### Women and Interests

## By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE WELL BORN

So few great souls, love ordered, well begun. In answer to the fertile mother need. So few who seem The image of the Maker's mortal dream,

The image of the Maker's mortal dream, So many born of mere propinquity, Of lustful habit, or of accident. Their mothers felt
No mighty, all-compelling wish to see Their bosoms garden places
Abloom with flower faces.
No tidal wave swept o'er them with its flood, No thrill of flesh or heart; no leap of blood, No glowing fire flaming to white desire For mating and for motherhood, Yet they bore children.

God! how mankind missesThy command
To populate the earth.
How low is brought high birth.
How low the woman, When, inert as spawn,
Left in the sands to fertilize,
She is the means through which the race goes on.
Not so the First Intent.

Birth, as the Supreme mind conceived it, meant The clear, imperious call of mate to mate, And the clear answer. Only thus and then Are fine, well ordered and potential lives Brought into being. Not by church or state Can birth be made legitimate,

Unless,
Love in its fulness bless.
Creation so ordains its lefty laws
That man, while greater in all other things,
Is lesser in the generative cause.
The father may be merely man, the male!
Yet more than female must the mother be.

The woman who would fashion
Souls for the use of men and angels meet,
Must entertain a high and holy passion.
Not rank or wealth, or influence of kings
Can give a soul its dower
Of majesty and power,
Unless the mother brings
Great love to that great hour.

Just as it is the exception to the rule in royal circles.

I come to you pleading for the badly born, whome society brands and marks and sears, withering and wilting their name and making outcasts of them. There seems no one to speak for them so they too man be wholesome and clean.

Oh, transifigure this cry carried on the wings of burdened sorrow to thine ear into a song of sympathy lighting up the drear pathway of the badly born and turning the damp gray hovering over them into a fairer, better day.

Just as it is the exception to the rule in royal circles.

Princesses and princes have their marriages arranged for them usually, and the children born to such parents are not well born, not stamped with the Divine Hall Mark, even when they have been desired.

Yet they oftlimes receive the honors of earth.

A child born to parents who are inharmonious, and who do not welcome the coming of the child, is indeed badly born.

Children born to such parents are not well born, not stamped with the Divine Hall Mark, even when they have been desired.

Yet they oftlimes receive the honors of earth.

Children born to such parents are not well born, not stamped with the Divine Hall born, not stamped with the Divine Hall born, or stamped with

worst born is meant those who

advantageous prices.

8

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twinging nerves and muscles. But be sure to get the right lini-

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ment-there's no substitute for Sloan's.

badly born and turning the damp gray hovering over them into a fairer, better day.

There are many, many badly born people on earth.

There are few well born.

Society does not "brand or mark, or sear" most of the badly born, for yery many of the worst born are in saciety.

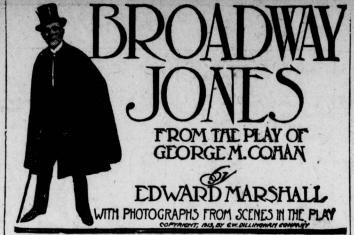
actions continually. Let such a one say every morn-

By worst born is meant those who are born from parents who married without love and who brought chilidren into the world without its legitimate stamp—the Divine Hall Mark of birth.

The most important thing in birth is to be born of a mother who loved the father of her child, and who therefore loved her unborn child and rejoiced in motherhood.

Only a very small percentage of such children can be found in any community or any class.

In fashionable society love marriages occur, now and then. And in those love marriages, now and then a child is born which is desired and welcomed. But that is the exception to the rule prevailing in such circles. All.



[Continued.]

This is two-two Main, the Jones plant," he informed the operator. right. Get them for me as quickly as

After hanging up the receiver he turned gravely to Josie. "There must be some mistake about this," he assured her. Evidently he was seriously worried about the charge of favoritism brought against his firm.

"I have all the correspondence, if you'd like to see it."

