

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

Tell Your Children the Truth of Life

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Again let it be urged that parents talk with their small children on the subjects which lead to, or away from, morality and physical health.

Human nature is its own menace, when not guided by wise affection over the perilous paths of youth.

Take your little son, sir and madam, when he is able to understand simple language, and tell him about the flowers; how they grow, bud, blossom and bear fruit.

Impress upon them the idea that the plant needs to be carefully tended, and gently used, or it will never carry out its mission.

Say to them, "All this knowledge about the flowers you will study and obtain gradually as you grow older and your mind develops; and in the same way you will learn the wonderful, majestic truths of the human family."

"All that you can know now is the sacredness of your body and the need to keep it clean, in good health, and pure.

"If anyone ever approaches you to talk on this subject in any rough manner, or to suggest your listening to any information which your parents might not hear, or if anyone attempts any familiarity toward you which you

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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[Continued.]

"In the congratulations after the position was taken last night," he declared, "I confess that I was thinking less of success than of its source."

"There seems to be a kind of fatality about our relations," he went on. "I lay awake pondering it last night."

"He is going to make it harder than I ever guessed!" echoed her own thought, in a flutter of confusion.

"Yes, it was strange our meeting on the frontier in peace and then in war!" she exclaimed at random. The sound of the remark struck her as too subdued; as expectant, when her purpose was one of careless deprecation.

"I have met a great many women, as you may have imagined, he proceeded. "They have passed in review. They were simply women, witty and frail or dull and beautiful, and one meant no more to me than another."

"Yes, I made the prophecy that came true!" she put in. This ought to bring him back to himself and his ambitions, she thought.

"You realized what was in me. You foresaw the power which was to be mine. The fate that first brought us together made me look you up in the capital. Now it brings us together here on this bench after all that has passed in the last twenty-four hours."

"The victory that I was thinking of last night was not the taking of Bordin. It was finer than any victory in war. It was selfish—not for army and country, but born of a human weakness triumphant; a human weakness of which my career had robbed me," he continued.

"In a cause!" she interrupted hurriedly, wildly, to stop him from going further, only to find that her intonation was such that it was drawing him on.

"That fatality seemed to be working itself out to the soldier so much older than yourself in renewed youth, in another form of ambition. I hoped that there was more than the cause that led you to trust me. I hoped—"

"Was he testing her? Was he playing a part of his own to make certain that she was not playing one? She looked up swiftly for answer. There was no gainsaying what she saw in his eyes. It was beating into hers with the power of an overwhelming masculine passion and a maturity of intellect as his egotism admitted a comrade to its throne.

"He was bending so close to her that she felt his breath on her cheek burning hot, and she was sickeningly conscious that he was looking her over in that point-by-point manner which she had felt across the tea-table at the hotel. This horrible thing in his glance she had sometimes seen in strangers on her travels, and it had made her think that she was wise to carry a little revolver. She wanted to strike him.

"Confess! Confess!" called all her own self-respect. "Make an end to your abasement!"

"Confession, after the Browns have given up Bordin! Confession that makes Lanny, not Westerling, your dupe!" came the reply, which might have been telegraphed into her mind from the high, white forehead of Partow bending over his maps.

"For a few seconds only the duel of argument thundered in her temples—seconds in which her lips were parted and quivering and her eyes dilated with an agitation which the man at her side could interpret as he pleased. A prompting devil—a devil urged by that thing in his eyes—roused a finesse in double-dealing which only devils understand, made her lips hypnotically turn in a smile, her eyes soften, and sent her hand out to Westerling in a trancelike gesture. For an instant it rested on his arm with telling pressure, though she felt it burn with shame at the point of contact.

"We must not think of that now," she said. "We must think of nothing personal; of nothing but your work until your work is done!"

The prompting devil had not permitted a false note in her voice. Her very pallor, in sixty of ideas, served her purpose. Westerling drew a deep

breath that seemed to expand his whole being with greater appreciation of her. Yet that hurried hunger, the hunger of a beast, was still in his glance.

"This is like you—like what I want you to be!" he said. "You are right."

"Then!" she repeated, averting her glance. "Then—" There the devil ended the sentence and she withdrew her hand and felt the relief of one escaping suffocation, to find that he had realized that anything further during that interview would be banality and was rising to go.

"I don't feel decent!" she thought. "Society turned on Minna for a human weakness, but I—I'm not a human being! I am one of the pawns of the machine of war!"

Walking slowly with lowered head as she left the arbor, she almost ran into Bouchard, who apologized with the single word "Pardon!" as he lifted



"I'm Not a Human Being."

his cap in overdone courtesy, which his stolid brevity made the more conspicuous.

"Miss Galland, you seem lost in abstraction," he said in sudden loquacity. "I am almost on the point of accusing you of being a poet."

"Accusing!" she replied. "Then you must think that I would write bad poetry."

"On the contrary, I should say excellent—using the sonnet form," he returned.

"I might make a counter accusation, only that yours would be the epic form," answered Marta. "For you, too, seem fond of rambling."

There was a veiled challenge in the hawk eyes, which she met with commonplace politeness in hers, before he again lifted his cap and proceeded on his way.

For the next two weeks Marta's role resolved itself into a kind of routine. Their cramped quarters became a refuge to Marta in the trial of her secret work under the very nose of the staff. With little Clarissa Eileen, they formed the only feminine society in the neighborhood. On sunny days Mrs. Galland was usually to be found in her favorite chair outside the tower door; and hers Minna set the urn on a table at four-thirty as in the old days.

No member of the staff was more frequently present at Marta's teas than Bouchard, who was developing his social instinct late in life by sitting in the background and allowing others to do the talking while he watched and listened. In his hearing, Marta's attitude toward the progress of the war was sympathetic but never interrogatory, while she shared attention with Clarissa Eileen, who was in danger of becoming spoiled by officers who had children of their own at home. After the reports of killed and wounded, which came with such appalling regularity, it was a relief to hear of the day's casualties among Clarissa's dolls. The chief of transportation and supply rode her on his shoulder; the chief of tactics played hide-and-seek with her; the chief engineer built her a doll house of stones with his own hands; and the chief medical officer was as concerned when she caught cold as if the health of the army were at stake.

"We mustn't get too set up over all this attention, Clarissa Eileen, my rival," said Marta to the child. "You are the only little girl and I am the only big girl within reach. If there were lots of others it would be different."

[To Be Continued.]

ENTERTAINED AT WALDRUHE Newport, Pa., Oct. 10.—Miss Helene Eugenia Ripman entertained yesterday at her summer home, Waldruhe, in Howe township, for the following: Mrs. William C. Ney, Mrs. Lenus A. Carl, Mrs. William Wilson Sharon, Mrs. Samuel D. Myers, Mrs. Maurice Wolf, Mrs. William C. Fickes, Mrs. Edith Brandt Barton, the Misses Clara D. Demaree, Nelle McKenzie Kough, Lena May Wright, Mae Elizabeth Long and Mrs. W. Britton Keli, Chambersburg; Miss Helen Fisher, Bellevue; Iowa; Mrs. Miss Carey Trump, Martinsburg, W. Va.

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Supply Markets With Only Good-sized Eggs Respecting the size of eggs, it should be the aim of the poultry farmer to supply the markets with only those of good size.

"Penroseism" Term of Which to Be Proud, Manufacturer Asserts Greensburg, Pa., Oct. 10.—Prominent manufacturers in Westmoreland county held a meeting this afternoon in the armory and formed a Westmoreland county branch of the Pennsylvania Protective Union by the election of J. J. Smith, president, McKee Glass Company, of Jeannette, as chairman.

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