

A Big Street Car System.

THE street railway system of Buenos Ayres covers an immense mileage, there being 330 miles of line in operation. This fact is the more remarkable when it is remembered that the population of the Argentine city is only about one million and a half.

Magazine Page

Sombre Colors for the Newest Hats

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From the August Good Housekeeping

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

Lilian Reveals to Esther and Borradaile True Identity of the "Beast."

"Because they all have marks very similar to that upon their wrists."

"Yes," cried Esther. "I have seen it upon Harold's. He called my attention to it once, and said his father had just such a mark. How very strange!"

The Family Characteristics.

"You are very like a Borradaile in face, too," said Esther. "When I first met you I used to wonder of whom you reminded me. Look at that picture"—she pointed to that portrait of the oldest Borradaile.

"Do you not see the resemblance?" They looked, and all were bound to admit the likeness.

"It is curious, as you say," said Basil, "but it is impossible that there should be any relation. My father never mentioned the name of Borradaile to me, and, of course, I know all of our family connections."

"I should say it was because of this accidental resemblance that the old solicitor, Grimstead, chose me to take the place of the real Basil. And I am eternally grateful to him for having done so. He looked affectionately at Esther as he spoke."

"They examined the picture of Harold, and Esther pointed out the obvious changes in it, including that of the ring."

"Harold never had such a ring," she protested.

"It is the Borradaile signet," said Lilian. "I have seen it over and over again."

"You have seen it?" chorused the others. "Where?"

"At Adderley," replied Lilian. "And upon the finger of him you call the Curse."

"The Borradaile signet ring—and it is upon the finger of the Curse that you have seen it!" There was horror and disgust in Esther's voice.

"Yes. You must remember that Zorka was old Borradaile's eldest son," began Lilian.

"Zorka?"

"Yes. Has his real name never been mentioned to you? We have always spoken of him as the Curse, but he is neither one nor the other. It is only as he grew up that his horrible abnormalities of mind and body came upon him."

"You mean," asked Basil, "that as the eldest son he was entitled to the signet ring?"

"I don't know whether he was entitled to it—I know he has got it, I suppose if he is entitled to the ring he is the heir to all the property. The Borradailes since emigrating to America, have always clung to the customs of the family, which in England was a titled one. Old Borradaile, as we know, did not acknowledge him, but named him and the two other sons over in favor of Harold. I can imagine—"

Lilian turned again to look at the picture—"that the Borradaile family must have been cheated of his rights, he might resent the picture of Harold hanging in this room among the heads of the Borradaile family."

"You think then"—with a sudden illuminating flash, Basil grasped what was in Lilian's mind.

"I think that the Borradaile of Harold is gradually being altered into a representation of Zorka—not as he is, but as he promised to be. I have seen a picture of him in his young days—was an oil-color too—and the face was very like the one which is developing upon this canvas. Zorka's face is so distorted now as not to be recognizable."

Lilian gave a shudder of disgust at the picture which she had conjured up—"but I can imagine what it might have been."

"But," cried Esther, "who would be sufficiently interested in this horror—this orzka, a mad creature, whose very existence has to be kept a secret—to assert claims for him which are never likely to be seriously advanced?"

Lilian turned and pointed to the picture of Mrs. Borradaile.

"Portrait Undergoing Change."

"That portrait is being altered, too," she said to Basil. "Look at it closely. Mr. Fleetwood. You see how cunningly the one face has been superimposed upon the other."

"Astounding," he murmured, after a careful inspection of the canvas from near and from a distance. "I can distinctly see the face you told me of. And what a terrific face it is! It is like a Medusa—sin and sorrow personified. Can such a thing be living?"

"I think she is not only living, but also not far from us at the present moment. That is to say, in the closed rooms upstairs. She has migrated here to-day. I am sure you was the whom I nearly saw that day when I followed Grimstead and the Curse to the secret wing of the old hall. It is she who is the real Curse of the Borradailes. It is she who has instigated all that has happened in this house. We know that she must have a real affection for Zorka—remember that queer sound he makes—when Grimstead took him to her. Evidently she wishes her own picture and that of Zorka to take the place of Mrs. Borradaile's and Harold's."

"It is extraordinary—incomprehensible." Basil was sitting astride one of the old chairs and gazing at the portrait as if fascinated by it. "Who can she be? What can be her motive? What is the influence she holds upon the Borradaile fortunes? Have you no theory, Mrs. Willoughby, nor even a basis on which to found an explanation?"

accept the facts as we know them, and, to my mind, the obvious course is to save Esther, to separate her completely from these abominations, and then to leave the Borradaile Curse to die out with Harold, the last of the race."

"I think you are right," said Basil. "Certainly, we are bound to rescue Esther from these contaminations at whatever cost it may be—even at the risk of publicity."

