

Three Famous Constellations.

AT 9 o'clock p. m. three of the greatest constellations in the sky are hanging, as it were, upon the meridian. Near the zenith is Auriga (the Charioteer), with the brilliant Cassiopeia; below, to the west of the meridian, is Taurus, now adorned with the planet Jupiter.

Another Chapter of the "Hidden Hand" on This Page Today

Magazine Page

DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

IN THE MIDDLE of this I could see that Jonathan on one side of the ring of men, and Quincy on the other, were forcing a way to the cart; it was evident that they were bent on finishing their task before the sun should set. Nothing seemed to stop or even to hinder them. Neither the leveled weapons nor the flashing knives of the gypsies in front, or the howling of the wolves behind, appeared to even attract their attention.

Jonathan's impetuosity, and the manifest singleness of his purpose, seemed to overcome those in front of him; instinctively they covered aside and let him pass. In an instant he had jumped upon the cart, and with a strength which seemed incredible raised the great box, and flung it over the wheel to the ground.

In the meantime, Mr. Morris had had to use force to pass through his side of the ring of gypsies. All the time I had been breathlessly watching Jonathan I had, with the tail of my eye, seen him pressing desperately forward, and had seen the knives of the gypsies flash as he won a way through them, and they cut at him.

SCARLET STREAM TELLS

BLOOD HAS REACHED HOME.

He had parried with his great bowie knife, and at first I thought that he too had come through in safety; but as he sprang beside Jonathan, who had by now jumped from the cart, I could see that with his left hand he was clutching at his side, and that the blood was spurting through his fingers.

He did not delay notwithstanding this, for as Jonathan, with desperate energy, attempted to prize off the lid with his great Kukri knife, he attacked the other frantically with his bowie. Under the efforts of both men the lid began to yield; the nails drew with a quick screeching sound, and the top of the box was thrown back.

By this time the gypsies, seeing themselves covered by the Winchester, and at the mercy of Lord Godalming and Dr. Seward, had given in and made no further resistance. The sun was almost down on the mountain tops, and the shadows of the whole group fell upon the snow. I saw the Count lying within the box upon the earth, some of which the rude falling from the cart had scattered over him.

He was deathly pale, just like a waxen image, and the red eyes glared with the horrible vindictive look which I knew too well.

As I looked, the eyes saw the striking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to triumph.

JONATHAN DELIVERS DEATH

STROKE TO DRACULA.

But, on the instant, came the sweep and flash of Jonathan's great knife. I shrieked as I saw it sheer through the throat; while at the same moment Mr. Morris' bowie knife plunged into the heart.

It was like a miracle; but before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight.

I shall be glad as long as I live that even in that moment of final dissolution, there was in the face a look of peace, such as I never could have imagined might have rested there.

The Castle of Dracula now stood out against the red sky, and every stone of its broken battlements was articulated against the light of the setting sun.

The gypsies, talking us as in some way the cause of the extraordinary disappearance of the dead man,

Don't Rely on Filters

By Ira S. Wile, Associate Editor American Medicine and Member of City Board of Education.

HAVE you a filter on a faucet in the kitchen?

You want your drinking water clear, clean and pure. You have paid out money to protect your household from contaminated drinking water.

If the public water supply is muddy and turbid you are able to strain out the particles of dirt by using a sand or poggalain filter.

If the drinking water is clayey or laden with iron particles or small vegetable forms your filter will be of service in removing them.

If the water in the clear when it arrives at the tap, the filter is practically useless for further purification.

You cannot judge the purity of water by looking at it. You can say it is clean or dirty. You cannot decide whether it is safe and fit to drink or contains infective bacteria.

An ordinarily used in the home filters do not give protection from infection.

You may use charcoal, asbestos, stone, porcelain or sand filters. They clean water but cannot purify or disinfect it.

If there is typhoid in your community and the water supply is under suspicion, boil the water that is to be drunk by your family.

Do not false yourself into a feeling of safety by buying and attaching a filter to the faucet.

Have you ever noted the inconspicuousness of some people who be-

Doing Your Share

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

A FRIEND

of mine sat at her window and watched a neighboring householder shovelling the snow off his pavement. He made a good job of it and when he got to the end of his own pavement he removed quite a large amount of snow from the premises of his neighbor.

He seemed not at all afraid of doing more than his share. He is a man whose efforts in life have usually been crowned with success. Perhaps his attitude toward work

WHEN FATHER GOES AWAY

A Word to Mothers About Filling His Place

By William A. McKeever

(One of the nation's best-known sociological writers.)

