WOMEN---THEIR INTERESTS AND PROBLEMS

The Fortunes of Emily

By HAL COFFMAN

Emily takes an interest in things.

CHAPTER II.

Emily Takes an Interest in Things

Through her girl friend, Nan Somers, Emily got a job with Grimshaw & Hart, one of the largest banking houses in Wall street. Her first day at the office she was scared, but hid her trepidation the best she could, saying to herself, "there seems to be a lot of very busy men around here, but I guess they won't eat me."

She noticed the dilatory way in which most of the girls went about their work, apparently interested in everything except the office business.

"Shouldn't think they would ever get ahead very far doing that," thought Emily to herself. "They may think they are deceiving the boss, but it looks to me as if the only ones they are fooling are themselves." One day after Emily had been working for Grimshaw & Hart about a month, the buzzer of the senior partner — Grimshaw—rang. Emily took her pad and pencil and went to answer it. Nan had told her what a cross old codger Grimshaw was, and Emily's knees shook a wee bit as she went into his office and closed the door.

Forbes, the head stenographer, was the only one who could ever get along with him at all. But this day he was out and Emily grasped her pencil firmly resolved to do her best. The old gentleman looked up with a scowl and a gruff, "Huh, where's Forbes?" "Mr. Forbes is away at present, but I am sure I can take your dictation," answered Emily. "Pretty sure of yourself, ain't you?" growled the old man.

Emily did not answer, but sat with her pencil poised ready to begin. He talked so fast that she had a hard time keeping up with him. As she left old man Grimshaw scowled after her, saying, "Sure you got 'em all right; now remember, no mistakes."

"Yes, I'm sure I have, sir," said Emily. "Huh!" growled Grimshaw to himself, as Emily closed the door. "Only girl I ever saw that wasn't always primping, never touched her hair once while she was in here."

(To Be Continued).

NATTY GYM SUIT FOR YOUNG GIRL

You'll Find Serge or Drilling Suitable For Sports or Indoor Exercising

By MAY MANTON

9265 (*With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance*) Gymnasium Suit, 8 to 14 years.

Every girl wants a gymnasium suit. She will wear it for school exercises and a great many times she will like an extra one at home to slip on in her own apartment and take exercise before she sleeps or when she rises. We have learned that exercise is the one great help to good health, and girls are being trained to systematic exercise in such wise and healthful ways that gymnasium suits are as needful as are street costumes. Serge is the material shown here with the lining or under-waist made of linen or of jean or of some similar material. The full bloomers are joined to this lining and the middy is made quite separately. If liked, you can make the middy of linen or galatea or of English drill over bloomers of serge and a great many girls will, perhaps, like that effect. A white middy over blue serge always is pretty.

For the 12 year size will be needed, 5½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4¼ yards 36 or 44 with ⅝ yard 36 inches wide for the collar and cuffs.

The May Manton pattern No. 9265 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.

IN RUSTY ARMOR

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Are you one of the people who arrive at conclusions about people and things slowly, definitely and logically? Or do you jump to conclusions?

One of the saddest blunders of which I know is that of judging people by appearances.

People who at first sight do not particularly appeal to you might turn out to be splendid, worth while, loyal, lovable souls, whose friendship would enrich your whole life. But if you are one of the people who judge by the shape of an eyebrow or the cut of a coat you are likely snobbishly or temperamentally to pass by a splendid soul.

The "shining armor" does not make the perfect knight. Instead of that your real nobleman may be clad in dented and rusted armor instead.

The dandy, the exquisite, the well-groomed Apollo may make a good first impression, but no one who knows anything about human nature is going to conclude that a man is one of nature's noblemen simply because he is attractive looking.

Recently a girl friend of mine was introduced to a group of men. One of them was very stunning and well groomed, one of them had a great deal of boyish charm of appearance—but the third was a very ordinary looking youth indeed.

The snobbish young woman of whom I speak put the third man down as entirely beyond the pale of her consideration. She snubbed him roundly, and his loyal friends resented it, and so concluded that in loyalty to him they could have nothing to do with her.

It so happened that the man my snobbish young acquaintance felt so superior to was a brilliant young businessman highly regarded by all the worth-while people in the town from which he comes. The girl judged him harshly and treated him accordingly, and his friends with some justification put her down as an opinionated young snob who was not at all worth knowing.

