

This Day in History. THIS is the anniversary of the abandonment of Long Island by Washington in 1776. The American general conducted a difficult retreat in a dense fog and literally upset the plans of the British, who hoped to corral the little army of the colonies and put an end to the revolu-

When a Girl Marries

Phoebe Exults Over an Expensive Gift From Dick West and Neal Appears at an Unexpected Juncture Before Her and Anne

blood, was very clear to me. They By Anne Lisle. had pride in common and stubborn-Perhaps his sisters also shared Jim's need of dominating

Whose newspaper serials are unl tuo in popular appeal and eleverness of construction. the one he loved. I didn't know. CHAPTER CLXIX, But of this I was certain-Virginia had wrecked herself on the reefs HOEBE stood clutching the of her own pride and stubbornness; jade earrings and necklace Jim and I were drifting into dan-Dick West had bought her gerous waters because of these the night before. Her little heartsame things, And now Phoebe, My

shaped face flashed out at me in vivid defiance, and between us vibrated the words she had just "Yes, I've changed, And you can't change me back again. Re-

member that! I realized the truth of what she had just said. I couldn't change this fisming, pleasure-loving coquette hack to the little Phoebe of a few months ago-the girl of soft lips and gentle eyes. I had failed. Jim didn't see the importance of the enchantment I wanted to work, nor yet of the evil speil I wanted to undo. And Virginia didn't even dare to try. But there was one other who might succeed where we

Phoene had loved Neal onceloved him devotedly. There was no doubt of that. Child love, perhaps, sincere and true and good. She had come to the city lonely and hungry for life, Friendship and excitament and love were the things she had wanted.

She had asked for my friendship. I could see that new. And I had been so shocked by Virginia's coldness to me that I hadn't "salized how I was passing it ri

So Phoebe had failed in first search—the search for Then, before she searching anew for econd thing her youth craved——ety— Neal had come. And he had brought her the gift that held in itself the sum of all her longings

I could see Phoebe again on the evening of her return with Virminia, sitting on the big couch with one foot tucked under her and peering up to smile a shy "Hello!" As if it had been only yesterday, I wold hear Neal's reply:

"I thought you were just a kid." And Phoebe's: "I'm a grown woman-seven-

How they had laughed together then and how happily they had sat side by side, finding each other and forgetting in the joy of that the hurt of the thorough snubbing Virginis had given Neal for his presumption in calling leas."Virginia." and for his awkwardness in sturnbling on Pat Dalton's name.

It began that very night, I sup-They didn't know it but even then those two young things were reaching out to each other with shy, half-guessed longings. Neal had brought her the great est gift of all, and Phoebe had forgotten the lesser gifts. But seeing her now-avid for excitement and luxury and attention-I knew that Phoebe had traveled a long road since the autumn day when she hade her soldier Neal a tearful good-by and pressed her lips to his diamond circlet as it nestled on her

Yes, there was one thing for me to do-send for Neal, I would write to Father Andrew. ask him to work hard to help Neal get his discharge, and to persuade the boy to come back to us as soon as he was out of the army. In that moment the kinship of the Harrisons, in spirit as well as

The Baby in Summer

By Brice Belden, M. D.

ABIES do not telerate great heat well, and it is necessary to resort to various expedients in order to supplement or safeguard their resisting powers during the heated term.

Among the most important measures helping a baby to withstand summer heat is the daily bath. This not only keeps the body heat safely balanced, but it promotes a healthy condition of the skin. Skin secretions, if not removed, figure in the causation of eczema, and a child who develops eczema in hot weather is sure to have a pretty miserable time of it.

