## 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



EW YORK-Take a long look at the face of the young man which stares at you from this page. What do you

it it a petrician face, the features well modeled and regular, the brow bread and intellectual, the nose straight and pristogratic, the mouth not unkind, though perhaps a trifle

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

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 purrling mysteries of the past few years, a mistery 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

And, as a fitting climax to his ser-

called down the curtain on his short but remarkably tragic career by standing in front of the mirror, a few weeks ago, and, while these strange eyes of his looked at their own reflection in the ginss, shot himself, recied to a bed and died.

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

#### Question None Can Answer.

what was there about Louis Bauspire saidle in those with whom he people unhappy? I wonder what there came into intimate association? And is about it, anyway? I wish I could why did no end his own life?

Louis Rauduy was the son of a prominent St. Louis alienist, a young man of prepossessing appearance, culthen came to New York, where he St. Louis. She was a beautiful girl young girl, though it deprived him of himself in the head. and from the first the young pair seemed to be very happy. They had of looking on the one face he loved Party-eighth street, and were consid- world. ered to be model examples of a young

### Young Bride a Suicide.

But on Feb. 18, 1904, the wife was found dead in her apartment with a with Leone Violet Connelly, a beautirevolver beside her. She had left a ful young woman of twenty-three note in which she said she had com- years, a widow with one little child. mitted suicide because of "something"

of youth, heals many wounds, and the She said to a friend: day came when he seemed to have "Louis is everything great and good rallied from the shock of his wife's in the world when he is all right, and death and began to go about his bust- then he does not have that awful look ness with the same enthusiasm as of about the eyes. He will be all right, who attracted him and helped him much!" forget the first tragedy of his life. They were married and life seemed to to reform him has generally a thankhave opened up a bright new chapter less task, and it was so with the third for Louis Banduy.

couple at No. 146 West Eighty-third few weeks their relations had become street. The door was burst in and somewhat strained and the young hus-Rose flauduy was found dead, with band was staying away from home the gas turned full on in her room. many nights. The young husband was unconscious and his life was despaired of until his bitter quarrel in the little house, and brother sacrificed a transfusion of the young bride, opening the door, blood, which brought Louis back to told her husband to go out and never

explaining the cause of her suicide, vated structure at One Hundred and but to friends she had said some time Tenth street and tried to throw herbefore committing the deed that life self before a train. She was rescued, finally, impelled its owner to take his



it any longer

And now friends of Louis Bauduy began to note a strange appearance in his look that they had not noted before. A boyhood associate of his in St. Louis, meeting him in New York one night, asked him:

"Louis, what is the matter with you? You've got a queer look about your eyes that is enough to frighten any one. Why do you glare so at people and seem to be trying to stare Louis Banduy laughed.

"Ch, I guess it's just because I'm worried," he said. "I haven't any intention of staring at folks the way you say I do. I wonder if you don't imagine it, anyway?"

"No," said his friend, "I don't. Why, am I the first person who's ever spoken to you about it?" Louis Bauduy looked troubled as he

at his friend. "No," he said reminiscently, "to tell you the truth, you're not the first. duy's eyes to make all three of his Women are told me so-my two searciful young wives kill them wives told me so. My stare used to sives? What was the mystery about haunt them, they said. I monder if the young man which seemed to in there's anything about it that makes

#### find out and correct the trouble." Yet Another Chapter.

his most cherished right, the privilege | For a time his identity remained a

Had the young man followed any such impulse the third and fourth not need to be written.

Fate brought him in association She was a manicure employed in a

which she could stend no longer. At big New York hotel and lived with that time nobody guessed that the rea- her mother at an uptown apartment. son might have lain in the eyes of the She and Louis Bauduy fell in love and young man on whom his pretty bride's were married on June 3, of this year. tragic death seemed to have fallen as The third wife of this handsome a heavy weight, and who seemed in young man knew when she married him that he had given himself to dis-The bereaved husband was discon- sipation, but with woman's blind faith sointe, but time, especially in the case she thought she could reform him.

