

Magazine Page

Instead of Drinking Cups.

ON trips and picnics a few soda-fountain straws will be found more valuable than any drinking cup. Many times it is impossible to procure a cupful of water from a spring or brook without rolling it or dipping up leaves or twigs on the surface. But a straw will reach without trouble to the clear water beneath.—Good Housekeeping.

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte in Corsica in 1769. This child of humble parents, at the age of twenty-six and with a ragged, hungry army, defeated the most experienced generals of Austria and speedily established himself as the greatest military genius of all time.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY
Paul Dies As He Is About to Reveal
Borradale Curse, But Warns
Basil Against Zara

Continued From Yesterday

"They have fought together," he cried. "These two. They are both hurt."

He was doing his utmost for Paul. The stab was in the left side under the heart, and it was clear that the man's strength was fast ebbing away.

The gypsies drew around him, and their attitudes were threatening. They made no effort at assistance. "What have you done?" growled one of them. "Who struck the blow?"

"I have said that the two men fought," said Basil, as well as he could. "The girl will tell—and I came to separate them. Can't you help her—some of you?"

They lifted the Hungarian gypsy and carried him with a certain amount of care to Zara's van. Basil leaving the dying man for a moment, hastily assured himself that Lorki—as he had gathered the man's name to be—was not vitally injured.

"Do your best for him," he said. "I'll attend to him myself. I am a doctor and you can trust me. There must be those among you who understand the dressing of a wound. It is my duty to see to the man who is most hurt—and he lies yonder."

Zara cast a reproachful glance at him. She would have spurned the prostrate body with her foot, but she was restrained by the women of the party. There was a savage glow in her eyes, as in those of some feline animal.

It was useless to attempt to move Paul. Basil quickly realized that nothing could be done to help him. Zara's blow had done its work only too well.

"He will not live many minutes," he said to those among the gypsies who had stayed to lend their assistance. "Paul's wound is serious. Little moved by the event. Those who helped did so in a perfunctory manner; a few stood by, smoking mechanically, taking no part in the proceedings. Apparently Paul had no one who particularly regretted the fate that had befallen him.

"A fair fight," muttered one; "men will quarrel. He'll lie in the wood tonight and tomorrow we move on."

The dying man groaned and fixed his eyes upon Basil. "You are good to me," he muttered, "yet I would have—"

"Hush," whispered Basil back. "Never mind that. Better not talk, my friend."

"It is—what matter if I talk? I warn you." The words came in a gasp. "I did mean to kill you. I follow you from the house, though you know it not. I think you go to the station; I think it your way home. I arrange with Lorki. It all happens as a plan. I wait—wait outside the van—but you come not out. That Lorki—he said you are a doctor. He admitted him. He could hardly realize it possible that this was the same girl who had sped so wildly through the night, knife in hand, and thrown herself like a tigress upon her foe; she, too, who had wished to stab again in cold blood, and spurn with her foot the prostrate body of the man she had killed. Those subtle lips of changing expression, those weirdly fascinating eyes. "The lips were smiling now, putting a little; the eyes were gentle and seemed to call for sympathy.

"He is not badly hurt," she said. "You will see. He was wounded in the shoulder, but it is in the flesh only. The knife struck upward—"

"She imitated the gesture of the blow. "They have laid him upon my bed, and there he lay awhile. He soon he well again. I nurse him—and you make him well."

She led the way to the inner room to which the wounded man had been brought. Those who had carried him there had all taken their departure, with the exception of an old woman, who appeared to be the recognized medical authority of the tribe. Lorki's wound, indeed, had already been roughly dressed, and he seemed fairly comfortable. Basil quickly satisfied himself that Zara's diagnosis was the true one. The man was in no danger; his wound was superficial, though it had caused some loss of blood.

"You are quite right," he said to Zara. "Your uncle is not badly hurt."

"I save him!" she cried, as if asking for praise. "I! And it was but just in time. Is he dead, the cur, Paul?"

"Yes," replied Basil, shortly, "he is dead."

