

The GIRL in the MIRROR

By
ELIZABETH JORDAN

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Stand exactly where you are," Doris's voice was very quiet, but there was a quality in it which added to the chill of the night. "I know you're not alone, but if any of your pals shows himself, I'll shoot him dead. If you move or utter one word, or cry out, I'll kill you. Do you understand?"

Shaw did understand. The look in his protruding eyes proved that. Those eyes shifted wildly, turning this way and that, as if in search of the help which lurked among those spectral trees. He himself stood as motionless as one of them, and as he stood he moistened his thin lips with the tip of a trembling tongue.

"Now," said Laurie, "I'm going to have the truth. I'm going to have it all, and I'm going to have it quick. If you don't tell it, I'll kill you. Probably I shall kill you anyway. But first you will answer two questions. What power have you got over Miss Mayo? And what are you trying to do?"

Shaw hesitated. Again his protruding eyes turned wildly to the right and left, as if in search of help. Still holding the revolver in his right hand, Laurie slowly reached out his left and seized the other's throat in the grip of his powerful young fingers.

"Keep still," he warned, as the other started to raise his hands. "You think the game isn't up, but it is. Now talk, and talk quick."

He tightened his grip on the thick, slippery throat. "I'm enjoying this," he rasped. "If you were anything but the snake you are, I'd give you a fighting chance. But a creature that uses chloroform and hires three thugs to help him in his dirty jobs—"

He increased the pressure on the thick neck. Shaw's face began to purple. His eyes bulged horribly. He choked, and with the act gave up.

"Hold on," he gurgled. "Listen."

The pressure on his throat slightly relaxed. With eyes closed, he collapsed against the nearest tree trunk. Laurie followed him, expecting some treacherous move; but all the fight seemed out of the serpent. He was clutching at his coat and collar as if yet unable to breathe.

"I've had enough of this," he finally gasped out. "I'll tell you everything."

Even as he spoke, Laurie observed that one of the clenching, clawing hands had apparently got hold of what it was seeking.

Doris, feeling her way through the blackness of the storm on the unfamiliar country road, heard above the wind the sound of a sharp explosion which she thought meant a blow-out tire. She did not stop. Before her only a short distance away, was the garage to which she was hastening and where she was to wait for Laurie. To go on meant to take a chance, but she had been ordered not to stop. There was a certain exhilaration in obeying that order. Crouched over the wheel, head bent, and guessing at the turns she could not see, she pressed on through the storm.

CHAPTER XV

Burke Makes a Promise

Burke, dozing over the fire in his so-called office, was aroused from his dreams by the appearance of a vision. For a moment he blinked at it doubtfully. Then into his eyes came a dawning intelligence, slightly tinged with reproach.

Burke was an unimaginative man, who did not like to be jarred out of his routine. Already that day several unusual incidents had occurred; and though, like a popgun, tales, they ended happily, they had been almost too great a stimulus to thought. Now here was another, in the form of a girl, young and beautiful, and apparently blown into his presence on the wings of the wild storm that was raging.

Somewhat uncertainly, Mr. Burke arose and approached the vision, which, standing at the threshold of his sanctum, thereupon addressed him in hurried but reassuring human tones.

"I've had a blow-out," the lady briefly announced. "Will you put on a 'spare,' please, and take a look at the other shoes?"

This service, she estimated, would take half an hour of the proprietor's time, if he moved with the customary deliberation of his class, and would, of course, make a superfluous explanation of her wait in the garage, and of her nervousness, if he happened to be sufficiently observant to notice that.

It was really fortunate that the blow-out had occurred. Surely within the half hour Laurie would have rejoined her. If he did not, she frankly conceded to herself, she would go mad with suspense. There was a limit to what she could endure, and that limit had been reached. Thirty minutes more of patience and courage and seeming calm covered the last draft she could make on a nervous system already greatly overtaxed.

Burke drew his worn office chair close to the red-hot stove, and was mildly pained by the lady's failure to avail herself of the comfort thus offered.

This, it will be remembered, was January, 1917, three months before America's entry into the World war, and women able to drive motors were comparatively rare. Any girl who could drive a car in a storm like this, and through the drifts of country roads—Mr. Burke, having reluctantly removed himself from the lady's presence, was now beside her car, and at this point in his reflections he uttered an exclamation and his jaw dropped.

"It's the lady's car!" he ejaculated

slowly, and for a moment stood staring at it. Then, still slowly, he nodded.

It was the lady's car which, only a short time before, he himself had put in perfect order for a swift run to New York. Now this girl had it, but 't was easy to see why. He had been wrong in his college-prank theory. Here was something more serious and much more interesting. Here was a love affair.

