To Make Soup.

TO obtain the maximum of nutriment for soup, you should place the meat in cold water, and allow it to cook gradually. The juices are thus extracted and the tissues softened and dissolved. A tablespoonful from the stock jar makes a splendid soup.

We Learn Wisdom from Failure Much More Than from Success

Magazine Page

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the dissolving of the French Assembly. It was not called again for 174 years, when the corruption of the kingship and nobility resulted in the uprising of the people and the French Revolution, the execution of Louis XVI, and his Queen and the arrest of Napoleon.

THE DARK STAR

A Wonderful New Novel By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Planet, Called by Ancients, Erlik, Presides at Birth of Millions Born to Corroborate a Bloody Horoscope.

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PREFACE.

CHILDREN OF THE STAR.

Not "the dark companion" of Sirius, brightest of all stars—not our own chill and spectral planet rushing toward Vega in the constellation of Lyra—presided at the birth of millions born to corroborate a bloody horoscope.

But a Dark Star, speeding unseen through space, known to the ancients, by them called Erlik, after the Prince of Darkness, ruler of the birth of those myriad souls destined to be engulfed in the earthquake of the ages, or flung by it out of the ordered pathway of their lives into strange byways, strange highways—into deeps and deserts never dreamed of.

Also one of the dozen odd temporary stars on record blazed up on that day, flared for a month or two, dwindled to a cinder, and went out.

But the Dark Star Erlik, terribly immortal, sped on through space to complete a 200,000-year circuit of the heavens, and begin anew an immemorial journey by the will of the Most High.

What spectroscope is to horoscope, destiny is to chance. The black star Erlik rushed through interstellar darkness, unseen, those born under its violent augury quelled in their cradles, or, dumb mouth slumbered the dreamless slumber of the newly born.

One of these, a tiny girl baby, mused and fidgeted in her mother's arms, tortured by prickly heat when the hot winds blew through Trebizond.

Overhead vultures circled; a rain-eagle, cleaving the blue, looked down where the surf made a white line along the coast, then set his lofty course for China.

Thousands of miles to the westward, a little boy of eight, gazed out across the ruffled waters of the mill pond at Neeland's Mills, and wondered whether the ocean might look that way.

And, wondering, with the salt sea fervescence working in his inland-born body, he fitted a cork to his fishing line and flung the baited hook far out across the ripples. Then he seated himself on the parapet of the stone bridge and waited for monsters of the deep to come.

And again, off Seraglio Point, men were rowing in a boat; and a corded sack lay in the stern, horribly and limply heavy.

There was also a box lying in the boat, oddly bound and clamped with metal which glistened like silver under the Eastern stars when the waves of the Bosporus dashed high, and the flying scud rained down on box and sack and the red-capped rowers.

In Petrograd a little girl of twelve was learning to eat other things than sour milk and cheese; learning to ride otherwise than like a demon on a Cossack saddle; learning deportment, too, and languages, and social graces and the fine arts. And, most thoroughly of all, the little girl was learning how deathless should be her hatred for the Turkish empire and all its works; and how only less perfect than our Lord in Paradise was the Czar on his throne, amid that early paradise known as "All the Russias."

Her little brother was learning these things, too, in the corps of officers. Also he was already proficient on the balalaika.

And again, in the mountains of a conquered province, the little daughter of a gamekeeper to nobility was preparing to emigrate with her father to a new home in the Western world, where she would learn to perform miracles with rifle and revolver, and where the beauty of the hermit thrush's song would startle her into comparing it to the beauty of her own untried voice. But to her father and to her the most beautiful thing in all the world was love of fatherland.

Over these, and millions of others, brooded the spell of the Dark Star. Even the world itself lay under it, vaguely uneasy, sometimes startled to momentary seismic panic. Then, ere mundane self-control restored terrestrial equilibrium, a few mountains exploded, an island or two lay shattered by earthquake, boiling mud and pumice blotted out one city; earth-shock and fire another; a tidal wave a third.

