Mars Nearing the Earth.

MARS, which we haven't heard much about lately, is beginning to come nearer the earth again and, before sunrise to-morrow morning, will be only about three-quarters of a degree north of the waning old moon. It is a conjunction worth seeing.

Have You Seen Pearl White on the Film in "The Fatal Ring"?

Magazine Page

The Surrender of Manila.

JUST nineteen years ago to-day Manila surrendered to the Americans, having held out from the first of May, when Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet. In 1574 Manila was sacked by the Chinese, and in 1762 sacked by the English. Under American protection it has made vast strides in municpal improvement.

The First Autumn Fabrics

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AND here is one of the first Autumn models, a really exceptional dress that the woman who spends a great deal for her clothes would be glad to buy. Yet it is priced at a modest figure, and is, without question, a wonderful dress for the money; blue or black serge bound with black braid, a Japanese ornament.

THIS is a dress to wear now without a coat, and later with a scarf. It is of blue serge with bindings of braid. It has a lining of China silk and a chemisette of flesh-colored Georgette crepe, and the serge is of a quality which is sure to please you.

HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.)

PART ONE—(Continued.)

WHEN the launch had disappeared from their view upon the broad highway of the sea the four men raised themselves and the tallest of them said to his companions:

"Mateo and Torral did not deceive us. Severac's den is there in the cliffs. We can take Moisette and hold her as the father and the master ordered us to do.

"Brother Fulgence, are you sure that Mateo and Torral are dead?"

"Yes, Brother Antil," answered a large, heavily built man. "In accordance with the father's orders, I offered the anarchists 500,000 francs in good Spanish gold and I showed them where it was hidden. They gave me the secrets of Rosa's Grotto, and as they bent over the shining gold I blew out their brains with my revolver.

"Their bodies are lying in the cellar of our house in Barcelona near the gold which induced their treason."

"Very good," said Brother Antil approvingly, as he turned to the two men who had not yet spoken.

"Brother Ludwig, Brother Albert, what is your advice upon the course to be pursued?"

Ludwig was tall, thin and muscular; Albert, of medium height, but, like the others, strong of limb.

Together they said:

"Brother Antil, your decision will also be ours!"

Fulgence echoed:

"Yes; order and we will obey."

A light of joy flashed across the eyes of him who became the leader by his brothers' will as well as by the grace of Fulbert. Brother Antil was in reality the representative in Spain of the du-umvirate Oxus and Fulbert.

The order to unearth Severac's hiding place through the Spanish anarchists' messages had come to him from the Balearic submarine station, transmitted from the Lost Isle.

Antil had put two of his most cunning confreres upon the scent, and Fulgence had learned all the details of Severac's hiding place, the former headquarters of anarchy, from two anarchists who were ignorant of Severac's reappearance.

Antil had annexed two vigorous associates, Ludwig and Albert, and together with Fulgence they had betaken themselves to the cliff which had been designated by the traitors.

The sailboat bearing Oxus' and Fulbert's aides had hardly reached the spot and they had barely time to conceal themselves in an inlet when they were surprised to see a violent bubbling of the calm sea.

They crouched down in their boat and were permitted to see the electrich launch emerge and depart.

"Brothers," said Antil, "the boat we have just seen, which I knew so well when our father and master were at the Balearics, holds but two persons.

"Severac, therefore, is not alone with Moisette in the grottoes, unless one of those persons is Moisette and the other Severac.

"I imagine that the launch is only going out for a short time, for there would be no other hiding place in the world as secure as this for himself and Moisette. Therefore here is my plan of action:"

He paid it before them in detail, together with the role each was to play. They gave their approval.

When Antil had finished speaking the men rowed their boat to the back of the inlet, landed, drew her up and made her fast to the rock.

Then they dressed themselves in a swimming costume, whose belt they inflated by means of a little pump.

To this belt was attached a long knife in a ganvanized scabbard.

"Are you ready?" asked Antil, fitting his knife into his teeth.

"We are ready," replied the three allies.

"Then to the water!"

The four men threw themselves into the water and swam rapidly toward the spot well noted, where the launch had emerged.

Antil reached it first and began to get his bearings, so that no matter what the waves, currents, breezes or tide, he might be able to maintain his position.

He noticed that to the right of the spot a rock jutted out from the cliff, which was invisible from any other point.

He explained this peculiarity to his companions, and the four men, swimming gently or floating on their backs, stayed as near as possible to the place where the electric launch had bounded from the sea.

Night had come.

The overhanging rock, their guiding point, stood out in black against the clear sky, where stars and moon spread their soft radiance.

Not a breath stirred the air. The sea was calm and the chopping of the little waves against the cliff was the only sound which broke the silence of sleeping nature.

