

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the arrest of the conspirators in the famous Gunpowder Plot in 1695, by which the wiping out of Parliament was frustrated. The plot was betrayed by one of its originators. Most of the conspirafors were executed, and November 5 is still known as Guy Fawkes day.

When a Girl Marries

A GRIPPING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Jim Comes Home and Anne Indulges

By Ann Lisle.

CHAPTER XLII.

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dicate, Inc.)

up a florist's shop and send it to

"I've five dollars left from the

ten you gave me. Shall we spend

it all?" I asked, with emotions

that were so extravagant they

needed this extravagant expression.

Neal's face turned scarlet. "No. you don't! Blake paid the check last night, so I've still got four-fifty of the five you loaned me. Let's see—tomorrow's Wednesday and payday is Saturday. I can walk to work and lunch on a chocolate freet and a sandwich the

By David Cory.

So he ran up the gangplank and called to the lonely Weathercock. "Why don't you fly down?" We'd

like to have you come ashore with

"That's all I wanted to know,"

resting.

ON'T leave me alone on the Ark, Fussy dear, For I shall be lonely, I very much fear.

Jim's sisters. Shall we. Babbs?"

WHEN supper was cleared away Neal made a sug-

gustion: "Let's go out and buy

The "Zepp's" Passenger

AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL Philippa and Helen Discuss Possible Outcome of Clash Between Griffiths and Lessingham.

This time their departure was unandkerchief from her eyes, and Philippa made a little grimace at he closed door, "Do you believe," Helen asked se-

iously, "that Captain Griffiths has hy suspicions?"
Philippa shrugged her shoulders.

Philipps shrugged her shoulders, "If he has, who cares," she re-plied, a little defiantly, "The very dea of a duel of wits between those two men is laughable." "Perhaps so," Helen agreed, with a shade of doubt in her tone.

CHAPTER X.

Philippa and Helen started, a few nornings later, for one of their cusemary walks. The crystalline Oclober sunshine, in which every disant tree and, seaward, each slowy traveling steamer, seemed to rain a new clearness of outline, lay upon the deep-plowed fields, the rellowing bracken, and the red-gold of the bending trees, while the west wind, which had strewn the sea with white-flecked waves, brought sea with white-flecked waves, brought fown the leaves to form a carpet for their feet, and played strange music along the wood-crested slope. In the broken land through which they made their way, a land of trees and moorland, with here and there a cultivated patch, the yellow gorse still glowed in unexpected corners; queer, seentless flowers made when of color in the hedgerows; splashes of color in the hedgerows; a rabbit scurried semetimes across their path; a cock pheasant, after a noment's amused stare, lowered his head and rushed for unnecessary sheiter. The longer they looked up-ward, the bluer seemed the sky. The grass beneath their feet was as green and soft as in springtime. Driven by the wind, here and there a white-winged gull salled over their heads—a cloud of them rested upon a freshly turned little square of plowed land between two woods.

A flight of pigeons, like torn leaves tossed about by the wind, circled and drifted above them. Philippa seated herself upon the trunk of a

tree and gazed contentedly about her.
"If I had a looking-glass and a few more hairpins, I should be per-fectly happy." she sighed. "I am sure my hair must look awful." Helen gianced at it admiringly. "I decline to say the correct thing," she declared. "I will only

thing," she declared. "I will only remind you that there will be no one here to look at it."

"I am not so sure," Philippa replied. "These are the woods which the special constables haunt by day and by night. They gaze up every tree trunk for a wireless installation, and they lie behind hedges and watch for mystorious flashes."

