WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW-FASHIONS AND HOUSEKEEPING ARTICLES



THAT JANUARY WHITE SALE

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW HOUSEKEEPING."

the best stores are offering special sales in white goods, linens, sheets, pillowcases, etc. The wise housekeeper has shaved part of her holiday money to take advantage of this yearly offering to replenish her linen shelves.

Probably there never is a time when a family is surfeited with towels, but frequantity, in past buying, we may have made the mistake of getting towels of inconvenient alses. Perhaps it is just too short to allow comfortable and adequate drying, or perhaps it is so large and heavy that much of the material is wanted and only goes to make additional work for the ironer. In buying bath towals especially it is wiser not to get them too bulky and long, as they are hard to handle, especially when damp,

Here are the standard sizes of towels, as given out by one of the buyers in a large linen store: Quest towel, 15x24 fpches: medium face towel, Six40; large face towel, Mrss; everage Turkish towel, 34x43.

These measurements should be a guide present towel shopping. From the stening array of lineas also we shall sly choose at least one more tablecloth and set of napkins. Was there ever a woman who had too many cloths? Or a time when our favorite pattern was not just "beginning to go"? The rule in buying tablecloths is to remember that the maximum overhang should be is inches. Cloths for round tables must be carefully measured, as the table appears most ungraceful if too much material is hanging around the edge. It is best to have some

At this season of the year many of | cloths for everyday use when the table

cloths for everyday use when the table is not extended and one or two especially long ones kept exclusively for guest use when the table is enlarged. Although it would appear that napkins are of any and all sizes, there really are only the three stock sizes, as follows: Dinner sizes, 27x27 inches; breakfast or informal meals, 22x22; luncheon dollies, 15x15. 15×15

It is much more economical today to buy sheets ready trimmed than it is to try to make them at home, unless the woman's time has no cash value. The cost of the hemmed sheet is almost identical with the cost of the necessary sheet-ing by the bolt. Of course, the upper hem should be three inches and the lower one inch wide. Large sheets mean extra laundering labor, too narrow sheets mean discomfort and nonprotection of the matdiscomfort and nonprotection of the mat-tress. A good rule to remember is to have the sheet with an overhang of 15 inches on each side, plus the width of the mattress. That is, for a 62-inch mattress each sheet should be 73 inches wide. This allows a generous tuck-in, and no greater mistake can be made than to purchase narrow sheets from a supposed point of sconomy.

Another idea that can have holes pricked in it is that the "unbleached" sheets wear longer. They look so unat-tractive all during the period when they are worn and never iron as smoothly as the white or "bisached." Besides, the unbleached frequently has a rougher surface, with portions of the knotty, dark threads running through it. The buying of linens is one of the meat important tasks of the housewife, because it is an fivestment which must stand for some time. We cannot return a skimpy sheet like we can unsatisfactory food products, Therefore they must be bought with much

In the Kitchen

Do you take the proper care of your kitchen? Many a good housekeeper has learned all about the best way to cook, and how to flavor every dish correctly, and still is ignorant of the most elementary things about the kitchen. For instance, how many times do you take out a pan and find it is all greasy on the bottom? You should never use a greasy dish in any case. The best way to prevent this is to put the pan over the fire for a little while, with a bit of rater in it. Leave it until the water

Another good way is to put the pans in Another good way is to put the pans in a dish of het water. If the grease is thick, wipe it off with soft paper, and allow the pan to remain in the water until the rest of the grease has disappeared. The dishes which are soiled by food material should be carefully scraped. Then they should be put in cold water to remove the remaining particles of food. All pans containing liquids should be emptied through the sink-strainer. The efficient housekeeper will have two garbage cans, one for the wet garbage and another for the dry refuse.

ing. They are liable to accumulate dust and germs, even in a few hours. Keep your ingredients covered as well as posfble; the glass jar is best if you keep the tin covers tightly on. Return each article to the icebox or cupboard as soon as you have finished using it.
The refrigerator she

What Attracts Us?

How curious it is to reflect upon the attraction that one person has for another! If one studies the engaged cou-ples one knows, one is bound to confess that in many instances it is edd how they

ever found anything in each other.

Yet in every case there has been a charm in both the engaged ones that is not noticeable by any one but the two concerned. It is so true that no one can love unless there is something lovable

in the object adored.