The men did not speak, for they knew how easily the voice carries along the surface of still waters.

They opened their ears wide, attentive to the least noise which would foretell the return of the launch.

Suddenly Antil raised himself in the water and looked toward the west.

"Listen!" he breathed. "It is the sound of a motor.

"In three minutes the launch will be here.

"Don't forget my orders. If they fight give them no quarter.

"I know the launch's maneuvers. I could make it into a submersible, ind the channel and enter the grottoes.

"Listen! Here it comes. Do not raise your heads out of the water."

Then, from the dark horizon a darker mass appeared. Tiny at first, it rapidly grew larger. Then it was no more than a few cable lengths from the swimmers.

It was the electric launch. Slackening its pace, it advanced toward them and suddenly stopped.

On the deck Vera was alone.

She stood up and scrutinized the cliffs.

"There it is," she murmered.

To make a submersible of the launch it was only necessary to go under the deck and press down a lever which hermetically closed the hatchways. Another lever filled the water ballasts arranged both fore and aft. The launch then sank four feet.

A searchlight placed on the prow lighted the launch in front, and the rudder was automatically guided by special mirrors reflecting all that which surrounded the launch within the lighted radius.

Having located the exact point in the cliffs before which she must submerge her boat, Vera prepared to fix the helm with a screw, after which she was to go below the deck and close the hatches.

Vera Captured.

As she turned the screw a strange noise was heard at her left.

She started up, trembling, and turned toward the side from which the noise had come.

At the same moment she felt her boat tip over to port violently.

A man was climbing over the edge.

Before she could move she was seized from behind, knocked down and securely bound.

Four men were bending over her. One of them draw a dagger from his belt and, laying it at her throat, said:

"You see, you are in our power. Speak or you die! Where is Severac?"

Reviving from her first shock of terror and surprise, the dauntless Vera had recovered all her coolness. The man's question brought a smile of scorn to her lips, and she responded, calmly:

"Severac? You will not get him. He is far away at this time. You could kill me before I would tell you where he is."

"When does he come back?"

"When he pleases."

"Who are you?"

"His servant."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Brother Antil, laughing. "Here's a brave young thing! How we need half a dozen just like her!"

"Mademoiselle, we will catch Severac later. At present we are looking for some one else, and since you will tell nothing, we will find her without you.

"As for killing you, no! You have filled me with respect for your youth, your courage and your beauty. I will take care of you. We have spilled enough blood in killing Mateo and Torral. Do you know them, Mademoiselle?"

"No," answered Vera without moving an eyelid.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Our Best Society

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

The Self-Reliant Little Member Who Never Lets an Opportunity Escape Him

By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

YOU and I would not like our boys to win their spurs on this battlefield in spite of the fact that we give our fullest admiration to this keen and energetic little tradesman.

He is an expert in his line. He slips through the moving traffic, dodging between automobiles, ducking under horses heads and sells his paper under the very nose of a rival vendor.

His shrill little voice rises above the rumble, clangor, screech and thunder that constitute the medley of the city street. Wherever a penny is to be made he makes it. Whatever energy, grit, perseverance and determination can accomplish in the selling of newspapers, he accomplishes. We can all take a leaf from this boy's book when we have a difficult piece of work ahead of us.

The boy in the picture has been practically self-supporting for several years. He has a perfect genius for avoiding the compulsory education law, but his education has not stood still for all that. He could give you the personal history and professional record of every baseball and prize ring champion in the land.

His active little brain teems with the doings of the devotees of football, hockey, diving, swimming, running and all that he can glean from his papers; the science of aeronautics is on the tip of his tongue.

In fact, everything that this enterprising little citizen has had an opportunity to learn he has learned. It is for this reason that we count him among the Best Society—the society composed of those who do their best.

The Fatal Ring

PEARL IS IN DANGER OF DEATH

SYNOPSIS.

Pearl Standish, richest girl in America, is accused of having in her possession "The Violet Diamond of Daroon." She knows nothin of the gem, which is eagerly sought by the followers of the Violet God of Daroon, led by the High Priestess of the order. They dispatch one of their number, Nicholas Knox to get the gem or suffer death. H holds up Pearl, and she promises to help him. Knox has the setting, and Pearl, knowing that her father bought the stone in the Far East, asks Richard Carslake, his secretary at that time, to call and tell her about it. Carslake calls, sees the setting and takes it away at the point of a gun. Later the Priestess and her Arabs appear and he loses it. Pearl and Knox in their search for the diamond have many narrow escapes. Tom Carleton, a reporter, saves them. Tom persuades Pearl to draw Knox out in an effort to learn the mystery connected with the Violet Diamond, but she is not successful. Meanwhile a mysterious lady calls on Knox and tells him the new whereabouts of Carslake. Pearl and Tom find him and secure the Violet Diamond. Pearl insists on going to the temple with it. There Knox tries to take it from her, but she puts it in a vase and hurls the vase to the street, where Carslake picks up the gem. Meanwhile Pearl is held for punishment by the Priestess.