"Are you surrecating that we may

and watch for mysterious flashes."
"Are you suggesting that we may meet Mr. Lessingham?" Helen inquired, lazily, "I am perfectly certain that he knows nothing of the equipment of the meiodramatic spy. As to Zeppelins, don't you remember he told us that he hated them and was terrified of bombs."
"The dear" Philippa remon-

dear," Philippa remon-"Mr Lessingham does "My dear." Philippa remen-strated, "Mr. Lessingham does nothing crude."
"And yet..." Helen began.
"Tet I suppose the man has some

thing at the back of his head," think that he has—sometimes I be-Heve that Richard must have shown my picture, and he has come over here to see if I am really like it." "He does behave rather like that,"

her companion admitted dryly. Philippa turned and looked at "Helen," she said severely, "don't

"Helen, and said severely, don't be a cat."
"If I were to express my opinion of your behavior," Helen went on, picking up a pine cone and examin-ing it, "I might astonish you."
"You have an evil mind," Philip-pa yawned, producing her cigarette

"What you really resent is that Mr. Lessingham sometimes forgets to talk about Dick."
"The poor man doesn't get much

chance." Helen retorted, watching the blue smoke from her cigarette and leaning back with an air of content. "Whatever do you and he find to talk about, Philippa? rature—English and Ger-Philippa murmured demure-Literature-English

ly. "Mr. Lessingham is remarkably well read, and he knows more about our English poets than any man I have met for years." forgot that you enjoyed that

sort of thing."
"Once more, don't be a cat," Philippa enjoined. "if you want me to confess it, I will own up at once. You know what a simple little thing I am. I admire Mr. Lessing-

ham exceedingly, and I find him a most interesting companion." "You mean." her friend observed "the Baron Maderstrom." a looked around and You are most indiscreet, Helen."

she declared. "I have learned something of the science of espion-age lately, and I can assure you that all spoken or written words are dangerous. There is a thoroughly British squirrel in that tree overhead, and I am sure he heard." "I suppose the sunshine has got into your head," Helen groaned.

"If you mean that I am finding it a relief to talk nonseense, you are Philippa assented. "AB B matter of fact, I am feeling most depressed. Hienry telephoned from somewhere or other before breakfast this morning to say that he should probably be home tonight or tomorrow. They must have landed somewhere down the coast."

"You are a most un intiful wife," Heien pronounced severely, "I am sure Henry is a delightful person, even if he is a little irresponsible, and it is almost pathetic to remem ber how much you were in love with him a year or two ago." Some of the lightness vanished from Philippa's face.
"That was before the war," she

sighed. "I still think Henry is a dear, hoogh L don't altogether under-

stand him," Helen said thought-

but you'd find the not understandwere his wife. You see, I didn't know that I was marrying a sort of sporting Mr. Skimpole."

"I wonder." Holen reflected, "how Henry and Mr. Lessingham will get on when they see more of one another."

served indifferently.
"I used to notice sometimes—that was noon after you were married."
Helen continued, "that Henry was just a little inclined to be jealous."
Philippa withdrew her eyes from the sea. There was a queer little

Philippa's cycbrows were raised. "Poor Mr. Lessingham?" she re-peated. "I don't think you'll find that he'll be in the least sorry for

"He may be in earnest," Helen reminded her friend, "You can be horribly attractive when you like,

you know, Philippa."

Philippa smiled aweetly,
"It is just possible," she said,
"that I may be in earnest myself.
Twe quarreled pretty desperately
with Henry, you know, and I'm a
halpless creature without a little
admiration."

Her eyes were fixed upon a figure approaching through the wood. "You really aren't respectable. Philippa," she declared. "Throw away your cigarette, for heaven's sake, and sit up. Some one is com-

Philippa only moved her head ranispa only moved her head lasily. The sunlight, which came down in a thousand little rigrags through the wind-tossed trees, fell straight upon her rather pais, defiant little face, with its unexpressed evasive charm, and seemed to find a new depth of color in the red-gold of her disordered hair. Her slim, perfect body was stretched almost at full length, one leg drawn a lit-tle up, her hands carelessly droop-ing toward the grass. The cigar-ette was still burning in the corner

woods here and shoot things just

"That is quite all right," he assured her. "Your neighbor. Mr. Windover, to whom these woods apparently belong, asked me to bring my gun out this morning

ippa demanded, looking around.
Lossingham shook his head.
"His car came for him at the other side of the wood." he explained. "He was wanted to go on the bench. I elected to walk home."

"And the woodcock?" she asked. adore woodcock."

