This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death in 1795 of Cagliostro, one of the world's classic imposters. He grew rich in the various European capitals and was locked in the Bastile for his share in the "affair of the diamond necklace." Later he was sentenced to death, but died in prison.

No One Can Be Truly Happy Who Is Not in Some Way Aspiring

Magazine Page

New Moon Bids Evening Star Farewell.

TO-MORROW night the thin crescent of the moon, now a day old, will be in conjunction, low in the sunset, with the planet Venus, which is fast approaching its inferior conjunction with the earth, when it will pass between us and the sun, thus quitting its role of evening star.

Clothes for School

By Rita Stuyvesant.

SOON schools and colleges will be opening their doors to welcome the scholars after a long vacation. The boarding school girl will be busy at this time planning her wardrobe for wear during the coming term. Coats, hats, suits and frocks will be needed for the many events which fill the school days, and even for "hops" and "spreads" that liven the social life of the college girl.

The foundation of every school girl's wardrobe is a navy blue dress. A loose chemise frock, easy to slip on, yet lacking nothing in style, is a good choice. A smart model of this kind was recently developed in blue tricotine, and brightened with gray worsted embroidery. There was a two-piece skirt which might also be worn with separate blouses. Over this narrow foundation hung a graceful chemise, falling well below the knees and split on either side to the waist. Sprigs of flowers done in the gray wool outlined these aprons, and the embroidery was also shown on the oval neck and loose kimono sleeves.

To confine the fullness at the waist, a girdle of gray celluloid links itself firmly but gently about the figure and is tasseled with heavy silk. This smart model is unusually practical for the classroom, but it is equally suitable for street wear. It combines youthful charm with style and is doubly serviceable because the underskirt is separate.

For informal affairs, teas or matinees, one chooses a light georgette frock, and hides its beauty from the curious world under a smart top coat. A smart model for a "Jeune Fille" was of canary-colored georgette with a distinctive girdle of jade green ribbon. The bodice was quite plain and made over a flesh satin camisole. The kimono sleeves were wrist length and bell-shaped and finished with a picoted edge. A deep, open neck showing a bit of the satin was also picoted.

Two very deep tucks trimmed the straight full over-tunic back and front, while long gathered panels, very broad, fall gracefully over the sides, are folded up and fastened beneath the lower tuck. A plain narrow skirt of the georgette is the foundation of this lovely frock, and an individual note is added with the narrow ribbon of jade green.

For those who do not find the canary shade becoming, soft blue, gray, copper, beige, raspberry, and the lilac tones offer dainty possibilities.

A little forethought now will save endless trouble later and both these frocks selected for the college girl will fill the gap until the autumn suit is necessary.

When Your Eyes Fail

By Brice Belden, M. D.

THE commonest symptom of eyestrain is headache, but there are some results which are interesting to eye specialists—and to the victims themselves, who, by the way, are not always conscious of the connection between their old troubles and their eyes.

Eyestrain sometimes evidences itself by faintness, dizziness or definite vertigo, train sickness (sometimes seasickness), dislike orf moving pictures, a feeling of floating in the air, sensations such as the waving of the sidewalk like the billows (times seasickness), dislike of movment of the walls of a room, dislike of brightly lighted rooms or of the glare of the sun on the snow or on the water, the discomfort caused by certain color combinations or patterns such as pronounced stripes in a wallpaper design, confusion in a crowd, insomnia in some cases and drowsiness in others, and a sense of objects receding from the observer.

Eyestrain explains certain fears. Uncertainty of balance, due to defective vision, accounts for timidity in certain circumstances. If you are afraid to run on a stone wall, or on a plank over a brook, or over a railroad bridge on the ties, the trouble lies with your vision.

If you would be afraid to play tag on the rafters of a house partially built, it is pretty safe to say that your eyesight rather than real cowardice accounts for your fear.

