

# Magazine Page

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of Renee La Salle's start to walk from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada in 1687. The intrepid explorer, who had first traced the course of the Mississippi, accompanied by forty men, began his perilous march through the wilds, but was shot down from ambush by one of his own followers.

A Chance for Clever Women.

ALL women who are anxious to utilize their discarded clothes and odds and ends will find many helpful suggestions in the articles by Rita Stuyvesant, the first of which appears on this page to-day. These suggestions are practical, economical and ingenious.

## Man's Final Conqueror

THE GREAT DESTROYER, ABSOLUTE ZERO

### Gradually the Snow Line Is Creeping Lower, a Warning of the Far Distant Day of a Frozen World.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

There is perhaps no other natural phenomenon which so vividly presents to the senses the narrowness of man's habitation on this earth as does the "snow line." By that line is meant the demarcation in latitude and in altitude, of the limits of perpetual snow. It is the battle line along which stand confronted the forces of life and death. Behind and above it grins Absolute Zero! It is the limit beyond which the life forces cannot penetrate.

But the forces of the frost, which are potentially those of death, periodically advance and retreat on our side of the line, thus offering an unceasing menace, and one of the great questions that science has to answer, if it can, is whether the line as a whole, is gradually awaying downward. A catastrophe, such as a considerable fall of the sun's mean radiation, would bring it down upon us with a mortal sweep.

Above the snow line water is a solid amid our customary surroundings. We who live in the so-called temperate zone see the battle front of the frost advance every Winter without comprehending the stupendous fact that behind it, in solid unbroken array, the ranks of the Zero King stretch off to the stars. When the next Summer comes the front retreats to the snow line, but the snow line never goes backward! We simply forget that it is there until its skirmishers advance again.

A true image of the situation of the earth and its inhabitants would not be furnished, as one is at first slight tempted to think, by a low island surrounded by the sea, which, at every advance of the tide, becomes partially inundated, while its elevation is so slight that an abnormal tide might bury it entirely; but a true image is furnished by an open fire in a chimney place, which alternately languishes, allowing the all-surrounding chill to advance from the windows and the distant corners of the room, and then, through replenishment of fuel, blazes up and drives back the cold, reawakening the cricket on the hearth.

Cold is a negation; there is no energy in absolute zero; the real fighting is done on the side of heat, and when that faints the advance of the frost is automatic. But the earth cannot supply energy of itself, and we cannot rely on it; it has no resource except in the sun.

It is easier to discover the snow-line by its elevation on mountains than by its situation in latitude at ordinary altitudes. However, it can, with a fair degree of accuracy, be marked on a globe. Within about 10 degrees of either pole the

line descends and lies all the year round upon the surface of the earth. At about 78 degrees north or south latitude it begins to lift a little, and at 70 degrees rises to a mean elevation of 1,000 feet. At 60 degrees it goes above 5,000 feet; at 50 degrees it nearly reaches 7,000 feet; at 40, it passes 10,000; at 30 it attains 12,000; at 20, 15,000, and at the equator from 16,000 to 17,000 feet. Above these heights snow remains unmelted all summer.

Nothing could be more intimidating to an imaginative mind than the downward march of the snow on the broad flanks of a great mountain, starting from the highest elevation in mid-Summer, the snow-line, and descending toward the inhabited valleys, as Autumn advances. It is a faithful procession, a kind of Behemoth wading. The axis of the earth nods over a little, the sun's rays fall at a somewhat lower angle, so that fewer of them impinge on a given area, a tingle is felt in the air—and lo! the snow-line drops a mile down the mountain. The sparkling world where water stops running and finds itself an iridescent slater to the diamond has crept visibly so much nearer to our world, wherein crystallization means death.

I wonder if the Chinese selection of white as the color of mourning for the dead may not have been suggested by a comprehension of the meaning of the Winter robes of the mighty Tibetan peaks. Of course, man can pass the snow-line, but he cannot permanently live there. Every Winter in temperate climes he dwells for months amid its advanced trenches, but it is only by surrounding himself with precautions and protection. All climbers of lofty mountains are familiar with the snow-line. Those who go up in airships detect its invisible presence with the thermometer. In detail, it does not possess the regularity that we have ascribed to it in a general view.

