

Learning Astronomy from the Moon.

LOOK at the half moon just after sundown to-night and you will perceive that a line drawn through the middle of its convex side points to the sun. Look again when the moon has begun to decline toward the west, and you will see that it has tipped to the right, so that the same line slopes downward, still pointing to the sun.

The Made-Over Suit

By Rita Stuyvesant.

ARE you unhappy because you have to wear last year's suit again when it seems so hopelessly full and out of date? Do you feel dowdy and passe when you come out into the warm spring sunshine and fresh green grass and "rub elbows" with smart, well-dressed women?

If you do you are not getting the full hundred per cent value from your clothes, and it is time you made them do better service for you by remodeling them at once. But so many women exclaim, "It is impossible to make over a suit at home!" Have you ever thought of changing your out-of-date suit into a smart spring frock, featuring fashion's newest fancies?

A blue serge suit that started out by being old-fashioned was caught in time to change it to a street dress in the prevailing style. First the lining was removed from the coat. There was a flare peplum that reached almost to the knees. This was cut open for about six inches both front and back, leaving only two short "tunics" to cover the hips. Five rows of black silk soutache braid on the bottom gave a new note.

To lighten the cloth dress, you may add a "tucker" of white organdy or georgette crepe. It is advisable to remove the cloth collar from your suit and recut the neck in front where the buttonholes show. The dainty collar from the tucker is fetchingly becoming in crisp organdy.

Unless a skirt is cut circular, it is quite a simple matter to reduce it to the slim silhouette. About a yard and a half at the bottom is the accepted width for the newest skirts. To lengthen the skirt, "let out" the hem and face it. Black silk soutache braid will readily cover any mark left from stitching or worn edges, and will be quite in keeping with the trimming on the blouse.

One of the most interesting "made-over" suits that I have seen in a long time was recently worn by a young war bride. By exercising her ingenuity this woman had transformed a tan Etou suit from two years ago to a smart spring suit.

Tan silk tricotee was combined with the serge most successfully. It was used as a show flare peplum to lengthen the coat. This peplum was cut in one, with a front and back section and roll collar. Novelty brown buttons finished the front.

The two-tone effect was also carried out in the skirt. The circular skirt from several seasons past was ripped and the flaring sides, top and bottom, were trimmed off, leaving a broad, straight band. Use this for the lower section, lapping it on the upper section of tricotee by a deep tuck.

Variations of this skirt may be made by cutting side extensions reaching up toward the waist line. Although your old suit may seem useless, there are generally possibilities in it if you will remodel it. Whether you change it into one of those smart one-piece dresses that are invariably harbingers of springtime styles, or recut it along newer lines, you can make it a credit to your wardrobe.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

AS Puss Junior and Tom Thumb entered a small village in England, Mother Goose Land they heard a great noise. Such a shouting and waving of sticks! And all of a sudden from a small tailor shop twenty-four little tailors ran into the street.

"What's the matter?" Puss Junior asked a small boy. "The tailors are trying to kill a big Snail that creeps into their shop every night," he replied. And just then a big policeman came by and pushed his way into the crowd.

"What's all this noise about?" he demanded, swinging his stick up and down. And then a woman popped her head out of a window and said: "Four and twenty tailors!"

Went out to kill a Snail! The best man amongst them! Durnest not touch her tail. She put out her horns. Like a little hairy cow! Run, tailors, run. Or she'll kill you all just now!"

And even before she finished speaking, the four and twenty tailors ran away as fast as they could from the fiery little Snail.

But, oh, dear me! As Puss Junior was laughing at the funny sight, the Snail turned around and rushed at Tom Thumb. Poor little Tom drew his sword, which was about the size of a pen knife, and bravely defended himself. And I guess everyone thought he was quite a hero after seeing the four and twenty tailors run away. But the Snail had on a heavy coat of armor, and Tom could not force his weapon through it. He was getting much the worst of it, when Puss Junior ran up and with one blow sent the Snail spinning away. And after that the Snail didn't come back to fight any more, but lay almost still, except for a wiggle of its legs and a feeble waving of its horns.

"Did you get hurt?" asked Puss Junior anxiously. "No, not much," replied Tom Thumb. "The Snail bunted me pretty hard two or three times with its horns, but that only took the breath out of me."