Ecsema, in fact, may be regarded as a catarrh of the skin, in which local irritation - always plays a prominent part, in addition to other

For powdering a baby after a bath steerage of sinc is the best powder to use. Do not use powder puffs and do not use cloths repeatedly, since in this way irritation of the skin is favored. Each time the baby is powdered use a fresh piece of soft cloth or absorbent cotton. Breast-fed babies are fairly safe

against summer complaint, but bottle-fed babies must be handled with the greatest care. The certified or pasteurized milk used must be kept upon ice and bottle and nippies sterilized. Nipples when not in use should be kept in a solution of boric acid. Pacifiers are unhygienic. It is wise to dilute the milk mixture a little on very hot days by using less milk. All milk must be promptly stopped for twenty-four hours or longer upon the appearance of stomach or bowel trouble. Substitute barley water for the milk. Castor oil serves a valuable purpose in these cases. After recovery restore the milk feedings gradually.

The house must be screened against files, which have much to do with the spread of intestinal troubles among bables.

Ventifate the sleeping room thoroughly, keep the baby in a cool place, dress him in light and loose garments, and in very hot weather let him disport himself in his birthday suit

so that Jim and I would be shipwrecked too in in the end. I dared not think of that now. What the present demand was that I save Phoebe. We had taken the circlet of diamonds from her hand and had sent it back to Neal. We had taken love from her. And Phoebe had turned to the least of her gifts and exalted it to first place. Excitement was her patron saint now, and it would wreck poor little Phoebe unless some one saved her from herself. Of course I didn't formulate my thoughts in the minute of silence while I stood staring at Phoebe. I had been thinking and brooding all through the long morning while I had waited for her to awake. All

own pride, my own need of free-

dom, might work enough damage

"That carved jade, dear-do you think you ought to accept such Phoebe's face dimpled with mis-

that came to me then was the de-

cision to send for Neal. To Phoebe

"Did you see Shelly's face when he held my pretties? My wasn't he jealous! I'll wager he sends me a whole garden of American Beau-

"Phoebe!" I cried in real repugnance, "you're playing those men off against each other to see which will do more for you, which will send more wonderful presents." Phoebe took a sudden impulsive step toward me. There was a wist-

to me that she was going to be gentle and repentant. But what she said at last was: "You think that! This jade"-Then her voice grew impish: Well, think away, Anne, think away. The necklace cost \$290 and the earrings \$50. Now, what do

ful look on her face and it seemed

"Phoshe" I oried, furiously, "You can't do such things. You shan't accept such gifts from men!" "No?" asked Phoebe suavely.

Who's to stop me?" Then a voice rang out from the "Hello, the house! Who's to stop And who's to welcome me back to the big city?"

It was Neall (To Be Continued.)

Puss in Boots

By David Cory. TOU must remember that Puss Junior is still traveling in New Mother Goose Land, and that is the reason why airships and automobiles, and, goodness knows, perhaps submarines, are taking the place of old-fashioned wagons and

Well, one fine morning, as our little hero was trudging along Mother Goose road, he came to a neat little garage outside of which a small boy stood looking very sad, "What is the matter?" asked

Puss, stopping to wipe the dust from his red-topped boots. "Oh, dear," replied the boy,

"I had a little motor car And it was dapple gray; For eyes it had two lamps of brase To see along the way.

To ride about the town She ran into a motor bus And broke my auto down.

She smashed the pretty lamps of brass, And punctured every tire. I would not lend my auto now For any lady's hire." "That's too bad," said little Pusa

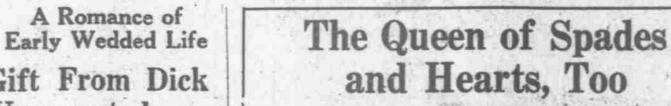
Junior: "I'm very sorry. I once met a little boy who had a dapple gray pony and the same thing happened when he lent it to lady. She whipped him and lashed him and rode him through the mire, and the little boy never let anybody ride his pony again."

