

An Active Volcano.

THE most active volcano in the world is Mount San- kay. It is 17,196 feet high, and is situated on the eastern chain of the Andes, in South America. It has been in constant eruption since the year 1728.

Magazine Mode



Robert W. Chambers' THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers. Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

"HAS Strela had another shock recently?" asked Quarren.

"A letter from her lawyers. There won't be anything at all left for her," said Molly.

"Are you sure?" "She is. Why, Ricky, the city had half a million on deposit there, and even that foxy young man Langley was caught for twice as much more. It's a ghastly scandal—the entire affair. How many cents on a dollar do you suppose poor little Strela is going to recover? Not two!"

"They paused at the door of his quarters. His luggage had already arrived and a valet was busy unpacking for him.

"Sir Charles, Chryso, Lacy, Jim and I are motoring. We'll be back for tea. Frowl about, Ricky; the place is

years and everything in it—except that little girl over there—pointing along the corridor to a distant door. He smiled. "She may be, yet," he said lightly. "Don't come back too soon."

So Molly went away laughing; and presently through the face curtains Quarren saw Jim Wycherly whirl up in a yellow touring car, and Molly, Chryso and Sir Charles clamber in for one of those terrific and headlong drives which made Jim's hospitality a terror to the majority of his guests.

Quarren watched the car disappear, hopefully followed by an overfed setter. Then the dust settled; the fat family pet came panting back to lie down on the lawn, dead beat, and Quarren resumed his toilet.

Half an hour later he emerged from his quarters wearing tennis flannels and screwing the stem into a new pipe which he had decided to break in—a tall, well-built, pleasant young fellow with the city pal-

What Has Happened So Far in "The Streets of Ascalon"

DICK QUARREN, a talented young man, lives in bachelor quarters with friends in apartments known as the Irish Legation. When the story opens Quarren's friends are discussing the return of one of his checks. They assert that society has got a hold on him and is making a nobody out of him. Westgard, who has accepted the check, calls Quarren's attention to it. The latter takes it lightly, heartedly, saying that he forgot to make a deposit.

lor blanching his skin and the breeze stirring his short blond hair. "Hello, old man!" he said affably to the fat setter, who thumped his tail on the grass and looked up at Quarren with mild, deer-like eyes.

The Scent of June. "We're out of the running, we two—aren't we?" he added. "You try very pluckily to keep up with your master's devil-wagon; I run a more hopeless race. . . . For the golden chariot is too swift for me, and the race is to the swift; and the

price, doggy, is a young girl's unprized heart which is slowly turning from sensitive flesh and blood into pure and senseless gold."

He stood under a tree slowly filling his pipe. The scent of early summer was in the air; the odor of June peonies, and young leaves and clear waters; of grasses and hedges and distant hemlocks. Leisurely, the fat dog waddling at his heels, he sauntered about the Wycherly place, inspecting its renovated attractions—among

Mrs. Wycherly, a cousin of Westgard's brings Strela Leeds, a fascinating young widow of scarcely twenty, to call. The men all fall in love with her. Wycherly gives a masked ball and Quarren, as a Harlequin, hunts out Strela and, both masked, she not knowing him, they have a battle of wits, in which she promises him an hour out of her life if he will guess who she is. He tells her and claims his forfeit.

others the new old-fashioned garden—full of new old-fashioned flowers so marvelously developed by modern skill that he recognized scarcely any of them.

Peonias, with their greatfluted and scalloped blossoms resembled nothing he had known by that name; the peonies seemed to him enormous and exotic; rockets, larkspurs, spiderwort, pinks—all had been so fantastically and grotesquely developed by modern horticulture that Quarren felt as

though he were wandering alone among a gardenful of strangers. Only here and there a glimpse of familiar sweet-william or the faint perfume of lemon-verbena brought a friendly warmth into his heart; but, in hostile silence he passed by hydrangeas and altheas, syringas and preposterous cannas, quietly detesting the rose garden whers scores of frail and frivolous strangers nodded amid anemic leaves, or where great, blatant, aniline-colored blossoms blazed in the

This Day in History. THIS is the anniversary of the birth of the Marquis de Lafayette, in 1757. When a young man he enlisted with Washington and endeared himself to the American people by his bravery and sacrifice.

