Saturn as a Son of the Morning.

THE ringed planet Saturn, which retired from the evening sky before the middle of the month, has now moved so far westward from the sun that he can be seen by early risers a little before sunrise, together with Jupiter and Venus which, however, are far ahead or to the west of him. He is in the constellation Leo.

Another Gripping Installment of "The Wolves of New York" Today

Magazine Page

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the beginning of the famous joint debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Douglas. In them Lincoln pinned the "Little Giant" down on the slavery question, and emerged the victor and with a greatly enhanced reputation throughout the Union.

THE PLOTTERS

An Absorbing Serial of East and West

John Butler, Learning That Elizabeth Moore Is an Assumed Name, Still Keeps His Faith In the Girl He Loves.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE attack had been so sudden that Clifford Chapin did not have a chance to grasp the steering wheel and hold fast. In much less time than it takes to tell it he found himself in the road, held as in a vise by the man whom he had scorned as one who, while well enough intellectually, was a failure physically.

Appearances are proverbially deceptive, as he was soon to learn. Weeks of regular outdoor work had hardened the muscles that, at college, had enabled John Butler to win athletic honors. This fact, and a courage to which Clifford Chapin was a stranger, made him an adversary not to be despised.

"Take that back, you liar!" Butler exclaimed, giving the collar he held an admonitory twitch.

"I won't!" Clifford panted, struggling to free himself from the other's grip. "You think you can scare me, do you?"

"I know I can lick you!" the other rejoined.

Before the mischief maker could guess what was about to happen the man holding him shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, kicked him as he released him, and then, as Clifford lunged toward him, met him with a well-directed blow in the chest that landed the astonished victim on his back in the middle of the road.

"I think that will hold you for a while," Butler remarked when the other wriggled to a sitting posture. The lights from the automobile showed him Clifford's face, streaked with dust, his eyes gazing at him stupidly.

"I advise you," Butler continued, "not to sit there too long. It is not good for one's clothes to get dust ground into them. And if you rest too long you may lose your train. I would regret that mischance even more than you would."

He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his hands as though he had touched something unclean.

"I might also advise," he added, "that in the future you learn to hold your tongue. Next time you may not get off so easily."

He walked away unconcernedly down the road, as if he and the man he left had parted on the best of terms.

Food for Speculation.

He had gone some distance when he heard the whirr of a motor. Clifford Chapin had recovered himself sufficiently to crank the engine and start the car.

Looking back, John Butler saw the red tail light of the automobile disappearing in a cloud of dust. It seemed to wink at him maliciously, and he grinned back.

But when the sound of the departing automobile had died away the grin faded from his face.

He was glad that he had acted just as he had done. Even now, as he recalled the man's insinuations, his fingers tingled again to grasp him and to deliver one more well-deserved blow. He knew he had done right in punishing him. He wished that the fellow had struck back, that the struggle might have lasted longer.

How strong he felt in spite of the exertion he had made! What a splendid thing it was to be as vigorous as he now was! What wonders the summer here had done for him! Dr. Wade was a marvelous physician.

All this while his brain was still hot with excitement. Then the excitement began to evaporate, and cold reason reigned in its stead.

Not that he regretted his action. Not a bit of it. He would like to do the same thing over again.

But the thought of Dr. Wade had brought back to his mind Clifford Chapin's accusation. It was all a foul lie. He would stake his very life on that.

But how had the scoundrel dared say such a thing? How had he ever gotten such an idea into his stupid brain?

Butler knew that Chapin would not have dared make this statement if he had not fancied he had some foundation for it. John almost regretted that he had not allowed the accused to say just a little more so that he could have proved to him that he was entirely wrong. But, no—he was delighted that vengeance had visited the rascal as swiftly as it had.

Her name was not Lizzie Moore, and she was not Chapin's cousin.

That had been the first statement the cad had made. That, at least, Butler wanted to believe, and had no trouble in believing. A fellow like Clifford Chapin could never be related by blood to such a girl as the one whom Butler had known as Lizzie Moore.

But who was she, then?

He shook his head impatiently. It was no business of his who she was. He knew she was pure and good.

He knew something else now better than he had ever known it before. He loved this girl. He had appreciated all along he was very fond of her. Now he understood that nothing else in all the whole wide world mattered compared with her.

If he had not come to the farm this summer he would never have met her. That was another thing, besides restoration to health, that he owed to Dr. Wade.

Dr. Wade! And it had been of him that Clifford Chapin had uttered that foul calumny—of him and the girl whom John Butler loved.

He put the thought from his mind angrily. Perhaps she did know Wade, but what of that? He simply would not think about the matter.

