

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

What Happened to Jane

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

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The June days passed as if on golden wings. The clouds and rain that had been present during the first three days after Ned Sanderson's departure disappeared and the sun shone once more and the air was fresher and sweeter than before the storm.

He wrote that he had been so busy the early part of the week that he had not had time to send her a line, though he had thought of her often. He hoped to be able to run out to Milton occasionally for a Sunday between now and August.

But at all events he was to have a fortnight's vacation during that month, and all of it was to be spent in Milton. Why would Jane not try to keep many days free as she could for that time so that he and she might have drives, walks and talks together?

She had thought him good-looking and knew him for a gentleman as soon as her eyes rested on him. He had introduced himself and asked her to introduce him to some of her friends. He had added quickly that the minister of the church he attended in town knew Mr. Evans—as if to assure her that he was a decent sort of a chap.

Later he had spoken to Mr. Evans, and the minister had talked pleasantly to him and made him feel that he would be welcome whenever he cared to attend the Dutch Reformed Church. Everybody had liked Ned from the first.

Everybody had liked Edward Sanderson from the first—all except Augustus Reeves. The widower had always been stiff and offish with the lad. Perhaps, Jane mused now, he was peevish because the girl admired the younger man. Well, how could they like Mr. Reeves when he never paid attention to any of them—except herself? And why did he make her the exception?

Still holding Ned's letter in her hand, she pondered long over this matter. Surely Mr. Reeves could not really care for her! Why should he? She glanced at herself in the mirror opposite and, although she was not vain, she fancied for a moment that

she read the answer there. She had been told by youthful admirers that she was the prettiest girl in Milton and her mirror confirmed this statement now.

Wholesome and simple living, hours spent in the open air, an abundance of sleep and sane and happy thinking—all had tended to increase the charm of regular features and a good figure and complexion. Added to this she had dainty taste in dress, fashioning most of her clothes with her own deft fingers and dressing in a way that suited her face and form.

"Jane's" other village girls would sigh. "Anything she wears looks swell on her!" Jane would smile when she heard such comments, wondering that the girls did not guess that one secret of her "swell" appearance was that she avoided such garments as she knew would not look well on her. Good taste consists in the avoidance of certain clothes as much as in the wearing of certain others.

Her thoughts returned to the point from which they had started. Why was Mr. Reeves so attentive to her? And had she a right to let him get her a position in the Milton school without analyzing his motives in doing this?

Mr. Reeves comes to Call On Jane. She sprang to her feet impatiently. Surely her father and mother were the ones to be considered first of all. Her first duty was to them. They needed her near them. If she could get a place as teacher here that need would be supplied. She ought to embrace every opportunity to fulfill this desire of her parents' hearts.

Anyhow, it would be very vain and foolish for her to fancy that Mr. Reeves had more than a kindly feeling toward her. The sound of a vehicle stopping at the front gate drew her to the window. Peering between her dimity curtains she saw the object of her thoughts alighting from a buggy. Trying his horse at the hitching post, he came up the path and Jane heard him knock at the front door, then heard her mother's pleasant greeting and the admitted her. A moment later Mrs. Hardy's voice called cheerily:

"Jane, dear, Mr. Reeves is here and wants to speak to you!" "All right, mother. I'll be right down," the girl replied. The man was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs as she descended. "I've got to drive up Daytonville way," he announced, "to see about collecting a little bill for oats. I thought maybe you'd like to go along. It's a nice day."

His manner was genial and his mood evidently very much happier than it had been last night. "Why, thank you," Jane began, "but I have some work to do this afternoon." "Never mind the work, Janie," her mother interposed. "The drive will do you good. Just run up and get your hat and get right along. That dress you're making can wait till some other day."

The girl hesitated; then, meeting her mother's anxious eyes, spoke politely. "Very well, Mr. Reeves," she said, "I'll be ready in a minute."

Returning to her room, she put on her hat, then, with an impulse which she did not define, she slipped Ned Sanderson's letter in the front of her blouse before going downstairs to "drive up Daytonville way" with Augustus Reeves.

The next instalment of this interesting series will appear soon.