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

sun, seeming to repeat with every price or do. He looked in at the stables and caressed a horse or two; examined the sheepfold; passed by garage and hangar without interest, lingered wistfully by the kennels where a dozen nervous little Blue Beltons, too-closely inbred, welcomed his appearance with hysterical emotions. Beyond the kennels he caught a distant glimpse of blue water glimmering between tall hemlock trees; so he took the lake path and presently rounded a sharp curve where a rustic bench stood, perched high above the rocky shores. Strela Leeds, seated there, looked up from the newspaper which she had been reading.

Some of the color faded from her cheeks. There was a second's silence, then, as though a little bewildered, she looked inquiringly into his smiling eyes and extended her hand toward the hand he offered.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) Published by Arrangement With International Feature Service, Inc. (Copyright, by Robert W. Chambers.)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

A MALE TRAITOR.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-one and engaged to a young man who insists upon me taking orders from him in every respect. For instance, if we go out to dine I must eat what he orders and not what I desire. I must also dress according to his taste, etc. I wouldn't mind it so much were he alone, but he must always pick out the clothes among company. This makes me so unhappy that I want to part with him, but find it impossible as I care for him a great deal. How can I make him understand that I wish to direct my own life once in a while?

Must a woman give in to a man for a whole lifetime? R. W. IT sounds as though the man for whom you care were tyrannical and selfish and great to thinking himself a person of great importance. Some men are like that and can't recognize the fact that "women are people." Marrying such a man can't mean happiness. Instead of arguing in public, why don't you submit quietly once and then next time suggest with the utmost sweetness that it would be nice if your sweetheart let you manage the party and casual about it and see if he won't try the experiment. If not—then sit down in all seriousness and ask the man to try to put himself in your place and find himself denied all freedom to express his personality by one who is supposed to love him.

A Miss Lover.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I AM eighteen years of age and in love with a chap three years my senior. I have known him for almost two years and he has told me of his love for me. He is in no position to settle down and will not be for years to come. I told him I would be willing to give up my boy friends and suggested that he give up his girl friends. He says he won't. Do you think he loves me if he takes this attitude? I am madly in love with him. H. L.

THIS boy's idea of "love" is a selfish thing with no roots and no substance. All his "love" and "outlets" destroy any possible depth to his declaration that he cares for you. Since he doesn't want to be exclusively in your society, since he can't look forward to a time when he can ask you to marry him—don't you see how weak and selfish he is to talk about loving you. Don't let this infatuation get any deeper hold on your imagination. Go about with other boys and keep your mind from centering on this one. Nothing can come of an affair of this caliber.

Not Always.

She—Enthusiasm is contagious. He—Not always. I've courted girls who didn't seem to share my enthusiasm in the least.



Beauty of Skin Enhanced by Cuticura

When used for every-day toilet purposes Cuticura keeps the complexion fresh and clear, hands soft and white and hair lustrous and glossy. The soap cleanses and purifies the skin, soothes the scalp and head and the talcum to powder and perfume.

FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres

"Oh, nobody—nobody . . ."

She tore the paper into pieces and threw them into the waste paper basket.

There was a moment of silence, then she got up and walked out of the room. Philip waited till he heard her go upstairs, then he took the torn papers from the waste-paper basket and picked them up to read. He found it difficult. Presently he had all the words spread on the blotter before him.

"It's your fault I have come alone," he said to himself. "I would, but let me off, Tom. I am suffering, suffering. There seems nothing left in all the world any more but just pain . . ."

Philip's face whitened as he stared at the incoherent message. There was an envelope lying face downward close by. He turned it over and it was addressed to Calligan.

Upstairs Eva had taken off her hat and was standing listlessly in the center of the room. Her head was burning hot and her temples throbbing cruelly.

"I can't be ill, there isn't time," she said to herself. "Only two weeks—there isn't time."

She poured out some water and laved her face; when she was summoned for lunch she went out on to the landing and met Mrs. Winterdick.

"I am very pleased to see you, my dear," the elder woman said. She held out her hand, and Eva smiled, but she asked the maid who waited at table to move it to the other side. She made the excuse that she liked to see out of the window.

She exerted herself to talk; she tried to remember what she had been doing in New York since Philip left her, but, looking back it seemed like some delirium which she only wished to forget. All her days had been passed with Calligan and it was difficult to speak without mentioning his name. But he was in her thoughts all the time against a background of curious resentment because it had been he who had forced her upon her. She had not wished to come; the first sight of Philip had destroyed all her hard-won indifference and for the first time she had opened her heart to him.

"She looks very ill, don't you think?" Philip said. "Does she?" "Yes, she does."