This was the resolve that was uppermost in his mind as he climbed the stairs to his own room.

Elizabeth Wade, lying sleepless, heard him go softly past her door. She would have given a great deal to know what he was thinking.

(To Be Continued.)

SONGS OF THE CITY

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

THE Nurse Girl has an awful snap! You see her on the Drive, with two small children on her lap while watching four or five. Outside of watching this wild crew she hasn't anything to do.

Young Sammie, maybe three years old—too small to spank, too young to scold, without a worry or a care is pouring sand in Mamie's hair. If Mamie cries or acts afraid he pats her forehead with his spade.

Young Ethel, mother's joy and pride, is making mud pies round and wide. She just pretends that they are sweet and takes a mouthful of the treat. When Nursie warns her to beware, she dabs the pies in Nurse's hair. Not that she's spoiled—that isn't so! It's just her childish way, you know.

Dear little children of Today! You have your way in all your play. When we were young and round—and cute—we had no nurse girls to dispute. From break of dawn to close of day we had to paddle on our way without an escort or a guard to shield us from the corners hard. We had the measles and the mumps—we had our falls and got our bumps. No nursemaid censored our young joys. Girls played with girls—boys fought with boys. We deemed that day a few chips shy which did not bring us one black eye. When, spanked at school, we ran to mother, that spanking simply meant another.

'Tis sweet to watch the young mind grow and all that sort of thing, you know. But when the young mind gets too gay it must be yanked the other way. When little Cyril, five years old, "won't do a thing that he is told," it's time to seize him by the fin and introduce some discipline. When he grows up and goes astray, he'll get it later, anyway.

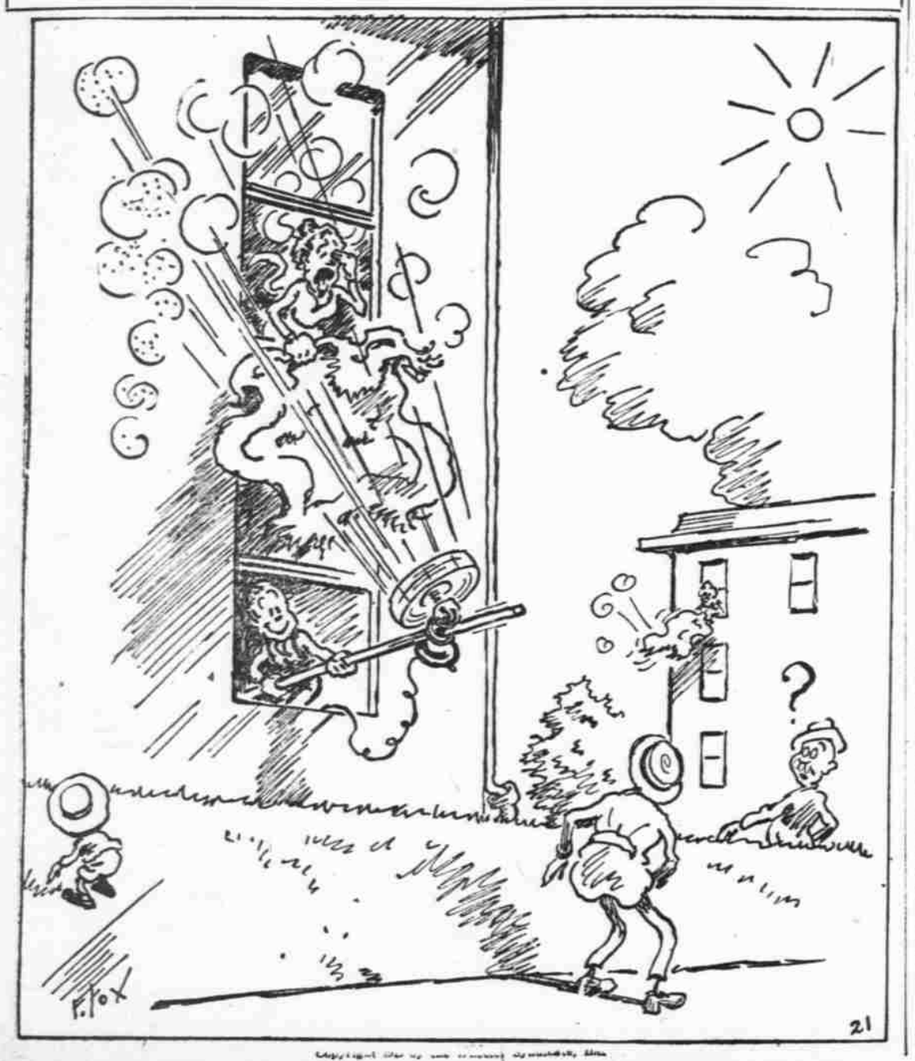
The Nurse Girl, for her pay and board, thus lives beneath a hanging sword. Her youthful charges think it fair to scratch her face or pull her hair. If Dearie pokes her in the eye she must not make a sharp reply. If Mother's Precious runs away the Nurse Girl has to find the stray. If little Bernice wants to wreck the collar on the Nurse Girl's neck the latter must, of course, submit and let the kid raise Cain with it.

