

REWARD.

None but the brave deserves the fair.

—Dryden.

Here's Another Installment of the Marvelous Adventures of the Man Fish Who Ruled the Seas The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

IDLENESS. 'Twas doing nothing was his curse. Is there a vice can plague us worse? —Hannah More.

Sunshine and Shadow

By C. D. BATCHELOR

Will the Passing Years Bring This Change or a Softened and Beautiful Old Age?



The other day I saw an old woman, bent and broken with the years, come from the rear of a saloon, a bucket of beer in her blue-veined hand. She was everything an old woman should not be. Her appearance bespoke a thousand defeated hopes. Her body had not one trace of youth's loveliness. I could not but think that there was a day when even she was lovely. when Beauty's pink banners were in her cheeks and Spring's breezes flung over her face a mesh of golden hair. Sweethearts were hers, for she had Beauty's potent magnetism. But the other day she hobbled bent and broken from a saloon with a bucket of beer for her "old man."

HICTANER 'The Man Fish' By Jean de la Hire A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.) TWICE a day he took enough to feed the five women from the table prepared for Oxus and Fulbert and took the food himself to them in two different baskets. There is no use to describe the anguish, anxiety, and wretchedness of Moissette's life, nor the sober resignation of Vera's, for their existence had no particular bearing upon events. However, a scene in M. Marthe's life must be narrated because it was destined to have both terrible and happy consequences. The little drama was enacted by three persons. One the unconscious actor, Fulbert, and the two who listened stupefied, Mme. Marthe and Baucis. Its double scene was Fulbert's bedroom, and the little salon of Mme. Marthe's apartment. It took place on the night following that day when Oxus and Fulbert had so deceived Hictaner with their machiavellism and when the ultimatum had been drawn up while the man-shark put his torpedo in commission. A clock in an ivory frame in Mme. Marthe's room had just struck midnight. The poor woman was half reclining in a deep, easy chair, going over in her mind the tragic complications of her life. The faithful Baucis was seated on a cushion at her feet, working mechanically at an interminable piece of embroidery. The electric light in the ceiling fell from the ceiling upon the two silent women. Behind the wall on which the clock hung a noise was heard. "The father is going into his room," Baucis whispered. Madame shuddered. The slightest sound in Fulbert's room, adjoining, could be heard in the little salon. This phenomenon of acoustics was not due to a thin partition wall, for on the contrary, it was some twenty inches thick. But as often happens in natural grottoes, the wall was of porous, spongy stone, all riddled with holes inside, which gave it an enormous resonance. From the study Mme. Marthe and Baucis had noted this characteristic of their secret chambers, but with that instinct of cunning latent in all women, they had not spoken of it to Fulbert who some times came to talk to Mme. Marthe, nor to Scopio, whom they saw four times a day. As Fulbert was evidently ignorant of this quality of the grottoes, they were always very careful not to talk aloud nor to make the least sound in the salon. And as an extreme precaution, they took their meals in the more distant room, so that no sound could reach Fulbert. The priest, therefore, was not on his guard with his neighbors. "The father is going to bed," said Baucis, very low. And the two women listened, as they did each night. They heard the excited man walking to and fro, and the creaking of the chairs into which he occasionally threw himself heavily. Then they heard the sound of a mattress being crushed down. "The father is in bed," Baucis reported. There was a long silence. Then a sort of moan came from Fulbert's room. The two women trembled and held their breath. Then there was another long silence. Then they heard vague exclamations and confused words. "He is dr—ing," whispered Mme. Marthe. "Come, Baucis. Ah, if he would talk! If he would explain in the rooms back of yours. Marthe will be placed at the side behind mine. No one will act, and then we shall be free to act. Listen, this is my plan." This, minutely, with all the precision, the sleeper revealed without knowing it all his most terrible projects. He went over his conversation with Hictaner, he told his crazy hopes. Hictaner almost beside herself, listened to the somnambulist's voice, now strong, rapid and jerking, now low and indistinct. For more than two hours the priest talked in this troubled sleep, making great jumps in the narrative. He touched upon the theft of Marthe's son in the convent, the work of vivisection at Cabrera Isle. Then he bounded forward. He anticipated the destruction of fleets and the conquest of the world beneath his iron hand. Baucis did not comprehend. But Marthe understood only too well. She listened gasping, half-fainting as she clung to the wall, and listened at these frightful revelations. Hictaner, who had guessed that he was her son—her son. A cold sweat stood out on her forehead. Her eyes glittered feverishly. Her head beat furiously and through her head thrashed a thousand thoughts, constantly fed by the priest's words. Then, suddenly, a loud cry came from beyond the wall followed by the sharp crack of the mattress, and the noise of a fall. Then there was a fresh outburst of anger, another creak of the mattress then long and regular breathing. "The father has awakened," said Baucis. "He fell from his bed, then went to sleep again. When Baucis turned to her mistress she was terrified. Madame Marthe hid a face whose pains painted in it was inexpressible loquacious. "Baucis, Baucis," the poor woman moaned. "My son must be saved. He must be saved. Crimes must be prevented. Ah, Moissette!" And Baucis caught the unconscious Marthe in her arms. The next morning at 9 o'clock Oxus, Fulbert, and Hictaner were seated in the laboratory before the basin used in repairing the torpedo. "How many torpedoes?" asked the priest. "A complete charge," said Oxus. "The case of provisions?" "Full." "The electric batteries?" "All fresh." "All ready?" "Everything." "Yes, everything," said Hictaner. "I am going to leave." "Here is the ultimatum, my son," the priest said, handing a little silver box hermetically closed, to Hictaner. "Be cautious." "Never fear!" said Hictaner. "Admiral Berezford will be given the ultimatum by me, not by any other." "Then go, my child, and remember that today you take the first step on the road to Moissette." "I know it!" Hictaner departed. And Hictaner hung the silver box to his belt. The three men looked at one another. Suddenly Oxus opened his arms. Hictaner seemed to hesitate. But two tears shone in his eyes and he threw himself into Oxus' arms. Then Fulbert took the young man's hands in his own and looked deep into his soul. "I," he said, "will not ask you to embrace me until you have found Moissette." "Was there any tenderness on Oxus' part? Some, perhaps, for Hictaner, a part of some of the terrible mysteries surrounding and torturing us! Come, Baucis. Come!" Hictaner sprang into the cavern and the door closed after him. Two minutes later, the man-shark had left the grotto of the Lost Isle and was speeding toward the Straits of Ormuz. If he had known that his Moissette was weeping silently alone in a secret chamber of the Lost Isle, from which he was separating himself at full speed! But he was only an instrument in the hands of Fate, and Fate's name this time was Fulbert. Hictaner left the Persian Gulf, crossed the Straits of Arabia, rounded the eastern point of Arabia, and headed for Cape Guardafui, on whose coast he expected to wait until the world fleet had left the Red Sea. (To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Our Best Society By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE This Girl Member of Best Society Is Not at All Afraid of What People Will Think of Her



