

# OUT UNDER THE STARS

### After He Had Told Helen Whole Truth.

By S. E. KISER.

For three hours Helen Sibley had been waiting at Northport Junction. Luckily the evening was pleasant, so that she was not compelled to sit in the stuffy, dingy little station. There was just one pretty thing about Northport Junction, and that was Helen. If the train for which she was waiting ever came and ever departed again, Northport Junction would resume its habit of being about as unlovely a spot as one might find within the temperate zone.

While Helen remained the place would possess one attraction that would have lent distinction to a far more important and a far more splendid center of activity than the Junction was ever likely to become.

The operator in the bay window that jutted out into the point of land between the branching tracks evidently had an eye for beauty as well as an ear for Morse. As Helen walked up and down the platform he watched her and became thoughtful. He wondered why it was that nature bestowed her gifts so lavishly upon some girls and treated others so shabbily. The beauty that Helen possessed might have made a dozen plain girls fair if it had been distributed among them. Such was the operator's reasoning. The operator at Northport Junction was a philosopher.

But Helen was not thinking of philosophy, and if she had noticed that the operator was eagerly watching her the fact neither added to her pleasure nor caused her annoyance. For some reason she was thinking of Tom Harlow. Perhaps it was because of the loneliness of her surroundings. It was nearly a year since she had refused to listen when Tom had said that he could "explain everything in good time," and for months she had thought that she was never going to have any interest in him again.

Thinking of Tom naturally caused her to think of Mrs. Danforth, the pretty, young grass-widow who had come between them. There was something mysterious about Mrs. Danforth. People talked about her, but nobody seemed to know just why. She had come to Springfield a stranger and she had been careful to leave her past behind her. It had not taken her long to find friends, and she was quickly admitted to the best social circles. With plenty of money, she lived at the most fashionable hotel, she entertained lavishly, and her clothes were the talk of the town. Then, one day, she disappeared, and on the following morning Tom Harlow told Helen that it had become necessary for him to go to Chicago.

A week later he returned, but a substantial citizen of Springfield had returned before him. The substantial citizen had seen Tom and Mrs. Danforth together in Chicago. Of course Tom had assured Helen that it was all right, but he had not explained. He had merely promised to do so "in good time." And Helen had naturally decided that the "good time" could never come. So Tom went away.

She thought over all this as she impatiently waited at Northport Junction. A dozen times she tried to fix her thoughts on other things, but always they turned back to the old subject. She became angry with herself, at last, and more for the purpose of trying to forget Tom Harlow than with the hope of obtaining information she went into the station and asked the operator if it was likely that the train for Medford would arrive on time.

"She's just reported fifty minutes late," the operator informed her. "There's a washout up the road."

Helen turned away with a feeling of hopelessness and went outside again. If Northport had looked dismal to her before, it now seemed desolate. While she was trying to count the appalling number of minutes that she would have to wait, she heard the whistle of an engine away up the curve around the hill on the main line.

When the long train stopped at the Junction, Helen saw a man step down from one of the Pullman cars away at the rear. She paid no attention to him, supposing he was a passenger who had merely stepped off to get a breath of fresh air, but after the train had gone on she noticed that the man was walking slowly down the cinder path beside the track toward the station. For a moment she gazed at him, and then hurried inside. It was Tom Harlow, carrying a suitcase.

Selecting the darkest corner in the station, Helen sat down, turned her back toward the door, and waited, hoping that no one would come in and leaving something that she could not have explained. Her corner was so dark, and she remained so silent that Tom entered without noticing her.

"When does the train leave for Medford?" he asked at the ticket window.

"It's pretty hard to tell," the operator replied. "She's reported fifty minutes late, but there's a washout up the road, and she may be held up all night."

"That's encouraging," Tom remarked. "What I've seen of this place doesn't make me yearn to spend the night here. Where's the town?"

"This is it."

"Isn't there a hotel of any kind?"

"No, nothing in that line except the farm house half a mile down the track, where the night operator and I board."

"I suppose there's no hack?"

"None that I've ever heard of."

"What time do you light up here?" They ought to let you see plenty of oil in such a lonesome place as this. It's getting pretty dark."

"Just a minute. Here's my call."

The operator turned to his instruments and Tom Harlow waited at the ticket window, hoping there might be encouraging news concerning the train for Medford; but he was doomed to be disappointed.

"I guess you may as well make up your mind to hang around here all night," said the operator after the instrument had ceased clicking (he spoke rather loudly for Helen's benefit); "they say the track is washed out in half a dozen places. There's been a cloud-burst."

