

25,000,000 Bibles

THIS is the anniversary of the entry, in 1520, of Cortez in Mexico City. The intrepid Spaniard made Montezuma his prisoner and rifled the Aztec capital of its vast treasures in gold and precious jewels.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

DURING its existence of more than a century, the British and Foreign Bible Society has distributed approximately 25,000,000 copies of the Bible printed in more than 400 languages and dialects.

THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife is in Love With Another Man

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the mastery of direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Hastings," and Other Notable Fiction.

"Y"OU'll thank Alce for me, won't you? It was very white of him," said Manners. "It was no trouble. He has a mania for having people looked up. One night not long ago we had a small dinner dance. And when everybody had gone he came up to me chuckling; and he told me that during the evening I had danced with seven men whom he could put in state's prison if he wanted to. He wouldn't tell me their names. Look here, Frank, I haven't talked with Diana. Shall I?"

"She's not to be talked to now, Mary. She isn't sane. But you have my permission, if that's any use to anyone."

"Shall I talk to Fenn? I don't know him. But shall I meet him and talk to him?"

"That's a brave and bold and a new notion. What would you say?"

"That I had talked with you; that you refused to be divorced under any circumstances; that you refused to give up Tam. I'd try to show him that nothing honorable could ever come of the affair. I'd try to persuade him to duck out gradually, and not altogether gracefully."

"If we could be sure that he wouldn't run to Diana and repeat what you had said?"

"I should make reasonably sure about that before I gave anything away."

"If Diana finds out that I won't give her a divorce at any price . . ." He did not finish the sentence. "She mustn't."

The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter. He decides to go East. On the train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrived home he is keenly disappointed in Diana's conduct and in her coldness toward him; but finds much joy in the love of his daughter, Tam. He tries to find out what is troubling Diana, and she finally tells him she is in love with Ogden Fenn. Manners then tries to persuade her to give up Fenn. Failing in this, he tells Fenn he must give up Diana. Manners calls on Mary Hastings, a friend to him and to Diana.

"Well," said Manners, "I wish you would see him. I've such tremendous faith in you. And talking with you has done me a world of good."

Think of Tam.

"I think," she said, "that Diana's fire is too intense to last. It will burn itself out. Don't take her too seriously. And don't take this wretched business too much to heart. Keep your mind on Tam. Think of her future. And don't be diverted from that by quixotic impulses."

"Of course," he said simply, and as if he had not been listening. "If they run away together I shall kill him."

"By all means," exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, and she smiled into his face with such persistent sweetness that he had to smile back. "By all means kill him," she repeated, "and as she falls dead, and as Diana throws herself under the nearest trolley-car, and as the officer of the law lays his hands on your shoulder, and leads you away from your paints and your canvases and all your possible sources of revenue—think of Tam!"

He couldn't help laughing. Then

he said: "Always right, Mary. I mustn't kill him, of course. But life hasn't been very gay with me lately, and you have no idea what fun it would be!"

She sighed when he had gone, and looked deep into the wonderful apple tree that he had painted for her, and sat for a long time thinking. "Frank and Diana," she thought, "have had five years of perfect happiness. No two people were ever so much in love with each other. Now they are both unhappier than I am, and I haven't even one minute's happiness to look back on."

Even this tragic thought did not disturb her look of brooding serenity, nor the sweetness of the smile which she had given Manners at parting and which still lingered about her mouth.

"Oh, my dear apple-tree," she thought, "if only I had had Diana's chance!"

CHAPTER XI.

She did not know whether she should bring the matter up with Diana. But she was determined to meet Fenn, and if he seemed an honorable man, who would not repeat what was said to Diana, to talk with him and try to influence him. It was not usually very difficult for her to influence men. And she knew it.

It would not be easy to meet Fenn, because they did not belong to the same station in life, but luck favored her. The night after Manners' departure for California she saw them at the play, and managed, when the performance was over, to so time her exit from the theater that it coincided with theirs.

Diana would have avoided the encounter if possible. She no longer felt comfortable when she was with Mary Hastings, and since the beginning of the affair, with Fenn had deliberately kept away from her. Better than anyone else Diana knew the gallant fight that Mary Hastings had kept up to make a



"We husbands have to be careful of our wives," says Robert Hastings to Mary, as seen in "The Wild Goose."

success out of a ghastly marriage.

She admired no other woman so much. And there was no other person in the world whom she so hated

to disappoint. But their greeting, unaffected and affectionate, left nothing to be desired. They met as intimate friends meet who have been

Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon at Leading Theaters

seeing each other often.

Fenn was introduced. He was a little flustered. He had looked at her more than once during the progress of the play and Diana had told him who she was. Fenn had a little of the snob in him as the next man, but the extraordinary beauty of the woman, and the hundred or two hundred millions of dollars which was said to be behind that beauty, had their effect.

If only for Diana's sake he wished himself tall and of commanding presence. He wished that he had the gift of saying witty things in rather a loud and showy way. If only for Diana's sake he wished to make good with Diana's powerful friends. If only he could get them to like him for himself it would be so much better for Diana in the long run.

