

Look Out for Mercury.

It is an interesting thing to see the planet Mercury at least once in a lifetime. The great astronomer Copernicus, it is said, never succeeded in seeing it because he lived in a region where the horizon was too foggy. Mercury is now visible soon after sundown only a few degrees above the horizon, about twenty degrees south of the sunset point.

Our Worst Fault Is Not Seeing That We Have Faults of Our Own



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the burning of Johann Huss, the reformer, in 1415, on his forty-sixth birthday. He was given safe-conduct to Constance, which was violated. On June 24 his books were burned and on July 6 he was led to the stake and his ashes thrown into the Rhine.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

A Clever Story by a Famous Authoress

David Receives a Tip from One of Desiree's Friends and Gives It to the Salvation Army Fund.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXVII. HELEN GODDARD had built up quite a pretty little romance, with Smith as the hero, by the time she reached the large building in which were many doctors' offices—that of her dentist among others. She smiled into the chauffeur's face as he helped her from the car. "Thank you, Smith," with a cordiality that surprised him. "I have really enjoyed my trip around here. And I shall keep you to your promise to give me instructions when I am ready to buy another car."

David returned to the car, amused and indignant. Yet what else could he expect? Later, as he drove Desiree Leighton uptown, they had to wait at one of the cross streets, where there was a block in the traffic. David took this opportunity to toss his dollar "tip" into the box of a young woman wearing the Salvation Army hat. He hoped that his companion had not seen the action, but a moment later she commented upon it. "It was nice of you, Smith, to give a dollar to that girl. The Salvation Army are doing a wonderful work both here and overseas. It is right to encourage them as much as possible."

Desiree regarded him admiringly. She felt as if he were an impetuous more sense of the word than one. "That was not my money," he said, confusedly. "I mean—it was only a dollar that had been given me—a tip. And I did not want it. I do not receive tips."

"Well, what the devil is the matter with her?" he muttered. "She's a lady; I'm a chauffeur. Why should she be so deadly polite to me? It was nice, though," he added with a little glow of gratification, "to be talked to by one of my own kind as if I were also one of her kind. She may not have much sense, but she is a pleasant little thing."

But David hurried after her and stopped her at the door. "Fardon me, madam," lifting his hat and holding the bill out to her. "I cannot take this."

"I never forbade your receiving money from my friends," she said. "Some employers do forbid it. But I am glad you appreciate that it is not quite the thing to receive tips."

Puss in Boots Jr.

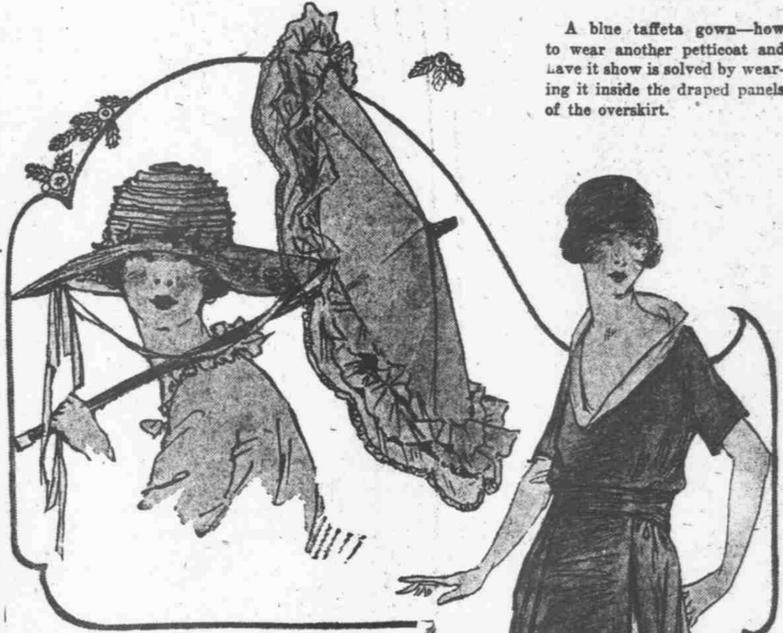
By David Cory.

EARLY the next morning Puss Junior said good-by to the kind farmer and his daughter "so cosy and fair," and set off once more on his journey of adventure. "Ah," thought Puss to himself, "it's one thing after another. I wonder what will happen today?" And then he began to sneeze. "If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger," cried a voice. "Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger."

"Oh, just going," said Puss, "I'm a traveler." "I'd like it," said the little girl, pushing her hand in his paw. "I know lots of geography, and that would help."

For Midsummer Afternoons

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A blue taffeta gown—how to wear another petticoat and have it show is solved by wearing it inside the draped panels of the overskirt.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Have Become Entranged.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been going about with a young man for the past few months and have learned to care for him. All the time he has treated me very nicely and hinted at an early marriage.

A ruffled parasol and a pink Leghorn hat with shirred pink ribbon crown and streamers

The Soul of America

AMONG THE HILLS OF KENTUCKY

By W. A. McKeever.

(One of the Nation's Best-Known Sociological Writers.)

