

Women AND their INTERESTS

"Their Married Life"

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The telephone rang, but Helen did not move. She was embroidering a set of guest doilies for Louise, who was going to start housekeeping as soon as the weather was cool enough, and it seemed as though something were always happening to prevent her from finishing them.

Nora came to the door of the living room in a few minutes.

"Some one to speak to you, ma'am," a gentleman; he didn't give a name."

Helen looked up in surprise; it was out of the ordinary for any one to ring up and not leave a name, and a man, well, she would see what was wanted. Perhaps it was some one at the office calling up for Warren.

She left her sewing on the chair and went out to the telephone.

"Hello, yes, this is Mrs. Curtis, who is this please?"

There was a buzzing on the wire and then a strange voice spoke very quickly.

"Don't you know? I have tried to get you on the phone before this, but you were always out. This is Mr. J. Woods Atkinson."

There was a silence, while the blood seemed to pour into Helen's face, and her ears so that she could hardly hear, and for a moment she actually felt faint. Ought she to ring off, or would it be better to ask the man who had hounded her as he did? And she had thought that everything had blown over.

"I don't know any one by that name," she said finally, steadying her voice as she went on, "probably you have the wrong number, or did you want to speak to my husband? You'll find him at his office."

This last had been an inspiration and she waited breathlessly for that voice to reply.

"I don't know your husband, Mrs. Curtis, and I'm afraid I don't know you just yet, although that is hardly my fault. You probably will recall my name if you will stop to think a moment. I wonder if I might call this afternoon."

He Begs to See Her For a Few Moments

The audacity of him, thought Helen, indignantly.

"If you are quite finished I will ring off now," she said icily, holding the receiver poised and waiting to see what he had to say.

"Just a minute," pleaded the voice. "Let me see you for a few minutes this afternoon and I promise not to annoy you any further—that is, unless you are perfectly willing."

"Certainly not," said Helen, inwardly raging and hanging the receiver up abruptly, but not before that voice had said:

"I'm coming, anyway; you'd better see me."

Helen sank down on a chair in the hall. What had she ever done to be persecuted in this manner? She was not like other women in this respect, willing to carry off the matter as a joke. Such a thing never occurred to her as a possible chance for enjoyment. All her brain was centered upon what Warren would say if he knew. He would be quite sure that she had merited the attractions by some indiscreet action on her part.

She glanced hurriedly at the clock and then rising went back to her seat in the living room. Surely he did not mean what he said, he would never dare to come up after she had told him he couldn't, but if he did what could she do then?

In a panic she rushed out into the kitchen.

"Nora, if any one should call for me, tell him I am not at home. Under no circumstances allow any one in, do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Nora obediently, looking at Helen in surprise. Helen was not the kind of woman who became excited easily, and Nora had never remembered seeing her in just this kind of a mood before.

"I'll say that you were called down town, Mrs. Curtis," said the girl, her warm Irish heart going out to Helen in her trouble, and then Helen went back to the living room, her heart in a tumult and her ears alert for the first sound of the bell that would announce the arrival of her visitor.

That is if he really meant what he said. Perhaps he was trying to frighten her, and did not intend coming at all, and at the thought Helen drew a breath of relief. And then the persistence of the man again made her reasonably sure that he meant what he said. Oh, yes, he would come, there was no doubt about it, and Helen sat down to wait for the sound of the bell.

Mrs. Bob Appears and Helen Receives Her

Winifred was taking a nap in Helen's room, and Helen tiptoed into the room to close the door. Just as she reached the door, however, the

bell rang and the idea came to her of listening to what went on outside from this room rather than the living room, she could hear so very much better.

Nora opened the door a moment later, and there was a hum of voices. Nora said decidedly:

"Mrs. Curtis has gone down town," and then there was a murmur, and Helen heard Nora say, much to her surprise:

"Well, I might have been mistaken, I'll go and see." Then whoever it was stepped into the hall and Nora came around through the living room and knocked at Helen's door.

Helen opened it noiselessly.

"It's Mrs. Bob Curtis, ma'am, with a gentleman, and she seemed to want to see you so badly that I thought I'd see if you wanted to receive her."