It, too, lifts and drops a little in cycles of years, and even sometimes between successive Winters, all of which variations are indications of unsteadiness in the games on the earth's hearth. But not since a steadily brightening sun lighted it—if the earth ever had that experience—has our planet seen the snow-line definitely and continuously rise, every year a little higher.

There is only too much reason for thinking that the time is approaching, if it be not already here, when the only continuous change in the position of the line will be a descent; it is probably coming slowly, inexorably down, like the swinging knife in Poe's story of "The Pit and the Pendulum." It is perhaps because the imagination cannot so clearly picture extinction by frost that apocalyptic visions of the end of the world have been, by preference, thrown against a background of fire, but as far as science can present the real "line of fate" for the living earth is the snow-line.

## The Girls Who Work for Uncle Sam

By NELL BRINKLEY  
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Here Is Doris Noetzel—in Uncle Sam's Post Office

THE first of a series of the little girls who work for Uncle Sam, who keep his wheels going round, the little girls you never particularly think about, when you mail your letters and complain when they don't get where you sent them without a correct address, when you write to Uncle Sam for seeds and farming information, when you get in trouble and want him to get you out in a hurry—this is the first. And I am going to make for you, one after another, the very prettiest out of his big white workshops in Washington!

They come from the South, where they grow with soft dark eyes; from the West, where so many eyes are blue like the West's Italian sky; they come from New England and bring along their Priscilla demureness, flocking to help Uncle Sam now that he is "short-handed," with his sons marching away in waves of a dusty country. When you mail your important letter and trust in Uncle Sam and his staff to pass it on for you in safety, and trot away with that off your mind, perhaps you will think of these first pretty girls I show you, from the Post Office Department, "Washington," D. C. Lucky me! think you. I am seeing them—three a day! Watching their bright faces; seeing them laugh, hearing their hopes and dreams.

This little girl is Doris—a sugar-like name that fairly sings itself and matches her entirely—Doris Noetzel. And, said she, with a shy turn of the head—"If you had got me a week later—that—that wouldn't have been my last name!" In a week Doris is marrying her little self and going away to big New York on her honeymoon. She is in the Railway Adjustment Division—if you can think about such dry stuff when you look at her. She is a Washington girl—with the soft, dreamy, fard eyes that we think of when we say "South." She is twenty years old and looks sixteen—I hope she doesn't care if I tell. Her hair is soft and brown, her mouth and cheeks like a red California rose—and they are the velvetiest scarlet in all the world.

She loves—I asked her what best—she loves the water and a canoe, and all the good things that a lovely rosy-cheeked girl does love who has youth in her heart, and hopes. And if you think her only pretty, let me tell you that under her soft wavy brown hair and behind the beautiful brown eyes is a bright little person who is sober and ambitious and works at picture-making. And she can make pictures; I know that. Aren't your old letters more interesting now? And hasn't Uncle Sam's great Post Office more of a twinkle in all his windows for you? Wait a little—comes another and another.—NELL BRINKLEY.

## The Hidden Hand

A SERIAL STARRING DORIS KENYON

By Arthur B. Reeve.

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

The Slide for Life.

EPISODE 8.

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RAMSAY locked the other loop of the handcuffs about her one hand, while Doris flung her arms about his neck, and he grasped her in the other arm.

The Hidden Hand and his other gangsters were just arriving at opposite ends of the bridge, firing wildly, and shouting at Ramsay. He leaped over, with Doris clinging to him, and leaped.

Down the long, sagging wire, Ramsay and Doris shot like a huge human projectile.

Clapping away with one hand, in the hand still locked over the guy wire, Doris and he shot down through the air, with ever increasing speed.

Only the sag of the wire saved them, for they slowed up a bit as they reached the bottom. Even as it was they were hurled with almost stunning force against the

trunk of a tree to which the wire had been fastened at the bottom of the ravine.

Up on the bridge the two bands of the Hidden Hand gang ran forward, meeting in the centre.

"How do you after them," the crime-master ordered.

Quickly one of the emissaries stripped off his belt and looped it over the wire. He swung himself over the rail of the bridge and away he went.

Below Ramsay, whom Doris had just released from the handcuffs, could see the emissary coming. He seized the gun from Doris and fired with careful, calculated aim.

With a cry the emissary fell, his nervous fingers letting go the belt.