By intoerant judgment we give evidence against ourselves which may lead ordinarily charitable folk to judge us unkndly.

TWO HURT IN AUTO CRASH AT LANCASTER

Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 13.—In a collision yesterday at a street crossing, where Edward Ransing's touring car and R. F. Ripple & Co.'s autotruck crashed, both machines were wrecked and the occupants of the touring car were thrown out. Ransing's back was injured and his daughter, Miss Rose Ransing, was hurt about the head and neck.

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is shown in every transaction between this institution and its depositors.

Our officers will be glad of the opportunity to place their services at your disposal and whether your business is of large or small volume you will always receive uniformly careful and courteous attention.

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Quickly relieved by Cuticura even when all else seems to fail. The Soap cleanses and purifies, the Ointment soothes and heals.

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With 32-p. book on the skin. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 23F, Boston." Sold everywhere.

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CHICKEN AND WAFFLE SUPPER

Tuesday, Thursday & Sunday

The Honeymoon House

By Hazel Dale

Janet and Jarvis Are Married and the Bride Exacts a Promise

Someone had told Janet long before she had met Jarvis that there was nothing at all in marriage, and Janet had never forgotten it.

"My dear," said this careless, thoroughly disillusioned person, cruelly, marriage is only a state of mind after all, and the funniest marriages are those made through love."

"Don't you believe in love?" Janet had asked.

"Yes,, after a fashion. I believe that a man becomes infatuated with a woman to the point where he cannot live without her and he marries her. Afterwards he wonders why he happened to be in such a hurry."

"And what about the woman?" Janet had asked.

"Well women are all fools, they are seeking for the divine romance which does not exist. They forget that men are human, and marry for an ideal and discover when it is too late that the ideal never existed at all."

Janet had always had plenty of attention. She had that subtle thing about her known as charm, and she had been told by this same friend that her life was destined to be hurt because of this fact. Janet had gone to college, she had a thoroughly sane outlook on life, but she had never been in love.

Her little flareups had been desperate love affairs while they lasted; but how And then she had met Jarvis, and everything in the world hade been revealed to her in a blinding flash of emotion.

A Strange Happening

quickly they had vanished into smoke!

She never knew just how it had happened, but she understood everything. She loved desperately, completely, a little selfishly perhaps, but all youth is selfish, and Jarvis, keenly clever, romance hungry, loved Janet. He loved her deeply, tenderly and hungrily, as every man loves, and this was the basis of their marriage.

Janet never did things by halves, and when Jarvis asked why they must wait for a wedding, she looked at him, her eyes a little heavy lidded, and said deliciously:

"Yes—why?"

Janet was always original. She had the faculty of investing trifles with her personality, so that to know her was an education. Jarvis in his first knowledge of her was not himself, for Janet distracted him with her manner and her way of speaking, and blinded him with her surrender. All this is necessary to tell in order to show that this record of the lives of two people must of necessity be different.

The night before they were married, Janet said softly:

"Jarvis, I think that we are going to be different from most people. Do you know why? I have tried to think over every couple I know, and there is always something wrong somewhere. Some women don't love their husbands the way I love you. Some men love their wives only after a fashion. You love me Jarvis, just as I always knew the man I married would have to love me".

Jarvis' jaw hardened a little under the stress of hiding his feeling, but he said nothing, only crushed the soft fingers in his own and waited.

"Jarvis," Janet's voice went on, "the man who didn't love me enough could never hold me." And Jarvis put this remark away in the treasure house of his memory along with the saying that he had heard once and never forgotten. "A woman can forgive a man everything save lack of love for her." The two things were very much the same and with a girl like Janet they were worth remembering.

So They Were Married

And so they were married. Married in a church with a dimly lighted chapel, with just Jarvis's white haired father, and Janet's own dear ones present. Janet's mother tried not to be disappointed because Janet hadn't wanted a wedding, and her thoughts would run to white satin and orange blossoms when she glanced at Janet's smart traveling suit, but when the girl turned from the altar and lifted her lips to her husband's, Mrs. Carew looked away quickly as though she had trespassed upon something holy.

There had been a minute alone together in the dusty old vestry when Jarvis's slender sinewy fingers closed fiercely on Janet's shoulders, and her arms had swept about his neck. Just a moment when she had whispered:

"It's forever."

And Jarvis had kissed her wet eyes and had responded hotly.

"Forever is going to be too short."