Helen gave a sigh of relief. Louise, of course, she would see her.

"All right, Nora, that was right; I'll be out there in a very few moments."

After Helen turned toward the glass and made herself presentable while Nora showed the guests into the living room. She was glad that Nora had not sent Louise away, although busy it would be as an embarrassment when the stranger should arrive.

On second thought, though, she would tell Louise all about it and get her advice as to how to treat the man. Perhaps she could even have Nora admit him, now that Louise was here to help her. But no, that wouldn't do either. Nora had said there was a man with her.

As Helen passed into the living room Louise rose from a chair and kissed her softly.

"I see that you decided to be home," she said laughingly, and then, "I want you to meet a cousin of mine, Helen, J. Woods Atkinson," and Helen turned to meet the amused eyes of a very good looking man who bowed and held out his hand.

"You won't be cross will you Helen," said Louise pleadingly. "It was Warren we wanted to have the joke on, and I thought of telling you, but you thought it would be fun to tease you for a while. Just to see how you would take it, you know."

"You certainly just about finished me over the phone," said Mr. J. Woods Atkinson. "I was just about to tell you then that I was just a harmless kind of a relative, but Louise thought it would be nicer to come up and meet you."

Helen's head was swimming, but she felt a relief uppermost. Somehow the thing had worried her more than she had admitted even to herself, and now that it was a joke it would provide just the necessary punishment for Warren, who had not believed her through the entire affair.

"We certainly enjoyed the chocolates," said Helen gamely, "although my husband hated to keep them. I can tell you."

"How did Warren take it, Helen?" said Louise. "You know, I told Bob about it, and he wasn't a bit in love with the idea. He promised not to tell, though, and I'd certainly love to see Warren's face when you tell him about it."

"Warren will probably laugh about it," said Helen, but she was sure that Louise would she admit Warren's true conception of the matter. "But the name surely puzzled us. Do they call you Woods" turning to the man suddenly.

"Nothing more exciting than Jim," he said laughingly. "I hope you'll consider me one of the family, and call me that, too."

Helen met his admiring glance with her own eyes brimful of fun.

"I suppose I really ought to call you that," she said wickedly, "we have known about each other such a very long time." And then they all laughed, Helen with a gay little air quite foreign to her, but most becoming, as Louise said afterward.

(Another incident in this story of every day life will appear soon.)

Austrians Attempt to Cross Save and Danube

Paris, Sept. 29, 1914, A dispatch from Nish to the Havas Agency dated September 27, says:

"The Serbian troops advancing in Bosnia have occupied Rounania mountain near Sarajavo. The Serbian troops from Belgrade drove the enemy from Ada Tzigulia and from Ada Mala, inflicting heavy losses.

"The Austrians are redoubling their efforts more to the north to cross the Save and the Danube. The last attempt to pass into Serbia near Belgrade cost them some hundreds of dead, among them a number of officers."

"Otherwise there is practically no change in the situation on the various fronts."

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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(Continued.)

"You engineers, take your rifles—and bayonet into anything that wears gray!"

"Get back, you men by the tree, to avoid their hand-grenades! Form up behind them, everybody!"

"No matter if they do get in at first! Back, you men, from under the tree!"

There was not a single rifle-shot. In a silence like that before the word to fire in a duel, all orders were heard and the more readily obeyed because Dellarme's foresight had impressed their sense upon the men in his quiet way.

The sand-bags by the tree were blown up by the Grays. Then, before the dust had hardly settled, came a half score of hand-grenades thrown by the first men of a Gray wedge, scrambling as they were pushed through the breach by the pressure of the mass behind. In that final struggle of one set of men to gain and another to hold a position, guns or automatics or long-range bullets played no part. It was the grapple of cold steel with cold steel and muscle with muscle, in the billowing, twisting mob of wrestlers, with no sound from throats but straining breaths; with no quarter, no distinction of person, and bloodshot eyes and faces, with the effort of brute strength striving, in primitive desperation, to kill in order not to be killed. The cloud of rocking, writhing arms and shoulders was neither going forward nor backward. Its movement was that of a vortex, while the gray stream kept on pouring through the breach as if it were only the first flood from some gray lake on the other side of the breastwork.

