

Women AND THEIR INTERESTS

Each Should Do His Little Part

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

There is a wonderful sentence in the Bible which is seldom quoted in the pulpit, but has been much used of late years by the advanced thinkers along metaphysical lines. Here it is: MY WORDS ARE SPIRIT AND THEY ARE TRUTH; AND THEY SHALL NOT RETURN TO ME VOID; BUT SHALL ACCOMPLISH THAT WHERE-UNTO THEY WERE SENT.

Commit that sentence to memory and understand its full import, and then repeat it many times a day.

If you fully comprehend the meaning of the message you will be careful what words you send out "to accomplish that whereunto they were sent." EVERY WORD YOU UTTER IS A PEBBLE THROWN INTO THE GREAT WATERS OF LIFE, AND IT IS MAKING ITS VIBRATIONS WHICH WILL REACH DISTANT SHORES IN TIME. In these strenuous and troubled days of world-shaking events it is becoming the habit of many people to talk of poverty and failure and trials and hardships, as they forecast the future of individuals as well as of countries. Such talk is worse than useless; it is criminal, because it is creating fear and destroying confidence and dissipating energy.

The world needs hope, courage and faith at this juncture, and the man

who projects these optimistic qualities into the ether by his thoughts and his words will be helped and sustained by the invisible helpers who are overseeing our planet and assisting it to evolve a higher type of humanity.

In the turmoil of life make a little center of peace in your own heart. Sit alone a few moments or an hour every day with only thoughts of peace and love and faith in your mind.

Say over these words silently: PEACE, LOVE, FAITH, PROSPERITY, HEALTH, USEFULNESS, HAPPINESS.

When you are riding in public conveyances or walking on the street say these words; after you have read the distressing news of wars, say them. Remember this: IF EVERY HUMAN BEING ON EARTH SAID THESE WORDS WITH REVERENCE AND LONGED TO HAVE THEM DEMONSTRATED IN LIFE ALL WAR WOULD CEASE.

Therefore do your little part. Make a small world of your own, and fill that world with optimistic thoughts and hopeful and happy and helpful words.

If you are not well, if ease has taken on a troublesome prefix of "dis," cut off the prefix and think of EASE; recollect that health is your DIVINE RIGHT. The Great Source contains only health and ease and opulence and love and happiness. Send forth your words and assert what is your inheritance.

No matter if Pandora's box seems opened anew about you, assert your rightful claim.

And your words shall not be void, but shall return to you and accomplish that whereunto they were sent.

In Tune With the Wild

Novelized from the Selig Moving Picture Play of the Same Name
Featuring Kathlyn Williams
By KATHLYN WILLIAMS
Illustrated With Photos From the Picture Films.

[Continued.]

But Bantu had never felt so sad before in all his short life. Tears welled from his eyes and he wailed:

"Don't go, Missy Edith—please stay here with me. I'll buy you for a wife with awful lots of cattle—just like my father bought my mother before I was born."

But just then they heard Mrs. Wayne calling. Edith sprang from Bibi's back and grabbed Bantu's hand.

"Don't forget me, Bantu. And keep Bibi for me."

And then, hand in hand, they ran to the wagon.

"All ready! Here we go!" called Doctor Wayne, as Edith was helped into the wagon. And the doctor turned to say farewell to Wambo.

A great number of Kafirs were coming from their huts now, armed with assegais and shields.

"Where are those men going, equipped as for war?" Wayne asked Wambo.

"With you, Bwana (white chief), to guard you."

"I'll have no escort, Wambo," Wayne said decisively. "An armed guard comprised of your people would only invite attack by Amazu, should we meet him on the trail. On the other hand, I carry the cross, Wambo. It is a better safeguard for me and mine than a hundred of your warriors."

He passed up to Mrs. Wayne in the wagon a rude cross made of two boughs from a rubber tree. Then he called to Hart:

"All right. Pull out!"

The wagon rolled out of the village, creaking as it careened over the rough ground, with Mrs. Wayne waving good-byes to the Kafirs, while Edith shouted a last shrill farewell to Bantu. Doctor Wayne and Uncle Steve followed the wagon on their horses.

The warriors started also to follow the wagon. But Wambo stopped them with a gesture.

"The white medicine man wishes no escort to the river," the chief told his men. "He carries the cross, thinking it will protect him. He forgets that Amazu closed his ears to the teachings of the Good Book. And Amazu is still a heathen."

In his hut Wambo said to Swazi, his wife: "Where is Bantu, our son?"

"Yes, where is Bantu?" Swazi replied, in sudden wonderment.