We shall breathe more easily when we are on our way to New York; the very air of this place seems defiled by the suggested presence of that monster." He glanced at the picture with horror and aversion, but, presently, as he looked, his eyes softened.

"That those two faces should be brought into contrast!" he exclaimed. "That evil thing blotting out the sweet face beneath! She must have been beautiful, Mrs. Borradaile, beautiful, but with how much sorrow expressed by those pale lips and thin cheeks! There is a capacity for great love in her eyes. She loved and suffered—that is what I read in the picture."

"The Lot of the Borradailes."

"She was a Borradaile, and suffering was her lot," said Esther, with unwonted bitterness. "But died happy."

At that moment the old butler appeared to announce that lunch was ready. A general move was made from the room, though it was not without regret that Basil tore himself away from the picture.

"It fascinates me," he said. "I can exclude the horror from my mind and think only of the sweet woman whose face was originally painted upon that canvas. I never knew my own mother," he added, almost to himself, "she died while I was still a baby."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

WELL, the little bear I told you about in the last story led Puss down a narrow path till they came to an opening in a great rock. And, oh, my, it looked dark inside, but the little bear wasn't afraid, so Puss followed him, and the little bear looked around for something. "What are you looking for?" asked Puss, but just then the little bear found a candle on a rude shelf, and after he had lighted it he went deeper into the cave. So Puss tightened his belt and followed, and by and by they came to a little iron door at the end of the passage.

Well, the little bear set the candle down on a piece of rock and then he took out of his pocket a key and fitted it into the lock, but before he opened the door he turned to Puss and said: "Don't be frightened at anything you see or hear. Only have a look and say 'bumpy bump!' if you are asked a question." So Puss nodded, and the little bear opened the door and in the big cave where Puss found himself, and at a little table in the middle of the place, sat twenty-one little men, all in gold dresses.

Each little man had a sack by his side which he filled as fast as he could count; but when Puss and the little bear came in and closed the door, they all stopped their work and looked up.

"What are you doing here?" they all cried, and all in one voice they asked him to say "bumpy bump!"

"Bumpy bump!" replied the little bear.

"And what are you doing here?" they all asked the little bear, and he said: "I am here to see you, dear little bear, for a moment he forgot what the little bear had said. And if he hadn't said 'bumpy bump!' pretty quickly I guess something dreadful might have happened to you."

Then all the little dwarfs looked frightened to death, and they whispered together and tried to hide the bags of gold under the three-legged stool. But the little bear stood perfectly still, and, of course, Puss did just what the little bear did, for he didn't know what else to do.

Well, pretty soon one of the little dwarfs said, "What do you want?" And the little bear and Puss replied, both at the same time, "Bumpy bump!" And then the little dwarfs looked at each other and oh dear me, how they did scowl. But pretty soon one of them filled two small bags with gold and brought them over to Puss and the little bear.

"Bumpy bump!" said the little bear. "Bumpy bump!" said Puss with a bow, and then the little bear opened the door, and he and Puss went out through the long passage till they came to the first cave, and pretty soon after that they came out into the sunlight again.

And just then a little bird began to sing; it was that same little yellow bird whose name I'm going to tell you some day—and this is the song she sang:

"Bumpy bump, bumpy bump! Oh, those magical words you said! Had you disobeyed I'm sure you'd have staid."

In that cave until you were dead. Which only shows how every little boy and girl should do just what they are told, for when they don't, sometimes something dreadful happens.

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ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Spare Your Feelings.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have known a girl for years. She nursed me when I was ill, looked out for my welfare in every way. But she could hardly ever give me any time for pleasure, as she worked nights and I worked by day. So I saw her only once a week. One day while at a friend's house I met another girl I had known about six years. I took her home that evening and asked her if I could see her some evening, as I was lonesome and she was lonesome too.

Our meetings continued for one year, and the other girl found out and was upset about it and told me I had broken her heart. Well, I made an honest confession of it all, and she was willing to forgive and take me back, and she was patient and kind as ever. But Miss Fairfax, I haven't given up number two. I haven't the heart to hurt her!

WAITING.

The person you are considering is yourself. If you were just a little braver you would proceed at once to the small hut which would save everybody concerned from the possible graver hurts to come later.

You can't go on like this without causing acute suffering. What you are doing is breaking faith with both women. You must make sure of yourself and of your love for the first girl and then tell the second girl just how you have drifted into the situation so unfair to her.

How Wine is Kept.

In the region of Champagne, France, during times of peace, the wine in bottles was stored in vaulted cellars which were hollowed deep down in the chalk strata; but cellars of this kind are not always of the healthiest, for infiltrations of water are likely to occur. This not only has a bad effect on the quality of the wine, but may give rise to a cave-in of the roof. Re-enforced concrete is therefore used to furnish a solid vaulting that does not depend on natural conditions. The result is a watertight construction which can be kept perfectly clean.