"I'd like to very much."
"I'll have it here in a very few min-

utes. Excuse me." Fortunately for his telephonic endeavors there had been a period of quiet in the outer factory. But now, as the crowd approached across the vast workroom adjoining, from a visit to the other portions of the plant, the roar of cheering was renewed. He went to the door and opened it, looking into the workroom. Almost at the

door were the Judge and Mrs. Spotswood and, just behind them, Broadway. They were smiling happily and proudly. He was somewhat wilted, but elated. He rushed forward, grasping Wallace's hand, greatly to the latter's surprise.

"I've shaken hands with everybody in the world," said Broadway.

CHAPTER XII.

The celebration over, the mill once more settled down to that industrial peace which is accompanied by the deafening roar of machinery, the clamor of the busy hammer on the nail, sinking home in packing boxes, the shouts of workingmen and women forced to thrust their words above the

strident medley which surrounds them. There was new life in the old mill, new confidence had taken place of fear and fierce antagonism in the hearts of hundreds, an esprit de corps had been born suddenly such as had not existed in that factory for many years. In one happy sentence of his bashful speech Broadway had struck a keynote. He had said:

"And-er-now, you fellows, keep your brains-er-busy with this situation. I have bucked the Trust. I've bucked the Trust for you and the old, town. Now if you don't help me beat it to the ropes, stagger it, blind it, pulp it, put it down and out as the allit's going to wipe me off the map, and when I'm wiped you're wiped.

"I've fought for you, and lots of folks will say I am a fool for doing it. If you start in and fight for me; if we both fight heart and soul and night and day to win against the wildest competition that was every known in chewing-gum, we WILL win. Anything else means our sponge in the air and a call for doctors and an ambulance, or more likely, undertaker, for Jones' Pepsin Gum, its owner and the men who work for him."

These words had struck home. The workmen had all understood their truth; furthermore, they fully recognized the justice of the burden Broadway laid upon them. Workingmen are fair; they are fairer in old, little towns like Jonesville than they are in great industrial centers, where the element of personality has passed out of in-dustry and the worker is a cog, while power. The men had shouted wildly that they all would help and meant it. After he had left the shops they had reiterated among themselves the pledges of their fealty, and they meant them then.

Sweethearts, that day in the Jones plant, would have scornfully rejected sweethearts who showed any sign of treason to the young proprietor; fa-thers would have thrashed a son who sneered at Broadway; mothers would chided daughters (more likely would have spanked them fiercely) who offered slurs upon what had oc curred. The capacity of mixers, cookers, drawers, molders, cutters, stackers, wrappers, packers, boxers, shippers increased as if by magic. For their hearts were in their work; they were hustling for the boss who had declared his firm intention of hustling for his workers.

Therefore in the works everything buzzed and hummed and banged and clattered with a pleasurable and contagious enthusiasm. In the office there was a warm glow of satisfaction, but Broadway's smile, after the ladies had make calls and pass the joyful news about the town triumphantly, Josie to attend to necessary details of her duties, became somewhat weaker than it had been.

He had gone into the fight, but was he going to win the fight? It was fine to fight, undoubtedly, but it would be painful to get licked. His knowledge of the business world was amply represented by the figure "0." The Trust's knowledge of the business world was represented by the figure "0" and then another figure "0," the two preceded by the figure "1."

They knew 100 per cent. of that game of which he knew absolutely nothing. He had defied them, shied his hat into the ring, and now was obliged to chastise them drastically. and said, trying to be cocky, but, now that the excitement had died down,

realizing that it would be easy to b gloomy

"Funny Pembroke isn't here." He proposed to scorn that person he was keyed up to a mighty candle power of hot contempt, but he wented to get at it, get it over with, pelore his energy had oozed away.

"He'll be along," said Wallace. "Is it eleven, yet?"
"Just."

Out came Broadway's neck again, se was even rather nervous. "What He was even rather nervous. are we going to say to him when he

"Remember that you promised to le me handle him," said Wallace warr ingly. "He thinks I'm your secretary.

The judge saw that they were wor ried. "If you boys want to talk things over I'll skip along." "No, stay here, judge," Broadway arged. "We may need a lawyer."

