A Home-Made Soap.

A NICE soap, suited for use in cold weather, may be made as follows: Beat three pounds of melted yellow soap with one ounce of camphor and one ounce of lavender water. The camphor can first be dissolved in the lavender water. When the mixture is reduced to a paste, form into cakes and let dry.

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

Magazine Page

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the beginning of work on the great Mount Cenis tunnel in 1857. It was finished in 1870, is eight miles long and varies in altitude from 3,775 to 4,245 feet. Before its completion the road over the pass, forty miles long, built by Napoleon, was used extensively.

When a Girl Marries

A SERIAL OF YOUNG WEDDED LIFE

Anne Finds Herself at Lunch With Jim Mason and Suddenly Wants to Get Away.

By Ann Lisle.

CHAPTER XIV.

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ON the morning after Jim went to Washington, I woke to the loneliness of my room in the Walgrave with a full consciousness of how ugly a hotel room can be. I began to wonder if Jim's train was in, where he would have breakfast, how early the war offices opened.

And so it all came back to me! My husband had gone to Washington to be examined by a special board convened to pass on his fitness for active service, his fitness to go back to France.

It wasn't patriotic or noble, but I turned over on my face and sobbed a little zig-zag rivulet down the pillow-slip. Then I called myself a goose, got up, and took my bath and faced the astounding fact that it was only 8 o'clock and I had the long day to get through somehow.

To order breakfast sent up to our room seemed impossible. To breakfast in the cold formality of the Walgrave dining room was more impossible. Suddenly all my loneliness and longing for my Jim right-about-faced and concentrated itself upon one intense desire—to have my boy there to smile at me over his coffee cup. But he would not be there all day! Three lonely meals, set up like milestones on the long day's journey. I felt I could not bear them. And tomorrow? I dared not think of tomorrow. I smiled through my tears as I decided to elude one of those milestone monuments to loneliness. I could not touch a morsel of food now. I plunged into a seance with Jim's khaki colored socks. I don't like mending—few business women do—but I darned some of my love for my husband into the kindergarten mats I put into toes and heels.

At 10 there came a telegram:

"Arrived safe, fine trip; write later; hope you are well. Jim."

Not a word of love—just a cold "hope you are well." I started to feel very mournful about that, and then I realized that it was from a soldier—not a husband. Still, the morning didn't rush by on winged feet as a result of that telegram! There was nothing for me to do in the room, and there was nothing to tempt me out of the room. The chambermaid's visit was a golden moment. Toward noon the phone rang.

"Mrs. Harrison? This is Mason—Tom Mason.

"Evelyn just phoned that she was in town for the day and would meet you for lunch at the Rochambeau—if sufficiently urged. Shall I urge her?"

I laughed:

"Did you call me up to discuss the advisability of lunching with your pretty cousin?"

He laughed, too—not a deep-throated, boyish chuckle, like my Jim's, but a staccato laugh that had a queer note of suspense in it.

"I telephoned to dicusss the advisability of inviting my pretty tenant to lunch. Will she come?"

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Well if she isn't a certain Mrs. Harrison there's going to be no tenant. I have a sense of the fitness of things. That Italian living room of mine just belongs to you, my lady."

It was rather exciting to be told that a beautiful Italian room "belonged" to me. I had seen pictures of lovely Italian women with creamy skins, smooth brown hair, amber eyes and coral lips. Did Mr. Mason think I was like them? With a vanity I had not known I possessed, I put up my hand and smoothed my hair.

"I'm not sure we can take your apartment. Perhaps my husband won't want to bind himself by a lease ——" I began, the more severely because I was ashamed of my vanity.

"A telephone isn't the proper means for persuading an irate landlord to come to terms. Do come down to the Rochambeau for lunch," he replied.

"And chaperon Evelyn?" I asked pertly. But I felt a surge of relief. After all, I need not endure even yet one of those lonely meals that had been the nightmares of my "bachelor-girl" days.

Talking to some one who knew Jim seemed to bridge the gap of loneliness between me and Washington.

I arrived at the Rochambeau ten minutes late. I had calculated it so, for I didn't want to appear too eager in the eyes of the Mason cousins.