While Tom drummed with his fingertips upon the ledge of the ticket window the operator lighted the lamp in his office and then proceeded to illuminate the waiting room, which served for both men and women.

For a moment after the light had been turned on Tom Harlow looked sullen at Helen, who sat with her back toward him, her head bent and her face hidden in her hands. The operator turned to his instruments, which were clicking frantically.

"Helen," Tom said very tenderly after he had paused beside her.

She looked up at him, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. He reached for one of her hands, but she drew away from him and shrank a little farther into her corner.

"Helen," he said again, "I've come to explain to you. I supposed you were already at Medford. I was going there to tell you."

She stood up, and when he again attempted to take her hand in his she did not object.

"Let's go outside," he suggested, "outside, under the stars, where I can tell you everything—where nothing will be between us and heaven."

The operator was busy, and did not notice that the waiting room was empty.

"You see, Helen, it was necessary for Mrs. Danforth to take somebody into her confidence," Tom said. "For some reason she selected me. Her former husband, who was a scoundrel, had informed the secret service agents that she had been smuggling jewelry. It was merely a case of blackmail. She had refused to support him and he tried to get her to buy him off. She decided somebody to help her establish an alibi, and at the same time she didn't want the story of her troubles to get out. So she drafted me into her service, and I couldn't very well beg off. She was a woman in distress, that was all."

"But why didn't you tell me before?" Helen asked.

"She had asked me not to tell anybody until she gave me permission to do so."

"Then she has given you permission—and you have seen her again?"

"No, I have neither seen her nor heard from her. The man has made a confession, and the whole story is in the papers."

She walked away from him, crossed the platform and stood for a long time, looking at the silent hills that lay deep in low gathering shadows of the night. At length she turned, came half way back to him, and then stopped. He approached her, held out his arms, and asked:

"Don't you believe I have told you the truth, Helen—that I have told you all there is to tell?"

She did not speak, but put her arms about his neck and laid her neck against his breast, while his arms closed about her. Thus for a long time they stood beneath the stars.

When they returned to the waiting room the operator informed them that the train for Medford would arrive in ten minutes.

At Medford Helen had friends, and at Medford there were preachers.

Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

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# PROMINENT PEOPLE

## HEAD OF WOMEN'S FEDERATED CLUBS



Mrs. Pennybacker, a picture of whom is herewith presented, was recently elected president of the Federation of Women's Clubs. It is said to be her idea that women, whose activities are directed to affairs outside their home circles, consist of three classes: First, those who work for their daily bread; second, those who are moved to action by the economic conditions surrounding working women and political abuses which affect the general public and strike particularly hard at women and children; third, those who are interested themselves in public affairs as a means of broadening their mental horizons and acquiring more liberal knowledge of the ways of the world.

In the first class there are in the United States six million women. Six million women are working for their bread and shelter. Their activities are, with few exceptions, compulsory. They work because hard practical necessity compels them.

It is almost impossible to estimate the number of women in the second class. They are in every city and village. From the richest woman in the metropolis who is using her wealth to alleviate the hardships of overburdened girls to the poor woman in the small hamlet who insists that the village constable shall keep children out of the one pool room in the place are found these workers for the betterment of conditions.

The third class form the majority of the club women. There are about eight hundred thousand club members in the United States. Approximately one-third of these work for their living or are engaged in unpaid public service. Two-thirds are students of public affairs for educational reasons.

## SIR GEORGE ALARMED BY AMERICA'S GAIN

Anglo-American amity means world supremacy or these two nations, according to the opinion expressed by Sir George Reid, high commissioner for Australia at the British capital. In an interview given out the other day. With a rupture of the friendship between the United States and Great Britain—and he sees no indication of unpleasantness—other powers might seek to change the balance of power, the commissioner said. Sir George and Lady Reid have just finished a tour of the United States that extended over several weeks. Of course, he is duly impressed with the remarkable growth of American industries and American fortunes. But, do you know, Sir George actually thought at one time that the bally American foundation wasn't solid. He says so himself. Listen:

"To one who lives as far from the United States as I do your tremendous strides and development appear so rapid that it is hard to believe they are built on a solid foundation. One feels that the bubble must burst some day. But my visit has convinced me that you have bulged scidily, and that impression of which I spoke has been entirely dissipated."

Sir George also gave an interesting original expression of opinion about the little unpleasantness between the American colonies and England in 1776. "I wish to emphasize," he declared, "that there never was a war between the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States. At the time of the war with the American colonies it was not the people of England who brought about the strife. The people had really no voice in the matter. The king was influenced by bad advisers, and the people really had no say in the matter."