And then Puss Junior said goodbye and went on his way, and by and by he came to a high mountain on the top of which stood a stately castle. "Let me see," he said to himself, "shall I climb up to the castle or shall I keep to Mother Goose road? But being a venturesome little cat, he decided to visit the castle. "For who knows," he thought, "but what a wicked Giant may live there, and I haven't seen a giant since I climbed up the Beanstalk." So up he went and by and by he came to the castle gate, where he knocked loudly. But no one opened the doors, although he finally beat upon them with the hilt of his

"Perhaps a Sleeping Beauty is dreaming in the palace chamber,' he said, and then he looked about for a way to enter, for he was determined to gain an entrance. So he took off his boots and climbed over the wall which surrounded the courtyard. It was deserted, so he pushed open the castle doors and entered. I think this was very brave in him, all alone with nothing but his trusty sword to depend upon, and as soon as he entered the great hall, a little mouse ran up to him and said:

"Come with me, for the Princess is asleep," and in the next story I will tell you what Puss Junior did." Copyright, 1519, David Cory. (To Be Continued.)

When the heels or toes of hose show signs of getting thin, employ small pieces of chamols, or any other thin soft leather, to stop the wear. Place the leather over the worn part and attach all around by a few stitches to the material where it is still strong.



Drawn By C. D. BATCHELOR.



A TRAGEDY THAT CLOUDED TWO LIVES

The Scarlet Letter Child

Nellie Bly Tells the Story of a Baby She Saved, Now a Happy Wife, and the Mother Who Abandoned Her

By Nellie Bly.

SAT all afternoon talking to a young, girlish, blue-eyed mother. Her two babies, more beautiful than dolls-dainty, blue-eyed, golden-haired-listened and lisped their answers adorably. I loved them. They were neither shy nor bold. They had intelligence unusual and far in advance of their baby years, We spoke of study and learning and making something of one's self. The older sister chimed in to say she could sew and draw and knit. A neighbor boy taught her to draw, and she had watched mothers of little playmates sew and knit. Her own mother-my delicate friendcould do neither.

I asked if she had thought of having the little ones learn one or two extra languages. The mother replied she had not sufficient money for that purpose, but little daughter said quickly that this and this woman neighbor spoke French and that and that one spoke Italian. Could she, dear mother, be allowed to ask a neighbor to teach her? I wanted to hug the darling seeker after knowledge.

Beautiful, wonderful, clever ba-I turned to the mother-tender youthful, and asked, quietly:

I used to wonder if I did right or wrong?" Were Worth While, She smiled understandingly. She drew the littlest one upon hor knee

and folded the older one against

"Was it worth while? Sometimes

her heart. "Yes, it was worth while. I have my two bables. For that along was life worth while. I would go through anything just to own these two living, breathing souls, bone of my bone, blood of my blood. They are mine! I never could understand how a mother-even if her child was fatherless-could abandon it. She commits two crimes, instead of

Thus spoke little wife and mother, a child of the Scarlet Let.

Years ago, when I first began my

the world a different method for the care of unmarried mothers and their babies. For this purpose I visited the houses in New York where misguided girls bring into the world fatherless children. My object was to expose this infamous secret business and instigate a reform which would result in unfortunate girls bravely meeting their responsibilities, and nameless children reared without having to bear the stigma

of unmerited shame. During this work and to prove the evil conditions then existing I bought from one of the houses a newborn babe for \$10. I could have had the child for the taking, but I wanted to induce the woman to let me see her inmates. All the babies I would take I could have for carrying away, but to see or speak to an inmate was impossible. The \$10 unbolted the door.

The Fear of Disgrace. I saw and spoke to the young thing, who had just given birth to the baby I had bought. I asked her if she did not regret losing her child. She turned ner white face to the wall and replied: "No; it would disgrace me! never want to see it again!" "Why do you not punish its

father?" I asked. "I was as much to blame as he was," she answered. So I wrapped the little, red bit of humanity in a shawl and took it away. Its little closed eyes could not see that frail mother. Its little red, folded hands could not cling

But deep down in its heart, lived something she could not sell and I could not buy-the longing for one's own, that craving to belong to someone. It could not be blotted Years after, when the child of

the Scarlet Letter heard the truth. she came to me. Clinging to my knees, she cried for that mother who sold her, who turned her face to the wall; never wanting to look again upon the innocent soul she had given life.

