

THIS is the anniversary of the founding of the Central America, in 1857, in which 374 lives were lost in the Gulf of Mexico, and of the burning of the Austria, in midocean, in 1858, in which 539 died.

No Sharp-Pointed Wedding Gifts. NO sharp-pointed wedding gifts are permitted in Italy, and even in England, unless the receiver gives the donor a half-penny, it is supposed that a quarrel will ensue, the gift cutting the friendship.

Magazine Page

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

Absorbing Story of Hearts and High Society by the Master Hand of the Most Gifted Living Writer of Fiction.

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

"I THINK I'd better go," Langley said, pleasantly. "A matter of business, I suppose?" eyebrows slightly lifted. "In a way. Dankmarr is alone, poor fellow."

Molly laughed. "It is not good for a man to be alone."

Sprowl said: "There's a housemaid in my employ—she's saved something, I understand. You might notify Dankmarr—He half wheeled toward Quarren, eyes slightly bulging, without a shadow of expression on his sleek, narrow face.

Molly flushed; Quarren glanced at Sprowl, amazed at his insolence out of a clear sky.

"What?" he said slowly—then stepped back a pace as Strela's passer close in front of him, apparently perfectly unconscious of any discord: "Will you get me a lump of sugar, Mr. Quarren? My mare must be pampered or she'll start that jiggling Kentucky amble and never walk one step."

Quarren swung on his heel and entered the house; Molly, ignoring Strela, turned sharply to Sprowl: "If you are insolent to my guests you need not come here," she said briefly.

Langley's restless eyes protruded; he glanced from Molly to Strela, then his indifferent gaze wandered over the landscape. It was plain that the rebuke had not made the slightest impression. Molly looked angrily at Strela, but the latter, eyes averted, was quarren at her horse. And when Quarren came back with a handful of sugar she took it and, descending the steps, fed it, lump by lump to the two horses.

Langley put her up, shouldered

aside the groom, and adjusted heel-loop and habit-loop. Then he mounted, saluted Molly and followed Strela at a canter without even noticing his bride.

"What have you done to Langley?" asked Molly.

"Characterized his bad manners the other day. It wasn't worth while! there's no money in cursing. . . . And I think, Molly dear, that I'll take an afternoon train—"

"I won't let you," said his hostess. "I won't have you treated 'hat way under my roof—"

"It was outdoors, dear lady," said Quarren, smiling. "It's only his rudeness before you that I mind. Where is Sir Charles?"

"Off with Chryso, somewhere on the river—there's their motor-launch, now. . . . Ricky!"

"I'm angry all through. . . . Strela might have said something—showed her lack of sympathy for Langley's remark by being a little more cordial to you. . . . I don't like it in her. I don't know whether I am going to like that girl or not—"

A Dangerous Ride.

"There was! She's a fish!—unless she gives Langley the dickens this morning. . . . Will you motor with Jim and me, Rick, dear?"

"If you like it."

She did like. So presently a racing car was brought around, Jim came reluctantly from the hangar, and away they tore into the dull weather now faintly illuminated by the prophecy of the sun.

Everywhere the mist was turning golden; faint smears of blue appeared and disappeared through the vapors passing overhead. Then, all at once the sun's glaring lens played across the drenched meadows and the shadows of tree and hedge and standing cattle streamed out across the herbage.

In spite of the chains the car

skidded dangerously at times; mud flew and so did water, and very soon Molly had enough. So they tore back again to the house, Molly to change her muddy clothes and write letters, her husband to return to his beloved Stringer, Quarren to put on a pair of stout shoes and leather spats and go wandering off cross-roads—past woodlands still dripping with golden rain from every leaf, past tiny streams swollen amber where mint and scented grasses swayed half immersed; past hedge and orchard and wild tangies ringing with bird music—past fields of young crows of every kind washed green and fresh above the soaking brown earth.

Swallows settled on the wet road around every puddle; bluebirds fluttered among the fruit trees; the strident battle note of the king-bird was heard, the unlovely call of passing grackles, the loud enthusiasm of nesting robins. Everywhere a rain-cleaned world resounded with the noises of lesser life, flashed with its color in a million blossoms and in the delicately brilliant wings hovering over them.

Far away he could see the river and the launch, too, where Sir Charles and Chryso Lacy were circling hither and thither at full speed. Once, across a distant hill, two horses and their riders passed outlined against the sky; but even the eyes of a lover and a hater could not identify anybody at such a distance.

So he strolled on, taking roads when convenient, fields when it suited him, neither knowing nor caring where he was going.

