

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the end of the famous Wars of the Roses in 1486, when Henry VII, who defeated the villainous Richard III. at Bosworth Field, married Elizabeth of York, thus uniting the two factions of York and Lancaster which had longed plunged England in strife.

The Sin of Sowing Discouragement Is Akin to Administering Slow Poison



Magazine Page

The Mystic Pleiades.

HIGH aloft south of the zenith, in the early evening, hangs the glimmering group of little stars named the Pleiades. There is nothing like them elsewhere in the sky. Good eyes may catch sight of all of the "seven sisters," but most persons can distinguish only five, or at most six. The telescope shows hundreds.

When a Girl Marries

Anne Humiliates Herself to Virginia and Actually Gets That Staid Person to Act a Bit Like a Human Being

By Ann Lisie.

CHAPTER LXVIII. I THIMBLY, feeling as if it didn't belong there at all, I entered our bed room. No Jim! For a moment I was frightened—and then the sound of his limping steps came to me from the living-room. He had gone out through the kitchenette—to avoid me perhaps—as I came in by the other door.

I hurried out, and just as I got into the living-room, there stood Jim, with his hand on the knob of the door. He wore hat and coat, and was leaning on a heavy stick. Where could he be going alone—except to Virginia?

"What is it?" he demanded with impatience. "Jim, if you ever loved me, come back and sit down—so I can talk to you. And don't—look at me as if I were a stranger."

"Please, Annie—no heroics," Jim interrupted, wearily. "I've had about all I can stand. Tomorrow I start a new job. I owe it to Terry and Norreys to be fit, and all this agonizing makes me realize that I've been all shot to pieces. I'm sorry I'm in such shape—but there it is."

"I'll be brief," I gasped. "Well, it's this way—after you left Virginia, Neal and Phoebe didn't get their evening together—at least, not alone. Virginia persuaded Sheldon Blake to motor all four of them out in the country for dinner."

"So it's to complain of Virginia that you're keeping me. Really, Annie, you seem to be—insane on the subject."

"I'll swallow the hurt of that, Jim. I had to tell you. You see, Neal leaves for camp at 2:30. He's going a thousand miles away. Then overseas, I suppose. He may never see Phoebe again. I know you're fond of him—mayn't he have his good-by?"

"Phoebe's only a baby," muttered Jim, as if thinking aloud.

"She's a woman now. That's what war does to girls. If she's resentful, if she feels that we didn't give her a chance, that we didn't understand her feelings, Phoebe may imagine she's a martyr. And—thwarted love isn't healthy. Oh, don't you see that it might make her bitter—hate all of us—harbor it against Virginia? It's better to understand her feelings. Phoebe may take it for granted—just boy and girl love—sweet, approved-of—not Romeo and Juliet stuff."

"Unexpectedly Jim swung back his head and laughed.

"You funny little solemn thing! So that's why you had to get rid of

and faith—comes only once. I'm going to Betty—and I'll send Phoebe to you."

Her kindness startled me. For a minute I glimpsed something beautiful—the curtain of her own life. I couldn't have anything but the truth between us at that moment.

"Thank you, Virginia. I thought all of us would get out of the way a little while—even I, though that hurts me. So I asked Betty to phone you—will you forgive me for scheming?"

I heard Jim ejaculate: "Well, of all the tactless things!" Then a strong sound came over the wire. Virginia's laughter—clear and silvery—full of honest amusement.

"So Betty's conspiring against the 'cruel stepmother' also—how delicious! I'll pay that scamp for her scheming and conspiring. Tell the boy I wish him luck, Anne—and if he's feeling kindly toward me, I'll see him when he comes back—before he goes overseas. Good-by, you amusing person. Smiling with delight, I left the phone. Virginia and I had shared a laugh. She had patronizingly called me an 'amusing person,' while she had cozily and chummily exclaimed that Betty was a 'scamp.' But not even those contracting attitudes bothered me—then.

A Woman of Deeds.

Helen McCormick, Assistant District Attorney of Brooklyn, is interested in the promotion of labor legislation making for the further protection of young workers. Her plans have the sanction of the labor leaders throughout the country.



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The Child vs. Housework

By Loretto C. Lynch.