Then I questioned myself and

racked my heart. Had I done right in saving her? For, following my expose, the house where she was born was raided. Bodies of many bables were

found in the furnace, charred and

half-consumed. Such would have

been her fate had I not bought her. The Question Answered. Now she-a happy wife and mother-answers the question her-

It was worth while. She is glad to have been born and to have lived. Her children are her compensation. They have filled the void left by mother hunger. Starved to be mothered, she now pours out her pent-up longings in mothering. If somewhere in the world still lives that unfortunate girl who sold her nameless baby, I hope this article will meet her eyes. I have

a message for her. Wherever she is, whoever she is, whatever her circumstances, the loss is hers. She threw away her right, her joy, her honor, and the peace and comfort of her last days. She is forever cheated of the touch of those clinging baby hands, the recollection of those loving blue eyes, the care and devotion of that true, sincere heart, and the pride and wonderfulnes of being the beloved grandmother to those exquisite children.

It would have made her life noble and sweet had she held by the hand that fatherless child and with it faced the world.

Hours of Horror. Uncomfortable and wretched hours must have been hers, hours filled with bitterest pangs. Often she must have been tormented with the thought that this little one was suffering, was being abused. Remorse and fear must have wrung her heart at every tragedy which befell an unknown girl. A haunting ghost must have

tugged at her heartstrings all these years. If she married, the face of other children reproached her. The ghost of the abandoned one came between her and the kiss she would give another. The child of the Scarlet Letter

lay in the cradle bside the child of Wedlock. Its tiny feet toddled after the stumbling feet of the other. Its plaintive cry rang in her ears while she hushed the weening of the other. The pale, appealing shadow of the nameless child stood ever between her and her children. And it will stand at her dying bedside. It will touch with cold hands her death-wet brow. She will close her eyes in death, fearful that a heavenly father will deny mercy to her who abandoned that ti which she gave life. Perhaps she will read and re-

member and repent, before it is too | be thankful for!"

late. If she does, she will find forgiveness and love and great joy awaiting her. She will find honor in what she

feared was her shame. She will rejoice that she was able to redeem herself. And I shall be happy, that I bought the wee girl and that she was spared the flames of the fur-

"Kiss me!" lisped th little one, holding up her pretty face to me, as Mother put on her hat. That unknown grandmother should be jealous.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Shall She Forgive Him? DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Should I forgive my sweetheart, when on Monday night he is cold and aloof, Wednesday he decides he needs a vacation and 'phones: 'That he is going away for a week and will see me when he comes back," and then writes while he is away and asks me to forgive him for acting so funny. Please answer me, as I am very anxious.

I think I should give this young man another chance, as perhaps he was tired and overworked, and really needed the vacation, which has apparently restored him to nor-

Party for College Boys. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Do you think it proper for young girls between the ages of seventien and nineteen to give a send-off party to some boy friends who are soon to

leave for college? If so, please state how it should be arranged. CONSTANT READER I think it would be a very nice and friendly thing to give the party you mentioned to the young friends who are about to leave for college, It could be arranged exactly as any other party for young people, with dancing and refreshments, unless you care to make it an out-of-door affair and give the boys a picnic.

Peril Avoided.

At a church conference a lay speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding for a few minutes a bishop, who was in the chair, interrupted with the question, "Do I understand that Mr. Dobson is thankful for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer, you can put it that way if you like." "Well, all I have to say," said the prelate in sweet and musical tones, "is that he has much to

How Captain Peck Solved the Famous Payne Jewel

Theft Mystery-Was Dubbed "The Master of Observation" As a Result of His Work

By Francis de Sales Ryan.