He knew that his mother was right; it had given him a shock to see the alteration which two weeks had made in his wife. Her face had grown thin, and her pretty features had sharpened; there were hollows beneath her eyes, too, as if she had not slept.

Was it because she was fretting about Calligan or that other man? he wondered. Since he had read that incoherent message on the torn paper he never knew that it must be Calligan for whom she really cared.

What had she meant by saying that there seemed nothing left in all the world but pain?

One or two men whom he had run up against in town had dropped him a well-meant hint or two. Apparently Eva had spent all her time in Calligan's company, making no attempt to disguise the fact; she had been seen everywhere with him.

"Too many late nights, I expect, mother," Philip forced himself to say. "The country will soon pull her round again."

He went out into the hall and met Eva coming downstairs. She was dressed in a simple, sensible gown.

NUTRITION AND TASTE

By Bruce Belden, M.D.

WHEN food is chewed it is also tasted. The nerves of taste recognize certain properties of the food and convey the "information" to centers in the brain whose function it is to signal the stomach, liver and other digestive organs to prepare for whatever work is in store for them.

Tasting also controls nutrition by lessening the desire for various foods as the body receives a sufficiency of each dietetic item.

The amount of gastric juice appearing in the stomach depends largely upon how long one chews food, and how thoroughly. If one retains the food for a long time and chews it well a proportionately large amount of gastric juice will be ready to digest the food when it reaches the gastric laboratory.

Now the soft palate is very sensitive to solid objects, and if food is imperfectly chewed the resulting irritation of coarse particles sets up a reverse movement which sends the food back between the teeth to be better masticated.

The small structure which hangs from the center of the soft palate has much to do in initiating this reverse movement, which not only inverts proper mastication but also prevents substances which are not food from being swallowed.

Nature has arranged things so that the tastiness of our foods is brought out by thorough mastication, the purpose being the preparation of the digestive organs in general to act upon the food swallowed, through the brain action which we have described.

To prove that our country is purely American, the reds had it first, then the whites took it, and now the blues are after it.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

THE REAL MAN

IS HE SO VERY HARD TO FIND?

By Beatrice Fairfax.

"ARE all the men nowadays interested in good times and 'wild women' and nothing else?" writes the mother of three girls. "Is there any reason for me to hope that my daughters are ever going to meet a fine, high-principled man like their dear, dead father? It seems to me that the young men of today are all chasing pleasure and amusing themselves in a way that just about lets them stay outside of prison bars."

To her seduction and crime seem God nor heaven and certainly none for woman. I wonder if my girls wouldn't be better off in convents or dead than married to the monstrous thing who calls himself man today.

At this point I stop, and throw up my hands in despair of refuting the page upon page of charges into which goes this "mother of three."

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TRY THESE RECIPES

(The following recipes for cold soups have been tested by Good Housekeeping Institute and are reproduced by special arrangement with Good Housekeeping.)

RED CHERRY SOUP.

Carefully wash and stem one quart of sour cherries, reserving one-half cupful for garnishing. Place the remaining cherries in a saucepan and add six cupfuls of water. Simmer gently until the cherries are tender; replenishing the water if necessary. Strain through a fine strainer; there should be three cupfuls of strained fruit juice. Re-heat the juice to the boiling point, then add one tablespoonful of cornstarch and two tablespoonfuls of sugar mixed with one cupful of cold water. Cook fifteen minutes. Meanwhile crack open the cherry pits and heat in a little of the fruit juice to the boiling point, then strain into the main liquid. Add two spoonfuls of lemon juice—the amount of lemon juice and sugar added depending somewhat upon the acidity of the cherry. Chill, add the one-half cupful of reserved cherries and serve with unsweetened crackers, if desired.

PLUM SOUP.

Place one quart of plums, carefully washed, in a kettle with one quart of water. Cook until the plums are tender and broken, then strain through cheesecloth. To the juice add an inch piece of stick cinnamon and six tablespoonfuls of sugar, then reheat to the boiling point. Remove the cinnamon and stir in one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with one cupful of cold water. Simmer fifteen minutes, chill, and serve.

GRAPE TAPIOCA SOUP.

Stir two tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca into two cupfuls of boiling water, add an inch piece of stick cinnamon and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Simmer five minutes, then double boiler for fifteen minutes or until transparent. Remove the cinnamon and cool slightly, then add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one and one-half cupfuls of grape juice. Mix thoroughly, chill and serve.

When a Girl Marries

AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle.

