

45,000,000 Eggs.

SCIENTISTS tell us that the most prolific fish is the cod, the yield of which averages about forty-five million eggs each season. As many as eight, nine and even nine and a half million eggs have been found in the roe of a single cod.

Civilization Is Not a Veneer, It Must Penetrate to the Very Heart



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the landing in 1519 of Hernando Cortez at Tabasco, from which town he began his conquest of Mexico. The story of his march against the Aztec hosts, his capture of Montezuma and vast stores of gold and jewels, forms one of the most romantic chapters in the world's history.

When a Girl Marries Jim Can't See Wherein Anne Has Any Right to Feel Aggrieved Over the Unseemly Actions of the Bibulous Tom Mason

By Ann Lisle.

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"YOU'D be glad to hear the true story of this evening's adventures," I repeated in sheer amazement. "Then you didn't believe Tom Mason's story after all?"

"I did not, but I was willing to let him get away with murder if he'd also get out of here before there was the scene you seemed fairly panting to produce," retorted Jim sharply.

"But Jim, you gave him the impression that you believed him instead of me!" I yelled.

"Skins preserve us—the woman's bound to have the scene after all," I said. "Now, listen, Anne, and prima that magnificent 44-caliber brain of yours for action. The way you were heading I was in for a grand split-up with Tom. This cozy little apartment at a mighty low rent looks good to me."

"I don't want to move. I don't want to buy furniture just now. I don't want to get stuck for a bunch of rent money 'till I've been on a decent payroll for awhile and can afford a place as good as this at the price anyone but Tom would be sure to charge. So just quit spitting at our landlord like a tabby with her back up."

"Jim—you shan't talk to me like that. I've had about enough for one evening."

"Oh! I shan't talk to you like that. And YOU'VE had about all you can stand!" stormed Jim. "How about me? My wife makes a fool of me traipsing off with a bunch of women and keeps me guessing for hours where she is—and then I come in and find her railing all over the place because good old Tom Mason told her she had wonderful eyes or something like that."

A tense moment stared at Jim for a moment—trying to make my brain focus on his viewpoint. But the closer I came to seeing it, the less I liked it. Evidently Jim did not mind having me compliment me and flatter me either because he was so sure of me that he knew they couldn't touch me at all.

A flash from a long-age situation came to me like a moving picture cut-back. I was again at the Towers by the Sea. Sheldon and Dicky Royce were paying ridiculous sums to get the last rag monkeys in the place for Evvy and Sally—and hinting in their half-smirking, half-laughing manner that they considered my Jim a social pirate—a greater who didn't pay his way.

Resolutely I pushed that into a dark corner under the eaves in the attic of memory.

"Jim, I want to get out of this apartment at once," I said. "Tom Mason may have come for that blue robe which I once told you he has repeatedly tried to force on me. But he was hiding in the other room when I came in. And he tried to—make love to me. It was horrible. Let's leave here—at once, dear."

"I can't Anne," Jim replied, in a tone that sounded as if he were throwing himself on my mercy. "It's the first of the month. Have you noticed that pile of bills on the table? The rent is paid up, to the

list. I can't waste all that money. Surely you won't ask me to—because of a hysterical notion?"

"Jim, are you going to fall me—in the first thing I ever asked of you?" I wouldn't say that, dear."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, dear," protested Jim, laughing. "I repeated it to you, didn't I?"

"But I went on unheeding: I tell you Tom Mason tried to make love to me—to me, your wife! Now will you stay in his apartment at a figure that's really a personal favor?"

"To you, I sup—de," interrupted Jim. Anne, please, please don't develop into one of those silly women who thinks that every man who glances her way is in love with her. Man say a lot they don't mean."

"And now that we've disposed of Mason—suppose you give me an idea if I'm to expect you to stay out till all hours every time you go to the Cantones?"

"Trying to Explain. 'Wait a minute, Jim—let's get this straight,' I replied in a voice that I tried to make calm and even. 'You want to stay in this apartment because it's a great bargain—and so you choose to believe what Tom Mason tells you in explanation of his presence here. I tell you he—annoyed me. And you reply that you don't want me to be the sort of silly woman who thinks every man who looks at her is in love with her. You dismiss it like that, do you?'"

