

# WHEREIN LIES THE MYSTERY OF THIS FACE?

To Avoid Gazing Into It Women Were Impelled to Suicide.

And in the End the Man Himself Ended His Life, Probably to Escape the Strange Influence That His Eyes Seemed to Exert Upon All Who Came Within Their Influence.

NEW YORK—Take a long look at the face of the young man which stares at you from this page. What do you make of it?

It is a striking face, the features well modeled and regular, the brow broad and intellectual, the nose straight and aristocratic, the mouth not unkind, though perhaps a trifle weak.

But look at the expression of the eyes. Do they haunt you when you turn away from them? Is there anything terrifying in the way they stare at you? Do they take hold of you, grip you and seem to follow you?

They are not cruel and vindictive eyes, and yet—

Yet these eyes, or the owner of them, were responsible for one of the most astonishing and puzzling mysteries of the past few years, a mystery in which three young and beautiful women sought to end their lives, two of them successfully, for no reason other than which each gave:

"I could not help it, because of Louis' eyes."

And, as a fitting climax to his series of mysteries, the owner of the eyes called down the curtain on his short but remarkably tragic career by standing in front of the mirror, a few weeks ago, and while those strange eyes of his looked at their own reflection in the glass, shot himself, loaded to a bed and died.

But, while his act closed the drama, it did not end the mystery, which to-day is even more of a mystery than it was before he added his own suicide to the list. Today everybody who has heard of the case is asking:

Question None Can Answer.

What was there about Louis Bauduy's eyes to make all three of his beautiful young wives kill themselves? What was the mystery about the young man which seemed to impel suicide in those with whom he came into intimate association? And why did he end his own life?

Louis Bauduy was the son of a prominent St. Louis alienist, a young man of prepossessing appearance, cultured and well educated. He engaged in business in his home town and then came to New York, where he married a Miss Bertha Sayer, also of St. Louis. She was a beautiful girl and from the first the young pair seemed to be very happy. They had pretty apartments at No. 346 West Fifty-ninth street, and were considered to be model examples of a young married pair.

Young Bride a Suicide.

But on Feb. 13, 1904, the wife was found dead in her apartment with a revolver beside her. She had left a note in which she said she had committed suicide because of "something" which she could stand no longer. At that time nobody guessed that the reason might have lain in the eyes of the young man on whom his pretty bride's tragic death seemed to have fallen as a heavy weight, and who seemed inconsolable.

The bereaved husband was disconsolate, but time, especially in the case of youth, heals many wounds, and the day came when he seemed to have rallied from the shock of his wife's death and began to go about his business with the same enthusiasm as of old. And then he met another girl who attracted him and helped him forget the first tragedy of his life. They were married and life seemed to have opened up a bright new chapter for Louis Bauduy.

But on Dec. 16, 1905, neighbors sniffed gas from the apartment of the couple at No. 146 West Eighty-third street. The door was burst in and Louis Bauduy was found dead, with the gas turned full on in her room. The young husband was unconscious and his life was despaired of until his brother sacrificed a transfusion of blood, which brought Louis back to health.

Mrs. Bauduy No. 2 had left no note explaining the cause of her suicide, but to friends she had said some time before committing the deed that life was growing unbearable to her; that

she was

unhappy.

Several really striking faces, crowned with snow-white hair, rose above those impossible tables with their more than impossible service. It would have been easier to believe that the owners of such countenances had adopted the place for a fad than to credit it that they could so have missed the goal in life as to make their resorting to it a necessity, but their garments bore witness to the fact in a way that could not be doubted.

Poverty in youth is interesting

when ever her husband looked at her she felt as though she could not stand it any longer.

And this was the story that she told.



when ever her husband looked at her she felt as though she could not stand it any longer.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

**When You're Away.**  
For fields that bloom with lavish flowers,  
For azure skies of summer time—  
For laughing brooks and shady bowers  
And sunsets that be paints—sublime—  
For these my heart with yearning sighs,  
And yet they cannot take the place  
Of one swift glance of roguish eyes—  
Or dimpled smile upon your face.

## Angie's Ambition

By GERALD PRIME

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press

They were talking it over—Angie and her pretty mother.

"It certainly must have been gratifying—in a way," said Mrs. Calhoun, in her leisurely southern monotone. Her daughter was buttering a piece of toast, an occupation which seemed to demand her utmost concentration. Mrs. Calhoun sipped her tea in silence, and with a look of polite expectancy. She always drank tea at breakfast, a habit which gave her an added distinction in Alabama, where such a preference is unusual.

They were not in Alabama now. Mrs. Calhoun regretted the fact, and that they were perched—most insecurely it seemed to her—on the eleventh floor of a New York apartment hotel. She had been trying for at least ten minutes to find out whether or not her daughter shared her regret, a bit of information which the younger woman seemed inclined to withhold for the present.

