

### Laying a Carpet.

IN laying a carpet in a room where there is a fireplace, the section covering the fireplace or hearth should be cut down its centre by the shears, and then the carpet should be further cut toward the sides, so as to form two flaps, which should be turned under.

## A Word, a Look, a Frown, Each Is Powerful for Good or Evil



### This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the escape of Napoleon from Elba in 1815. The ex-Emperor's return through France was in the nature of a triumphal march. In a short time he was again at the head of an army, and not until after Waterloo was his power at an end. He was then sent to St. Helena.

## THE HEARTBREAKER A Real American Romance

### Honora, Telling Mildred She Has No Heart, Departs to Try to Be of Use in the Bruce Household

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.  
(Copyright, 1919, Star Co.)

"WELL, you certainly have lots of nerve!"  
The exclamation was Mildred's, and she addressed her sister, who was dressing hastily for the street.  
When Honora had run upstairs to get ready to accompany Arthur Bruce, Mildred had followed her, and now stood in the middle of the room, eyeing her indignantly.  
"Yes," she continued, when Honora did not reply, "you certainly have lots of nerve. First, you object to my having Tom Chandler here to spend the evening with me—and then you sit with me and monopolize the entire conversation."  
"I did not mean to monopolize it," Honora explained. "When I realized that I was talking too much, I became quiet."  
"You are hard to satisfy," Honora muttered, stooping down to fasten her boots. "First, you complain of my loquacity, then of my silence."  
"You know well enough what I complain of, Mildred accused. "It is your butting into my affairs, you do."  
"I do not enjoy it myself," Honora said, her voice still muffled by her stooping posture. "But if it is not bad enough for you to try to come between Tom and me, and by this way, you can't do that—you force yourself upon Arthur, put me in the wrong, and offer to go off with the man to whom I am engaged and who is supposed to be my property."  
"Anger in Her Eyes."  
The boots were fastened, and Honora stood up. The color that had come to her face while she bent down left it now and her lips were white. There was a look of anger in her eyes that made them seem very dark.  
"Well, you said it often enough," declared the angry girl. "As if it was not bad enough for you to try to come between Tom and me, and by this way, you can't do that—you force yourself upon Arthur, put me in the wrong, and offer to go off with the man to whom I am engaged and who is supposed to be my property."  
"Your property?" Honora repeated in a tense voice. "You, that is what he has been for you to do as your pleased with. You have talked against him to Mrs. Higgins and you have sneered at him and ridiculed him; you have compared him with men unworthy to be named in the same day with Arthur. You have played fast and loose with him. All that, I will admit, was none of my business since he was, as you remind me, your property."  
"But when he comes here in trouble and asks you to help him, and you selfishly decline to do so, I, as his friend, am justified in giving him the help you refuse. Friendship has some rights, you know."  
"So I see," was the sarcastic comment. "The right to claim what belongs to others."  
"Honora stepped quickly to her sister and caught her by both shoulders.  
"Take that back!" she commanded. "Either take it back or you have made accusations that I deny. Retract them or go to Mrs. Bruce."  
Mildred winced under the grasp of the girl's strong hands.

"Let me go!" she whimpered. "What's the use of getting so angry? I didn't mean that you had no right to go. I was only peeved at the way you stepped into my place."  
"A Bitter Accusation."  
"Why not fill your own place then?" Honora demanded.  
"Because I don't want to, and I won't," the younger girl retorted.  
"Arthur, Mrs. Bruce or any of them, bunch! You are welcome to them all!"  
"I sometimes think," Honora said slowly, her anger dying down as she realized the hopelessness of making Mildred see things sanely and justly. "I sometimes think that you have no heart, Mildred."  
"Perhaps I haven't," the other returned indifferently. "A heart's a bit inconvenient anyway, I guess. But, with a nervous giggle, "I do like Tom. I will let you have Arthur if you keep your little paws off of Tom."  
At the head of the stairs Honora paused and looked back toward Mildred's room.  
"Mildred," she called softly. "Explain to Mrs. Higgins in the morning how I happened to be away, please. Do not disturb her to-night."  
"All right!" Mildred came as far as the head of the stairs, yawning at she came. "I won't disturb her tonight. I'm too sleepy to want to talk to anyone, I surely don't envy you," she added, "sitting-up soothing that woman until all hours."  
"I hope you are sure of that," she rejoined softly.  
"Indeed I am," he declared, his voice quivering with feeling. "I sometimes think that it is about all I am sure of just now."  
As she listened she felt the comforting assurance that he had forgotten her only falsehood to him, or if he remembered it, he understood why she had told it.  
(To Be Continued.)