By Mary Ellen Sigbee.

THE people who belong to the Best Society are not afraid of what others may think of them. Many of us are prevented from showing little attentions to others for fear of looking ridiculous. This girl knew that the blind man would get across the street all right. The traffic had been stopped and the man's condition was perfectly apparent. She knew, however, that a guiding hand over the thoroughfare would mean a great deal to such a helpless voyager, and for the sake of this she took his arm and steered him to the other side. The blind peddler belonged to the class who make the most of their physical deformities, who exaggerate their rags and cherish their uncleanness. He was not an inspiring object of sympathy. It is one thing to be sympathetic and helpful to clean or picturesque poverty and another thing to be the same to sordid misery and dirt. To this young girl, however, this man was a fellow mortal deserving of sympathy because of his handicap and in spite of his repugnance. This is the point of view of the world's best society.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX How Can It Matter? DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Is it proper for a young lady accepting an acquaintance—a gentleman whom she "met" but twice previous to this incident—to hail him on the street or elevated train after greeting him with a "good morning" or "good evening"? Or may the young man take the initiative when they happen to be walking in opposite directions upon greeting each other? Whose duty is it to make advances under such circumstances, if such is equally desirous of entering into conversation with the other? (Both were properly introduced to each other.) P. H. R.

Afternoon Wedding.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: A friend of mine is going to be married next month and has decided to have the wedding in the early afternoon. My friend insists that it will be perfectly proper for the groom and ushers to be in evening dress. I insist this is wrong—that edon, but full dress would be out of place. Now, Miss Fairfax, this is going to be a large affair, the bride wearing an elaborate wedding dress and veil. VERA H.

It is never socially correct for men to wear dress clothes in the afternoon. For a summer wedding blue serge is quite correct, and the only type of formal costume that is proper is the cutaway coat with striped trousers. The costume of the bride has nothing to do with the case. Tuxedo or full dress would be in bad taste.