And then he met another girl I know, for we love each other so

But the woman who marries a man Mrs. Bauduy. After a short honeythat on Dec. 10, 1908, neighbors moon they went to live at an apart-

On the night of Aug. 12 there was a return. Then, when he had gone, she Mrs. Handuy No. 2 had left no note left the place herself, went to the ele. plain it. The mystery still remains.

she felt as though she could not stand story that she too:

#### Could Not Reform Husband.

"When I married my husband," she said, "I did not know that he had ever been married before. I loved him and thought that his rather eccentric ways were due to drinking, of which I was sure that I could cure him. But recently I found that this was a thankless task, and I began to grow tired of life. I do not know-or rather I did not know-what the impulse was that was urging me on to self-destruction. them through and through? it's un- But the other day when I learned that he had two wives before me, and that both had committed suicide, I seemed to understand the reason for this impulse. It was absolutely irresistable. I could not fight against it. I tried to, but something seemed to urge me on to put an end to things, and when he came to the house last night after several days' absence, and I had seen him for a few hours, the impulse was stronger than ever. Then I sent aim stared more steadily and searchingly away and followed out of the house myself, determined to finish it all." "If we let you go now," asked the

police, "will you try again to kill your-"No," said Mrs. Bauduy, "I don't think, now that I shall not see Louis again, that the feeling will come over

### Bauduy Ends Own Life.

me so strongly."

Then came the fourth and last chap-Louis Bauduy, perhaps, had read ter of the career of Louis C. Bauduy and well educated. He engaged De Maujassant's story. Perhaps he when, one week after his young wife in business in his home town and was meditating such a course as the had tried to kill herself he went to a hero of that gruesome tale followed- hotel at Mamaroneck, N. Y., and, regmarried a Miss Hertha Sayer, also of a course which saved the life of one istering Lider an assumed name, shot

mystery, as he had tried to erase all pretty apartments at No. 346 West more than anything else in the whole telltale marks from his clothing, but identification was made by a sister.

When the news of her husband's death was taken to Mrs. Bauduy she chapters of his melancholy life would tried to kill herself once more by leaping from a window, and was barely restrained from so doing.

And so ended the career of Louis Bauduy. The mystery surrounding it. the strange series of circumstances which made these three beautiful girls, who had become his wives, attempt to end their lives, will never really be cleared up.

No more will the mystery of the man's last hours be explained, nor the precise reasons for his ending it all by taking his own life. Perhaps when he went to the little country hotel he was wondering if it were true that he was a living prototype of the unfortunate hero of De Maspassant's mystery. He had learned of his wife's attempt at death in the meantime. Did this third tragedy in his married life cause him to realize that there was something about him which haunted women to suicide? Who knows? Unless a self-destroyer leaves a note explaining those last moments alone with himself, the rest of the world smelled gas from the apartment of the ment on Manhattan avenue, and in a can only guess at what takes place in his mind.

But Louis Bauduy, whatever his reasoning, whatever the thoughts that passed through his unhappy mind, drew the veil over a life that may have been governed by the law of coincidence, or may simply have worked out some strange law. He ended a

drove three women to try suicide, and,

What was there about this face that

Parents Proud That Daughter's Eduevery seeming manifestation of ex-

too poignantly touching to be seen

"Just a week after you had read it." "Ah! I was in luck, then."-Fligende

### 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 he paints—sublime— For these my heart with yearning sigha,
And yet they cannot take the place
Of one swift glance of roguish eyes—
Or dimpled smile upon your face,



If you find any sub-stance in your bak-ing injurious to health made

from baking powder in this can/-

-

there is

\$4 STYLE

FOR MEN

Dress--Business--Work

### 

# Angie's Ambition

### By GERALD PRIME

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They were talking it over-Angle; "Mr. Martin and I are mere acand her pretty mother. "It certainly must have been grati- with an air of finality. Then she con-

of toast, an occupation which seemed wants me it can have me. Mrs. Calhoun sipped her tea in silence.

preference is unusual They were not in Alabama now. 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 list-

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

"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,

"You certainly have talent, Angle, a heap of it," her mother affirmed loy-

"Not a little bit," declared her daughter positively. "I'm Angela Calhoun first, last and all the time, and I

I hope nothing will ever happen to change you into anybody else. That is-unless-

"Just so-unless," Angle came to the rescue.