"In the name of reason, Anne—what do you want me to do? Go out and fight a duel with Mason? If this isn't all a figment of your imagination, tell me—did anything happen? For instance, did Tommy kiss you?"

"I felt myself stiffen and solidify into a mold. I had never been angrier in all my life, and yet I was only cold—icy cold. 'No!' I said curtly. 'No—after all I can take care of myself which is perhaps just as well under the circumstances.'"

Jim's answering laugh was ugly. "A young wife who can't take care of herself doesn't come strolling home at 10 o'clock. You haven't yet designed to tell me where you were?"

"Warily I realized that now I was not going to ask whose number Jim had called after he failed to get me at the cantones. Suddenly all my jealousy seemed to congeal to icy indifference, and I didn't even care. I was tired, miserable and disillusioned. And I felt for the first time since our marriage a sensation of separation from Jim. Our interests were no longer the same. I couldn't tell him of my experience with Carlotta Sturges—nor of my desire to help this girl, who was a friend of his sister Virginia's husband."

"I got half way home—and then I realized that I'd forgotten something," I replied to his question, and the insistent gaze with which he waited for me to speak. "So I got off the car and walked back. The cantones was closed. Then I came home."

"Well—of all the fool things! Then you wear tired and peevish because I was not waiting to greet you—and you took it out on poor old Tom?" cried Jim, in a tone of great relief.

"Have it that way if you like. I'm still very tired—unwashed. Would you mind if I stayed out here tonight?" I asked.

To Be Continued.

Nothing So Common. Mistress—Well, Mary, I'm sorry that you want to leave me. What's the reason? Mary remained silent, twiddling her apron and blushing. Mistress—Speak up. Is it something private? Mary (in a burst of confidence)—No, mum—please, mum, it's a lance corporal!

A Story of Early Wedded Life

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Evening Gown and Spring Frock

A beautiful plaid taffeta evening dress, lined with pink chiffon and edged with orange. It makes an effective gown, uniting style and simplicity to a noticeable degree.



Photos by Underwood & Underwood

One of the prettiest frocks shown in the Spring styles is this "petal frock," of lavender and pale blue georgette.

The Story of the Earring

WRN by the Kings of Egypt, among the ladies of ancient Rome, the earring lost favor until the day of the Stuart period, after which it again dropped out, and has now once more regained popularity.

The very earliest mention of this form of decoration is to be found in the Book of Genesis. Jacob, it will be remembered, on reaching Bethel buried certain strange idols, among them some earrings belonging to his family.

Doubtless these ornaments were regarded purely in a propitiatory light as amulets or talismans, such being still their principal office in the East today. That they are of Eastern origin is certain, and among Orientals, with the exception of Greeks and Hebrews, it has always been the custom of both sexes to wear them, while frequently only one ear was adorned. Among other races, however, the earrings were always worn in pairs, and by the women only.

Excavation has frequently brought to light statues, Greek, Egyptian, Assyrian, and Etruscan, to the ears of which were attached rings of marvelous beauty, and commonly of two distinct types—the earlier one consisting of two hoops and decorated with some animal's head, as that of a lion or bull; the later attached to the ear by a hook in the form of a rosette, with numerous pendants bearing delicate figures, a tiny Victory or Eros playing some musical instrument.

In Egypt the earrings were of an extremely simple character, often merely a ring-shaped hook hung with some symbolical pendant. They were, however, used in a sacred sense, being worn by the sovereign on great occasions, as may be judged from the massive head upon the statue of Ramesses the Second in the British Museum, in the ears of which holes are pierced.

Wonderful workmanship is seen in the ear rings recovered from the tomb of Greek settlers in the Crimea, while the sepulchres of ancient Etruria have yielded rings not unlike those found in Greece, usually saddle-shaped or decorated with small enameled figures of birds, such as cocks, swans, geese, peacocks, and doves. The Phoenicians, we are told, used to pierce the upper part as well as the lobes or their ears, inserting plain rings, from which depended drop-shaped pendants or ornamental baskets of rain. Rings were also attached to the hair on each side of the head.

