

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen went about the house doing the hundred and one little duties that Mary was accustomed to fulfil. She thought about Mary as she worked, and wondered again what had happened to Joe, and why. Nora had sent for her sister.

As Warren had said to Helen, it must have been something of importance to have Joe injured as he was, and to have Nora who was an unusually practical and efficient. It might send for her sister in a panic-stricken way that meant something out of the ordinary.

Helen had just finished making the beds, when the telephone rang, and she hastened to answer. Mary's trembling voice came to her over the telephone, and soon as Helen heard it she knew that things were serious.

"How is everything?" she questioned.

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary's voice, "things is pretty bad. I wonder if you could come down to us, Mrs. Curtis; Joe is pretty bad, and Nora keeps crying. I told Nora I'd ask you; but if you can't come, Mrs. Curtis, don't you bother."

"Of course, I'll come, Mary," said Helen reassuringly. "I'm all dressed and I'll come right along. I can take care of the baby for Nora any-

way, and I want to hear about everything."

Helen put on her hat hurriedly after Mary had rung off and hurried downstairs and into the subway. Nora had a neat little flat in the Bronx, and Helen was going up the long winding stairs twenty minutes after Mary had rung her up. She knocked at the door of the flat, which was opened a second later by Mary.

"Oh, Mrs. Curtis," said the girl with trembling lips. "I am that glad to see you. Come right in."

Nora at Joe's Side. Helen followed Mary in. The walls of a small baby filled the air with stifled sobs. Nora was huddled in a little heap by the side of the bed where Joe was lying. She looked up as Helen entered and smiled faintly. Helen crossed over to her and laid her cool hand on the girl's cheek.

"Come, Nora," she said firmly, when she saw that Joe lay with his eyes closed. "You're not helping Joe any by sitting here. Have you had any breakfast?"

Nora shook her head, but she relaxed a little and allowed Helen to lead her into the kitchen where Mary had made coffee, and an appetizing smell of hot toast filled the air. Mary had the baby in her arms, and was hushing it to sleep. Nora dropped into the chair by the table and looked up at Helen wanly.

"I want you to drink this cup of coffee," said Helen firmly, "and then I want you to tell me all about it." She spoke with an air of authority that convinced Nora, somehow. Anyway the girl began to break up the toast and a few minutes later was sipping the hot liquid.

"Joe was cut," she sobbed out finally, pushing back the cup, and then the tears came and Nora cried and cried and Helen sat with the girl's tumbled head against her shoulder and tried to soothe her. As soon as she was more calm, she began to tell Helen the story lucidly.

"It happened early this morning," she explained, drawing a long breath. "Joe went up on the roof to get some clothes I had forgotten. There was a cute little kid from the floor upstairs there hanging up some things on the line. She's only about fourteen. Joe said something to her and she laughed. Joe was just coming down the stairs when he heard her cry, and he dropped the clothes and climbed back."

Nora was speaking quickly now, lost in the excitement of her story. "There was a big man up there with his arms around the kid, and Joe said that was all he remembered. He just grabbed for him, and it would have been all right but the man had a knife."

Helen was listening, absorbed in the tale. It sounded like a story out of a book, she could hardly believe that such a thing had happened to plain, honest Joe, little Nora's husband.

"Go on, Nora," she prompted. "It was the knife," Nora said. "The man cut him three times, and once in the eye. Oh, Mrs. Curtis when I saw the blood, I couldn't even see Joe; it was terrible." And Nora's eyes filled with tears again.

"Did they get the man?" said Helen.

Helen Reassures. "Yes, ma'am; they got him right outside. He went down the skylight of the house next door, but they got him, and Joe had to be sewed up, and the doctors gave him something to make him sleep."

"But of course, you're proud of Joe, Nora," Helen said, "and you're glad he saved the little girl, aren't you? You ought to think about that. Why, it makes him a regular hero."

Mary had hushed little Michael, who had fallen finally into an uneasy sleep, and the little flat was once more quiet. "Did the doctor say Joe would be all right?" Helen questioned. "Oh, yes," said Nora, eagerly; "but his eye was nearly put out; he has a long cut just above it."

"I know, Nora's it's just horrible, but now that you know he's all right, you don't have to worry any more. You ought to buckle up so that when he is himself again you'll be able to make him laugh and be happy."

And he ain't going to lose anything from his job," put in Mary, eagerly. "The man was here this morning, and said so."

