

Remarkable Celestial Conjunctions.

MARS, Mercury and Venus are all evening stars together now, assembled near the sun, and the new moon passes them one after the other, being first in conjunction with Mercury, then with Mars, and finally with Venus. The latter now sets about an hour and a half after sundown and will become more conspicuous every night.

Let a Man Overcome Anger by Love and Evil, by Good

Magazine Page

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the organization of the Panama Canal Company in France in 1880. The attempt of the French to dig the canal resulted in a failure which cost millions, owing chiefly to the obstacles of climate. The canal was dug by the United States and finished just before the great war.

The Heart Breakers

A REAL AMERICAN ROMANCE

Honora Agree to Go Back to Mrs. Bruce, and Mildred Welcomes an Afternoon of Freedom.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

YET even as she spoke, Honora saw the look of anxiety and fear creeping into the tired eyes. This woman should not be left alone with her thoughts. "Would it make you nervous if, instead of that I borrow a wrapper from you and lie here on the couch?" the girl suggested. The smile that illuminated the older woman's pale features showed that Honora had been right in her suspicions. "Oh, how lovely! Are you sure that you would not mind—that you would be comfortable?" Mrs. Bruce asked. "Absolutely sure," the girl declared. "I would love to be right here near you."

ing her light breakfast, she left the table.

She Meets Arthur. In the hall on her way to the stairs, Honora met Arthur. He had just had a few words with Miss Hartley. "I wish you would come back as the nurse suggests," he remarked wistfully. "You are such a comfort." "But," Honora hesitated, "I think some one else could take my place satisfactorily. I wish that Milly!" "She would not want to come!" Arthur interrupted. "I saw last night how she shrank from the idea." "That was only because the thought of serious illness frightens her," Honora demurred. "I am not blaming her," Arthur interposed. "Do not fancy that. She is young and timid and she was as you say, frightened at the thought of witnessing pain of any kind. Still, musingly, 'there is a perfect love that casts out fear. But,' with an impatient shake of the head, 'I am a sentimental fool. No, Milly is all right, and she shall not be bothered to come if she does not want to. And neither shall you.'"

CHAPTER LII.

Mr. Bruce had had a quiet night, the nurse announced. She and Honora were at the breakfast table. Mrs. Bruce had gone to sit with her husband while the nurse took her morning meal. First asking Honora to remain in the dining room and that with Miss Hartley and see that her wants were supplied, Arthur accompanied his mother upstairs, so the nurse and guest here alone for the time. "You really think your patient is better?" Honora asked. "He is comfortable," Miss Hartley evaded. "But one cannot tell when a change may come. Of course, he may rally—and yet—he may not."

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A Charming Study of Mother and Child

Here Is Mabel Taliaferro (Mrs. Carrigan) and Her Youthful Son Master Bill, Who Has Reached the Proud Age of Ten Months



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One of the most beautiful babies seen daily in the perambulator parade on Riverside Drive is Master Bill Carrigan. He has reached the proud age of nine months. His first birthday present was a touring car for seven persons. Instead of the cradle that was the first possession of babies of another generation, Master Bill received from his mamma the touring car in which he drove about the roads of Connecticut that radiated as spokes from a wheel from his Summer home at Tokaneko. His mother is the popular stage star, Mabel Taliaferro. Miss Taliaferro has adopted two rules which she says are fixed as those of the Medes and Persians in the rearing of her son and heir. She insists that he shall always be truthful and that he must save half of whatever he earns or receives. This is Master Bill's latest photograph.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Opium of the value of nearly six thousand pounds sterling, and about eight hundred pounds in weight, was seized on a vessel in port in Rangoon by the Government Excise Department on October 2 last. Sesame is cultivated in Tonkin and Annam. It gives a very high oil yield, sometimes as much as fifty per cent. For the use of divers in shallow water a Frenchman has invented a simple apparatus which supplies air to a man through a rubber bit held in his teeth. A means of making use of the electric magnet under water has been devised in Japan, and it promises to be of great assistance in locating sunken vessels, to recover which salvaging operations on a big scale are expected after the war. During the last few years a number of new automatic lighthouses have been built along the coast of Queensland inside the Great Barrier Reef. Acetylene dissolved in acetone at ten atmospheres pressure is used, and there are ten cylinders, each containing one hundred and seventeen cubic feet, all coupled together. They are changed once a year. The best marksmen are usually those with gray or blue eyes. It is said that hair from the tail of a horse is the strongest single animal thread known. Whistling, according to some physicians, will do much toward the development of a robust physical frame. Many Greenland women are bald on the sides of their heads, owing to their method of dressing the hair, which is pulled back tightly and held in place by a hairpin. Unexpected Success. A professional artist, who had a wide reputation for comic pictures, drew a caricature of a woman's hat which he thought was excruciatingly funny. When he showed it to his wife, however, she did not even smile. "Don't you like it?" inquired the artist. "Like it?" she replied. "Of course I like it! Why do you waste your time on those horrid comic pictures when you are capable of designing beautiful things like this? I'm going straight down to get my milliner to make me one just like it!" And she did.

