

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A Little Harmless Gossip

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. "With every death a reputation dies," does add poetic license to truth, but unfortunately it has a superstructure of fact. Scandal most decent people abhor, but everyone seems to have a secret hankering for "a little harmless gossip."

BOY'S OVERCOAT IS COMFORTABLE

Patch Pockets Stylish and Most Useful to Every Young Lad

By MAY MANTON



8819 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Boy's Mackinaw Coat, 8 to 14 years.

Boys are sure to like this overcoat. Whether it is made plain and without the pockets, or with a yoke and applied box-plaits, it is essentially boy-like in cut and in style, it is thoroughly comfortable and has every condition to commend it.

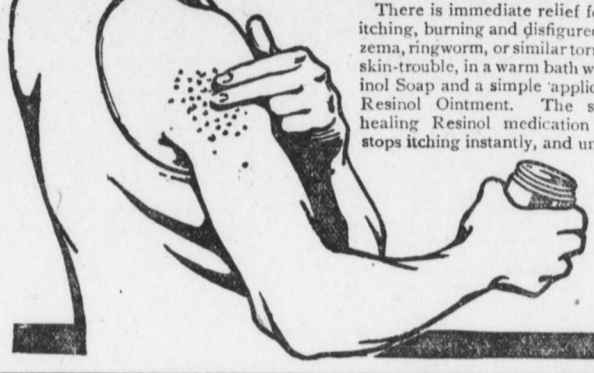
HOME A Novel

George Agnew Chamberlain (Copyright by the Century Co.)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by.

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SUGGESTIONS TO SICK WOMEN

How Many Are Restored To Health.

First.—Almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful periods, displacements, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, heading down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

Wages Increased 5 1/2% Food 40%. The coal miners justify their demands for a 20 per cent. increase in wages by claiming that while food prices have advanced 40 per cent. in 12 years; wages have increased only 5 1/2 per cent.

"Time was when orchids was an ambition; now they're just a business. In Europe, it's some different. They're collectors' hankerin' after new varieties an' houses that keeps men lookin' for 'em but in America, you ma'k me. If an orchid don't make up well on the missus' bodice or on the table, it ain't business; an' they's a few million children growin' up to the idea that if it ain't a Cattleya it ain't an orchid."

"I think," replied Gerry, "it was your offering to let him make this place his headquarters. It rattled him and started him off. I could see he was grateful."

"Perhaps that was it," said Lieber. "He's a queer one. He never asked me. It just occurred to me to suggest it because I'm getting to enjoy having Kemp around."

Gerry nodded. His eyes fell on the clock and he got up with a start. The sun was at its highest when he reached Fazenda Flores.

Gerry jumped off his horse and kissed her. Then he picked up his son and set him in the saddle. Margarita screamed. True Blue arched his neck and looked cautiously around at his featherweight burden.

"Fourth.—Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

They were to be gone two days and Gerry left the Fazenda in charge of his foreman to go and spend the time with Lieber and Kemp. He found Kemp in a sort of controlled elation over the greatest shipment of commerce.

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Just after Gerry's arrival two men appeared bearing a monster plant of over two hundred leaves strung, like the grape cluster of Eschol, on a pole.

Kemp's deep-set eyes seemed to grow out of his head as he made out their burden. "Hi-yi!" he yelled and rushed off to the corral where he threw himself on to an astonished helper.

For one second she squatted and then went mad. With yell and flogging hat Kemp poured oil on the fire of her frenzy. She bucked and twisted and all but somersaulted in her efforts to rid herself of the demon on her back.

On the veranda, Lieber and Gerry held their sides and roared at the most grotesque fine riding they had ever seen. Finally, with a desperate lunge, the heifer breasted the corral fence. It caught her middle and she teetered over. Kemp turned a hand spring from her back and landed on his feet.

The heifer scrambled free from the fence and tore, wild-eyed, out into the desert. Laughter rang from every side. Three herders threw themselves on to their horses and rode, shouting, after the heifer. Kemp straightened out his hat, put it on, and walked sedately over to the veranda. There was only a faint glint in his eye as he bought the monster plant to crown the monster shipment.