"That's right," Nora agreed, with shining eyes; "it might have been a lot worse."

"Of course it might; that's the way to look at it," Helen said, smiling. "Now, why don't you tidy up the place and get the baby to bed, and then Mary can stay with you till Joe is feeling better."

Nora smiled her thanks, her blue eyes once more the wide Irish eyes that were so attractive. As they went into the next room again a low knock came at the door and a minute later a fat woman pushed her head through the opening and whispered a question. "Come in, Mrs. McCarthy," said Nora. "How's Nellie?" This is the mother of the little girl, Mrs. Curtis. Nora explained to Helen and Helen smiled sweetly on the woman who began a eulogy on Joe's bravery. Nora was the hostess again, and she hustled back into the kitchen to make some strong tea for all hands around.

Helen settled back into her chair with a feeling of well being. Things were going all right now, and she must hurry home in a few minutes and get lunch for Warren. He would be anxious to hear all about it.

(Another instalment in this increasingly interesting series will appear here soon.)

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If Favorite Foods Upset Stomach Take Magnesia

If tomatoes, cucumbers, strawberries or other foods in season do not agree with you and make your stomach sour or burn, producing acid indigestion, don't think you must give up eating these good things and do not, either, make the mistake of swallowing pepain or soda pills after every meal. Instead just make a practice of taking a teaspoonful of pure bisulphate of magnesia in half a glass of hot water right after eating. The hot water will force a needed blood supply to your stomach and the bisulphate of magnesia will instantly neutralize any excess of stomach acid and your digestion will be natural and painless. Bisulphate of magnesia is not a laxative and its continued use, in entirely harmless amounts, weakens natural digestion. It can be obtained at all well stocked drugstores. Be sure to get Bisulphate of Magnesia. Do not use other forms of magnesia for this purpose.—Advertisement.

OCEAN GROVE CAMP MEETING

Sixteen-Day Vacation Asbury Park Ocean Grove Thursday, August 24

Ocean Grove Camp Meeting will be in charge of Rev. "Billy" Sunday with H. Roddeheaver directing music.

Tickets good going on regu-trains from Harrisburg August 24 and returning on all regular trains, except limited trains, until September 8, inclusive. Stop-off allowed at Philadelphia.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR SHIRTS SIDES & SIDES

Gen. Pershing Compliments Men of His Expedition

By Associated Press

Field Headquarters American Punitive Expedition, Aug. 21, by radio to Columbus, N. M., Aug. 22.—Warlike efficiency radiated from the ranks of the troops of his command who passed in review to-day before General J. J. Pershing, leader of the expedition.

"The finest body of men I ever had the pleasure of commanding," declared the General after the last wagon rumbled past, "and fit for any action."

Perfectly drilled and equipped, the 5,000 men made an impressive spectacle. A picturesque touch was the appearance on the scene of three aeroplanes, which came through the morning mist and skimmed just above the moving columns.

ACQUIT STRIKE LEADERS

El Paso, Tex., Aug. 22.—The syndicate leaders responsible for the recent strike that tied up the transportation, light and water supplies of Mexico City have been acquitted of the charge of rebellion by the special court-martial trying their cases, according to newspapers arriving from Mexico to-day. However, the men were not set at liberty, as they will be tried in the civil courts for offenses connected with the strike, such as fomenting disorder and committing acts of violence.

COLONEL BUTLER DIES

St. Louis, Aug. 22.—Colonel James Gay Butler, multi-millionaire and philanthropist, died early to-day. He was 76 years old.

Crooks Take Advantage of Reduced Police Force by Committing Bold Raids

Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 22.—Toledo crooks took advantage last night of

the reduced police force which went into effect early in the evening. More than 100 robberies, such as holdups, a house breaking, pocket picking and other minor crimes were reported up to 3 o'clock this morning. There were but few arrests. The city's police force was cut one-third its normal quota because of a shortage of funds, caused in a measure by failure of two recent bond issues, totalling nearly \$2,000,000.

Advertisement for National Biscuit Company featuring 'Zu Zu' biscuits. Includes text: 'Ho! Everybody!! Know Zu Zu! Eat Zu Zu! The crispest, spiciest ginger snap that ever tickled a palate. Make a bee line to the nearest grocer man, and get a whole packageful for a nickel. NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY' and a large '5c' price tag.

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