"Sh-sh!" Honora warned, glancing apprehensively down the stairs. She was afraid that Arthur might hear the tactless remark and run softly down to assure herself that he had not heard it.  
When she reached the lower hall, she stopped, drawing in her breath in sudden compassion.  
For through the open door of the drawing room she saw Arthur standing by the mantelpiece, his head bowed on his folded arms.  
An hour or so later he stepped into the hall and stood up quickly, very straight and trying to smile.  
"You are tired," she asserted gently.  
She would not let him know that she suspected that unhappiness and not weariness had caused him to assume that pathetically dejected attitude.  
"Perhaps so," he admitted, "but it is not physical tired. Do you know, Honora," as the pair started down the walk to the front gate, "that it seems as if everything was uncertain—the everything, was slipping away from me—except friendship."  
"I hope you are sure of that," she rejoined softly.  
"Indeed I am," he declared, his voice quivering with feeling. "I sometimes think that it is about all I am sure of just now."  
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## A Famous Woman Sculptor

Miss Abastenia St. L. Eberle has done some noteworthy work in her chosen field. She is a pupil of George Gray Bernard. The Metropolitan Museum bought her "The Girl on a Roller Skate" and an Italian art society her "Veiled Salome." She is one of ten women who are members of the National Sculpture Society.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

## The Man With the X-Ray Eye

### THE GREATEST MYSTERY STORY YOU HAVE EVER READ

### Lucien, Mistaking Juliette's Passion For Love, Reveals Part of His Secret and the Plotters Plan His Death

By GUY DE TERAMOND.  
Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.  
Lucien Delorme presents letters of introduction to Mrs. Armet and requests that she make the acquaintance of Mrs. Tanky, rich American widow, and a Guatemalan socialist, Domingo Lopez.  
Mrs. Tanky, about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jewels. Mrs. Tanky is found dead in her room—murdered. After an investigation Delorme is suspected. Later Delorme is released.  
The Baron de la Roche Delorme and reveals details of transaction he intended to carry out.  
Meanwhile, the fame of the rare jewels of the Comte d'Abastonia-Vicosa spreads considerably among the high society of Paris, and a clever organization of thieves, the "A" band, plan to steal them. They lease an adjoining apartment.  
Delorme comes to see the jewels, which have been offered as security for a loan, and to the surprise of the Comte and his assistants announces to them that the safe supposed to contain them is empty. The "A" band decide to force an entrance to the safe. Accomplishing their purpose, they find the safe empty.  
Delorme is seized while at the Comte's apartment and left to die in the level safe. To avert suspicion his clothing is piled on the floor.  
Baron Plucke, financier, seeks aid of Delorme in solving murder of a relative, the circumstances of which are almost identical with those of the tragedy. The Maharajah of Poul-Burrah sends an agent in Paris, Plucke seeking to borrow \$100,000 on the royal jewels.  
Burglars break the safe and are seized while in terror when Delorme springs out.  
He had seized her hand and, clasping it gently in his fingers, asked:  
"But why?"  
"You will laugh at me!"  
"I swear that I will not. Speak, Georgette, speak, in heaven's name! Tell me all that is in your mind."  
"Well, this is it. I do not yet know you fully. Your name, your native province, your love for me, yes, I know these! But is this all? It seems as if there was something mysterious in your life which I do not yet know, and which, though I cannot explain the reason, alarms, torments, disturbs me."  
"Georgette, what have I concealed from you?"  
"Oh, very little, doubtless! But, when you have commenced to tell me of your life, why do you stop abruptly? You set off for Paris. And what have you done here? Why does that remain obscure? Oh, Lucien," she added, as he made a movement to deny, "I have loved you dearly, but I cannot give my heart to a man who does not show me sufficient confidence to have no secrets from me, who leaves between us room for a doubt, no matter how vague, how unjustifiable it may be!"  
"Georgette," replied the young man, pressing one hand on his heart and raising the other as if to call heaven to witness his sincerity, "there are really some very serious things in that portion of my life—but do not be alarmed, they have not the least association with my honor. Through no fault of my own I have been the victim of so strange a phenomenon, I have been mingled with events so extraordinary, that sometimes I wonder if I have not been dreaming!"  
"I will tell you about them some day, Georgette," he said, "but do not hasten the hour I have fixed for it—for that hour will not strike until, having been presented to your father, I am your promised husband."  
Tears rose to the young girl's eyes.  
"How unkind you are!" she murmured sadly. "Do people who really love impose conditions? Oh, my dear Lucien, I did not put so many restrictions upon myself when I met you for the first time. My heart gave itself entirely to you, and it seemed to me that, if you did not return my love, I had nothing more to do except die!"  
"Georgette," answered the young man, deeply moved, "must your curiosity make me forget my prudence? No—no—do not insist. I will tell you nothing."  
Suddenly he interrupted himself. "Or, rather, yes," he continued, "I will tell you something. I will prove that I am worthy of you, but you will ask me nothing more, afterward, will you?"  
Juliette pressed tenderly against him.  
"Go on, my dearest."  
"Well, this is what I have not told you is that, on my arrival in Paris, chance made me aware of a terrible crime committed in the room next to the one I occupied. Now, no one knows the identity of these murderers except myself—"  
"But how is that?"  
"Don't question me, Georgette. These murderers, one of whom occupies a prominent position in the social world, are also the authors of another equally horrible crime, committed several years ago."  
"Have you any proofs of this?"  
"Undeniable ones, but," he corrected himself, lowering his voice, "so extraordinary that no one can believe it if I speak just now of mysterious circumstances." Georgette, "Come," he added, suddenly interrupting himself, "I went to the head of the detective service to give them to him; well, he laughed in my face and treated me like a madman!"  
"And then?"  
"Then?" "It's all right. I will act alone. I will surround these scoundrels and deliver them up to justice. That is a duty no honest man should shirk. A terrible struggle, too, and full of dangers. I have already, they have had the upper hand, and I really believed it was going to cost me my life. A miracle saved me."  
"A miracle, Lucien?"  
"At least, the unexpected arrival of people whose coming could be least anticipated. But that did not discourage me. The aid refused by the police I will seek elsewhere—from the nephew of one of their victims. He will have confidence in me and will not hesitate to grant his assistance."