"The orders of your master, Mr. Borradale?"

The man laughed, and his laugh turned to a groan. "Alas, it is not my master. I tell you—listen—"

He tried to lift himself, but his attempt did not rob him of his scant breath. He coughed and coughed, and his head fell back.

"Quick—I tell you—I—oh, I cannot—it is too late." He seized Basil's hand and pressed it convulsively. "But this—his voice almost inaudible now—"I warn you—there is danger—if not now—beware—and most beware of—"Of whom? He bent his head to catch the feeble sound.

"Of—of Zara. Zara, the she-devil!"

His hand relaxed its grip. His head fell back. He was dead.

CHAPTER CXX.
A Subtle Influence.

Paul was dead—dead as he had been about to reveal to Basil a secret, a possible clue to the curse which hung so heavily upon the Borradale family.

But now the mystery was but heightened. It was not Harold Borradale who desired Basil's death, and who had instigated Paul to bring it about. Terrible as this would have been, there was yet a reasonable motive, for Basil could understand that the man's husband had anything but affection for him.

However, it was not Harold Borradale who then? To whom did Paul owe obedience besides to his supposed master? To that strange being who was presumably inhabiting the closed rooms at Helm Towers? To that awful woman whose face was delineated over that of Mrs. Borradale in the picture which he had seen that day? Granting this, why should she desire his death? What had he to do with the Borradale inheritance of "curse"? To these questions his brain could find no answer.

able that Paul's words were but the result of a dying man's fury against the woman who had slain him.

It was not till later that these thoughts forced themselves upon Basil's mind. There was no time to think when he rose from Paul's side and announced that the man was dead.

"It is good," said the gypsy who appeared to be the leader of the tribe. "We will bury him. He will lie in the wood and no one will know."

"But," faltered Basil, "I cannot give—"

The gypsy smoked nonchalantly. "We have our own laws," he said, "and do not ask for death certificates. Two men fight—one kills the other—if the fight is fair, well and good—if not, we know how to punish. It is not well to interfere with our customs."

Basil looked about him with indecision, his obvious duty was to report the facts to the police, and allow the law to take its course. But, glancing at the swarthy faces which surrounded him, illuminated as they were by the light of lanterns, and of a rough fire quickly kindled, at the background of swaying trees, at the dark forms of the wagons, he could hardly bring himself to believe that he was in America, in placid Westchester, and that a high road lay within a few paces of him. Rather, he might have been in the wilds of some half-civilized country, in the company of men who knew no laws but their own, forest denizens of primitive nature. He felt the influence of his surroundings.

"The old man, Lorki, needs you," went on the gypsy. "It would be best for you to attend to him. They tell me that you are a doctor, also, that you are one of us. I advise you—for your own sake—to remember that you are one of us."

He spoke quietly, but the words were evidently intended as a warning.

Obviously Basil would not be allowed to go from the gypsy camp till his hosts felt satisfied as to his discretion. He would gain nothing by opposing them now, and might, in fact, find himself in considerable peril. Nothing would be easier for them if they anticipated danger from him—than to seal his lips effectually by sending him to join Paul in his secret grave.

There were tough men, and human life was of small account to them. To temporize and gain his freedom as quickly as he could—that was Basil's obvious course.

"I will go to Lorki," he said simply, "and I will do my best for him."

Leaving the side of the dead man, he mounted the steps of the van and tapped lightly at the door. It was opened to him by the girl herself. Her face was more placid now, and she smiled slightly as she admitted him. He could hardly realize it possible that this was the same girl who had sped so wildly through the night, knife in hand, and thrown herself like a tigress upon her foe; she, too, who had wished to stab again in cold blood, and spurn with her foot the prostrate body of the man she had killed. Those subtle lips of changing expression, those weirdly fascinating eyes. "The lips were smiling now, putting a little; the eyes were gentle and seemed to call for sympathy.