The plainest of appearances does not matter; there is such a tender heart beneath the ordinary exterior. The quiet little "mouse" of a girl is far from being stupid; she is to her sweetheart the summlest and the wittlest of companions, but it is for him alone that she shines. The spark of beauty and of the divine shines deep in all of us, but often it is only the eye of love that detects it. Therefore, to learn the secret we must look at our friends with the kind and pisrcing gaze of affection. We shall indeed be rewarded for so doing. matter; there is such a tender heart be-

Don't Sigh!

No matter how sad the heart, the out-Nover leave your sugar, butter, or sadden the rest of the world when, as egetables uncovered while you are cook-

now, it needs cheering?

The sigh is a waste of breath and a damper of courage; abolish it, and replace it by a gallant smile of confidence and of hope. The world will be the better for the silver rose is the piece de resistance and we ourselves shall be the confidence of the tour de con, which fits the rose of t our pluck, and we ourselves shall be the better for the effort.

As in the bigger things of life, it is the

The refrigerator should be scoured with hot water and soda not less than once a week. All odors will disappear if you place a small piece of charcoal in each corner.

As in the elast tounts; so smother the very first approach of the sorrowful and some sigh. Instead manage to secure a smile, and, at all costs, wear it throughout the day.

HOW THE MODERN GIRL ACTS

Fome one has very truly said that the ways of a maid with a man are past finding out, and no truer word was ever spoken. Girls are plain, ordinary girls were, and then torments them. Her among themselves, but when there is a man in the case, how they change. The mackest, most demure of maldens becomes a gay coquette; the liveliest and most playful of girls sits in the corner if a man is around and blushes if she is

A girl seldom realizes how much she expects from the man she is engaged to. He must give all his time to her, of course, but this is not all. He must also account for all the time he doesn't spend

"I remember a girl I knew," said a matron the other day, "and she was the atrangest girl you can linagine. She was spotted, thoroughly, by her parents from her sarliest babyhood. She was brought up in a private school, where she tersprived all her teachers by her temper.

(When the whim attracted her she would cling. be as sweet as a rose. Hhe would cling, and coar her teachers, parents or friends until they would have given her their very shoes if she asked for them, she could be very charming when she

The grew up to be a beautiful woman. the had many, many admirers, and drove them to madness by her change-able, dainty ways and her independent friendliness. After a while she announced her engagement to a fine, straightforward

her engagement to a fine, straightforward fallow named Charille.

"Then her family moved from the city. Deris went, too, of course, and left therite a notemn, lonesome bachelor. She immediately took off his ring and proceeded to make friends with the male population of the small town where her father settled. When Charile came down for visits (which didn't happen very often, as she told him he should save his money) he was discreetly kept at a distance.

"All this time Charlie was living for her still takes and in hopes for the future. He agent his evenings in molitary confines and in his room, writing heart-throb better to his lady. You can imagine the red. One day she wrote him that are was coming to the city and gave the hour of her arrival. He was out of town, and didn't set the letter. So in a hurst of turbits rage she throw his ring on the lace guid said he could keep it.

"A wrenth or so later she announced her angument to a young man from her angument to be angument to a young man from her angument to a young man from her angumen All this time Charlle was living for her

mother's heart is broken."

Girls often do these things unconsciously, but more often it happens as the result of sheer and deliberate calculation. There is no excuse for such heartlessness, and the girl who does it only inness, and the jures herself.

Beauty and the

Right Sort of Food whole.

Do you select your meals with a view to improving your complexion? The idea with her. He must name every woman may seem a bit far-fetched, but not he met, and tell what was in every letter necessarily so. Every woman likes to look her very best, and as long as she is ordering the meals anyhow why not is ordering the meals anyhow why not necessarily so. Every woman likes to look her very best, and as long as she is ordering the meals anyhow, why not with the intention of arranging a careful diet for herself? The family's individual tastes are always to be consulted, but men are easily pleased and are not likely to interfere with your plane.

For instance, at least one fresh vegetable should be served at dinner and luncheon. Canned foods are not so nutritious nor half so beneficial to good looks. Beets are a famous remedy for

looks. Bests are a famous remedy for the complexion. They tone up the skin wonderfully, and have a very decided action toward counteracting any kid-ney disorders. Spinach, carrots and all kinds of boiled greens are good, too. They have great nutritive qualities, act-ing upon the system and blood, thus puri-tring the complexion.

Incompose the system and blood, thus purifying the complexion.

Another first aid to beauty is the green saind. No dinner is complete without the salad, which is as appetizing as it is useful. Olive oil with very little seasoning and less vinegar should be used on saind. The oil has an enervating and alightly laxative effect on the whole system, and makes an excellent tonic. Many people take haif oil and haif grape julce, orange juice or something of the kind three times a day. Nothing is better for building up a rundown system or for gaining extra weight.