Avoiding a big house amid brand new and very showy landscape effects he turned aside into a pretty strip of woods; and presently came to a little footbridge over a stream.

A man sat there, reading, and as



Molly Wycherly, who does all she can to encourage Strela's liking for Quarren.

Quarren passed, he looked up. "Is that you, Quarren?" he said. The young fellow stopped and looked down curiously at the sunken unhealthy face, then, shocked, came forward hastily and shook hands. "Why, Ledwith," he said, "what are you doing here?—Oh, I forgot; you live here, don't you?"

"That's my house yonder—or was," said the man with a slight motion of his head. And, after a moment: "You didn't recognize me. Have I changed much?"

Quarren said: "You seem to have been ill."

"Yes, I have been. I'm ill, all right. . . . Will you have a seat for a few minutes—unless you are going somewhere in particular—or don't care to talk to me—"

"Thank you," Quarren scated himself. It was his instinct to be gentle—even with such a man.

"I haven't seen much of you, for a couple of years—I haven't seen much of anybody," said Ledwith, turning the pages of his book without looking at them. Then, furtively; his sunken eyes rested a moment on Quarren:

"You are stopping with—"

"The Wychlys."

"Oh, yes. . . . I haven't seen them lately. . . . They are neighbors—He waved his sickly colored hand—"but I'm rather quiet—I read a good deal—as you see." He moistened his bluish lips every few moments, and his nose seemed to annoy him, too, for he rubbed it continually.

"It's a pretty country," said Quarren.

"Yes—I thought so once. I built that house. . . . There's no use of my keeping up my social duties," he said with another slinking glance at Quarren. "So I'm giving up the house."

"Really?"

"Haven't you heard so, haven't you?"

Driven to Wall.

He kept twitching his shoulders and shifting his place continually, and his fingers were never still, always at the leaves of his book or rubbing his face which seemed to itch; or he snapped them nervously and continuously as he jerked about his seat.

"I suppose," he said slyly, "people talk about me, Quarren."

"Do you know anybody immune to gossip, inquired Quarren, smiling.

"No; that's true. But I don't care anything for people. . . . I

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Supreme Sacrifice For the Talented Young Man She Loves.

"Yes, I have my horses and dogs—but I'm going to move away. I told you that, didn't I?"

"I believe you did."

Ledwith stared at his book with lack-luster eyes, then, almost imperceptibly shifted his gaze craftily askance:

"There's no use pretending to you, Quarren: is there?"

Quarren said nothing.

"You know all the gossip—all the dirty little facts divers of your world. And you're a sort of doctor and confidential!"

"You're mistaken, Ledwith," he said pleasantly. "I'm done with it."

A Pathetic Meeting.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, that I've gone into a better business and I'm too busy to be useful and amusing any longer."

Ledwith's dead eyes stared: "I heard you had dropped out—were never seen about. Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Found the game too rotten?"

"Oh, no. It's no different from any other game—a mixture of the same old good and bad, with good predominating. But there's more to be had out of life in other games."

"Yours is slipping phony pictures to the public, with Dankmarr working as side partner, isn't it?"

Quarren said pleasantly: "If you're serious Ledwith, you're a liar."

After a silence Ledwith said: "Do you think there's enough left of me to care what anybody calls me?"

Quarren turned: "I beg your pardon, Ledwith; I had no business to make you such an answer."

"Never mind. . . . In that last year—when I still knew people—and when they still knew me—you were very kind to me, Quarren."

"Why not? you were always decent to me."

Ledwith was now picking at his fingers and Quarren say that they were dreadfully scarred and maltreated.

"You've always been kind to me," repeated Ledwith, his extinct eyes fixed on space. "Other people would have halted at sight of me and gone the other way—or passed by, cutting me dead. . . . You sat down beside me."

"Am I anybody to refuse?"

But Ledwith only blinked nervously down at his book, presently fell to twitching the uncut pages again.

"Poems," he said; "scarcely what you'd think I'd wish to read. Quarren; poems of youth and love."

"You're young, Ledwith—if you cared to help yourself—"

"Yes, if I cared—if I cared. In this book they all seem to care; youth and happiness care; sorrow and years still care. Listen to this: 'You who looked forward through the shining tears Of April's showers Into the sunrise of the coming years, Golden with unborn flowers—I who look backward where the sunset lingers, Counting November's hours'—"

"But I don't care. I care no longer, Quarren."

"That's losing your grip."