But the world settled down and balanced itself once more on the edge of the perpetual abyss into which it must fall some day; the invisible shadow of the Dark Star swept it at intervals when some far and nameless sun blazed out unseen; days dawned; the sun of the solar system rose furtively each day and hung around the heavens until that dusky huntress Night chased him once more beyond the earth's horizon.

The shadow of the Dark Star was always there, though none saw it in sunshine or in moonlight, or in the silvery luster of the planets.

A boy, born under it, stood outside the fringe of willow and alder, through which moved two English setters followed and controlled by the boy's father.

"Mark!" called the father.

Out of the willows like a feathered bomb burst a big grouse, and the green foliage that barred its flight seemed to explode as the strong bird sheered out into the sunshine.

The boy's gun, slanting upward at 30 degrees, glittered in the sun an instant, then the left barrel spoke, and the grouse, as though struck by lightning in midair, stopped with a jerk, then slanted swiftly and struck the ground.

"Dead!" cried the boy, as a setter appeared, leading on straight to the place, some of feathers lying on the mature grass.

"Clean work, Jim," said his father, strolling out of the willows. "But wasn't it a bit risky, considering the little girl yonder?"

"Father!" exclaimed the boy, very red; "I never even saw her. I'm ashamed."

They stood looking across the pasture, where a little girl in a pink gingham dress lingered watching them, evidently lured by her curiosity from the old house at the crossroads just beyond.

Jim Neeland, still red with mortification, took the big cock-grouse from the dog which brought it—a tender-mouthed, beautifully trained Belton, who stood with his feathered offering in his jaws, very serious, very proud, awaiting praise from the Neelands, father and son.

Neeland senior "drew" the bird and distributed the sacrifice impartially between both dogs—it being the custom of the country.

Neeland junior broke his gun, replaced the exploded shell, content, indeed, with his 100 per cent performance.

"Better run over and speak to the little girl, Jim," suggested old Dick Neeland, as he motioned the dogs into covert again.

So Jim ran lightly across the stony, clover-set ground to where the little girl roamed along the old snake fence, picking berries sometimes, sometimes watching the sportsmen out of shy, golden-gray eyes.

"Little girl," he said, "I'm afraid the shot from my gun came rattling rather close to you that time. You'll have to be careful. I've noticed you here before. It won't do; you'll have to keep out of range of these bushes, because when we're inside we can't see exactly where we're firing."

The child said nothing. She looked up at the boy, smiled shyly, then, with much composure, began her retreat, not neglecting any tempting blackberry on the way.

The sun hung low over the hazy Mayfield hills; the beeches and oaks of Mohawk county burned brown and crimson; silver birches supported their delicate canopies of burnt gold; and imperial white pines clothed hill and vale in a stately robe of green.

Jim Neeland forgot the child—or remembered her only to exercise caution in the Brookhollow covert.

The little girl, Ruhannah, who had once nestled with prickly heat in her mother's arms outside the walls of Trebizond, did not forget this easily smiling, tall young fellow—a grown man to her—who had come across the pasture lot to warn her.

But it was many a day before they met again, though these two also had been born under the invisible shadow of the Dark Star. But the shadow of Erlik is always passing like swift lightning across the Phantom Planet which has fled the other way since Time was born.

Allahou Ekber, O Tchinguis Khagan!

A native Mongol missionary said to Ruhannah's father:

"As the chronicles of the Elghurs have it, long ago there fell metal from the Black Racer of the skies; the first dagger was made of it; and the first image of the Prince of Darkness. These pass from Kurd to Cossack by theft, by gift, by loss; they pass from nation to nation by accident, which is Divine design.

"And where they remain, war is. And lasts until image and dagger are carried to another land where war shall be. But where there is war, only the predestined suffer—those born under Erlik—children of the Dark Star."