As his meditations continued he was cursorily glancing at the tires, looking for the one that had sustained the blow-out. He was not greatly surprised to find every tire perfect. There had been plenty of mysteries in the lady's conduct, and this was merely another trifle to add to the list. Undoubtedly the lady had her reasons for insisting on a blow-out, and if she had, it was no affair of his. Also, the price for changing that tire would be a dollar, and Mr. Burke was always willing to pick up a dollar.

Whistling softly but sweetly, he removed a rear shoe, replaced it with one of the "spares" on the car's rack, and solemnly retested the others. The task, as Doris had expected, took him almost half an hour. When it was completed he lounged back to the lady and assured her that the car was again ready for service.

The lady hesitated. There was no sign of Laurie, and she dared not leave. Yet on what pretext could she linger? With the manner of one who has unlimited time at her disposal, she demanded her bill, a written one, and paid it. Then, checking herself on a casual journey toward the big coat, she showed a willingness to indulge in that exchange of friendly points of view for which Burke's heart had longed.

The exchange was not brilliant, but Burke made the most of it. No, he told her, they didn't often have storms

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ing which they took him in, Burke with indignant, goggling eyes, Doris with one quick glance, soul-searching and terror-filled. Burke spoke first.

"What you been doin' to yourself?" he gasped.

The question was inevitable. Laurie was hatless and disheveled. His coat was torn, and across one pallid cheek ran a deep cut, freshly bleeding.

"Fell," he said, tersely.

He was breathing hard, as if he had been running. He had not yet looked at Doris, but now he abruptly swung into the little office and emerged, bringing her coat. Without a word, he held it for her. In equal silence, she slipped into it. He retrieved the cap from the pile of discarded garments still lying on the office floor, put it on, and indicated the waiting car.

"Get in," he commanded.

She obeyed and he followed her, taking his place at the wheel.

"You're hurt," she almost whispered. "Shall I drive?"

"No—Burke!"

The word was like a pistol shot. "Yessir," Burke was stammering. In his excitement he was hardly conscious that another bill had found its way into his hand, but his hand had automatically reached for and closed on it.

"Keep your mouth shut," he said.

"Yessir."

"After tonight you can talk about me all you like. But you're to forget absolutely that you ever saw the lady. Is that clear?"

"Yessir."

"Thank you. Good-by."

He started the car and swung it out into the storm. As it went Burke saw the girl catch the boy's arm and heard something that sounded partly like a cry and partly like a sob.

"Laurie!"

"Hush!"

The car was tearing through the storm and drifts at fifty miles an hour, and this time it was headed down the road for New York.

Burke's eyes followed it, as far as he could see it, which was not far. Then he retreated to the "office," and dropping heavily into his desk chair, stared unseeing at a calendar on the wall.

It was a long time before he remembered to open his hand and look at the bill he was holding. As he did so his eyes widened. The bill was a large one. With a quick look around him, he thrust it into his pocket.

"I ain't really seen nothin'," he muttered, "an' I ain't sure of nothin', anyhow."

"What has happened? Oh, Laurie, what has happened?"

For a time Laurie did not answer. Then she felt rather than saw his face turn toward her in the darkness.

"Doris!"

"Yes."

"Will you do something for me?"

"Yes, Laurie, anything."

"Then don't speak till we reach New York. When we get to your studio I'll tell you everything. Will you do that?"

"But—Laurie—"

"Will you—do—that?" The voice was not Laurie's. It was the harsh, grating voice of a man distraught.

"Yes, of course."

Silence settled upon them like a substance, a silence broken only by the roar of the storm and the crashing of wind-swept branches of the trees that lined the road. The car's powerful searchlights threw up in ghostly shapes the covered stumps and hedges they passed and the great masses of snow that beat against them. Subconsciously the girl knew that this boy beside her, driving with the recklessness of a lost soul, was merely guessing at a road no one could have seen, but in that half-hour she had no thought for the hazards of the journey. Her panic had grown till it filled her soul.

Once, in a frantic impulse of need of human contact, she laid her hand on the arm nearest her, over the wheel. The next instant she withdrew it with a gasp. For all the response she had found she might have touched a dead man. Something of the look of a dead man, too, was in the boy's face and eyes as he bent forward, motionless as a statue, his features like stone and his eyes as unhuman as polished agate, staring fixedly at the road before them.

