

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Let's go for a walk before they come," suggested Warren.

"All right, dear," Helen assented eagerly. It wasn't often that Warren asked her to do so personal a thing and she was always glad to do anything he asked her.

"Well, you tell Mary, will you?" And Helen hurried off to tell Mary that if Mr. and Mrs. Holmes should come before she and Mr. Curtis returned, to say that they would be right back. Then Helen hurried into her things and in a few minutes the cold November air was beating into their faces.

"It's colder than I thought," Warren said after a few minutes walk in silence. "Shall we turn back?"

"Oh, no," gasped Helen, "let's walk at least a mile. I haven't been out today."

Warren, who had suggested walking in the first place, was silent and after they had walked another couple of blocks the swing of the thing had got him, and he was actually enjoying it. When they returned to the house after a walk of 30 blocks both of them felt better.

The Holmeses had not arrived, and Helen began to arrange things for the evening. She brought out the card table and the score; and Warren, who had thrown himself into an easy chair and was watching her, remarked suddenly:

"Can't we play something besides bridge? I'm getting sick of it. You might as well ask people here to play chess, for all the fun and talk we get out of it."

"But we always play bridge," Helen said, a little helplessly.

"That's no reason why we have to continue playing, is it?" queried Warren.

"But everybody likes it better than anything else. Other card games went out of style long ago."

"What other card games?"

"Oh, euchre and five hundred and hearts."

"Well, we might play poker."

"But poker's no fun," protested Helen.

"Have you ever played?" asked Warren, blandly.

"Only that evening you tried to teach me when Ned Burns and Frances were here. I was bored to death, and I couldn't see a thing in it; it's all luck. It doesn't make any difference how you play your hand. Any child could play it."

Warren disagreed.

"Nothing of the kind," said Warren, to whom the mention of Ned Burns' name had been anything but pleasant. "It takes lots of nerve to play poker. I know you don't have to keep your mind on the game the way you do in bridge, but poker has its good points just the same and it's lots more sociable."

Helen, who knew little or nothing about poker, hadn't much of an argument to advance; but she didn't want to play it the entire evening just the same.

"But, Warren," she expostulated, "you are such a good bridge player, I don't see why you have taken this dislike to it all of a sudden."

Warren was slightly mollified at the compliment and said, more agreeably:

"I haven't taken a dislike to it, I like to play it occasionally; but I argue that when such jolly people as the Holmeses come in for an evening we ought to do something that will afford more of a chance for conversation. When I play bridge I don't take my mind off the cards for a minute; it makes me furious if my partner makes a wrong play, and I am as cross as a bear if I find that I might have done better with the cards I had."

Helen was silent, for what Warren said was true. He was a very strict player and while Helen liked to play as much as he did, she could take time to laugh and joke and talk between times. Often Warren had reprimanded her severely for levity during an exciting moment, and there had been occasions when he had been almost rude to Mrs. Stevens, who talked a great deal when she played and did the most maddening things with a good hand.

"Of course," Warren said after a few minutes' silence, "if we do play we ought to have a few cents up for the fun of it."

Helen looked at him in surprise. "But I don't want to play for money," she declared.

"Oh, don't be foolish, it's not going to kill you, you won't lose more than 30 cents or so the whole evening and you'll find that it's just twice as much fun as bridge. You play for prizes, don't you? What's the difference?"

"Here they are now," said Helen as she rang.

"Well, suppose we leave it to them," suggested Warren.

Helen hadn't time to say more, for Mary was admitting the guests and she hastened out with Warren to greet them. After they were all seated in the living room, Warren spoke up jovially:

"I was telling Helen," he began, "that it might be more fun and make the evening pleasanter if we played poker for a change."

"I'm a perfect dub at it," said Mrs. Holmes, "but I'm game for anything the rest want to play."

"I think it's a good scheme," said Phil Holmes. "It will be easier and I won't feel as if my life is at stake. Of course, we'll play for a small amount, to make it more fun."

"Sure," said Warren grinning.

"Well, Lulu Holmes," said Helen, laughing, "I see you are against me, too. I thought you people would be bored playing poker, but now that you all want to try it, I'm the worst player in the room." And with as good a grace as she could muster, Helen capitulated.

