

Noon in the High Heavens.

ABOUT 10 o'clock tomorrow night you will see the astronomer's noon mark approximately shown by two stars lying on the meridian about half way between the southern horizon and the zenith.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. This move by the French king drove scores of thousands of artisans out of the land, who fled into England to enjoy religious freedom.

Arthur Stringer's Studio Romance THE WINE OF LIFE Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

The Story of an Ambitious Young Sculptor Who Comes to New York to Win His Way to Fortune.

By Arthur Stringer, Well-Known Novelist and Author of Countrywide Reputation.

It occurred to Storrow, for the first time, that it was distinctly pleasurable, having a quiet-eyed, soft-handed woman bathing his blood-clotted knuckles. She was the first white woman, he remembered, that he had talked to in any way intimately during the past eighteen long weeks.

Over four months in the open, when nothing but squaws and slatternly frontier breeds before his eyes had left him with a vague hunger for womanly beauty which his impersonal wanderings about a new and unknown city had done little to appease.

It was a hunger which tended to throw romance about the rustle of a skirt, wayward and dusty loveliness into the accidental shadows of a hair-coil. It was a hunger which prompted him, momentarily unmindful of bruised body and soul alike, to lift his eyes and study the face bending so close over his own.

His eye for form was quick and true, though his color sense, on the other hand, was subsidiary and sometimes even defective. The first thing he noticed was her hair, which seemed over-heavy for the head it crowned. It was neither fine nor coarse, and was remarkably primarily for its mass. Equally heavy were the black fringes of the thickly planted lashes, which made the abstracted gray-green eyes darker looking than they really were.

In the meditative outlook of these eyes was a sense of woodland coolness, contradicted in turn by the adorable outline of the straight, short nose and the overall upper lip which left a somewhat incongruous impression of child-like poutiness upon her face.

The lips themselves were so full-blooded that Storrow with his uncertain eye for color might have called them a watermelon red—a red that would have been over-vivid except for the perpetual sense

of moisture about their heavy curves. There was a touch of softness about the yielding oval of the chin which so strangely opposed the coolness of the wide brow and the habitual air of meditation marking the upper part of the face. The drooping mass of the Indian-like hair, he noticed, left the column of her neck almost marble-like in the modified room-light.

Storrow, trained in the study of form and line in its minutest particularity, made note of the fact that there were no veins showing in the flesh of her arms and shoulders where the blood-vessels seemed as deep-seated as though covered by the finest of pebbled kid.

On one shoulder, just below the collar-bone, he noticed a scar, and wondered what could have caused it. Yet for the second time he was impressed by the compactness of the thick though far from ponderous body, a sense of solidity which made him think of marble. He tried to tell himself that this was due to the milk-like texture of the skin, from which the customary blue pencilings of the veins were absent.

A Sympathetic Girl. "Is that better?" she asked as she sat back with a sigh and wiped a fine dewing moisture from her temples. Storrow, opening his eyes to this movement remembered that it was an oppressively hot day. And the sun, he could see through the open window, was already well down beyond the house-tops.

Then his eyes followed the girl as she crossed to her dressing table. On this table he could see toilet articles of cut glass and silver, an alcohol lamp, a pair of electric curling irons, a folding leather travelling clock. She picked up a tiny porcelain jar and returned to his side. The next moment the cool tip of her finger was smearing some kind of ointment on his battered lip.

"Does it hurt?" she abstractedly asked. He shook his head in negation, submitting solemnly, almost contentedly, to the tempered pressure. Her stooping figure, in that

The Action So Far in This Stirring Romance

OWEN STORROW, a young sculptor, going to New York to perfect himself in his art, takes a room in a third-rate hotel and wanders about town enjoying the sights and life of the metropolis. From his room he observes a striking young girl, barefooted, sitting on her fire-escape drying her hair. Below, the engineer of the hotel engages in a brutal battle with his wife.

The girl cries out in indignation, and the engineer calls her a name that sends Storrow scurrying down to chastise him. They engage in a combat royal, in which the wife takes a hand and lays Storrow out. The young man, regaining consciousness, wanders into the cellar and there sees his late enemy. He attacks again, and they fight in the half dark.

paling and mildly diffused light merged into a soft and shadowy mysteriousness. It struck him as odd that he had been so slow to discover the sheer physical appeal of that figure, since the discovery of such things was supposed to be his first business in life. She, too, was examining his face with a new and less impersonal interest.