AMONG the rugged hills and wooded mountains of Kentucky I have found the bright young Soul of America growing as fresh and beautiful as the wild lilies blossoming along the brookside in springtime, and as sweet and fragrant as the honey-suckle that twines about your garden wall in June. Berea College is the community in which grows this fragrant spiritual fruitage, and here it is maturing in the lives of more than one thousand boys and girls brought in from the country round about.

get tough even if you desired such a thing. Were it within my power to do so I should have the officials of every large city and of every other college in America make a pilgrimage to Berea and take a committee of experts with them in order that they might conceivably work out a plan for transplanting the wonderful scheme of training here in operation into their own respective places.

"Stupid Looking" But Generous.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A young man in my place of business has often asked me to go out with him. He is very stupid looking, but is good to me, and would give me anything I asked for. I am ashamed to go out with him as my friends might see me and criticize me. I am considered good looking and can go with attractive men, which causes my friends to envy me. I do not wish to say anything rude or displeasing to him, as I should like to keep his acquaintance.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

After peeling onions hold the hands and knife in cold water for a few minutes; the smell will go. To mend marble ornaments, plaster of paris, finely powdered, is soaked in as much saturated solution of alum as it will absorb; the mixture is baked in a slow oven, and when hard it is ground to a powder. This powder, mixed in water and applied like plaster, sets very hard, will take a very good polish, and if properly colored makes a capital imitation of any kind of marble.

Forgot His Part.

Mr. Corput Newrich offered to finance the performance of his daughters' dramatic society, and his announcement was received with acclamation. But when he added the provision that he paid the expenses on condition that he was given a part the joy diminished.

Shakespearean Knowledge.

"What is the meaning of the word 'adage'?" a schoolmaster asked. "A place to put cats into," was the pupil's answer. "What put such an idea into your head?" "Well, sir, doesn't it say in Shakespeare, 'Like the poor cat in the adage'?"

HEARS OF THREE

Jefe and Band of Bandits Who Captured Henry, Accompany Him Into Pit

By JACK LONDON.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.) Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, descendant of the famous privateer, decides to pass up activities of city life for a while and make a fishing trip. To Thomas Puss, a fisherman, he offers to buy a boat. A South American, who announces that the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days, is known to him.

His rifle pointed, and within a foot of the pit-wall, the Jefe halted in indecision, listening vainly for a moment. The music of the rifle which rattled the rifle muzzle with the wall, he whistled about and, with the rifle extended, like any blind man felt out the air space for a moment. The music would have touched Henry; had he not sprung away on a noisy and zigzag course.

At command of the stern-faced leader of the sackcloth men who had captured them, Henry and the Jefe descended down a short ladder into the hole. The leader and several of the brigands accompanied them.

Thus he combed the area of the pit, and Henry saw that he would not escape such combing. Nor did he wait to be discovered. Tinkling the bell as he ran and zigzagging and exchanging it from one hand to the other he rose into immobility in a new place.

"Heaven alone knows what's going to happen," Henry laughed up in English to Leoncia and Francis. "But if it's rough and tumble, bite and gouge, or Marquis of Queensbury, or London prize ring, Mister Jefe is my man. But the old blind one is clever, and the chances are he's going to put us at each other on some basis of evenness. In which case do you, my diligence, if he gets me down, stick your thumbs up and make all the noise you can. Depend upon it, if it's my tail's down, all his crowd will be thumbs up."

The Jefe, overcome by the trap into which he descended, in Spanish addressed the leader. "I shall not fight with this man. He is younger than I, and has better wind. Also the affair is illegal. It is not according to the law of the Republic of Panama. It is extrajudicial and entirely unjust."

"It is the Snake and the Bird," the leader shut him off. "You shall be the Snake, this rifle shall be in your hands, and the other man shall be the Bird. In his hand shall be the ball. Behold! Thus may you understand the ordeal."

"It is well—God has spoken," announced the sackcloth leader, as he descended into the pit. The man, unthinking, in answer, "Remains now to test the other man."

"You did try to get me, let's my turn now," Puss cried to the Jefe. "But Jefe, with a curse, in his disappointment and rage forgetting that the rifle had contained only one cartridge, thrust the muzzle against Henry's face. Leoncia and Francis, the curious looks of his own garments and blood-eager faces of the haciendados that were like the faces of any bullfight audience."

"The shadowy smile drifted over the stern lips of the leader as he handed the rifle to Henry and started to blindfold him.

"Am I the Snake?" affirmed the leader. "You are the Snake," affirmed the leader. "And the Jefe was eager for the rifle, making no further protests against the extra-territoriality of the proceedings."

"Why don't you make him face the wall until I'm ready?" the Jefe demanded as the silver bell tinkled in his passion-convulsed hand. "Because he is proven God's man," was the reply. "He has stood the test. Therefore he cannot do a treacherous deed. You now must stand the test of God. If you are true and honest, no harm can befall you from the Snake. For such is God's will."