SOMETHING like two million dependent children in this country are now either permanently or temporarily fatherless. Approximately 250,000 of the fathers are absent nearly all the time as traveling salesmen and in other business capacities. Another 150,000, it is estimated, are enlisted in the army.

Still another 150,000 are either dead or estranged from their families. Now, here is a task which might well challenge the attention of the nation; namely, to furnish this vast army of dependent young Americans a reasonable substitute for the loss of the father's assistance in their care and management.

That the unattended mothers of these many children are often sorely tried and perplexed to know what to do for their young there is ample evidence. Among the 25,000 letters that have come to a certain State Child Welfare Director during recent years a large number have contained pleas from this particular class of mothers—stories of runaway boys, of ungarded girls and of bitter experiences of various other kinds have constituted the bulk of these complaints. "A boy needs a father" is the substance of the rather despairing conclusion of the typical letter of the class here considered.

But the companionless mother need not despair of success in rearing her children, provided she follows persistently a few tried and comparatively simple rules. While it is folly for the average mother to rely on merely her instinctive resources in child training, she may now easily obtain the benefits of the successful experiences of many others of her class.

First of all, the mother should study her problem through the use of literary help. The National Children's Bureau at Washington, the State Board of Health, the State University, and the department of education in any college or normal school—these may be called upon for assistance and their suggestions followed with fair success.

But chiefly the task of the mother is to choose a reasonable course and stick to it. The typical mother is too yielding, too variable, too "easy." The average boy soon finds her weak spot and takes advantage of it to break away from discipline. "The one who doubts is lost" is a rule of success here. The weak, uncertain tone of command of the mother who doubts and hesitates, in her dealings, is quickly detected by the youthful insurgent of the household.

Children live much by the law of habit. They acquire good habits quickly as they do bad ones. So the habit of obedience must be invoked as a fundamental law of child training. A sharp, positive tone of voice, an air of certainty, an air of authority—all these may be easily assumed by the mother and they will soon become habitual and surprisingly useful.

Thus habit and rhythm are introduced into the order of the household and life is made easy and pleasant for all.

The next task is to grow with the children. That is, learn to watch for the changing order of events in their nature. Do not keep your boy in curls and dainty white clothes after he has become large enough of the rough-and-tumble of the street and school.

Do not keep your girl playing with baby dolls after she becomes instinctively interested in her own clothes. After having discovered what the child normally and instinctively craves give it to him in at least a modified and safe-guarded form. Such is always a safe rule of training.

Finally, try to place your boy where he can have the advice and example of city, manly men. He had better become somewhat rough—a sissy boy. If his father is living, then remind him that this age demands the production of a better type of manhood than was the rule a generation ago. Urge that he try to become truer, braver, more capable than his father ever had an opportunity to become. Do not nag or lecture your child with pessimistic visions of his future or of life. Rather place the exaggeration on the other side and picture his splendid success-to-be.

It is surprising how a "plug of a boy" will finally straighten up and at length amount to something—provided you stay by him faithfully through the dark period of the fountaining.

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the guillotining of Louis XVI. of France, who in 1793 paid with his life for the excesses of his grandfather, Louis XV. It was the former monarch who replied, when told of the destitution of the kingdom, "Après moi le déluge."

An Otter Coat

Reprinted by Permission Good House-keeping

THEY have no coal! Then give them fur, is the very sensible suggestion Paris offers, and presents the otter coat at the left. It is collared and banded with beaver, the hat is beaver cloth, and the boots are beaver colored.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Married Man.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am eighteen, a high-school graduate, and employed as book-keeper, earning \$18 a week.

Previous to this position, my employer—who has been married for several years, but has no children—looked to me as a girl who I decided to leave and married his wife had deserted him.

He has proposed several times to me; but since he has not as yet been divorced I will not listen to him. Secondly, there is quite a difference in age, as he is thirty-two. Thirdly, it seems as if I would do injustice to my older sister and to my father to consider any matrimonial questions at my age.

I know this man thoroughly, both socially and financially. He is a man possessing some of the finest qualities.

S. S.

MY DEAR GIRL, no man who is not divorced has any right to be talking marriage to a girl. No should this man have started making love to you when you were in his employ and he was still the husband of another woman. The difference in your ages is not of any great importance, and you would certainly not be doing your parents an injustice if you married a man who might even be able to help them a bit. Nor does the fact that you have an older sister, unmarried, count. But it is important that the man is not in a position to marry you.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Every knife handles that have grown yellow with age may be whitened by rubbing gently with fine sandpaper and then polishing with a clean camellia leaf.