The Elevator Girl

AN EXAMPLE IN POLITENESS

By Eleanor Gilbert.

(Author "The Ambitious Woman in Business.")

SHE'S come to stay. Or at least the Elevator Girl seems gradually to supplant her masculine predecessor in the New York office buildings and apartment houses. For we see elevator girls in most unexpected places, and they are handling their jobs with surprising efficiency in many cases.

But many of these elevator operators have a lot to learn. They are recruited largely from the army of women without business training and a little or no business experience. And many of them, truth to tell, behave as though they had no training in good manners, either!

Mind you, I am not referring to the superior class of such workers. In one of the New York department stores I last week saw an elevator operator who might have been a society leader, if one judged by her exquisite manners and personality. She was middle-aged, neatly and simply dressed, announced floors quietly and distinctly and handled her job in a dignified manner. There are many more like her.

But, on the other hand, I have seen women operators in some of the buildings, and heard tales about them which would indicate that many of the very young girls holding these jobs must certainly need a little preliminary training and instruction in things other than the mechanics of elevator operating.

They neglect themselves, in the first place. It is amazing to see some of these girls standing in one position all day on high-heeled, half-worn dancing slippers. Sometimes they wear very fetching little shoes that display charming ankles. But they must make those poor, tired feet ache unnecessarily at the end of a hard day.

I believe that buildings where women elevator operators are employed would perform a more real service if they gave the girls the right kind of a shoe for standing before they equipped them with natty uniforms! For girls never have and never will voluntarily adopt ugly, sensible, comfortable shoes until driven to it by necessity or law.

In some of the buildings where women starters are employed to "boss" the women operators, the service leaves much to be desired. Elevators are started in time to finish conversations concerning what "he-says-to-me" and "I-says-to-him" last night rather than with consideration for the convenience of passengers.

There is a laxity, a carelessness about whether we reach the eighth floor this morning or after lunch. There is a whole day in which elevators must be run and nobody seems to care particularly whether passengers' signals are answered or not.

It is merely another case of women considering the job too trivial to give it prompt and painstaking attention.

I'm not saying that this condition is the rule. But certainly one hears more complaints about inferior service on the part of women elevator operators than from any other new branch of industry in which women have supplanted men.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Boiling water to which a little borax has been added will remove tea-stains from a table cloth.

The water in which rice has been boiled is splendid for mixing cakes and help to keep them moist.

Mashed potatoes mixed with a little essence of beef or fish-paste makes an excellent substitute for butter.

If you add a little soda to the water in which new potatoes are washed it will prevent your hands from becoming stained.

If you simmer sausages for about ten minutes before frying them you will find them very much nicer than when simply fried.

To prevent the outside of the yolk of a cold hard-boiled egg from turning black, the egg should be placed, directly after cooking, in cold water.

To eliminate stains from a leather bag apply the white of an egg, let it dry in the sun, and then rub it off. A paste made of dry mustard, potato meal and two spoonfuls of spirits of turpentine applied to the spot and rubbed off dry will also be found to answer the purpose.

A Tall Order.

A certain Irish sergeant in one of the home regiments was exceedingly wroth when he discovered that one of his men had paid a visit to the regimental barber and was minus his mustache. He immediately went up to him. "Private Jones," he roared, "who on earth gave you permission to get that mustache off?" "Nobody," answered Jones unconcernedly, "only I thought it would improve my appearance, wid a face like yours!" bawled the enraged sergeant. "If you don't hiv it on again at the afternoon parade today there'll be trouble!"

A Hoarder.

Mrs. Nipley—Who is that woman you just bowed to? Mrs. Mlilton—Oh, she is my next door neighbor! Mrs. Nipley—But she didn't return your bow. Mrs. Mlilton—No, she never returns anything!

The Plotters

A SERIAL OF EAST AND WEST Clifford Makes a Break and Determines to Show Elizabeth That He's a Bad Enemy

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

Chapter XXV.

LIKE many another conceited amateur detective, Clifford Chapin let his imagination and excitement run away with his common sense and memory.

Had he been more cool in judgment, and less intoxicated by the belief in his own Sherlock Holmes-like genius, he would have remembered that his parents had not been entirely out of touch with Elizabeth Wade in the years that had passed since their son had seen her on the farm, when she was a little girl whose face he did not now recall.

Of this he took no thought, but jumped to the conclusion that Douglas Wade was a villain, making use of two unsophisticated country people to further his own ends.