And just as marriage in the old-time stories ended the trials of the heroine, so does it in the newer tales begin with the most important part, the life building.

(Watch for the next instalment of this refreshing series—you can't help being interested.)

To Start Work Next Month on $25,000,000 Steel Plant

Chester, Pa., Jan. 13. — Backed by local capital, a steel foundry will be elected in the borough of Marcus Hook, just south of this city, in the spring, and when in operation will employ several hundred men.

Worth Brothers will begin operations upon their proposed $25,000,000 steel plant next month, it was announced yesterday. This industry will be in the State of Delaware, but just over the Pennsylvania line.

EVERYONE LIKES THIS COLD CURE

"Pape's Cold Compound" ends a cold or grippe in a few hours.

Your cold will break and all grippe misery end after taking a dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until three doses are taken.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only 25 cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Accept no substitute.

THE ENEMY

—BY—

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER

Author of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.

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Continued

There was no more sleep, however, in the big dark eyes than there had been in Billy's the night before. Mrs. Stuart herself drew the blinds in the delft-like blue and white cretonne room, and covered her grown-up daughter to the chin with a fluffy blue and white coverlet, and tip-toed away; but she was called back before she had quite closed the door, and was hauled down on the edge of the bed, and was talked to most volubly for the full half-hour of the allotted nap time. There was so much to talk about, with all these gay parties coming on. She hoped that Billy's friends would like her; and Mrs. Stuart smiled happily over that absurd trace of worry in Tavy's tone.

Now began the bustle and excitement of making ready for the theater. There was a brand new gown of black lace for Mummy Stuart, ordered in defiance of her wistful protest, and this was to be its very first wearing. For Tavy there was a pearl-white gown of soft chiffon, quite simply made, and needing no other adornment than the sloping shoulders, and the graceful neck, and the superbly beautiful head of Tavy herself. Such innocent pleasure she took in the picture of the two, one in black and one in white, with Billy between them so big and strong and handsome.

Now they had to stop and bother with dinner. And now they were in the full drive and flurry and hubbub of dressing. And now they were all ready, gloves in hand, full twenty minutes before the time, and looking at the tiny Dresden clock on the mantel every three minutes, and gazing down out of the bay window to see what machines were stopping at the door.

Now it was seven-thirty, the time Billy had said he would call! And now it was seven-thirty-five. Tavy sparkling quite enough to make up for the beautiful diamond she was concealing, began to draw on her gloves. The tiny Dresden clock was probably fast. Mrs. Stuart was sitting with that smiling patience in her eyes, her hands folded loosely in her lap. She already wore her gloves. She was very handsome indeed, in her black lace gown and her gray hair, and her black cloak, with its touches of silver lace, lying on the chair beside her.

Seven-forty-five! Tavy was sitting perfectly still, with only an occasional jerky rock. Of course it was impossible always to be punctual to the minute. One shouldn't expect it in a city where the traffic is so frequently blocked; and besides, there is always a defective tire to consider. Tires were not made for schedule purposes.

Eight o'clock! What could be the matter! Billy has never been late before. Mrs. Stuart sits in quiet patience, but Tavy is walking the floor, and running to the window, and watching the clock, and sitting down, to keep sweet and unflurried.

Eight-fifteen! Eight-thirty! Wild visions of dreadful accidents pop through Tavy's head, one after another. Something terrible has surely happened! She sees Billy maimed and mangled in a dozen different ways; she sees him hauled out from the wreckage of his car; she sees him lying dead on the pavement, unidentified; she sees everything, each flashing vision more terrifying than the last! She is half frantic. She wants to call up the police. She listens for the shrill cries of newsboys in the street. There may have been some awful disaster!

Nine o'clock! It is maddening to be a woman, and helpless, and given only the privilege of waiting!

Nine-ten! The enchanted elevator stops with a click outside in the hall. Before the bell can ring, Tavy has hurried to the door and has swung it wide open, and there, at last, stands Billy, at the entrance to the enchanted parlor!

Billy is not in his dress clothes. He is in a gray business suit, and his face is red and his hair tousled. His eyes are bleared and glistening, and there is a foolish grin on his face.

"Guess I'm a little late," mumbles Billy with hearty good-fellowship, but with a thick tongue. "Broke away at last, and I'm here."