Fresh celery is another invaluable remedy. It is on the market now, too. The use of celery for an all-round nerve tonic is highly recommended. It is better eaten raw than stowed or cocked in any way, Most vegetables which are put on the table in their natural state are good for the narves.

Think of these bints when you are

she had him lare with her dance. She stir it into about 14 concess of white sugar, and quark cream and the beaten young then perfect of sight spre. Mix all well together in an annually steward and silv, can way, an annually steward and silv, can way, the boards and till also destroy any her boards and the boards and till also destroy any her and these forces.



ATTRACTIVE THREE-PIECE FUR SETS OF NEW DESIGN

Modes of the Hour

One of the prettiest fashions that the season has brought forth is the threepiece set, toque, neckpiece and muff, of fur and velvet, or fur and satin or silk. There is no end to the possibilities in the creation of all three. There is white, black, brown and gray fur to start with; the silk or velvet may be of the most brilliant hue or black, and they may be really simple in design or most elaborate.

What they must certainly have is the "je ne sais quo," as the French describe it; the air, the touch, that all clothes must have to look fashionable, and without which they inevitably have the provincial quality of the country dress-

Three of these little sets are sketched today.

The one at the left of the picture is made of monkey fur in combination with black velvet.

The silver rose is the piece de resistance of the tour de con, which fits the throat snugly and gives the velvet quilling very little chance to be seen.

A set in beaver is sketched at the right. Here the muff is distinctly a melonshape; the neckplece slips through a band of itself, with a scarf end, and the toque of cream-colored felt has a band of the beaver on its slightly flaring brim and balls of the fur as ornaments.

The third set is a combination of mink and brown velvet. The little hat reverses the usual order and has a crown of the fur and a brim of the velvet, the tour de con has a plaited bow of velvet at the

con has a plaited bow of velvet at the back, while a very wide plaited ruffle of the velvet is placed at the sides of the

Although these three-piece sets are very fashionable and distinctly a mode that any one can adopt safely, yet they have the charm to the woman of limited means of being very inexpensive.

In many instances the fur approaches

In many instances the fur approaches the position of a minus quality, there is so very little of it, and furf and furbelows and frills of chiffon and silk and velvet, even maline if you like, are, in spite of appearances, the substantial part of the

The flat ostrich feather trimming, uncuried, can be put to this use most ef-fectively in combination with satin ribbon. extremely fetching and toques or turbans that look theatrical even when worn by the most demure of damsels.

The New Year

The girl who takes an inventory, as it were, of the year's success or failure

on New Year's day.

Just make up your mind to be a bit more considerate of others, to recognize their right to an opinion. Then when you can't agree with Mrs. Carter, you can disagree amicably, anyhow. Try to remember that "to err is human"—the saying is an old one, and very much overlooked. And the corresponding line is, "to forgive—divine." You probably knew that, but if you realized the real, unique, lasting pleasure the experiment gives, you'd try it just for the novelty of the thing. And, unfortunately, it is a novelty for most of us. for most of us.

JOHN ERLEIGH SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor." CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harptree School, of which John Krleigh is head master. John and Anne are engaged to be married. Lord Arthur Merlet, uncle of fay Wimberley, warns John that there is a plot to pit the boy out of the way. Dick Merlet, a consin, and in line for the inheritance of the great Wimberley estates, is concerned in the plot. The other plotters are Vertigan, a science master at Harptree, who has a hold on John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Harptree, who has a hold on John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Travers was deserted by the man she loved, and this man was accidentally killed by John Erleigh. Vertigan persuaded Erleigh to let another man pay the penalty for his crime, and mow is in a position to blackmail Erleigh. Mrs. Travers does not know that her own brother killed the father of her child, James. Two plots to kidnap Guy Wimberley have failed, and the detectives employed to watch over the boy have begun to track down the conspirators. Another group of conspirators also exists, but there is no clue to them. Vertigan visits Mrs. Travers, and when she threatens to expose the plot, he warms her that he till make her miserable for life. He also threatens John Erleigh's happiness.

CHAPTER X-(Continued.)

MRS, TRAVERS small out of the out of the TRS, TRAVERS smiled contemptuthat Vertigan would end his days in the gutter. "Yet that is exactly how matters stand," Vertigan continued. "Your

brother-I've got him here," and he held out his right hand, and closed the fingers slowly into his palm. "I can ruin himbeat him down so completely that he can never rise again-break him in pieces and stamp on him-and that's just what I'll do If you betray ua." "You are talking nonsense," said Mrs.