Marta had come to the edge of the veranda, at once drawn and repelled, feeling the fearful suspense of the combat, the savage horror of it, and herself uttering sounds like the straining breaths of the men. What a place for her to be! But she did not think of that. She was there. The dreadful alchemy of war had made her a stranger to herself. She was mad; they were mad; all the world was mad!

One minute—two, perhaps—not three—and the thing was over. She saw the Grays being crushed back and realized that the Germans had won, while the last details of the lessening tumult fixed her attention with their gladiatorial simplicity. Here, indeed, it was a case of man to man with the weapons nature gave him.

"I thought so!" cried Feller. "Attacks on frontal positions by daylight are going out of fashion!"

It was he who had first greeted the shower of hand-grenades that followed the exit of the enemy. Two of the guns of the same batteries, having changed their position, were making havoc enough at pointblank range, with a choice of targets between the Grays huddled on the other side of the breastwork and those in retreat.

One of the Grays, a creaking bearing the mark of a long haul, raised himself, and in defiance and satisfaction of the thuds that he bruisés and humiliation, with a finger at Feller, Marta said:

"You think you're a gray hat and blue blouse, do you? You—a man fighting and not in uniform! If they catch you it will be a drumhead and a firing squad at dawn!"

"That's so!" said Feller gravely. "But they'll have to make a better job of it than you fellows did if they're going to—"

He turned away abruptly but did not move far. His shoulders relaxed into the gardeners' stoop, and he pulled his hat down over his eyes and lowered his head as if to hide his face. He was thus standing, inert, when a division staff-officer galloped into the grounds.

"Where is Major Dellarme?"

When he saw Dellarme's still body he was dismounted and in a tide of feeling which, for the moment, submerged all thought of the machine, stood, head bowed and sap off, looking down at Dellarme's face.

"I was very fond of him! He was at school when I was teaching there. But a good death—a soldier's death!" he said. "I'll write to his mother myself." Then the voice of the machine spoke. "Who is in command?"

"I am, sir!" said the tall lieutenant, coming up. But the men of the company spoke.

"Bert Stransky!" they roared.

It was not according to military etiquette, but military etiquette meant nothing to them now. They were above it in veteran superiority.

"Where's Stransky?" demanded the staff-officer.

"You're looking at him!" replied Stransky with a benign grin.

Seeing that Stransky was only a private, the officer frowned at the anomaly when a lieutenant was present, then smiled in a way that accorded the company parliamentary rights, which he thought that they had fully earned.

"Yes, and he gets one of those iron crosses!" put in Tom Fragin.

"Yes—the first cross for Bert of the Reds!"

"And we'll let him make a dozen anarchist speeches a day!"

"Yes, yes!" roared the company.

"The eyes have it!" the officer announced cheerfully. He lifted his cap to Marta. With tender regard and grave reverence for that company, he took extreme care with his next remark lest a set of men of such dynamic spirit might repulse him as an invader.

"The lieutenant is in command for the present, according to regulations," he proceeded. "You will retire immediately to positions 48 and 49 A—J by the castle road. You have done your part. Tonight you sleep and tomorrow you rest."

Sleep! Rest! Where had they

heard those words before? Oh, yes, in a distant day before they went to war! Sleep and rest! Better far than an iron cross for every man in the company! They could go now with something warmer in their hearts than consciousness of duty well done; but this time they need not go until their dead as well as their wounded were removed.

Feller started to pass around the corner of the house; he was confronted by Marta, who had come to the end of the veranda. There, within hearing of the soldiers, the dialogue that followed was low-toned, and it was swift and palpitant with repressed emotion.

"Mr. Feller, I saw you at the automatic. I heard what the wounded private of the Grays said to you and realized how true it was."

"He is a prisoner. He cannot tell."

"I feel that I have no right to let you go to your death by a firing squad," she interrupted hurriedly, "and I shall not! For I decide now not to allow the telephone to remain!"