INTERESTING STORIES

The Money Cowry.

The occurrence of the money cowry in Ireland and England has a curious origin. This species, a native of the tropics, is used as current coin in certain parts of Africa. Some years ago it was very abundant near the coast of Cumberland near the mouth of the Calder river. The specimens are believed to have come from the Glendover, a vessel wrecked off Seascale in a fog in 1873. She was homeward bound from Manila and carried sixty tons of cowries as part of her cargo. As this means about seventy million shells it may well be that money cowries will be picked up on our northwestern coast for many years to come. Those found earlier on the coasts of Down, Ireland, were supposed to have come from a big slave ship wrecked in the neighborhood.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory. FOR some time Puss Junior and Tom Thumb sat beneath the tree wondering how they would be able to rescue Rapunzel from the wicked enchantress. And then, all of a sudden, they saw a handsome young prince. "He walks as though he were blind," whispered Puss. "Did I hear a voice?" cried the prince, stopping to listen. "I am blind; therefore, help me, for I can do no harm were I so inclined." "My gracious prince," cried Puss, stepping forward and taking the blind prince by the hand. "I am Puss in Boots, Junior, and with me, as my comrade in arms, is Tom Thumb." "This misfortune that I cannot see you both, for I have often heard of you in rhyme and story," replied the prince, sitting down and placing his hand over his poor, sightless eyes. "We are now seeking the unfortunate Rapunzel," said Puss Junior. "What?" exclaimed the blind prince, jumping to his feet. "I, too, would find her, for she is dearer to me than life." "And when I commenced to tell Puss and Tom Thumb how he had visited Rapunzel every evening by climbing up her beautiful golden hair until he reached her little tower window, and how she was waving a silken ladder with the skeins of silk which he brought her. "And when it was woven and ready, concluded the blind prince, "we were to climb down together and be married." "But how did you come to lose your eyesight?" asked Tom Thumb. "Alas," answered the blind prince, "one evening when I had called to Rapunzel to let down her hair, I found on entering her chamber, not my beautiful Rapunzel, but an enchantress, who mocked me, saying she had taken my beloved far away. Then in my despair I leaped from the window, falling into a thicket of thorns which pierced my eyes." "We will not rest until we find the beautiful Rapunzel," cried Puss. "Join us, dear prince, for we have followed Rapunzel until we lost the trail." "Faint heart never fair lady!" cried Tom Thumb. "I, too, will help you, my dear prince." "And I pledge myself to find her!" cried Puss. "You are a brave pair," said the blind prince; "let us set out at once, for while there is life there is hope, and no good will come of mourning over our misfortunes. Only the brave deserve the fair!" Copyright, 1919, David Cory. (To Be Continued.)

The Ground Was a Bit Too Cold and Damp to Go Barefoot, So Tomboy Taylor Came Home on Stilts.

By FONTAINE FOX.



CHUCK ME OUT MY OLD SHOES, WITH YUH, MA, THESE NEW ONES TRAMP MY FEET.

Unpleasant Success.

