"I don't suppose we could," her father laughed. "If Mummy is worried about you, I think I had better give you up immediately."

He did not, however. He kept her there for many fleeting minutes, and it was a very difficult parting, indeed. Billy wanted to take her to the corner near the enchanted apartments, but she would not let him. Instead, she had her father and Billy both escort her to the stage, and, as far as she could see through the crowded traffic, she looked back out of the window and watched them standing on the curb, side by side, the old man and the young, at the threshold of their mutual battle.

What a mixture of emotions was the sparkling and bubbling and worried and dubious Tavy who hesitated at the door of the enchanted pink and gray parlor. Her eyes were dancing, her cheeks were aglow, the imps peeped cautiously from her glossy curls, and there was a little pucker in her brow. She had to keep the wonderful secret of a new found daddy, and of the beautiful cottage for the royal princess, and she had also to reinstate Billy, so no wonder she was all ajumble.

"Where have you been, Tavy? You're late," exclaimed her mother, the traces of her anxiety still upon her.

"With Billy." The frank reply promptly, but in a doubtful voice.

There was a startled look in Jean Stuart's face, and then she turned and walked into the bay window, where she stood and looked down at the river, in deep trouble. She had known that this moment must come, and she had her answer ready, but it was a difficult one to speak. The arms of her daughter stole about her.

"Mummy dear." The voice was low and pleading. "Billy must come back. I know that he will never drink too much again. It isn't fair to judge him by your experience. It isn't fair not to give him a second chance. Please, Mummy; I love Billy so."

Jean Stuart took her daughter in her arms, laid her hand upon the glossy curls and drew the head upon her shoulder, as if by that she could surround this child of hers from the sorrow which had been her own. Yes, she knew love, and just what appalling self-sacrifice it could mean, and it was because Tavy loved Billy so that her mother was strengthened in her determination.

"It is against my wishes for Billy to come here or for you to meet him," she said, reflecting curiously that her voice was harsh and dry. A sob aroused her, and she turned. Tavy had found the picture of Billy, but, as she caught the pitying gaze of her mother, she clasped the picture and went into her own room.

It was a long, long time before Jean Stuart followed. In the dainty little delf and white room, she found Tavy kneeling by the bedside, the picture before her, and the head of black curls pillowed upon her arm. The shoulders were trembling with silent sobs.

Had she been harsh? Had Tommy Tinkle been right when he said that her judgment was warped? Jean did not know. She only saw that this child whom she had carried in her arms, blood of her blood and flesh of her flesh, was in deep sorrow, and suddenly, with the tears at last springing into her own dry eyes, and with a tugging at her heart strings which she could not resist, she bent over her daughter in a flood of tenderness.

"Tavy dear," and her hand again sought the curly head; "Billy may have his second chance."

CHAPTER XXIV

When One Has a Tavy

Was there ever such a place as Woodbrier! To reach Woodbrier, you ride on the wings of love along fairy streets and elfin roads and magic forests, over hills of ecstatic joy and through glades of endless bliss; that is, you do it if you are a Billy and have a Tavy by your side, all swathed in a shapeless duster and perked with a charming motor bonnet, and protected by a gauzy veil which half conceals and half reveals bright eyes and softly glowing cheeks and glossy black curls. Even the presence of a partially convinced and somewhat reluctant Mummy Stuart will not cool your delirium, as, with such a Tavy by your side, you turn in at the paradise which is Woodbrier. You go down some rude steps, which twist and turn amid great swaying trees, and you come upon a little rustic house, the broad porches of which overhang a little rock-bound lake. The water is deep and clear and blue, and the steep dark hills which confine it are upside down in its pellucid depths, so that the tops of the trees and the blue of the sky meet in the water; and you may look far, far down into that bewitched mirror and read a happy future — if you have a Tavy by your side.

That was the future Billy read, from their rustic table on the porch, where a sort of glorified waiter takes your order and goes away and you forget about him for a long, long time, so that he is not bothersome, and you can pay more attention to the Tavy by your side.

Of course the swathing duster was thrown off, and the gauzy veil lifted, and even Mrs. Stuart's wrap was laid aside by some necromancy. Oh, yes, Billy had done it himself, with a smile and a bow and a pleasant word, but he forgot about it in a moment after, forgot about it in the wonder of Tavy's luminous big eyes, blue now, like a troubled sky.

(To be continued)

Why Pay Twice as Much For Telephone Service Not Half as Good?

Just because the European war has helped make you prosperous, is there any good reason why you should pay $3.00 for a manual telephone when you can have an Automatic with

PRIVATE NUMBER
PRIVATE RING
for

$1.50

Use the Dial—It Costs Less

Cumberland Valley Telephone Company of Pa.

FEDERAL SQUARE

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

Ruddy Cheeks—Sparkling Eyes —Most Women Can Have

Says Dr. Edwards, a Well-Known Ohio Physician

Dr. F. M. Edwards for 17 years treated scores of women for liver and bowel ailments. During these years he gave to his patients a prescription made of a few well-known vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, naming them Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, you will know them by their olive color.

These tablets are wonder-workers on the liver and bowels, which cause a normal action, carrying off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system.

If you have a pale face, sallow look, dull eyes, pimples, coated tongue, headaches, a listless, no-good feeling, all out of sorts, inactive bowels, you take one of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets nightly for a time and note the pleasing results.

Thousands of women as well as men take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the successful substitute for calomel—now and then just to keep in the pink of condition. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

Less Coal in the Yard

THE coal shortage has not been exaggerated. Homekeepers who have heeded the warning have filled their bins with a full winter's supply.

There are many as usual, who only buy as they need it.

