

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

HELEN IS ILL ON THE ROUGH AND FOGGY TRIP ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

"Better eat something," advised Warren. You'll not feel like eating on that channel boat.

"Oh, you think it's going to be rough?" anxiously.

"Can't tell, but it's always a mean trip. Looks like it's going to be foggy, too."

Helen glanced out the window at the low, marshy country through which they were now whirling. It had been misting when they left Paris, and now the mist had thickened to a drizzle.

"How about a piece of French mutton?" suggested Warren; "that's refreshing," as Helen listlessly pushed back her plate.

"No, I can't eat on these French cars—things don't look clean."

"Well, they're a darn sight cleaner than those channel steamers. Seven years ago they were pretty punks—and they're the same old boats."

When they left the dining car and made their way back to their compartment, they found they had it to themselves.

"Since we're alone, I think I'll lie down," for Helen was almost ill from the strain of the last few days in Paris.

Last night because it was the last night, they had stayed at the Cafe de la Paix, watching the gay theater crowd until almost 2 o'clock. And when they got back to the hotel Helen had still much of her parking to do. It was 5 o'clock before she got to bed and they were up again at seven o'clock.

"You do look played out," yawned Warren, as he seated himself in the opposite seat. "Don't feel any too well myself. Pretty strenuous week, wasn't it? Well, we'll have a good rest up on the steamer. Why don't you take your hat off? Can't lie down comfortably that way?"

"I don't believe I can lie down," as she sat up wearily and smoothed her hair. "It makes my head ache worse. Is it much longer now?"

"About an hour and a half. We're not due till one o'clock. Want something to read?" dividing the week old New York paper.

Helen glanced at the headlines. How familiar they looked. It would be good to get back. This morning she had felt depressed at leaving Paris, but now the eagerness of getting home was upon her.

Her head ached too badly to read, and she gazed listlessly out of the mist-blurred window. She was dreading the channel trip. Would she be ill? Everyone coming aboard of the English channel and the wretched boats.

"We're getting into Dieppe now," announced Warren finally.

The train was slowing up through the struggling outskirts of a city. As they drew into the station a number of sailors came running down the platform. Warren signaled one and handed him out their baggage.

Everything was bustle and excitement. The passengers, English and French, were streaming out on the platform instructing the blue-cloned sailors about their baggage.

"Come on, let's get out of this," Warren started off toward the steamer which lay in an inlet just beyond the station.

So this was one of the much criticized English channel boats, thought Helen, as they made their way up the gang plank and around the narrow deck. Everything looked unpainted and dingy, and through the open doors of the cabin came a heavy sickening ship odor.

It was almost an hour before all the baggage was on and they were finally off. The mist had thickened and every now and then came the sound of some distant fog horn. The damp air was chilly and penetrating.

Warren had unstrapped their rugs and wrapped them around Helen, who lay back in a steamer chair looking over the grey, roughened channel. Already she was feeling the sickening roll of the boat.

She had no inclination to move about, but Warren insisted she would be better off if she "stirred around a bit" and not give up so easily.

Clinging to his arm she walked around the wet deck, the wind flapping their raincoats. A few passengers were huddled up in chairs on the protected side, but the heavy mist had driven almost everyone below.

"Come on down; let's see what's the cabin like. They've got a buffet luncheon down there."

Helen followed reluctantly, for she had several whiffs of the odors from below. The cabin was a strange combination of a dining room and a public stateroom. Around the walls was a double row of bunks and in the center was a large table, from one end of which stewards were serving cold sliced ham, roast beef, tongue and salad.

"Convenient arrangement," grinned Warren. "You can eat and then lie down. Everything handy. Fell hungry?" glancing down at her with an amused smile. "Want some cold ham and salad?"

Helen shrank back in horror. "You know I couldn't eat down there," indignantly. "Let's go back on deck. I'll be sick if I stay here any longer—the odors, something dreadful!"

Helen almost ran up the stairs to get to the fresh air again.