On the broad, white-pillared portico of the old-fashioned white-frame hotel, stood Mr. Thomas Mason, a smile of greeting on his cynical lips, a keen glance of admiration in his lazy eyes.

"Welcome, Lady Tenant. Thrice welcome. Your humble landlord greets you. May he say you're even lovelier than he—remembered?"

"And where is my humble landlord's beautiful cousin?" I replied in the same bantering tone as I shook hands with Mr. Mason.

"She phoned half an hour after I spoke to you to say that she was detained at some Red Cross meeting."

"Oh, why didn't you let me know?" I exclaimed instinctively.

"Let you know? And lunch alone! No, fair lady. Here's the Rochambeau and here am I—so why shouldn't you be here?"

"It isn't proper. What would my husband say?"

"Your husband would probably say, 'Buy her a good lunch, Tom!'"

Mr. Mason was smiling with calm assurance. He slipped his arms through mine and prepared to lead me across the hall toward the dining room. "A nice little table for two over by the window, Louis," he said, nodding to the captain in the lordly fashion of a man who tips well.

"I can't go," I whispered. I didn't want to make a scene, but I wanted intensely to get away. I had not liked it when Jim had breakfast and tea with Betty Bryce. I didn't want Jim's wife to lunch with Tom Mason!

But he fairly propelled me across the room. A moment later we were sitting across from each other at a little white clad, silver decked table. Then it was that I became frightened. I would make a scene if need be—anything to get away!

"I can't stay," I began again in a sort of panic. Ten days married, and lunching with a man I hardly knew! It was disloyal to Jim. Disloyal to myself. Some "modern" wives behaved in this fashion—but I didn't want to be so modern.

"Are you afraid?" asked Tom Mason, leaning across the table and smiling at me with a challenge in his narrowing blue eyes. "Are you afraid of yourself—or of me?"

To Be Continued.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

I FORGOT to tell you in the last story that before Puss left the king's castle, where he had cut down the enchanted oak tree with his Magic Ax and dug the well with his Magic Pick-ax, the cook in the royal kitchen had put in his knapsack a loaf of bread, some cheese and a knife in case Puss should become hungry on his journey of adventure.

Well, as Puss traveled on the wood became darker and darker, for the trees grew so close together that the sun could hardly shine through the thick, leafy roof, and by and by he heard a great voice singing:

"I am the master of this wood,
And everyone bows to me.
My head is as big as a drygoods box
And my legs as long as a tree."

And then the voice changed to a whistle, which sounded like the siren on a sound steamer when the weather is foggy.

"That must be a giant singing," thought little Puss Junior to himself. "Goodness! but he's a loud whistler. I guess he blows through his fingers!" But Puss wasn't afraid No, indeed. He just hid beneath a clump of bushes and began to sing a little song of his own, and this is the way it went:

"I'm the famous son of a cat,
And I walk in seven-league boots.
I'm not afraid of a giant who sings,
Nor a giant who whistles and toots."

"Ho, ho!" cried the voice, and then a giant came crashing through the forest. And oh dear me! he was the biggest giant Puss had ever seen. And when he saw Puss under the bush, he said, "Come out of there, and I'll make a mouthful of you."

"Don't be in a hurry," replied little Puss Junior, bravely. "My name is Sir Puss in Boots Junior, and I'm going to make you my servant."

"He! He!" laughed the giant, "that is a good joke, indeed. But I'm going to pitch you into that raven's nest I see up there, to teach you not to make a noise in my forest."

"Your forest!" laughed Puss. "It is as much mine as it is yours, and if you say a word more, I will cut it down in a quarter of an hour."

"Ha, Ha!" shouted the giant. "I should like to see you begin, my brave Sir Kitten!"

Then Puss carefully placed his Magic Axe on the ground and said, "Chop! chop! chop!"

And would you believe it! The axe began to chop, now right, now left, and up and down, till the branches tumbled down on the giant's head like hail in autumn.

"Stop, stop!" cried the giant, who began to be afraid. "Don't destroy my forest. But who the mischief are you?"

"Sit down and I will tell you," answered little Puss Junior. And then he told the giant how his father, the famous Puss in Boots, had once killed a giant and given his castle to his master, the present Lord of Carabac. And in the next story I'll tell you what happened after that.

(Copyright, 1918, David Cory.)