(Watch for the next instalment of this interesting series.)

FAVOR REDINGOTE IN SMART STYLES

The Round Neck Is Dressy and Many Will Like to Wear It

By MAY MANTON



9255 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years. 9042 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

The tunic frock is a very smart one for Winter and this model is as attractive as any that could be shown. The tunic is open at the front in redingote style and joined to a plain bodice. This bodice can be made as it is here or with a high neck and sailor collar that is just slightly open at the front. The skirt beneath is a simple one in two pieces but the pattern for the bodice and the tunic gives an entire skirt so that either the tunic shown here or a complete frock can be made from it as indicated in the back view. As a matter of course, the tunic frock with the round neck would be more dressy therefore, the one pattern provides a dressy frock and a simple one which will in no way suggest one another.

For the 16 year size the dress and tunic will require, 5 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 4 3/8 yards 44 with 3/4 of a yard 36 inches wide for the collar and cuffs, 2 1/2 yards of fur banding. For the skirt will be needed, 2 1/4 yards 36, 2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide.

The May Manton patterns of the dress No. 9255 and of the skirt No. 9042 both are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

FAIRVIEW TEACHERS' INSTITUTE
Lewisberry, Dec. 29.—School teachers of Fairview township will hold their next institute at Eichinger's school house, on January 6. The program follows: Devotional exercises, Miss Malinda Baylor; "Language in the Grades," Miss Nora Spangler; "Manners and Morals," Miss Lizzie Kunkel; preparation of the lesson, including home studies, Miss Tessie Kerlin, 7:30 p. m.—"Agriculture," J. A. Shuey; "The Rural School," L. E. Hartman; debate, "Resolved, That inventions have been the cause of more good than evil. To be debated affirmatively by Walter Trout and Blaine Seitz, negatively by H. M. Sutton and J. W. Ellicker; gazette by Miss Bertha Baylor.

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FEDERAL SQUARE

THE ENEMY

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

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Continued.

John Doe reached forward mechanically, but, midway of the movement, he stopped and let his hand rest on the table. He looked at the whisky long and hard, and drew his hand away. There was his enemy! He had always known that, but he could not remember the time when he had offered any resistance to it. That was the thing which had raised a veil of sodden vapor between him and all the good things which he now strove to recall. No foe lurking in grass, knife between teeth, could be more vicious than this; no noxious snake could be more deadly; and yet there grew up in him a sudden wild craving for it! It seemed a thing of life, as it gleamed there yellow in its glass; it seemed to taunt and mock him; it seemed to boast that, within a few minutes, its deadening fumes would seep upward into his brain, and obliterate again all those dimly inscribed lines which he was now striving so hard to decipher! What was it that he had remembered just before dinner? Unconsciously, as he concentrated, he reached out for the glass of whisky. His fingers touched the cold surface, and he hastily drew back his hand.

"God! He must have it! There was a devil in him that cried out for it. There was not a fiber in him which did not crave it! It was life! Suddenly, with an inarticulate gasp, he clutched the glass! He was trembling in every nerve as he raised it towards his lips.

At that moment the door opened, and there walked in Tommy Tinkle, half supporting and half in drag, Billy Lane. Tommy, with his silk hat on the back of his head and that perpetual grin on his lips, helped Billy sprawl, his arms dangling and his chin on his breast. His mouth was half open, and he was breathing heavily.

"Tommy bowed gravely to the stranger, who still stood with his glass in his hand.

"The same to you and many of 'em!" he observed cheerfully. "Drink hearty and have another."

Burke came running in, and, paying no attention to either Tommy or John Doe, stooped and began taking out Billy's shoes.

"Whisky again, sir," he said, looking up at Tommy reproachfully.

There was a sudden crash of glass, and the sudden upleaping of flame. John Doe had thrown his whisky in the fireplace.

CHAPTER VI
A Family Affair

Geraldine Benning was furious—and something more! At dinner her eyes were red.