He raised his ashy visage: "I'm trying to let go. . . . But it's slow—very slow—with a little pleasure—hell's own pleasure"—He turned his shoulder, flashed something out of his pocket, and pulling back his cuff, bent over. After a few moments he turned around calmly: "You've seen that on the stage, I fancy."

"Otherwise, also."

"Quite likely. I've known a pretty woman"—He ended with a weary gesture and dropped his head between his hands.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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FROCKS FOR SCHOOL

By Rita Stuyvesant.

YOUR kiddie's clothes for the first few years at school should be distinguished by their simplicity, and should be becomingly chosen. Models that are easy to slip into in the morning and that do not require too much of mother's precious time, are composed of bloomers and a slip-on frock, with no fastenings.

Galatee or crepe fabrics in navy blue, brown or tan are smart, and do not soil readily. The frock is made with short sleeves and a round neck, and there may be a bit of smocking done in contrasting worsted. A collar and cuffs and linen will freshen the frock considerably. One might have several of these sets to have them always ready to haste on. No belt is worn with these loose frocks, and there may be big pockets of unusual design if preferred.

Tricot and jersey are represented among the heavier materials, and are almost always made with bloomers for convenience. Even for the child of seven, we see the jumper frock, to be worn with a gumpie. A kid belt or a string sash of the material may be used. One must keep simplicity in mind if she would achieve success with the clothes of the school child.

Slip-on sweaters are warm and comfy for school, and are smart when made in the dark tones. Tan, brown, navy, taupe, black, Harding blue and green wool may all be chosen. Models with long sleeves and deep round necks may be worn with a dimity gumpie with collar and cuffs turned on the outside, or one may have several effective waists and cuffs that may be attached. A small black bow tie at the neck is attractive. A narrow kid belt in either black, white, tan or red should be worn.

The coats of camel's hair, tweed, blue and green, are entirely suitable for school days, and reach to the knees. Darker coats are perhaps better, though, for the child who is a bit careless, and inclined to soil her clothes readily.

Rely on Cuticura To Clear Away Skin Troubles

FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres.

PETER'S voice broke a little and he bit his lip hard. "I can see now that it's true enough—I suppose even you won't deny it—"

"Go on—"

"Well—well, in the first place it was—was Miss Arlington who told me. She only guessed it—she didn't know anything definitely.

He choked suddenly.

"Perhaps you know that she's chucked me," he went on in hoarse defiance. "Perhaps it's even for your sake—I don't know—I don't care."

He ran a finger round his absurdly high collar. "I suppose you think it serves us right—us Dennisons—for trying to get in with you," he went on.

"Perhaps it does—perhaps we didn't know she had been lying, and ever, that's nothing to do with it. I suppose I ought to be glad that I've been chucked before it's too late—that I'm not tied up like—like Benjie is."

He swung round with sudden passion.

"It makes my blood boil to think what you've done to her," he said. "To think that you've ruined her life—that she can't ever undo it—or get away from you. . . . It wasn't playing fair—it was a mean, low-down trick—you know—you must have known that she cared for me—that she always had. You traded on that—that was a vile, cadish . . ."

"One moment"—Philip was as white as death, but his voice was perfect control. "I suppose you mean me to gather from all this abuse—that you've heard of the arrangement—between my father and yours. . . . Very well. But in common fairness, should I like you to remember that your sister was also a party to it. She knew exactly what she was doing when she married me—if, as you say, I married her for money, she married me for some equally rotten reason. . . ."

"I've no wish to blame her—I don't. The whole thing is my own fault—but to pretend that it was an unfair bargain, that there was anything more on her side than—than there was on mine—is—is . . . twaddle!"

"You say that your sister—cares for me—"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Make sure of your facts before you speak in future my boy—and let me tell you that, instead of being the fortunate man to have won her regard, there is someone else—"

"You harp—you damned liar . . ."

Peter was almost sobbing with rage. He made a furious lunge at Philip with upraised fist, but Philip caught his wrist and held it fast in a grip of steel.

For a moment the two men looked at one another in passionate antagonism, then Philip flung the boy from him with a sort of affectionate contempt.

"You'd better sit down a minute and get cool," he said, breathlessly. Peter dropped into a chair and hid his face. He had gone through a great deal since parting with his sister that morning, and he was shaking with hysterical emotion.

Philip went out into the hall. He

Ready for School?

By W. A. McKeever.

THE transference of your child from the all-day play period to the lockstep situation of the schools tends to have something of the effect of a heavy shock to his mind and body. Have you done everything reasonable by way of preparing him for the trying ordeal?