"Baron Plucke!" Juliette almost exclaimed.  
But she controlled herself and, in a very quiet tone, asked how long she had spoken to him?  
"Have you spoken to him?"  
The young man gazed at her companion with a long, tender look.  
"No, my loved one, I haven't yet had time. I want at present to think only of you; there will be time for serious matters later." Juliette had risen; she knew enough for the moment.  
"Lucien," she said, "before a week has passed I shall have presented you to my father. I need that time to prepare him gently for my marriage. Oh, my love, she added, "if you only know how happy all that you have just told me has made me!"  
He did not detect the irony hidden in these last words.  
"Lucien," she said, murmured, pressing her rosy fingers to his lips.  
"And," she continued, "since you have been so good I will do something for you. I will promise to get one free evening before the end of the week, and we will spend it together—as an engaged couple!"  
"By loving me deeply?" she answered, with a strange fire in her eyes which he mistook for love.  
"Come," she continued, snatching her hands from his, "it has struck six, I must run away. I shall be late. I hope to see you soon."  
"And forever!"  
It will certainly not be doubted that, on her return to the Rue Vezelay, Juliette received the congratulations of her two accomplices.  
"Well," exclaimed the comte triumphantly, "wasn't I right? Have we not done well to wait and investigate? Now we know that this individual was acting on his own account and that, on the rid of him, we have nothing more to fear. 'Dead dogs don't bite' our ancestors said. Nam, we shall be of your opinion henceforward," Lucien Delorme must disappear."  
"Yet it would have been so simple in Eu," muttered the Hindoo between his teeth.  
"ill-lighted, deserted streets" and then by this time, everything would have been finished long ago, while now nothing is even begun!"  
"Come, don't be forever growling, you incorrigible grumbler! Let us instead study the means of operating without leaving any trace. This time it is important that the fellow doesn't escape us. We must find something swift, accurate, and cautious to dispatch him to tell that old American woman the way we sent her into the other world."  
"One whatever? But now, something else. Are you not to spend an evening with him this week?"  
"I promised him that I would."  
"And can you manage easily to have him take you out to dinner?"  
"He would be perfectly delighted."  
"Then listen carefully, Juliette. I will tell you of a little restaurant whose name you will not understand that you would like to go there."  
"Saying that I had been there with my father and thought it very nice."  
"That's it. On the second story there are private rooms looking out upon the sea. This is what will happen. While you are eating quietly, an old flower seller will pass, crying her wares. You will manage so that he will go down to buy you a bouquet."  
"I should like to see him refuse me anything!"  
"Then, pay attention: during his absence, you will pour into his glass the contents of a little vial which I shall give you."  
"But if he should notice it?"  
"He'll notice nothing. The liquid has neither taste, odor, nor color. But it is a terrible poison which I brought from India. It does not act immediately. Only, two hours after it has been taken the victim falls lifeless, without any person's ever knowing why. Still, as a matter of prudence, you will leave him directly after dinner."  
"That will be so easy. At any rate, for greater security, I will manage to have him take off those frightful glasses he wears on his nose. And, as undoubtedly he is horribly near-sighted, even supposing that he will not go down to get me the flowers, I shall be able to do it without having him see me!"  
The Hindoo looked the girl steadily in the eyes.  
"Your hand will not shake?"  
"No. Is it difficult to make a man who loves you do what you wish?"  
"Besides, all my precautions are taken; the auto will wait for you a short distance away; in case of alarm, you need only jump into it."  
"But," asked Juliette, "where will you find an old flower seller, who?"  
"Nam shrugged his shoulders.  
"No one serves us as well as we do ourselves; I shall be the old woman."  
"Oh," cried the girl laughing, "I shall be curious to see you in this disguise!"  
"It will suit me better than that of a Prince Charming," answered the Hindoo gravely. "Don't trouble yourself. I shall know how to play my part. But that is not all," he continued. "This is Monday \* \* \* by the end of the week, the whole business must be over \* \* \* When do you see him again?"  
(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

