THE MESSENGER AND A HUSBAND

By MOLLIE MATHER

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ELEANOR sat gazing with unseeing eyes at her mother's letter; she had no need to read it again, every line seemed graven on her memory. The last sentences repeated themselves.

"And the doctor says, my dear, that my heart condition is more serious than we have known. I was obliged to send for him today. I may live to my three score and ten, with care, but a sudden shock, or disappointment and—I tell you this not to cause you needless anxiety, but to impress upon you how very relieved and happy your marriage will make me. It was because of my frailty that I was so eager for you to have another to care for, and shelter you. Write a long letter, and soon I shall look for you and your handsome husband, to come home."

"A sudden shock, or disappointment," whispered Eleanor. She folded the letter thoughtfully, and asked herself how she was to meet this situation. There were those who said that Lawrence Gay married his wife for her small property and business ingenuity. True it was that the carefree Lawrence gave little toward the family support from his desultary earnings. But she forgot her adored husband's shortcomings, with his death, and held jealously her one great desire—a prosperous marriage for the young daughter, who was her compensation and her joy. Eleanor became successful in the teaching of music. In her small car the young woman visited other townships where she taught scattered pupils.

Then to Hillstown came Hugh Ormsden. Mrs. Gay, drifting into invalidism, greeted him in her heart as the son-in-law of her hope. At first she wisely kept this hope from Eleanor. When the man of delightful personality showed decidedly his preference for her daughter over Hillstown maidens who socially sought his favor, Mrs. Gay could keep silent no longer.

"My dear," she had reproached the happily indifferent Eleanor, "what more could a girl desire in a lover than this young man—successful in business, good looking, and attracted seriously to you, as all may see? Will it influence you to know that my anxious wish is to see you comfortably settled before I may have to pass on—to leave you?"

This had been the first intimation Eleanor had of her mother's condition; the doctor, upon being questioned, admitted the fact of Mrs. Gay's danger, under adverse conditions. Eleanor agreed to marry Hugh Ormsden. She asked herself, as she witnessed her mother's joy in announcing the fact to her neighbors, what held her back—for she could not deceive herself in the matter—from caring for Hugh Ormsden. Surely he was, as her mother pointed out, all that a lover should be.

When she and Hugh went together into the city to procure the marriage license Eleanor learned why she had not loved the man she had been unable to give her trust. An instinctive feeling, justified. For upon the register he signed himself—a divorced man. This confidence he had withheld from his fiancee—deceived her. Eleanor could not forgive the deceit; she left him there, free. Relief had been her first realization—sullen anger his, in parting. She had gone on to the hotel, and had telephoned her mother from there. Her words had blundered, confused, fearful of hurting the frail one who listened.

"I am at the Carlson, mother," Eleanor gasped, and went on—"I am alone. We changed our plans—will write you particulars in the morning." It had come to Eleanor that she could not bear the stricken look of her mother's face, as she must give the disappointing blow. Yes, it would be better to stop over at the Carlson another day, and write the humiliation. Over the wire, as Eleanor stood hesitant, troubled, came her mother's soft jubilant laughter—"My dear! I understand. You are coming home married. Hugh confessed to me that he would bring you back as his wife, if he could persuade you. Congratulations, dearest. I'll send out a letter tonight."

All through the night the girl had suffered over her sad problem. It had been impossible last night to call her mother again, and speak the truth; that would drive sleep and content from the invalid's pillow. So, here now she sat, her mother's special night letter in her hand. A sharp tap at the door. Eleanor went to open it. A man came briskly into her presence. "Miss Gay," he said, "I come in answer to a request from my medical associate in Hillstown. Your family physician calls me in consultation, and has suggested that I bring you with me. Your mother—"

"I see," said Eleanor very quietly, "my mother is dying."

They entered an hour or two later the little house where Pauline Gay lay upon her pillows. Her voice was faint and she could not see well, but she stretched forth an eager hand—"My dears," she said, "I leave you now, so happily, so resigned. Be good to Eleanor, Hugh." Her hand reached for that of the physician; his strong pressure answered the mother. She slept.

And when some months later, it came to pass that Eleanor found in this same kind physician the man whom she knew she could trust and love, he reminded her of his silent promise to her departing mother, and claimed the right to keep it.

KNITTED TWO-PIECE SUIT EMPHASIZES ITS POPULARITY



THE genius who conceived the idea of the knitted two-pieece suit or dress deserves a vote of appreciation from fashionable womankind. Not only through artful color scheme and detail which makes for chic, is the knitted two-piece mode good to look upon, but from the practical standpoint it registers 100 per cent efficiency.