"Let's go out of town," said Tom, picking up Tom Thumb and placing him on his shoulder. There's such a crowd, and who wants to wait for those cowardly tailors to return?" So he and Tom Thumb resumed their journey of adventure, and in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

Copyright, 1919, David Cory. (To Be Continued.)

Good Manners Include Unpleasant Things Left Undone



Magazine Page



By NELL BRINKLEY

Copyright, 1919, International Feature Service, Inc.

The Ultimate Consumer



A CERTAIN clumsy, Martian, elaborated helmet left the last polisher's hands in Germany. It was meant for an officer's close-clipped, black-shaped head, to sit squarely on the top of it and shadow his hard-worked, fat-shrouded blue eyes. It had a spread eagle screaming above it, a girdle above the visor of linked metal like the scales of a snake, a ponderous button over each ear and a cut-out place for that same ear to fit into. It had a shiny, glittering black visor.

On its flattened apex a spike as heavy and as clumsy as German Art, a spike like the gilded, blunted arrow-head a flag is topped with, a fearsome spike, jutted. It was "colossal," as the Boche says. It had a varied career on the top of a Prussian's head. And at last it saw St.

Mihel and had its first sight of the clean, eager, dust-tan Doughboy of these United States, and that one of them in particular who made a violent and interesting change in his career.

He gripped it by its convenient handle on top and skinned it away from its owner, from the Race, the feelings, the method of thought, the sounds, the arrogant atmosphere that it had swagged its short life in. What do you think a German helmet that had spent its life above the thoughts of a Prussian was thinking while it thumped up and down in a U. S. Doughboy's kit?

What would it be thinking while it crossed the rising, falling mid-Atlantic—with no German submarines left in it—to the boudoir-table of an American girl, to be held in her soft, enemy hands, turned over and over, crowded over, and lifted at last and fitted down over her golden

curls while her eyes laughed victoriously out from under its invincible (?) visor?

The American Boy put his flat in with the Frenchman, the Britisher, the Italian. The American boy destroyed the German at Chateau Thierry and St. Mihel. He risked his life and brought a German officer's helmet out of the blood and mud. He went on smug and sent "the trifle" to his sweetheart back home! She wears it in play down loose over her shining hair. The picture of her is a symbolical figure of Germany's defeat. She traces "finis" with a proud and dainty finger in the air! It looks as if the American boy casually liked the Boche simply and solely to get his "girl" a souvenir, and found it a simple matter. So passes the bugaboo of the "frightful" war-bonnet-of the

—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Man With the X-Ray Eye

THE GREATEST MYSTERY STORY YOU HAVE EVER READ

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Lucien Delorme presents letters of introduction to Mrs. Arnelin and registers at her boarding house. He makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Tankery, rich American widow, and a Prussian general, Domingo y Lopez.

Mrs. Tankery, about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jewels. 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 Countess d'Abazoli-Viscosca excites considerable comment throughout Paris, and a clever organization of thieves, the "A" Band, plots to get them. They lease an adjoining apartment.

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

Delorme is seized while at the countess's apartment and left to die in the jewel safe. To avert suspicion his clothing is piled on the dead dave. Baron Plucke, financier, seeks aid of Delorme in solving murder of a relative, the circumstances of which are almost identical with the Tankery tragedy. The Maharajah of Poudhukurrah sends an agent to Baron Plucke seeking to borrow \$150,000 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, and has another miraculous escape from death.

"Don't worry, detective service!" he exclaimed in a low tone. "I shall not cry it on the house-tops! Come, now," he added, "an A and an F interlarded—good."

"No, not much," replied Tom Thumb. "The Snail bunted me pretty hard two or three times with its horns, but that only took the breath out of me."

"Let's go out of town," said Tom, picking up Tom Thumb and placing him on his shoulder. There's such a crowd, and who wants to wait for those cowardly tailors to return?" So he and Tom Thumb resumed their journey of adventure, and in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

Copyright, 1919, David Cory. (To Be Continued.)

the movement of watches.

Then he looked at the stone intently a moment and, suddenly, cried out: "Well, I declare!"