## DR. PAGE MADE BISHOP OF NEW MEXICO



Rev. Herman Page, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, East 50th street and Madison avenue, Chicago, has been chosen bishop of New Mexico by the Episcopal house of bishops. The announcement of Dr. Page's election came as a surprise to the members of his parish. None of the members had heard of the possibility of such action being taken. Some were inclined to express doubt as to whether Dr. Page would accept the appointment.

Only one other promotion was made by the house of bishops, that being the election of George Biller Jr., formerly of New Jersey, to the bishopric of North Dakota. The house of bishops was in session for two days. Dr. Page has been rector of St. Paul's church for twelve years. He came to Chicago from St. John's Episcopal church at Fall River, Mass. The newly appointed bishop was graduated from Harvard with a degree of bachelor of arts in 1888. In 1891 he received the degree of bachelor of divinity from the Episcopal Theological seminary at Cambridge, Mass. In 1906 he was awarded the honorary degree of doctor of divinity by the University of Pittsburgh.

Dr. Page had been rector of St. John's church in Fall River for seven years when he was called to Chicago to occupy the pulpit of St. Paul's one of the largest Episcopal congregations in Chicago. Dr. Page is forty-three years old, married, and has one son, now a student at Harvard.

## JILTS A PRINCE TO WED AN AMERICAN

The engagement of Miss Katherine Britton, who, it is reported, jilted a prince to wed E. H. Harriman's son, is expected to be announced shortly. Young Harriman will inherit much of the millions left by his father, and Miss Britton, as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Britton, will come into a large fortune.

Miss Britton spent the summer in Europe and at Narragansett Pier. She won fame in social circles at the national capital last winter by appearing at a dance with a golden snake in a gown of her own design. The effect was so lifelike that it startled the guests until the wearer assured them it was made of jewels. As a devotee of aviation, she has also gained some prominence, having made several flights on the speedway with famous aviators.

At the time of Miss Britton's debut, several years ago, she was a member of the exclusive coterie of debutantes known as the "Big Six." Her associates of that year were Miss Laura Merriam, Miss Gladys Hinckley, Miss Fudora Clover, Miss Marguerite Draper and Miss Sophie Johnston.

With Miss Merriam, Miss Britton helped to organize the Monday Afternoon Skating club and the Dancing Fifty at the Playhouse club at Washington. She has also taken part in various society dramas at the Playhouse and in Mrs. Barney Hennick's affairs. She was particularly effective in the pantomime given by Mrs. Hennick last spring. Attired in the colonial costume owned by her great-grandmother, she led one division of the minutae at the Southern Relief ball, and won great admiration.

In her mode of dressing Miss Britton has been noted for her originality. She was the first to wear the new Robespierre collar, and she defies convention by wearing a gay black and white cap while driving her automobile. Her engagement has been rumored before.

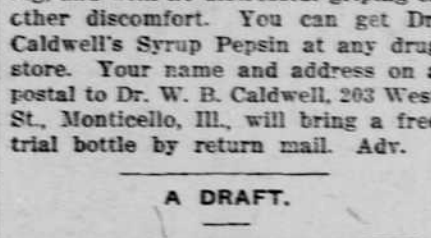


## BABY'S HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON HEALTH

When your baby is cross and fretful instead of the happy, laughing little dear you are accustomed to, in all probability the digestion has become disarranged and the bowels need attention. Give it a mild laxative, dispel the irritability, and bring back the happy content of babyhood.

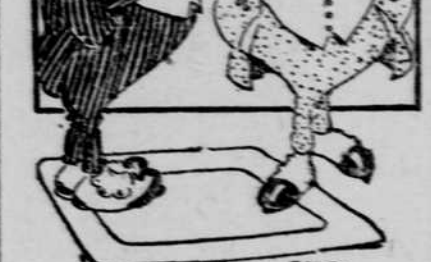
The mother should make sure that the laxative used contains no opiate or narcotic drug. A mild, pleasant-tasting, harmless laxative like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is ideal for children because of its natural composition and gentle action. A small dose of Syrup Pepsin at bedtime will bring easy, certain relief next morning, and with no distressful griping or other discomfort. You can get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drug store. Your name and address on a postal card to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 293 West St., Monticello, Ill., will bring a free trial bottle by return mail. Adv.

### A DRAFT.



Green—Is your son, who is studying art in Paris, learning to draw?

White—Well, he draws on me every week or so.