When washing colored frocks add a little vinegar to the washing and rinsing water in order to set the colors. Allow two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to a gallon of water.

When boiling a haddock fasten the head to the tail, add only sufficient water to cover and boil slowly till cooked. Haddock is hard and indigestible if boiled fast.

To extinguish a chimney on fire, take a large handful of sulphur and throw it into the fire. When the sulphurous fumes ascend they will at once put out the fire.

Oil cans should be kept tightly corked, as kerosene exposed to the air will not burn brightly and will form a crust on the wick shortly after being lighted.

To prevent polished steel from becoming rusty, dip it into or rub it over with lime water or powdered quicklime.

Playing cards can be cleaned by rubbing them with a rag slightly dampened with benzine.

The Hidden Hand

By Arthur B. Reeve,

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 10.

Cogs of Death.

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VERDA was restlessly waiting alone in the library of the Whitney Home when she heard Ramsay and Doris enter.

"Why, Doris," she asked, noting her torn frock, "what has happened?"

"Such an experience!" cried Doris breathlessly. "What do you think? I've been attacked again by the Hidden Hand. I tried to escape from him—up on a roof—the chimney fell on him—and I think he's dead. Two of them escaped with his body."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" camouflaged Verda.

Doris turned toward Ramsay, who was putting the lock on the safe, and, for the first time, Verda betrayed consternation. If the Hidden Hand was really dead, how was she to prove that she, not Doris, was the true daughter of Judson Whitney?

As she watched Doris and Ramsay, slowly a plan began to form in her mind. She must get away and verify the news. Quietly she backed out of the room without attracting the attention of either Doris or Ramsay. A moment later Verda was on the street and hurrying alone to the den of the Hidden Hand.

"If he's really dead," suggested Ramsay to Doris as he whirled the combination of the safe to make sure that it was locked. "We ought to be able to find out who he is."

A moment later he was at the telephone, jiggling the hook. "Is Dr. Scarsley in?" he asked, as he got the number.

"No, sir," came back the answer from the white-coated attendant in Scarsley's office. "Is there any message?"

Without answering, Ramsay turned to Doris. For a moment there was a look of triumph on his face. Precisely that would be the case if Scarsley were the Hidden Hand.

Still there was one other possibility. He jiggled the telephone receiver hook again, this time calling Abner Whitney, from Abner's hotel. When, however, from Abner's hotel came the reply that he, too, was out, Ramsay was perplexed.

A Serial of Romance and Mystery.

In a moment the Hidden Hand pulled himself up slowly and laboriously. Dazedly he looked around.

Then he reached his hand into his inside pocket and drew out the packet—safe!

He clutched it at eagerly, and, as he thought of what had happened and his strength began to return to him he was filled with a consuming rage.

While Verda stood beside him and the emissaries crowded about he began already plotting his revenge on Doris and Ramsay.

That evening in his room Ramsay was seated at a table with his coat off, writing a confidential report for his secret service chief, when suddenly the door opened quietly and Verda gazed in carefully leaving the door open behind her.

Ramsay looked up from his work surprised. He forced a pleasant smile and rose quickly, while Verda moved over to the table by which he was standing. Without answering his inquiry, Verda picked up the paper he had been writing and then began to read it.

Surprised and angry, Ramsay seized the paper from her.

"Oh, Jack!" reproached Verda, affecting to be deeply hurt.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

Shadows.

By Jane McLean.

I SAW her just as she fitted by, Little girl that I was; Pale little face all sweet and shy, Little girl that I was.

Nervous hands and a look that spoke Of wonderful dreams that must be broke, Some dark day when the dreamer woke, Little girl that I was.

I caught in vain at her flying hair, And the look of dreams in her eyes Seemed to me more than ever fair, For the fact that my own were wise.

I thought if Time for a little while Would lift my lips with her wistful smile, My heart would sing on the next long mile For the little girl that I was.

She never dreamed she would grow to be In the years that were drear and long, Bearded of all her dreams like me, With a soul too tired for song.

She never dreamed that her flying feet, Passing me by on Life's busy street, Would quicken my heart with a memory sweet Of the little girl that I was.

Playing cards can be cleaned by rubbing them with a rag slightly dampened with benzine.