"I thought," said the Reverend Wilbour Carew, "that my brother had confessed Christ."

"I am but repeating to you what my father believed; and Temujin before him," replied the native convert, his remote gaze lost in reflection.

His eyes were quite little and colored like a lion's; and sometimes, in deep reverie, the corners of his upper lip twitched.

This happened when Ruhannah lay fretting in her mother's arms, and the hot wind blew on Trebizond.

Under the Dark Star too, a boy grew up in Minetta Lane, not less combative than other ragged boys about him, but he was inclined to arrange and superintend fist fights rather than to participate in battle, except with his wits.

His name was Eddie Brandes; his first fortune of three dollars was amassed at craps; he became a hanger-on in ward politics, at racetracks, stable, club, squared ring, vaudeville, burlesque, Long Acre attracted him—but always the gambling end of the operation.

Which predilection, with its years of ups and downs, landed him one day in western Canada with an "Unknown" to match against an Athabasca blacksmith, and a training camp as the prospect for the next six weeks.

There lived there, gradually dying, one Albrecht Dumont, lately head gamekeeper to nobility in the mountains of a Lost Province, and wearing the Iron Cross of 1870 on the ruins of a gigantic and bony chest, now as hollow as a Gothic ruin.

And if, like a thousand fellow-patriots, he had been ordered to the western world to watch and report to his government the trend and tendency of that western, English-speaking world, only his government and his daughter knew it—a child of the Dark Star now grown to early womanhood, with a voice like a hermit thrush and the skill of a sorceress with anything that sped a bullet.

Before the Unknown was quite ready to meet the Athabasca blacksmith, Albrecht Dumont, dying faster now, signed his last report to the government at Berlin, which his daughter Ilse had written for him—something about Canadian cross and stupid Yankees and their greed, indifference, cowardice, and sloth.

For a While the Child Played Her Usual Game of Frightening Her Doll With the Yellow Devil.

Dumont's mind wandered:

"After the well-born Herr Gott relieves me at my post," he whispered, "do thou pick up my burden and stand guard, little Ilse."

"Yes, father."

"Thy sacred promise?"

"My promise."

The next day Dumont felt better than he had felt for a year.

"Ilse, who is the short and broadly constructed American who comes now already every day to see thee and to hear thee sing?"

"His name is Eddie Brandes."

"He is of the fight gesellschaft, not?"

"He would gain much money by the fight. A theater in Chicago may he willingly control, in which light opera shall be given."

"Is it for that he hears so willingly thy voice?"

"It is for that * * * and love."

"And what of Herr Max Venem, who has asked of me thy little hand in marriage?"

The girl was silent.

"Thou dost not love him?"

"No."

Toward sunset, Dumont, lying by the window, opened his eyes of a dying Lammergeier:

"My Ilse."

"Father?"

"What has thou to this man said?"

"That I will be engaged to him if thou approve."

"He has gained the fight?"

"Today * * * and many thousand dollars. The theater in Chicago is his when he desires. Riches, leisure, opportunity to study for a career upon his stage, are mine if I desire."

"Dost thou desire this, little Ilse?"

"Yes."

"And the man Venem who has followed thee so long?"

"I cannot be what he would have me—a hausfrau—to mend his linen for my board and lodging."

"And the Fatherland which placed me here on outpost?"

"I take thy place when God relieves thee."

"So ist's recht! * * * Grus Gott—Ilse——"

Among the German settlers a five-piece band had been organized the year before.

It marched at the funeral of Albrecht Dumont, lately head gamekeeper to nobility in the mountains of a long-lost province.

Three months later Ilse Dumont arrived in Chicago to marry Eddie Brandes. One Benjamin Stull was best man. Others present included "Captain" Quint, "Doc" Curfoot, "Parson" Smawley, Abe Gordon—friends of the bridegroom.