Whose Present Serial Has Scored a Big Popular Success. "W H, Anna, m'dear!" quavered Dad Lee, in the tone of one caught in the act—though just what act I couldn't guess. Then, with a sudden recovery, he went on:

"I was laying my bets you'd be along any minute. Couldn't locate you at Miss Dalton's or your brother's or anywhere. And I was kinda lonesome and worried, so I thought I'd mosey down here and see if there was any word from that boy of ours."

I was almost breathless with surprise. If this had occurred before Miss Storrs and I reached our entente cordiale I don't know how I would have endured the fact of her sharing with me and my nearest and dearest this ugly secret, which not even Jeanie and Pat knew.

"When I greeted him by name as 'Dad Lee' I wondered if in my desire to take him off his guard I hadn't betrayed to Mabel Storrs what there was no necessity for her to know. But his first words assured me that he hadn't seen Dick West's taken by the police. This man—Slim Darrow—will be sent to the penitentiary for a term of years for a bank robbery he committed across the river some time ago. So one sees out of the way and Dick West, with his warning that he can't get away with murder, to put it coarsely."

Mabel Storrs usually impulsive face turned crimson.

"Oh, why did you do that?" she cried. "Why did you make such a radical move without consulting me? I told you I knew West down South where they called him a bad boy—but I've seen for years a man of his caliber. You don't warn a rattlesnake that your gun's loaded and that you'll shoot if he moves."

"I'm sorry if you think I've blundered," I replied. "But I had my brother to consider. If Dick felt drunk with power, there was a terrible chance that he'd attack Neal again. 'This arrest is a moral lesson I couldn't bring myself to add. And as I'm afraid that Dad Lee is one of Dick West's spies and I can't move against him, I thought it very wise to warn Dick that he was being watched and that he'd better be on his toes and don't intend letting them work unchecked."

In the next moment Miss Storrs turned on me almost desperately: "Your brother! Well—you'd sacrifice your husband and his interests to protect him!"

Her voice held a note almost frantic in its loyalty to my husband. (To Be Continued)

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

A banana has as much fuel value as an egg.

Dried vegetables should be kept in airtight tins or covered bottles. Do not use any material for dusts that is liable to leave pieces or hairs on the furniture.

A few drops of hot vinegar will remove the most obstinate of white-wash or distemper splashes. Yeast that has become dry may be made usable again if mixed with a small quantity of cold water.

The lightness of batter puddings is much improved if two teaspoonfuls of ground rice are added to the flour before mixing.

A little lemon juice is an improvement to the sardine mixture. Of the 200 islands comprising the Fiji Islands, but eighty are inhabited.

Not Tempting.

Friend—Why do you wear those fearfully old-fashioned collars? Moore says that the laundry manager sends them to the young people they send them back

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

A Bracer.

"I've longed through all the summer long, all thoughts of work eschewing; but now I sing another song. I'm fain to be up and doing. Where erst I said, 'I'm tuckered out from eating three meals daily,' I now desire to skip about and labor long and gayly. For when this haze is in the sky and leaves are turning yellow, when summer sighs her soft 'Good-by!' I'm quite another fellow. The folks who watch my prancing step when autumn's breeze is sighing remark, 'That boy has so much pep he scarce can keep from flying.' There's something in the bracing wind that makes me long to hustle; I hunger for the daily grind and want to try my muscle. So, after summer's writing heat and torrid sunray's burning, I find September mighty sweet, with hints of frost returning. In June the wilds are picturesque, but now they aggravate me; with cherries I seek my office desk where piles of work await me. I labor there ten hours or more and never once grow weary while singing over every chore that used to seem so dreary. I do not watch the office clock and count the moments fleeting, nor do I sit around and knock until it's time for eating. It seems that nothing can annoy, can trouble or perplex me; I smile upon the office boy whose antics used to vex me. I strive to do the work of ten, and every aspect pleases, because the fall is here again, with pepper in its breezes."

Paris says it with feathers

Sometimes she says it with the soft flattery of trailing plumes or curling feathers, other times with the crisp comment of feathered co-cards and quills, but almost invariably she says it with feathers and a French accent.

You'll see exactly how she does say it and in how many different ways in the September Harper's Bazar.

The new colors, the smartest fabrics are shown by untranslated French hats, as well as by hats from smart New York houses. You'll find just what you wish to wear now and you'll also be able to anticipate later Autumn tendencies.

To see these many bewitching, befeathered hats from Paris and New York, simply invest in

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