It was on a stretch of road through the woods that the obsession in her mind took its final and most hideous form. Close behind them, and ringing in their ears, she fancied she heard a cry in the voice of Shaw. It was not Shaw's human voice. She would not have known it in a human world. It had passed through the great change; but it was recognizable, because she, too, had passed through some great change. Recognizable, too, was the sound of Shaw's running feet, although she had never heard them run, and though they were running so lightly on top of the snow.

He was just behind them, she thought. If she turned she knew she would see him, not as she had known him, plump, sleek, living and loathsome, but stark, rigid and ready for his grave, yet able to pursue; and the new, unearthly light of his blinding eyes seemed burning into her back.

She groaned, but the groan brought no response from the tense figure beside her. The only sounds were the howls of the wind, the frenzied protests of the tortured trees, and the fancied hall of a dead man, coming closer and closer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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Queen Elizabeth

"HOW tall is your queen?" The red-haired old woman who asked this question of the Scottish envoy was herself a queen—one of the greatest in history. She was Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII of England. The sovereign about whom she was making inquiry was her kinswoman, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots. The Scottish envoy answered cautiously:

"She is a little taller than your majesty."

"Then," declared Elizabeth, "she is a little too tall for perfect beauty." This anecdote illustrates one of the countless phases of Elizabeth's amazing character. Vain of the beauty she did not possess, modest regarding the genius she did possess, unjust and capricious as a woman, just and wise as a queen, firm, yet often irresolute, strong yet sometimes pitifully weak, honest and open in policy, yet crafty and hypocritical in exceptional cases, a believer in the people's rights, yet personally a cruel tyrant; highly educated, yet with the shrewish vocabulary of a fishwoman—these are but a few of the countless inconsistencies and paradoxes in this most remarkable of rulers.

Henry VIII (son of the Henry who overcame and supervised Richard III) had ruled England in a somewhat selfish, eccentric fashion, yet, on the whole, wisely, raising the country from a third-rate power to the level of Europe's foremost nations. He had six wives, a fact less remarkable in those days when men married "early and often."

Henry left three children—a son, who, as Edward VI, succeeded him, and two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. Edward died after a very brief reign, bequeathing the crown to his cousin, Lady Jane Gray. Mary's adherents executed Lady Jane and Mary came to the throne. She was married to Philip II of Spain, and so successfully introduced Spanish cruelty and inquisitorial methods into England as to earn the nickname "Bloody Mary." Incidentally she threw Elizabeth into prison for alleged conspiracy and on suspicion of heresy. After five years of miserable misrule Mary died childless, and in 1558 Elizabeth inherited the crown at the age of twenty-five. She ruled forty-five years.

Her first step was to rid the country of all Spanish influence and to reform religious and governmental affairs. In the matter of religion she erred as cruelly on the side of Protestantism as had Mary and the Spaniards in behalf of Catholicism.

Elizabeth surrounded herself with the wisest ministers and counselors, and was guided by them in all matters save one. The one exception was the subject of marriage. A score of suitors, from Philip II to the son of Henry II of France, sought her hand. She coqueted with each, and at last, when weary of the amusement, dismissed them in turn, announcing to parliament that she was resolved to live and die unwed. This high-souled resolution did not prevent her from having a long series of court favorites, on whom she lavished gifts and advancements, to the envy of her subjects and the scandal of Europe. Among these favorites were the earls of Leicester and Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh.

Mary, the young queen of Scotland, had been married to Francis II, son of Henry II of France. On Francis' death Mary had returned to Scotland, where her notoriously bad life and worse rule aroused the Scotch to such a pitch of resentment that Mary fled to Elizabeth for protection. Elizabeth promptly put her in prison, kept her there sixteen years and then had her beheaded. Philip II of Spain denounced Elizabeth as a murderer, and, under pretext of avenging Mary Queen of Scots, raised a mighty fleet known as the "Invincible Armada" and prepared to invade England. He was at that time also oppressing the Netherlands, with which nation Elizabeth had formed a religious alliance. She hinted that she would abandon her Dutch allies if Philip would give up the plan of invasion. He refused. The Armada set sail, but was destroyed by a storm.

Elizabeth was a patron of all the arts, and her reign was the Golden Age of English literature. Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon and countless other writers flourished under her protection, winning favor by poetical chivalries of her beauty and charm. It was also the Golden Age of discovery and exploration. Raleigh and Drake and a dozen other adventurers won for this queen vast possessions.

In person Elizabeth was tall and lean with a hooked nose, thin lips, small black beady eyes and teeth blackened by tobacco and decay. Her chief cause of hatred against Mary Queen of Scots apparently rose from the fact that Mary was young and beautiful and wicked, while she herself was only old, ugly and wicked. The chief ostensible pretext, however, was that Mary was a Catholic and, as next kin to Elizabeth, might make England once more a Catholic nation.