Prepare the records show that during about the second or third week of the new autumn term there are marked irregularities, both of condition and behavior—loss of appetite and vigor, nervousness, unsustained mental effort and various forms of minor idleness. It is the first marked reaction following the opening of school. The reduced air supply, the lessened physical exercise, the shock of discipline and the other restrictions placed upon the sensitive young nature here begin to do their work.

But parents can make use of many simple but effective measures for preparing their children to withstand the depleting tendencies of changed environment; and perhaps somewhat as follows:

Prepare the child's mind for the shock of the school regulations. Many little ones are timid and strange classrooms. Much can be said and done by the parents to quiet these nervous findings. It is far more important to instill confidence and poise to meet the crisis of the new school term than to incite the young mind to successful accomplishment by means of threats and warnings of failures.

Especially, do not lash your child into a frenzy of anxiety about his lessons and a spirit of competition with his mates. Rather help to make the school a place of true fellowship and co-operation.

Send your child to the very first new session of the school fully equipped with every necessary instrument of good work. If he must borrow certain books, go without sleep in when he should be busy with his own tools, his probable failure should be made a demerit mark for you. Determine not to omit a single minor detail here.

Press your school boy or girl for health, comfort, convenience, and for inconspicuous behavior. If his garments are so far below standard as to attract the attention of other children, you may expect his recitation to be disturbed—and this fault is far more common—than there will be estrangements and lack of the cordial relations necessary for his democratic association with the others. Make his clothes blend with those of the common crowd. Put him into a complete and confidential fellowship with all, so that he may become a happy, spiritual comrade of every worthy young member of the school.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The 'Regular Fellows'

By Beatrice Fairfax.

S O many girls write me now-days about "the regular fellow" and the sort of girl it takes to please his imperial majesty that I've compiled a list of the things required to make up this "regular fellow" of ours.

Mr. Regular Fellow "is out for a good time."

He likes to drink, smoke, dance, keep late hours, and he needs companions to share his ideals of fun and hilarity.

He enjoys a racy story and a flippant and irrelevant attitude toward life.

He thinks "we live for today."

He has no use for a girl who's always bothering about what her mother would say. He doesn't take a girl out a second time if she refuses his kisses and embraces the first time.

He thinks games of chance are the greatest ever. He likes all sorts of gambling and regards life as the biggest gamble of all.

He likes a girl who can keep up-to-date and go the fashions one better. He wants the girl he takes out to attract more attention than any other girl in the place. He isn't satisfied with liking a girl and keeping her to himself as if she were some rare discovery. He wants the rest of the world to put its O. K. on his girl.

He believes in having a good time while you're young. To save seems silly. What's a fellow making money for except to spend it on amusing himself?

He never asks a girl what she'd like to do, but takes it for granted that in inviting her out he's doing enough for her, so it won't hurt her to make herself agreeable and fit in with his idea of enjoyment.

He has very little reverence for his own health or well being. He's bored by a discussion of anything more involved than the latest dance step.

He knows the "right people."

He travels with a gay crowd where youth is the most important asset and that is spent even more lavishly than money.

He never thinks of a home and children. He can't afford them and doesn't want to be bothered.

He "knows what he wants" and won't listen to preaching.

He gets tired of a girl when she ceases to amuse or stimulate him, and he changes girls' with as much compunction as he changes restaurants. When the spirit moves him he departs from one set of haunts to another. Knowing neither loyalty nor gratitude, he doesn't feel in any way bound by any one or anything. So if a girl starts to care for him seriously and she's in for a heartache when he tries and marches on ruthlessly to the "next."

He doesn't want to marry. And if he did—what thinking girl would risk a life partnership with him?

He wants to be delighted—pleased—stimulated. But—is it worth doing?

THE CUNNING FOX

By Garrett P. Serviss.

Eminent Astronomer and Authority On Subject of Scientific Interest.

I WAS greatly interested in reading the other day some shrewd remarks on the character and manners of the fox, written by C. D. Stewart, whom I admired years ago for his oddly romantic story of "The Fugitive Blacksmith."

The fox is in many ways the most interesting of all the quadrupeds, and anecdotes of his cunning are as absorbing as the more thrilling stories of tigers and lions. He has some acquaintance with Reynard in my boyhood, and it was decidedly educational. I obtained then an impression which has remained unobliterated, that the fox is not the exclusive possession of man.