You must come and share it."

Philipps insisted. Those boys of Nora's are coming in to dinner. Your gift shall be the piece de

may be a simple feast, I promis asked, dropping his voice for a

yards away, was knee deep in the golden brown bracken, picking some gorgeously colored leaves from a solitary bramble buan. Lessingham had thrown his cap onto the ground, and his wind-tossed hair and the unusual color in his cheeks were both, in their way, becoming. His loose but well-fit fing country clothes, his tie and soft collar, were all well chosen and sultable. She admired his high forehead and his firm, rather proud

saying that to some Gretchen away cross that terrible North Sea."

he whispered.

long, as it is about your mission here and your real identify. I sim-ply could not include a flirtation amongst my excitements."

her gravely. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

"No doubt." Philipps assented,

"I really don't care," I'hilippa ob-

smile upon her lips.
"Weil, if he still is," she said.
"I'll give him semething to be fealous about." "Poor Mr. Lessingham!" Helen murmured.

admiration.' Helen rose suddenly to her feet.

of her lips,
"I decline," she said, "to throw

"I decline," she said. "to throw away my cigarette for any one."

"Least of all, I trust," a familiar voice interposed, "for me."

Philippa sat upright at once, smoothed her hair, and looked a little resentfully at Lessingham. He was wearing a brown tweed knickerbocker suit, and he carried a gun under his arm.

"Whatever are you doing up here," she demanded, "and do you know anything about our game laws? You can't come out into the woods here and shoot things just

because you feel like it."

He disposed of his gun and scated himself bet veen them.

"Gracious! You don't mean that r. Windover is here, too?" Phil-

He produced one from his pocket, took up her felt hat, which was lying amongst the bracken, and busied himself insulating the pin feathers under the silk band.

"There." he said, handing it to her, "the first woodcock of the season. We got four and I really only accepted one in the hope that you would like it. I shall leave it with the estimable Mills, on my return."

"Then may I dine another night?" "Then may I dine another night?" he begged. "This place encourages in me the grossest of appetites." "Have no fear," she replied. "You will never see that woodcock again. I shall have it for my luncheon tomorrow. I ordered dinner before I rame out, and through that you shall not go away hungry."
"Will you promise that you will never send me away hungry?" ne moment.

She turned and studied him lelen, who had strolled a few

mouth. His eyes as well as his tone were full of seriousness. "You know that you ought to be

she laughed. "There is no Gretchen who has ever made my heart shake as you

do." he whispered. She picked up her hat and sighed. "Really," she said, "I think things are quite complicated enough as they are. I am in a flutter all day "I have never flirted," he assured

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The Winter Hat Makes Its Appeal



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax. A Timid Lover.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have known a girl for the past four years, but not until re-cently have I grown to love her. She has shown me in minor ways that she cares for me, but how much is uncertain. Before I began to show my af-

fection for her she was intimate with another young man, a friend of mine. She had a dispute with him and told me he was completely out of her mind. Recently this man has started to pay her atten-tion again, and she is accepting his invitations while endeavoring to make me believe that he has not the slightest chance of becoming the friend he was. As I love this girl very much and do not wish to lose her, I

PERPLEXED The only direct method of ending such anxieties as yours is to tell the girl you love her and ask her to become engaged to you. But I know no other way of overcoming your dread of your rival and your fear that the young lady you so much admire is playing with you.

would appreciate your advice.

Shall She Elope?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am sixteen and in love with a young man who I am sure loves me too. He is two years my senior. My family and his do not agree as to our marriage. He wants me to clope with him. Do you think this is right for me to do? I know my mother and fath-er will give in when they find out, as they do eserve to make me happy. WORRIED. as they do everything they can

My dear child do not dream of eloping. You are much too young to marry anybody. If this marriage is a wise one your kind and sympathetic parents will surely agrees to it later on, without wour taking such an imprudent step as running away. Do they object to your considering yourself engaged to your elghteen-year-old love: %

Love or Cards? DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going out with a young lady for about a year and a half. Of late I have been playing cards with other friends. She does not agree to this. The other day I had a date and disappointed her. She found out where I was playing. came and gave me back my presents, and said she did not want to know me. Now, I like the girl. Please tell me what to do, as I don't know how to get back to her again. WAITING.