A professional artist, who had a wide reputation for comic pictures, drew a caricature of a woman's hat which he thought was excruciatingly funny. When he showed it to his wife, however, she did not even smile. "Don't you like it?" inquired the artist. "Like it?" she replied. "Of course I like it! Why do you waste your time on those horrid comic pictures when you are capable of designing beautiful things like this? I'm going straight down to get my milliner to make me one just like it!" And she did.

Very Platonic.

Peter Prosser didn't believe in marriage. He kept on saying so. Platonic friendship was good enough for him, he affirmed. But one day Peter Prosser got married. His friends wondered, and one of them asked a question. "Well," said Peter indignantly, "in reply, 'I still believe in platonic friendship, of course; but I had to do something. Another fellow came along and got interested in the girl.'"

Familiar Symptoms.

"Edwin, dear," said young Mrs. Hilderby in a tone that was kind but firm, "did you tell me you were up late last night with a sick friend?" "Yes," "What made your friend feel ill? Was he a heavy loser?"

Man With X-Ray Eyes

THE STRANGEST STORY YOU EVER READ. Nam Creeps Into Lucien Delomes Room and Stabs the Figure Sleeping in the Bed

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

Synopsis of Proceeding Chapter. Lucien Delomes presents letters of introduction to Mrs. Armida and registers at her boarding house. He makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Tankery, rich American widow, and a Guatemalan general, Domingo Lopez. Mrs. Tankery, about sixty, carries about with her a small black dog. Mrs. Tankery is found dead in her room—murdered. After an investigation the Guatemalan general, Domingo Lopez, is released. The Guatemalan general reveals details of transaction he intends to carry out. Lucien Delomes, the name of the rare jewels of the Comte d'Abasol-Viscomte exists considerable fortune. He is a member of the "A" Band, plot to get them. They leave for the Department. Delomes comes to see the jewels which have been offered as security for a loan, and to the surprise of the Comte and his son, he finds that the jewels are not there. Accomplishing their purpose, they find the empty of jewels while at the Comte's apartment and left to die in the room. The jewels were hidden in a closet. Baron Fuchs, banker, seeks aid of Delomes in solving the mystery. He is almost identical with the Comte. The Maharajah of Pondicherry sends an agent to Baron Fuchs. The agent is killed. Burglars break the safe and are seized with the jewels. Delomes springs out. Lucien falls in love with Gertrude, one of the maidens, and has another miraculous escape from death.

The moment had come. Nam did not tremble. This was not his first crime. His hand was steady, his dagger between his teeth, he stole noiselessly along the passage. This was No. 9. He looked through the keyhole and instantly pressed his ear to it. No sound. It was the time to act. The Hindoo cautiously turned the handle, under the light push the door opened; it was not even locked. Was the chamber empty? No, its occupant was sleeping quietly in his bed, his head buried in the pillow and his feet toward the wall, seeming to offer his back voluntarily to the blows of the assassin. Nam moved his dark lantern around him, holding his breath. On the night table lay Lucien Delomes's glasses, on a chair his blue suit, the murderer went nearer, his arm rose and fell with the speed of a flash of lightning. His victim had uttered no cry. His movements were so silent that he had entered to its hit between the shoulders. Blood streamed from the wound, splashing the sheets with a large, lurid stain. Lucien Delomes was really dead. An instant after Nam took the way he had planned, he was gone. The door had been left behind, vanished in the darkness of the night. The next morning a dead body was found in Room No. 9.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Incomprehensible Murder.

