

Women and Their Interests

Their Married Life

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How Helen lived through that evening she hardly ever knew. All through dinner she was impelled to ask Warren who had written the letter, but something seemed to restrain the impulse, and she kept quiet and tried to act as naturally as possible.

"I guess so," he had said, in a pre-occupied manner that made Helen inwardly writhe all over, and then had gone on eating deliberately as though he had all the time in the world.

"Why the hurry?" he asked, looking up as the waiter removed Helen's dessert plate.

"I don't know, dear," said Helen guiltily. "I feel nervous this evening, that's all." Her accustomed word of endearment fell from her lips naturally, and she checked herself and thought that if Warren were contemplating anything underhanded, how utterly unworthy was her faith and love.

Warren had suggested going to the theater, but she had refused on the plea of a headache, so they had gone home.

She did not follow Warren directly into the livingroom, but went into her own room first to remove her hat and coat.

That would give Warren the opportunity he wanted, she thought to herself—the opportunity to open the letter alone.

When she had scattered her hat and coat on the floor, she went into the bathroom for a headache powder which she was in the act of preparing when the telephone rang so suddenly that she dropped the powder, and it flew out of her hand and scattered on the floor.

Nora called her just then, and she hurried to the telephone to be greeted by Warren's brusque hello.

Warren picked up the telephone with a telephone message.

"Hello," she said, "is anything the matter?"

"I'm coming up to the house in about half an hour. Do you think you could get ready for a trip on short notice if I decided to take you with me?"

Helen almost dropped the receiver.

"A trip, why yes, Warren, what kind of a trip? Where?"

"I'll tell you all about it as soon as I get up to the house. If you think you can get ready to leave by tomorrow afternoon, I'll take you."

"And Winifred?"

"Of course, I suppose so, unless you could leave her with Bob and Louise."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know. Start to get your things together, and we'll talk it over as soon as I can get up. Tell Nora to have lunch at twelve and I'll eat up there; it will save time."

There was a click of the receiver, and Helen had an excited shiver of delight. A trip just at this time of the year was something she had not expected. She wondered how Warren could be so calm about it, and then she sprang up, all her heaviness gone in the excitement of the moment.

"Nora, have luncheon ready promptly at twelve. Mr. Curtis is coming home, and Nora we are going away long, but Mr. Curtis is coming right home and he will tell us all about it."

The worry about the letter was completely forgotten as Helen began to open bureaus. A blue and green corded silk suit that she had bought a few days ago unknown to Warren had come home and would be just the thing to travel in. She had her afternoon dresses and two thin gowns from last summer that would come in handy. Winifred would have to have some things, but no doubt she would have time to shop that afternoon for a few necessities and buy the rest as she had the chance.

By the time Warren's key was rattling in the latch she had all her clothes out on the bed and her trunk in readiness for quick packing. Winifred had been sent out to the dining-room and now stood at the door anxiously peering in at Helen's operations. Warren caught her up as she came in.

"Hello, chicken! what do you think about it, anyway?" And then as he saw Helen's room: "Well, this is quick preparation, I tell you."

"Warren, do tell me all about it, and do you think I will have time to shop this afternoon?"

Warren looked doubtful. "I'll give you an hour, a half or two hours at the most. Can you get what you want in that? If so, I'll let you get what I need, too, and I won't have to bother."

"That will be plenty of time—I'll do everything. But now tell me about it, business of course."

"Yes, business down to Panama."

Helen gasped incredulously. "Panama?" she said, as though hardly believing what she had heard; and then, "Warren, then there won't be any trouble at all about taking Winifred?"

"That's what I thought," said Warren, now in high good humor. "Here's our steamer, and it's a good one, too. There'll be a coach in the room, and we can have a bed made on that."

Helen hugged Winifred rapturously. "How long are we going to be away, dear?"

"Probably three weeks. I don't know just how long we'll be in Panama; won't know till we get down there. Better take some thin clothes."

"I'm going to Warren. I'll need a linen suit and a steamer coat; I think I have everything else," as she bent over the trunk and folded up her clothes quickly. "I'll have to get a few things for Winifred."