The silence in the poor little enchanted pink and gray parlor is appalling! Tavy stands some distance back from the door, stiff and motionless, her big eyes staring, and every trace of the delicate tinting gone from her delicate cheeks. There is a moan and a sob from Mrs. Stuart, as she realizes the truth. Billy is drunk!

CHAPTER XVII

Tavy Is to Blame

The blackness of despair never settled down on any woman with more deadening and crushing weight than it did on Jean Stuart. Once more this ghastly spectre of drunkenness had stalked into her life! In that moment, all the health and strength and happiness which had gradually come to her since the day when Billy knocked at their door in Vanheuster Square, were swept away, and left her weak, bitter, and ashen-gray of cheek and lip. For that moment she sat stunned, then had come the moan. Billy, stopped on the threshold by some dawning sense that the good-fellowship of his relations in the enchanted parlor had been disturbed, now felt that it was time for him to step forward and make things right, but that movement brought Jean Stuart to activity. She sprang from her chair and advanced to meet him, and there was that horror in her distended eyes which startled even the fuddled Billy, grinning ingratiatingly though he was, into sudden seriousness.

She wasted no words on him. She put her hand upon his arm, and pushed him towards the door. There was no physical force in her touch, only the tense will behind it; and Billy, stricken into mumbling confusion, swayed out. The door closed on him. Swiftly Jean Stuart turned to the still staring Tavy, and held out her hand. The girl, lost in stupefaction did not comprehend, and her mother caught hold of the ring. For an instant the finger automatically closed and stiffened, then she relaxed it to limpness. Jean drew off the ring. She hurried outside. Billy still stood there, numbly trying to frame within himself some way out of this unexpected check to his happiness. He tried to say something, but Tavy's mother thrust the ring in his hand, and hurrying inside the door, closed and locked it.

Billy Lane gazed down at the ring in sodden wretchedness, and suddenly, out of the depths of his misery, came sobriety! It seemed unbelievable, this hideous thing which had happened to him! He slowly recalled the steps by which he had arrived at this disaster. He had not been so far gone that he could not remember. He had dropped in at the club for just a minute to order his tickets for the theater. Sam Langster had been there, Jack Reeves, Bert Hasselton. They had spread the news throughout the club that Billy Lane was engaged. They had thronged around him with congratulations.

Billy was very popular. Everybody liked Billy, because of his exuberance, his buoyant enthusiasm, his unfailing good-fellowship. They had wished him well! They had wished him a long life and a merry one; they had drunk to his eternal happiness. More of the fellows had come, shoals of them. Billy had never been so happy in his life. This was the greatest day in all his years! He had secured, to be his wife, the best, and the sweetest, and the most beautiful girl in all the world, the girl whom he meant to shield and protect from every harsh wind, so long as their lives should last! All day he had been in a state of exaltation which in itself was akin to intoxication, and now that exaltation had been raised to its tenth degree by all his effervescent friends. Only Tommy Tinkle had been absent, and Billy had waited for him, just a few minutes, and had drunk again and again in response to all those friendly toasts. He had not for one minute forgotten that he had an engagement with the Stuarts! He had finally torn himself away from the jolly company, though not without some rudeness, and, when he was outside in the air, he had congratulated himself aloud on having gotten away. He must be a little late. There'd probably be no time to dress. He had looked at his watch, swaying with blinking eyes. It had been difficult for him to properly focus his gaze. His watch couldn't be right! He had stumbled into his car; and there he was, with the ring in his hand, Tavy's ring, and the door closed against him, and, inside, some one sobbing! He rang the bell; he knocked on the door; but no one came!

Yes, some one was sobbing. It was Tavy! She was young. She could still sob, she could still shed tears, she could still bury her head upon a loving shoulder and find comfort there.

For a long, long time, Jean Stuart sat on the couch and held her daughter in her arms, held her there until after she heard the shuffling footsteps in the hall move away, and the elevator stop, and shoot downward; held her there until the mist of the night came in chill at the open window. She felt the chill upon her flesh, but it was nothing to the icy clutch which had fastened upon her heart!

She kissed the tear-stained face, at last, and rose, quietly, firmly, steadily. She helped Tavy to her feet, and, with an arm around her, drew her toward the dainty little deft and white room. There were the pretty dresses to take off, and all the pretty finery to put away, and many, many things to lock, far, far from sight, in the hidden recesses of a heart which was already crowded with the useless lumber of broken hopes and shattered dreams.