To Be Continued.

For the Cat.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," rieplied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat, in a little milk."

Knocking.

Put the hammer in the locker;
Hide the sounding board likewise;
Anyone can be a knocker;
Anyone can criticise.
Cultivate a manner winning,
Though it hurts your face to smile,
And seems awkward in beginning,
Be a booster for a while.
eLt the blacksmith do the pounding;
That's the way he draws his pay;
You don't get a cent for hounding
Saint and sinner night and day.
Just for solid satisfaction
Drop a kind word in the slot.
And I'll warrant you'll get action
On your effort on the spot.

"My Angel of the Flaming Cross"

DRAWING BY NELL BRINKLEY

An Inspiring New War Song Which Has Won Favor Wherever the Heroism of American Men and Women Are Told

On a homebound transport,
As the sun was sinking low,
Stood a wounded soldier dreaming
In the twilight's glow.
Visions of an angel,
Golden hair and eyes of blue.
Said a sailor lad,
"Why are you so sad?"
Said the soldier, "I'll tell you."

"There's an angel over there,
An angel from I know not where,
Smiling sweetly through her tears.
She drove my fears away,
Little girl who nursed me through,
I owe my life to you;
Oh, come back, Love that I found—and lost,
My Angel of the Flaming Cross!"

The war songs are coming. Mother songs; of mothers that knit for the far-wandering feet, heavy gray socks, mighty different from the slimsey little pink affairs that were as silken as the down on his head—that she used to make. Dad songs; with the "good-bye-Jim-take-keer-yourself" ring that strikes tears as sharp and sudden as the softer mother song does. Love songs with a beautiful girl face looking out of every line and a girl voice calling the things that sweethearts do say to soldier lovers. And now is this songs of the "Angel of the Flaming Cross"—perhaps the best—if you ask a returning soldier with wounded stripes on his sleeve and the yes in his young face—old and wise.

For these perhaps the eastern sky behind the homebound troopship, holds another thing beside the crimson bars and stars of evening that mean his flag and the blood and dram dust he gave for it. Sings this song that he sees a face—softly sober, brave and sweet, coifed in immaculate white, winged with the great rustling wings of angel-kind (who said the angels in the Bible were men-angels?) up there in the high-bending heavens toward France, la belle France where he learned to suffer and grow and to love fine things and people better than he ever knew it could be done.

And behind in the sunset glow is welded into a flaming cross—the RED CROSS—behind her head. "The girl who nursed him thru." Here's to the song for *her*. Catch on, fellows! It's almost as beautiful as she is herself. Almost.

NELL BRINKLEY.

The Wolves of New York

"But I gathered—apart from the loss of the children—that the Borradale trouble had become too acute for Mrs. Borradale to bear; that she had sent for you, Mrs. Willoughy, to Helm, and that sundry strange events had happened there. These events seemed indirectly concerned with a band of gypsies who happened to be in the neighborhood. In that, I may say, you are quite right, as you will better understand later on. It is among Romany's that you must look for your enemies. It is not, however, quite the conventional Romany with whom you will have to deal, but we will leave that point alone for the present.

"Well, curiously enough, I have been employed quite lately in tracking some of these gentry, and I happen to know that a certain person was in the park yesterday afternoon in a closed carriage, and that she——"

"It was a woman!" cried Lilian.

"Yes, a woman, but a gypsy nevertheless. I know that she was alone in her carriage when she entered the park, and that she was not alone when she left it. More than this I cannot ascertain. As I say, it was by accident that one of my men chanced to see her, and he had no instructions to follow her. It is, of course, only an inference that this woman was the kidnaper—but I know that she is connected with the gypsies, whom we must look upon as our enemies. Shall I say 'we?'" he added with a smile.

"I will be so grateful if you will join us, Mr. Swan," said Lilian. "After all these troubles of Helm, after the drugging of Esther—even by her husband—I feel that my poor friend is not safe. It seems to me that it is really time to do something in her defense—I wanted your assistance and should have come to you in a day or two. But the abduction of the children has precipitated matters. Tell me, do you think that we can fight?"