Over and over his body turned in the air until it landed with a splash in the water below.

Impetuously the Hidden Hand and his men now gesticulated on the bridge in wild dismay, watching the body of their comrade as it floated down the river.

They ran, clambering along the cliffs, where Verda, hiding, joined them. Quickly the Hidden Hand planned to overcome the seeming escape and advantage of Doris and Ramsay.

"Hurry!" he directed. "We must get to the station first. There is still a chance to get them."

To Be Continued Monday.

## War Time Recipes

From Good Housekeeping Magazine for January.

Calibut Aureo 250 Calories

College Fudge Cake 2363 Calories

Two-pound cut of halibut, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 cupful milk, 1 tablespoonful salted parsley, juice of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoonful mushroom ketchup, 1 tablespoonful tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoonful capers, salt, 1 tablespoonful vinegar.

Place fish in baking dish with a little water, the vinegar, and one-half teaspoonful of salt, and bake until tender, but not broken. Remove to a large dish and allow to cool. In one saucepan make a sauce of the butter, milk, flour and parsley. Meanwhile, in another, heat the mushroom-ketchup, tarragon vinegar, lemon juice, and capers. When the white sauce has cooled a little, add the two, beating well, and pour over the fish. Serve very cold garnished with cut lemons and sprigs of parsley. This may also be served hot if desired.

Two squares unweetened chocolate, 1/2 cupful hot water, yolk of 1 egg, 1/2 cupful shortening, 1 cupful sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1 1/2 cupfuls pastry flour, 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla, 1/2 teaspoonful soda, 1/2 cupful boiling water.

Put the chocolate and hot water in a saucepan and cook and stir about three minutes till thick and glossy. Remove from the fire, add the egg yolk, butter, sugar and salt. Stir in the flour sifted with the baking powder and the vanilla. At the last stir in the boiling water in one cupful at a time, stirring until smooth. Pour into a shallow pan, bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes. Frost with boiled icing.

## DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Reptiles' eggs are not very attractive objects. In the case of crocodiles and many kinds of tortoises, they are pale colored or white, and resemble those of birds in shape.

In nearly every street of the cities of Japan there is a public oven, where for a small fee people may have their dinners cooked.

The principal fur-bearing animals are the sable, ermine, marten, mink, beaver, otter, chinchilla, fox, seal, nutria, badger, lynx, bear, and wolf.

The region about the Dead Sea is one of the hottest places in the globe, and the sea loses many tons of water a day by evaporation.

It has been noticed that the ash-tree is very injurious to vegetation under its shade, while scarcely any plant will grow under a yew.

The height of the giraffe varies from fifteen to eighteen feet.

## Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

WHEN Puss Junior awoke the next morning he rubbed his eyes, and then, after curling his whiskers, he pulled on his redtopped boots and looked about him for something to eat. But there was nothing in sight for breakfast except a few red berries on a bush, and cats you know don't eat berries.

So he gave a sigh and started off hungry, but still determined to find Father. And by and by he came to a small village, and right in front of the grocery store stood Handy Pandy. Now—

"Handy Pandy, Jack-a-Dandy, loves meat any kind of candy; He's always near the grocery shops Where they sell fresh lollypops.

But this particular morning Handy Pandy didn't have a cent

No, siree! He had spent all his money, so all he could do was to look at the big wooden box full of delicious lollypops and wish he had one. And when Puss saw him standing there, wistfully eyeing the candy, our generous little traveller took a penny out of his pocket and bought a lollypop for him.

And then he bought a saucer of cream for himself and a piece of cake, and after that he didn't feel hungry at all, so he said good-by and continued on his journey. And by and by, all of a sudden, just as he turned to his right, he saw the castle of My Lord Carabas.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" he shouted, and throwing up his cap he started off at a run, and pretty soon he was knocking at the drawbridge. And then in another few short minutes he was knocking at the little postern gate, and then he was hugging his old father, the famous Puss in Boots, who, all children love and

whom grown-ups have never forgotten.

"My son! My son!" cried the old gentleman, patting the tears coming to his eyes for very joy. "You have returned at last."

"Yes, papa," said little Puss Junior, and he almost wept, too. It was so good to be once more with his dear father, the living water of the royal owners of the great castle.

