

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

The Three Paths of Love

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.)
Two paths are open to the man who is in love with a married woman. One is to go away and leave her to the healing and obliterating process of time; the other to drag her through the mists of a divorce court and marry her. A third course—a dark by-path that always leads to moral and social destruction, remains—to become her lover and allow her name to be used lightly for the remainder of her mortal life.

The last is the coward's method. A man loses little caste socially who is known as the lover of a married woman. Men admire him and only a few women avoid him. He usually marries an innocent girl after he tires of his amour—as he is quite certain to do in the process of time.

A married woman who has a lover is always insanely jealous of him, and this becomes irksome and unbearable as months elapse and the novelty of the situation wears off for the lover.

Before a man induces a wife to obtain one of those quick and easy divorces, so purchasable in our country to-day, both should try seriously to consider the matter, and they should carefully analyze their own feelings.

Many a man and woman mistake a fleeting infatuation, based on personal magnetism and intensified by obstacles, for a great love.

A woman may seem adorable to a man who is obliged to steal an hour with her, while she would irritate

him in a thousand ways were he to have constant association. A man may seem like the hero of a three-volume novel subrosa, but the same woman would find him insupportable were he by her side through the daily vicissitudes of life.

There is a halo which surrounds the desperate and despairing lover, without which he not infrequently becomes utterly commonplace in a woman's eyes.

A wife needs to be very sure that the lover for whom she sacrifices the respect of the public and the sincerity of her home life is not a creature of romantic imagination.

A man wants to be very sure that the woman whom he takes by force from the bonds of marriage will not bore him to the verge of insanity after he obtains her for his own. I would recommend to such a lover the thought that the very highest proof of love for a woman sometimes consists in going away and leaving her alone with her sorrow and her soul.

It may result in extreme suffering for both, yet to grow spiritually and mentally often necessitates suffering. It is not always safe to take it for granted that we must possess an object because we intensely long for it.

Many a man in the world is worshipped in the secret heart of a woman as little lower than a god because he left her unmolested, who, had he defied heaven and earth to obtain her, would have suffered the misery of seeing her disillusioned.

FOR THE TINY FOLK

The Pattern for this Design Besides Allowing for All Seams, Gives the True Basting Line and shows Diagrams for Cutting and Making.

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For the 2 year size will be needed, 2 1/4 yds. of material 36 in. wide, 1 3/4 yds. 44 with 1 1/2 yds. of banding and 3 yds. of embroidery to trim as shown on the figure; 1 3/4 yds. of flouncing 27 in. wide, and 1 1/2 yd. of plain material 36 in. wide to make as shown in the back view.

The pattern No. 8839 is cut in sizes for six months or 1 year, 2 and 4 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

WOMEN IN SERBIA'S ARMY

There were nearly 2,000 women in Serbia's army when I left and more women soldiers were being organized," said Dr. Gutich, a Serbian doctor now in London. "The women are not in special battalions. Some of them wear the complete uniform of a soldier for the sake of comfort, while others wear skirts with a blue tunic. The younger women go with their brothers or their husbands. The women are of every class of the population and we cannot prevent them from serving. They inspire the men, with whom they march side by side, and with whom they eat and serve shoulder and shoulder in the trenches.

"These women are not afraid. Nobody in Serbia is afraid, and the women in the ranks do not lose their nerve under fire.

"We realize the great power of our friends in the war. Every soldier feels that we are only a part of a world army and if it is necessary that our army shall be lost—well, it is only a part. There is time yet to save Serbia, but assistance for her cannot come too quickly."

AUTO VICTIM DIES

Special to The Telegraph
Waynesboro, Pa., Nov. 8.—B. Frank Huber, the Chambersburg veteran of the Civil War, was knocked down and run over by George Baubitz, of Hanover, in the streets of Chambersburg, last Wednesday night, died in the Chambersburg Hospital Saturday from the injuries he received. An inquest was held this afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, by Coroner MacIay.

THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catalpa," "Blue Backle," etc.

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

me there. Meantime I shall do my best to secure Annette's precious lockets and the map. Your route lies across the country. Adios. I. C."

CHAPTER XLV.

Inez Shows Her Hand.

"First and foremost, Miss Ilington," said the captain of the Albany after Annette's party had boarded the cruiser, "now that you are once more safe, permit me to return to you the map of the Lost Isle, which I have examined with interest. Following your directions, I subjected it to heat, and I brought out the hidden latitude and longitude—18 degrees 30 minutes north and 123 degrees and 40 minutes west." He paused a moment. "Do you know," he said, "there's something about that location that sticks in my mind—some vague rumor."

"The Isle contains quicksilver mines," said Annette.

"It's not that," returned the commander, "it was merely the locality. I traced it on our map. It was about there that the government—" He broke off, checking himself quickly.

"Ah, yes, I remember now," he said, "well, never mind. But, here also is your lockets. Now you've got them, have you—all safe."

"Thanks for keeping them safe," said Annette, secreting them in the bosom of her dress.

"So far, so good," went on the captain. "I have to say further that the officers' quarters have been placed at your disposal until we reach La Plaza. There you can get a train.

"It's a short ride on that road to Chantillo," went on the captain, "and at Chantillo you can catch the boat for most of the Lower California and California ports."

Across country Hernandez, Ponto and the Brute were traveling hard. The indomitable will of Hernandez kept them ever going on and on.