The self-appointed detective was at a loss as to what action to take. He wanted time to think the matter out, time to get the essential facts. Then he would face the girl with them. She had flouted him, had snubbed him, had resented his attempts at a harmless flirtation—just as if she had been the innocent and decent person she pretended to be.

Elizabeth Wade had wounded his vanity. That is an offense that an egotist never pardons.

This man was not honest enough to acknowledge the truth. Instead, he called his resentment righteous indignation.

But he was destined not to carry his investigations as far as he expected. That afternoon he received a telegram from his employer. The man who was filling young Chapin's place during his vacation had been taken suddenly and seriously ill.

Clifford must start for Chicago tomorrow morning. To do this he would have to take a late evening train from Midland to Manchester. In spite of his self-love, Clifford

was fond of his parents, especially of his mother. He could not bring himself to shock her by the knowledge he believed he had obtained. She, poor, unsuspecting soul, had acceded to his father's plans about this girl. His father had trusted Wade.

So both husband and wife had made the tool of the unscrupulous physician. But the son would not tell them this. His decision was to "have it out" with this girl who had snubbed him repeatedly. He would warn her that unless she went away he would divulge her shameful secret to his parents.

A Bad Break.

To carry out this plan would not be easy, he realized when, that afternoon, he came out upon the veranda where Elizabeth Wade sat reading. She looked so refined, so much the thoroughbred, that the man felt as if he had dreamed all the things that had filled his mind during the past few hours.

"What are you reading?" he queried to gain time.

Silently she held the back of the book toward him. It was "Middlemarch."

"I see," he commented awkwardly. He was not a reading man, and was at a loss as to what to say.

"Are you fond of George Eliot?" she asked.

There was something in her tone that convinced him that she suspected he had never read a line by the celebrated author. Was there a gleam of amusement in his glance?

"I never saw much of his stuff," he replied.

Now he was sure that there was a laugh in her eyes. He even detected a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she answered demurely, resuming her reading.

He stood for a moment in uncomfortable silence, then with a muttered excuse, strolled off the veranda and down the path.

What break had he made? Who was George Eliot, and why should one not say that he "did not care for his stuff?"

The sight of John Butler down in the orchard, where he had been all day, didn't get into the trees, gave Clifford Chapin a sudden inspiration. He would try to learn from this college man what his mistake had been.

"Well," he greeted Butler easily, as he reached his side, "been busy, haven't you?"

He Talks to Butler.

"Yes," replied Butler. "I am usually busy. But I like it."

"So do I," affirmed Clifford. "Go along up to the house now! We'll go up together. Well," falling into step with Butler as he started from the orchard—"I'm returning to the wild and woolly West to-night, you know."

He went on to explain that he had received a telegram calling him back to Chicago.

"A first was sorry, but after all, I don't mind getting into the harness again," he remarked. "I was wondering just now, when I saw Miss Moore sitting there reading a book by George Eliot, how women can be satisfied to sit quiet and read that kind of thing. I never care much about books. By the way, what do you think of George Eliot?"

Butler looked at him, puzzled. Why should this chap try to discuss literature?

"Why—just what most people think, I suppose," he said, "that she was a very remarkable woman. Don't you think so?"

"Why—why—yes, yes, of course!" Clifford stammered. "Only I was wondering if you admired—her."

"Well, that was his brother, George Eliot was a woman! And he had spoken to that girl about 'his stuff'!"

The blood rushed to his head. He was mortified. He was also angry. Elizabeth had made him appear ridiculous. He would never forgive her.

Well, she would behave in a different way when she knew what he knew about her! And if he could, he would imagine that Butler and his "friend" Douglas Wade, was playing a game that no decent chap would stoop to.

He would show them all that it was not safe to make an enemy of him—Clifford Chapin!

(To Be Continued.)

A Frequent Result.

"Ah, Mr. Howkins," said Brown to a wealthy merchant, "I believe a poor boy named Willis sought your assistance twenty years ago and you were very kind to him. You gave him food and sound advice, a suit of clothes and a half dollar, and dispatched him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that you never would regret your kindness. Am I right?" "Yes, you are," replied Mr. Howkins. "He said 'Brown went on, that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor struggling lad.'"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Howkins. "It sounds like a fairy tale. Why, you must have seen him." "I have," said Brown, "and he sent a message to you. 'What is it?' Mr. Howkins asked expectantly. 'He told me to tell you that he would like another half dollar,' replied Brown.

Unmerited Reproach.

A golf professional, while giving a lesson to a pupil, said, "You know, sir, you lift your elbow too much to play golf properly." The new member replied, "How dare you! I'll report you to the committee! I'm a life-long teetotaler!"

When practicing shorthand, don't scribble down notes that will annoy you appear as a spy. When spelling-binding sharks are passing remarks, it's a pretty good plan to pass by!