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

The face of Inez Castro was still buried in her kerchief. The priest watched attentively the heave of her shoulders.

Brother Anselmo sighed. "Ah, grief has a long, strong arm—it reaches over decades. And the loss of a father—ah me. Here," he exclaimed, "here are the papers. Let us have a look."

Inez straightened up. Hernandez and Ponto moved forward. So did the Brute. The sudden movement seemed to startle the priest. He looked up hastily. He caught sight of the blank face of the Brute. He rose.

"Who—what is that?" he demanded, pointing toward the Brute's blank countenance.

"A servant," returned Hernandez, "picked up from a shipwreck some three years ago. He had been a longshoreman. He is demented—always so, they told us. He is devoted to us all—particularly to Annette."

The priest stared at the Brute and the Brute returned the stare.

"The eyes," said the priest, "I never forget eyes. I've seen those eyes somewhere before." He tapped his forehead. "Let me think—when—how—"

Finally he shook his head. "It will come to me later," he exclaimed. The priest shook out an old and faded parchment. "This," he exclaimed, "is the grant—the original grant."

Hernandez in his eagerness, seized a corner of the grant. The priest brushed his hand away.

"Patience, son," he said, "there can be no delivery until I am satisfied. This charge has been handed down to me."

Inez pointed toward a paper on the table. "There!" she exclaimed, "is my photograph—and the letter from the governor of Martinique."

Brother Anselmo picked it up and looked it over. It was Annette's letter—and it had been vided by the governor of Martinique, and originally it had been attached to the photograph of Annette Hington. Now, however, genuine as the letter was—genuine as was the guaranty of the governor of Martinique—yet the photograph was the counterfeit presentment of Inez Castro.

"Ah, yes," he said, comparing the picture with the face of Inez and taking advantage of the opportunity to search her very soul, "ah, yes. The identification would seem to be complete."

"Then," said Inez, "I may have the grant?"

The priest folded up the papers and returned them to the iron box that had contained them. He rose and smiled. "Nothing in my life have I ever done," he said, "without prayer and sleep. This is an important matter. It requires praying over—sleeping over. I come on the morrow, daughter, and I shall then make delivery. Until then—adios."

Hernandez shook his head. "We need your advantage," he said, "if we have evidence within our hands, she will have none. Without the grant—without all the evidence, we will not be believed. With it we will be taken at our face value. Let us get all we can. Let us leave her without proof—she will be help 'ss then."

Hernandez kicked Ponto with his foot. Ponto sat up rubbing his eyes. "Ponto," said Hernandez, "the party has arrived."

"They will go to the mission and spoil it all," said Ponto. "No," returned Hernandez, "thank our lucky stars the mission is a good two miles out of the village. They will first put up at the hotel—later they will start out for the mission. It is then, on the way there, we must intercept them—you must, Ponto, you and the Brute. This time he will do his duty—or I'll flay his hide. Wake him up. You have no time to lose."

Hernandez was quite right. Annette Hington, even more eager than had been her enemies, could hardly wait the moment when she might stand before the fathers of the Santa Maria mission and claim her own.

Ponto woke the Brute with a vicious application of the whip lash. "Spare him not, Ponto," said Hernandez, "if he disobeys this time, cut his hide into strips—I give you leave."

At a half run Ponto and the Brute started across the desert, dodging here and there behind little hillocks of sand. Finally the village was cut off from their sight.

foot slipped—she sank into the ground up to his waist.

"Help," he cried, "a quicksand—help."

The Brute pulled him back to terra firma. But it was not a quicksand, as Ponto soon found out. It was a trap—a trap for jaguars.

Ponto shivered. Then he replaced the dried brush and grass and earth. Nimble he climbed into one of the overhanging trees. Then he slid down, nodding to himself with satisfaction.

"She must pass within a hundred yards of this place to reach the mission," he exclaimed, "Beast, we wait here until she comes."

Down in the village, at the little old hotel, Annette ordered out two horses.

"I can't wait," she told her foster mother, Mrs. Haldin. "There's no use talking to me. I've got to go."