People who are afraid to look down from a high point or to walk on the edge of a height are usually victims of untrustworthy eyes. When we walk on a broad, smooth sidewalk it makes little difference just where the feet are placed; a few inches difference in the length or width of our step is unimportant.

But when we are at a height there is a sense that the feet must be accurately placed; a fraction of an inch makes a vast difference. Hence, there is fear if there is any distrust of the eyes. This distrust may exist only in the subconscious mind, so fear is then the only language in which nature can speak to us warningly.

The fear of crossing an open square or street, if the street is a busy one, is also frequently due to defective vision.

The Mediterranean Quail.

In the Mediterranean no bird is [illegible]tter known than the quail from [illegible] Spanish littoral to the Arabian [illegible]ea. Twice a year it passes [illegible] great inland sea, north[illegible] spring, and southward in [illegible]er and October. Its com[illegible]uite a festival, and many [illegible]nding bill and many a [illegible]ue rent is paid at [illegible]hen it goes north[illegible] its nesting place [illegible]urope the sandy [illegible]re lined in the [illegible]h fine netting [illegible]takes, and the [illegible], flying low [illegible] into these, and [illegible] by the falling [illegible]r than seventeen [illegible] been received in [illegible], and in the small [illegible] near Naples, one [illegible]ty thousand are [illegible] in a season.

A Study in Contrasts: Day, Blonde; Night, Brunette

DRAWN BY C. D. BATCHELOR

THE LOVE GAMBLER

A NEW SERIAL BY A FAMOUS WRITER

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

(Author of many novels and one of the country's best-known writers of short stories.)

CHAPTER XLVIII.

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THE festivities of the evening were well advanced when Desiree, glancing at the clock, noted thata it would soon be time to repair to the dining room for refreshments. She had told Smith that she would send him word when to get the punch ready.

The two musicians she had engaged had begun to play a waltz. Helen Goddard caught her eye and hurried forward.

"What do you want?" she asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes," Desiree replied gratefully. "I promised this waltz to Mr. Jefferson, so can't leave the room. Tell Smith to put the ice and fruit into the bowl and pour the punch in at once, please. We shall want it in less than a half-hour."

"I suppose it is flavored all right, and everything?" Helen asked.

"Try and see, and if not, doctor it up to suit your own taste," the hostess directed hastily, as she saw Walter Jefferson advancing.

"You are looking very lovely tonight," he remarked. "The last time I had a chance to talk with you you were quite indignant with me because I suggested your chauffeur was a slacker. Should I apologize?"

The words were said jestingly, but they embarrassed the girl.

"That is hardly necessary," she said. "Smith needs no apology. He has already been in France and has done his share."

"Ah?" Jefferson appeared interested. "Then I confess I did him an injustice. I thought he was an Irishman who was willing to escape the service."

"I scarcely see how you could have fancied that of an Irishman," Desiree retorted. "The Irish are not conspicuous at any time for lack of courage."

Jefferson laughed. "It is evident," he teased, "that your chauffeur's valor is a tender subject with you. I have no doubt that he is a fine chap."

"He is an excellent driver," was the cool rejoinder. "Beyond that, what he is is of no importance—is it?"

Jefferson felt snubbed. It was odd that the only rebuff this charming girl had ever administered to him had been when he criticized a man in her father's employ. What was there about this fellow that had awakened his own interest as well as that of Samuel Leighton's daughter?

Meanwhile the subject of this conversation was in the pantry preparing the punch for the guests of the evening. By him stood Helen Goddard. She had tasted the mixture and found it very acid.

"When the fruit is added it will be too sour for words," she complained. "Ask Annie to bring the sugar in here, please, Smith."

"I will get it myself," he said. "Annie is busy with the salad."

He went into the kitchen. When he returned with the sugar canister Helen would have relieved him of it, but he demurred.

"Pardon me, Miss Goddard—but you might splash the liquid on your gown—and it will take the color out. Let me attend to this. First of all I must put the fruit in—mustn't I?"