More and more knitted frocks and two-piece suits are featured, with clever designing of interknit borders and motifs emphasized through ingenious play of color contrast. A soft shade of powder blue interknit with a border design of tomato red fiber silk about collars and cuffs of the jumper, repeated in the skirt, describes the original of the model shown in the picture herewith. There are smart little inset pockets and the long tight sleeves express a definite style feature.

As a guide to selection it is interesting to note new colorings revealed in the season's knitted modes. Navy comes to the fore again, practically combined with white or tile red. "Mexico" is a color conspicuously featured this season. It takes the place of time-honored henna. Madonna blue, yellows of every degree, moss, also almond green, gray, beige, wood colors and tortoise shell are effectively used, single or en suite. As to powder blue, it is an outstanding shade throughout the realm of fashion. There is a manifest predilection for gay chemise colorings.

Black-and-white achieves new distinction. A handsome fiber silk knit dress bears patrician stamp in the classic introduction of interknit black conventional motifs, all-over patterning a solid white ground. There are bindings of plain black knit, and this accents the effectiveness of the combination.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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IN QUEST OF NEW CLOTHES MANY SUITS ARE DISCOVERED



MUCH space in the great shop windows is given over to the display of tailored suits for spring. The immortal two-piece, simple, man-tailored suit has come into its own again as the most important item in woman's wardrobe so far as outer apparel is concerned. It is thrice welcome since it returns in three distinctly different and definite styles—the boxcoat, the mandarin coat and the long coat. The boxcoat leads the procession and is a trim, boyish model, straight up-and-down lines, regulation notched coat collar fastening usually with one large button below the waistline. It is usually untrimmed, but is likely to have patch pockets. Skirts are straight and plain, ten to twelve inches from the floor and a few buttons are approved for decoration.

The boxcoat shows variations and one of these appears in the suit pictured. Here the coat has a diagonal front opening and fastens at one side, the sleeves flare a little at the wrist and there is a high, turnover collar. It is made of a barred woolen cloth and has no trimming.

Mandarin coats have flaring lines and wide sleeves. They are often braided or otherwise decorated in a way to suggest embroidery. Their fastening is at the neckline and turnover collars finish them.

The longer coats, with more formal suits, are less simple in line and admit of more decoration. They employ the smooth-faced cloths and braids are much used with them, but the formal suit is another story.

Checked and barred flannels, covert twill, Poiret twill and other suitings are all represented in the spring modes. Military braids are often used for trimming on the twill models, but the checked and barred flannels are independent of decorations other than bands of plain flannel or other plain materials. But the tailored suit is only started on its way and every week will find new models joining the ranks of the most satisfactory outerwear that spring has to offer. Among those late-arrived are knitted suits made in the boxcoat and mandarin coat styles, with decorative bands and borders knitted in.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Making the Supreme Sacrifice

By CHARLES E. BAXTER

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MRS. RAYMOND was dying. She had perhaps three hours to live. And Doctor Cross, as he stood beside her bed, knew that the discovery he had made was the most fiendish thing in his professional career.

He knew the Raymonds had not lived happily together. He knew that Raymond had been involved with another woman. But this—this thing, which he had discovered fortuitously, was something inconceivably awful.

Downstairs Raymond sat, pretending to be heartbroken. At the last he had rushed away, claiming that the sight of his dying wife was unbearable. The clergyman had just arrived, he was coming up the stairs.

What should Cross do? He knew the Rev. Mr. Abel was a man of firmness and decision. On the whole, he thought he could not do better than confide in him what had become a certainty. Of course, the coroner would have to be notified; but just now Cross felt that he could no longer bear the horror of that discovery.

"How is she?" Abel was coming into the room. He stood looking down at the unconscious woman. She was almost at the end.

"Will she regain consciousness?"

"She may, at the end, for a few moments," answered Cross. How could he begin? He twitched at the clergyman's sleeve. "Abel, I—I must tell you something."

"Eh?" exclaimed the other, startled at the doctor's look.

"I've made a discovery, Abel. Mrs. Raymond is not dying a natural death. She—she's dying of arsenical poisoning."

"Good God!" exclaimed the other. He peered into the doctor's face. He shook him by the arm. "Man, man, what's that you're saying?" he cried.

"Mrs. Raymond is dying by arsenical poisoning," replied the doctor. "With that statement my professional obligations end, except for the necessary statement that I must make to the coroner."

"Professional? Who's talking about professional?" demanded Abel fiercely. "I call on you as a human being to answer me. Do you believe that this unhappy woman has administered arsenic to herself, or—or—" he shuddered.