Yet, when dying, Elizabeth named Mary's son (King James VI of Scotland) as her successor, and on her death, in 1603, he ruled England under the title of James I. Elizabeth was the first constitutional monarch of England.

Reason for Cold Weather

The naval observatory says while it is true that in the northern hemisphere the maximum difference between the heat lost at night and that gained by day occurs about December 21, it is also true that there is more lost at night than gained by day for some time after that. In other words one might say that the northern hemisphere cools off most rapidly about December 21, but still continues to cool after that time, though more slowly.

Headliners of 1926 (Fem.)



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

"Ma" and "Peaches" and Pola, Countess, Helen, Suzanne, Marie and Almee and Trudy—What chance in the news has a woman?—Headline Writers' Anthology.

W HETHER he likes it or not, Mr. Homo will have to admit that the headliners of 1926 were mostly women. It is doubtful if the female of the species, either collectively or individually—ever before claimed so much newspaper space as they have in the year just closing.

Think back over the last twelve months and see if you can write down a list of men's names that appeared more frequently and more repeatedly in the columns of our newspapers than these:

Gertrude Ederle, Almee Semple McPherson, Helen Wills, Suzanne Lenglen, Countess Cathcart, Mrs. Edward Browning, Queen Marie of Rumania, Mrs. James Ferguson, Pola Negri, Joyce Hawley.

You may not remember all of them nor recognize them under those rather formal titles. But the headline writers, who have to say it in words of one syllable and who are informal, if nothing else, have made it easy for us. So when they spoke of Trudy and Helen and Suzanne or "Ma" and "Peaches," we knew instantly whom they meant.

And in this democratic land, where titles mean little or nothing, everybody soon became accustomed to referring casually to Countess or Queen or Governor. And in this democratic land, where titles mean little or nothing, everybody soon became accustomed to referring casually to Countess or Queen or Governor.

"Joyce Hawley? Never heard of her," you say? If you do, it's because "Bath Tub Girl" was a more striking phrase in the headline boys' book of synonyms.

Not the least interesting fact in connection with the preponderance of the feminine motif in the news of the year is that nearly every type of activity was represented. Whether this can be regarded as significant of the increasing importance of the "new woman" is something for the philosopher to consider, as is the question of journalistic ethics involved in the amount of space devoted to the sensational news provided by some of these women headliners. This article has no other purpose than to deal with the facts that exist and not with the philosophy thereof. And one existing fact in nearly every big news story of the year—big in the sense that it commanded the widest public attention—was the aptness of the old French saying, "Cherchez le femme."

The America of today, which finds in sports one of its major interests in life, was given two of its greatest sport thrills of the year by women. One of them was when Gertrude Ederle, a stocky Brooklyn (N. Y.) girl, swam the English channel. She was the first woman to do that.

She did it in record time. And for weeks the words "Trudy" and "channel swimmer" were fixtures in the headlines. A little later "Millie Gade" was substituted for "Trudy" when Mrs. Ethel Corson duplicated Miss Ederle's feat. Then more man figuratively and literally got in the swim again and before long having your

other hand, plants which like a mild amount of sunlight, and this includes palms, aspidistras, ferns, and many of the vines, do not thrive if put in a sunny location.

Plants and Sunlight

All plants require some light. Sunlight supplies the energy which causes chemical reactions to take place inside the leaves. These reactions convert the raw food elements into food elements available to the plant, says Nature Magazine. Therefore, such sun-loving plants as geraniums, roses and azaleas, when set away in a dark corner, do not thrive so well as when placed in a sunny window. On the

Hibiscus Is Never Blue

In many of the pink hibiscus the eye is crimson while the various shades are faded, at times, into the merest pink wash in an almost white flower, says Nature Magazine. Often there is more or less of the pure scarlet color, and then there is the dilution—the scarlet pink. There are all mixtures of crimson and scarlet combined in various forms with a tinge of yellow or orange. No blue has been found.

name bracketed with "channel swimmer" was no more a sign of distinction than being appointed chairman of the resolutions committee. For a woman, or perhaps two, had made the big splash in this sort of news and after that mere men could hardly cause a ripple in public attention.

As for the other sport thrill, it was provided by a slim young Californian, named Helen Wills, nicknamed "Little Poker Face," and a woman of France, named Suzanne Lenglen, whose flashing personality has made the world realize that a tennis court can be an arena for the ultimate in sport drama. For weeks last spring such international questions as debt funding were as nothing compared to the international question of Helen vs. Suzanne.