## Puss in Boots, Jr.

By David Cory.  
"FATHER," exclaimed Puss in Boots sat together in the garden of my Lord Carabas. "I feel I should not trespass longer on the hospitality of your good master, but should seek my fortune across the seas."  
"What has put such an idea into your head?" asked his father anxiously. "My Lord of Carabas only yesterday remarked he was happy to have you here to gladden my old age."  
"But yet and all," replied Puss Junior, "I would see more of the world."  
"But, tut!" replied the venerable Puss Senior. "I have been Veneshall for many years to my Lord of Carabas. Never have I wished to see the world again. Once was enough for me, and a hard task it was to procure for my Lord this very castle outside of those walls you now sit and wish that you were elsewhere."  
"The story of my life has been written, and every child who reads 'Puss in Boots' knows full well how I helped my master in the days of his poverty."  
"This true, dear father," answered Puss Junior, "and although I had many adventures before I found you, still I would see more of this great world."  
For some time Puss Junior's father remained silent.  
Then in a trembling voice he said in a wailing voice he said:  
"When all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green,  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen,  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And every blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day."  
"Then you give me your permission to go out and seek my fortune," cried Puss Junior, in great delight.  
"Yes, my son," the old cat replied, staking slowly away to hide the tears which filled his eyes at the thought of losing his dear son. But Puss Junior did not see his tears. He was so delighted at the thought of once more coming on a journey of adventures that he ran up the marble steps of the castle with a hop, skip and a jump. When he reached his own room he quickly packed his knapsack and then, putting on his cap with its trailing feather, he hurried down the stairs, and after thanking my Lord of Carabas and his sweet lady for their kindness he bid them farewell.  
"Good-by, son," cried his father, as Puss Junior threw his paw about him, "be a good cat and all will go well with you." And so Puss Junior started off again to see the wide, wide world.  
(Copyright, 1919, David Cory.)  
To Be Continued.

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## Giving Herself Away.

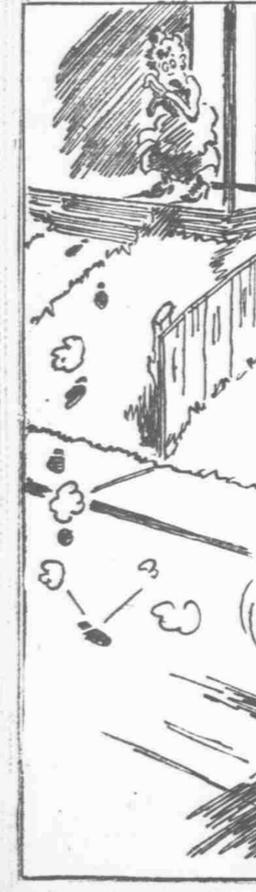
A spinster of uncertain age, when asked if she had read Aesop's Fables, set her friends a-wondering by stating that she had read them when they first came out.

