

Under the Southern Cross.

ABOUT 8 o'clock in the evening now, when "Queen Bernice's Hair" is gleaming near the zenith for us of the Northern Hemisphere, south of the Equator the inhabitants see the magnificent constellation of the Southern Cross standing upright above the southern celestial pole.

Happiness Is the Result of Our Own Energy, Made by Us, Not for Us

Magazine Page

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth in 1799 of Honore de Balzac, the famous novelist of France, by some regarded the world's greatest novelist. In the drawing of character he is regarded as standing next to Shakespeare. In all Balzac wrote eighty-nine volumes.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

A Clever Story by a Famous Authoress

Desiree Leighton Tries to Persuade David to Get an Overcoat and Is Annoyed When He Declines to Do So

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER VI.
PROMPTLY at the quarter of 12 Delaine and the limousine were in front of Samuel Leighton's house.
David had driven the car a short way uptown and back, just to be sure that he understood it thoroughly and that his hands had not lost their cunning. On this point at least he had no cause for nervousness.

He was chilly ever since he took the car from the garage. He had reflected with relief that his livery would undoubtedly include an overcoat.
"I am sorry, Miss, but I have no overcoat that would be suitable for me to wear while driving."
"Put your surety have an outer coat of some kind," she insisted. "What have you been wearing this autumn?"

house and hurried across the sidewalk.
"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting, my dear," she said. "But my clocks are all wrong."
"That's all right," the girl rejoined, absent-mindedly. Leaning forward, she addressed David just as he took his seat. "Smith, write around by your home or boarding place and get your overcoat."
The man was silent long enough to summon courage to protest. "Indeed, Miss Leighton," he said, speaking through the open window of the car, "I would rather not do that. I do not need the coat."

Summer Gown and Waist

The Waist from Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine

Here is a lacy gown of cream with inserts of flesh-colored chiffon and petticoat of flesh chiffon.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"The Dark Star"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

"If War Comes You and James Will Have to Go Home," Princess Mistchenka Tells Rue Carew

(Continued From Yesterday)

Again silence fell among those three. Rue, kneeling at the elder woman's feet, looked up into her face in silence. Neeland, his elbows resting on his knees, leaned slightly forward. Rue mths sofa, watching them.
"I'll help you, if you wish," said Rue Carew.
"Thank you, dear. No."
"Let me. I owe you everything since I have been here."

may be here, too. They could do it. I haven't any doubt that Breslau, Keatner, and Ise Dumont are here in Paris at this moment."
"Then I'll wager I know where they are!"
"Where?"
"Where? In the Hotel des Bulgars, rue Vilna. That's where they are to operate a gaming house. That is where they expect to pluck and fleece the callow and the aged who may have anything of political importance about them worth stealing. That is their plan. Agents, officials, employees of all consulates, legations, and embassies are what they're really after. I heard them discussing it these in the train today."