Vertigan rose from his chair and flung vertigan rose from his chair and flung the cigarette-end into the fire.

"Prison," he said. "Penal servitude—that's what I've got up my sleeve for your distinguished brother. If you don't believe me, you can go and ask him."

They looked at each other in silence.

Then the woman laughed.

Then the woman laughed. Why do you trouble to tell me these s?" she said.
"Go and ask your brother. Tell him

that I have threatened to hand him over to the police unless you do something that I have asked you to do. See what answer he gives you."

Mrs. Travers smiled bravely. But all the color had left her face, and there was

The girl who takes an inventory, as it were, of the year's success or fallure, will begin to think about her New Year's resolutions. This is the time when everybody makes heroic and noble yows which they cheerfully break at the first occasion that calls for the keeping of them. Then women are branded as fickle. This is not whelly true. The fault lies in the resolution, not in the woman who makes it. There is no use deciding on heroics in these sordid days of commercialism. The age of chivalry is past, on the men's part, but only because the women have taken that burden upon themselves. Never before have women been so kind to woman. It will be worth while for you to remarnher this fact when you are "resoluting" on New Year's day.

Just make up your mind to be a bit more considerate of others, to recognize

"Ch, we can do without you," laughed Vertigen. "I am not so sure that you can do without us. But if you betray uswell, I've made that pretty clear to you, haven't 1?"

"You have," she replied. "No one could "You have," she replied. "No one could fail to understand you."

He turned abruptly on his heel and left the room. Mrs. Travers alood there listening to the sound of his footstops on the stairs, and did not move until she heard the closing of the hall door. Then she seated herself in front of the fire, and, picking up the pokes, knocked the coal into a biase. into a blaze.

And us the flames leapt up it seemed to her that they were consensing all the shame and will of these last four years—burning them take clear white askes

CHAPTER NA

spending a few days in London, and asking Mrs. Travers if she and her son would like to go to the opera that night. Mrs. Travers handed the letter to her son, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure. #Of course you'll accept," he said in an

eager voice. "Yes, Jim, I think so. You'd like to

E0?"* "Like to go?" he queried. Then he laughed. "I shall be thinking of it all day," he added. "It's awfully good of her. And you'll wear that new dress of yours, mother, and outshine them all." "I may wear it, Jim," she answered quietly. "I don't know. But if I did I could never hope to outshine Lady Wim-

flung his arms around his mother's neck, kissed her, and left for his office-Grace Travers read the letter through again, and her heart was full of gratitude. It meant more to her than a pleasant evening at the opera. Lady Wimberley was now acquainted with the story of her shame, and this letter was like holding out the hand of friendship. The blood rushed into her cheeks as she thought of her last visit to Harptree. Well, thank Heaven, she had cut herself free from all that now. She could fight on the other side, help to save young Lord Wimberley from these scoundrels, warn his mother speak to her brother about the danger; give no names, perhaps, but make Vertigan's plans of no avail.

There were a party of six in the box that night-Lady Wimberley and her two children, Lord Arthur and Mrs. Travers and her son. The elders sat in front, and the younger folk behind. Lady Wimberley was in black, and her hair and throat glittered with diamonds. Mrs. Travers wore no jewelry of any kind, but her dress had come from Paris and her her dress had come from Faris and her beauty was so remarkable that the nu-merous glasses leveled at the box were chiefly directed at the particular corner where she sat. Lady Joan, with her hair up, was in white, as fair and radiant as some stender lily. James Travers, look-ters at her from time to time, felt slad

tion. Then there was Lady Joan sitting there by his side-her delicate, childish face more beautiful than ever with the warm and comfortable as a little room, glided awiftly through the traffic. Travers kept his gaze fixed on the glass window in front of him. With the eyes of those three people on the back seat upon him he hardly so much as dared to glance

up, was in white, as fair and radiant as some slender lily. James Travers, looking at her from time to time, felt glad that she was for his eyes alone. No one else in the house could see her.

"You are fond of music, Mr. Trayers?" she said during the interval.

"I—I love it," he stammered, "more than anything else in the world."

Wimberley, seated on the other side of his sister, laughed.

"You should hear Joan practicing her scales," he said. "That'd cure you, I say, I didn't think much of that fight, did you? The tenor was too fat—out of training, I should think."