I should think you might have some difficulty in getting back into the good graces of a gir! whom you have so badly treated. The first step will be to give up cardplaying, the second to write and tell her so, asking if she will allow you to come to see her. Perhaps after a while you may persuade her that you care more for her than for cards—if that is, indeed, the case.

TRY TO AVOID THIS ERROR. "We had to stop our little girl anwering the front-door calls."

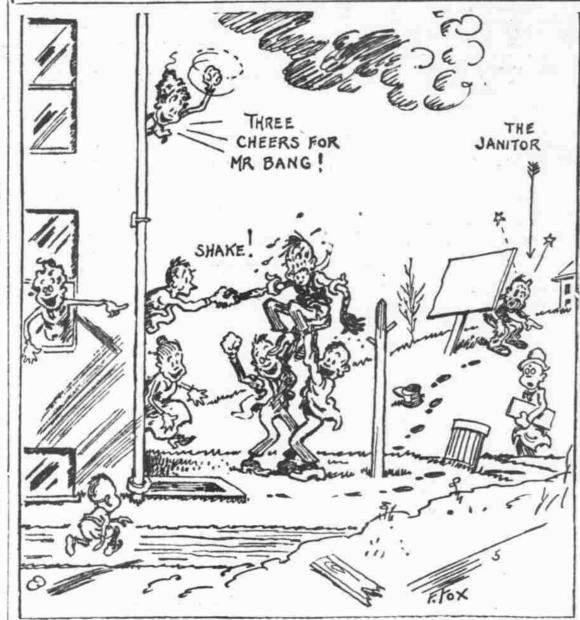
"The other day when Ensign Jones came to call on our eldest daughter he was dressed in his white uniform. and when the little one opened the oor and saw him she immediately called upstairs: 'Ma. how much bread

made in the new shawl fashion of skunk, and is reasonable in price.

November.

Photos by International.

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Went Down Into the Basement and Started the Apartment Furnace Himself. By FONTAINE FOX



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Safeguarding the Children

During the Boer war England found great difficulty in getting fit men for her army from populations of the great manufacturing cities. Such an alarming number of prospect recruits had to be rejected for physical defects that the country became aroused. It

By Brice Belden, M. D.

jected for physical dejects that the country became aroused. It was realized that the workers had been neglected in childhood and industrially exploited in manhood. One consequence was the starting of medical inspection of books. During 1916 about 70 per cent of the men who applied for enlistment in our navy were rejected because of physical defects. During the three years prior to our entrance into the war 250,000 men applied for

enlistment in the army, and of

these 78 per cent were, rejected, |Most of the defects for which

these men were rejected had orig-inated in childhood and a large pro-portion were entirely preventable. Between the draft boards and the cantonments nearly 50 per cent of recruits for the army have been re-

jected. Because of the foregoing facts, and because of the falling birth rate, we must see to it that our children are better cared for than ever before. So many of our young men of marriageable age have been drafted that a fail in the birth rate was inevitable.
During the first half of 1918 there

have been 2,000 fewer marriages in New York City than during the corresponding period in 1917, and 200 fewer births. So it is imperative to keep every child alive and healthy.
The environment of children must be kept as favorable as possible during the war and afterward, for

The question of nutrition is all important. This is a very serious problem just now, because in the in wages has been 18 per cent, while the average increase in the cost of food has been at least 100 per cent. This means a lessened amount of food and it also means less suitable food, and children cannot withstand

upon children than upon adults.

such things as well as adults.

In New York City 21 per cent of the school children were found to be undernourished in 1917, as arainst 5 per cent in 1914, The same conditions undoubtedly prevail throughout the country. Lack of coal and close rooms are other factors of all health in chil-dren that we shall have to guard

against, if the mortality is to be kept down.

We must work very hard indeed to keep our children alive and wellthese trying times.

In a Jealous Scene and Wins His Forgiveness.