## Ready-Made Garments

By Rita Stuyvesant.  
THE shops this season are offering some exceptionally good values in ready-made garments, especially among moderate-priced garments. Very often a woman will go shopping for a suit and will be disappointed because it has inartistic buttons or the wrong kind of a vest.  
Or, perhaps, it is a blue georgette frock that is a good bargain, but lacks that dash and charm so essential to smart dressing. The clever woman will purchase her ready-to-wear clothes and then add some interesting touch approved by fashion.  
For \$12.50 a shop was showing a new spring dress in all the desired shades of velour. It was a box-cut model with a set-in vest finished on either side by tiny brass buttons. One girl, whom I know, purchased this dress in French blue with a tan vest, and removed the "coat" from the dress lining. The skirt was also cut free from the lining and finished by a belt at the waist.  
The coat which I tried with a light figured silk, and for a few dollars this girl had an excellent spring suit.  
A navy blue georgette frock that started out by being quite ordinary for \$15, was made gay by hundreds of brilliant red, beige and green beads. It was a simple model with a collarless neck and a skirt well weighted by deep tucks. With a "transfer" embroidery pattern a conventional design of tulips was stamped on the blouse and a clever little border outlined the neck and cuffs.  
A bewitching beautiful evening gown was made from a simple flesh-colored satin frock that was merely a bodice and narrow two-piece skirt. It was girdled with silver cloth and had silver shawl-dog straps. The flesh-colored-satin dress was used as a foundation for a bright flame-colored overdress with a rather full skirt. The chiffon was further enhanced by bands of dull silver thread lace and there was an adorable little bodice built of chiffon and lace and tiny sleeves. The original girdle of silver was used to finish this captivating dance dress.  
A skirt of maroon-colored gabardine was made recently for \$9 because it was last year's model, the bottom of the skirt measuring about two yards and a half. It would take very little time or trouble to remove it and bring it up to the minute.  
Since fashion favors the slim silhouette this season the skirt could be taken in to measure about a yard and a half at the bottom. The material cut off could be utilized for smart pockets and a narrow belt. Buttons to trim the belt and pockets if nothing to be desired for style.

## The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Has Only Four Minutes to Get That Steak Back to the Butcher Shop Before It Closes.

By FONTAINE FOX.



Have you ever thought how pervasive it is for all concerned when your child fails to be promoted? In these days it is well to consider this from an economic standpoint. With all due regard for the short comings of our schools the average school is adapted to the average normal child.  
Yet throughout our country each year thousands of children have to repeat the work of the school term. This means that they must again be provided with books, paper, pencils, ink, pens, and sundry school supplies, and well as the services of a teacher and the supervising officials, janitors and the like.  
Clothing, food, perhaps carfare, must again be provided by the parents, while the state must frequently the home conditions are at fault and needlessly so. And it is because the housewife has the remedy in her own grasp that this article is written.  
Going to school is the chief business of a child's life. And the longer the child can be encouraged to go to school the greater the good to the state. The housewife who has children attending school should endeavor to make the life of the home center around these children.  
Almost every school requires home study of its pupils, and the helpful housewife sees to it that a very definite place and time are set apart for the preparation of home lessons. The general living-room where grown folks sit about and chat is not the place where your child can concentrate his mind upon his work. A half hour's study in a quiet room is far to be preferred to hours of aimlessness, with book to hand, in a noisy condition.  
If you have but little room, perhaps a corner of one bedroom, if provided with a table, chair, paper, pencil, and ink, will do. Then there must be a fixed bedtime. Nine o'clock is not too early for children to begin to retire, and earlier than this is to be preferred. If you let Willie stay up until midnight because Aunt Mary came to see you, you send a sleepy, listless child to school next day. A few sleepy days and the class has gone ahead of Willie. He does not understand what the teacher explained the day he was so sleepy, and, unable to keep up, he becomes discouraged.  
Then there is the question of

## School and the Children

By Loretta C. Lynch.  
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## In Two Years.

Mrs. Warburton had settled down at last, and wanted a maid. To one applicant she said:  
"You say you have good references?"  
"Yes, ma'am. I have a hundred splendid references."  
"And how long have you been in domestic service?"  
"Two years, ma'am."