"That doesn't rest within my province as a medical man—or even as a human being."

"But you—you suspect?"

Doctor Cross was silent. There was, indeed, no need to utter an opinion. The character and demeanor of the wretched man downstairs, his entanglement with that notorious woman—all were damning lights upon the question.

Suddenly the dying woman stirred. Cross bent over her. Then he turned to the clergyman.

"It is the end," he said softly. "But she is regaining consciousness. Go for Mr. Raymond."

While the clergyman hurried away he looked at the dying woman closely. Had she heard? It seemed incredible that she had heard. And yet her eyes were open and there was a strange, transfiguring light upon her face.

Footsteps were heard. Raymond was coming in—a man of fifty, with a hangdog look in his eyes, which he fixed with a manifest effort on his wife's face. He raised them to Cross. In that moment the consciousness of Cross's awful knowledge was conveyed to Raymond. A shudder ran through him.

"Guilty as h—l," thought Cross.

"Your wife is conscious. I think she wants to speak to you."

Faintly the dying woman shook her head. She made a sign. It was to Cross she wanted to speak—no, to Cross and Abel.

They went to the bedside and kneeled down. Raymond remained standing. What terrors, what fears were passing through his mind? He knew all was discovered. The chair, the chair—it rose before his mental vision, a grisly specter. And Cross would show no mercy. He must flee—anywhere. What was that she was saying?

"I—know I'm dying. I want to confess—I killed myself—with arsenic—because I was jealous and—wanted him to have—her."

A Sidelight on History

Achilles was dragging the body of Hector around the walls of Troy at the tail of his chariot.

"I wish one of those Hollywood scenario writers could see this," he muttered, lashing the horses still harder.

Later, however, he acknowledged that Homer wrote the thing up in a fairly good style.

Unsympathetic

Panhandler—Give us half a dollar for a bed, mister.

Panhandled—No.

Panhandler—You wouldn't want to see me walk the streets all night, would you?

Panhandled—No. I'm going home in a minute.

New Electrical Device

Two Kentuckians have invented an electric power plant for rural purposes which is so automatically controlled that it produces current only when a light or motor is switched on.

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What My Neighbor Says---

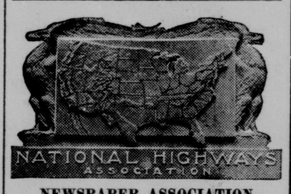
Is of Interest to Westminster Folks.

When one has had the misfortune to suffer from backache, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders and other kidney ills—and has found relief from all this sickness and suffering, that person's advice is of untold value to friends and neighbors. The following case is only one of many thousands, but it is that of a Westminster resident. Who could ask for a better example?

Mrs. Lewis Berman, 131 Pennsylvania avenue, says: "I had a severe attack of kidney trouble and my back pained as if it were pierced by a sharp instrument. At times, I couldn't get up to do my work. My kidneys didn't act right, either. The doctor didn't do me any good and when a friend advised Doan's Pills I procured some and they gave great relief."

Several years later, Mrs. Berman said: "Doan's never fail to help me if I have any sign of kidney trouble."

Mrs. Berman is only one of many Westminster people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Pills. If your back aches, if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy, ask distinctly for DOAN'S PILLS, the same that Mrs. Berman had, the remedy backed by home testimony. 60 cents at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame, Remember the Name."



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There are 14,000,000 cars and trucks running in the United States.

A simple multiplication proves that if all the roads in the United States were poor roads, making them all into good roads would save more than four billions every year, or more than five times as much as is spent annually in this nation for good roads.

Of course, all the roads are not poor roads, and more than 80 per cent of the travel of our vehicles is over the good road miles in order to avoid loss of time and the tremendous cost of travel over poor roads.

Any individual, asking himself whether his share of a new road tax will pay him, has only to figure the number of miles he will travel in a year over the good road and see what he, personally, will save. This computation, of course, leaves out of calculation any such factors as the saving he makes by the lowering of prices of goods he buys which travel the good road, and any increase in his assets due to the increase of land values on the good road, and any increase in earning capacity due to the time saved on good roads. With figures so plain and savings so obvious it is difficult to understand why anyone thinks that national highways, built and maintained by the National Government, will not more than pay for themselves in a very short period.

Herman M. Snyder
Funeral Director
Ridgeville, Maryland.
Phone Mt. Airy 24-R. P O. Mt. Airy, Md.



A Good Home Ages Gracefully

TO build the kind of house to which passing years add only mellowness and homelike charm—this is a worthy aim for homebuilders. Let your home not be a passing fad of this year or next, but a house your children, and their children, too, can look upon as all a home should be.

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