Simple enough, but of priceless value, were the pearl earrings worn by the Romans. In Greece, too, earrings followed the Roman cast to a large extent, though usually crescent-shaped and richly ornamented. Earrings were put to strange uses in those luxurious times for of Antiochia, the wife of the Roman Drusus, it is related

that she attached a valuable pair to her pet lamprey.

During the Renaissance period earrings were fairly popular on the Continent, as is shown by several well-known portraits of that time. Later on Queen Elizabeth was in the habit of wearing pearl earrings, while Mary Queen of Scots also wore them. The number of these, judging by the inventory of her jewelry.

Curiously enough, they were affected even by the male courtiers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—a fashion which seems to have been imported from Spain and which mightily shocked the Puritans.

Usually only one ear was ornamented, as in the portrait of the Earl of Somerset in the National Gallery. The Duke of Buckingham was famous for his diamond earrings, while other great men who followed this mode were Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh.

The last notable example of men wearing earrings seems to have been Charles the First, who hung a large pearl in his left ear.

The Confucian Cemetery.

The grave of Confucius, with those of his descendants of seven or four generations, which is now within easy reach by the Tientsin-Pukow railway, is one of the most picturesque spots in China. This family cemetery is surrounded by a wall eight to ten miles in circumference. The interior is one vast grove, trees having been planted there since the burial of Confucius twenty-five centuries ago.

Within a mile from the entrance to the Confucian cemetery is the Confucian Temple, a set of beautiful Chinese temple buildings, with yellow glazed tiled roofs amidst a grove of ancient cedars. Here is also the ancestral hall of the descendants of Confucius. In close proximity to the Confucian Temple is the home of the only surviving descendant of Confucius.

The Grilla's Thumb.

The gorilla and chimpanzee, which belong to the higher order of apes, although having many points of resemblance to man, cannot twiddle their thumbs. In the gorilla the thumb is short and does not reach much beyond the bottom of the first joint of the forefinger. It is very much restricted in its movements, and the animal can neither twiddle its thumbs nor turn them round so that the tips describe a circle. There are the same number of bones in the hand of the gorilla as in the hand of a man, but the thumbs of the monkey have no separate flexor, or bending muscle. This is why a monkey always keeps the thumb on the same side as the fingers and never bends it round any object that may be grasped.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Infatuated Seventeen.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a bookkeeper, seven months out of business school. While there I took a real liking to my teacher, and cannot forget him. He was very good to me, giving me a great deal of private help. I thought, because of his kindness to me and because I saw him so often, that I thought of him so much. But since I have left school he is constantly in my thoughts. No matter what I may be doing, if I give myself up to thought, my mind turns to him. At night I even dream of him. I have tried very hard to put him out of my mind, but I cannot do so, and this makes me very miserable. You see, I do not care for boys in general, and have very little to do with them, but this man seems to have some magic about him that attracts people to him. No matter what I cannot free myself from this infatuation.

I am seventeen and do not know what I do. This teacher does not know anything at all about this. Please advise me as to how I can forget him if that is possible, which does not seem so to me.

A VERY MISERABLE GIRL.

Unfortunately, there is no magic means of recovering from an infatuation. But accept my assurance that time will restore to you your composure. You are very young. Accept all the opportunities you have to meet other men.

Finds Constaney Tiresome

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am engaged to a soldier who is now overseas. I expect to marry him just as soon as he returns. Before he left he made me promise that I would not go with any other man. Now, Miss Fairfax, I have not as yet, but it is really monotonous to have him with me all the time. I often I am left alone because they have appointments with boys, and I am unable to join them on account of my promise. I am sure I would never fall in love with anyone, but would like to entertain a few boys. My mother would permit me to have them for supper and to remain evenings at our house. I think this would be pleasant on all sides, but I do not feel as if I could break my promise.

He Was a Genius.