"I DESPISE housekeeping," the prospective bride was saying. "I told John that I wouldn't keep house for the best man that lived, and so we expect to board—always."

To the casual listener Anna would seem to be a slacker, but to those of us who knew her she did not. We, who knew her, placed most of the blame on her mother, Anna was the eldest girl of a large family. And the mother, not recognizing Anna's rights as a child, shoved off the work that properly belonged to her on her children.

When the little girl returned from school each day, the breakfast and luncheon dishes awaited her. After she washed these she had to help prepare supper. Then she spent the evening comforting or rocking to sleep one of her mother's many children while she endeavored to study her lessons in a half-hearted way.

As Anna grew older her tasks were increased. First, she had to "rub out" some dainty things for baby, but gradually she came to do most of the family washing on Saturdays.

By the time Anna was eighteen and was self-supporting, she left home and went to board. And her resentment against home life and housework grew each time she visited her mother, only to find her younger sister taking her place as general household drudge.

She said "No" to more than one desirable suitor who was looking "to settle down in a home of his own." Anna had a horror of housekeeping. She had thrust upon her girlish shoulders all the tasks of the mature housekeeper without the joys of the beloved wife. In other words, she had had all the bitterness without any of the sweets of homemaking.

Now, of course, I do believe that children should be taught some of the household tasks, but the trick in making them like these tasks seems to be in presenting them as play.

Let's wash the dishes together, and see if you can dry as fast as I can wash," says the cheerful mother to her playful little daughter. But drive a playful child, and she'll hate the task the rest of her life. Or, "Now today I'm going to let you play mother and take care of baby," says the tactful mother. But that doesn't happen every day of the week.

Often I read over the laws added to protect birds and animals, and I wonder why some law isn't enacted to protect these older girls in large families. Surely the state loses in the end. These older girls see only the worst side of home-making. The mother's job is forced on them.

Experiments have been recently made in France with a view to utilizing dead leaves in the manufacture of paper. The leaves are crushed, then the powdered portion is carefully separated and the fibrous bits and veins turned into pulp. These are made ready for use by simply treating with lye, washing and bleaching.

The average life of a locomotive is about fifteen years.

It is estimated that four miles of an ordinary spider's thread would weigh one grain.

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The Man With the Club-Foot

Desmond and Francis Walk Fifty Miles to Bellevue, Monica's Castle, Which Lies Near Dutch Border

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Desmond Okewood, British army officer, goes to Germany in search of Francis, a member of the British secret service. At a small frontier town a man named Semlin, a German Government agent, drops dead in his room. Desmond appropriates Semlin's papers and assumes his identity. He reaches Berlin without incident and is conducted into the presence of General Von Boden, an ally of the Kaiser. Desmond, having convinced Von Boden he is really Semlin, is ushered into the residence of the Kaiser. Later he receives a cipher message from his brother, Francis, who explains what he wants of Semlin. Desmond consults Clubfoot, who hides him from Clubfoot's men. She explains that Clubfoot's identity is a mystery to her. The amateur spy is forced to flee from his hiding place and is adrift in the forest. He goes to a second agent, who disguises him and gets him a job as waiter. The place is raided by Clubfoot's men. Desmond escapes by a ruse. He flees to Dusseldorf where he finds his brother.

You remember that Monica told me, the last time I had seen her, that she was shortly going to Schloss Bellevue, a shooting box belonging to her husband, to arrange some shoots in connection with the governmental scheme for putting game on the market.

Monica, you will recollect, had offered to take me with her, and I had fully meant to accompany her but for Gerry's unfortunate persistence in the matter of my passport.

I now proposed to Francis that we should avail ourselves of Monica's offer and make for Castle Bellevue. The place was well situated for our purpose as it lies near Cleves, and in its immediate neighborhood is the Reichswald, that great forest which stretches from Germany, clear across to Holland.

All through my wanderings, I had kept this forest in the back of my head as a region which must offer facilities for slipping unobserved across the frontier. Now I learnt from Francis that he had spent months in the vicinity of Cleves, and I was not surprised to find, when I outlined this plan to him, that he knew the Reichswald pretty well.