"Yes," she agreed. "But firstest of all, take off your coat."

He hesitated. "Do so, Smith," she insisted. "And pin this in front of you."

Taking one of Annie's aprons from a hook she held it toward him.

"Really," he protested with a laugh, "I do not need it."

Helen smiled coquettishly. "I am quite sure," she said, "that you have never done this kind of work before, or you would know that you should wear an apron. You are neither a professional butler nor chauffeur."

It was a daring remark, and she waited breathlessly for his reply.

To her chagrin, her companion made none. Only with an "Excuse me," he removed his coat and pinned the apron about his waist. Then, in silence, he put the fruit into the bowl, sweetened the punch and started to pour it upon the ice.

A Battle of Wits.

"Wait!" Helen said. "Let me taste it."

"Is it all right?" he asked when she had sipped a spoonful of the liquid.

"Perfect. Pour it in."

He did as he was bid, but so quickly that some of the punch splashed over one of his cuffs.

"Oh!" Helen ejaculated, seizing a towel. "Let me wipe that off."

She caught his wrist and rubbed the wet spot briskly. As she did so the cuff turned in her hand, bringing to her sight the gold links fastening it.

"What a stunning monogram!" she commented.

But the man jerked his wrist away.

"This is no work for you, Miss Goddard," he protested, adjusting the cuff and starting to put on his coat.

Helen giggled. "You have your apron on still, Smith," she reminded him.

"So I have!" he said, confusedly. Then, as he removed it, he added. "I am glad your pink gown did not get that shower of punch. It would have ruined it."

"It is thanks to you that it did not," she said. "For a chauffeur you have a wonderful tact and thought for others. By the way," challengingly, "if your name is Smith, how does it happen to begin with a D? I saw a gorgeous big D on that link just now."

"My first name is David," he explained, briefly.

"Oh—David Smith? By the way, David, may I have another look at those links?"

He pretended not to hear her. "I am afraid Miss Leighton thinks I am very slow," he said, turning away abruptly. "I will tell Annie to bring the salad in immediately."

To Be Continued.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Garments that are to be washed should be machined with a fairly loose tension.

Wood ash is useful for cleaning and polishing steel, pewter, brass aluminum, and copper

A piece of old velveteen makes a very efficient substitute from chamois leather for polishing purposes.

Lemon juice or cream of tartar added to pastry not only makes it crisp and light, but renders it much more digestible.