With Nurse Maids now and Tutors later, who smirk and bow like a well-trained waiter, how will these little youngsters learn that Life is not serene, but stern? When they have found a world of Vim where they must either sink or swim, how will their worldly courses run? How will they care for Number One?

The world will seem all rough and wild
To Mother's Little Angel Child.

Vernon McNutt Had Told the Woman In the Flat Above That Most of the Dust She Shook Out of Her Rugs Blew In His Window

By FONTAINE FOX.



Here's the Lady of the Roses

In Giving Flowers to Virginia Soldiers Mrs. Hepzibah Kendrick Follows the Custom of Her Mother and Her Grandmother.

In the Civil War the men of Richmond received roses from Mrs. Kendrick's grandmother; in the Spanish war from her mother.

Mrs. Hepzibah Kendrick, who is cheering our men in khaki.

AND now it's the Lady of the Roses. In a group of wounded heroes arriving recently from Europe were two Virginia men who spoke feelingly of a gift of flowers from the third generation of "The Lady of the Roses."

Among the few living veterans of the civil war who left Richmond, Va., in 1861, to cast their lot with the fighting forces there is not one who does not recall the Lady of the Roses.

In an old-fashioned garden in Richmond, tended by a charming belle in crinolines, there grew the flowers that were to become famous among fighting men of the South, for each fighting man who joined the "Butternuts" received a bouquet.

Years later, when the South and North no longer existed in our fight against Spain, the daughter of the First Lady of Roses gave to each of the departing soldiers from Richmond a bouquet for good luck.

And today, since our boys first began hurrying to engage in the conflict over there, the third Lady of the Roses, Mrs. Hepzibah E. Kendrick, continues to give bouquets of good luck to boys from her native city before they embark in this city on their way to France.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Soldier's Sweetheart.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I have been going about with a young man now in the service. I love him and he has confessed his love for me with a promise of marriage.

He has never introduced me to his father; his mother is not living, but I have met his brother and sister outside his home. I see him on Thursday evenings for perhaps an hour and on Saturday and Sunday evenings. He tells me of going to parties and theaters on his off nights with other friends. I should like to know if he is doing right in not taking me to his home, and should he visit me oftener or am I selfish to expect more of him. Do you really think he cares for me as he says? L. G.

I suppose when you say "in the service" you mean that your fiance is either in the army or navy, and it is a surprise to me that he has as much time for visiting as you state. Young men of my acquaintance in either of these two branches of the service have felt themselves lucky to get an evening off much less frequently. So perhaps you mean that he belongs to some of the civilian bands of war workers, which would account for his amount of leisure. I think really that three evenings a week ought to content you. Do you make those three evenings agreeable, or are you inclined to be exacting and demand an accounting for all the time that he is not with you? Nothing is a surer way of losing a man's affections than to try to hold him on too short a leash. There may be family reasons why he does not ask you to his home immediately. I should not press the matter if no date has been set for your marriage.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The invention of bells is attributed to the Egyptians.

* * *

Analysis has shown that star-fish contain nearly five per cent of nitrogen and a small quantity of phosphoric acid.

* * *

The Welsh language is not closely related to the Irish and Highland Gaelic, but is of the same branch as the ancient Cornish and Breton languages.

* * *

American Indians are said to be able to see one-tenth farther than the average white man.

RECIPES FOR WARTIME

SAVORY CARROT PUDDING.

Required—Half a pound of carrots (grated), one pound of cooked and sieved potato, half a pound of sausage meat, salt, pepper to taste, and a grate of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one small onion, peeled and finely chopped, one egg, dried, milk, if necessary, one teaspoonful of Marmite, a quarter of a teaspoonful of savory nuts. Put the carrots, potato, onion and sausage meat into a basin and mix thoroughly. Add to this the parsley, seasoning, Marmite and the eggs beaten up. Mix all the ingredients well together, adding a little more milk or stock if the mixture is found to be too dry. Put this mixture into a greased pudding basin or mold, cover, and steam for two hours. Turn out into a hot dish, and serve with some brown sauce or nicely seasoned gravy.