The judge's face glowed with his "We're just waiting for Pembroke."

"Pembroke! Oh, yes; some of the men told me that he is in town.

What's he coming here for?" "To try to give us a whole lot of money," Wallace answered. "But we're not going to take it." at Broadway. "We don't need it do

Jackson looked at him with mour ful eyes, recollecting all the bills he had left behind in New York city "Don't make me laugh. I didn't sleep well.

The judge saw his young friend's increasing discomfort. "You've made the people of this town very happy today, my boy. You ought to sleep well after this. They owe you a great debt."

Jackson passed the compliment, but winced. "Please don't talk about debts! Let's get on a cheerful subject." a sickly effort to relieve his mind he turned to Wallace. "How's the bar-

The judge seized this opportunity to extol a local genius. "Ain't he a nice fellow, though?"

"Yes," said Wallace dryly, "he cut Taft's hair once." "I shouldn't be surprise," the judge assented heartly. "He's from Hart-

His remarkable appreciation of the dignity and glories of the little cities

was a continual joy to the two friends, who smiled across his nodding head at one another. Wallace looked around appreciative-

"The old gentleman had pretty

"Yes," the judge agreed. He nodded toward the desk at which Broadway had carelessly taken his position. "Seems strange not to see him sit-ting at that desk." He sighed. "First, old Oscar Jones sat there, and he died; then John sat there, and he died; then Andrew sat there, and he died:

Broadway, who had listened to the brief but tragical recital with expanding orbs, got up, and, as he edged away from the too fatal piece of office furniture, eyed it with suspicion and distaste. "That's the last time I'll sit

day which had dawned on Jonesville than this speech from Higgins, erstwhile the dissatisfied, the complainer? "That's a bully idea!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

Wallace and Jackson looked at one another in a pleased appreciation. It was Josie who instinctively saw the flaw which had escaped the horde of escaped the four there in the office. "Why, judge!" said she, shocked and

scandalized.
"What's the matter?" But Josie would not even look at him. In a reproachful voice she turned to Higgins. "Tell the men to do nothing of the kind," she said with emphasis. "Don't they realize what

## Don't Trifle With Your Health!

-it is too precious a possession. It is trifling to neglect the little every-day kind of ailments. It is trifling, too, to take medicines of unknown or doubtful ingredients. If your stomach gets out of order, your food is not digested and, of course, your blood gets thin and you become weak, ready to be a prey to the disease germs always ready to attack the run-down and the anaemic. If your liver can't do its work, your blood becomes impure and many troubles follow. If your bowels are irregular, poisons accumulate in your body.

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helps the stomach to digest food properly, strengthens the liver, regulates the bowels. As a consequence you are vigorous, full of snap and life! Forty years ago Dr. Pierce

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Nowa Well and Happy Woman



#### Madame Ise'bell's · Beauty Lesson -

LESSON X-PART IL BREATHING: ITS RELATION TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Out-of-door exercise, goifing, rowing, tennis, long walks when done under proper conditions and with the skin properly protected, are beautifying as well as health giving. These pleasant things, however, demand a certain amount of leisure and many women are not able to indulge in them for that reason. In such cases breathing exercises should be taken up regularly night and morning. These need not night and morning. These need not take much time—20 minutes a day, di-vided into two parts is sufficient— and, if a moderate amount of out-of-door exercise is taken in conjunction, marked improvement in both health and appearance will be noted.

and appearance will be noted.

The Yog! System.

The Yog! System.

The Yog! System of philosophy includes the habit of rhythmical breathing to be practiced daily or whenever the nerves are out of normal tension. The devotees lie flat on the floor, body relaxed and arms outstretched, inhaling and exhaling regularly, counting four with every breath.

I also recommend the following breathing exercises for those who suffer from nervous exhaustion or from recurring nervous attacks which momentarily disable the subject from work:

distaste. "That's the last time I'll sit there," he declared.