> Jim Expected Soon. "Do you think Jim will be home

I understood. His ardent youth hated being confined to our little apartment. He had given me of his best in a high-tide of boyish devotion, but no whe wanted to get out and have a little fun after his day's work. I knew this as well as if he

spoke. "Nonsense, laddie! Tou knew I haven't had a minute with Jim to-day, and it would be almost a kind-

chocolate frost and a sandwich the next three days, so a dollar will be a safe margin to keep out for brother Neal. Come on, akip around lively, and get ready. Babbsie—we'll make a hit with those Harrisons yet."

I slipped on a hat and we hurried to the florist's over on the avenue. There in a great glee we purchased a blue vase full of red dahlias and wild vallow "baby orchids. But "That's right, Rabbs. Tou al-ways tell me when I'm in the way, or I won't feel I've the right to stay here," and he boited out of the wild yallow "baby orchids. But, when I came to write the card there, maliciously, in my own hand-writing these innocent-looking words stared up at me:

place.

I smiled with tears in my eyes. I would never forget how Neal had atood by me this spring. It had made me very happy. But as the minutes passed and Jim didn't come, all happiness went from me. It was long after 10 when my husband returned. The very first words he said were these:

"Where's that selfish young cub? Couldn't he stay home with his sinter one, evening?"

"I sent him out, Jim." I said céloriessly, waiting for Jim to come "With loving greetings to Virginia and Phoebe from Barbara, Anne, and Neal."

Anne, and Neal."

But that simple message put into words the dividing line I hated to recognize—one one side the Harrisons, on the other "Barbara Anne, and Neal." Two families—my husband's and mine. Virginia had made it sadly plain this very day that she didn't regard me as her "own." I was an outsider to be treated wiwtwh wgrave formality—not a sister to go along on her apartment-hunt, to be asked over to dinner on her first night in town. "I'm dead tired," he said.
Then I took refuge in cold sar-

dinner on her first night in town.

With a heart the heavier, because its pain must be hidden from Neal, I left the florist shop to which we had so gaily gone and walked home

Puss in Boots

Now, how would you like to be left all alone High up on a perch, where the wild breezes mean?"

"The Weathercock wants to come with us," said Puss Junior.

"Then why doesn't he?" said Captain Noah, who was busily engaged in making the anchor line fast.

"I'll tell him to," said little Puss.

A Stormy Scene.

"Are you criticising Virginia's manners?" asked Jim, incisively. to say the least. If I didn't find it

"Than your wife herself:" I stormed wildly. I was on my feat now. I had backed against the table and said the faithful bird. "Look out! Here she goes," and with a great flutter and flapping of his gilt wings, he landed on the sand. ble and was leaning heavily on it, with my clenched hands held forci-bly at my sides. My chest heaved and I had great trouble to keep my And after that he and Puss went over to the clump of palm trees where Mrs. Noah and the boys were This would be a fine spot for a

picnic," she said. "Did you ever go to one, little Puss Junior?" "What fun," said Puss. "Tve he asked in what I took to be a bored tone. "But you don't love me. You never been to one, although I once went to a fair with Simple Simon." "Well, while the boys are busy with Captain Noah mending the

Ark, we'll get a fire started and have our lunch out here beneath the trees." It didn't take long to make a fire, for Mrs. Noah wished to sur prise the Captain when he came back. She pushed two forked sticks into the ground on either side of the fire, and then hung the kettle on another which she laid across them, and pretty soon the kettle was singing away: 'Hurry for the jolly plenic

And the crew of the red Nonh's I'll whistle and sing like a bird in the spring. While the red flames gleam and

spark." "There are some nice clams on the beach," said Mrs. Noah. So Puss and the Weathercock took a basket and brought back enough for everybody. And I guess Mrs. Noah had everybody. And I guess Mrs. Noah had been to many a clambake, for she knew just how

to roast them in a pile of seaweed and red bot stoves. Well, pretty soon Captain Noah, with Mr. Jonah and the three boys came out of the Ark and sat down beneath the palm trees, and then all the animals sat around in a

ring, for this was the first picnic they had ever been to. "I'm as hungry as a bear," said. little Puss Junior, and then the elephant began to laugh, but the bear only smiled and spread his bread with honey.