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Then there was Zara. Why must he so particularly beware of Zara? He had been in the power of Zara and her uncle that evening, and they had spared his life. Besides she had said that she liked him and her eyes had been very candid as she spoke. But Paul did not know that. It was prob-

The Gorgon's Head

By NELL BRINKLEY
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THE Gorgon was a beautiful woman, of pre-ancient Greece, her head afflicted with writhing, hissing serpents, that made her face, when she turned it on the world, a thing of horror and disgust. Germania is cursed with the Prussian creature, the Kaiser and his sons, who rear about her face and make her an abomination to the rest of the nations.

Some gentle souls have believed that the face she turned them was suffering with the terror and loathing and anguish of her crown; but there's some of us who believe she "hugs" her serpents and glories in her hideousness.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
No Great Difference in Age.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am married to a man forty-four years old and am twenty-four, and he is a very good man; but every time I happen to meet any of my friends they all tell me that I have made a very bad mistake by marrying a man so much older.

Now, Miss Fairfax, would you please tell me if I have made a mistake, as it is always on my mind?
J. L.

The people you refer to as making comments on the difference between you and your husband's ages are not friends, but meddling, busybodies who are, doubtless, jealous that you are both so happy.

Do not allow any further remarks on the subject.

The difference you mention is not too great. Some of the happiest marriages in the world are where there is even a greater difference.

Beauty Only Skin Deep.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Would you kindly advise me what to do? I have been going around for several years with a young man, who idolizes me and would do most anything to make me happy. He has a very fine character, not only judged by myself, but by everyone.

He is also very ambitious. I respect and care for him a great deal. The only objection I have is that he is not as good looking as I would like him to be, although he makes a very neat appearance. All I hear my girl friends speaking of are the good-looking fellows they are going with, which I think nothing of.

I would like your opinion as to whether good looks are necessary or not? ANXIOUS.

"Good looks" are certainly not necessary, and I wonder at your giving the subject any further consideration, especially, as you say you care for him.

Grandma, the Demon Chaperone, Was Almost Certain That Clara and That Young Whippersnapper Were Spooning

By FONTAINE FOX.



YOU!
CLARA!

"What is it you wish?" she asked, but she didn't open the door very wide, for at first sight she thought it might be a robber who had knocked, but when she saw Puss Junior with his red top boots, she smiled and asked him in.

"I am very sad to say that I have nothing to eat," she said after Puss had hung up his hat on a wooden peg behind the door. "Milk and butter have gone to the war, and a little mouse ate up the last crust of bread only last night."

When a Girl Marries

A NEW ROMANTIC SERIAL
The Bride at a Party Gets a Lesson in Economy and Overhears a Disturbing Innuendo.

By Ann Lisle.
CHAPTER VII.
(Copyright, 1918, by King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

SET back from a white-paved cross-roads corner in the heart of Long Island, there is a place called Flower Dew Inn.

The name sounds as if the place were a little garden spot, white, red-awned, and set in green sward. In reality it is a great rumbling structure of lemon-colored frame with porches and chimneys of red brick tacked on at random.

Three boys preside over the gray, old entrance and graciously grant you permission to park your car somewhere in the barren brown court yard that blossoms only with automobiles and a shining nickel and enamel. Flower Dew Inn is the gayest place on the island.

Feverishly, laughing like a child playing hooky from school, Jim turned in at the entrance. The hall was crowded with people waiting for places in the great, brick-pillared, brick-floored dining room. The place looked avaricious and cold—I wondered how Jim could afford to bring me there.

Just ahead of us stood a party of four. There were two men in blue serge coats and white flannels that looked as if they might cost more than the suits the editors of *Herald* were suited to the office. The women were in a billowy chiffon and picturesque, floppy hats.

Suddenly the girl in blue turned. Her wide eyes of corn-flower blue widened strangely between their thick, light lashes. Her full red lips pouted their way into an amazed—delighted—smile that brought out a spray of tiny dimples at her mouth corners. She looked like a very knowing little child.

"It's Jim! Jimmie himself—come back to us!" She called and darted over to us.