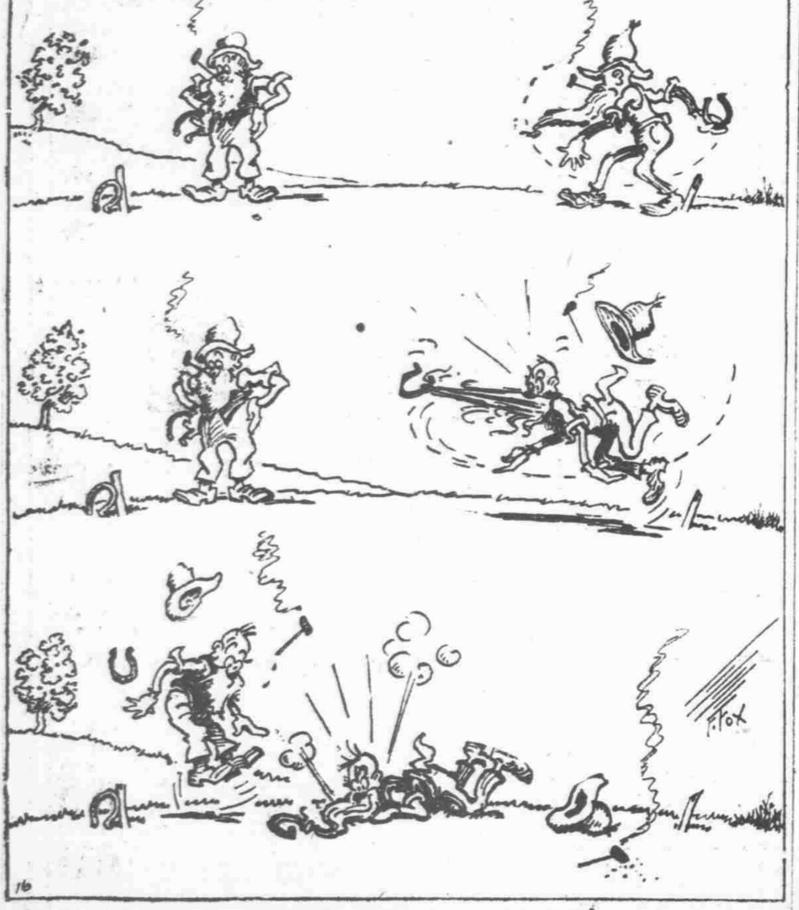
The Rhyming Optimist

EASY STREET.

By Aline Michaelis.
SHE is dark and rather greasy and her hair's not combed too well; she is fat and somewhat wheezy. Is that garic that I smell? And I could not call her dainty, and I could not call her neat; do you really think her quaint, eh? Certainly she's not petite. But no matter what her falling, I must bow before her spell, all my future she's unveiling—this is what I hear her tell. "I can see events are coming, some are dark and some are light. Things will keep your brain a-humming; you will soon be in a fight. Yes, I see a doctor near you; he is patching up your head, and now this is news to cheer you, in a short time you'll be wed. That is, if you're not already. Tell me, ain't you been in love?"

Old Man Sim Also Lost the Opening Game This Season by a Hair.

By FONTAINE FOX



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Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

"WELL, did the Giant like your story?" asked the man.
"I guess he did," replied Puss Junior. "But he did not keep his promise. He made the little hen lay a golden egg after he had gone to bed. You see, it was this way: I went upstairs and at midnight I crept down again to find Jack. But, oh, dear me! There was the Giant fast asleep with the little hen held tight in his big hand. So I tiptoed into the kitchen and woke up Jack, who was sound asleep in a chair, and whispered to him that we shall we begin! he asked, looking anxiously about, for he was terribly afraid of the Giant.
"Then you can run over to the beanstalk and climb down as fast as you can. The Giant will run after me, but if I can't run faster than that great big clumsy fellow, he can catch me." And then Jack and I crept back to the Giant's room.

He'd Had Air.

A poor old man had collapsed in the street from hunger. A crowd gathered round, and then, as it was always the way, three or four began to push back the crowd, shouting, "Give him air! Give him air!"

The Canny Scot.

"Eh," said Sandy to the minister, "you was a powerful decessor on 'Thrift' ye preached the Sabbath!"
"Ah'm glad ye were able to profit," said the minister. "Profit! Why, mon, I would have put my sumpance into the plate w/out a thought if it had not been for your providential words! They saved me fourpence there and then!"

DO YOU LIKE BOOKS?

The report on the progress and condition of the United States National Museum for the year ended June 30, 1918, contains a history of the museum, its operations, war activities, collections, library, record of visitors, and other data of general interest. Published by the Government Printing Office at Washington.

Conscientious.

A witness in a law case was an old country woman, and her reply to every question was, "I think so." Finally counsel became angry. "Now look here," he said, "stop that thinking business and answer my questions!" "Ah," said the witness, "you will have to excuse me, I ain't like you lawyers; I can't talk without thinkin'."