Joan looked at him centemptuqually. A few months ago she would have said, "Shut up, you silly little ass." But the lengthening of her frocks had, in company at any rate, doprived her of the pleasure of speaking her mind so freely, "I could tell you were fond of music," she said, turning her back on her brother. "I mean really fond of it. I was watching your face just now."

He flushed with pleasure. "And you?"

ing your face just now."

He flushed with pleasure, "And you?"
he said eagerly. "You love it?"

"Yee-I think I do-I don't know. It
hurts me at times-I mean I.—"

"It hurts us too." said Wimberley,
"especially before breakfast. You ought
to some and stay at Monkaliver, Mr.
Travers, it you want a real musical
treat."

"You play?" said Travers, with a frown at the irrepressible Winnberier.

"Yes but only a little; my brother is quite right. I play accruciatingly; but one can enjoy music for all that don't you think so?"

you think so?"

Travers did think so. He also thought, only he did not you it into words, that lady Joan Mariet was more beautiful than any woman he had ever seen, and that even if she could not play the plano her voice was sweet as any unsic that was ever heard. To his boyish imagination, as yet unclouded by the duly routine of his life, she was some tairy princess. That she had only just energed from the achoolicoun added to her charm in his ever. Its liked to think of her was a child standing on the threshold of a new word, a could an set estatic the visite are seasons at the life sange-



make the woman?"

"Not at all: a woman is really judged by her intellect—that is, if the person judging has any sense at all."

"Ah, there you are! But the person judging seldom has any sense, my dear. Otherwise she wouldn't take it upon herself to judge anybody. But, ordinarily, I do think that to the common, uninitiated male clothes do make the woman. itiated male, clothes do make the woman, And, what's more, it makes character,

And, what's more, it makes
too.
"For instance, do you remember when
I was doing social service work last
year? Well, we had a youngster thero
who was the most hopelessly ragged,
dirty, deceitful little individual I ever
saw. This child got a present of a lot
of new, clean clothes. You would not
believe for a minute what a mental and
moral change these peor clothes worked.
She didn't become an angel all at once,
by any means, but she did try to be more
tractable. The first day she appeared, tractable. The first day she appeared, and we complimented her on her appearance, she answered, T'm glad my clothes look nice, and I'm going to act like them,

to wander from what was going on on darkness.

"You don't often go to the opera, per-haps?"

seemed quite different tonight."

"Oh, yes, but up in the gallery. It-it

She laughed. "I hardly ever go," she

"I don't care if I never go again," said Wimberley, who had pushed his way through the crowd to his sister's side,

But, I call it-now, the pantemimehello, there's cid Stinks."
"Guy!" said Lady Joan sharply. "You
mustn't talk like that. What are you

thinking about?"
"Old Vertigan-stinks master at Harp-

tree—rum old cove—but not a bad sort."
Vertigan turned and amilied. Wimberley
instinctively touched his hat Then Vertigan was lost in the crowd again. A few

minutes later the whole party were in the big limousine car. Lard Arthur had sug-gested supper, as much as could be eaten in the short time at their disposal. Then the car was to drop the Wimberleys at Grosvenor street and take the Trayerses

and glittering diamonds, the prospect of a meal at a restaurant so expensive that he could not have afforded even to drink a cup of tea in it appealed to his imagina-

ermine collar buttoned round under her

The big car, lighted by electricity and

at Lady Joan's face.
Then suddenly the car swerved to avoid

on to West Kensington.

"My, doesn't Marjorie look stunning teday!" said a girl as the sancers whirled by. "She always does, anyhow. I never knew a girl who was quite so stupid and yet who so admirably concealed it. Fine raiment covers a multitude of faults."

"Margaret, dear, don't be so catty. Marjorie can't be accused of an overdose of gray matter, but she is a kind, sweet girl and deserves her popularity."

"Well, I really didn't mean to be unkind; but don't you think that clothes make the woman?"

"Not at all: a woman is really judged by her intellect—that is, if the person judging has any sense at all."

"Ah, there you are! But the person judging seldom has any sense, my dear. Otherwise she wouldn't take it upon her contradictory nowadays."

The Mischievous Third

Nine-tenths of the quarrels between lovers is due to jealousy, brought about often unconsciously, by a third person. In most cases the engaged girl is the unhappy one, and some other girl the cause of the quarrel.

It is absurd for any girl to expect her fiance to cut himself off from society of all girls but herself. When she has promised to become his wife, she has formally announced her willingness to love and trust him, and every time that she resents his notice of other girls she proclaims to all that her trustfulness was

look nice, and I'm going to act like them. too."