There were performances by foxes, some of which I saw, and many of which I heard of from eye-witnesses, that, it seemed, could only have been the result of inference from acute observation. How could any theory of mere unconscious nervous response to external stimuli explain a fox's action when, being pursued, he leaps upon a fence, or log, or rock, takes a long jump in a direction different from that in which he was running, for the evident purpose of making a gap in the trail of scent that his passage over the ground leaves for the dogs, and then puts off at top speed toward a new quarter.

A fox will leap across a stream, or will mount upon a fence and then jump far off from it on the same side from which he had approached it, resuming his flight in nearly a reverse direction, although the dogs were in sight at the time, and he had to pass them plainly within their range of view.

Such a performance would indicate that the fox had measured the intellectual capacity as well as the observing powers of his pursuers, and felt sure that they would go on with their noses to the ground, slavishly following the scent, according to their training, even though he was before their eyes.

The fox appreciates the value of the initiative, in which he gives a lesson that many humans ought to study.

Mr. Stewart makes one delightfully telling and philosophical remark about the conduct of a hunted fox. "The fox," says he, "finds safety by knowing what is going on around him; not by hiding in a hole in the ground."

It seems, in this, to trust entirely to its own superior sagacity if given an equal knowledge of its surroundings. It is like an able general who says: "If I can see as much as the enemy can, I can beat him." So the fox climbs a rock, or a fence, or any available eminence, and takes a survey.

In England the fox exhibits no such spectacular self-confidence. When he hears the dogs in pursuit he makes for the first deep hole known to him and hides away in it. He never makes a dash for it, as will not be dug or smoked out, since the object of an English fox hunt is only to run down the quarry before it can get to its refuge.

This behavior is, then, a result of vulpine education. The English fox has studied his two-legged opponent so far that he even knows that the dogs will not be allowed to try to unearth him if he is once safely ensconced in his hole.

But when an animal of any kind, without alteration of its bodily make-up, learns to adjust its conduct to changed conditions, it thereby shows intelligence. It utilizes observation. It "puts this and that together" in its small mind and draws conclusions, often more acute than those of a young child.

It is the purpose of the brain to store up knowledge, and to use it in animals lower than man. Its degree of organization corresponds generally with the type or amount of intelligence exhibited by its possessor. Intelligence depends upon knowledge, and knowledge is gained through use of the senses, while the most acute and specialized sense, such as sight and hearing, are those whose organs are the most directly and intimately associated with the brain.

This is no more true of a man than of a fox; shall we then say that the possession of a brain means the presence of intelligence in the one case but not in the other? The difference is in the degree and quality of the intelligence no one would deny, and yet the fox occasionally outwits the man!

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax.

A Man to Forget.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen. Four weeks ago I met a man ten years my senior and learned to think a great deal of him. It is not love, but just a high regard. Five days ago he did not keep his engagement with me and I have not seen him since. Thinking that he was ill, I called up his private office and was told no one by that name was known there. Upon speaking with the proprietor I found it to be he, but with a different name, and was at a loss as to what to say and hung up without another word. Still I always make excuses for him and am always longing to see him. Kindly advise me how to meet this situation.

PERPLEXED.

TRULY, my dear, the best way to meet this situation is by plunging into other interests. Work and train your mind not to dwell on this incident. You're dramatizing it and giving it altogether too much thought and you're in danger of fancying yourself far more interested in the man than you really are. He's utterly unworthy of your regard. In all probability he's a married man who was amusing himself with you for the moment. Dismiss him from your mind.

TO LIVE LONG BE CHEERFUL

By Brice Belden, M. D.

AFTER all has been said on the question as to whether Americans are too strenuous for their own physical good or whether the active life they lead is altogether wholesome opinion seems to favor the latter viewpoint in the sense that overtaxing the nervous system is a kind of national vice, leading surely to ill-health.

To say that it is better to wear out than rust out, as Mr. Roosevelt used to argue, need not necessarily be taken as meaning that one ought to tax one's nervous system unduly, as by monotonous work.

The struggle to have not only the necessities, but also the luxuries, as well as the countless other ambitions that beset so many Americans, certainly make for an overwrought nervous state. A very few generations of this sort of thing brings about a stock marked by nervous instability.

It is a fact that the medical profession is very busy with people of this sort, and they are rapidly increasing in numbers. This really represents an attempt to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen.

How well the strains of American life can be borne depends chiefly upon natural optimism. If a cheerful view is taken of events, life is safe physically and mentally. Even if the vital organs functionate only fairly well one is booked for longevity if he can remain "as cheerful as the mourners in the rear coach."

The best way to stiffen one's self in the resolve to be optimistic is to look about one and see the physical and mental harm that results from habitual pessimism and apprehension.

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