"Well, do you really feel—pleased—over your—I mean our venture?" continued Mrs. Calhoun, with gentle insistence, putting down her cup and saucer and letting her hands fall listlessly into her lap.

This was a direct question, and as such demanded an answer—even though it came from her mother, who, Angie knew perfectly well, would have been neither hurt nor resentful had her daughter elected to remain silent.

"No," she said, with a little laugh which did not ring right—a fact which did not escape the attention of her mother and added greatly to her disquietude—"it wasn't at all gratifying, and I'm not a bit pleased with it. I just hate it—the whole business, from beginning to end."

"Oh, Angie—" "I knew it!" the girl interrupted recklessly. "I was determined to do it and nothing could have prevented me when the chance came. I wouldn't have accepted a kingdom in exchange for my opportunity to come to New York and be an actress. An actress, indeed!"

"You certainly have talent, Angie, a heap of it," her mother affirmed loyally. "Not a little bit," declared her daughter positively. "I'm Angela Calhoun first, last and all the time, and I never lose my hateful identity for a single minute. It makes no difference whether the part is Queen Elizabeth or Little Eva—I'm Angela Calhoun all the time."

"I'm mighty glad you are," said her mother, with a sudden assumption of spirit that almost transformed her. "I hope nothing will ever happen to change you into anybody else. That is—unless—"

"Just so—unless," Angie came to the rescue. "How did she applaud you last night?" said Mrs. Calhoun, returning tactfully to the matter in hand. "All those people must have enjoyed it, if you didn't. I thought they never would get enough of that last song. I don't see how you can feel that it wasn't a success. Everybody in the house was delighted. Mr. Goldsmith was charmed. He came into the box to congratulate me, you know."

"What did he say?" "He was too excited to say much of anything. 'Our little girl's a big winner' was one thing. Really, Angie, when I saw how those people liked it and were carrying on, I couldn't help feeling—well, proud of you."

"You dear! I wish for your sake that I might do something really worth while," said Angie, in a voice that was passing beyond her control. "Never mind, dear," becoming at once the tender maternal consolator. "You have but to say the word and we will go south at once. We can go back to Talladega in a blaze of glory. Your success last night has made that possible. Shall I begin to pack up, Angie?"

That was all that was required to bring about instant reaction. The girl abandoned her sensational lapse with a dexterity that would have served her admirably on the stage. "Don't let us be sentimental, mommy," she said. "We really can't afford it. No, we won't go back to Talladega. There isn't a soul in the town that I ever want to set eyes on again."

Mrs. Calhoun sighed faintly. "I used to think that you and Geoff Martin," she began, but Angie would not permit her.

"Yes, indeed." "And civics?" asked papa, his voice trembling. "I took it two terms." "And music?" "Wait. I have improvised a piece of my own."

The happy papa turned to the equally happy mamma. "Let us not only praise heaven," he said, "but let us also acquire such an education, but that I have money enough left to support her in case all the rest of her life."—New York Times.

Parents Proud That Daughter's Education Was Finished and Also for Another Reason.

"Finished at last!" The joyful parents of the beautiful young girl gathered around her with every seeming manifestation of extreme joy. It seemed almost too good to be true.

"And so, dear," said the mother, "you are indeed educated?" "Yes, indeed, mamma dear," replied the young girl, her eyes beaming. "See! Here is my diploma. His practical business career made him slow to accept."

"I feel that it must be so," he said, gaily; "still, I must be sure. My daughter, can you speak French?" "Like a native of Washington." The parents exchanged proud looks. "And you have studied psychology?" "I know all about it."

"And psychology, zoology, biology, geometry; physics and chemistry?" "Yes, indeed." "And civics?" asked papa, his voice trembling. "I took it two terms." "And music?" "Wait. I have improvised a piece of my own."

The happy papa turned to the equally happy mamma. "Let us not only praise heaven," he said, "but let us also acquire such an education, but that I have money enough left to support her in case all the rest of her life."—New York Times.

If you find any substance in your baking injurious to health made from baking powder in this can there is

**\$1000**  
In it for you

Calumet has been backed for years by an offer of \$1,000 for any substance injurious to health found in the baking prepared with it.

Does not this and the fact that it complies with all pure food laws, both State and National, prove that Calumet is absolutely pure?

With the purity question settled—then Calumet is undoubtedly the best Baking Powder. It contains more leavening power; it is more uniform—every can is the same. It assures better results—and is moderate in price.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition

**CALUMET**  
BAKING POWDER  
Pure in the Can—Pure in the Baking.

**Our SIX MONTHS' Guarantee Revolutionizes the Shoe Business**

**500 Big Shoe Men Are Fighting Our Plan**

We have aroused the whole world with our Six Months' Guarantee offer on shoes. We have blasted the scheme of 500 big shoe men to make the public pay *Five Million Dollars* a year selling expensive—\$5,000,000 for which you shoe buyers never get one penny's worth of benefit.