With less coal being mined because of the lack of cars to haul it to the market, and shortage in the yard as a consequence, there is not going to be enough to go around if the winter is severe.

What will you do if you can't get coal when you need it?

H. M. Kelley & Co.

Office, 1 North Third
Yards, Tenth and State

LOCAL MINISTER PRAISES TANLAC

Freed Him From Bondage of Nervous Indigestion and Restored Health

RECOMMENDS IT TO OTHERS

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from the torments of nervous indigestion," says the Rev. James M. Waggoner, of Penbrook, Pa., "and I have no hesitancy in saying that I owe my release from the misery of this trouble entirely to the beneficient action of Tanlac.

"Before I retired I was under a constant nervous strain, my hours were irregular owing to the demands upon my time and as a consequence my nerves gave way and seriously affected my stomach and digestion.

"Naturally this condition caused me much distress as I was unable to eat as I should and my nights were restless so that I was badly run down.

"Tanlac was highly recommended to me by a number of my friends and I started taking it on their recommendation. Much to my gratification it relieved me quickly and subsequently greatly improved my general health.

"My appetite is now very good, I seem to be quite free from my old indigestion, I am sleeping well and feel altogether much better than in many years past. I certainly recommend Tanlac to others who are afflicted as I was."

Tanlac, the famous reconstructive tonic, is now being introduced here at Gorgas' Drug Store, where the Tanlac man is meeting the people and explaining the merits of this master medicine. Tanlac is sold also at the Gorgas Drug Store in the P. R. R. Station.

Wife to Blame if Husband Drinks, Says Druggist Brown of Cleveland, Who Tells Wife What To Do

A New Treatment Given Without the Consent or Knowledge of the Drinker

Cleveland, O.—No wife has a right to blame her husband because he drinks, says Druggist Brown of Cleveland. It is her fault if she lets him drink and bring unhappiness and poverty to her home and she has no right to complain. A woman can stop a drinking husband in a few weeks for half what he would spend on liquor, so why waste sympathy on a wife who refuses to do it? Druggist Brown also says the right time to stop the drink habit is at its beginning unless you want drink to deaden the fine sensibilities of the husband you love. Begin with the first whiff of liquor on his breath but do not despair if he has gone from bad to worse until he is rum-soaked through and through. Druggist Brown knows the curse of strong drink because he himself has been a victim. He was rescued from the brink of a drunkard's grave by a loving sister who, after ten years' time, revealed the secret to him. She saved him from drink—rescued him from his own depraved self, by giving him a secret remedy, the formula of an old German chemist. To discharge his debt to her and to help other victims out of the murk and mire he has made the formula public. Any druggist can put it in the hands of any suffering wife, mother, sister or daughter. Just ask the druggist for prepared Tescum powders and drop a powder twice a day in tea, coffee, milk or any other drink. Soon liquor does not taste the same, the craving for it disappears and lo, one more drinker is saved and knows not when or why he lost the taste for drink.

Note.—Tescum, referred to above, should be used only when it is desirable to destroy all taste for alcoholic drinks of every kind. The wife who approves of drinking in moderation and believes her husband safe should give it only when she sees, as most do in time, that the danger line is near. Since this formula has been made public H. C. Kennedy, J. Nelson Clark, and other druggists have filled it repeatedly.

I Know What My Customers Owe

This man knows because every charge account is posted to date each time a sale is made. McCaskey Service sees to that.

He does not run a chance of slow paying customers getting into him for more credit than they are entitled to. He doesn't have to wait for monthly statements to go out before he gets his money. McCaskey Service collects outstanding accounts without monthly statements.

Find out more about it by dropping a card or phoning to—

The McCaskey Register Company

Harrisburg Office—211 Locust Street

C. L. SAWTELLE, Sales Agent

TYPEWRITERS

For the Girl or Boy attending school.
For the Place demanding use of a Typewriter but where conditions will not permit purchase of a new machine.

FACTORY REBUILT LIKE NEW AT REASONABLE PRICES

Write or phone for prices and terms.

GEO. P. TILLOTSON

L. C. SMITH & BROS., TYPEWRITERS

211 Locust St. Bell Phone 3762 — Opp. Orpheum Theater Dial 4802

The Telegraph Bindery

Will Rebind Your Bible Satisfactorily

Learn To Prevent As Well As Heal Skin Troubles With Cuticura

How much better to prevent skin suffering by using Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes, the Soap to cleanse and purify the pores, with touches of Ointment now and then as needed to soothe and heal the first signs of eczemas, rashes, dandruff and pimples. You will use no other once you try them.

✠ SAMPLES FREE ✠

Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 27, Boston." For sale by your druggist.

Ah-h-ah-ttisshooo!! Catching Cold?

Get a Bottle of

Mentho-Laxene

Take as directed—right away. Checks and aborts colds and coughs in 24 hours. Guaranteed. Nothing so good. Proven so. Makes a pint of Cough Syrup. All druggists.

CLASSIFIED BUSINESS DIRECTORY

THINGS YOU WANT AND WHERE TO GET THEM

Artificial Limbs and Trusses

Braces for all deformities, abdominal supporters. Capital City Art. Limb Co., 412 Market St. Bell Phone.

French Cleaning and Dyeing

Goodman's, tailoring and repairing, all guaranteed. Call and deliver. Bell phone 3296, 1306½ N. Sixth St.

Fire Insurance and Real Estate

J. E. Gipple—Fire Insurance—Real Estate—Rent Collecting. 1251 Market St. Bell phone.

Tailors

George F. Shope, Hill Tailor, 1241 Market. Spring goods are now ready.

Signs and Enamel Letters

Poulton, 307 Market street. Bell phone. Prompt and efficient service.