When that question was settled, the crown of "Tennis Queen" settled a little more firmly on Suzanne's head. But Helen, unlike so many vanquished, did not fade from the headlines after her defeat at Cannes. Although appendicitis kept her out of the tournament at Wimbledon, it kept her in the headlines. But her bad luck which caused her to forfeit her title of American woman tennis champion brought back into the headlines another woman who had been there often until the California star came up out of the west and the headline boys were grateful because Mrs. Malory's first name was five-lettered Molla. No sooner had all of this happened and been temporarily forgotten than Suzanne flamed into the headlines again as the first tennis star to upset all the most sacred traditions of amateur sport by turning professional.

Although we don't take our politics as seriously as we do our sports, women governors are still enough of a novelty to be news almost any day in the year. So Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, the governor of Wyoming, and Mrs. James Ferguson, the governor of Texas, have been news ever since they took the oath of office two years ago but it wasn't until 1926 that a woman governor was "big news" for days and weeks and months. And the woman governor of Texas was that, perhaps, because she mixed sports and politics—that is to say, she made winning the governorship a sporting proposition in which you bet your opponent that you'll beat him by so many votes and if you don't you'll withdraw from the race. And, of course, if there's a short synonym for your name like "Ma," it's all the easier to be news.

But even though 1926 did mark the passing of women governors—for both Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Ferguson were defeated—we still have women of enough prominence in politics to make their chances good for being news in 1927. There's Mrs. John W. Stanley, the new congresswoman from Kentucky, whose campaign for office was based upon a situation similar to the Ferguson case in Texas. And Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts, Mrs. Florence Kahn of California and Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck of Illinois, who occupy seats in congress vacated by the deaths of men relatives, have during the past year been in the news from time to time and probably will continue to be there. Alice Roosevelt Longworth ("Alice" in the headlines, daughter of "T. R.") who is looked upon as a potential power in politics, is always news and as the presidential year of 1928 approaches and there's talk of the candidacy of her husband, Nicholas Longworth, she may become big news almost any time.

Women in sports, women in politics—both an ideal combination to make news. Ordinarily women in the fine arts wouldn't be as good a bet as either of the two. But 1926 saw Ma-

ternship a sporting proposition in which you bet your opponent that you'll beat him by so many votes and if you don't you'll withdraw from the race. And, of course, if there's a short synonym for your name like "Ma," it's all the easier to be news.

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Age and Weight

Many authorities agree that after a person passes the age of thirty he should weigh from 10 to 20 per cent less than the weight given on scales as average. They explain that after that age a person has ceased to grow and does not need extra weight for

Voracious Fish

A snake that undertakes crossing bass water risks his neck. An eight-inch trout has been caught that had swallowed six inches of a ten-inch snake. A muskellunge will dive on a mud hen, and a northern pike will swallow a mallard duckling. When the mood for feeding is on fish they ask no questions but strike any moving thing. A five-pound bass caught in the Columbia had in its stomach

rian Talley, a Kansas City girl, famous overnight as a new star in the Metropolitan opera firmament and her name in the headlines. It saw also people paying the unheard of price of \$50 a seat to hear Raquel Meller, a Spanish song interpreter, and some of the leading poets of the country arrayed in hostile camps over the authenticity of the poems by Nathalia Crane, the Brooklyn child poet.

Edna Ferber, winner of the Pulitzer novel prize in 1924, with her book, "So Big," may or may not repeat in 1926, but she got into the headlines again just the same. She wrote another novel, "Show Boat," in which there were references to a famous Indiana politician who didn't care for them. So he threatened damage suits and that made Edna Ferber and "Show Boat" news of considerable proportions. If you consider the mo-

vements as one of the fine arts it is appropriate to mention here the screen's contribution to women in the news. It wasn't Mabel Normand, nor Peggy Joyce, who was divorced only once during the whole 365 days of 1926. But Pola Negri—how can you keep Pola out of the news?

In 1924 she had the whole country worried about that reported engagement of hers to Charlie Chaplin. In 1925 she just marked time, it seems. But in 1926 she became engaged to Rudolph Valentino—and when the "great love" died Pola's well-advertised grief was headlined for days.

So much for the classifications. Another interesting thing is the fact that the "really big" news stories where women were concerned in 1926 refuse to fall into any of these classifications. They are news stories that just happened and they're news—well, because they're news. Perhaps in the case of Almee McPherson, the "disappearing evangelist," the element of religion has something to do with it. That may be also true of Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, wife of a New Jersey minister, whose murder trial is looked upon by "murder trial fans" as one of the greatest in history. As a personality, though, Mrs. Hall herself is rather subordinated to another—the "Pig Woman," Jane Gibson.