Annette started for the mission. Half way there two figures darted out from behind a hillock, and one of them seized her bridle and brought her steed to a standstill. Terror-stricken, Annette saw that the two were Ponto and the Brute—two of the band of desperadoes whom she feared.

"Drag her off her horse," commanded Ponto of the Brute. The Brute obeyed. Ponto gave the horse a cut with the whip and the horse ambled off toward town.

At his command the Brute carried Annette across the desert, totally oblivious to her struggles and outcries. Ponto led the way, stopping from time to time to make pleasant remarks to Annette.

By this time they had reached the small, damp, dank oasis with its shading palms and its little pool of water. Ponto led the way into the very depths of this inviting green shelter. Then he struck the Brute on the shoulder.

"Now set her down," he commanded. The Brute obeyed. Annette gasped with surprise. She was not bound—she was free, untrammelled.

"What are you going to do with me?" queried Annette. "Nothing, senorita," returned Ponto, bowing low.

Annette, wary, fearful, looked behind her as though she expected an attack from the rear. But there was no one to be seen. Beyond was the desert—there seemed to be no hiding places.

Ponto merely bowed again. "Senorita," he said, with a leer, "beauty in distress—ah me!—it touches my heart always. See. The mission lies yonder—behind you. Your path lies there. You are free."

Annette turned. Keeping her glance over her shoulder, to be ready for treachery, she slowly proceeded on her way.

Suddenly, without warning, she sank into the pit. . . . Ponto laughed in glee. "The stakes—they are like knives," he cried—they are deadly—they are for jaguars—and little wildcat heifers—oh, yes—"

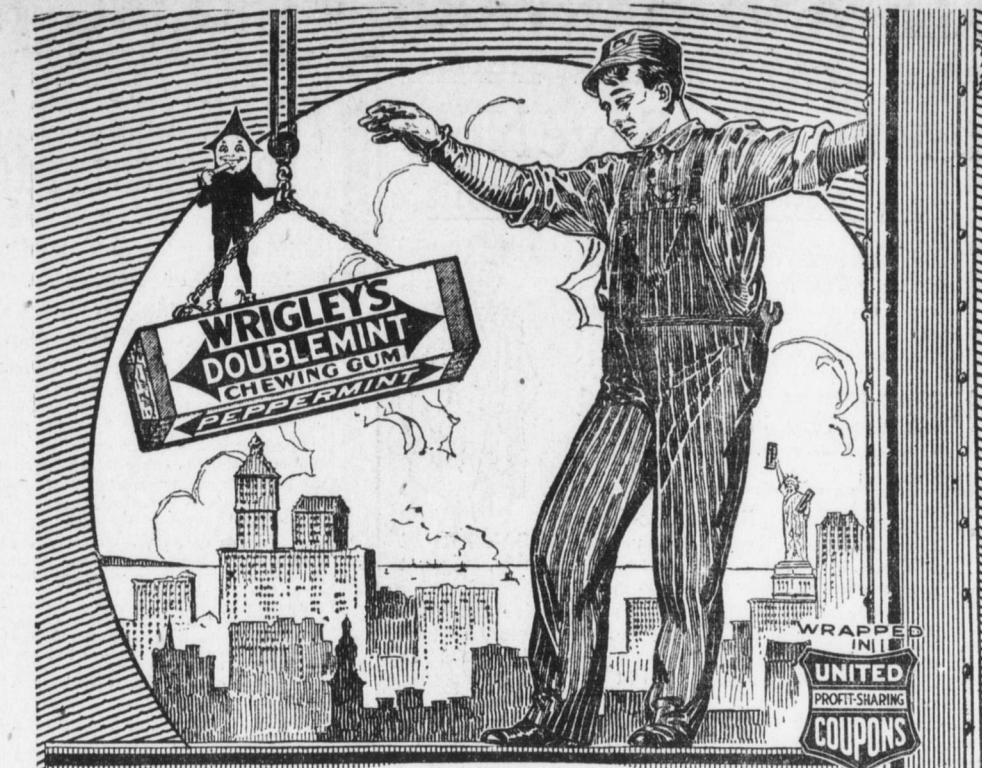
With a cry, Annette found herself falling helplessly into the unknown terror underneath.