They went out and peered up and down the village street. But nowhere was Bantu to be seen.

"Bantu! Oh, Bantu!" Swazi called. "Bantu! where art thou?" thundered the chief.

But there came no answer—no Bantu.

get him to send many warriors to the aid of the white medicine man, and to protect Edith.

As he ran, however, Bantu confronted a new danger. He stopped not a minute too soon to escape observation by two black men who were coming toward him. One of these men, judging by the gossip which Bantu had heard in the kraal, the boy knew must be none other than Amazu, the chief who would not permit Edith's father to come among his men and teach them not to steal and murder. The second black man, judging by his hideous painted face and the teeth of many animals which he wore around his neck, was Amazu's witch doctor.

Looking for a hiding place, Bantu beheld, as if divinely placed, a slit in a hollow tree. He ran to it. The slit was wide enough for the boy to slip through to the inside of the tree.

No sooner was Bantu safely ensconced in this providential retreat than the two blacks reached the tree, halted and proceeded to hold council. Bantu heard the deep bass voice of the powerfully built chief, Amazu, saying:

"The white witch doctor carries a cross and a gun. The cross can do no harm. But the gun is lightning!"

"And the white witch doctor is a sure shot," Bantu heard the black witch doctor say. "So when the white man camps today, Amazu, you must go to the missionary and be very friendly and very like a Christian saying prayers. You must pray the missionary to follow you to heal a man of sleeping sickness."

Amazu and his witch doctor now strode silently away. Bantu understood that Amazu was going straight to the wagon carrying his beloved playmate and that the chief meant to trick Edith's father into leaving his family to be massacred by the warriors. So Bantu knew there was no time now to run to his own village and get the help of his father's warriors. He, Bantu himself, must be a little warrior. He must speed over the short cut through the jungle till he hit the wagon trail in the valley. Would he reach the whites before Amazu? That was what troubled little black Bantu now as he raced through the forest.

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh, the Pity of It!"

Through the jungle and down into the valley Bantu ran. At last, panting from a race lasting an hour or more, he sighted the wagon standing in a clearing a little way off the trail. There was smoke from a fire. They were cooking the noonday meal.

Edith was the first to see the black boy, and she shouted with delight: "Bantu!"

The boy's eyes searched the camp anxiously. "Missy Edith!" he cried, "where is your father?"

"Why Bantu, what are you doing here?" Mrs. Wayne asked, as she joined the children.

"Where is your father, Missy Edith?" Bantu insisted.

"Gone!" Edith answered. "But he will come right back."

"Gone!" gasped Bantu. "Then he went away with Chief Amazu?"

"Yes, Bantu. Look!" Edith proudly held up a necklace of shells for Bantu to inspect. He recognized the shells as cowry. They had monetary value, and were used, in some respects, as currency in the jungle.

"Amazu, when he was here a few minutes ago, gave me this necklace," Edith now explained. "And, Bantu, I'm now going to give it to you. You will wear it, and every day while I am gone it will remind you of me."

"Bantu!" Mrs. Wayne now said, "why do you look so frightened? Tell me, is anything wrong? Amazu came here a little while ago and told us that a member of his band was down with the sleeping sickness—perhaps dying. He asked my husband to get his medicines and go with him to treat the poor sick man."

"I'm too late," Bantu said, looking in alarm toward the forest.

"What do you mean, Bantu?" Mrs. Wayne asked, in growing uneasiness. "Amazu's men are going to attack you," Bantu said. "Amazu knows the white medicine man is a fine shot and took him away so he couldn't shoot so many Kafirs when they come to fight you."

Mrs. Wayne called to Uncle Steve and Hart, who were busy at the camp fire. "Come here, quick! Listen to Bantu!"

Uncle Steve and Hart ran up. Bantu told them of seeing the long line of warriors and what he had heard Amazu and the medicine man say at the hollow tree.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Uncle Steve. Amazu's story of a sick man was only a ruse to lure Robert away from this camp. They've got him alone now—at their mercy."

"Listen!" cried Bantu, looking toward the jungle. He was quicker than the white men to catch an unusual sound. "They are coming!" Bantu warned, in an awed voice.

In confirmation of the warning a shot pierced the stillness and one of the horses fell dead in its tracks. More shots followed. The remaining three horses bolted and disappeared in the jungle.

"Quick! We must defend ourselves!" shouted Uncle Steve. He hustled Mrs. Wayne and Edith and Bantu into the wagon. Then he and Hart piled rolls of tent canvas one upon the other on top of provision boxes, thus forming a barricade. Behind this improvised fortification the two men took their places with guns ready.

