

HER LUMINOUS HOUR

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Maynard was distinctly moody. The sudden and rather self-surprising conclusion that his wife had ceased to care for him seemed to have flung him into the depths of gloom. He had hurried home with tickets for the opera, meaning to give Juliet her semi-annual outing, by way of squaring accounts with his conscience. And when he found her gone a quick feeling of resentment began to manifest itself in the dull flush that rose to his cheeks, the ugly flash of his eyes and the tight, thin lips.

Maynard forgot to remember at this juncture that his evenings at home were few and far between, his attentions to his wife fewer and farther—and that both had gradually acquired the custom of finding their own separate pleasures, or diversions.

For some time he stood with his elbow on the mantel shelf, staring at the floor with angry, intent eyes. Presently he drew forth the tickets and contemplated them grimly for an instant; then his face changed, brightened, and a ripple of silent laughter passed over it.

He changed his dress hurriedly, called a cab, and inside half an hour was bowling rapidly over the gleaming asphalt.

Mrs. Chisholm was at home, yes, and would be delighted to accompany him to the opera, despite the informality.

After the performance Maynard returned home moodier than ever. In the note his wife had left him Juliet had mentioned supper at Sherry's; she would probably not arrive for an hour yet. He settled himself as dejectedly—and as comfortably—as possible before the fireplace to await her return.

Soon there was a swift rush, then the sudden cessation of wheels; the gate clicked as the car chugged off, and Mrs. Maynard came lightly into the room, the swish of her long, graceful evening gown making subtle music about her. A charming pink was in her cheeks; her eyes sparkled from the keen, frosty air and her hair gleamed exquisitely golden high above the black ruff that encircled her neck.

Maynard stared at her critically for a moment as she came up to where he sat and began drawing off her long black gloves. She was a decidedly pretty woman; no one could fail to observe that. She glanced at her husband, pleased—enquiring; it had been a long time since he had sat up for her—since he had been home to sit up for her.

"It was glorious!" she said, breaking the silence. "You ought to have been there, Eugene." She remembered his quondam penchant for grand opera and wondered if the cares of business had completely absorbed all the old tastes.

Maynard shrugged.

"Perhaps it was your fault that I was not," he replied.

Juliet questioned him with a little startled glance. "My fault?" she repeated, puzzled.

"I rushed through my work and hurried home to take you and—well, you see how it was." He spoke in a hurt voice, gazing past her grimly.

"Oh, Gene!"

There was a brief, almost painful pause. Then:

"Why, if you'd only told me!" Her tone betrayed genuine regret, but her eyes shone joyfully. It was the first time in many months that he had given her any outward thought!

Maynard hesitated, drew a long breath—and plunged.

"What's the use of trying to keep up the farce," he said, sharply. "I've known all along that you'd lost interest in me."

Mrs. Maynard threw off her ruff and stood staring at him in wordless surprise. Then she laughed, a bit hysterically, and sat down beside him.

"You silly boy," she said, tremulously, "what a travesty!"

"Oh," he returned, disagreeably, "you think so, do you? Well, I must say that women are impossible creatures—that is all."

"Eugene!" she broke out, a swift flush of indignation coloring her cheeks, "you are cruelly unjust. You know you have no right to talk in this way to me!"

Maynard moved restlessly. Something in her voice made him wince, but he replied calmly:

"Oh, it's all right, I suppose. A man is a fool, probably, to expect his wife to stay at home waiting for him when there are so many more agreeable things in the world; he has no right, perhaps."

Mrs. Maynard was silent, her eyes filling with quick tears under the sting of his sarcasm. But after a while she softened and a new light flashed over her face.

"Dear," she said, wistfully, "I'm sorry. I wouldn't wound you for the world. You know that, do you not? I would wait for you for always, in preference to anything or anybody on earth—if you would but give me the chance. If you would but let me do this! You believe me, Gene?"

She laid one of her white hands on his arm and he noticed that it was trembling.

"It isn't often that I have an evening off," he said.

"No; I suppose you do not. Why, it's been almost a year since you took me out last."

Maynard regarded her thoughtfully a second.

"But you — haven't cared — have you?" he asked tentatively.

Mrs. Maynard flushed, paled and flushed again. She had never known her husband so critically insistent.

"Of course I have cared," she returned quickly, "more than you will ever know—or guess." Across her mind flashed visions of her early married life, with all its cherished pictures of a happiness that had seemed, alas, too great to be enduring. Then the first lonely nights, and long, tiresome days—the slow bitterness that had worked its way into her life.

She wondered vaguely what had come over him, and with a sudden heart-throb fancied she saw in his attitude a return to the spirit of the old days.