The Manicure Lady

By William F. Kirk. NOW that Summer has come," said the Manicure Lady, "I feel as happy as one of them little thushies singing in a apple tree full of apple blossoms. My work don't seem like work at all." "I don't notice much difference in my work, only it is a little harder," said the Head Barber. "I think men's beards grows faster and thicker in the Spring. This is the first rest I've had all day." "You ought to be glad for that," said the Manicure Lady. "We mortal folks wouldn't be very happy if it wasn't for our work. Work, for the night is coming, as Mister Shakespeare says." "Mister Shakespeare had it pretty soft," said the Head Barber. "He was born with a grand nose, and earning money was a cinch for him. You bet he never had to shave nobody." "No, but if he had been a barber he would have been a good one," said the Manicure Lady. "I know goodness knows, George. I am glad he was a writer instead. I don't know what the world would ever have done without Hamlet and Uncle Tom's Cabin, and all them fine plays he wrote." "I came near being a actor once," said the Head Barber. "They played railroad play in the school where I went, and I was the porter. Everybody said I done the part so good they wished they was on a sleeper somewhere." "Well, I'm glad you didn't turn out to be no actor," said the Manicure Lady. "If you had been a actor maybe I would never have saw you at all. Still, one can't never tell. Maybe if you had been an actor I might have been an actress, and maybe we would have played love parts together." "You can't never tell," agreed the Head Barber. "I ought to make up my head for one of them heroes. I got a pretty good build, and I never got scared in front of a crowd except a crowd here in the shop Saturday nights." "But I'm glad you ain't like some of the actors that comes in here to have their nails did," said the Manicure Lady. "I never seen such gents. They just despise themselves. If they had a dollar for every time they said Frohman sent for them, they could be sending for Frohman. And I never heard one of them saying that another actor was good. They say the other actors is fair, just fair." "They ain't all that way," said the

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Coral reefs and islands are formed by the coral-building polyps. These animals live only in clear water, the depth of which is not greater than about 25 fathoms, and the temperature of which does not sink below 65 degrees Fahrenheit. The addition of bismuth and cadmium to soft solders containing lead and tin lowers the melting-point considerably, so that a higher percentage of lead may be employed without affecting the free flow of the solder. Microbes are never found on gold coins, while paper money is an ideal home for them, and every old bank-note is a menace of disease. The belief is that gold acts as a bactericide. An excellent manganese bronze consists of copper, 88 to 90 per cent.; zinc, 10 to 11 per cent.; tin, iron and aluminum, one per cent. each, and manganese up to two per cent.

15 Cents for Six Persons



Italian Salad. By Jeanette Hardman. THIS appetizing salad may be made at a very small cost. Wash, dry and place the leaves of a head of lettuce on ice to chill. Select two bunches of fresh green onions that the tops are not too large and are not wilted. Clean and wash both onions and tops, cut the tops into short lengths and slice a part of the onions. Cut into narrow strips three slices of bacon and fry them

Sweet Content Stories

By Edith Hixon. SWEET Content, our rosy-bud fairy was certainly distressed. Twinkle-toes, who is such a splendid dancer that he is beloved by the flower fairies, had told her some terrible news. It seemed that the fire flies had refused to come to Amy's wedding. Amy was a dear flower fairy who lived in the heart of a shy wind flower in the depths of the deep dark woods. "Why won't they come?" asked Sweet Content anxiously. "Amy has always hidden from them," answered Twinkle-toes. "You know she has been so timid that she did not like the light from their lanterns. They dashed her eyes besides when they flashed everybody would see her, and try to talk to her. She didn't want a wedding in the first place, but Gilbert, her husband to be, was determined and of course she wants it to be successful. "Now the fire flies say that they won't come to anybody's wedding unless the bride asks them and Amy simply hasn't the courage, so I am afraid that as long as Mother Sun won't let the Sunbeams stay up late, that all the light there will be is from the Moonbeams' stars and they do not give out much." "Does Amy know?" inquired Sweet Content. "Yes and she is weeping." I think it is a shame on her wedding day," exclaimed Twinkle-toes. "I'll stop that," said our fairy. She clasped her tiny hands for Fluffy, her big white butterfly, and drove off in great haste leaving Twinkle-toes to follow as best he could. How his dancing feet did fly, no wonder they called him Twinkle-toes. Sweet Content drove straight through the deep, dark woods until she came to the dainty cottage in which Amy lived. Amy herself opened the door, her eyes red with weeping. The house was in such disorder, no one had picked up a thing all day. Gilbert was sitting sulkily in the corner; his golden suit was the only bright spot to be seen in the gloom. Amy smiled when Sweet Content came in, for she knew the rosy-bud fairy had come to help. "Can you help us?" she begged. "If you will stop crying and get dressed I will promise to have lights enough for the wedding. You needn't bother about the fire-flies, for I will see that your wedding ring is as beautiful as anybody's has been in Flowerland." She sent Gilbert home, too, and called Wee-wee, her maid, to help Amy put on her charming gown of white satin petals with a veil of rainbow mist. She drove off, leaving Amy happy. She met Twinkle-toes just coming and took the dear imp along with her down into Cuddlytown. Once in the village she hurried up the broad, quiet street for all the children were asleep and their mothers and fathers were indoors. Right in the back of the big white house, where Billy, the lame boy, lives, is the most enchanting garden. She passed Rod, Billy's dog, without waking him, which was more than most people could have done, for he sleeps with one ear cocked, and came into the heart of the garden. Down in one corner close to the fence she came to the bed of Lily-of-the-Valley. Rushing up to the fairy cottage, women so cunningly amid the fragrant blooms that no one but a sprite could possibly dream it was there, she rang the bell. Charles came out at once. She was another one of the charming flower folk.