(Novelized from the Pathe Photo-Play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode VI.

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TOM CARLETON came to in the street outside the Temple of the Violet God, to sit up slowly and stare about him in comical dismay. At first he had not the slightest idea where he was or why he was there. Then—as things began recurring to him vaguely—as he began to recall—a scream from Pearl inside the Temple brought him swiftly to his feet.

Now he remembered!

A second scream, more shrill and laden with terror than the first, stirred him to action.

Investigating, he discovered that the sound came from a barred window some distance above him, and he began instantly to climb the wall nearby.

At the first and second attempts he failed to make headway, but the third time he tried he succeeded in clinging to the windowsill of the very room in which Pearl was held. And as he clung there he slowly raised himself until his head came above the level of the sill, and he was able to see within.

The sight that met his eyes chilled his blood.

Pearl, bound and gagged now, so that her screams could not attract possible rescuers, hung over the caldron of boiling lead. The rope which was fastened to her ankles and by which she could be raised or lowered, according to her captors' pleasure, now ran direct direct from the pulley in the ceiling through the doorway into the adjoining room. There was no one in the room with her.

The Priestess had hit upon a devilishly ingenious manner of drawing out the agony and still insuring Pearl's certain death by immersion in the boiling metal. After Pearl's first scream, when a silken scarf had been brought to gag her, the High Priestess had ordered:

A Terrible Threat.

"Bring the cage of rats—and a jar of the sweet paste that they like so much!"

Two of her adherents hurriedly obeyed her commands, and when the rats and the sticky paste had been brought before her she had directed:

"Carry the rope into the next room and nail the end to the floor. Let it run through the rat cage in its course, and let that part of the rope which runs through the cage be smeared with the sweetish paste!"

Knox listened with terror to these orders.

"What is your intention now?" he asked nervously, unable to maintain a discreet silence.

"You shall see!" the Priestess had replied grimly, "and what you shall see may perhaps inspire in you an eagerness to carry out your mission and recover the violet diamond. For a death no less awful than this which overtakes Pearl Standish will overtake you unless you return the violet diamond this day!"

All this time, the Arabs had been carrying out the High Priestess's commands to the letter. The rope by which Pearl hung over the boiler was passed through the pulley in the ceiling, then carried through the doorway into the adjoining room. There, it ran through the rat trap and was nailed to the floor. And already, the rats—famished from being shut in three days without food—were gnawing fiercely upon the paste-smeared rope.

"Look!" cried the High Priestess, addressing Knox.

He looked, and uttered an exclamation of horror. The rats were slowly but surely chewing through the rope—tempted by the sweetened paste. When they had severed it completely—the rope would be released and Pearl—borne downward by her own weight and the force of gravitation—would be precipitated, head first into the steaming boilerful of molten lead!

Knox Hurries Away.

He turned away, unable to endure the sight. White as death, sick with fear and dread, he took a step toward the exit—his one idea to escape before he should hear the thud and splash that must mark the end of Pearl's worldly existence.

The High Priestess smiled and made no attempt to stop him. But she called after him with grim emphasis these words:

"What is happening to her is the penalty for treachery to the Sacred Order of the Violet God!"

"But she hasn't the diamond and neither have I. Richard Carslake has it! Why don't you make him pay?" gasped Knox from the threshold.

The High Priestess waved aside his words.

"Richard Carslake's time will come," she said. "Meanwhile, remember—this is your last day!"

With an effort he tore his eyes away from the resolute Priestess—from the determined Arabs who surrounded her—from the helpless girl who hung there over the steaming boiler—and, trembling with fear, he fled.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

Anecdotes of the Famous

In the Right Hon. G. W. Russell's recently published life of Father Stanton there is a capital story of how the famous curate of St. Alban's coaxed a number of lads from the slums of Saffron Hill to a Good Friday service by the gift of a couple of hot cross buns and a glass of milk apiece.

They all turned up (said Father Stanton) clean and tidy as I'd never seen 'em before, and they all marched into church into a front row, and all knelt down (I can't imagine who taught them; I hadn't), and one of the good sisters who saw them said:

"Oh, look at those rough lads! That's Father Stanton's influence."

It wasn't my influence at all; it was the influence of the buns and the glass of milk.

Then the service began, and we had that Litany of Monro's (The Story of the Cross"), and they all sang it, and when we got to the last section beginning:

"Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the goal."