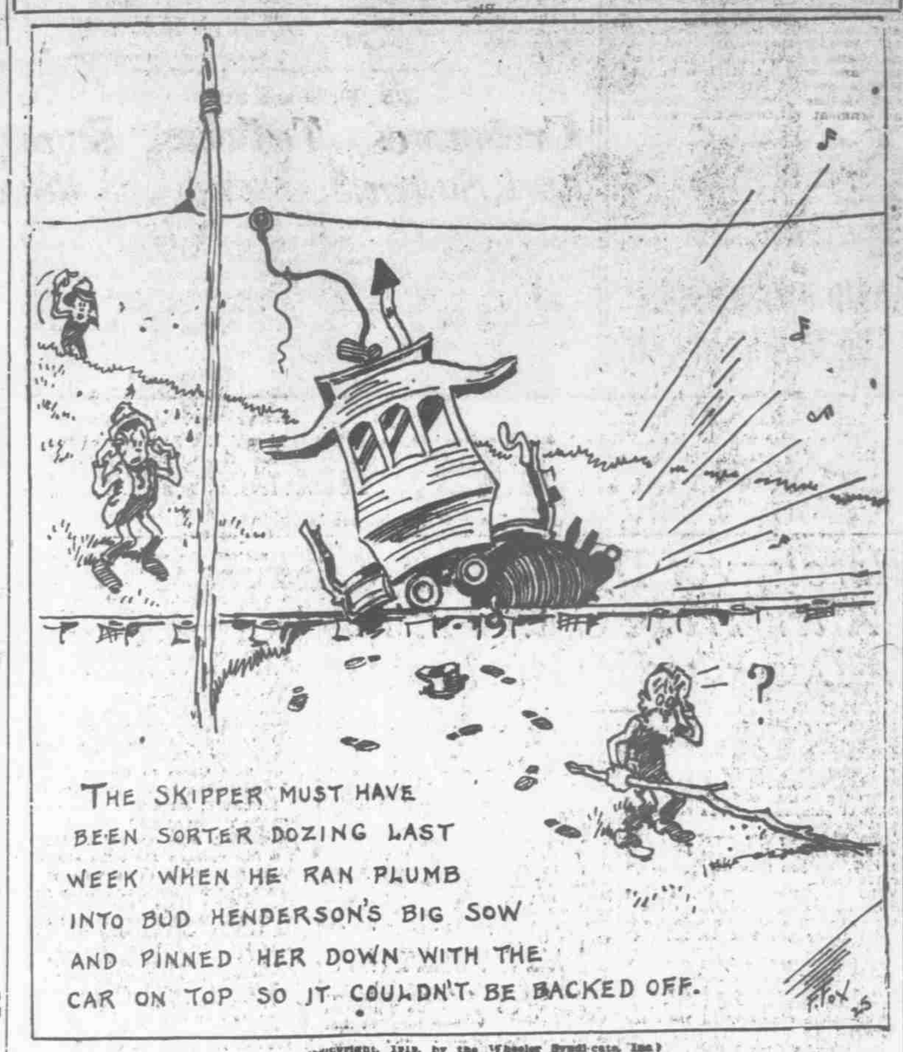
If stung by an insect, take an onion, cut it and rub on to the place. The juice rubbed into the flesh relieves the pain and stops the swelling.

Cement for mending delicate china may be made by mixing rice flour with cold water and simmering it gently over a fire until it becomes thick.

To improve the flavor of an apple tart, sprinkle the fruit with lemon juice after it is put into the dish and cover with tiny pieces of butter, then add sugar and nutmeg or cinnamon.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS

By FONTAINE FOX



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Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am so down-hearted and lonely that I just must write to you. I left the convent when I was fifteen and married a man twenty-nine. He never showed me any affection or consideration. Last year I met a student who was attending school here, and he told me he loved me. I left my home and went to work in his home town. He was twenty, and I am twenty-one. We were very happy, and he used to call every evening. I have now got my divorce and he refuses to see me any more because his friend said he should not marry me. Would it be proper for me to go to his home and demand an explanation? B. V. T.

No young man gives up a girl he really cares about on the advice of a friend, and I think the young student is using that argument as an excuse for not making good his promise. I do not see that you have any hold over him without going to court, and it is doubtful if you would win the case. Don't you think it would be better to try in future to avoid these desperate love entanglements? You have been married and divorced and been badly treated by a young man whom you regarded as your fiance, and you are only twenty-one. Why not try to depend a little more on yourself for happiness and contentment? Try to be less the victim of your emotions.

Lawyers' Gowns.

There is as much difference in the gowns worn by British legal lights as there is in their wigs. The robes of a high court judge are gorgeous and imposing. They are made of rich silk and trimmed with ermine. The cost of these magnificent robes is often as much as 100 pounds, though they can be Then too, high court judges carry, bought for about sixty pounds, but never wear, large three-cornered hats. Judges who preside over lower courts wear much less gorgeous robes and do not carry three-cornered hats. A barrister's gown is made of black alpaca or some similar material known as "stuff" in the legal profession. It is only when a barrister has become a K. C. that he may done a gown of silk. For this reason a King's counsel is often referred to as a "silk."

Candid Enough.

Hawkins, a hotel manager, and Wilks, a manufacturer's agent, were talking about their respective business interests. "I say," remarked Wilks, "however do you use such an enormous quantity of pears and peaches?" "Well," replied Hawkins, "we eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can." "Indeed!" said the other. "We do about the same in our business." "How is that? "We sell an order when we can sell it, and when we can't we cancel it!"