"You understand," cried he, "we must make La Plaza before the Albany gets there. We go cross-country—she goes by shore. I'll knife you both if you fail me at this time."

Finally, on a moonlight night, Hernandez halted at a forest opening that looked down toward shore. He glanced across the sea.

"It is she—the Albany," he cried; "look, Ponto. She is at hand. It is a matter of hours now, one would say, rather than days."

After a rest he reconnoitered. In the valley he saw a light or two, filtering through the foliage. Again they mounted and descended the hill into civilization. They knocked on the door of an adobe hut. A native opened and shambled out, gun in hand,

TENTH INSTALLMENT THE ROLLING TERROR

CHAPTER XLIV.

Across Country.

Early next morning, out of that pathless mire, strode back the Brute, picking his perilous way with the instinct of some cunning, cautious animal, and guiding—in fact, bearing on his shoulders half the time—the luckless Ponto. That individual, his ugliness enhanced by the clogged blood that dressed his disheveled hair, and decorated his countenance, was still dazed. He had vague recollections as to what had happened. He knew that at the command of Hernandez, his side partner in crime, he had plunged once more into the deadly morass for the purpose of finishing by violence the deed that had commenced in cunning. He had followed the Brute—he remembered that.

He dozed off into satisfaction.

He woke with a jolt. It was a heavy jolt. When his eyes opened he was on the ground, supine. He started to leap to his feet, then sank back again heavy with the pain of his wound.

A laugh behind him startled him and brought, him to his senses. He turned swiftly, feeling for his knife—the knife that wasn't there.

There was another laugh—the laugh of his side partner, Hernandez.

"Fool," said Hernandez, addressing Ponto.

Ponto drew himself up to his squat height and folded his arms.

"Did I not as you said?" replied Ponto. "I went into that hell and killed them both—I did it single-handed—I, Ponto."

His answer was a sneer. Hernandez stretched forth a hand and clutched Ponto by the shoulder.

He dragged his lieutenant to the edge of the clump of trees and underbrush, where they were standing. He perched Ponto a pair of binoculars.

"Take one swift look, my Ponto," he sneered, "only one."

Ponto took more than one—he held his eyes glued to the glasses. Then he fell back in amazement.

"They live!" he cried. "Both of them!"

He stared at Hernandez almost in affright. "What does it mean?" he repeated.

"It means," said Hernandez, grimly, "that I sent a boy to do a man's job. You were quite right. I should have gone myself."

Down on the wharf Annette Ilington and her party were about to embark in one of the launches of the cruiser Albany that lay still anchored in the harbor. In Annette's party were Mademoiselle Irene Courtier, Mrs. Hardin, Neal's mother; Neal Hardin himself, a warrant officer upon the Albany, and the surgeon of the cruiser. There were one or two other men in uniform, an assistant surgeon possibly, and an ensign. There were bluejackets.

But above all, there were natives galore. Natives by the dozens, by the hundreds, and all in rags. The whole village had turned out to do homage.

"The little white angel," murmured grateful mothers, sinking down in Annette's path and kissing her dress as she went by.

Unseen by any of the party—save by Joe Welcher, Inez swerved aside and slipped a note into the hands of a native, and handed him a coin. Then she leaped lightly into the launch and the launch steamed away, followed by the cheers and the tears of the Tortugans on the wharf.

Back in the jungle, three men waited for advice. They had not long to wait. A treacherous looking native slipped through the undergrowth and advanced swiftly toward Hernandez.

"The epistle, Senior Captain," he said. It was the note from Inez Castro. Hernandez seized it eagerly and read:

"We are here. Plaza. Meet



The Hand of Inez Was Quicker Than Annette's Voice.

to meet them. Seeing the Brute, he drew back in terror.

"It is nothing, friend," said Hernandez, "there is a coin. Where lies La Plaza?"

"But five miles farther on—close by shore," returned the native.

"A bagatelle," said Hernandez, "come on."

Meantime Inez Castro, on board the Albany, had become unusually active. She had ascertained the time of arrival of the Albany at La Plaza—the schedule time.

Joe Welcher bunked in with Neal—in the quarters of the warrant officers. It was nearly evening when Inez Castro, using Joe as usual to do her bidding, whispered in his ear.

Joe, like a whipped dog, did, through fear of her, what he otherwise would have been afraid to do. He slipped into Neal's quarters, and laid his hands upon an object or two, twisted them back to Inez. Inez took them to her cabin.

Over at La Plaza—La Plaza by the Sea—Hernandez sought the shore and found what he wanted—it was a fishing boat with a kicker in it—the only motorboat in the place. It was well manned, with a crew of six of the most disreputable-looking characters that ever drew the breath of life. Hernandez talked to them—with money.

"No lights," he cautioned, "and muffle that kicker. And be quick about it now."

[To be continued Wednesday.]

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Not So Many Cellars Filled This Spring

This means more coal will be needed during the winter.

The first half of 1915 money was tight. Business conditions were unsatisfactory. Lots of men were not working full time.

The result—the usual number of coal bins were not filled with a full winter's supply.

Now all these people will want coal at one time. To make matters worse the coal operators having trouble on account of a great scarcity of labor and cars.

If you have room for several tons of coal you had better put it into your cellar.

No one can foretell the kind nor the price of coal that will be shipped later in the winter.

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