A long silence was finally broken by Maynard. "I want to beg your pardon," he said, "if I have seemed unreasonable. A man, well, I suppose I did expect rather much. Only, a man kind of hates to be disappointed, you know. You'll kiss me now, won't you?"

Maynard pushed open the drawing room door and came into the room just as his wife laid down her pen.

"I'm so glad you're going to be at home this evening, dear," she said, coming up to him.

He glanced at her in a half-startled fashion and took his seat a trifle uneasily.

"You've been working entirely too hard. And I mean to put a stop to all such nonsense, don't I?" she rattled on, flicking a speck of dust from his lapel.

The other laughed and shook his head.

"I'm afraid—"

But her fingers stopped the words on his lips and she handed him the letter she had written. It was to decline a long-coveted invitation. But the affair was for that evening, and nothing could have induced her to accept it now.

"It wouldn't be exactly fair, it would be rather selfish of me to let you do this, Juliet. You mustn't," he insisted, lifting her chin in his palm as he looked into her dancing eyes.

But she only shook her head most positively and went back to her desk to seal and stamp the note.

After a little, Maynard rose lazily and pulled out his watch.

"I must go back to work now," he said. "I've already overstayed my luncheon hour. Au revoir—till evening."

The hours passed quickly. Toward dusk Juliet went to her room to dress, expending more care over her personal adornment than she had done for many a week. But just as she had finished, there came a rap at her door and the maid brought in a letter from her husband.

"My dearest," he wrote, "you cannot possibly imagine what a disappointment this is to me, but unforeseen complications at the office will detain me here until almost midnight. Another evening, many evenings, we will make up for this. Lovingly, Eugene."

Mrs. Maynard dropped the letter, her eyes swimming with tears. But suddenly her face lightened and flushed. "I believe I will do it!" she cried. "When we were first married, how pleased he used to be to have me come and sit with him while he worked!"

She started up abruptly, wrapped herself in a long silk coat, donned her most becoming hat and drew on her gloves with excited fingers. Fifteen minutes later she was spinning down the avenue in a coupe and the high office building, from which gleamed innumerable lights, loomed familiarly in the distance.

Mrs. Maynard stepped lightly to the pavement and shook out her skirts. Her heart was beating tumultuously and a bright color vivified her cheeks.

At the entrance to the building she paused a moment and her hand went to her throat, as though to hold back her quick, excited breathing. After all, would he be pleased? Recollections of the past two years, with all the constraint, coolness and unhappiness came tumbling into her brain, and her face clouded. But almost immediately she laughed away her apprehensions and went in.

The sleepy elevator boy stared at Mrs. Maynard stupidly, then curiously, as he opened his eyes wide enough to permit a full glance into the pretty flushed face and sparkling eyes.

"Third floor," she said, as she stepped into the elevator. "I want to go to Mr. Maynard's office."

"His office has been closed an hour, Miss. He never stays down later'n seven."

"An hour! Are you sure?" She gazed at him blankly, every vestige of color gone from her cheeks.

"Sure enough. The lady—his wife, I guess—was here and they went away together. She comes for him most every day."

A shudder crept slowly over the slender figure. Her breath came heavily and her eyes looked piteously down the joyless vista of years before her.

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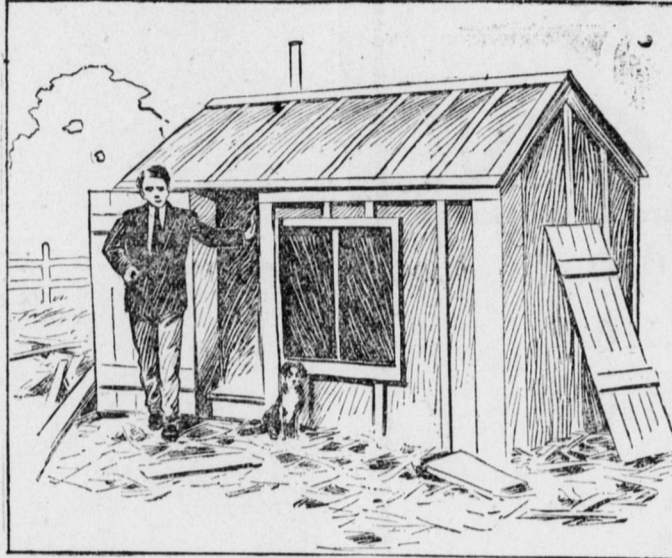
Wireless Telegraph Plant Operated by Boys

In Newport, R. I., are two wireless telegraph plants owned and operated by boys, who are perhaps the most complete amateur plants in the country. They belong to Lloyd Manuel, who has his plant at his home on Third street, and Henry Rooney, whose apparatus is situated on Mt. Vernon street.