No. 2 precinct, passed through many stormy experiences in "Bloodfield" fifteen years ago. He handled many of the most noted police fighters in that section. His powers of observation and deduction won for him an appointment to a detective-sergeancy some years ago, and it was said of him by a superior officer that Peck had eyes that saw, ears that heard, and a brain that could get more combina tions out of two and two than the next best hundred in the thousand. His best case probably is the fa-

Twice-Told Tales of Washington

mous Payne jewel robbery case. Postmaster General and Mrs. Payne dived, during the McKinley Administration, at the Arlington Hotel. Mrs. Payne's collection of jewels was one of the rarest and most costly in the Capital's exclusive circles. One of the diamends was an historic gem of fascinating beauty and richness. It was the envy of society. It shone with a great yellow depth, and when in a dark room, after having been exposed to the sun, it glowed out of the depths of its own brightness, with a wenderful moony gleam. It was priceless.

Had Been Ill For Months. Mrs. Payne had been ill for many months, and a trained nurse, Miss Alice French, was employed to care for her. One morning Miss French could not be found, and a little later in the same morning it was discovered that Mrs. Payne's strong jewel case had been forced open and the entire collection of gems, including the historic diamond, stolen. A large sum of money, which also had been kept in the box, was likewise stolen.

There was great excitement in the household, but the robbery was kept from the police and the press while the best operatives of the Postoffice Department worked on the case. When, at the end of thirty-six hours, things seemed to be just where they had started; the Postmaster General called on police headquarters, and the case was given to Detective Sergeant

With nothing except an oral description of the missing nurse, Detective Peck plunged into the investigation and within five hours had "caught the trail." He tracked Miss French to New York, where he learned that after visiting some friends she had gone to a fashionable hotel in Brooklyn, Burrying to Brooklyn, Peck invoked the aid of the local detective bureau and placed the house under observa-

Told Search Was Useless. Nothing developed for eighteen hours, and the sleuths were trying to impress on Detective Peck the uselessness of the quest. He was arguing with one of them in the dusk of the evening when a stylish-

No. 2 precinct, passed through Peck stopped short in his speech, many stormy experiences in and stared at her. His thinking machinery got into full action. "By George, there is Alice French," he almost gasped out. "Stop her before she gets on that,

kid?" asked the Brooklyn man. "I thought you said you had never seen Alice French. What makes you think that is she?"

"Think it!" repeated Peck. "I don't think it-I know it. She answers the description perfectly." "Say, you're a village cop, all right," laughed the Brooklynite. "Take my advice and don't let verbal descriptions fool you into grabbing people at random on the streets. There are 10,000 women who would answer identically to that description you have of Miss French."

"If you don't stop her, I will," answered Peck, and away he went after the pretty young woman, who was about to board a car. "How do you do, Miss French," he.

said, cheerfully, as he boidly marched up to the dainty miss. "What in the world are you doing in Brooklyn?" "I beg your pardon," she replied, coldly. "You have the wrong name, and you are a stranger to me." "I think not," persistd Peck. "It have seen you too many times at the Arlington in Washington net to know you now." As a matter of

fact, he had never seen Miss French at the Ariington at any time. As the young woman made a de-termined start toward a street car. which was just stopping, the detec-tive deliberately blocked the way, while the Brooklyn detectives looked on in horror at what they believed

was a gross blunder on the Washington man's part. "Just a moment, Miss French," he said firmly, and the smile was gone; "I have come to Brooklyn to find you and to take you back to Washington for the robbery of Mrs. Payne's jewels."

His Boldness Wine, The bold shot took sheet. Miss French, for it was she, broke into toars and pleas, and at a signal from the detective, the Brooklyn officers came up and heard her arknowledgement of guilt. And to Peck's delight, the entire Payne jawel collection was intact in the very handbag carried by Miss

"Unst intuition, I guess," is what Peak is said to have remarked when asked how he happened to find at guilty weman so many miles from home on nothing except a plain word description of her appearance. But a New York newspaper, writing an editorial about the case. called Peck a "master of observa-tion," and held him up as a model for the New o'Frk detective bureau

What to Wear to Work

By Eleanor Gilbert. Author of "The Ambitious Woman in Business" and of articles of practical value to business girls. ANY of the business woman's ills and most of her discom-

forts are directly attributable to her clothes, is a statement I have heard many times from physicians and physical directors. The colds that come in the fall are not due to an excess of oxygen caused by the fresh-air flend's habit of throwing windows wide open in all weathers. They are due simply and directly to inadequate or improper clothing.