"How did you ever get so sun-burned?" she asked as she stared down at his uncovered neck. "In the north woods," he told her. "The north woods?" she repeated, plainly not understanding what he meant.

"I've been up north of Abitibi studying my subjects," he explained. "Do you mean you're an artist?" He shook his head. "I'm only trying to be one. I've been modelling in clay a little.

"You mean you're a sculptor?" she asked, wondering why he should seem so reluctant to acknowledge it. This movement remembered that it was an oppressively hot day. And the sun, he could see through the open window, was already well down beyond the house-tops.

Storrow Explains. She sat back, with her heavy brows slightly knitted, studying his face.

"What makes you want to do that sort of thing?" she finally inquired. "It's what I've been doing for over two years," he found the courage to acknowledge. It even took an effort to keep from adding that his "Chippewa Chief," recast in bronze, stood against the north wall of the Chateau Laurier rotunda in Ottawa and that his "Wounded Moose" held a place of qualified honor in Toronto's public library.

into one of those studio-rats," she averred, once more studying him with her abstracted eyes. "Why not?" he demanded, with a quick touch of resentment.

Instead of answering him she continued to gaze down at him with that mild and meditative stare, as intimate and explorative as through window glass. What she saw was a large-boned youth with coppery-brown hair, clipped close, yet not short enough to conceal the crisp kink in its fiber.

She saw a man still young, who looked very much as an intellectualized lumberjack might have looked, with a skin burned brown by sun and wind, with a thick neck, thick-shouldered body, lean jaw, square teeth as white as a hound's, and a slightly rebellious mouth made more so by the heaviness of its cut and swollen lip.

The hands were not an artist's hands, but were wide and muscular, brown as a Mexican's, with heavy-sloped fingers. It was only the eyes and the upper part of the face, she saw, that tended to reclaim the figure from the merely physical. For the eyes, with their irises of Prussian blue, were as soft as a woman's yet redeemed from effeminacy by an expression of unsatisfied hunger which apparently she found it no easy matter to decipher.

Certain bony convolutions of the temples, too, gave him an air of Hamlet-like meditativeness, of aloofness from the merely physical, of speculative other-worldliness which the eager light in the Prussian blue eyes was apt to translate into wistfulness. Yet her final impression of him, oddly enough, was not mental but physical, an impression of hard

A Stirring Narrative of the Influence of Love on the Lives of a Girl and a Man.

of coloring which he found it hard to account for. "You're blaming me for all this," she began, and then broke off. "No, I ought to thank you for it," he said with more warmth than he had intended.

Her answer, whatever it might have been, was cut short by the sound of a knock on the door behind them. Their eyes met.

He seemed to understand her silent message. He climbed, a little stiff and heavy, out on the fire-escape landing. Then he went slowly up the rusty iron steps until he came to his own open window.

Before that open window he stopped short. For in the familiar-looking room, the room which he still regarded as his, he beheld a strange figure, as unexpected as it was arresting. It was the figure of a stout but extremely tired-looking woman engaged in the act of drawing on a negligee.

He stared, slightly incredulous, at the faded walls and the worn drab rug, the authenticating broken rocker, the only too well-remembered bed of corroded brass rods, on which a hat and an open traveling bag now reposed.

Then the truth of the situation seeped through to his brain. A new guest had already been assigned to the room, to the room from which his own belongings had so recently been sent. And the moist and determined jaw of that weary-eyed guest made it easy for him to dramatize uncomfortable contingencies which might arise from her discovery of him at that open window.

So he drew back, started down the rusty iron steps again, and then came to a stop. He remembered the knock on the door, and for the second time was able to dramatize contingencies that were anything but palatable.

Yet it was necessary to choose one of those two avenues of escape, and he preferred the lower one. His approach to the window beneath him, however, was as guarded as he was able to make it. But still

again he was arrested, this time by a quick and angry voice. "So long as I pay for this room, it's mine," he heard the girl call out in incredibly hardened tones. "And I'll do what I like in it!"

The reply to that challenge was so low that Storrow failed to catch it. All he knew was that it was a man speaking, a man who was angry but still in control of himself.

"You dare to carry any tale like that down to the office?" the flattened girlish voice once more flung out. "Just try it!"

"It's none of your business where I hang out," was the counter-reort. "And the sooner you get out of this room the better it'll suit me!"

Storrow judged, by the sound of her receding voice, that the girl was crossing to the door and opening it.