That dry season saw the beginning of a drought that will long hold the blackest page in the annals of the San Francisco basin. It seemed but days after the rains when the sparse grass and new-leaved bushes of the wilderness began to shrivel up.

Day after day the sun leaped brazen, from the horizon to the sky, his first level rays searching out the scant, stored moisture of withering foliage, and the very sap of the hardy brush. While the cattle were still fat they became weak and turned to cactus for nourishment.

They broke down the sickly branches with their horns and rubbed them in the sand to free them of the worst of the thorns. Herders rode the rounds on weakening horses and dismounted time and again to pull out spines from the snouts of passive, panting cows. Bulls died of broken pride. They would not subject themselves to the pain of eating cactus. The river—the great river—was no longer great. It grumbled with a weak voice from deep down in the gorge. Gerry watched its falling level with anxious eye and one day sent an urgent call to Lieber for help.

Lieber came. He brought with him an army, every man bearing with him the tool that had come soonest to his hand. Spades were few and hoed; the bright shares of a pick or two caught the light like lances.

Most of the men depended on the heavy sheath knives they carried at their sides. They looked like an army of sansculottes as they swarmed into the ditch and began to dig. In two days they had sunk it to the required level. When they finished Gerry rode back with them to help bring down Lieber's weakening stock.

Kemp had stayed in sole possession at Lieber's. Digging was not in his line, so he had volunteered to hold the fort against the return of the garrison. He welcomed Lieber and Gerry to a supper of his own making in approved cowboy style: sour-dough biscuits made by a master hand, steaks cut from a freshly killed calf and fried before toughness set in, a pile of creamy mashed spuds. There was a homeliness about the meal that made them eat in silence. They felt as though for years they had been worshipping false culinary gods. The pile of steaks, the heaped potatoes, the hot biscuit, were exotic, strayed into a land of pepper sauces and garlic. The supper seemed to the three men to take on a personality and to be ill at ease, but it was they that were ill at ease for the supper reminded them that they were exiles.

The silence on the veranda that night was even longer than usual. Gerry's mind went back to a French book that he had bought in desperation at Pernambuco. He had ploughed through half of it and with a catch in his thoughts he remembered that it lay open on the table when he left his little room in Piranhas on the morning

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of mornings that had broken life in two. Some of its phrases, conned over and over again in his struggle with the half-forgotten idiom, came back to him. "La parole est du temps, le silence de l'eternite." He smiled to himself at the twisted meaning the long silence of his companions gave to the words.

Then the smile left his face. He remembered the argument. The instinct we all have for superhuman truths tells us that it is dangerous to be silent with those we would keep at a distance, for words pass and are forgotten between men, but silence—active silence—is forever ineffaceable.

True life—the moments of life that leave a trace—is made up of silence. Not passive silence; that is but another name for sleep. But the active silence that breaks down barriers, pierces walls and turns the life of every day into a life where all is intense, where there is no ban—nothing forbidden—where laughter dare not enter, where subjection is submerged and where all—is remembered.

Gerry felt that this active silence had come upon them. These men were being borne into the silent sphere of his own soul. He felt restless—afraid. He decided to speak. He was on the point of speaking when Lieber let

down his chair softly, clasped his hands and broke the silence.

"Last night I dreamed I heard the blast of a steamer's horn and when I woke up the cold sweat was on my forehead because I know that there is no desert, no wilderness, so far from the things you would forget that dreams cannot follow you to it."

He stopped and silence fell upon them again. Lieber stared straight in front of him, out into the night. His face worked as though he were struggling to keep his lips closed. When he began to speak again, the words were scarcely audible. "I don't know why I want to tell you two about why I am here, unless it is that as we sat here so quiet I felt that you knew it all—that you knew all that I know and that I was on the point of knowing all that you have known. The little lies of life suddenly became big and hateful and I saw in my life a monster lie that the silence was exposing.

(To be continued.)

HIP FRACTURED Andrew Hilier, 542 Race street, fractured his right leg Saturday, when he fell from a box car in the Harrisburg yards of the Pennsylvania railroad, was admitted to the Harrisburg hospital for treatment.

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