"Some time ago," said the man gravely, "I advised very seriously that the Borradale Curse should not be interfered with. I gave this advice in the interests of Miss Yassell, as Lady Borradale then was. I was afraid that love would prove far more powerful than any advice that I could give, and so it turned out. The inevitable consequances have happened. The position at present is that Mrs. Borradale is not safe with her husband, and she is not safe with you or anyone else. With him there is one danger, with you another. Neither, as matters stand, are you safe, nor any of your belongings. This being so, it seems to me there is only one course open."

"To fight," cried Guy, springing up and striking the palm of his hand heavily with his fist. "And, by Jove, it's better to fight than to stand up and have sticks shied at us like an Aunt Sally."

"Do we know what we are fighting?" asked Lilian, tremulously. "Have we any chance of success?"

"Yes," answered Swan; "if we go about it in the right way——"

"Mr. Swan," interrupted Lilian, excitedly, struck by a sudden thought, "do you know the secret of the Borradale Curse?"

CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

The Detective Speaks.

"Is it possible"—Lilian turned to the detective, sudden hope leaping to her eyes—"that you have the key to the mystery of the Borradale Curse?"

Edgar Swan shook his head slightly. "It would be too much to say that," he replied. "At the same time I believe I am in possession of facts which will, at least, give us some basis for our plan of operations. If we cannot solve the actual mystery, at least we shall know with whom we have to contend. Indeed, by a curious coincidence, it happens that my services have already been requisitioned against the very people who are involved in the hereditary trouble of the Borradale family, so while helping you, I will be doing my real duty. I am no longer exactly attached to the police force, as you know, but"—he smiled with a certain complacency—"at times they are not above asking my advice, and in this case I have already had some experience—as I will shortly explain to you."

"Perhaps," put in Guy, "by joining together what you can tell us with what we already know we shall be able to explain matters."

"Our chief enemy, I take it," said Lilian, "is this mysterious being—a woman, we think it to be, who was so long located at Adderley but who, two nights ago, I know was at Helm. Can you tell us who she may be, Mr. Swan, and why she should be filled with malignancy?"

"I am afraid we shall have many hours of such waiting," said the detective, "hours when we must just sit quietly and let others act for us. It is inevitable. But all the while we can consider ourselves at the helm. And now for my story. I must preface it by asking to believe that all I tell you is true, however incredulous it may sound. Had those in authority believed me some years ago we might not be having these difficulties now, but they put my tale down to the delusions of fever. I don't really blame them. I believe I would have done the same myself if anyone had come to me with such a wild story. But it is true all the same, and, you, with your own strange experiences, will have less difficulty in believing it.

Lilian nodded. Her own experiences had been such that she was quite able to credit the wildest tale.

"I must take you back some four years," began Swan. "Long before the name of Adderley was known to me, as to the rest of the world, as a favorite ghost story for winter evenings. Not that this experience that I am going to tell you had anything to do with the Borradaler. It was only later, when Mr. Hocking sent me to Adderley, that I associated the two together.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax.

A Cinderella Letter.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am seventeen and lost my mother a few months ago. I am keeping house for the rest of the family and am not at all satisfied, because, when I try to correct my younger sister, who is very wild, they stick up for her. Now, Miss Fairfax, I am fond of home and family, but I am treated like a mere servant and receive nothing for my work. I am going about with a young man a few years my senior, and he knows of all this and wishes to marry me. He has introduced me to his family. Now, what is your advice?

MISS-UNHAPPY.

So many girls write me this type of letter that I am honestly puzzled. Is the little housekeeper unduly sensitive as the result of overwrought nerves, work, and the strain of the hot weather, and are things really as bad as they seem to her?