They all sang the last word as "gaol;" and, upon my word, before the next Good Friday every one of 'em had been in gaol!

Mirage.

By Jane McLean.

IT was an ordinary city street,
Sprawling its dusty length beneath the sun,
Its pavement grilling in the Summer heat,
Deserted and untrod by everyone.

But suddenly a shaft of rosy light,
Caught from a parasol far down the way,
Made all the dingy atmosphere seem bright,
And touched with flame the city's sordid gray.

Long after it had vanished down the street,
A rosy softness lingered all about,
As one whose life is barren finds it sweet
To build air castles when the lights are out.

Do You Enjoy Misery?

By Beatrice Fairfax

"GERTRUDE is a pretty girl. It might almost be safe to call her a beauty. She is clever and she has thoroughly congenial work to do. It pays her well and she knows how to spend the money to her own beautification and for her own enjoyment. She has soft blue eyes which look up with an appeal guaranteed to get almost anything from anybody. She has wonderful black hair which arrests attention and gives her the centre of the stage.

Gertrude never notices the hair and eyes. She is short and she rather miserably longs to be tall. She has no social position and she wildly yearns to know "the best people." Her own family is rather lacking in cultus, and Gertrude dreads the day when a world which appreciates her cleverness shall realize that her own people are not brilliant and cultured.

Gertrude has health and congenial work and brains and charm of manner and friends. She has everything in the world—except a capacity for happiness.

There are a great many Gertrudes in the world, and all of them have an absolute genius for extracting the full measure of misery out of their situation.

If there is one man on her horison who is completely indifferent to Gertrude, on him she must set her heart and over him she insists on breaking it. If there is one position to which Gertrude cannot possibly aspire that is the one she must long for.

"Fate never gives me anything. All the prizes are given out when I'm not around, and if I were I'd never get the one I want," says Gertrude, bitterly. I just naturally have all the bad luck there is. I've only got to want a thing in order not to get it. I tell you fate's against me," she murmurs, disconsolately.

The cause for this outburst? Gertrude applied for a position in the movies recently. She suddenly set her heart on the work and determined that all her chance lay there. At first glance her test pictures looked most attractive—and then a tragedy was revealed. There was a slight cast in Gertrude's eyes. No one who looked at those marvellous blue eyes had noticed it—but the camera told the story. And Gertrude had a new chance for misery.

It's all a matter of accident. If life happens to shut you off from one of the things you want probably it makes possible for you several of the other desires of your heart. If you are one of those people who has one great, supreme desire you will get it. But if you are of the diffused and uncertain modern type and want a dozen things, why torture over the fact that seven or eight of them are out of your reach?

An otherwise charming young woman of my acquaintance has a bad habit of having a new trouble about which to rail and rave each time you meet her. At first you pity her—she seems picked out for martyrdom—a modern and feminine edition of Job. Then you wish she hadn't such an unvarying contribution of gloom to bring to the atmosphere. Next you get a little bored and annoyed, and finally you go miles to avoid the ever-complaining Eleanor.

There are women who make themselves perfectly miserable over a wrinkle in the back of the new dress. There are individuals who manage to look on the black side of everything—but most of them are women. Nine men out of ten are irrepressible optimists about their own luck. In the face of failure upon failure, they go on expecting to work things out right some day—to have a "lucky hunch" next time.

And women galore criticise them for that. It may mean sending your children out in patched shoes and threadbare clothes—but it doesn't give them the same gloomy garments for their souls that a complete and bitter pessimism about everything in the world would accustom them to.

Almost everything in the world has, if not a bright side, at least one tiny bright angle. There are souls so brave that when tornado and flood sweep away their homes, they see—not the ruins—but the new home which is to rise from them. And there are people so gloomy that when they live in placidity and peace and luxury, they study the storm map in order to assimilate gloom and terrified foreboding from the fact that they are really on the edge of the hurricane zone!

Queer Army Superstition

The most generally-accepted superstition among soldiers is that of the danger of using one match to light three cigarettes. It is a crime almost for anyone to light the cigarettes of two companions with the match he has just used to light his own. The reason, it is said, is that such an action means the speedy death of one if not all three of the group.

In proof many stories are told, but one in particular. A group of men was billeted in a house far back from the battle-line. There had not been a shell dropped in the village for several weeks. A recruit suddenly passed a box of cigarettes among his newly-found friends. He struck a match, and before any in the group had realized it three cigarettes had been lighted. When it dawned on the group what had occurred there was a deep silence for fully a minute. The offender on being reproved tried to laugh his fears away, but he couldn't. Two hours later the first shell in weeks struck the billet, and the lighter of the three cigarettes with the one match was instantly killed.