"You know what you'll pay for this, Torrie?" challenged the deeper voice, still shaking a little, shot through with a feeling deeper than anger.

"That's my own affair!" The other's reply to this did not reach Storrow's ear. "I don't care what you do with your part of your production, or your own oily carcass. I'm sick of the whole combination! I'm through! Isn't that plain enough for you to understand? I'm through!"

This was followed by a moment of unbroken silence. Then came the sound of a step crossing the floor, succeeded by the pregnantly thunderous slam of a door in the hot evening air.

Storrow, in the ensuing silence, moved slowly back from the open window. He stood on the iron grating, uncertain what to do, reluctant to re-enter that arena of noisy combat. He was still there, debating, when the discolored lace curtain was pushed aside and the girl's face suddenly appeared within three feet of his own. She was obviously started to find him there, but the minor bewilderment was soon immersed in the bigger waves of anger still surging through her.

Are Men Chivalrous? DO THEY RESPECT WOMEN NOWADAYS?

By Beatrice Fairfax

Who Occupies a Unique Position in The Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Life.

"If there are any men extant these days who take a girl out and consider a handshake and a pleasant good-night sufficient award for their pains, I have yet to meet them," writes F. K. M.

"There is a type of man," she goes on, "who is loud in his scorn of the 'baby doll' and makes a point of seeking the society of girls who are patently 'nice.' But he cannot see why when he takes such a girl out for an evening's entertainment she objects to kissing him and making love—or what he calls love—as a remuneration for his magnanimity in bestowing his attentions upon her.

"I am not speaking idly but from sad and bitter experience. During the last summer I was forced to drop out, apparently nice, respectable, pleasant young man for this reason. I cannot for the life of me see why I should kiss a man the first time I go out with him, and have tried to impress this idea on the minds of the men, but it is useless. The ethical side of the situation never seems to occur to them. They say blandly: 'What's the harm?' Then comes the usual dissertation on being a prude.

Boys, read and ponder. Isn't there something in what this girl claims? Have you any standard of fine womanhood? Do you take the trouble to differentiate between the girl who offers you her mind and the stimulation of pleasant conversation and the silly little animal who caters to you on quite another basis? Have you clung to your best ideas of manhood? Or

do you think of nothing but excitement, stimulation, emotions and the cheap pleasure of the moment?

One of the dearest, sanest, sweetest girls I know put it like this to me: "You know that I've had the advantages of a practical education. You realize that ever since I came out of college I've been earning my own living, and making good at it! And it isn't my beauty or wonderful clothes or social position or dear old world of ours interests me. But sometimes I get so sick and tired of going to theater on Tuesday with one man and somewhere else on Wednesday with another. Boys, stop and think and tell me the truth about it!"

Do you live just for the stimulation of the moment? Are you victims of your own unbridled emotions? Is what you ask of women the lure of the physical, with the mind and spirit forgotten?

Do all the little light of love matter so much that you've forgotten to hope for the one big love?

SECRETS OF LONGEVITY

By Bruce Belden

WHAT is the secret that enables a few of us to attain a hale and hearty old age?

For one thing, it is moderation, using one's powers in a wise and conservative way. You don't have to be a giant, but merely a person of average strength, whose physical machinery works harmoniously. The overstraining of any part, as of the muscular system, may in time throw the whole organism out of gear, and since a very powerful person is likely to make excessive display of this strength it is better to possess only average power, and then use it wisely.

Our muscular prodigies are pretty sure to develop heart trouble sooner or later. The human body will work smoothly for a very long time if excessive strain is avoided.

Amiability is another thing which goes far toward achieving longevity. It really is a life lengthener of the very first order. It has been conclusively shown that anger and related emotions are definitely unhygienic, and medical scientists actually have advised that after a spell of resentment, indignation or wrath the victim should take a cathartic and reduce the diet for twenty-four hours. In this manner neutralizing the evil effects of the poisons generated by his emotional orgy.

To maintain feelings of resentment over long periods of time probably does more harm than brief outbursts of temper, bad as the latter are.

Life must be well balanced. Learn to know when you are overworking or underworking. Learn how to marshal and operate your physical forces smoothly. Learn how to select food that will nourish without overtaxing the digestive powers.

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When a Girl Marries AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle

Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success.

"I'm glad you came," I said eagerly, after establishing Mabel Storrs in a comfortable chair in my little hotel room. "I'm glad you wanted to come to me—for help. It is that, isn't it?"