Invited by the bride, among others were Theodor Weisheim, the Hon. Charles Wilson, M. P., and Herr Johann Kestner, a wealthy gentleman from Leipsic seeking safe and promising investments in Canada and the United States.

A year later Ilse Dumont Brandes, assuming the stage name of Minna Minti, sang the role of Bettina in "The Mascotte," at the Brandes Theater in Chicago.

A year later, when she created the part of Kathi in "The White Horse," Max Venem sent word to her that she would live to see her husband lying in the gutter under his heel. Which made the girl unhappy in her triumph.

But Venem hunted up Abe Grittefeld and told him very cooly that he meant to ruin Brandes.

And within a month the latest public favorite, Minna Minti, sat in her dressing room, wet-eyed, enraged, with the reports of Venem's private detectives locked in the drawer of her dressing table, and the curtain waiting.

So complex was life already becoming to these few among the million children of the Dark Star Erlik—to everyone, from the child that fretted in its mother's arms under the hot wind near Trebizond, to a deposed Sultan, cowering behind the ivory screen in his zenana, weeping tears that rolled like oil over his fat jowl to which still adhered the powdered sugar of a Turkish sweetmeat.

Allahou Ekber, Khodja; God is great. Great also, Ande, is Ali, the Fourth Caliph, cousin-companion of Mahomet the Prophet. But, O tougtchi, be thy name Niaz and thy surname Bai, for Prince Erlik speeds on his Dark Star, and beneath the end of the argument between those two last survivors of a burnt-out world—behold! The sword!

CHAPTER I.

The Wonder-Box.

As long as she could remember she had been permitted to play with the contents of the late Herr Conrad Wilner's wonder-box. The program on such occasions varied little; the child was permitted to rummage among the treasures in the box until she had satisfied her perennial curiosity; conversation with her absent-minded father ensued, which ultimately included a personal narrative, dragged out piecemeal from the reticent, dreamy invalid. Then always a few pages of the diary kept by the late Herr Wilner were read as a bedtime story. And bath and bed, and dreamland followed. Thit was the invariable routine, now once more in full swing.

Her father lay on his invalid's chair, reading; his rubber-shod crutches rested against the wall, within easy reach. By him, beside the kerosene lamp, her mother sat, mending her child's stockings and underwear.

Outside the circle of lamplight the incandescent eyes of the stove glowed steadily through the semi-dusk; and the child, always fascinated by anything that aroused her imagination, lifted her gaze furtively from time to time to convince herself that it really was the big, familiar stove which glared redly back at her, and not a dragon into which her creative fancy had so often transformed it.

Reassured, she continued to explore the contents of the wonder-box—a top she preferred to her doll, but not to her beloved set of water-colors and crayon pencils.

Some centuries ago Pandora's box let loose a world of troubles; Herr Wilner's box apparently contained only pleasure for a little child whose pleasures were mostly of her own invention.

It was a curious old box, made of olive wood and bound with bands of some lacquered silvery metal to make it strong—rupee silver, perhaps—strangely wrought with Arabic characters engraved and in shallow relief. It had handles on either side, like a sea chest; a silver lacquered lock and hasp which retained traces of violent usage; and six heavy strap hinges of the same lacquered metal.

Within, it the little child knew that a most fascinating collection of articles was to be discovered, taken out one by one with greatest care, played with discreetly, and, at her mother's comand, returned to their several places in Herr Wilner's box.

There were, in this box, two rather murderous-looking Kurdish daggers in sheaths of fretted silver—never to be unsheathed, it was solemnly understood, except by the child's father.

There was a pair of German army revolvers of the pattern of 1900, the unexploded cartridges of which had long since been extracted and cautiously thrown into the mill pond by the child's mother, much to the surprise, no doubt, of the pickerel and sunfish.

There were writing materials of sandalwood, a few seashells, a dozen books in German with many steel plate engravings; also a red Turkish fez with a dark blue tassel; two pairs of gold-rimmed spectacles; several tobacco pipes of Dresden porcelain, a case full of instruments for mechanical drawing, a thick blank book bound in calf and containing the diary of the later Herr Wilner down to within a few minutes before his death.