"Are these the best boats that cross the channel?" she demanded resentfully. "Surely they're not all so old and dirty?"

Warren shrugged his shoulders. "They're all pretty rotten. That's because they have no competition. One company controls all the steamers."

They were back to their chairs now. Helen, who had "stirred about" all she could, sank into hers, while Warren wrapped the rug around her.

"Look at all those basins," she exclaimed suddenly, pointing to a long wooden bench under which were attached a hundred or more granite pans.

"What do you suppose they're for?"

Warren grinned. "Guess they need them when it's rough. Looks like they'd have enough to go around."

"Oh, Warren, how awful! You do say the most disgusting things."

"Well, you wanted to know what they were for, didn't you?"

Then he buttoned up the collar of his rain coat, pulled down the rim of his soft tweed hat, reit his pipe and started for another strike around the deck, while Helen lay back and gazed out the channel.

The clouded sky and roughtened water were the same leaden gray. The mist had thickened and the foghorns were continuous.

"Dear, can't you move my chair to the other side?" she asked Warren, paced by "I keep getting a whiff of that odor," nodding to a door just beyond, "and I don't want to see those basins either."

"Nonsense! You're too blamed finicky; besides, it's all wet over there. That's the weather side."

Helen insists.

But Helen weakly insisted that she did not care how wet it was as long as she got away from the ship odor and the suggestive basins.

"Now, that's all foolishness. Here, I'll move you up this way a bit," dragging her chair a few feet along the deck. "Now stop your fussing and take a nap—that's what you need."

As Warren strode off again the lump of resentment in her throat added to the growing feeling of nausea. Another whiff of the sickening odor from below and she got up unsteadily. She was going on the other side—if she had to drag her chair over herself.

"Where do you want it put, miss?" asked a big English sailor who had just run down the ladder from the bridge above.

In a few moments he had her settled on the other side, and had brought a big rubber apron which he fastened over the chair. She did not mind the wind or the mist that blew in her face.

"So you got over there, did you?" raspingly. "By George you're the most stubborn, head strong—"

"Oh, dear, don't—I feel so sick."

"You'll be a lot sicker if you sit here in the wet. 'Nough to give anybody pneumonia. Why the devil do you have to be different from every one else? Nobody's on this side." He waved down the wet, empty deck.

"All the other women have sense enough to stay down in the cabin. You know I couldn't stand it down there. I'd be deathly sick in a minute—I must have air."

Warren insists.

"Rot! You can get air on the other side, can't you? It isn't air you want, it's your own infernal way. Get up from there now—and I'll move you back."

"Dear, I don't want to go back! I'm not getting wet?"

With an angry glare and a muttered oath, Warren strode off. Helen leaned back, sick, wretched and unstrung. She knew if she stayed there he would not come near her for the rest of the voyage—and there were still three long hours. And the two-hour

Tuesday The first COUPON sale of the new year. Bigger and better values offered to make this the beginning of the greatest coupon day series in the history of The Grand Leader.

An Astounding Sale of Women's Apparel

Some Garments at One-third Less, Some at One-half Less and Some at Less Than One-half. No Old Garments—Everything New and Stylish—



Great Dress Clearance

\$5.00 Russian Tunic Dresses at \$2.39. \$10.00 All-Silk Dresses, Now at \$4.75. Finest \$20.00 Silk Dresses, Reduced to \$11.50.

Great Coat Values

\$10.00 Coats Can Now Be Bought for \$4.49. \$15.00 Stylish Winter Coats Reduced to \$7.65. \$15.00 Silk Plush Coats Reduced to \$8.75. \$17.50 Rich Pile Fabric Coats Priced \$11.95.



CHILD'S COAT

\$2 PONY CLOTH COATS; ages 2 to 6; military style; large button trimmed. 88c. \$5 MATELAM COATS, for children aged 2 to 6 years; satin trimmed, at \$3.35. CHILDREN'S \$5 HEAVY WINTER COATS; mixtures, chevrons and astrakhans; ages 6 to 14 years; belted backs; all desirable colors; at \$2.65. CHILD'S \$10 PILE FABRIC COATS, guaranteed silk plush and Ural lamb; large belts and other stylish models; 6 to 14; at \$5.98.