"Yes, and you'll get those things for me, too. There's lots of time, if you don't stay in there all day and let the lunch get cold. You can finish up afterward when I am back at the office. That's the trouble with you women, you get so excited over the least little thing."

(Another incident in this fascinating series will appear here soon.)

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester. Copyright 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.

There was but one conclusion among the men, and Ned, composing his voice



It is a matter for the police, he declared.

as he passed from the mention of Blye, stated that conclusion.

"It is a matter for the police," he declared and picked up the telephone.

"Our daughter is in danger," said the grave voice of John Moore.

CHAPTER II.

IN the dock adjacent to the one from which the Hilarity's motor tender had departed there paced, almost perceptibly, a night watchman, who consisted of an overcoat, a cap and two glints of eye. To him there came, as the docks intensified their loneliness, a brisk little chauffeur with a thin mustache and a woman with high cheek bones.

"The Hilarity?" stated the little chauffeur, with an accusing tone, and with a sweeping gesture he pointed to that adjacent dock where stood a big hamper with the word "Hilarity" glaring white on its side. "She is gone!" Then Henri stepped back.

"Yep," rumbled a frosty voice.

"But her tender," objected Henri, "also is gone. Listen, my friend," insisted Henri, stopping in front of the overcoat and cap, but moving aside as it came irresistibly on. "The facts are like these: Mademoiselle has gone on board the Hilarity. Behold, here is the maid of the charming mademoiselle. She was also to have gone on board the Hilarity. How, then, shall she go?"

"Dunno,"

The maid of the charming mademoiselle now stepped forward.

"Can you drive a motorboat?" she asked.

"Volia!" And Henri snapped the fingers of both hands, snapped them three times. "Volia, mademoiselle, Marie! If it goes I can drive it."

"Can't we hire this boat?" and the resourceful Marie pointed to a trim little craft.

"None."

"But, comrade," And Henri jerked his cap on the back of his head as he wheeled at right angles.

"It is important. Look. Here is money. I take the swift little boat. I swish out of the slip. I swish down the river. I swish across the bay. Like lightning I swish, and I overtake the yacht Hilarity. I deliver the charming maid—a little bow here—"

"and a kiss from the finger tips to the charming mademoiselle, and immediately I swish back. Nothing is lost! All is safe!"

"Get off the dock," came the answer.

"But, monsieur."

"Hike."

"I, Henri, detest you," was the angry response. And he followed Marie off the dock.

Henri had another idea. He drove to a nearby saloon and procured a bottle of whisky, which he offered to the man on the dock.

"Thanks." The voice was one degree less frosty. The neck of the bottle disappeared into the slit of the overcoat collar, and the gleaming bottle turned heavenward.

"Volia," Henri himself took a sip and stuffed the bottle in his pocket. "I shall go away, my friend, but I shall

return." He hurried back to the touring car up on the street and drove away, and the thick figure slinking out of the shadows hopped on behind.

In the ivory tapestried stateroom, as the Hilarity steamed slowly across the bay, June Warner suddenly rose and rang for the stewardess. That puckered person came with alacrity, but before she went to June she stopped in the door of the crimson and gold salon and, catching the eye of Orin Cunningham, bobbed her head and smiled her ingratiating smile and jerked her thumb over her shoulder toward June's room; then she turned her pallid eyes toward Gilbert Blye for a fleeting moment and hurried away.

"Did you ring, dearie?" she whined as June opened the door.

"Yes," June studied the woman a moment speculatively. She could not confide in this creature. "You may bring me some water, please."

"Yes, dearie." The stewardess whirled and hurried to the door of the crimson and gold salon, where Tommy Thomas sat between Cunningham and Edwards, with a hand on a shoulder of each. The stewardess, with a side-long glance at the quiet Blye in the corner, hurried over to the group on the bench.

"She wants some water," she whispered, bending over and grinning her ugly grin.

"Oh, yes." Again the grin. "Young ladies always trust me. Say, I think she wants to escape."