CHAPTER VII.

A Deep, Dark Plot.

Bantu had stolen out of the village and into the jungle while his father was addressing the warriors. Bantu feared to let the warriors see his tears. So he had crept away to weep unobserved. In a paroxysm of grief he threw himself on the ground in the forest glade, and he wept bitter tears over the going away of the little white girl with whom he had played day after day for three long years.

But now, suddenly springing up, Bantu wiped away his tears and made a great resolve. He would follow the wagon of the white medicine man and have just one more playtime with Edith.

So Bantu sped on down the trail, following the wagon tracks till he felt as if his woolly hair was straightening on his head and standing on end. Fear paralyzed him. His legs felt wobbly. Yonder, through the forest depths, he beheld a long, thin line of Zulu-Kafir warriors, moving across the trail in sinister silence. And Bantu knew by their dress that these men were on the war path.

Worse than that, he perceived that the line moved not toward the kraal of Wambo, his father, but over the short cut through the forest to meet the wagon trail where it passed through a little valley amid the outlying hills. Yes, these warriors were advancing to intercept the wagon carrying Bantu's beloved playmate.

The lad turned and sped like a deer back toward his own village. He would catch his father and

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CHAPTER XL.

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\$420 Tucked Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

By far the smartest blouses are made in simple styles. This one depends upon the fine tucks and the contrasting materials for its effect. The sleeves, which are distinctly novel, are extended to form the shoulder portions, and the tucks pretty and becoming fullness. In the illustration, chiffon is combined with silk poplin, which latter material is a favorite one for vests, collars and cuffs, taking the place to a great extent of the piqué that has been used with washable materials. For a simpler blouse a similar effect could be obtained by using handkerchief linen with piqué or with linen embroidered in dots. Whatever the season, there is sure to be a demand for odd blouses. This model is equally well adapted to the everyday blouse of washable material and to the fancy one of soft taffeta, crêpe de chine and the like. Whether it shall be made with three-quarters or long sleeves must depend entirely on individual preference. In the picture, the front edges meet and the closing is effected by means of links that are passed through button-holes on each side of the vest.

For the medium size will be needed 3 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 yards 36, or 2 yards 44, with 1/2 yd. 27 for collar, vestee and cuffs.

The May Manton pattern No. 8420 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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is worth what you make it worth. The easiest way of making your dollar bring you a premium is to read and profit through the Telegraph Want Ads.

Supper to Missionary Society of Pine St. Church

All services will be conducted as usual at Pine Street Presbyterian Church to-morrow. In the morning the topic of the sermon will be "A Message to Moralists" (Romans, 8:3), and in the evening "A Study of Motives" (II Kings, 7:9). At the evening service Mr. Sutton will sing "My Task" and "Through Love to Light," by Ashford. On Monday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society will meet in the social rooms of the church. At 5.30 Mrs. Henry McCormick will serve supper to all the members. At 7.30 Miss Blanche Bonine, of the Presbyterian missionaries in Mexico, will speak concerning her work there.

GOOD MILK SOLD HERE

Of the fifty-five samples of milk and ice cream taken by the city bacteriologist and chemist under the supervision of the bureau of health and

sanitation during October, only five tests show the presence of more than a million bacteria per cubic centimeter. Some of them show as low as 3,000 and one contained only 2,500. Twenty-eight were entirely free of coliform; one had 44,000, three more than 10,000, and twelve less than 10,000. The percentages of fat ranged from 3.1 to 6.8.

JOE READY GOES TO STONEPILE

Joe Ready yesterday afternoon was sent to the stonepile at the Alms-house. Instructions were given the county authorities by Mayor John K. Royal to see that Ready did not get away until his thirty days had expired. He faced a charge of vagrancy.

DIED READING NEWSPAPER

Special to The Telegraph

Florinel, Pa., Nov. 6.—Frank E. Moore died suddenly to-day from heart disease, after eating dinner and while reading a newspaper, and only a week ago "hit the sawdust trail," and was to have been baptized to-day by the Rev. Norman Lower. He was a retired grocer. His widow, a brother, and two sisters survive.

What Borrowers Pay

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"This winter this proportion will be increased.

"With its splendid starting system and equally splendid carburetion the new Hup will be equal to the severest cold.

"Furthermore, the detachable Hupmobile sedan and coupe tops, are going to change people's minds about winter driving.

"The new top confers all the advantages of the permanent closed car, without the hi-h extra cost.

"Buyers quickly realize that, and we attribute the big fall demand largely to these moderate priced, detachable tops that make the Hupmobile a two in one car."

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[To Be Continued.]