And great was their delight to see again the son of their faithful Necessaire, and my Lady picked up little Puss and held him in her lap and looked into his eyes and said: "My Lord, he grows more like our faithful Puss in Boots each day. He is the image of our faithful Puss in Boots." And in the next story you shall hear what Puss Junior did at the castle of My Lord of Carabas.

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## DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

WHEN we met together, the first thing was to consult as to taking Mina again into our confidence. Things are getting desperate, and it is almost a chance, though a hazardous one, as a preliminary step, I was released from my promise to her.

Mina Barker's Journal.

20 October, evening.—They were so tired and worn out and disappointed that there was nothing to be done till they had some rest, so I asked them all to lie down for half an hour whilst I should enter everything up to the moment. I feel so grateful to the man who invented the "Traveller's" typewriter, and to Mr. Morris for getting this one for me. I should have felt quite astray if I had not had it to write with a pen.

... done; poor dear, dear Jonathan, what he must have suffered, what must he be suffering now. He lies on the sofa hardly seeming to breathe, and his whole body appears in collapse. His brows are knit; his face is drawn with pain. Poor fellow, maybe he is thinking, and I can see his face all wrinkled up with the concentration of his thoughts. Oh! if I could only help at all.

I shall do what I can. I have asked Dr. Van Helsing, and he has not me all the papers that I have not yet seen. Whist! they are resting, I shall go over all carefully, and perhaps I may arrive at some conclusion. I shall try to follow the Professor's hints, and think without prejudice on the facts before me.

I do believe that under God's providence I have made a discovery. I shall set the maps and look over them.

I am more than ever sure that I am right. My new conclusion is ready, so I shall set out early to-morrow, and they can judge it; it is well to be accurate, and every minute is precious.

Mina Barker's Memorandum. (Entered in her Journal.)

Ground of inquiry—Count Dracula's problem is to get back to his own place in the box, and probably they delivered their cargo to Slovaks who took the boxes to Varna, for there were shipped for London.

The box was given to Skinsky before sunrise. At sunrise the count could appear in his own form. Here, we saw why Skinsky was chosen at all to aid in the work? In my husband's diary, Skinsky is mentioned as dealing with the Slovaks who trade down the river to the port; and the man's remark, that the murder was the work of a Slovak, showed the general feeling against his class. The count wanted isolation, and Skinsky was the man who could arrange this service. When the box was on hand, before sunrise or after sunset, he came out from his box, met Skinsky, and instructed him what to do as to arranging the carriage of the box up some river. When this was done, and he knew that he was in track, he blotted out his traces, as he thought, by murdering his agent.

I have examined the map and find that the river most suitable for the Slovaks to have ascended is either the Pruth or the Sereth. I read in the typescript that in my trance I heard voices, low and water swirling level with my ears and the creaking of wood. The count in his box, then, was on a river in an open boat—propelled, probably either by oars or poles, for the banks are near and it is working against stream. There would be no such sound if floating down stream.

Of course, it may not be either the Sereth or the Pruth, but we may possibly investigate further. Now of these two, the Pruth is the more easily navigated, but the Sereth, at Furdus, joined by the Blatritza, which runs up round the Borgo pass. The loop it makes is manifestly as close to Dracula's castle as can be got by water.

When I had done reading, Jonathan took me in his arms and kissed me. The others kept shaking me by both hands, and Dr. Van Helsing said:

"Our dear Madam Mina is once more our teacher. He was brought from where we were blinded. Now we are on the track once again, and this time we may succeed. Our enemy is at his most helpless, and if we can come on him by day, on the water, our task will be over. He has a cart, but he is powerless to hasten, as he may not leave his wife, who carries the secret of his weakness. He may suspect; for them to suspect would be to prompt them to throw him in the stream where he perishes. This he knows, and will not now, to get a light on what his later task is to be.

Firstly, we must differentiate between what he did in London as part of his general plan of action, when he

3. By Water—Here is the safest way, in one respect, but with most danger in another. The water he is powerless except at night; even then he can only summon fog and storm and snow and his wolves. But he is helpless, especially in leaving the vessel drive to land; but if it were in the hands of the count, he would not be free to move, his position would still be desperate.

We know from the record that he was the wiser, and that we have to do is to ascertain what water.

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