He had just discovered on the lower facet of Countess d'Abazoli-Viscosca's diamond the two interlarded letters mentioned in the circular.

A thunderbolt falling at his feet would not have caused him more amazement.

"I had a suspicion of it," he muttered to himself. "It is he, and he alone who committed the murder in the Avenue d'Antin. I know that under the exterior of a fashionable society man he was capable of anything," he added, "but without accurate admiration."

Then he interrupted himself. "I shall not denounce him to the police, most certainly. Those things are not done among colleagues, only now I have him! I don't know whether, in offering to repurchase his ring, he intended to play me a trick of his own, but he must believe himself and," he added, rubbing his hands gleefully, "behave himself he shall!"

Then, looking at the diamond which in a sunbeam falling on the mantelpiece where he had put it, was glittering with all the hues of a rainbow, he continued:

"Meanwhile, here is an extremely dangerous gem. If it should ever be found in my hands there would be trouble. What am I going to do with it? Trust it to Antoine or Augustus? Equally dangerous combinations! Put it in a safe in the Bank of France? To do that one would need to have one . . ."

" . . . at the request of Baron Plucke-Strohe's heir . . . I don't remember that," he interrupted himself, "but I'll speak of it to Augustus . . . that fellow has a wonderful memory."

He quickened his pace, in a hurry to return home.

"I don't know why this diamond keeps running so in my head."

On reaching his room he rummaged in a drawer and took out a magnifying glass, such as watch-makers put in their eyes to examine

a pearl necklace in there," he murmured, laughing. "But it's an excellent hiding place for a diamond. Never would anyone searching this room have an idea of going to look there, and unless a glazier . . ."

But he had already taken his hat and was going rapidly downstairs.

He soon reached the Rue des Dames, and, passing in front of a plain house, raised his head and looked at the third story.

"There is a pot of flowers on the window sill," he said in a low tone: "Augustus is at home!"

Without stopping, he whistled sharply twice through his fingers, after the fashion of Parisian roisterers.

At the corner of the Avenue de Clichy he turned back an instant and glanced at the house before which he had whistled.

The pot of flowers had disappeared.

So his signal had been heard and answered.

Then he went up the Rue Jacquemont, where he whistled in the same way; a pot of flowers on a window sill of an entrance also instantly disappeared.

"He's notified, too," he murmured in a tone of satisfaction, "the 'A' band will be complete!"

Fifteen minutes later Augustus and Anatole met in the little café on the Boulevard Clichy, where they had already been a few days before, on the evening Anatole had landed from England.

Barely a few minutes had passed when a third person, who was extremely stout, entered the café, which, at this hour, was empty, sat down at a table near them and began to read the illustrated papers intently.

He did not appear to know his neighbors, but he did not lose a word of their conversation, bending his head forward, from time to time, as if in approval.

It was Antoine.

CHAPTER XVII.

Face to Face.

It was 7 o'clock when, on that day, Countess d'Abazoli-Viscosca returned from his cab.

Going to his office, he called Nam.

"Well," asked the latter fam-

ilarity, "has the baccarat been more favorable today?"

"No. There are times when ill-luck seems to be implacably against you. Whatever card is needed, one gets the opposite; if it's a low card, one gets a high one, if a high one, a low comes; if one has eight in his hands, the banker throws nine. You see, when favorable, it is decidedly stupid to play."

He laid on his desk two gold chains, a pocketbook, and a silver purse.

"Messer spoils!" Then he said: "I'll give you my dress coat, and my white cravat. I'm going to treat little Montevet at the cabaret. It seems that this chap has an old aunt in the provinces, a rich woman who lives almost alone in a lonely chateau, and whose senile mania is to pile gold coins in her cellars. I should like to have some additional information, and there's nothing like a good Burgundy wine to loosen the tongue."

"Yes," Nam answered in a low tone, "that might become interesting. I've always told you that old families were full of resources!"

"For," the countess added, "it is still too soon to take up the affair of the Maharajah's jewels, though we are rid of that disturber who . . . you are very sure, Nam, that you didn't miss him this time?"

"I saw the carriage that took him away for the autopsy; and besides . . ."