An Awkward Fool.

He knew that the heads of half the people in the lobby were turned toward Mrs. Hastings; that she was being pointed out and excitedly commented on. And he knew that because he was talking with such a famous person he was having a share in her conspicuousness. This knowledge inflamed his cheeks and tripped his tongue. He felt like an awkward fool.

Diana herself could not have put him at his ease. And she had abandoned him. She was talking with Hastings. And Hastings was laughing his loud, harsh laugh. Only Mrs. Hastings herself could have put Fenn at his ease. And it was not so much she herself who managed it as the sheer loveliness that radiated from her eyes; and the sweetness and the serenity of her voice.

He forgot that rude, whispering people were staring at him; he forgot that he was humble and shy and self-conscious and unsuccessful. Almost he might have been alone in a forest contemplating some miraculous flower.

He heard Diana's voice: "Mr. Hastings wants us to go somewhere to supper with them," she said.

"I'd love to," he said.

And then almost without remembering how he got there he found himself surrounded by a most luxurious and delicate smell of leather. He was sitting next to the famous Alexander Hastings—one of the most envied and discussed men in America. They were riding backward. Opposite him was the woman who was all the world to him, next to her was the most beautiful woman in all the world. If only he could think of something to say.

"There's room on this seat, Mr. Fenn," said Mrs. Hastings, "if you hate riding backward."

His opportunity had come. He knew his Mark Twain inside out, and with a hint of a stammer in his speech he used that knowledge.

"I only hate it on the water," he said, "when it's my turn to row."

Hastings vented an appreciative roar of harsh laughter. The lovely women laughed, and Fenn, carried away with pleasure at having made a hit, laughed too. Diana's eyes fairly blazed with pride. How could anybody help liking a man who could say wonderful things like that?

It was less pleasant for her when Fenn, feeling that he had stolen another man's thunder, insisted on disavowing any credit for what he had said, and at some length and not very brilliantly retailed the witticism in its original form. The laughter which greeted this explanation and repetition was neither unrestrained nor spontaneous.

And for the lack of humor thus displayed by her lover's insistence Diana was obliged to seek consolation in the beautiful intellectual honesty which had compelled it. No one was so adamant on questions of undeserved credit!

As for Mary Hastings, smiling very sweetly upon the unfortunate bungler, she thought to herself: "I wonder if he isn't ever a little little tedious?"

And she was sorry for him. For when he looked at Diana his eyes had in them the adoration of a dog's, and she knew that neither to themselves nor to anybody else could any real good come of their love for each other.

"Did Fenn know that?" she wondered. "Did he even suspect it?"

Hidden Motive.

During supper she made the discovery that Fenn was a great admirer of Chinese porcelain. The finer examples were of course beyond his means, but other things being equal, he went where porcelains were. He had books on the subject. He was a genuine amateur. Nothing could have been more fortunate.

The Hastings collection was so important that it had a whole room to itself. Fenn must have an afternoon with the collection, and the sooner the better. It would be easy to leave Diana out; she would indeed prefer to be left out, for collections of all kinds bored her.

The salaried expert who dusted the porcelains when he wasn't worshipping them should show them to Fenn. And then Fenn should have a cup of tea in her little sitting room and be talked to. The engagement was made. Fenn was flattered and delighted. Diana was also delighted. She suspected Mary Hastings of no hidden motive. And when the afternoon for seeing the porcelains came she abandoned her lover to the more beautiful woman without a twinge of doubt.

When Mrs. Hastings joined Fenn in the room devoted to the porcelains, his interest in them waned, and he was glad to be led away to tea. It seemed wonderful to him to have been singled out for so much attention by a beautiful and famous woman. He imagined that not everybody was privileged to see her alone in that charming little sitting-room. Diana must have such a room some day. The shy, natural to him was not in evidence. His face and eyes glowed with genuine pleasure. But only for a few moments; for Mrs. Hastings made a direct characteristic attack on the subject which was uppermost in her mind.

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WHY WE ARE CRUEL

PITY, MERCY AND CONSIDERATION ARE BY-PRODUCTS. By Garrett P. Serviss

Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

I HAVE a letter from an "Old Reader" which is in itself an essay. Some of its questions are like glass boxes with the answers inclosed. They also resemble peepholes into the dark corners of human nature.

"How, when and where," asks "Old Reader," did the way of thinking develop which makes it possible for us to stick a worm or crab on an angling hook, or, unconcerned, look at a dozen live lobsters on ice in a restaurant window; whereas we run for the police when a man beats a horse or a dog?

"Has the law always discriminated between different animals? If not, when did it begin? Do we protect some animal because we like them, or because they are useful to us?"

"A man once soaked a rat with kerosene, set it afire and let it run. In court he pleaded, not guilty on the ground that rats do not belong to the category of animals which enjoy legal protection. Was he right?"