Unappreciated.

"So that's the oldest inhabitant—104 years old?" said a tourist in a village. "No wonder you're proud of him!" "I dunno about being proud of him," responded a native; "he ain't done nothin' in this yer place 'cept grow old, and it's took him a long time to do that!"

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

DO you remember how in the last story Puss Junior went airship riding with the goose captain and the four and twenty sailor doves? Well, they went on and on until nightfall, when up in the sky came the beautiful silver moon. But how different it looked, thought Puss Junior. Not a bit like the moon in Old Mother Goose Land with the good-natured moon man leaning out of his little window.

And then our little hero stood up on his tip-toes in his pretty red-topped boots and said this little poem. And isn't it strange that he should have said just the kind of poetry that belonged to New Mother Goose Land?

Glitter, glitter, Silver Moon,
In the sky a big balloon!
Tell me where you are all day,
Where's the place you hide away?

It is easy for the Sun—
When the Day his race has run,
In the shadows of the Night
To conceal his golden light.

But to me it does seem queer
How you hide when all is clear!
There's no closet I can spy
Anywhere up in the sky.

Then a silvery voice replied, and it sounded strangely like the man in the moon's voice, but Puss wasn't quite sure:

"Some day I will tell you, little Puss Junior. Perhaps when you have been in New Mother Goose Land for a year!" and the only sound to be heard was the tinkle of the stars and the whirr of the airship's propeller.

"You had better come into the cabin," said the captain's wife, "for the dew will be falling soon and you will get damp." So Puss followed her inside where it was warm and cozy.

You remember, of course, that the captain's wife was a goose and that the captain was a gander and the four-and-twenty sailors were little white doves.

Well, after supper, the doves sang such a soft lullaby that the captain's wife cuddled up her baby gosling and went sound to sleep. And pretty soon Puss felt his eyelids drooping and before long he was in the land of dreams, and he thought he had wings and was flying through the air by the side of Goosey Goosey Gander.

And by and by he thought he came to the castle of my Lord of Carabas, where his father, the famous Puss in Boots, was Seneschall.

And he flew into the window and sat on the foot of the bed. But at first he was afraid to waken his old father for fear it would frighten him to death. But by and by as he sat there wondering what to do, he took the feather from his cap and tickled his father's nose very softly and then the old gentleman cat opened his eyes and said: "My dear son! Have you come home at last?" And after that Puss Junior awoke and found himself in the airship where he had fallen asleep.

(To Be Continued.)

A Point of Law.

A prisoner in court was asked the usual question—"Guilty or not ugility?" "Yes," responded the man at the bar. "What's that?" asked the judge, sharply. "I was asked whether I was guilty or not guilty, and of course I am! Of the two conditions I could not well escape both." "But which are you?" "Oh, go on, judge! What's the jury for?"

Experience.

"Simple Simon went a-fishing in his mother's pail."

"Not so simple, at that," declared an amateur sportsman. "I've spent time and money getting to a place where the likelihood of catching fish was no greater!"

Hearts of Three

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buccaneer, decides to pass up activities of city life for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Thomas Regan, stock operator, comes Alvarez Torres, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Young Morgan sails for South America in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters strange young woman who appears to mistake him for someone else. He is find, upon by three natives and seeks safety aboard his vessel, the Angelique.

Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious intruder, are both descendants of Pirate Morgan.

Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is saved from death on gallows and Henry is arrested in his place. Leonia finds her father has escaped from Henry to Francis. The two plot to save Henry.

Francis, Goonies and Henry elude their enemies and go aboard Francis' vessel. The Angelique is pursued down the coast. Francis and his party decide to go ashore to elude their pursuers. They cache their treasure. Francis and his friends again find themselves pursued and former Sal-Cee with force to enable others to escape.

All members of the party are captured. Henry and Jeffs descend into pit to play a strange game. Francis finds centuries of pirate treasure. They fall into a trap.