He rummaged in his pocket and, taking out a newspaper, read: "News in three lines: A man named Lucien Delorme was found assassinated yesterday morning in the Hotel des Nouvelles-Hébrides. Inquest."

He went on: "While waiting until we can state officially that we have regained possession of the famous treasure, you might perhaps pay a little friendly call on Baron Plucke and sound his intentions."

Suddenly the telephone bell began to ring furiously.

The countess unhooked one receiver and held out the other to the Hindu, signing to him to prepare to answer.

"Hello," said a voice, "is this Countess d'Abazoli-Viscosca's residence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he at home?"

"I don't know, sir. I will see. Who is speaking, please?"

"To BE CONTINUED TOMORROW."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The Grasping Girl.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been going about with a girl for about four months. I love her dearly, but I am not sure my love is returned. I take her continually to the theaters, and she accuses it as a matter of course. I am spending more money than I can afford. I have talked with the girl about it, but as I said before, she expects it. I have written her into numerous quarrels with my parents. Please advise me whether I should drop her entirely, or if there is any other way of continuing it.

DOUBTFUL. Your young lady sounds very grasping and selfish to me. In fact, she recalls the "daughter of the horse leech" mentioned in the Bible, who cried continually, "Give, give." I should have a plain talk with her and tell her that further extravagance on your part is entirely out of the question. And if she persists in her demands I drop her. You don't want a friend who is plainly working you for a good time.

She No Longer Writes.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: While on my vacation last summer I met a girl and fell deeply in love with her. She returned my love. When we came back to the city we met nearly every day and went for a walk and sometimes we would go to the theater. If I couldn't see her for a few days I would write, and she always answered as soon as possible. Now for a few months I have written to her nearly every week without receiving an answer. The thing that puzzles me is that I don't know how much she loved me, and now she doesn't seem to care to write.

ANTHONY. It would seem, my dear Anthony, as if you had lost the affection of this young lady, but girls are so queer, specially when they are in love, that a little planing may be worth seeking. Write her a dignified and self-respecting letter and ask why she is no longer friendly with you. Perhaps there is some little unimportant thing that is keeping you estranged.

Seventeen and Thirty-eight.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: What is your opinion of a young girl of seventeen who runs away and marries a widower of thirty-eight, who has six children, the youngest three and the oldest sixteen? Do you suppose they will ever get along? She is inclined to be giddy, but says she

loves him. He says he loves her though she knows nothing of the world, while he knows everything. Her parents tried to have the marriage annulled, but did not as she was inclined to be forward. Sometimes she says work and sometimes he has not. I am wondering how it is going to turn out.

DOY. As long as the girl has made this marriage, there is nothing to do but to give her all the help and encouragement in one's power to make it a success. And this cannot be accomplished by criticism. Perhaps the experience of marrying a widower with six children may have a settling effect. Very often this is the case.

Doesn't Come Any More. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am eighteen and have been going about with a young man two months. Recently he called me up and told me he is not coming any more, giving me no reason for this. Since then I have felt blue and lonely and tried to forget him, but I could not, and I used to enjoy his company very much. I would appreciate any advice from you as to what would be the proper way to regain his friendship.

HOPK. There is really nothing to do about it when a young man deliberately acts this way but accept the situation and make the best of it. You must see that he is quite unworthy of your love in pursuing this course and making no explanation. I should go about and enjoy myself and try to forget him.

Marrying For a Home. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: As a reader of your column, I should greatly appreciate your advice on the following: Recently I have had a small sum which will last me a few years. I should like to marry a man who knows I can only respect but never love him, or shall I work to support my child?

L. G. To marry for a home and support always seems to me the very last recourse for a woman. Why not try to support your child? Who knows? Perhaps in the business world you may meet someone whom you can really love and wish to marry. I hope, if you decide to go to work, that you have some entirely trustworthy person with whom to leave your child while you are away during the day.

When a Girl Marries. By Ann Lisle. CHAPTER XCIV. Copyright, 1919, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

WHEN I reached home from the visit to our Canteen Lieutenant, the doorman greeted me with an enormous hat-box-like affair. On its cover was the name of one of the smartest florists. Still aflame with the good will unkindled by doing Carlotta Sturges a good turn, I bore the box up to my little box.