Both boys receive and send messages, but are particularly busy in receiving the many messages that are sent to the wireless station at the naval torpedo station. At times the operators at the torpedo station talk with the boy operators at Newport,

adjustable. The length of the wave is regulated with this apparatus by moving the chips in either an upward or downward direction. After ascertaining precisely the right position for a certain station, it is an easy matter to keep this in mind, and no further trouble is experienced. Though other stations than the one they are calling may receive the message, it is heard most distinctly by the station to which the apparatus is adjusted.

The greatest improvement over the earlier instrument is in the wave detector. Two pieces of carbon, with an ordinary needle placed across them,



The House Used in Wireless Experiments.

and the navy men, both enlisted men and officers, are much interested in the work of the amateurs.

Last winter Charles Fielding, a messenger boy employed by the Postal telegraph company, constructed a wireless station and sent and received messages. So interested did Commander Albert Gleaves of the torpedo station become in the apparatus and work of the messenger boy that he visited the improvised station at Fielding's home, with the result that Fielding was enlisted in the navy, though two years under the age limit. This last act was waived, as the navy was anxious to have the services of the young expert. Commander Gleaves made a full report of Fielding's apparatus to the navy department. Fielding is now an electrician in the navy, and is stationed at the Brooklyn navy yard.

Manuel and Rooney spend practically all their spare time working and experimenting with their outfits, and have made several improvements and additions to their first rather crude apparatus.

In the part of the apparatus which is used for sending messages, a condenser and a tuning coil are used. This is a brass wire connected with the aerial and to the instrument itself by means of leads or chips, which are

was the way in which the first detector was made. Now the boys use an electrolytic receiver. This consists of a hair like platinum wire, which is partly contained in a receptacle containing acid, to which it is fastened by means of a screw adjustment. Another tuning coil is used, similar to the one used in sending, but in this coil there are many more turns of wire. A sliding contact is employed, and in this manner any part of the coil can be used.

A receiver, attached to the head, similar to the ones used by telephone operators, is used. The sliding contact is then moved up and down until the apparatus responds.

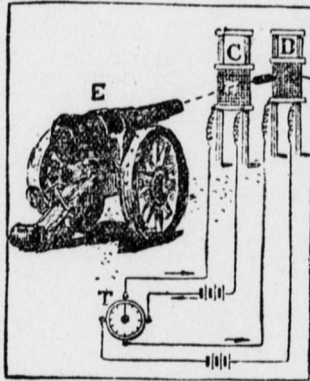
The general aim of all experimenters in the field of wireless telegraphy at the present time is to discover a selective system of transmitting messages. This is a system whereby it will be possible to transmit messages from one point to another without outside stations being able to interfere or "butt in."

This latter is now the greatest defect in wireless telegraphing, as other stations than the one intended get the message. Of course, these may not understand the message if it is sent in a code, but they are able to bother the sender and receiver to a greater or less extent.

CANNON BALL.

Measuring Its Velocity by Aid of Electrically Charged Screens.

Measuring the velocity of a cannon ball may seem to be a difficult matter, but it is really one of the simplest of



The Cannon and Targets.

scientific problems. The accompanying diagram shows the whole thing plainly.

Somewhere in the path of the projectile are placed two wire screens, marked C and D, each formed of a simple frame, across which a wire runs back and forth, forming part of an electric battery circuit in which an accurate timepiece, T, is also interposed.

As the projectile, on being fired from the gun, passes through the screen C, the circuit of which it is a part is broken and the clockwork is started, the index originally pointing to zero. On passing through the other screen, D, the projectile interrupts the second circuit, with the effect of instantly bringing the clock mechanism to a stop.

Knowing, then, the exact distance between the two screens, usually several hundred feet, it follows that by dividing it by the number of seconds or fractions of a second marked on the clock dial, representing the time that has elapsed during the passage of the projectile from screen C to screen D, we obtain the number of feet per second that the projectile was traveling.

When a man of evil stock tries to do right, he is fighting all his forbears at once.

BEHIND HIS BACK.

A Trick That Will Amuse an Evening Company Immensely.

Public entertainers of all kinds are always anxious to get on good terms with their audiences. One of the surest methods of attaining this is to deceive the spectators with some, apparently genuine, trick, and to then, as it were, allow them to discover that the feat is really a bogus one.

A good example of this is afforded by a conjurer, who, putting a plate on top of pedestal, places a billiard ball upon it. Facing the audience, he steps in front of the pedestal, then steps aside again, and, lo, and behold; the billiard ball has disappeared.