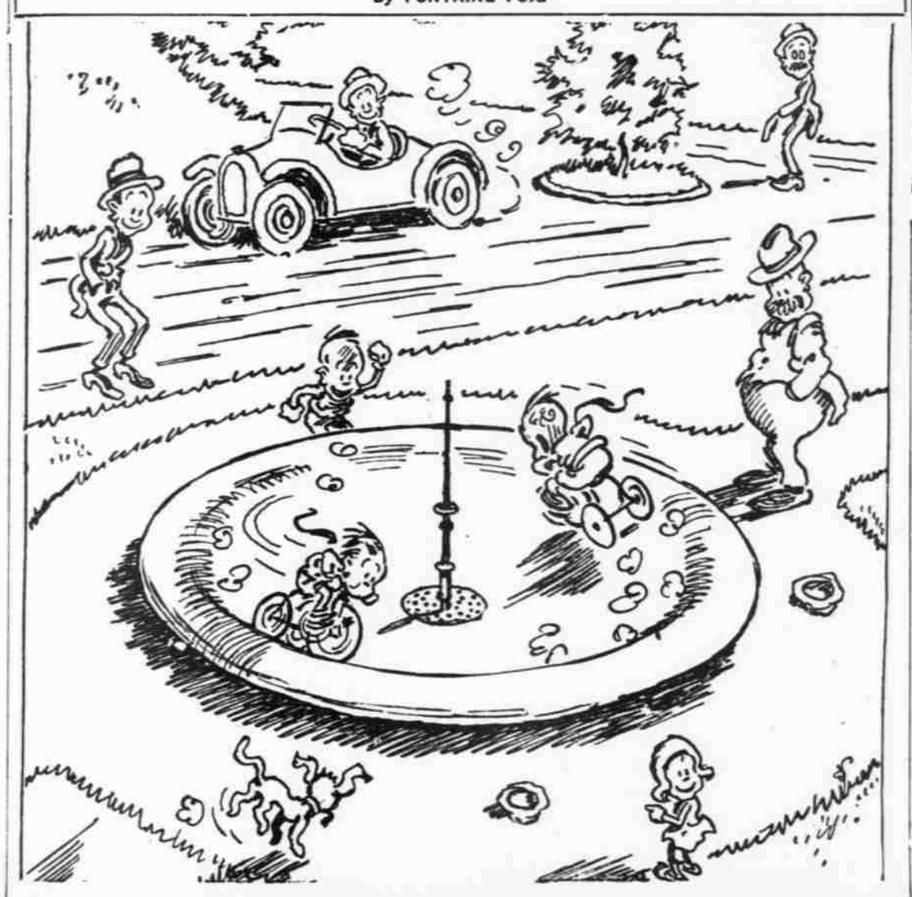
It is incredible in these days of labor famine to think of such work being unappreciated by one's family. In the present instance, I wonder if it would not be better for some older member of the family to admonish the "wild" younger sister. She might be inclined to take it with better grace. And seventeen seems "terribly" young to marry to escape from uncongenial surroundings. Why not talk the matter over with some tried older friend, or your priest, or minister; some one acquainted with you, personally, ought to have a better grasp of the situation. Sometimes things that seem so bitter to youth are nothing more than the daily grind of life. Married or single, these things pursue one.

The Prehistoric Buffalo.

A huge buffalo with enormous horns is conspicuous in prehistoric rock drawings lately found in Algeria. The African elephant is also a striking feature, and other animals include the lion, leopard, gazelle, and domestic goats and sheep.

A Wonderful Speedway Saucer-track Was Discovered the Day the Water Was Turned Off in the Park Fountain.

By FONTAINE FOX.



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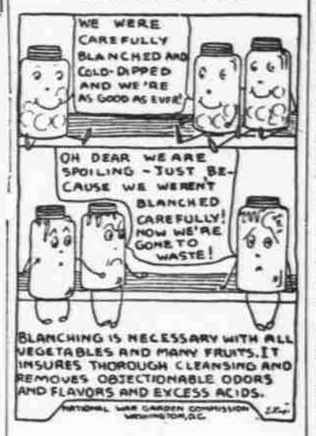
ADVICE TO THE CANNERS



GET BOOKS NOW AT TIMES STATIONS

What are you doing to help save the war garden crop? Are you backing up the cannon with the canner as the National War Garden Commission urges?

The Times in co-operation with the commission is distributing canning and drying books to women readers. There has been such a great demand 3,000 more of these books of instruction have been placed at The Times distributing stations. Better get one if you missed out on the last consignment, as the supply is limited.

Now is the time to save the food for next winter, and The Times wants to get one of these books of instruction into the hands of every woman who is canning or plans to. Look for the famous Can the Kaiser poster, and ask for the free book. "Earn the Right To Stay At Home" is the slogan of the Marion Indiana war gardeners and under the new draft rules it is up to everyone to put his shoulder to the wheel and help win the war.

Get your canning book now before they are all gone.