Also there was a figure in bronze, encrusted with tarnished gold and faded traces of polychrome decoration.

Erlik, the Yellow Devil, as Herr Wilner called it, seemed too heavy to be a hollow casting, and yet, when shaken, something within rattled faintly, as though when the molten metal was cooling a fissure formed inside, into which a few loose fragments of bronze had fallen.

It apparently had not been made to represent any benign Chinese god; the aspect of the yellow figure was anything but benevolent. The features were terrific; scowls infested its grotesque countenance; threatening blows bent inward; angry eyes rolled in apparent fury; its double gesture with sword and javelin was violent and almost humorously menacing. And Ruhannah adored it.

For a little while the child played her usual game of frightening her doll with the Yellow Devil and then rescuing her by the aid of a fairy prince which she nerself had designed, smeared with water-colors, and cut out with scissors from a piece of cardboard.

After a time she turned to the remaining treasures in the wonder-box. These consisted of several volumes containing photographs, others full of sketches in pencil and water-color, and a thick roll of glazed linen scrolls covered with designs in India ink.

The photographs were of all sorts landscapes, rivers, ships in dock, dry dock, and at sea; lighthouses, forts, horses carrying soldiers armed with lances and wearing the red fez; artillery on the march, infantry, groups of officers, all wearing the same sort of fez which lay there in Herr Wilner's box of olive wood.

There were drawings, too—sketches of cannon, of rifles, of swords; drawings of soldiers in various gay uniforms, all carefully colored by hand. There were pictures of ships, from the sterns of which the crescent flag floated lazily; sketches of great, ugly looking objects which her father explained were Turkish ironclads. The name "ironclad" always sounded menacing and formidable to the child, and the forbidding pictures fascinated her.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

THE Hotel Ark was a comfortable sort of a place, not very up-to-date, but with enough conveniences to make the traveler feel perfectly at home. He felt even more so after meeting the proprietor's wife, Mrs. Noah, a motherly-looking woman, with kind blue eyes and red cheeks.

"Come right in," she said as Puss Junior and Tom Thumb, both wet to the skin, rapped on the door.

"You'd best dry yourselves in the kitchen," she said, as she led them down a narrow hall. "It's so warm in there you'd be dry in no time."

Our two small travelers were too tired to care where they went so long as a fire was to be had, for their teeth were chattering in their mouths like twenty-four small white horses on a red hill.

"Here's a chair for you and here's a chair for Tom Thumb," said Mrs. Noah. "I'm not sure about your name, but I can't mistake that of your little friend." Puss Junior turned and bowed. Although he was wet, he did not forget his manners. "My name is Puss in Boots, Junior."

"To be sure, to be sure," cried Mrs. Noah. "I might have known it."

The kitchen fire was burning merrily, bright flames shot up the chimney and sparks from the wood flew out like stars upon the polished floor. Puss took off his dripping hat and laid it down on the chair. The feather was much bedraggled and had lost its wave. Tom Thumb undid his coat and hung it up, and then took off his shoes and placed them close to the hearth.

"I think my boots are half full of water," said Puss Junior; "they are as heavy as lead, and when I walk they make a funny noise." They certainly were full of water, for when Puss finally got them off and turned them over, a stream of water ran down the floor, nearly washing Tom Thumb across the room.

After a while their clothes became dry, and when Noah and his three sons arrived for supper Puss and Tom Thumb felt quite cheerful and like themselves once more.

"Still raining!" said Noah, as he closed the door. "I must finish the Ark tomorrow. We may find a lake all around the hotel by the morning. Who can tell? But I shall be ready to take in all the animals and my family by noon at the latest."

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

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(To be Continued.)

The Little Girl Knew.