"How they did 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 though 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 congratu-

late me, you know." "What did he say?"

"He was too excited to say much of anything. 'Our little girl's a big win. Alabama. I saw her act last night ner' 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. der that she broke with me?" "Never mind, dear," becoming at once the tender maternal consoler: "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, Angle?"

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, momsey," she said. "We really can't af. radiantly. ford it. No, we won't go back to Talladega. There isn't a soul in the town tragic story, though he did not ex- that I ever want to set eyes on again.

Mrs. Calhoun sighed faintly.

cation Was Finished and Also for

Another Reason.

The joyful parents of the beautiful

young girl gathered around her with

"And so, dear," said the mother,

"Yes, indeed, mamma dear," replied

the young girl, her eyes beaming.

Papa was more cautious. His

"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.

practical business career made him

"Finished at last!"

you are indeed educated?"

"See! Here is my diploma."

to be true.

slow to accept.

fying-in a way," said Mrs. Calhoun, tinued, "I shall go right on as I have in her leisurely southern monotone. | begun, I am not an actress and I Her daughter was buttering a piece know it, but as long as the public to demand her utmost concentration. "Mr. Goldsmith is very pleasant for a foreigner," hazarded Mrs. Cal

quaintances-nothing more," she said

and with a look of polite expectancy. houn, because she did not agree with She always drank tea at breakfast, a her daughter in her low estimate of habit which gave her an added dis- her histrionic ability and knew that tinction in Alaabma, where such a Angie was not in the mood to be combatted successfully.

"He's perfectly horrid!" declared Mrs. Calhoun regretted the fact, and the girl, with an emphasis that made her mother shiver. "They all are!" "Then why don't we go back to Ala bama by the first train?" wailed the

> As if in immediate answer to her question, Mr. Geoffrey Martin was an-"Are you going to see him?" Mrs.

perplexed woman helplessly.

Calhoun asked in a whisper. "Certainly not. Say that we are at breakfast." "Nobody ever breakfasts at this

hour in Talladega. He'll think it mighty strange." "I don't see why we should be responsible for that. He might have

avoided the difficulty by remaining in Talladera " "You may be sure that it's something unusual that's brought him to New York," said Mrs. Calhoun, with a

puzzled look on her fair face. "Oh, if you have the slightest curl osity to know what brings him, bet ter have him come up. That break fast jacket of yours is altogether too becoming not to have some one see it I'll disappear into my room. Tell him

I'm-well, dressing for rehearsal." The girl rose and with a few deft touches piled the breakfast things on a tray, her mother half protesting half acquiescing. Almost coincidental with her exit, tray in hand, from one door was the entrance of Mr. Geoffres Martin at another.

He was a favorite with Mrs. Calhoun, and his reception was most cordial. The little woman made no al tempt to conceal her delight at seeing some one from home, and had so many questions to ask him concerning local happenings that the young fellow, who essayed courteously to answer them, had little room for constraint. At the never lose my hateful identity for a first opportunity he asked after An single minute. It makes no difference whether the part is Queen Elizabeth ferred to speak openly, and even more or Little Eva-I'm Angela Calhoun all especially because she knew that from "I'm mighty glad you are," said her by a drawn curtain, her daughter was mother, with a sudden assumption of a more or less interested listener, Mrs. spirit that almost transformed her. Calhoun assured him that Angela was

"I saw her last night-at the thea tre," he said soberly, "and I-I fancied---

"And you were there!" she inter rupted eagerly. "Tell me what you thought of her. Isn't she splendid?" He hesitated so long that she mis took his silence for disagreement. The possibility almost angered her and she drew herself up prepared to defend her opinion to the very last. "Oh, perhaps," she began loftily.

"Pardon me, dear Mrs. Calhoun," he interrupted hastily. "She is indeed splendid. Under any circumstances whatever she is that. That I would have admitted before you left and now I am ready to propounce her magnificent. Did she tell you that our unfortunate-ah-ah - disagreement came from my absurd unbelief in her dramatic ability? Think of it; I, Geoffrey Martin, tried to convince her that she could not act. Do you won-"Did she-just for that?"