"It'll be none too easy to get across through the forest," he said doubtfully. "It's very closely patrolled, but I do know of one place where we could lie pretty snug for a day or two waiting for a chance to make a dash. But we have no certain chance of getting through at present, our clubfoot pal will see to that all right. And I don't much like the idea of going to Bellevue, either: it will be horribly dangerous for Monica."

"I don't think so," I said. "The whole place will be overrun with people, guests, servants, beaters and the like, for these shoots. Both you and I know Germany, and we look rough enough; we ought to be able to get an emergency job about the place without embarrassing Monica in the least. I don't believe they will ever dream of looking for us so close to this frontier."

"Well, the long and the short of it was that my suggestion was carried, and we resolved to set out for Bellevue that very night. My brother declared he would not return to the café; with the present shortage of men, such desertions were by no means uncommon, and if he were to give notice formally it might only lead to embarrassing explanations."

So we stroked back to the city in the gathering darkness, bought a map of the Rhine and a couple of rucksacks and laid in a small stock of provisions at a great department store, biscuits, chocolates, some hard sausage and two small flasks of rum. Then Francis took me to a little restaurant where he was known and introduced me to the friendly proprietor, a very jolly old Rheinlander, as his brother just out of hospital. I did my country good selection, and gave him a most harrowing account of the efficiency of the British army on the Somme."

Then we dined and over our meal consulted the map. "By the map," I said, "Bellevue should be about fifty miles from here. My idea is that we should walk only at night and lie down during the day, as a room is out of

the question for me without any papers. I think we should keep away from the Rhine, don't you as otherwise we shall pass through Wesel, which is a fortress, and, consequently, devilish unhealthy for both of us."

Francis nodded with his mouth full. "At present we can count on about twelve hours of darkness," I continued, "so, leaving a margin for the slight detour we shall make, for rests and for losing the way, I think we ought to be able to reach Castle Bellevue on the third night from this. If the weather holds up, it won't be too bad, but if it rains, it will be hellish! Now, have you any suggestions?"

My brother acquiesced, as, indeed, he had in everything I had proposed since we met. Poor fellow, he had had a roughish time; he seemed glad to have the direction of affairs taken out of his hands for a bit.

At half past seven that evening our packs on our backs, we were on the outskirts of the town where the road branches off to Crefeld. In the pocket of the overcoat I had slipped from my pocket, I found an automatic pistol, fully loaded (most of our customers at the beer cellar went armed).

"You've got the document, Francis," I said. "You'd better have this, too," and I passed him the gun. Francis waved it aside. "You keep it," he said grimly, "it may serve you instead of a passport to Bellevue."

So I slipped the weapon back into my pocket. A cold drop of rain fell upon my face. "Oh, hell!" I cried, "it's beginning to rain!"

And thus we set out upon our journey. It was a nightmare tramp. The rain never ceased. By day we lay in icy misery, chilled to the bone in our sopping clothes, with our dank ditch or wet undergrowth, with aching bones and blistered feet, fearing detection, but fearing even more the coming of night and the resumption of our march. Yet we stuck to our program like Spartans, and about 8 o'clock on the third evening, hobbling painfully from the road that runs from Cleves to Calcar, we were rewarded by the sight of a long massive building, with turrets at the corners, standing back from the high wall behind a tall brick building.

"Bellevue," he said to Francis, with pointing finger. We left the road and climbing a wooden passade, struck out across the park from the back. We passed some black and silent farm buildings, went through a gate and into a paddock, on the further side of which ran the wall surrounding the place. A fire was blazing beyond the wall a fire was blazing, and we could see the leaping light of the flames and drifting smoke. At the same moment we heard voices, loud voices disputing in German.

We crept across the paddock to the wall. I gave Francis a back and he hoisted himself to the top and looked over. In a moment he sprang lightly down, a finger to his lips. "Soldiers around a fire," he whispered. "There must be troops billeted here. Come on . . . we'll go further into the house."

We ran softly along the wall to where it turned to the right and followed it round. Presently we came to a small iron gate in the wall. It stood open, and we slipped through. We listened. The sound of voices was fainter here. We still saw the reflection of the flames in the sky. Otherwise, there was no sign or sound of human life.

The gate led into an ornamental garden with the castle at the further end. All the windows were in darkness. We threaded a garden path along the house, and I brought us in front of a glass door. I turned the handle and it yielded to my grasp.