The smartly gowned business girl can't bear to divorce herself from the exquisite filmy blouses and accessories-which were, indeed, comfortable and lovely in warm weath-They are treacherous in the fall, however, and from being a thing of beauty become a beckoning finger to cold weather maladies. And, of course, it requires al-

neat ankle in swaddling high boots and sensible hosiery instead of pumps and cobweb weaves. . But the deed must be done if the robustness acquired during the summer vacation is to be preserved against the onslaughts of the win-

most a vandal's hand to encase a

ter work campaign. The matter of shoes affects not only health, but work, immediately and directly. Indeed, in some vocations mental attitude is governed by feet. Department stores that have taken the trouble to investigate have found time and again that the inefficiency of saleswomen was due in many cases to wrong foot-

You can't reasonably expect a girl to stand in high-heeled pumps most of the day and look comfortable and alert on the job. Early in the morning she gets personal satisfaction out of the fact that the shoe is smart and sets off her dainty foot to good advantage. That neutralizes the discomfort of standing in such shoes for the first hour or two. But the irritation grows and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon renders her positively unfit for work.

Influencing the girls to change their footwear while on duty to flat, comfortable fitting shoes has resulted in a marked increase in the achievements of the competent saleswomen, and has also given them a more cheerful mental atti-

A recent invention in women's wear is calculated to bring great joy to the business woman who wears good clothes and has a natural desire to keep them immacu late and fresh looking. It has often been a problem to the office womon to appear nest in on office that the nature of the business made dusty and grimy.

"It's positively sinful to wear a fresh white blouse in our office. By lunch time it will look as though I fair.

It had been worn a week!" is a bromidle complaint. And when you ask, "Well, what does your chief do? He must look emaculate, especially as he probably has to meet people," there comes the wearied and envious retort:

"Yes, it's always easy for a man, He wears an office cost, or a linear duster over his clothes and when he goes out to meet people he's as immaculate as though he'd arrived from the tailor's that minute. But I can't wear overalls or a mannish office coat!"

But the office coat for women has finally arrived, though it's not a bit mannish. It's made m black silk or pongee; it is a standard loose coat that's becoming to everybody. You slip it over your freck or your blouse and skirt as soon as you enter the office. It envelopes you from threat to ankle and protects your clothes beautifully. And it. has the recommendation of being becoming to every one.

The Rhyming Optimist

OO many chaps think that the snaps are all of life that's good; their love of ease is a disease, their pates are made of wood. Their only work is how to shirk; they'll really toll at that; at other stuff their labor's bluff that would not tire a cat. In fact it seems their highest dreams are living soft and fine, with some poor dub to rustle grub, as has the said feline. They do not know the joys that go with living on the square, they cannot say, "I pay my way," because they won't tote fair. They put on side and take much pride in acting rich as cream; but other folks thing they are jokes, their stunts are quite a scream. They're always there to take a share when shares are given out, but these same boys don't make much noise when Mr. Work's about, You'd better be a chimpansee or measley yellow dog than one of these who takes his case. a bump upon a log-Of course, each day along the way you'll find there is wear and tear; but do not fret, you'll get there yet if you will just tote fair. It makes folks glad to see a lad with shoulders broad and square who does not ok on easy task, but wants to de ais share. One not afraid, who won't olay dead when something must be done, but jumps right in to work and win and counts his labor fun. Gee! but it's great to watch their galt, these chaps who do not care for any cinch and never flinch from any lead they bear. How straight and strong they march along, how proud and debonair, and you can bet they'll get there yet, the fellows who total