Sarasate, the famous violinist, was once told by a famous critic that he was "a genius." Sarasate frowned and shook his head. "A genius!" he said. "For thirty-seven years I've practiced fourteen hours a day, and now you call me a genius!"

Man With X-Ray Eyes

THE STRANGEST STORY YOU EVER READ.

Just As the Police Chief Goes to Arrest Juliette She Is Found Murdered in the Count's Kitchen

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

Synopsis of Pleading Chapters.

Lucien Delorme presents a letter of introduction to Mme. Armin 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 fat little man, Mrs. Tankery is found dead in her room—murdered. After an investigation Delorme is suspected. Later Delorme is released.

The Baron Plucke meets Delorme and reveals details of transaction he intends to carry out. Meanwhile, the fame of the rare jewels of the Comte d'Abasol-Viscosca excites considerable comment throughout Paris, and a clever manipulation of thieves, the "A" Band, plots to get them. They leave an adjoining apartment.

Delorme comes to see the jewels, which have been sent as security for a loan, and to the surprise of the count and his associates announces to them that the safe supposed to contain them is empty. The "A" Band detects an attempt to steal the jewels. Accomplishing their purpose, they find the vault empty of jewels.

Delorme is seized while at the count's apartment and left to die in the jewel safe. To avert suspicion his clothing is piled on the Count's bed. Baron Plucke, financier, seeks all of Delorme in solving murder of a relative, the circumstances of which are almost identical with the Tankery tragedy. The Maharajah of Pondicherry sends an agent to Baron Plucke seeking to borrow \$15,000,000 on the royal jewels.

Burglars break the safe and are seized with terror when Delorme springs out. Lucien falls in love with Georgette, one of the assassins who has another miraculous escape from death.

"And you are certain of this?" "Absolutely." "What will you do?" "That is our secret. But it is infallible. We shall know her entire life. I tell you, even its intimate secrets." "Ah! it's lucky that there are women! We should never capture criminals without them. It is they who tell us who voluntarily or not, sell them! Come, I believe we are on a good track! No!" he added, "as it is useless to cause the slightest scandal in your house, you will be kind enough to call this young woman, and I will beg her to accompany me in the auto-taxi which is waiting for me at your door, with one of my assistants."

"Very well," replied the count, without the quiver of a muscle in his face. Rising, he went to the mantelpiece, and pressed the button of the bell.

An instant later Nam entered. "Is Juliette in?" "Is she?" "Yes, she is." "Then her husband immediately." "Yes, M. le Comte." When he had gone the count turned to the police official, exclaiming in a tone of utter consternation:

"It is inconceivable! Juliette a thief! Juliette in league with an association of criminals! Juliette going in disguise to a moving picture theater!"

"Oh," replied M. Clamart quietly, "you haven't reached the end of your surprises: the investigation will doubtless have many others in store for us!"

He had scarcely finished speaking when Nam rushed in like a whirlwind. But his features were livid, and he looked wild. His hands were shaking, and his violent emotion almost prevented him from speaking.

"At last! he made an effort to control himself, and stammered: "M. le Comte—Juliette—murdered!"

Both men sprang to their feet at the same moment. "Where?" asked the detective. "In the kitchen!" They both ran after the Hindoo. The kitchen was at the other end of the apartment, opening upon a little courtyard with a long passage leading to it.

When the count and his companion entered, a terrible sight presented itself. Juliette was lying in the middle of the room, her face toward the floor, and her arms extended in the form of a cross. Between her shoulders protruded the handle of a knife, whose blade disappeared entirely within the wound, and the blood which had gushed out made a red pool which was gradually extending over the tiled floor.

While the count had thrown himself beside the poor girl, to listen for the beating of her heart, and the police official was rapidly examining the place with professional eye, Nam explained in a choked voice:

coincidence it is! At the moment I was going to arrest this woman, she was removed. Wouldn't one think that the murderers had divined my intention?"

Then, noticing his companion's agitated face, he continued: "Come, M. le Comte, don't be so troubled. Nothing is lost, we'll arrest our scoundrels in spite of this!" "Ah!" replied the other, "I am discouraged! My luck has been decidedly too much against me for some time. The jewels in my charge are stolen. I go to a reception and fall into an ambush. Now my servants are being killed! What more am I to expect?"