VEGETARIAN PRESSED FOOD.

A teacupful of lentils or haricot beans should be cooked with one or two onions in as small a quantity of liquid as will cook them without burning. Sieve them and return to the saucepan with a lump of butter or margarine the size of a small egg, with grated cheese and brown bread crumbs to equal the bulk of pulp. Season with salt, cayenne pepper, a pinch of ground mace, and a little nutmeg. Add one raw egg, and stir on the stove till the egg is cooked. Press the mass into glasses and cover with nut margarine. If desired, tomatoes may be included in the preparation.

IRISH SALAD.

Three and a half cupfuls of any good soup stock should be heated to boiling point. Season with salt, pepper, and a little clove. Add one tablespoonful and a half of granulated gelatine, previously dissolved in half a cupful of cold water. When cool, but before it has thickened, add one chopped Spanish onion and pour into separate molds. When ready to serve, set the mold for an instant in a dish of hot water and then invert on a piece of cabbage leaf. Garnish with a piece of cold potato, if available, cut into fancy shapes and serve.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

Esther Is Overcome by Fumes of Powerful Drug and Suspects Borradale Is Responsible.

Continued From Yesterday

Chapter CXXIII—In the Night Watches.

How long was it since she had laid down on her bed? She could not say, though she was keenly conscious of the ticking of the clock in her room. It was strange that she should feel exactly as she used to feel at Helm before her unnatural oblivion came upon her. This acute sensibility of the brain with apparent paralysis of the body—she had never known before what it meant. She had never realized that she was being drugged till Lilian made the discovery. But now she recalled the whole sequence of events. First this loss of power in the limbs, then the gradual sinking into unconsciousness, the development of her dream, and finally the painful awakening.

Esther was conscious now of a sense of eager expectancy. She had been removed from the influence of the pernicious fumes, yet almost it seemed as if the effect was going to be the same. Had it been a mistake of Lilian's, this talk of drugging and artificial sleep? Surely now her dream was coming to her naturally? But why was there always such a long delay before it commenced? She hated this initial stage of semi-consciousness, when she sensible to every sight and sound about her—the flickering of the fire, the ticking of the clock, the shadows on the wall.

What a sweet exotic scent there was in the room. She had never noticed that before. And how heavily the air hung about her—it was as if she were enfolded in a mantle of vapor. Perhaps—the thought shot through her super-sensitive brain—she was again being made the victim of the drug. Was it possible that Harold?—but why should he do it—why?

She made a feeble effort to struggle—to resist. She must run from the room—to remain was to connive at her mental and bodily destruction. She pictured herself staggering across the room, throwing open the door, rushing into the passage. Ah, she was safe now.

The heavy drapery of her bed caught her eye. She had not moved. It had only been her exaggerated fancy. She could not move. She attempted to lift an arm, but it was like a weight of lead.

She tried to cry out. It seemed to her that she heard a voice screaming, "Help, help!" and that the sound came from her own lips. But there was no response, and after a moment she knew that this, too, was but a delusion. She was incapable of uttering a word.

Circles of light began to play before her eyes, and the reality of her surroundings to fade. Why should she struggle when the land to which she was going was full of charm! How foolish she had been to resist. The world was a hateful world, but there she could forget.

Strange, arabesque figures floated upon the wall—the room became a vast temple of gold and red. Esther's tense limbs were relaxed in a sense of delicious lassitude.

* * * * * *

Lilian found herself unable to sleep that night. The day had been so full of events, so exciting to the mind that she could not compose her brain to rest. And there was the proposed campaign to think out as well; often as she told herself that she would be better prepared for this if she could but sleep awhile, yet her mental admonitions had no effect unless it were to make her feel more wide awake.

She rose from her bed at last, slipped her dressing gown over her shoulders, and switched on the electric light. Then she sat down at her little escritoire and began to write. It would be well, she told herself, to have a plain statement in writing of her own experience at Adderley, so that every point might be made clear to Edgar Swan and to Basil Fjeetwood when their first meeting was called. It was a long job, and the more she wrote the more she marveled at the extraordinary events of which Adderley had been the scene. Her own meeting with Grimstead and Cyril Clare—she commenced her record with this, and with the name of Grimstead she made her first marginal note.

"Grimstead," she wrote, "attorney to the late John Borradale, is in full possession of the secret of the Borradale family. The affairs at Adderley entrusted to him. On John Borradale's death reported as much or as little as he thought necessary to the widow. Confided the secret to Harold on the night of Harold's wedding to Esther. Is a man whose repuation as a lawyer is not good. Can he be forced to speak?"