A Challenge to Jim.
A moment later she stood looking up at my husband challengingly, her head uplifted, her little body quivering. She had two aspects—one, a pleading, "Don't hurt me," the other, worldly, a gay little air: "The other, worldly, a gay little air."

Fleets of Dancing.
There was dancing, but Jim was informed that he was not required to be dance partners. Evelyn Mason sat out a great many dances with him and insisted that Sheldon Blake show me all the new steps. Mr. Blake was very tall, slim, perfectly groomed, and his skin, eyes, and hair were in shades of rich brown. He was handsome in a vivid, compelling way. The Dickey Royces were like a pair of little red-brown Pomeranians, snub-nosed, pert, indifferent—altogether as themselves.

With the coffee Mr. Royce had an inspiration.

"Ballikins! I must get you one of those rag monkey dolls they have here."

He called the waiter and slipped a ten-dollar bill conspicuously into his hand as he asked for the doll. The waiter was a sly little monkey dressed in green and capped in scarlet.

Evelyn opened wide her wistful eyes and stared at the dolly and then at the men.

"Want one, baby?" asked Mr. Blake.

"Oh, Evelyn can't let Sally have a dolly if she hasn't," slipped Miss Mason in a fashion that would have been absurd if another girl had tried it—but in her little husky voice it was adorable.

The waiter protested that there were no more of the monkeys. But Mr. Blake's twenty-dollar bill jogged his memory, and he remembered one more.

"Oh, I couldn't take it and have our little bride go without a souvenir," protested Evelyn with sudden sweet womanliness. "Let me give it to her, Shelly, and maybe Jim will get one for his old, old—chum."

I saw Jim's face go scarlet—I knew that he hadn't so much as twenty dollars. "Let me give it to her, Shelly, and maybe Jim will get one for his old, old—chum."

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air of impudence and indifference as to what the people in her party might think.

"Evelyn!" cried Jim—and I detected a bit of annoyance in his tone.

The girl had caught his hands in hers and was looking up with the wistful air of a child who doesn't want to be punished, though it knows it has been very naughty.

"Why don't you go? Are you still angry with me, Jim?"

The blue eyes misted over. I was sorry for the girl. Evidently Jim had hurt her somehow.

"Evelyn, I want you to meet my wife," said Jim, curtly. "Anne, this is my friend, Evelyn Mason."

The girl's face went pink all at once and then paled, so that her pointing red lips twisted out against a frail background of white. But she reached up and kissed me. "We were friends at once."

She insisted that we must sit with her party. A moment later she was presenting Jim's wife to Mr. and Mrs. Royce and Mr. Blake, and every one was congratulating Jim and watching Miss Mason and me with a puzzled air. In the dressing room it was settled by Miss Mason that she was "Evelyn" to me and "Anne" to her. As we were going to be friends we might as well start, she said.

"This is Shelly's party—let's go the limit," cried Miss Mason, when we were puzzling out the order. She looked like an adorable baby when she said it, and every one laughed when she asked the waiter whether Russian caviar or lobster cocktails would do more to set the proprietor up in business. Jim looked uneasy. He frowned when he heard Miss Mason call me Anne. I wondered why?

Sally Royce and Evelyn made a lion of Jim and rallied the other men on their citizen's clothes. "Presently if my husband had a magnanimity that no woman could resist—and if he enjoyed his power, I felt uneasy, but Jim's own air of reserve and unrest reassured me a bit."

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WINTER'S COMING

1918 WINTER 1919

Free books of instruction on canning and drying have been issued by the National War Garden Commission. They may be obtained at any of The Washington Times distributing stations.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Turkey red is made from the Indian madder.

In some of the streets of Naples it is quite a usual thing to see the cows and goats being led along and milked at the doors of the houses.

There is a very interesting orchid in Java, the *grammatophyllum*, all the flowers of which open at once, and they also all wither together.

The enormous demand for linen for covering aeroplanes, wings is rapidly absorbing the visible supplies of the world, and it may be years before this material can be bought at a reasonable price.

And in the next story you shall see what Puss did when he woke up in the morning.
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To be continued.