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## DANDRUFF COVERED SCALP

3002 Cass St., St. Louis, Mo.—"For five years I suffered with itching of my body and scalp. My trouble began with a rash on my lower limbs which was very annoying, and my scalp was literally covered with dandruff. My hair used to come out by the handfuls and the itching of my body and scalp was terrible. I had used almost all the skin remedies on the market with no results, when I wrote for a little Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it gave me instant relief. Within one month's use of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment I was entirely cured. I cannot discover one strand of my hair coming out and I have not lost a minute of sleep since using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which entirely cured me of itching of my body and scalp in its worst form. I also find the Cuticura Soap a benefit in shaving." (Signed) Charles Judin, Dec. 9, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Bridge Scandal. She—If you should hold a hand like that To you what make would best appear?

He—Why, if I held a hand like yours, I think I'd make it diamonds, dear.

So Like Strangers. Nell—Bob Brown and Dolly Smith are engaged. Sue—Indeed? I thought they were better acquainted.

## Satisfactory Tools Mean Good Work

### Double Guaranteed Hardware Is Composed of the Best Factory Brands. Quality--Satisfaction



## Good for Bad Eyes

STANLEY BLINDMAN'S RULE, NO. 7. The figures are nearly twice as large as those on an ordinary Rule, and both figures and graduations are extra wide and black. The illustration shows only one number of the large line of Rules we manufacture. Every STANLEY BOXWOOD RULE is made from carefully selected, thoroughly seasoned wood, is carefully finished, and is accurately graduated.

For Sale by All Hardware Dealers. Stanley Rule & Level Co. NEW BRITAIN, CONN., U.S.A.

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"Choose the Best from all the Rest!"

## The Nicholson File

Means file satisfaction and good work for the user. Every expert who uses files knows that when he has a Nicholson, he eats up work. The teeth of the Nicholson file are so formed as to have a special shape designed to withstand pressure and enable the machinist to work rapidly and cut smoothly. Careful buyers who want tool satisfaction ask for a Nicholson. In Business 48 years. NICHOLSON FILE CO., Providence, R. I.

## Bishops are the Quality in Saws

They are made of a Purity of Steel so fine of grain and so tough of body that we are proud to guarantee that they will cut faster, run easier, hold their sharpness, and set longer than any other good saws. George H. Bishop Co., Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

BUY THE HARDWARE THAT IS DOUBLE GUARANTEED

The Wright & Wilhelm Company place on the best factory brands made a tri-color tag bearing a Double Guarantee from the Manufacturer and Wright & Wilhelm Company to the effect that the dealer will replace the article free of cost if for any reason it is unsatisfactory. It is left to you. There can be no stronger guarantee.

## INSIST UPON DOUBLE GUARANTEED HARDWARE. Don't Accept Some "JUST AS GOOD"

## PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods!—Faster and faster colors than any other dye. One 1/2 package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment—best ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

## That Wonderful Event

IF THERE is a time above all times when a woman should be in perfect physical condition it is the time previous to the coming of her babe. During this period many women suffer from headache, sleeplessness, pains of various description, poor appetite, and a host of other ailments which should be eliminated in justice to the new life about to be ushered into this world.

## DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

It is a scientific medicine carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to the needs and requirements of woman's delicate system. It has been recommended for over forty years as a remedy for those peculiar ailments which make their appearance during "the expectant period." Motherhood is made easy by its use. Thousands of women have been benefited by this great medicine.

Your druggist can supply you in liquid or tablet form, or you can send for one-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets, to Dr. Pierce, at Watkinds' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is your privilege to write to Dr. Pierce for advice, and it will be gladly given free of charge. Of course all communications are confidential.

## W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 AND \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN. Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00 School Shoes. These are the one pair will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes, same as the men's shoes. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS. The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair. Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas latest fashions for fall and winter wear, notice the short toe caps which make the foot look smaller, points in a shoe particularly desired by young men. Also the conservative styles which have made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere.

If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price. Foot Color Experts. CAUTION—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas stamps his name on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 78 own stores and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, they are within your reach. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes sent everywhere, deliveries charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

EVERY CHILD SHOULD HAVE THE Faultless Starch Twin Dolls. Miss Lily White and Miss Phoebe Prim. If you will use the best starch made both of these twin dolls, each 12 1/2 inches high, and ready to eat out with the starch, you will see how much smaller, points in a shoe particularly desired by young men. Also the conservative styles which have made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere. If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price. Foot Color Experts. CAUTION—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas stamps his name on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 78 own stores and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, they are within your reach. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes sent everywhere, deliveries charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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