I whispered to Francis: "Stay where you are! And if you hear me shout, fly for your life!" For, I reflected, the place might be full of troops. If there were any risk it would be better for me to take it into my own hands to identify papers, had a better chance than I of bringing the document into safety.

I opened the glass door and found myself in a lobby with a door on the right. I listened again. All was still. I cautiously opened the door and looked in. As I did so the place was suddenly flooded with light, and a voice—a voice I had often heard in my dreams—called out imperiously: "Stay where you are and put your hands above your head!" Clubfoot stood there, a pistol in his great hand pointed at me. "Grundt!" I shouted, but I did not move. And Clubfoot laughed.

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The Reason Why. The reformer occupied the corner seat in the third-class compartment. He had been holding forth for the edification of all travelers.

"Have you any children?" He addressed the pale-faced man opposite. "Yes, sir; a son."

"Does he smoke?" "No, sir. He has never so much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent the clubs?" "He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you! Does he never come home late?" "Never! he goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, sir—a model young man! How old is he?" "Just two months."

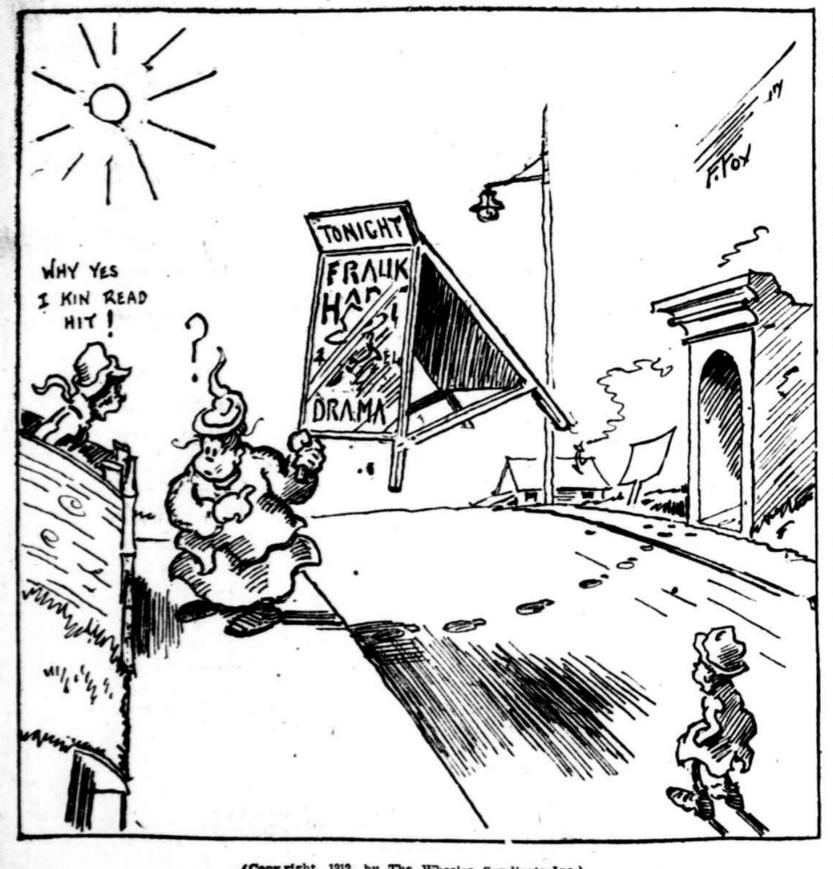
Strict Scrutiny. A young soldier in a barrack room not having much time to dress for guard, had cleaned his boots very well in front, but carelessly at all behind. A comrade noticed this and said: "Why don't you clean the backs of your boots, George?"

"Oh," said George, hurriedly pulling on his cap and hurrying out, "a good soldier never looks behind." However, he was reprimanded by the adjutant, and a few days afterward his friend, noticing a difference in his boots, said to him: "I thought a good soldier never looks behind, George?"

"No," was the reply, "but the adjutant does."

There Was No One About the Theater and the Powerful Katrinka Wanted to Know What the Movie Was to Be That Evening.

By FONTAINE FOX.



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