SKIRTS

From the largest and most complete stock—Russian tunic, yoke and rounded effects all desirable colors. \$2.00 Skirts, Reduced to .99c. \$3.50 Skirts, Now at \$1.88. \$5.00 Skirts, Reduced to \$2.49. \$10.00 Skirts, Reduced to \$4.75.

Shirt Waists

\$3.50 SILK CREPE, CHIFFON WAISTS \$1.98. Beautiful Silk Chiffon over China Silk and flowered Silk Crepes. SOME \$1.50 WAISTS 69c. AT Volles, crepes, linens, etc.; some slightly soiled. REGULAR \$2.00 WAISTS AT 98c. Including the new vestee waists in striped or plain materials.

COUPON

75c Knit Shawls 37c. Black, white, colors; square or Newport scarf.

COUPON

Child's \$1.25 Dresses at .59c. Pretty galateas; ages 6 to 14; trimmed.

COUPON

35c Tea Aprons 17c. Beautiful deep embroidery and lace trimmed.

COUPON

Women's 50c Gloves at .36c. Suede or chamousette; silk or plush lined; black and colors.

COUPON

50c Phoenix Buoyers at .33c. Navy, white or gray; for men or women; close knitted.

COUPON

Infants' 25c Booties at .14c. Heavy knit; white with colors; all sizes.

COUPON

Women's \$1 Shawls at .59c. Heavy wool knit; white with colored inserts.

COUPON

50c Kimono Aprons at .33c. Made of light or dark colored percales.

COUPON

50c Gowns, Sleepers 34c. Of heavy flannelette; for boys and girls.

COUPON

25c Burson Hose at .12c. Women's; fast black; slight imperfections.

COUPON

25c Wool Hose at .17c. For men, women and children; superior quality.

COUPON

50c Silk Hose at .36c. For women; in black, white, colors; pure silk.

COUPON

\$1 Alarm Clocks at .49c. Made by makers of BIG BEN; large face; nickel-cased.

COUPON

65c Knit Petticoats 34c. Also of heavy flannelettes; all sizes.

\$1.00 Union Suits

All sizes for men; heavy fleeced or ribbed fleece; unbreakable seams; perfect fitting; coupon Tuesday. 69c. Men's 25c Pure Silk Half Hose 11c. Men's 75c Plush or Mixture Caps 37c. 35c Police or Firemen's Suspenders 16c. Men's 50c Fleeced Underwear 27c. Men's \$1.00 All-Wool Underwear 78c. Men's 75c Gray Stripe Flannel Shirt 39c. Men's 50c Wool Knit Gloves 38c. Men's 50c Blue Work Shirts 29c.

Boys' \$5 Suits at \$2.90

In all-wool blue serges and fancy mixtures; Norfolk coat; full peg top trousers; coupon must accompany purchase at the price. YOUTH'S \$7.00 OVERCOATS; in fancy gray mixtures; high button and convertible collars; at \$3.75. Boys' 25c Blouse Waists, Priced at 19c. Boys' 75c Winter Hats, Priced at 33c. Boys' \$1.00 Knickers; Ages to 16 Years 59c. Boys' 75c Heavy Fleeced Union Suits 44c. Boys' 35c Fleeced Underwear, at 19c.

COUPON

50c Hockey Caps at 32c. For boys, girls and infants; all good colors.

COUPON

Infants' 39c Kimonos 17c. Heavy white flannelette with colored border.

COUPON

50c Wool Serges, yd. 37c. In black or colors; bring coupon.

COUPON

50c Flan'te Rompers 29c. Of heavy striped flannelette; for boys or girls.

COUPON

35c Wide Ribbons, yd. 17c. Moires, satins and Dressings; black and colors.

COUPON

\$2.00 Table Covers at .93c. Of hemstitched mercerized damask; 2 yards long.