Suppose it were from Jim. This time I'd revel in his extravagance. It would burn down the barrier of coldness I had set up between us. It's against my principles to cut string, but it was beyond my power to stop to untie these knots. So I fairly hurried open the box.

There in a deep bowl of blue luster was a mass of exquisite lilies of the valley, and in the midst of their white coolness were three crimson roses. Under them a flat parcel. Before I opened that, I ran to fill the blue bowl with water. Then I set it on the black and gold cover flung across one end of the refectory table.

As I took with excitement, I ran to open the parcel. A white envelope fell out. I hardly knew which to examine first. But after a second I decided on the package. What could Jim be sending me?

I unfasted the heavy white paper—and there lay the blue robe. Tom Mason had dared to send it back.

Now all my life when I got angry, I had turned cold. Always I had stiffened to a sort of icy stillness—sarcastic and most aggravating. I've been told—to all violently angry persons who take my reputation for calmness.

But now I became white hot. I was dizzy with rage—and out with hate, burning, flaming hate. I seized that vase of blue luster from the table and hurled it to the stone fireplace. It dashed to pieces and in there—a trickling cooling stream of water and broken pottery, lay pallor-stricken white lilies and angry red roses.

For a moment I stared at them, heaving, raging, ready to go and wreak more vengeance on them. The next instant I became cold with bitter shame. Those little flowers. It was if I'd struck baby hands.

Penitently, I crossed to the fireplace and picked the bruised flowers one at a time from the ruin around them. I found a box filled with lamp tissue paper and packed the flowers safely in it. Then I fetched broom and dustpan and cleaned the hearth my temper had soiled.

Presently I was hatted and coated again and on my way to a tangle of dark and twisted streets in the poor district. There was a church there—a little mission church.

I was at peace when I returned home. Very calmly I took the blue robe, folded it and laid it back in the chest. As calmly I opened Tom Mason's note, and read his little message: "Forgive. The flowers say it for me. And try to believe that I am a better man for knowing you. When you need a friend, won't you come to me?"

His words believe he meant it. No woman grinds doubt with her from a shrine.

By the time Jim came home I was dressed in a new frock of the blue shade I loved so well. The old dress clothes were laid out and his bath waiting. I wasn't trembling and palpitating with love—athirst for his kisses. But I was warmed and comforted by the joy of service. I wonder if that's the true meaning of marriage, after all?

Nothing was so recent events. Jim didn't have to go to his collar box, since I had put the studs and links and collar buttons in his linen, as for the time being I didn't realize that I had returned his \$10 bill.

Almost timidly, Jim came over to me. I laid my hand in his and he kissed them—first one, then the other. But he didn't take my lips. I think I was half disappointed, the half relieved.

"Wonder-girl," he cried, "You're the most beautiful thing in the world. But not a little lilac-queen tonight. Anne—a queen instead. By Jove, you've something of the stately womanly look of our beautiful Betty. A queen!" he ended, slowly staring at me with puzzled eyes as he dropped my hands and limped into the bedroom.

I wonder if Betty's look of steady reserve came to her through pain—I wonder if her dead husband caused her to be so reserved. After a minute, Jim came out again flourishing his pleased shirt in his hands. He was grinning boyishly. He seemed like himself again.

"Wonder-girl," he repeated. "If you didn't pick out this nice, soft, ruffly shirt—instead of dooming me to a stiff-bosomed horror. And when I think of the bachelor days of selecting shirts and ramming in studs, I could dance. Ready in a jiff, Anne."

"Oh, by the way, Norreys is going to be there. Funny thing—he and Jeanie met out West last year, when he was resting up from his wound. They must have had a tiff or something, or they drifted apart. It's all right now though. Jeanie 'phoned and invited him to dinner—and—"

A strange feeling of joy came over me. I experienced an unaccountable sensation of peace and happiness at the thought of seeing Anthony Norreys again.

To Be Continued.

Physician, Cure Thyself!

Some time ago a lecture was delivered in a small town in Scotland on mesmerism. When the audience had dispersed and the lecture had driven off to his hotel, the hall keeper brought to a member of the committee an umbrella that some one had left in the ante room. The committee member looked at the name on it. It was that of the lecturer!