But what of Tavy? From her stupefaction she had awakened to a frantic sense of humiliation. How could Billy have put this shame upon her! He had covered her with disgrace before her mother, before herself, before him! It had been much as if her fresh and pretty gown of delicate chiffon had been suddenly drenched in a muddy stream. That blow to her pride was one from which she would never quite recover. That first disillusionment had taken from her forever some of her delicacy, it had thrust her rudely into the most loathsome sordidness of life, and she would never again have quite her same degree of self-respect. How could he have done this thing to her! She would never forget that brutish distortion of his face, that swinish animal which had stood swaying before her in so gross a caricature of Billy! How dared he! Resentment rose fast in her and became anger. She was furious with him! She loathed him! She despised herself for ever having turned to one of such bestial capabilities a pure and worshipful adoration! Why, she had looked upon him as some wondrous being only one step lower than the archangels, a perfect and flawless creature of splendid grandeur! She laughed bitterly. How foolish she had been not to have seen through him to this creature of base clay! It had not seemed possible that there could be anything but good in him. Oh, why had he destroyed her ideals! Why! She had been so happy, so proud in his love, and in her own! It had seemed so wonderful to nestle there in his arms, in that quiet moment after their first transports, and look forward into the heaven of the future to where they two should walk, constantly side by side, toward a rosy sunset of perfect peace and happiness; and now it was gone, all, all gone, and there remained nothing but blackness!

It was then that the pent-up misery broke within her, and the tears welled up to her eyes and the sobs to her throat, and she felt about her the comforting arms of the mother who had not found any word, amid all the bitterness of her crushed heart, to speak her own mortal hurt or give one crumb of comfort.

(To Be Continued.)

Brotherhoods to Fight Compulsory Inquiries

Chicago, Jan. 13.—Delegates from the four big railway brotherhoods in the concluding sessions of their conference yesterday discussed methods to combat the passage of a compulsory investigation of rail disputes as outlined in the Adamson act.

"The railway employes never will countenance any compulsory investigation which compels the men to remain at work while the other fellow prepares for a strike," said W. G. Lee, the head of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

The dangerous cold is the neglected cold. Get a box of—

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents.

At Any Drug Store

GIRLS! WOMEN! TAKE CASCARETS IF CONSTIPATED

They liven your liver and bowels and clear your complexion.

Don't stay headachy, bilious with breath bad and stomach sour.

To-night sure! Take Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Cascarets will liven your liver and clean your thirty feet of bowels without griping. You will wake up feeling grand. Your head will be clear, breath right, tongue clean, stomach sweet, eyes bright, step elastic and complexin rosy—they're wonderful. Get a 10-cent box now at any drug store. Mothers can safely give a whole Cascaret to children any time when cross, feverish, bilious, tongue coated or constipated—they are harmless.

Medicated Smoke Drives Out Catarrh

Try This Pleasant Herb Smoke. Sent Free By Mail.

Dr. Blosser who has devoted forty years to the treatment of Catarrh, is the originator of a certain combination of medical herbs, flowers and berries to be smoked in a pipe or ready prepared cigarette. The smoke-vapor reaches all the air passages of the head, nose and throat. As the disease is carried into these passages with the air you breathe, so the antiseptic, healing vapor of this Remedy is carried with the breath directly to the affected parts.

This simple, practical method applies the medicine where sprays, douches, ointments, etc., cannot possibly go. Its effect is soothing and healing, and is entirely harmless, containing no tobacco or habit forming drugs. It is pleasant to use, and not sickening to those who have never smoked. No matter how severe or long standing your case may be, we want to show you what our Remedy will do.

To prove the beneficial, pleasant effect, The Blosser Company, 650 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., will mail absolutely free to any sufferer, a sample that will verify their claims by actual test. This free package contains a pipe, some of the Remedy for smoking and also some of our medical cigarettes. If you wish to continue the treatment, it will cost only one dollar for a month's supply for the pipe, or a box containing one hundred cigarettes. We pay postage.

If you are a sufferer from Catarrh, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness, or if subject to frequent colds, send your name and address at once by postal card or letter for the free package, and a copy of our illustrated booklet.

OR

Every Night For Constipation Headache, Indigestion, etc.

BRANDRETH PILLS

Safe and Sure

GLASS OF SALTS CLEANS KIDNEYS

If your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you, drink lots of water.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water — you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.