COUPON

Child's 50c Leggings at 37c. Heavy Jersey leggings; black only; fleece lined.

COUPON

Child's 50c Dresses at 37c. Of pretty chambrays, percales, etc.; ages 2 to 6.

COUPON

Women's 50c Sacques at 35c. Of heavy flannelette; gray, blue and checks.

COUPON

Women's 65c Gowns at 37c. Fine embroidery trimmed muslin or striped flannelette.

COUPON

\$1 Ingrain Rugs at 65c. Size 36x50, fringed ends; pretty patterns.

COUPON

25c Silk Lisle Hose 11c. For women; slightly imperfect; fast black.

COUPON

65c Feather Pillows at 36c. Large sized; fancy art ticking; bring coupon Tuesday.

BRING THIS COUPON

BRING THIS COUPON

ALSO JANUARY SALE OF MUSLINS

\$1.50 and \$2 Muslin Garments, at 98c. \$1.50 Petticoats 96c. \$2 Princess Slips. \$2 Combinations. \$2 Night Gowns. All elaborately trimmed with embroideries, laces and ribbons; superior values in every respect; women's sizes.

50c and 75c Muslin Garments, at 37c. 75c Night Gowns 37c. 50c Drawers 37c. 50c Corset Covers 37c. 75c Petticoats 37c. Embroidery trimmed; women's sizes. Women's 40c Muslin Drawers; Embroidery Trimmed 19c.

UNDERWEAR

For Men, Women and Children. Women's \$1 Fleeced Union Suits 65c. Child's 35c Fleeced Union Suits 18c. Men's \$1.00 Fleeced Union Suits 69c. Women's 50c Fleeced Underwear 37c. Child's 50c Wool Underwear 37c. Child's 25c Fleeced Underwear 14c. Boys' 75c Heavy Union Suits at 44c. Women's 35c Heavy Fleeced Vests and Pants at 19c.

\$1.00 Corsets

In new long models; some lace in front; with coupon 63c. 50c Corsets. Strongly made, in new long models; with the coupon Tuesday 34c. \$2.00 Corsets. Of finest French coutil and batiste; newest styles 94c.

\$2 Dresses

For House or Street Wear; of the finest gingham, chambrays, etc.; five new styles; all sizes 93c. Child's \$1.00 Kimono; ages 2 to 6, at 63c. Women's \$2.00 Outing Flannel Dressing Sacques 93c. \$3.00 Sweaters, for men or women; all-wool knit; in red and gray; large shawl collar; at \$1.76.

Stirring COUPON Sale in the BASEMENT

18c Genuine Serpentine Kimono Crepes 9c. \$1.50 Double Size Fringed Bedspreads 87c. 15c Extra Quality Eden Cloth, a yard 10 1/2c. 12 1/2c Dress Gingham (Bates', Red Seal) 8c. 7c Standard Calicoes 4 3/4c. 7c Apron Gingham 4 3/4c. 7c Unbleached Muslin 4 3/4c. 7c Outing Flannels 4 3/4c. 19c Extra Quality Galatea Cloth, a yard 11c. \$1.00 Bolt Long Cloth, 10 yards to a bolt 69c. Up to 50c Turkish Towels, slightly imperf't, 12 1/2c. 12 1/2c Outing Flannels (1921 Cloth) 9c. Best \$1.00 Full Bed Size Blanket 69c. Best \$3.50 Wool-nap Blanket, extra bed size, \$1.89. Best \$1.50 Full Bed Size Blanket 89c. \$2.00 Large Size Comfort, floral design 98c. 20c Pure White Sanitary Cotton, 8 oz. 12 1/2c. 39c Pure Aluminum Sauce Pans, 2-pint 22c. 7c Challies 4 3/4c.

COUPON

20c Mercerized Poplin 11c. In black and all popular colors.

COUPON

25c New Poplins at 17c. Silk finished; black and colors; bring coupon Tuesday.