CHAPTER IV. Little Lights in the Darkness. Leaving his inspector to finish the investigation with the aid of the Hindoo, M. Clamart took leave of Comte d'Abasol-Viscosca and returned to his office.

"The count is right," he murmured, while his hand was carrying him rapidly through the streets; "there is certainly a band of criminals attacking him. The robbery of the jewels, the Krakowka affair, this morning's murder, seem to me to be undoubtedly the work of the same individuals, for whom I do not doubt the maid was the guide, commissioned by them to watch her employer's acts and movements. But what I don't understand is why they should have killed her. Unless it might have been done to rid themselves of a troublesome witness and, in that case, have acted at the exact moment when I was going to arrest her, shows that they knew perfectly well my intentions concerning her. But as I spoke to no one about the matter, who could have informed them so accurately? Did they suspect the cause of my early visit when they saw me arrive with my inspector? Then they had an accomplice close to the victim, in the same house, and constantly on the watch?"

After having reflected a long time, as he still found no clue, he continued philosophically: "When we once have a clew, it's unfortunate to lose it so just at the critical moment; we shall be called clumsy again!"

But, just as he was crossing the threshold of his office, the doorkeeper appeared behind him. "The chief of police of Epinette," he said, "wishes to see M. Clamart to make an urgent communication."

"Show him in!" And, as the next instant the door opened upon the official, the chief of detectives exclaimed cordially: "Good-morning, M. Clamart! What good wind blows you here?"

"M. Clamart," replied the visitor, "I need your insight to unravel a complicated matter which has just occurred in my quarter."

"Speak!" "I was summoned this morning to investigate a murder committed during the night in the Hotel des Nouvelles-Hebrides, Rue des Apennins. We found a man in bed, his face pressed into his pillow, and a knife between his shoulders. There was no trace of a struggle or breaking in. The waiter told us that the occupant of this room was a certain Lucien Delorme."

"M. Clamart, who, while listening, was signing some papers placed on his desk, started up at this name and, looking at the speaker, cried: "What did you say, Clamart?"

"Lucien Delorme," the other repeated. "Profession, student. Resides at Eu (Lower Seine) according to the information furnished by the hotel keeper."

"It is really he?" murmured M. Clamart, between his teeth. "But go on with your story, Risdale. (TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Disciplined to Matrimony.

Among the non-Burmese tribes that live in Burma women are not thought much of. The Banyak or Banyangs, for instance, will not marry unless they are ordered to do so, and the prospective bridegroom often has to be dragged to the bride's house. It is left, however, to the Banyangs to reach depths of ungallantry, for with them marriage is a question of sale or exchange. A prepossessing bride is estimated at a few buffaloes, one who is ill-favored may be had in exchange for a pair of fowls or even a dog.

ADVERTISEMENT

One Woman to Another

By Lucy Kestor

Helen and I were knitting busily, and just talking in a sort of disjointed manner as the spirit moved us. "Do you know," said Helen irrelevantly, "I don't think there is anything so tragic to me as the thought of my not being personally fresh and wholesome."

"Well," I replied, "I wish that all tragedies could be as easily averted." "Why, what do you mean?" said she. "I live in horror of it. I think if I knew that I had an odor about me of perspiration or anything I should simply die."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "There is Amolin."