"Yes," she repeated, with a polite smile that seemed part of her. "I found I needed you. So my pride has to be sacrificed for the sake of the interests I was left to guard."

"Does it hurt your pride to come to me?" I asked in astonishment. "Wouldn't you feel like a failure if you'd been given a job and had to turn to the very person you meant to safeguard?" asked the girl quietly. "Can't you see it isn't easy for me to come and—beg for help? I was left in charge—"

"Of my husband's business," I replied with bitterness I couldn't suppress. "And you've gone into it with the notion that I'm such a weakling that you must protect me. I don't know where you got the idea, but it hurts."

"So my coming to you now—gratifies you, doesn't it?" asked Miss Storrs thoughtfully. "Yes, I'd find a deep satisfaction in it if you didn't resent coming."

"I don't any more. Somehow I suddenly see things your way, Mrs. Harrison. Maybe we'll be friends in the true sense of the word from now on and understand and sympathize with each other's viewpoints. I guess, like most proud people, I've been selfish enough to want to monopolize all the pride in the neighborhood. I'll be game about you having your share from this day henceforth and forever."

"You're a wonderful woman, Anne Harrison," she said simply. "And I can see you grow before my eyes—like a flower that comes up over night—or a sapling that gets to be a tree. And if you ever tell anyone what a sentimental fool Miss Storrs, of the Oil Country, knows how to be I'll have to get out of the stock game and take up making 'angel' food cake for a woman's exchange."

Wasting Rich Lives SQUEEZE "WATERED STOCK" OUT OF YOUTH.

By W. A. McKeever

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

LIKE some great corporations going to school, or else cut their bills in half at once," he continued. So the moaning and complaining of the strains on the parental purse are coming in from all sides. There is too much "inflated value" in our young people. In comparison with the little they can earn, the expense of their social upkeep is becoming a heavy load.

There are two alternatives for quick relief. Either spend less or earn more. I suggest the former as a decided preference. We need a nation-wide movement for teaching young people to secure more wholesome fun than they are getting today and for far less money. It is a blow to your adolescents' future prospects of success and citizenship for them to discontinue their formal training before finishing the high school grade.

But the ordinary parent is almost helpless in acting alone. Just as there is necessity of general lowering of prices of commodities, so must there be a lowering of prices of social indulgence. Let us have concerted action all along the line.

All together, now. Let us squeeze the "watered stock" out of our superfluous youths and invest their simplified lives anew.

SMART FALL HATS

By Rita Stuyvesant

MILLINERS everywhere report a demand for small, chic hats to wear with bobbed hair. Black velvet, with soft rolled-back brim and round crown is distinguished by a long chenille tassel drooping off the side. Sometimes this reaches almost to the waist line, and then again it is a mere suggestion, not reaching to the ears.

Duvelyn in all shades is noticeable this season, and the red shades are particularly favored. One model is made with a crown in four sections, rounding to the top, and each section is outlined by black patent leather. The brim turns up abruptly from the face and is edged with the black trimming.

Harding blue creates another good-looking hat elaborately broodered in silver thread. It is a draped turban effect, and the embroidery is scattered plentifully over the crown. A long, curled quill of blue is thrust into the side and curls back over the right shoulder.

Another hat distinctive through a lack of trimming depends on its excellent material and soft, becoming lines to insure its success. It is fashioned of sand-colored velour, with a rather high crown and a narrow, rolled brim. This hat is beautifully lined in rose satin and may be adjusted when put on, for it is both soft and crushable.

This season also shows a great demand for all black hats, and especially those with black lace trimming.

"This will wipe out your balance, all but fifty dollars. Can you afford that?"

"Yes, they'll carry me," I replied. "And maybe by next month things will take a turn for the better. If not—I can stay here at one hotel where I've the privilege of signing checks and so tide myself over till we come upon better days. And we will soon—I'm sure of it."

"This is the thing I wanted to see you about. Can you make anything of it? Does it have any bearing on our affairs?"

She studied the note for a moment with a strange expression. Then she looked up with a queer appearance of being baffled. "You trusted me in spite of this ugly reference to me in an anonymous note? You're the salt of the earth, Anne Harrison. And this letter makes me wonder what would have happened—if you'd seen red, as the letter intended to make you, and if we had been separated by the suspicion it was meant to arouse. Have you any idea who wrote it?"

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