Mary was quite a domesticated little girl. She knew a thing or two. But she hadn't much opportunity of airing her knowledge at school. When a chance came she made use of it.

"Why," asked her teacher, "were Adam and Eve forbidden to eat of the fruit of the tree in the midst of the Garden?"

Mary waved her hand frantically.

"Yes, Mary?" said the teacher.

"Because the apples were needed to make jam!" said the little housewife.

The Heart Breakers

A REAL AMERICAN ROMANCE

Arthur Tells Mildred That It Is Time They Had an Understanding About Their Relations to Each Other

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER LXI.

(Copyright, 1919, Star Company.)

MILDRED did not linger with her prospective mother-in-law longer than she felt convention demanded. She suspected that the widow did not desire her to remain. The reflection aroused once more the girl's resentment.

"I must go," she said, rising. "It is storming so hard that I would not have ventured out except to come here."

Mrs. Bruce glanced out of the window. "Yes, it is a gloomy day," she remarked. "I hope you will not catch cold."

Her tone was dreary, and the dullest listener would have known that her thoughts were on her own unhappiness and not on the subject of her caller's comfort.

"It will not hurt me," Mildred replied lightly. "Good-by! I suppose, by the way, that Arthur is not at home?"

"No," the mother replied. "He went out some time ago to make some arrangements—at the cemetery," she added, dropping her voice.

Mildred shuddered slightly. Again she reflected that she hated death and all the gruesome things connected with it. She felt awkward and ill at ease. She did not know just what to say.

But a glance at her hostess' hopeless attitude and sad expression were evidences that there was no need for the caller to say anything. Mrs. Bruce was not even thinking of her.

Quietly Mildred Brent went down the thickly-carpeted stairs. She wanted to get out of this gloomy house. As she opened the front door, she came face to face with Arthur Bruce.

She Meets Arthur.

His raincoat was dripping wet, and he had a forlorn and disturbed look that was very different from his usual well-groomed and alert appearance.

"Mildred!" he exclaimed. "You here?"

"Why should I not be here?" she asked sharply. "I would have come long before now had I been allowed to."

"Come inside for a moment, please," he urged, removing his hat and standing to one side to allow her to precede him into the little reception room on the left of the front door.

She did his bidding, then faced him.

"Well!" she demanded. "What is it?"

A wistful expression crept into his eyes. "I just want to thank you for coming to see mother, dear," he said. "And I want to explain why I did not send for you yesterday. The end came very suddenly, and——"

He paused, as if unable to go on.

"Please," Mildred said quickly, "do not talk about that now. I understand why I was not sent for. It was because I was not wanted."

"Mildred!"

"Yes," she went on relentlessly, "I was not wanted. Honora was here—as your mother just reminded me—so that I was not needed."

"I am not speaking for my mother," the man said. "I am speaking for myself."

"Even so," with a shrug of the shoulders, "you usually take her view of matters. I feel like an outsider here."

"You should not feel that," the man protested, "and, Mildred, if you were fair and just you would not feel so. You would remember that my poor mother's heart is broken; you would make allowances——"

She interrupted him: "If you please, Arthur, do not scold me any more. I have had about all of that kind of thing that I can stand from Honora. I asked her for an explanation, and she replied by finding fault with me."

"I am sorry." The man spoke wearily. "If you will let me come to see you this afternoon—if you will see me alone for a half hour—I can explain. At what time may I come?"

The girl did not reply at once. She was thinking fast. She must know first when Tom Chandler was leaving town.

"I doubt if I can see you this afternoon," she said finally. "If I can, I will telephone you. But you do not want to leave your mother, do you? She tells me that her brain from Wildwood went back home this morning."

"Yes—but Honora said she would come over and sit with mother for a while," Arthur replied. "I telephoned to her about it on my way home just now."

"Then you will probably want to be here," Mildred retorted tartly. "Anyway, I do not think that I can arrange to see you today."