Grand Leader

COUPON

20c Curtain Scrims, yd. 11c. In cream and ecru; late patterns.



OUR BEST REFERENCE—NO CURE, NO PAY.

Lowest Prices

\$10 Examination FREE!

Men Make no mistake—go to the reliable specialists. They will cure you quickly and cheaply. Honest, faithful service, new advanced treatment, expert skill, quick results, and reasonable charges. Examination free.

MEN with disease unfitting them for work, business or study, are consulting them daily.

SPECIAL DISEASES OF MEN All skin and blood disease quickly cured. Rupture cured without the knife.

BLOOD POISON by the injection of Dr. Erlich's Neosalvarsan, known as "914," all sores on body, limbs, in mouth and throat soon disappear, and your disease cured in less time than at Hot Springs, and at much less expense to you. Until October 1 we will administer Dr. Erlich's latest discovery, "914," (better than "606") for low prices. Come now.

Varicose Enlargement

Enlarged veins, corded and knotty. WE CURE this manhood wrecker. Remember, if you have ever taken treatment and failed to get cured, have you consult us. We cure many cases in one treatment. If you live out of town come to South Bend for one day.

OUT-OF-TOWN MEN VISITING THE CITY

CONSULT US AT ONCE UPON ARRIVAL and maybe you can be cured before returning home. Many cases can be cured in one or two or more visits. Address

Dr. Fleener Co.

SOUTH BEND, IND. 109 1/2 W. Washington Av. over Peck's Shoe Store.

train trip to London—he would probably not speak to her all the way. But she felt too sick and wretched to move back now even if she had wanted to. For over an hour she lay there alone, struggling with the dizzy sickness that swept over her with every roll of the boat. Not a passenger came out, and if Warren was still pacing the deck he kept to the other side. At last she could stand it no longer, and when a sailor ran by she asked him to help her back to the sheltered side. But Warren was not in sight and only two passengers were still on deck. It was some time before Warren appeared and then he paused by her chair with a brief, "How do you feel?" condescending-

ly ignoring the fact that she had moved back. "Not very well," weakly. "Oh, you'll be all right when we get in. Only an hour more now, Cheer up!" and he strode on, leaving Helen to gaze after him tearfully. SHOULD BE HABITUAL Aims of Real Christian Life Explained by Pastor. "We want the Christian life to be an habitual life for us," said Rev. John S. Burns, pastor of the Trinity Presbyterian church, in his sermon on "The Christian Habit," Sunday evening. "A great many of our acts of the

day are habitual as walking, dressing and eating. We do these things unconsciously. Many of our acts may be called good or bad habits. The life made up of good habits may be called an habitual good life. Habits are formed first by conscious action, and repetition of this action. After a while it becomes an unconscious or habitual action and even permanent action. Many of the things that we do become second nature to us. "The Christian life is the life to be desired by us; that is, the conditions of life wherein one habitually chooses the right purpose, thoughts, words and deeds, wherein one habit trusts God, obeys God and worships God. TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS

REVIVAL SERVICES OPEN Rev. W. N. LaMance is in Charge at Grace M. E. Church. Revival services which will continue throughout January started at the Grace M. E. church Sunday. Evangelist W. N. LaMance of St. Louis, Mo., is conducting the meetings which were liberally attended yesterday. One of the features of the Sunday services was the large chorus, 35 voices being in the choir. Mrs. LaMance, wife of the evangelist, is directing the music at the meeting. Services will be held every evening during the week except Saturday and on Sunday morning and night.

POST K HOST TO LADIES First of Series of Entertainment Given Last Night. The first of a series of entertainments was given in Slick's hall Saturday night by Post K. T. P. A., in conjunction with the Ladies' auxiliary. About 75 people enjoyed the musical program, dancing and refreshments that composed the evening's entertainment. Similar events are to be held on the first Saturday night of each month. THE CHRISTMAS MONEY CLUB is now open, and you can start an account with 1c, 2c or 5c. Join this popular club now. American Trust Co. Adv.