We are going to do away with traveling men and their enormous expenses. We are going to make letters do the work of salesmen. We are going to sell direct to the dealer by letter. Two-cent stamps for selling expenses mean hundreds of thousands of dollars saved for better material and better workmanship—hundreds of thousands of dollars that make it possible for us to make the *first and only* shoe good enough to guarantee.

**Desnoyers "SIX MONTHS" Shoes**

Guaranteed for Full Six Months' Wear

Our great saving on selling expense enables us to use leathers that others can't afford. Our business shoes are from Swiss leathers. The uppers from Paris. Vests—the toughest and best raw materials produced. We add wonderful wearing qualities to our shoes.

**LIGHT, NEAT, STYLISH**—Our "Six Months" Shoes not only have wearing qualities that will survive the hardest shoe wears on earth, but they have a beautiful style and finish that will delight the most particular dresser.

**HERE IS OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE**—If either the soles or uppers wear out within four months, we agree to furnish a new pair of shoes entirely free of charge. If either the soles or uppers wear out during the fifth month we agree to refund \$1.00 in cash. If either the soles or uppers wear out during the sixth month we agree to refund \$2.00 in cash. In other words, if these shoes should not give full six months' wear we refund more than the proportion they have worn. Your dealer will make any refund according to our guarantee. You don't have to send to the factory or deal with strangers.

**SEND FOR DEALER'S NAME AND STYLE BOOK**—No matter whether you want a shoe, you will find just what you want in a Desnoyers "Six Months" Shoe. Send postal for style book and name of dealer near you who handles "Six Months" Shoes.

**Desnoyers Shoe Company, 2234 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.**

**LOW FARES TO CALIFORNIA**

Low One-Way Colonist Fares in effect daily  
October 1 to October 15, 1910

via  
**Union Pacific Southern Pacific**

Standard Route of the West  
Electric Block Signals  
Excellent Dining Cars

For tickets and information, call on or address  
**GERRIT FORT, P. T. M.**  
U. P. R. R. Co. Omaha, Nebraska

**THE Famous Rayo Lamp**

Over a Billion users, always on

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but they're no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—positively rust-proof; an ornament to any room in any home. There is nothing known in the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the Rayo Lamp as a lighting device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at your, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)**

**OLD SORES CURED**

Allen's Ulcerative Cream—Chronic Ulcers, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Mercantile Ulcers, White Swelling, Mils Leg, Fever Sores, etc., etc. Prepared in Milan, Italy. J. J. ALLEN, Dept. A23, Paul, Minn.

**STOCKERS & FEDERS**

Choice quality; reds and whites; white faces of Angus bought on orders. Tens of Thousands to select from. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Correspondence Invited. Come and see for yourself.

**National Live Stock Com. Co.**  
At either  
Kansas City, Mo. St. Joseph, Mo. St. Omaha, Neb.

**No Matter**

what Liver or Bowel medicine you are using, stop it now. Get a 10c box—week's treatment—of **CASCARETS** today from your druggist and learn how easily, naturally and delightfully your liver can be made to work, and your bowels move every day. There's new life in every box. **CASCARETS** are nature's helper.

**You will see the difference!**

**CASCARETS** are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

**W. N. U., OMAHA, MO. 40-1970.**

### GRAY HEADS IN MISFORTUNE.

Striking Faces of Men Born for Distinguished Careers. Who Have, Somehow, Eluded Their Destiny.

The most pathetic type one comes across at minor restaurants in Boston is the elderly man who, framed for large adventures in the financial world, has come to grief somewhere and is scratching along on a microscopic sum of money, "doled out" by his children, most likely, someone commented having stumbled upon quite a roundful of men in a basement cafe near Capley square.

It was a place where for 25 cents you could get a generous serving of roast beef with a surprisingly good array of vegetables as accompaniment, or you could substitute a sort of ragout of meat in a manner if you chose. There were other alternatives for the price and an additional five cents procured a piece of pie and tea, or coffee, says the Boston Globe.

Not the most optimistic of observers could say that the surroundings

were agreeable. The apron of the waitresses had seen long and arduous service since they had last known the ministrations of a wash tub. Their once white blouses were in a condition to match the aprons. The tables were bare, the tableware strictly utilitarian and the napkins distressing to touch and sight alike, but the food was well cooked and plentiful, and that fact seemed to have been conveyed to the minds of a remarkable number of men who were born for distinguished careers, but some way had succeeded in eluding their manifest destiny.

Several really striking faces, crowned with snow-white hair, rose above those impossible tables with their more than impossible service. It would have been easier to believe that the owners of such countenances had adopted the place for a fad than to credit it that they could so have missed the goal in life as to make their resorting to it a necessity, but their garments bore witness to the fact in a way that could not be doubted.

Poverty in youth is interesting

when ever her husband looked at her she felt as though she could not stand it any longer.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.

And this was the story that she told.