"It—he looked around at the automatic ravenously and fearfully—"

"It is all simply arranged. There is time for me to use the telephone before the Grays arrive. I shall tell Lanny why you took charge of the gun."

"I've changed my mind! Exit gardener! Enter gunner! I'm going with you!" he cried in a jubilant voice that arrested the attention of every one on the grounds.

CHAPTER XIII.

From Brown to Gray.

"You, Marta—you are still there!" Lanstron exclaimed in alarm when he heard her voice over the tunnel telephone. "But safe!" he added in relief. "Thank God for that! It's a mighty load off my mind. And your mother?"

"Safe, too."

"Well, you're through the worst of it. There won't be any more fighting around the house, and certainly West-ering will be courteous. But where is Gustave?"

"Gone!"

"Gone!" he repeated dismally.

"Wait until you hear how he went," Marta said. With all the vividness of her impressions, a partisan for the moment of him and Dellarme, she sketched Feller's part with the automatic.

As he listened, Lanstron's spirit was twofold again.

"I can see him," he said. "It was a full breath of fresh air to the lungs of a suffocating man. I—"

Marta was off in interruption in the full tide of an appeal.

"You must—I promised—you must let him have the uniform again!" she begged. "You must let him keep his automatic. To take it away would be like separating mother and child; like separating Mamma from Clarissa Eileen."

"Better than an automatic—a battery of guns!" replied Lanstron. "This is where I will use any influence I have with Partow for all it is worth. Yes, and he shall have the iron cross. It is for such deeds as his that the iron cross was meant."

"Thank you," she said. "It's worth something to 'mak' a man as happy as you will make him. Yes, you are real flesh and blood to 'th' this, Lanny."

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GERMAN AIRMEN DROP BOMBS ON 5 CITIES

Paris Among Those Shelled; U. S. Embassy Shaken; Man and Girl Killed

Paris, Sept. 29.—A German aeroplane flew over Paris yesterday and dropped five bombs. One fell at the intersection of the Avenue du Trocadero and the Rue Freycinet, only a block from the American embassy, at 5 Rue de Chaillot, killing a man and crippling a child. Three landed in different streets in the Trocadero quarters and the fifth fell in the Bois du Boulogne. Only ten minutes before the bomb fell in the Avenue du Trocadero Mr. Herrick, the American ambassador, had departed past the spot.

Others Bombarded

Warsaw, Russia.—Three soldiers killed.

Thielt, Belgium.—Gas works badly damaged.

The cities of Ghent and Alost and the towns of Minsbeke, Boilehem and Dyzne, all in Belgium, were bombarded, but with little or no damage, except at Dyzne, where a man 82 years old was fatally injured when a bomb struck a hospital.

Defeated General Ends His Life With Bullet on Grodek Battlefield

London, Sept. 29, 8.52 A. M.—A dispatch to the Telegraph from Piarograd says that on Sunday a spirited

account of the destruction of the Hungarian guard, a cavalry division in the battle of Grodek appeared in the Russko Slovo. It follows:

"A considerable force of Austrians fell upon the advance guard of General Broussif, which was composed of infantry, cossacks and light artillery. The plan of the enemy was clear. He hoped to shatter our advance guard and then break through our center. Our infantry and artillery had strongly entrenched themselves and in reserve were several cossack detachments. At first the Austrian infantry moved out for the attack. It was met with a deadly fire of cannon and machine guns and the enemy wavered and fell back. Then the cavalry was sent out. The flower of the Austro-Hungarian army the Budapest guard

division, galloped furiously down in close order. It appeared as if nothing could arrest their impetuous course, not even the awful shrapnel fire of the artillery which brought death and destruction into the ranks, nor even the rain of bullets from machine guns. Of this time the fine Budapest guard division not one man was left and the whole field was strewn with the enemy's corpses severed heads, hands and legs and dead horses. The commander of the division, General Frohreich, could not stand the disgrace of defeat and shot himself on the battlefield. As was afterward explained he had promised to bring to the Austrian Emperor, on the latter's birthday, news of the complete destruction of the Russian army.

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