Old Peter's Chant fails to bring her fortune from Chia's ear. Francis decides on exploration of pit. One of party falls to death. Henry goes for help. The friends are reunited in the Valley of Lost Souls. Torres is ordered to imbibe of the drink of death. Help comes from the sky.

They meet the Queen, who informs the one of the party must become her husband. Torres comes to life again. Francis and party return to the coast. Francis marries the Queen. Francis takes his bride to his home in New York.

Francis' wife learns of her husband's love for Leonia.

Francis' wife leaves him mysteriously to jealous fit. He starts a search for her.

In the meantime she finds Leonia gazing at Francis' photograph and draws a poignard to kill her but succumbs to Leonia's strange power over her and they become friends. The Queen then leads a party into the Valley of Lost Souls to recover her treasure and Torres and Jeffs find another.

"Just the same, you'll note that Tampico Pet is tumbling at the same time it's being snapped up, which is a very curious phenomenon," Regan urged.

"In a bear market all sorts of curious phenomena accur," Francis bluffed with a mature show of wisdom. "And when they've swallowed enough of my dumpings they'll be ripe to roll on a barrel. Somebody will pay something to get my dumpings out of their systems. I fancy they'll pay through the nose before I'm done with them."

"But you're all in, eh? I've been watching your fight, even before your return. Tampico Pet is your last."

Francis shook his head.

"I'd scarcely say that," he [illegible]. "I've got assets my market enemies never dream of. I'm luring them on, that's all; just luring them on. Of course, Regan, I'm telling you this in confidence. You were my father's friend. Mine is going to be some clean-up, and, if you'll take my tip, in this short market you start buying. You'll be sure to settle with the sellers long in the end."

A Bit of Mystery.

"What are your assets?"

Francis shrugged his shoulders.

"That's what they are going to find out when they're full up with my stuff."

"It's a bluff!" Regan admired explosively. "You've got the old man's nerve, all right. But you've got to show me it isn't a bluff."

Regan waited, and Francis was suddenly inspired.

"It is," he muttered. "You've named it. I'm drowning over my back teeth now, and they're the highest out of the wash. But I won't drown if you will help me. All you've got to do is to remember my father and put out your hand to save his son. If you'll back me up, we'll make them all sick." * * *

And right there the Wolf of Wall Street showed his teeth. He pointed to Richard Henry Morgan's picture.

"Why do you think I kept that hanging on the wall these years?" he demanded.

Francis nodded as if the one accepted explanation was their tried and ancient friendship.

"Guess again," Regan sneered grimly.

Francis shook his head in perplexity.

"So I shouldn't never forget him," the Wolf went on. "And never a waking moment have I forgotten him. Remember the Cosmopolitan Railways merger? Well, old R. H. M. double-crossed me in that deal. And it was some double-cross, believe me. But he was too cunning ever to let me get a come-back on him. So there his picture was hung, and here I've sat and waited. And now the time has come."

"You mean?" Francis queried quietly.

"Just that," Regan snarled. "I've waited and worked for this day, and the day has come. I've got the whalp where I want him at any rate." He glanced up maliciously at the picture. "And if that don't make the old gent turn in his grave" * * *

Francis rose to his feet and regarded his enemy curiously.

"No," he said, as if in soliloquy, "it isn't worth it."

"What isn't worth what?" the other demanded with swift suspicion.

"Beating you up," was the cool answer. "I could kill you with my hands in five minutes. You're no wolf. You're just mere yellow dog, the part of you that isn't plain skunk. They told me to expect this of you; but I didn't believe, and I came to see. They were right. You were all that they said. Well, I must get along out of this. It smells like a den of foxes."

He paused with his hand on the door knob and looked back. He had not succeeded in making Regan lose his temper.

"And what are you going to do about it?" the latter jeered.

"If you'll permit me to get my broker on your phone maybe you'll learn," Francis replied.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.