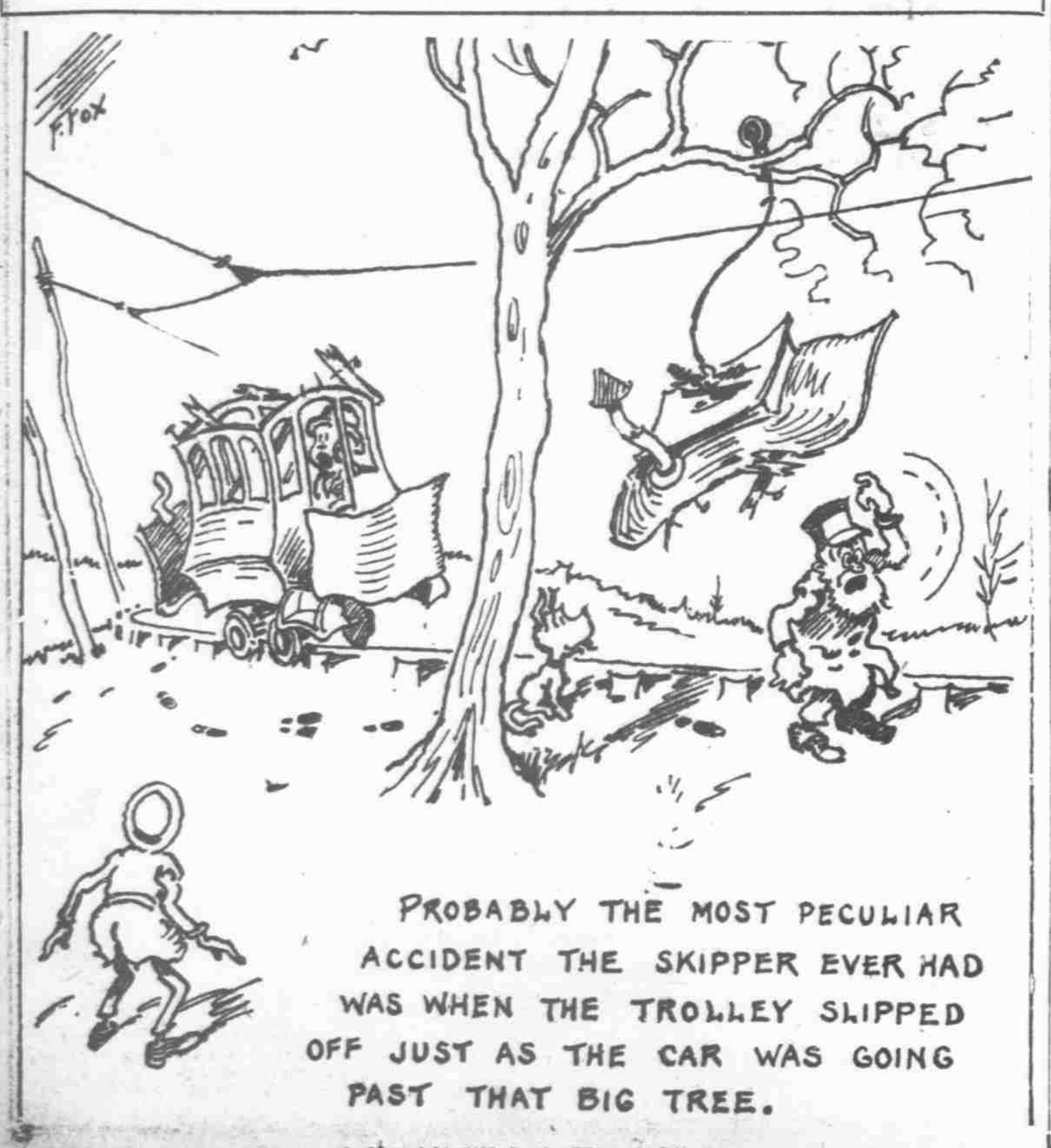
"Just what, may I ask, is Amolin?"

"Why Amolin is a perfectly wonderful deodorant. It positively destroys all odors. I know, because I use it constantly. I use it the very first thing after coming from my bath, sprinkle it in my clothing, and in fact, wouldn't be without it."

Amolin is the personal, all-round deodorant, unscented, antiseptic, healing and soothing, and containing no talcum. It can be purchased at all drug and department stores for 25c. for a double size tin. Write the Amolin Company, Ltd., N. J., for a free sample.

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All Trains.

By FONTAINE FOX



PROBABLY THE MOST PECULIAR ACCIDENT THE SKIPPER EVER HAD WAS WHEN THE TROLLEY SHIPPED OFF JUST AS THE CAR WAS GOING PAST THAT BIG TREE.

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