Blye, with a frown on his dark, handsome face, walked across and spoke to Cunningham. Orin nodded and, his eyes twinkling, went to the portable buffet, where he selected a long stemmed, gracefully shaped, gold incusted goblet of Venetian glass. He filled it with ice and set it to one side. Then, while the others watched him, Tommy Thomas, with a half sneer, and Mrs. Villard, with shocked concern, he took from a locked case a tiny stone bottle. Now he emptied the ice from the beautiful goblet and poured into it a few blood red drops. Mrs. Villard half rose and looked toward Gilbert Blye; then, with a catch in her breath, she sat down and was silent.

Blye went to the door as the stewardess came up the gangway and called her in with a jerk of his head. On the lips of Edwards there had come a firm set, and his heavy lidded eyes had narrowed. Without a word Cunningham handed the glass to the stewardess, but between the two there passed a look which was full of meaning. Blye, with his glowing eyes on the glass, smiled suavely.

"I brought you the water, dearie," said the stewardess, entering June's stateroom.

"Oh!" An exclamation of delight from June as her eyes widened with the beauty of the delicate Venetian goblet.

"That's something else I made for you in the pantry, dearie," explained the stewardess, her goxwing white, and bobbed her neck. "It's a fine stimulant and soothing to the nerves."

June took the fragile glass in her hand. Its sheer beauty had won her. She inhaled distantly. The fragrance was most appealing. She looked at it again and smiled. She did feel faint and weak. She lifted the glass to her lips, and the tip of her tongue caught the delicious flavor. Suddenly, as she tilted the glass to drink, she caught the pallid eyes of the stewardess fixed eagerly upon her. The woman's mouth was half open, and she was breathing hard.

With a flash of intuition June jerked her lips from the glass and threw it, crashing and splintering, into the fireplace.

"Why, dearie!" exclaimed the stewardess, and in great agitation she pushed a button at the side of the mantel.

June's eyelashes lowered for an instant, and her lips set; then quietly she went into the little blue boudoir and sat thoughtfully upon the daintily upholstered settee.

The stewardess came pompously in. "Well, you're done it again, you!" he growled as he surveyed the splintered fragments of the delicate Venetian glass.

"No, Percy," whined the woman and glared toward the boudoir door with her pallid eyes. She jerked her thumb in that direction, and then she winked.

"That's you," snarled Wilkins. "You always say it's a guest."

"How much?" whispered the woman in a sibilant hiss, which carried as it was intended to do.

"Them glasses is \$12 apiece, and it'll be taken from your wages. That comes out of my pocket!"

June bit her lips. Twelve dollars! It was a lot of money to a girl who had found dollars coming slowly and independence hard to win, but she picked up her purse. After all, she had no proof that the woman meant anything but kindness.

"Is this breakage charged against you?" asked June.

"Why, yes, dearie." A smifle went with the white.

"How much will it cost you?"

"Twelve dollars," sniffe. "But it's all a part of our job, so never mind, dearie."

"I do not wish you to lose the money," and quite thoughtfully June counted \$12 from her slender store. She added another for the customary tip and gave one to the man, and they thanked her most obsequiously. As June returned to the boudoir their suppressed voices broke out again.

"No," protested the woman in that whining hiss; "that's my money—the dollar's mine, anyhow."

"Nothing yours except what I give you," stated Percy Wilkins gruffly. "That's the law, and you know it."

clean up that mess, you," and he left the room.

The woman's whining mumble could be heard all the while she was cleaning up the fireplace. She was going when June returned to the stateroom, but on the floor near the door was a yellow leather bound blank book, its side worn like glass from the constant friction of a pocket. June picked it up and opened it with idle curiosity.

On the first inside page, at the top, was the big scrawled word "From." At the top of the opposite page was the word "To." The first item on the "From" page read: "Dear you."

"From Sallie Fish, wedding portion—2,000 pounds."

Beneath this was the item—

"Savings, Percy Wilkins—162 pounds." On the opposite page the first entry was:

"Booking to the States."

"Percy and Sally Wilkins, 22 pounds."

See Runaway June in motion pictures every Monday at the Victoria Theater. The pictures each week portray the episode published in the Telegraph the week previous.—Advertisement.

Runaway June will be shown in motion pictures every Monday at the Royal Theater, Third street above Cumberland. Be sure to see them.—Advertisement.

[To Be Continued.]