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A Georgette Crepe Waist with Round Neck and Tucked Front.

Fastening at the Side Front. In Black, White, Flesh Color or Beige.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

By Beatrice Fairfax. He Has an Awful Temper.
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I have been going about with a young man for the past three years for certain reasons we are not yet engaged. Although I love him dearly, I must admit at times I think he is unkind and ungenerous. When we are out in company if I happen to do anything he does not like, he will insult me and spoil my whole evening, and then on the way home he will bug forgiveness. Now, Miss Fairfax, this has happened so often that I am just growing sick over it. I try to explain to my friends that I never mean to do any harm and that he shouldn't be so hasty, but it does no good. As I said before, I love this young man and I know I will be hard for me to give him up. What shall I do?
CONSTANT READER.

He Speaks Poor English.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am nineteen, a bookkeeper, and going about with a man five years older than I am. This young man is a foreigner, has been in this country about eight years and speaks very poor English, and I am an American girl. He is an ordinary workman, is very good at his trade, and earns rather a good salary. I have had several offers from him, and I don't want to know, is whether you think it is a good idea to marry him? He has proved worthy of being my partner he would have to excuse me, I ain't like you lawyers; I can't talk without thinkin'."

His Trade Mark.

Priest—Bates, how came you by that black eye? Fighting, eh?
Patsy—Well, indeed, I won't deceive your paterin! But, sure, if you had only seen Mick's eye how, truth, you'd see there was nothing wrong with mine, at all!

She Is a Widow.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am a widow of twenty-six and have a baby girl of four. My husband died eleven months ago, and now an old acquaintance is in love with me and wants me to marry him. I do not love him, but I know he will be a good father to my baby, whom he has known since she was born. Now, my question is, do you think I should marry this man for my child's sake?
Y. M.

Magnanimous.

The Mayor—Have you heard, Mr. Roche, that our generous townsman, Mr. Harding, is defraying the cost of a new promenade all round the town. We think a wealthy man like yourself might also do something for us.

A Qualified Practitioner.

Maudie—Mama, won't you please ask Dr. Doce to look at my little duckling? It is ill.
Mother—No, no, run away! Dr. Doce isn't a bird doctor.

Why Amolin?

Because Amolin will enable you to keep fresh and wholesome personally.
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"Thank you, dear. No."
"Let me. I owe you everything since I have been here."

A Breaker of Hearts.

"You are fitted for the role I might wish you to play. Men are fascinated by you; your intelligence, charm, your youth and innocence, worn as a mask, might make you invaluable to the Chancellor which is interested in the information I provide for it.
"But, Rue, I have come to understand that I cannot do this thing. No. Go back to your painting and your clever drawing and your music; any one of these is certain to give you a living in time. And in that direction alone your happiness lies."
She leaned forward and kissed the girl's hair where it was fine and blond, close to the snowy forehead.
"If war comes," she said, "you and James will have to go home, like two good children when the curfew rings."
She laughed, pushed Rue away, lighted another cigarette, and, casting a glance partly ironic, partly provocative, at the good-looking young man on the sofa, said:
"As for you, James, I don't worry about you. Impudence will always carry you through where diplomacy fails. You tell me all about these three unpleasant sporting characters who occupied the train with you."

Backed by Germany.

"Yes; and the German Embassy is backing that. There you are, Jim. That is the sequence as far as your friend, Captain Quint, now who comes next in the scale?"

He Is the Most Notorious International Spy in the World.

"Breslau," exclaimed the Princess. "Now I understand."
"Who is he, Princess?"
"Who is he, Princess?"
"Who is the most notorious international spy in the world—a professional abiding affection. Why do you not give yourself a little time? Perhaps you may learn to love this old friend."

Pair Left Hastily.

"And yet I know said Neeland, "the after he and Keatner tried to blow up the captain's cabinet and the bridge aboard the Volynia yesterday morning at a little after 2 o'clock, he and Keatner must have jumped overboard in the Mersey river off Liverpool."

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