The next morning, on entering Comte d'Abasol-Viscomte's room, the carrying on a silver waiter the shocking chocolate for the early breakfast, Nam, after having opened the blinds, went up to the bed and said quietly: "This time it's done, this Lucien Delomes will give us no more trouble." Then he quickly told the comte what had happened during the night in the Hotel des Nouvelles-Hebrides. "You are sure, that your maid did not miss him?" asked the latter. The Hindoo began to laugh. "I'd stake my life on it. The blade of a dagger between the shoulders! People never get over that!" "Well," cried the comte, "I'm not sorry that it's over. A good riddance! Without mentioning the fact that I was beginning to get strangely jealous of that young greenhorn!" laughed the other. "Don't laugh, Nam. I was afraid that Juliette was gradually taking her part too seriously. By dint of the farce of love we sometimes end by being caught. This isn't the first time that has happened." The Hindoo shrugged his shoulders and looking at the comte with his mocking eyes, said: "Then what's the need of loving this woman? Nothing in life is more dangerous than sentiment!" "Nam, you know very well that this is a subject which we are not to discuss," replied the comte. "My sole dream is to marry Juliette as soon as I am able to retire." "Very well, I don't urge the point." Then he added sedately: "Your pajamas are ready by the side of the bed whenever you wish to get up." The latter, after his valet had left the room, stretched himself lazily, as if Nam had worked well, he murmured, "I have to reach, though I had dreams, no nightmares. Good heavens! What an easy conscience I have!" He jumped out of bed, then suddenly started, exclaiming: "By Jove! I put my left foot on the floor first! That's a sign of bad luck for the whole day. It's foolish to be so superstitious as that," he added, smiling, "but isn't that the way with us all in Italy? Oh, if it could be done over again I would choose another native country!" Then, going to the window, he added: "Well, it promises to be a beautiful day—a little ride in the Bois will be the thing—an opportunity to meet one's friends." He let the curtain, which he had drawn a little aside, fall again, and murmured tenderly: "Dear Juliette, how I long to be able to repay you for all the affection and devotion you give me!" But just as he was going to press the button of the bell to call her, someone rapped at the door, and the Hindoo appeared. "M. Clamart, the chief of the detective bureau," he said, "wishes to see you." The comte started violently. "The chief of the detective bureau?" "Oh, I know, very well, that the day would pass without bringing me something annoying!" "To-day?" answered Nam calmly. "I show a little coolness. Why do you have so many of those idle fears? Haven't we a right to pass for honest people sometimes? Hang it, you must get over this police phobia a little, my good fellow. Keep cool, take some of the liquor I put in your coffee. Besides," he added, "I shall be in my usual hiding place, behind the curtain, and I'll listen to what he says to you ready for anything. Whatever may happen, don't worry." An instant later the comte joined the police officer, apologizing for receiving him, on account of the early hour, in such an undress costume. "It is I, on the contrary, who am intrusive in coming to your house so early," replied the latter, "but I had some urgent news for you." "And on what subject?" "The well-cutler who robbed you. I believe that we have at last a good clue." "Ah!" said the comte, justly astonished. "What is it?" "I will not relate our investigations or our inquiries since the day when you were in my office with Baron Fuchs. You doubted, didn't you whether they would have the least success? Then, in despair of finding any motive, I returned to my first idea, that the robbery must have been committed by the aid of someone very closely associated with you, who knew all your habits and was aware of all your acts and movements. Now, who would have been better situated for the part of guide than your servants?" "My servants?" "So established a watch upon them as close as it was cautious. I must tell you at once that we have found nothing suspicious in connection with your butler." "That would be a pity, I have been extraordinary. Nam is as devoted as a watch dog; if not to me, at least to the Maharajah who placed him here. I can suppose for an instant..." "But," the official continued, "the case is very different with your maid." "Juliette?" cried the comte, starting up. "Yes. We have the most serious reasons for believing that she is associated with a band of criminals." "Impossible!" "Yet it is so. By carefully shadowing her we have discovered certain things about her. I am very liberal to my servant, I am very liberal to my maid, but I have done their work, what I am at home very little. I give them the liberty." "Well, your maid rushes into a moving picture theater on the boulevard. You will say, he hastened to add, seeing the smile which his lips gave into the comte's eyes and said quietly: "This time it's done, this Lucien Delomes will give us no more trouble." Then he quickly told the comte what had happened during the night in the Hotel des Nouvelles-Hebrides. "You are sure, that your maid did not miss him?" asked the latter. The Hindoo began to laugh. "I'd stake my life on it. The blade of a dagger between the shoulders! People never get over that!" "Well," cried the comte, "I'm not sorry that it's over. A good riddance! Without mentioning the fact that I was beginning to get strangely jealous of that young greenhorn!" laughed the other. "Don't laugh, Nam. I was afraid that Juliette was gradually taking her part too seriously. 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