"Help—help—help," she cried. With a bound the Brute was upon her. He darted to the very edge of the pit, and with the surefootedness of an animal crouched there, throwing his entire body forward and catching her by the shoulders just as she disappeared from sight. He drew her back to terra firma. No sooner had he done so, however, than Ponto was upon them both, knife in hand, his teeth literally gnashing with rage.

He hurled a savage knife-thrust at the Brute—and missed. Then he threw himself upon Annette and half tore her in his frenzy from the Brute's grasp, cutting and slashing at them both with his wicked knife.

"I've got you now, you little wildcat," he panted in guttural Spanish. "down you go."

He thrust her savagely into the pit. Once more the Brute caught her—and in so doing swung the three of them around, so that their positions were reversed. Ponto, throwing caution to the winds, kept lunging at the two with his sharp weapon.



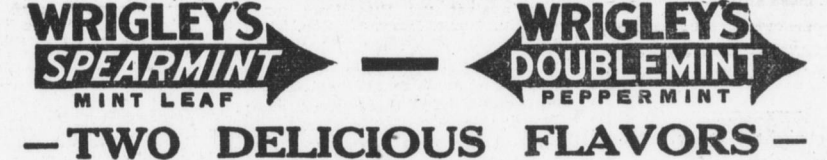
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CHAPTER L

Hidden Peril.

"Look," said Hernandez, catching Inez by the wrist, "the party has arrived. He handed his binoculars to Inez Castro. She looked. They are just landing," she said, "it is all up. They will go to the father of the mission and will make their claim."

"What difference does the grant make," she exclaimed, "why take the risk of getting it? Already that old priest suspects something. What I do not know. But he suspects. Why not take the bit in our teeth and make for Lost Island—get there at once? Why not?"

Hernandez shook his head. "We need your advantage," he said, "if we have evidence within our hands, she will have none. Without the grant—without all the evidence, we will not be believed. With it we will be taken at our face value. Let us get all we can. Let us leave her without proof—she will be help 'ss then."

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"Now we can run," Ponto cried, "make haste." No sooner had he spoken than his

THE NEW POLICEMAN

By Frederic J. Haskin

[Continued from Editorial Page.]

he dons his coat and goes out upon his beat. But health is not enough. The policeman should be an athlete, and many cities are taking steps to make him one. In Washington, a few weeks ago, a police swimming contest was held at the public bathing beach. Medals were awarded for individual achievement and a handsome bronze trophy for the best record made by the officers of a single precinct.

In New York, policemen are now required to do a certain amount of gymnastic work. Baseball, shooting, running and motorcycle races are being encouraged by the police commissioners of different cities. Youngstown, Ohio, is planning to have a big police field meet next month. One of its interesting features will be a chariot race, in which three chariots will be drawn by stalwart policemen.

Along with his development from an almost proverbial corpulence and clumsiness into athletic fitness, the modern American policeman is being educated along many lines. For example, with the co-operation of the National Red Cross Society, he is being taught to give first aid to the injured. A man may bleed to death in eight minutes. The policeman who knows how to check the flow of blood from a wound may save many lives.

In Washington a supply of bandages is kept in the call boxes, and every officer knows how to use them. The famous triangle bandage of the German army, capable of being used in thirty-eight different ways, has been adopted here.

Instruction in the resuscitation of victims of electric shock, gas inhalation or drowning is also being given. In Berkeley, Cal., police officers resuscitated two persons last month who had been overcome by gas.

Lessons designed to teach observation, identification of crooks and

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Distribute 5,000 Bags For Hospital Donations

The Women's Aid Society of the Harrisburg Hospital has started an active canvass of the city with a view to swelling the donations for the benefit of that institution. Through the agency of a committee, 5,000 bags are being distributed all over the city and surrounding towns in anticipation of a flood of canned goods, preserves, linens, fruits, vegetables, groceries, money and any other donations which may be offered on the two days, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, set apart for that purpose.

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