

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. It is rank folly to declare your child so angelic and innocent that it is immune from danger.

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. Take your little girl of the same age, and let her listen to what you have to say on this topic; but talk to them separately, in order that they may feel how sacred the subject is, and that you are the only confidants they are to have in this matter.

Impress upon them the idea that the plant needs to be carefully tended, and gently used, or it will never carry out its mission; that the bud and blossom will be blighted by careless handling, and the fruit spoiled. Then make them understand that their bodies are plants, which the great Creator intends for the same purpose.

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

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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." He bent on her a look that was warm with gratitude.

She lowered her lashes before it; before gratitude that made her part appear in a fresh angle of misery.

"There seems to be a kind of fatality about our relations," he went on. "I lay awake pondering it last night." His tone held more than gratitude. It had the elation of discovery.

"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. Nothing meant anything to me except my profession. But I never forgot you. You planned something in mind: a memory of real companionship."

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

"Yes!" he exclaimed, his body stiffening free of the back of the seat. "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."

She realized that he had drawn perceptibly nearer. She wanted to rise and cry out: "Don't do this! Be the chief of staff, the conqueror, crushing the earth with the tread of five against three!" It was the conqueror whom she wanted to trick, not a man whose earnestness was painting her deceit blacker. Far from rising, she made no movement at all; only looked at her hands and allowed him to go on, conscious of the force of a personality that mastered men and armies now warm and appealing in the full tide of another purpose.

"The victory that I was thinking of last night was not the taking of Bordir. 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. "It gave me a joy that even the occupation of the Browns' capital could not give. I had come as an invader and I had won your confidence."

"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. Such is ever the way of a man in the forties when the clock strikes for him. But who could know better the craft of courtship than one of Westerling's experience? He was fighting for victory; to gratify a desire.

"I did not expect this—I—" the words escaped tumultuously and chokingly.

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 Bordir! 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. "Confession, betraying the cause of the right against the wrong; the three to the conquering five! No! You are in the thing. You may not retreat now."

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—rousing 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 harried 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." He caught her hand, inclosing it entirely in his grip, and she was sensible, in a kind of dazed horror, of the thrill of his strength. "Nothing can stop us! Numbers will win! Hard fighting in the mercy of a quick end!" he declared with his old rigidity of five against three which was welcome to her. "Then," he added—"and then—"

"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; and Miss Carey Trump, Martinsburg, W. Va.

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POULTRY NEWS

HIGH PRICE OF FEED WORRIES POULTRYMEN

Never Before Was It So Important to Keep Books on Each Layer

FITCHY PEN WELL UP IN EGG CONTEST

Strong Finish and No Deaths Speak Well For Sturdiness of His Stock

The high price of all kinds of feed stuff used in feeding chickens and other fowls is giving the poultry keeper something to think about just at present. Many poultrymen are showing an inclination to sell off their flocks, believing that the high price of feed warrants such a course.

The conditions which poultry keepers now face do call for careful calculations, and never before was it so important that in the bookkeeping there should be an account for each individual layer instead of a single account for the entire flock. In other words, feed is very high in price, and it behooves the poultry keeper to know without a doubt which of his hens are paying a profit and which are not.

There are hens in every flock that are poor layers. There are some that will lay no eggs at all and others that will lay indifferently. The trap nest is the only dependable means by which any poultry keeper can spot the loafer, but the trap nest is not practical in a great majority of cases. One who makes a study of farm fowls can in a short time pretty nearly tell who is who in his flock. The active fowl is pretty sure to be a good business hen. The big eater, as a rule, is a poor layer; a bird that consumes but little food cannot possibly be a heavy layer. In the evening go over the flock and feel the crop of each bird. Regard with suspicion the bird whose crop is justly packed. If there has been ample opportunity for it to be otherwise.

Layers with pelvic bones set wide apart are apt to be prolific. An excellent instance between these bones is the width of three fingers; when the distance is less than the width of two fingers, the bird should be classed with the suspects.

They make the most of one's flock poultry keeping is apt to be more profitable this winter than ever before, notwithstanding the high price of feed. The price of eggs will undoubtedly bear close relation to the price of feed. Even the fancier need not fear that his business of producing exhibition stock will be less profitable than formerly. The supply of breeding stock is not so plentiful as it was a short season and his customers will have to help take care of the increase in the cost of feed.

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. A little more attention might be given to the selection of breeding stock with a view to perpetuating the good-sized egg trait in the future generations. With the use of the trap nest the task of producing a flock capable of laying eggs weighing two ounces and over could easily be accomplished. Eggs of good size and uniformity will alone command a price calculated to make commercial egg production highly profitable. By the aid of the trap nest and a pair of scales it is now possible to pick out the hens that produce the good-sized eggs, and to cull out from the flock those birds laying eggs below the standard sought. If the birds that produce the choicest eggs are mated to males bred from layers of good-sized eggs, the progeny, if well reared and rightly fed, will in turn produce good-sized eggs.

Various Good Formulas For Fattening Fowls

There are various good formulas for fattening fowls in crates or small yards, such feeds as are at hand being usually used. Two parts of finely ground oats, two parts of ground buckwheat and one part of cornmeal mixed with sour milk to the consistency of batter has been recommended by the Ontario Agricultural College as a very desirable fattening ration. Equal parts of cornmeal, middlings and buckwheat meal, likewise mixed with milk, is also a very good ration. Grit should be given the fowls at least once a week. The more ground grains used the better the results, and it has also been found desirable to mix the grains with the milk twelve hours before feeding. Where milk is not available, beef scrap or meat meal may be substituted in the proportion of not more than 15 per cent. of the whole, and water used to wet the mash, but milk gives better results.

CIGARET PAPER FAMINE

Philadelphia, Oct. 10.—The United States is threatened with a cigarette paper famine, according to a report received yesterday from the Department of Commerce, because the imports from Austria and France are stopped on account of the war. These two countries furnish most of the cigarette papers used in this country.

"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.

A statement signed by eighty-seven manufacturers was read and formally approved by the meeting this afternoon. It called for a specific acceptance, in which he said that the object of the organization was to work for the restoration of protective tariff policies and the election of protectionist candidates to both branches of Congress. He warmly endorsed the record of United States Senator Penrose and declared that it was of the utmost importance to businessmen all over the country that Mr. Penrose should be returned to Washington and that congressional candidates pledged to his protective tariff views should be sent to the national House of Representatives.

"The word 'Penroseism,'" said Mr. Smith, "seems to me to be a very subtle compliment to our senior senator. It was not intended to be so, of course, but when you stop to think that 'Penroseism' means the things that Senator Penrose stands for and has stood for in the past, and when you remember that these are the things which have made Pennsylvania great, there is certainly no reason to blush for the fact that we are now banding ourselves together to demand a continuance of 'Penroseism.'"

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TRAINS leave Harrisburg:

For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6:03, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and Intermediate stations at 5:03, 7:50, 11:53 a. m., 5:40, 8:30, 11:30 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 3:18, 3:27, 6:20, 9:30 a. m., 7:50 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p. m.

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