"How could she help it, dear little girl!" he went on, passionately. "I was an idiot and I shall never go back to Tallodega until I have the chance to call myself an idiot in her presence I have lost her, but I don't intend to deny myself that final pleasure. When shall I have the opportunity?"

Before Mrs. Calhoun could frame a reply Angle emerged suddenly and stood against the crimson background of the curtain. Her face was flushed and tear-stained, but she was smiling

"You shall never have the opportunity if I can prevent it," she said. The bell interrupted noisily and Mr. Goldsmith was announced.

"Please attend to him, momsey," used to think that you and Geoff Mar. said Angie, with admirable presence tin," she began, but Angie would not of mind, "and tell him there will be no contract."

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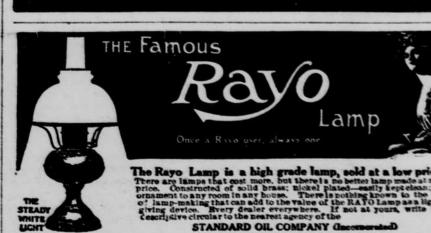
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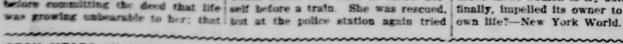
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Striking Faces of Men Born for Dis-

tinguished Careers, Who Have,

Somehow, Eluded Their Destiny. The most pathetic type one comes across at minor restaurants in Boston is the elderly man who, frames tor was well cooked and plentiful, and shifts to exist under the eyes of their large adventures in the financial that fact seemed to have been con- peers only. and is scratching along on a microecopis sum of money, "doled out by his children most likely," someone commented when the writer men destiny. tioned having stumbled upon quite a roomful of men in a basement cafe

it was a place where for 29 cepts costs procured a piece o. pie and tea, their garments bore witness to the or cosee, says the Boston Globe.

Not the most optimistic of observ-

has come to grief somewhere veyed to the minds of a remarkable

Several really striking faces, crowned with snow-white hair, rose above those impossible tables with you could get a generous serving of their more than impossible service. It would have been easier to believe that array of vegetables as accompaniment, or you could substitute a sort adopted the place for a fad than to of ragout offset in like manner if you credit it that they could so have There were other alternatives missed the goal in life as to make for the price and an additional five their resorting to it a necessity, but

doubted. ers could say that the surroundings Poverty in youth is interesting Blatter

GRAY HEADS IN MISFORTUNE were agreeable. The aprons of the Poverty in age is disgraceful, however waitresses had seen long and ardous one considers it. There was some service since they had last known the thing fairly unseemly in viewing ministrations of a washtub. Their those gray heads in such surroundonce white blouses were in a condi- ings. A sense of the fitness of things tion to match the aprons. The tables stirred a desige to hustle all the were bare, the tableware strictly utili- younger people out of the place and tarian and the napkins distressing to gently shut the door upon those touch and sight alike, but the food others, leave them to practice their

The younger ones were plainly stunumber of men who were born for disinguished careers, but some way had a future before them which made succeeded in eluding their manifest such adventures for the time being but gay larks to be told of with proud enjoyment. The roomful, taken as a whole, was a singularly interesting showing of human nature, yet it was

"So the book has been withdrawn from publication? A good job, too; it was perfectly scandalous. When was the order made?"

"And you have studied psychology?" "I know all about it." "And psysiology, zoology, biology, geometry; phyics and chemistry?"

"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 equaltreme joy. It seemed almost too good ly happy mamma. "Let us not only praise heaven." he said, "that she has acquired such an education, but that I have money

enough left to support her in ease all the rest of her life."-New York Times. The Amateur.

eh? Well, four hours every evening is too long for you to be on your feet young man Son-But, pa, I am only on my feet two hours.

Stern Parent-Learning to dance,

Stern Parent-Two hours? How do you make that out? Son-Why, the rest of the time I'm on my partner's feet