Only one cartridge was put into the rifle, ere it was handed to the Jefe after he was blindfolded. Next, while Henry, equipped with the tell-tale bell, was stationed directly across the pit, the Jefe faced to the wall and kept there while the brigands climbed out of the pit and drew the ladder after them. The leader, from above, spoke down: "Listen carefully, Snake, and make no move until you have heard. The Snake has but one shot. The Snake cannot tamper with his blindfold. If he so tampers it is his duty to see that he immediately disarms the Snake no time limit. He may take the rest of the day, and all of the night, and the remainder of eternity ere he fires his one shot."

Far more successful as the hunter than as the hunted one did the Jefe prove. Across the pit from Henry he strove to make motions; but out of nervousness, as Henry's rifle swept around him, his hand trembled and the bell tinkled. The rifle came almost to rest and wavered ominously about the Jefe. In this the Jefe tried to control his flesh and still the bell.

Mr. Corput Newrich offered to finance the performance of his daughters' dramatic society, and his announcement was received with acclamation. But when he added the provision that he paid the expenses on condition that he was given a part the joy diminished.

But the bell tinkled on, and in despair he flung it away and threw himself on the ground. But Henry, following the sound of his enemy's fall, lowered the rifle and pulled trigger. The Jefe yelled out in sharp pain as the bullet perforated his shoulder, rose to his feet, cursed, sprawled back on the ground and lay there cursing.

At last they hit on a plan. He was to come on in the second scene and just say "Silence!" He could not go far wrong with that. Mr. Newrich was satisfied. He would be in evidence at the performance. The great day arrived and all went well until the curtain rose on the second scene.

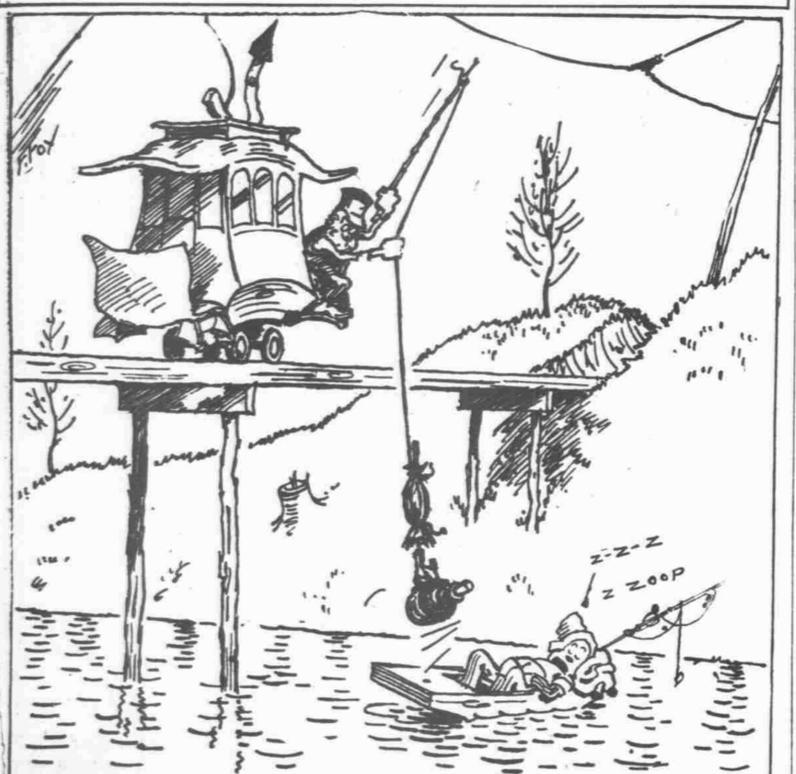
Again in the cave, with the nettles, beside him, the Snake, the Blind Brigand gave judgment. "This man who is wounded and who talks much of the law of the terms, Caliente shall now learn Cordillera's law. By the test of the Snake and the Bird has been proven guilty. For his life a ransom of ten thousand dollars gold shall be paid, or else shall he remain here, a hewer of wood and a carrier of water, for the remainder of the time God shall grant him to draw breath on earth. I speak and I know that my voice is God's voice, and I know that God will not grant him long to draw breath if the ransom be not forthcoming."

At the precise spot where they had been first blindfolded by the sackcloth men, the "cavalade" halted. It was composed of a number of sackcloth men, of Leoncia, Henry and Francis, blindfolded and mounted on mules; and of the peon, blindfolded and on foot. Similarly escorted, the haciendados and the Jefe and Torres, with their garments, had preceded by half an hour.

CHAPTER XII. At the precise spot where they had been first blindfolded by the sackcloth men, the "cavalade" halted. It was composed of a number of sackcloth men, of Leoncia, Henry and Francis, blindfolded and mounted on mules; and of the peon, blindfolded and on foot. Similarly escorted, the haciendados and the Jefe and Torres, with their garments, had preceded by half an hour.

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains.

By FONTAINE FOX.



THE BEST CATCH THE SKIPPER EVER MADE AT GOOSE. CRICK WAS LAST WEEK WHEN HE HOOKED BUD EVARTS' JUG OF LICKER RIGHT OUT OF THE BOAT WHILE BUD WAS NAPPING

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