But Judge Spotswood had not seen the byplay and did not hear the youth's resolve. He was launched on reminiscence. "Every man in the plant loved the old gentleman. They all feel mighty bad. Just think—he was alived town's in mourning!"

It was at this juncture that Higgins, a new and happy Higgins, entered, cap in hand, respectfully. He was smilling genially. "Excuse me, Mr. Jones, the men want to know if you have any objection to their celebrating tonight."

He bowed respectfully to Josie, who entered at that moment.

"They're thinking of having a torchlight parade and fireworks in honor of your taking up things at the works. Is it all right?"

The judge beamed happily. What could be more significant of the new day which had dawned on Jonesville than this speech from Higgins, erst-

(Lesson X to be continued.)

Tame Soitell

#### Reformed Church to Conduct Mt. Grenta Summer School

Lebanon, Pa., Feb. 4.—Prominent ministers of the Reformed church in Lebanon, Dauphin and other adjoining counties, held a meeting in thicity and perfected an organization for keeping up the Mt. Gretna summer school. The new association will be known as the Mt. Gretna Summer Conference committee, with all the details of a Chautauqua, to be conducted under the auspices of the Reformed church. The purpose of the Reformed church. The purpose of the rorganization is to found an educational center where teachers of the Scripture may congregate during the summer time for study of the Bible and for recreation. John H. Porrman,

of this city, was elected as the Leb-anon county representative on the new board. Dr. Allen R. Bartholo-mew, of Philadelphia, was made chairman of the committee on pro-gram and the Rev. T. W. Deckert, of Reading, chairman of the publicity committee.



Ever try Aunt Jemima's for Waffles? If you haven't, there's a good time coming. For Aunt Jemima's is simply great

for waffles. Makes them rich, tender and light as thistle-down golden brown and so delicious-looking that the mere sight of them makes you hungry.

Easiest things imaginable to stir up, too. You can have a bowl of batter ready and in the waffle-irons in no time. And my stars! how the folks do love 'em. Have them for to-morrow's breakfast.

Your grocer has Aunt Jemima's-in the bright red package. Save the top and get the funny Rag Dolls for the kiddies.

# unt Jemima Pancake Flour

Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat flour A woman never cares how good a man is if he'll only pretend to be bad. comes in white packages. Ask for it.

"Mother, Why Are You So Happy To-day?"

An Incident of Yesterday Well Worthy of Publication

emphasis. "Don't they realize what has happened? How can they forget so quickly?"

Now a light burst, even upon Higgins. "Oh, that's so, I'll have to remind them of that!"

Wallace was still puzzled, but Broadway was beginning to understand. "By George," said the judge, "I forgot all about it myself!"

A bright light bursting upon Wallace, he went to Jones and slapped him on the back. "The king is dead," he quoted, "long live the king!"

Ito Be Continued.]

On a little farm across the river, and often the innocent prattile of her own children would cause her to scold, and become cross and irritable, so that the asked in wonder own children would cause her to scold, and become cross and irritable, so that the children were actually becoming the children, a boy and girl, aged 5 and 5 years, respectively. Happiness and requent, she was growing worse, paler and thinner and seemed to be losing dittle home until sickness entered all her vim and ambition. Mr. Gentrup and thinner and seemed to be losing dittle home until sickness entered wife. She commenced taking it in the mother became afflicted with nervous was no perceptible change. One day in the despondent. She would have crying spells, lost all destinations and lapped him on the back. "The king is dead," he quoted, "long live the king!"

ITO Be Continued.]

INSTALLATION OF PASTOR

Columbia, Pa., Feb. 4.—The Rev.

Conrad Sprenger, of Annapolis, Md., recently elected pastor of Salem Evan
Aufderhaar, of Baltimore, Md.

Mr. J. W. Stewart, 1916 Chapel St., Cincin-nati, O., writes: "I had been suffering with ciatic rheumatism for fourteen months and ad used everything I ever heard of. I began of think there was no help for me, but hearing if Slean's Liniment, bought one 25c, bottle, sed it, and sor relief in three days. I have sed three bottles and never felt better in my ife."

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