That all men without exception are justly subject to the scathing satire lurking in these questions is disproved by Michel de Montaigne—at least for himself—when he says, with evident sincerity: "I cannot without grief see so much as an innocent beast pursued and killed that has no defense and from which we have received no offense at all." And again he

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FOR LOVE BY RUBY M. AYRES

An Absorbing Romance

THERE was a maid in the room long—four hours at the most, and already she was trying to find something more interesting than his society.

He could not believe she was the same girl who had looked at him with such shy happiness in her eyes beneath her wedding veil only that morning; the girl whose face had flushed like a rose as they drove away from the church together, and he bent to kiss her hand with its very new ring.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" He knew she did not; but it was something to say. She answered him at once. "Please do."

"Don't you think if we are going to stay here that we ought as well have our meals downstairs; it would be more interesting."

"If you would prefer it," He almost laughed as he spoke.

ADVICETO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax.

NOT A REAL LOVE. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-one and have been going about with a young man for a year. I was to be married early this spring, but fell ill, and now the doctor says I must go to a different climate. I have an opportunity to go to California or across the ocean. I prefer to go across the ocean, as I have relatives there. Is my friend doing right by objecting, saying he considers me go away for such a length of time? I would like to be in perfect health before I get married. WORRIED.

It is a selfish and short-sighted love which tries to deny you your chance to win back perfect health. Possibly the young man doesn't understand the need of your seeking a change of climate. How would it be to let him have an interview with the doctor, so that he may understand the facts. Then, if he persists in his selfish attitude of wanting you move than he wants you to have your full chance to be a strong happy woman, do you think his is the sort of love to cherish and protect?

IF IT'S YOUR EYES DR. D. L. ROSE EYE SIGHT SPECIALIST 815 11th St. N. W.

MANNERS AT HOME

WORLD JUDGES OUR CULTURE BY OUR CONDUCT. By Loretto C. Lynch

An Acknowledged Expert in All Matters Pertaining to Household Management.

ONE of the ways of the world has of judging of our culture is not by how much of the Bible or Shakespeare or Ibsen we have assimilated, but by the manners we have at table.

A woman came to me the other day saying she would like to do social overhauls of children's table manners at a certain free lunch club. "But I'd like to do something important," the lady retorted. A college boy said to me the other day: "I'd just love to take Marge up to the house to meet mother and the girls, but she's a two-handed eater—and mother would never think of the good looks and fine character and the war work this girl did; she would see only her table manners."

Yet it is within the province of the humblest home to instill table manners into the children. And the nice part of it is that at no age is it too late to begin. Suppose we consider a simple breakfast of toast and butter and milk. The toast should be broken with the tips of the fingers, and a little butter spread on the toast just before it is eaten. The milk may be served in a cup or glass. The eater should sit easily erect. Raise the cup by the handle up to the mouth. Slip a little and return it to the table. The head should not come forward and down to receive the cup.

MORE PRIZE RECIPES

SUGAR COOKIES.

- 1 cupful butter (1/4 lb. scant). 1 cupful sugar (1/2 lb.). 2 eggs. 1 tablespoon water. 1 teaspoon flavoring extract. 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Enough flour to make a dough and roll out thin on a board. Cream butter and sugar thoroughly together with a wooden spoon. Beat eggs until very light, add to creamed mixture, beat well, add water and extract. To one-half cupful sifted flour add the baking powder and sift into the other ingredients, beat until light, then add flour enough to make a soft dough, about two level cupful. Turn out into a floured board, knead lightly, roll out thin, sprinkle with sugar, cut out with a cookie cutter and bake in a quick oven ten minutes.

Cocoanut, chopped nut, raisins, etc. may be sprinkled over the dough while rolling for variety. These cookies will be as good six weeks after baking as when first baked.

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BELIEVE IN FOLKS?

DO YOU LOOK WITH THEIR EYES? By Beatrice Fairfax

"In a pool so small You could jump over it, I saw reflected All of the sky."

"I wondered: How shall one measure This lovely water— By the Earth that holds it? By the Heaven it holds!"

THIS bit of verse from the Spanish holds one of life's greatest truths. Everything in life is a matter of how you look at it.

In studying folks, we generally have a choice as to what we see. Suppose a generous friend is never on time to engagements. It's possible to see that friend as a loyal, warm-hearted person who gives much and in a trance of optimism tries to accomplish so much that he's never on time for anything. Or the situation may appear as an annoying one in which some one who ought to do better always ig-

nores the fact that other folks' time is too valuable to waste. Most lovers' quarrels come from the wrong emphasis in studying the sweetheart who wouldn't seem erring at all if the slant were recently two good friends came to the parting of the ways because one of them refused to include the other in an engagement he'd made with a third individual.

Said Tom: "If I'm not good enough to take along when Dick has a date with Harry, I'm not good enough to be his friend. He's a disloyal snob and I'm glad I found it out in time."

Cried Dick: "Tom's the best scout in the world, but Harry's the sort to get on his nerves and bring out the worst in him. I like Harry well enough and have to see him once in a while. But I don't want to make things uncomfortable for my best pal, so when I have to meet the other fellow I make a point of leaving Tom out and saving him annoyance and boredom."

A matter of emphasis and the angle of vision, you see!

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