Of course, some of the animals

didn't eat any of Mrs. Noah's lunch. dign't eat any of airs. Noan's lunch.
The giraffs stood near by and ate
the tender leaves off the tops of
the trees and the monkeys ate
cosconnus, and the ducks and
gense kept close to the water and snapped up little fishes and snails. Ent everybody had a wonderful

And after that Captain Noah rought a tent from the Ark and Ark was to be painted that afteron and wouldn't be dry until the next day. And in the next story you shall hear what happened then the thunder storm came. again through the early darkness.
When we got back to the apartment Neal began to fumble about
the room a bit restlessly.

soon?" he asked.

work. I knew that had put it into words.

"Jim will be home by 8," I de-clared, remembering my husband had said the agent wos going to show them the apartments between 7 and 8. "You run along to a movis. Nesi."

"I'm not going to leave you, Rabnie," declared Neal, slipping his tie a bit tighter in unconscious prepa-ration for going out, even as be

oriessly, waiting for Jim to come and tilt my chin for his kies. But Jim propped into a chair near

"Oh, indeed! You weren't too

"Oh, indeed! You weren't too tired to run around town with your sister. So I should think you might find enough energy to walk across the room and—greet your wife."
Jim laughed—but there was an ugly curtness in that laugh:
"Well, neither of us seems to have much energy to spare, or you might have had sense enough to go over to the Rochambeau some time today."

over to the Rochambeau some time today."

"I 'phoned!" I flamed in self-defense. "You said I should 'phine!"

"'Phoned!" in imicked Jom. "My dear Anne, there are certain decencies in civilized society. My sixters come home from a year in the West, and, for reasons we won't go into, I cannot offer them the hospitality of my horse. It seems to me that my wife would, naturally and without suggestion from me, think of some way of welcoming them to their way of welcoming them to their home town."

"I didn't think Virginia wanted me. She wasn't very cordial,"

"Really, Anne, that's very amusing, so funny I might be angry. Virginia is, as you would do well to remem-ber, dearer to me than"——

breath from bursting out in hearse gaspa, "Anne, do you think you can manage to do without making a scene?"

care more for Virginia than—
Jim laid his hands on the arm of
the chair and fairly pushed himself to his feet. He limped heavily as he crossed the room and stood tow-ering over me with eyes ablam. "Virginia is my sister—no one can touch our love for each other.

It's been part of us since we were children. But you are my wife-I chose you from all the world. If I hadn't loved you why should I have married you?" he asked grimly. Why, indeed! What had I brought to Jim but love? Tenderness swept over me. Then came terror—terror lest by my own deed I lose that

love. "Jim, Jim, darling-forgive me. "Jim, Jim, darling—forgive ma.

I've been a stupid, jealous goosel
But I'll make up for it—I'll go
down on my knees to Virginia if
you say so. Your slaters shall be my
slaters, too, Jim." I sobbed—my
pride broken. "Only love me, darling." Love me, love me!"

ing: Love me, love me!"

I flung my arms about him plead-ingly—and Jim drew me close. He laid his lips on my mouth. And I knew that he was mine againmoment Virginia didn't count. (To Be Continued.)

GENERAL GETS IN WRONG.

When General O'Neill, of Allentown, first went to Spartanburg, S. C., his train was three hours late. The negro escort appointed to receive him at the station had been dismissed. The general walked. Presently he was accosted by a sentry.

"General O'Neill." "Well, you cut the buck and go up there to headquarters to beat de deb-bit, and see my captain and explain casself. We's been waltin three hours you."--Los Angeles Times.

CURE FOR SLEEPINESS.

Servant Girl-I'm so awfully Dector-Ah! Have you a sweet-

heart, may I ask?
Servant Giri (blushing)—Yes.
"Who is he may I ask?"
"He's the night policeman."
"Ah, then, give him up, and fall in love with the milk man."—Tit-