

## Weather A Week Ahead

As Forecast By PROF. SELBY MAXWELL, Noted Meteorologist



## WHEN THE MOON LIFTS THE AIR

A drama of the air will take place on the Atlantic seaboard from the 16th to the 23rd of September. You will see the moon, by means of its power to attract or pull the earth's water and air envelope, attempt to lift a "satellite" off the earth. This "satellite" will be in the form of a hurricane that will come up from the tropics, following the Gulf Stream. It may cause a strong storm along the Atlantic seaboard.

A hurricane storm is essentially a vast projectile. If our moon had a stronger pull of gravity, or if the earth's gravity pull were weaker, it is possible that the moon might actually pull the hurricane off the earth. As the moon's gravity pulls, the hurricane tugs hard to leave the ground. We call it "lowered air pressure," and we will see its effects in a huge cloud mass overhead pouring down great deluges of rain, and in a sea wave below, rising in a low hill of water under the hurricane's whirl. If the moon were stronger this hill of water and the clouds overhead might actually fly away from the earth to become a moon of water. But the sea wave rises only a few feet, because the earth's gravity is far stronger than the gravity pull of the moon. Hence we never see such a phenomenon.

This hurricane is going to come in two parts. On the 4th or 5th of September a small whirl will begin in the western part of the Atlantic Ocean, and by September 7th and 8th it should pass between Bermuda and Cape Hatteras, and go on to Nova Scotia. As this little whirl fades, a much larger one forms in the Atlantic Ocean near Africa. This second whirl of air moves across the ocean, following the trade winds, and by about September 15th we may see it north of Puerto Rico. On the 16th and 17th it passes by way of the Bahama Islands. By September 18th it may cross Florida. It turns back to the northeast on September 19th and thereafter moves rapidly, until by September 22nd it passes near the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Watch for this storm folks. While you won't know it you will be witnessing an interesting attempt of the moon to lift a tide of air off the earth.

## Do Comets Reveal the Origin of Life?

There are faint eerie objects in the sky called comets. Occasional-

ly a comet grows bright enough to be visible to the naked eye, and once or twice in a life-time there is a comet big enough to strike folks with terror. Comet glow with a green light, and this green light is strange to say, is nearly identical with the light of burning stove gas. Prof. Selby Maxwell has written a very interesting account of

comets in relation to your life. Send for it. This account will be sent to you FREE, with the compliments of this newspaper. Just address Prof. Selby Maxwell.

## "REDHEADS ARE LUCKY"

BY VERA BROWN

## SYNOPSIS

A romance of the big league baseball world seems blooming when Handsome Larry Regan, spectacular young pitcher, decides to marry magnetic mahogany-haired "Mike" Shannon, hard-working magazine counter girl at the Eureka Hotel. She is the main support of her family and by no means sure that she wants to marry such a wild oats sower as "Handsome." But she is trying to reform that most promising of southpaws (left hand pitchers) and so invites him to her humble home where he meets "the folks." Mike refuses to become engaged because of family obligations, but Handsome insists on giving her a diamond solitaire when they go out to get some ice cream for little Jimmie, Mike's invalid brother.

## CHAPTER X

Mike left Handsome with Jimmie while she went into the kitchen. It was when she came back with the newspaper that his sharp eyes saw her ring.

"Gee!" he said pointing.

Mike turned crimson. Handsome laughed delightedly. "You see? I warned you."

Mike came over with Jimmie's ice cream.

"Darling, will you keep a secret? You're the only one who's going to know for a little while."

The boy's eyes were round: "I knew he was your fellow! You can't fool me, Mike!"

"But you promise?"

"I promise."

Later Handsome was so kind with Mike's father, that her heart was completely won. He seemed to ignore the shabby room, was quite at home, insisted on wiping the ice cream plates for her mother.

When Mary and Jack came in, they sat at Handsome's feet to worship. Jimmie insisted that they all crowd into his room so he could hear everything. Mike kept the stone of her ring turned around in the palm of her hand and nobody noticed it. But Jimmie's dancing eyes showed he was thrilled at being in on the secret.

Afterward, Mike came to recognize that night as the happiest in her life.

When Handsome had gone, and Mike and her sister were in their little bedroom, Mary insisted on talking it all over. And it seemed hours to Mike before Mary fell asleep. When she could hear the younger girl's regular breathing, Mike got out of her bed and tucked her ring under the pile of handkerchiefs in her dresser drawer.

Back in bed again, sleep was a long time coming. Now that she was alone in the dark, she was desperately afraid of what she had done. "I can never hold him," she could not suppress that sad thought.

Although Handsome was two years older than she, he seemed younger to her. Mike had been working since she was 15. The last two years at the Eureka Hotel had taught her a lot about life, and little of that was reassuring. Not that Mike had an inferiority complex. She didn't. She knew quite well she was a pretty girl, and intelligent.

But she also knew there were thousands of pretty girls in New York, girls with lovely clothes, plain girls who were glamorous because they spent their whole life trying to look—and be—alluring. They were amusing and entertaining.

"I never look quite right. There's never time for enough manicures and such." And never money enough, either. But Handsome believed in her. That was her greatest asset.

"I'll never fail him." She promised that from the bottom of her heart.

Next morning when Mike opened her eyes the sunshine streamed in

"I'm afraid not, the way things are at home."

"How's Jimmie coming?"

"Just about the same. I haven't told mother yet. She still believes he's going to get well. I've got a little money in the bank, but I don't dare spend it."

"My offer still stands. I'll lend you the money any time you want to go to school. I know I can get you a job afterward."

"Mike's eyes were dark as she answered: "You've always been so kind, Mr. Jenkins. But I'm afraid now that's got to wait."

She did not explain how her life had changed. She'd hoped, if Jimmie improved, to do what Mr. Jenkins

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