In reference to Cyril Clare she made second note.

"What is the origin of this name Clare taken by all three of Mr. Borradale's elder sons? The three elder sons were acknowledged. Query: What evidence is there that these three were undoubtedly the sons of John Borrodale and Amelia, his wife?

Lilian found that her progress was slow and it took her considerable time to collect her thoughts. It was constantly necessary, too, to pause for the purpose of making notes of points which required elucidation. She wrote of her sister's unhappy infatuation for Cyril, of her flight from Italy and irregular marriage at Adderley; of the subsequent events in which she herself had taken part, and of the general organization of the Adderly establishment. She felt very anxious to express herself clearly; she would like to have drawn up a plan of Adderley Grange and Manor with the secret passage communicating between the two houses.

"I shall have to make things very clear to them," she muttered to herself, "or they will never understand. Yet, superficially speaking, things seem clear enough. John Borradale desired to hide the existence of his three sons from the world. It is probable that these three were born during the half dozen years that he and Mrs. Borradale were traveling abroad. He sends them to America and places them in charge of Grimstead. Adderley appears the most suitable place for their confinement, and accordingly Adderley is fitted up for the purpose.

"Not very far away there is a real private asylum, Dr. French's. But it never would have done to send the three children there, for all sorts of inquiries naturally would have been made. It is possible, however, that Dr. French was taken in part confidence. This done, it seems that John Borradale and his wife returned to Helm. Harold is born, and he alone is acknowledged as the legitimate son and heir—probably because he is free from the obvious defects of the other children, and, even had this not been the case, the fact of his being born at Helm rendered concealment useless."

To Be Continued Tomorrow

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Puss in Boots, Jr.

By David Cory.

"HOW do you like my story?" asked the giant as he finished telling Puss Junior about the Fairy of the Spinning Wheel.

"Tell me another," said little Puss, who thought the giant a most obliging sort of person. So the big giant stretched out his right leg, for Puss was sitting on his left knee, you see, and then he lighted his great big immense pipe, and after that he stroked his chin. "Let me see," he said, "what shall it be?" And then he looked across the room at the portrait of a handsome prince. "I'll tell you a story about that picture," he said.

"Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess, but she was very sad, for she lost her beloved prince. He had been stolen by the fairies, and although she hunted high and low in the forest, she could not find him. At last, in despair, she went to a famous magician, and he agreed to show her a vision of her lost love.

"Well, one stormy night as I was sitting in this very room," said the giant, pausing to blow a great ring of smoke as large as a hoop into the air, "I heard a loud knocking at the door, and when I opened it, there stood the magician and the lovely princess. And, oh dear me! Wasn't she frightened when she saw me. But the magician told her to have no fear, and then they came into this room.

"May I hang a picture on your wall, Sir Giant?" said the magician, and when I told him he might, he took a picture from under his great, black coat, and then commanding the princess to close her eyes, he hung it over there on the wall.

"Open your eyes," he commanded, and as soon as the princess looked at the picture she saw it was the portrait of her lost prince.

"Ah me!" said the big giant, and he lifted Puss to his right knee and stretched out his left leg and blew two big rings of smoke across the room. "I can never forget that lovely princess."

"What happened after that?" asked little Puss Junior, for the giant seemed to have forgotten all about the story.

"Something very wonderful," replied the giant. "As the lovely princess knelt on the floor before the portrait, it seemed to look lovingly upon her. And then, all of a sudden, out of the golden frame stepped the prince himself and lifted her up in his arms, and after a little while the magician opened the door and said, 'Your coach and four is waiting outside. Go and find happiness.'"

And then the prince and the princess drove away and the famous magician folded his black cloak about him and disappeared in the darkness, and I was left alone. As he finished the story the giant patted Puss and then got up and walked over to the portrait. "I didn't notice how the famous magician put the picture back in the frame," he said. "But who cares, as long as the lovely princess found her lost prince." And I guess the giant is right, and in the next story you shall hear some more about Puss Junior's adventure.

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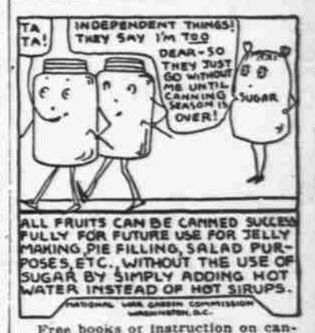
(To Be Continued.)

CAN FOR WINTER



Free books or instruction on canning and drying, issued by the National War Garden Commission, may be obtained at any of The Washington Times distributing stations.