"And don't you remember when you went to school in the summer with your first new summer dress on and you sat on the first row bursting with pride and a strange, newly acquired virtue? I do strange, newly acquired virtue? I do and I glared at my chum who wanted to do the very diabolical inventions of my own idle brain the day before.

"What is the trouble when you are jeal-ous of that other girl? You fear, perhaps, that the affections of your fiance will be transferred to her, your engagement broken. Well, if it happened it would indeed be a terrible calamity, but believe that it won't happen. He chose you out of all other girls, then why make yourself miserable because there chances, and I don't blame them. Women are so foolish, you know; they condemn

confined to an acquaintance with the a ragged woman who had almost thrown waitresses at city restaurants and tea herself under its wheels. James Travers shops. Here, so he thought, was some instinctively flung out his arm in front of thing much more rare and wonderful. Lady Joan's face. There was a crash of The lowering of the lights and the rais- splintering glass and screams and then a ing of the curtain put an end to the con- blaze of light and a noise that seemed to versation. The music once more caught Travers like a long roar of thunder in James Travers in its grip and held him. his ears—thunder that died away into si-But though he did not allow his attention lence and light that faded swiftly into

to wander from what was going on on the stage, he as conscious all the time of the girl's presence by his side, and more than once, as he looked at the soprano, a tall, buxom woman with a superb voice, he thought how perfectly Lady Joan could have filled the part, if she had only been able to sing.

At last the performance came to an end, and Travers, his hands trembling, helped Lady Joan on with her fur-lined operacloak, He found himself by her side as the party joined the throng in the corporation of the party joined the throng in the corporation. When James Travers came to his senses he found himself in a room that was not his own—a room with bare white walls and very little furniture, and what seemed to Travers an extraordinary amount of light. His mother was seated by his side and a nurse in blue linen dress was standing at the foot of the bed.

"When James Travers came to his senses he found himself in a room that was not his own—a room with bare white walls and very little furniture, and what seemed to Travers an extraordinary amount of light. His mother was seated by his side and a nurse in blue linen dress was standing at the foot of the bed.

"Where am 1?" he whispered feebly. Mrs. Travers, her eyes full of tears, bent over him and kissed him passionately.

"You are in the hospital, darling," she said. "There was an accident—you were hurt—but you must'nt talk about it now—you'll be quite well—in a few days."

the party joined the throng in the corridors.
"Wasn't it delightful?" she said, turnfinding be could not do so, looked up at

ing to him with sparking eyes.
"Yes," he answered eagerly. "I don't think I have ever enjoyed anything so much in my life."
"Yes dan't in my life."
"Yes dan't in my life."
"Yes dan't in my life." Yes, dear, you hurt it-it went right

res. dear, you hurt it—it went right through the glass—you must not try to move it for a little while."

"Ah, the glass," he said slowly. Tex—I remember—Lady Joan—was she hurt, mother?" "Only shaken and bruised, darling; if & hadn't been for your arm, her face would have been cut to places."

He smiled. "I am glad," he said gently.
"And the others?"
"Lord Wimberley has sprained his wrist, and the chauffeur had a bad cut on his face. But you must not talk any

more, darling." more, darling."

He closed his eyes and smiled. He was thinking of Lady Joan Meriet, of how he had saved that delicate, childish face from being cut and torn, perhaps from being disfigured for life. Boylike and heroic, he told himself that he would gladly have suffered worse injuries than a few cuts on the arms. a few cuts on the arm if by so doing he could have averted such a terrible

catastrophe.

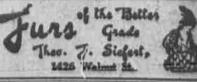
A few minutes later the doctor came in and looked at the wounded arm. James Travers bore the examination bravely, but on to West Kensington.
Once more the young bank clerk found himself by the side of Lady Joan, on one of the little seats that folded up when they were not required. The three elder people sat behind, and Wimberley was in front with the chauffeur. Travers was flushed and happy. This seemed to him to round off and complete the evening's enjoyment. The fine car, the rich furs and glittering diamonds, the prospect of a when it was over he fainted from the pain. Mrs. Travers burst into tears, but quickly controlled himself. The

quickly controlled himself. The doctor gave some orders to the nurse in a low voice. Then he took Mrs. Travers by the arm and led her from the room.

"No good staying there, my dear lady," he said with a smile. "He'll come to in a few minutes, and then he'll have something to put him to sleep. Now come in here, will you?" and he opened the door of another room, "I want to have a little chat with you."

(Continued tomorrow.)

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