MRS. SUSAN E. SMALL, 87, BORN, LIVED, DIED IN SAME HOUSE

Special to The Telegraph

Sunbury, Pa., April 1.—Mrs. Susan E. Small, the last of seven children of John George Youngman, and the only surviving member of the Youngman family, noted as a family of newspaper writers and publishers, died yesterday afternoon. She was 87 years old. Mrs. Small was born, lived and died in the same home to which her father, 102 years ago, took his bride.

IF YOU HAD A NECK AS LONG AS THIS FELLOW, AND HAD SORE THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN TONSILINE WOULD QUICKLY RELIEVE IT. 25c. and 50c. Hospital Size, 61c. ALL DRUGGISTS.

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San Cura Ointment Relieves Pain, Draws Out Poisons and Heals Promptly

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Every person ought to have a jar on hand; it is the first and best aid to the injured in case of accident, and is the ideal remedy for so many other distressing and painful ailments besides.

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We advise every reader to get a jar of San Cura Ointment today, and keep it ready for an accident or emergency that may happen. 25 cents and 50 cents at George A. Gorgas on the money-back plan.—Advertisement.

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

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It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.—Advertisement.

EASTER FLOWERS UNRIVALED SHOWING Superb assortments of thrifty potted flowering plants at very moderate prices. Every one guaranteed free from disease. Azaleas in all colors, Spireas, Acacias, Gardenias, Lilacs, Genestas, Rhododendrons, Hyacinths, Lillies, Tulips, Narcissus, Etc. New French Hydrangeas in blue, pink and white. Baby Roses, which will bloom all summer. Tausendschons in all colors,—and the newest floral novelty, Metrosideros, or bottle brush, one of the oddest varieties known—and many others. Come Early Last year many of our customers came late and were disappointed. If you call not later than Thursday we can assure you the finest selection in the city of any of the above plants. HOLMES SEED COMPANY 106-108 S. Second St. Two doors below Chestnut Bell Phone 68 Cumberland 76 Open Evenings

REWARD FOR SICK MAN Special to The Telegraph Sunbury, Pa., April 1.—A reward of fifty dollars was offered to-day for the return of the body of Fenton Straub, dead or alive, to his boarding house in Watsonstown. Straub, a young man, affiliated with many prominent fraternal orders in Watsonstown, had the measles, became delirious, and wandered away last Friday. He has not been heard of since. Fraternal organizations offer the reward.

BIBLE CLASS ANNIVERSARY Special to The Telegraph Annville, Pa., April 1.—Last evening the sixth anniversary of the Men's Adult Bible class of the United Brethren Church was observed with appropriate exercises in the social rooms of the church. Covers were laid for fifty members.

WANT BOARD OF ASSESSORS Special to The Telegraph Sunbury, Pa., April 1.—Prominent Northumberland county officials are endeavoring to have created for this county, a special board of county tax assessors. This board is to have the duties of a tax commission and be made up of three men, similar to the county commissioners. FELL FROM LADDER through with his foot, slipped, his toes Halifax, Pa., April 1.—Undertaker C. C. Baker had a narrow escape from injury on Wednesday. He crawled up a ladder to get to the garret of his building on Third street, and when he got to the top rung it broke, throwing him backwards onto the cook stove in the kitchen of the P. O. S. of A. hall.

Huyler's CANDIES FOR EASTER will convey your greetings most appropriately. Delicious bonbons and chocolates for "grownups". "Good to eat" Easter-eggs, rabbits and chicks for the "little-folks". Our Sales Agents in Harrisburg are J. H. Boher F. J. Althouse Cunningham's Huyler's Cocoa, like Huyler's Candy, is Supreme

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Remember whenever you are troubled with minor ailments of the digestive organs, that these may soon develop into more serious sickness. Your future safety, as well as your present comfort may depend on the quickness with which you seek a corrective remedy. By common consent of the legion who have tried them, Beecham's Pills are the most reliable of all family medicines. This standard family remedy tones the stomach, stimulates the sluggish liver, regulates inactive bowels. Improved digestion, sounder sleep, better looks, brighter spirits and greater vitality come after the system has been cleared and the blood purified by Beecham's Pills (The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World) Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

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