"I am tremendously disappointed in Billy," observed the plump and placid Mrs. Benning. Her round, smooth face was as clear of texture as Geraldine's, and her eyes were as large. "He has always been such a nice boy."

"He never could have been nice!" snapped Geraldine. "He only seemed nice! If he had been, he couldn't have done what he did!"

"That sounds true, Geraldine, but it isn't quite," judged her father. "Of course it was an unparadiseable thing to do—but—"

"But he did it!" interrupted Geraldine savagely.

Her father thoughtfully poured himself a glass of wine. He was a pink-faced man, and the very perfection of good nature; but thoughtfulness became him. He was so conscientious about it.

"I'm worried over Billy," he resumed. "He seems to have gradually increased his drinking, and he's not the right temperament for it. That was why I wanted to keep him here

she been in any degree to blame for Billy's conduct between his two visits? And why hadn't Tommy come back? Somehow, no one had worried about Tommy. There had not seemed to be an impression that Tommy was in any danger.

By morning Geraldine had settled into cold anger. At ten o'clock there came a box of gorgeous American Beauties. She knew that, since they were from Billy's florist, they must be from Billy; but she opened them to make sure. Stunning roses they were, each one perfect, sweet, and it seemed a shame that their beauty should be connected with such thoughts as she now associated with Billy. She buried her face among the cool leaves and inhaled their wonderful fragrance. Because she was angry with Billy was no reason she should not do this. The flowers couldn't help it. Carefully she tied up the box again, with her own hands, and sent the roses back! There had been a note, an apology, no doubt; but there are some things for which no apologies can make amends of all. Tommy's flowers came by and by. She sent them back unopened. She loved flowers!

At one o'clock there arrived a package of her favorite candy; but she returned that without a quail. The candy was not alive like the roses.

She had intended to go out that afternoon, but she changed her mind. She might as well settle this once for all. She went up to her room and selected her prettiest tea-gown, the one with the pale blue fur, and in her golden brown hair she wound a string of turquoise beads. Sorrow had not dimmed her eyes nor faded the bloom in her cheeks.

At three o'clock Billy came; and that was the moment of her deadliest disdain. She was not at home! When Billy looked up at her boudoir and saw she was sitting there calmly reading and most subtle touch of all, by her side stood a vase of great, flaming American Beauties!

There were six telephone calls for her between that and eight o'clock, but she answered none of them; she was distinctly and decidedly not at home! Nor was she at home when Tommy Tinkle called at eight-fifteen. Another morning. She was coldly indifferent now. She had buried the past, and looked forward to a new life; a Billyless and Tommyless life.

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[To be continued.]

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Farmers at College This Week With State as Tutor

State College, Pa., Dec. 29.—Farmers and their families from all parts of Pennsylvania are gathered here for the twelfth annual farmers' week at the Pennsylvania State College. More than 200 lectures and demonstrations of the various stages of agriculture will be given. F. L. Watts, dean of the Agricultural School, said at the opening session that he expected about 1,500 persons to attend the exercises of the week.

Experts in various branches of agriculture explained how profits from the land could be increased by applying modern methods of economy and enterprise. The farmers were told they could increase their milk supply by breeding better cattle. From authorities on live stock raising they learned that the meat supply of the State could be increased by making use of so-called waste lands for grazing; important tips on vegetable growing and fruit raising were given by other men of the State College faculty.

Program For Week of Prayer at Mechanicsburg

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Dec. 29.—Arrangements have been made by the Ministerial Association of Mechanicsburg for the week of prayer services, beginning Monday evening, January 1, 1917. All services will be held in the Grace United Evangelical Church. The following program will be observed. Monday, "Thanksgiving and Humiliation," the Rev. B. L. C. Baer, of the Church of God; Tuesday, "The Church Universal," the Rev. H. Hall Sharp, of Trinity Lutheran; Wednesday, "Nations and Their Rulers," the Rev. L. M. Dice, of Grace Evangelical; Thursday, "Missions Among the Moslems, and the Heathen," the Rev. N. L. Euwer, acting president of Irving College; Friday, "Missions at Home and Among the Jews," the Rev. E. C. B. Castle, of First United Brethren.

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