"Mildred"—he tried to detain her as she started toward the door—"I must see you very soon. We must understand each other. It is high time we did so."

The wistful look had gone from his eyes, and in its place was a hardness and determination that his betrothed had never seen there before. It embarrassed her slightly. And it annoyed her, too.

"I will let you know when I can see you," she said, going past him into the hall.

"Let me call a cab for you," he suggested politely.

"No, I thank you—I much prefer walking. I can go home in the same way that I came."

She did not glance back, but went briskly down the front steps and turned into the street leading to her home.

Arthur Bruce closed the door, then stood for a moment thinking, his lips in a stern line.

"All the world seems out of sorts," he muttered. "Nothing is as it was—except Honora."

Then, as if to check further dangerous musings, he went upstairs in search of his mother.

To Be Continued.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

What Shall They Call Stepfather?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Please advise me in your column of The Times as to the following:

I am a widow with four children, from two to sixteen years, and as I am about to marry again, would you please let me know what the children should call this man after our marriage. Should the baby call him father, and what should the oldest one call him?

Thanking you very much for the information, I am. A. P.

There is no hard and fast rule in regard to this question. The family usually decides on a name and it will depend on how well your children are acquainted with their future stepfather, what is agreed upon. It would be perfectly proper to call him father if they cared to, and he is willing.

Quite Proper to Take Handbag.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Is it considered improper for a young lady going out with a man, to take her pocketbook or the bag where she keeps money, handkerchief or power puff, and is it true that it is an insult to the man if she takes this along with her when she goes out with him? M. B.

It is quite proper for a young lady to take either her pocketbook or handbag when she is going out with a man. It is no reflection on his generosity, whatever, and every sensible girl will provide herself with a certain amount of small change for an emergency. Not long ago, a married friend of mine became separated from her husband at one of the ferries; she had left her pocketbook home, and was in several embarrassing predicaments before an old lady came to her rescue.

He Has a Short Life Line.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am in love with a young man ten years my senior and we are to be married one year from June. The "life line" in his hand, however, is very short, indicating that he will not live to be much older than forty, and it has caused us both a great of concern.

ENGAGED.

My dear girl, I don't hold with that sort of thing at all, palmistry is lots of fun for an evening party, but arranging one's life according to its lines, stars and islands is too medieval for me.

To be personal, my own life line would indicate death at about twelve years, you observe, I'm still here.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

A good story is going the rounds concerning Sir Hall Caine.

It seems that the famous novelist, dining at a London restaurant, found himself seated next to a well-known newspaper paragraphist, with whom he got into conversation.

Sir Hall, after complimenting him on his work, asked him: "How on earth do you write twenty jokes a day?"

"With a typewriter," the newspaper man answered with a smile.

"Is that so?" said Sir Hall, meaningly; "I thought perhaps you used some sort of copying process!"

Among his friends, Paderewski has a reputation for wit. "Ah!" he said to a well-known polo player and an excellent amateur musician, after listening to him play. "The difference between us isn't so very great, after all—you are a dear soul who plays polo, while I am a poor Pole who play solo."

General Pershing says the American sense of humor has saved the situation many a time. On one occasion a division was quartered on the river bank, and for days endured mud, rain, and bitter cold, and a thick fog. A man on sentry-go heard footsteps. "Halt! Who goes there?" he cried. "Friend," came the answer, and the man recognized his colonel. "Welcome to our midst!" he answered. It was a breach of military etiquette, but the colonel knew the value of Mark Tapley, and passed on, smiling.

Marshal Joffre can boast of brevity and composure among his most marked characteristics, and, shortly after his victory on the Marne, he gave an example of both qualities to correspondents whom he had agreed to receive at his headquarters. They eagerly anticipated his speech. It contained sixty-five words. That was the example of brevity, and the example of composure occurred when he did do more than fix a disapproving eye upon one of the disappointed journalists who murmured audibly, "And that's that!"