The performer "searches" for the ball, and soon, pretending to see it "dropping from the clouds," he catches it, and holds it aloft in his right hand for all to see.

In reality, the performer's left arm—fixed in front of him—is, from elbow downwards, a dummy one, and it is with his real left hand that he picks up the billiard ball, behind his back. Soon, in the "search" the ball is secretly transferred to his right hand, and the trick neatly finished.

A shout of laughter invariably arises as, after bowing low, the performer retires up the stage, his left forearm and hand now, of course, showing plainly against his black cloth coat.

The Trick Illustrated.

Power of Light. The extraordinary resuscitating power of light recently received a curious illustration in the silver mines at Laurium. A mine had been abandoned 2,000 years, when some poppy seed was found beneath the slag. The slag being removed, in a short time the entire space was covered with the most gorgeous show of poppies. After their 20 centuries' rest they had bloomed as vigorously as if they had been borne by flowers of yesterday.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Fine Table Decorations.

SOME APPROPRIATE AND HARMONIOUS ACCESSORIES.

Hostesses Now Devote as Much Attention to This Feature as to the Menu—Recent Ideas That Have Met With Favor.

Every host and hostess realizes the importance of appropriate and harmonious table accessories, which today occupy quite as much attention as the luncheon or dinner menu itself. Indeed, these festive details go far in imparting character and beauty to the whole, charming the eye as well as spurring the palate.

A branched electrolier may be very effectively employed as a center piece for the dinner table. Bank the base with little pots of asparagus or maiden hair fern, putting them on inverted bowls or broad flat dishes. At the base, to prevent the pots from showing, lay a strip about six or eight inches wide of green crepe paper. Arrange the pots so that they will partly overshadow the green paper.

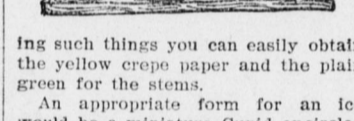
Choose yellow and white chrysanthemums of good size, entwining these around the electrolier and placing here and there among the greens, finally encircling around the green paper, leaving on their own foliage.

For an entree or an iced chrysanthemum case would be an excellent choice. If you are clever in fashion-



ing such things you can easily obtain the yellow crepe paper and the plain green for the stems.

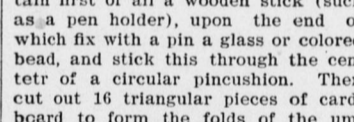
An appropriate form for an iced would be a miniature Cupid encircled



SHAPED LIKE AN UMBRELLA. PRESENT A CHILD CAN MAKE

Pincushion Made of Old Pieces of Silks and Velvet.

A pretty, and at the same time durable pincushion, may be made in the form of an umbrella. It will, perhaps, meet the needs of those who, when renewing their toilet table accessories, want to use up old pieces of silk and velvet. Its shape makes it particularly suitable for hanging upon the mirror frame. To construct, obtain first of all a wooden stick (such as a pen holder), upon the end of which fix with a pin a glass or colored bead, and stick this through the center of a circular pincushion. Then cut out 16 triangular pieces of cardboard to form the folds of the umbrella, and cover each one on both sides with silk, velvet or any convenient material. Then sew them together as in the diagram, taking care to keep the ends as close together as possible, and bind them firmly round the stick with a band of narrow ribbon to form the ferrule. Attach the umbrella to the cushion firmly with glue or strong thread, and finish each point with a fancy pin of some kind. The alternate folds might be of contrasting shades; but it would look better to keep to one color for the



Pastel Colorings Popular. Pastel colorings still hold the fort where frocks of formal intent are concerned. Especially is this so when one comes to consider the tailor-made. The palest of pale blues, soft saffron shades of yellow, a tender willow or almond green and a bluish pink comprise the season's favorites in these, and broadcloth is far and away the first choice. Velvet, moire and hand-made braids that match exactly are the favored trimmings, and where a touch of fur is introduced, as it so often will be this year, a scrap or two of real lace is expected to accompany it. The combination of fur and lace is always well liked, since it gives an air of luxurious extravagance at a comparatively small cost—one always has such little scraps in the catch-all bag, and one is given to saving such things—that can be pulled out and made to do duty time and again, and always with delightful results.



Stationery for Children. Letter paper is for the most part square, that size being considered the best taste for notes—and is usually diminutive, even for the use of youngsters, for the envelopes are only about one and a half inches square, while the sheets are a trifle less than three inches square, or just large enough to fit smoothly in the envelope after being folded once. The flaps on these envelopes are long and pointed, reaching almost to the bottom.

Most Useful Gown. No other gown is more generally useful and adaptable for the filling of a gap than one of white or black lace, and if a robe gown in either of these choices can be secured a wise woman will possess herself of it.



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