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WILSON LIFTS THE ARMS EMBARGO

President Says Rivals in Mexico Must Fight It Out

PEACE IS NOT FAR DISTANT

Jubilant Rebels at Once Order Field Artillery—Heavy Guns and Other Supplies to Be Rushed to Villa for Attack on Torreon.

Washington.—President Wilson issued an executive order lifting the embargo on the shipment of arms from the United States into Mexico. This means that Carranza and the Constitutionalists will now have full access to the supply of arms and ammunition on markets on the northern side of the Rio Grande.

The President's proclamation was as follows:

"Whereas, by a proclamation of the President, issued on March 14, 1912, under a joint resolution of Congress, approved by the President on the same day, it was declared that there existed in Mexico conditions of domestic violence which were promoted by the use of arms or munitions of war procured from the United States; and

"Whereas, by the joint resolution came unlawful to export arms or munitions of war to Mexico except under such limitations and exceptions as the President should prescribe.

"Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, hereby declare and proclaim that, as the conditions on which the proclamation of March 14, 1912, was based, have essentially changed, and as it is desirable to place the United States with reference to the exportation of arms or munitions of war to Mexico in the same position as other powers, the said proclamation is hereby revoked."

The immediate effect of the President's action will probably be to terrorize the Federal armies in Mexico, and as viewed here, it also marks a decided step toward the final overthrow of Huerta. Carranza repeatedly boasted that if the embargo on arms were lifted he would be in Mexico City within 30 days.

The President's order will tend to hasten the crisis in Mexico.

The lifting of the embargo marks the first departure by the Administration from its policy of "watchful waiting." The President, in promulgating the order, made it clear that he was actuated chiefly by the conviction that the present prohibition against shipments of munitions of war to the Constitutionalists stood in the way of establishing orderly and lawful government in Mexico.

The President's order contains a word of encouragement for the Constitutionalists and the recognition of Carranza by the United States is expected to follow.

The important points through which the rebels can obtain sinews of war, as reported to the War Department, are Matamoros, Juarez, Ojinaga, Nogales and Agua Prieta. Carranza's men completely control these cities, while in the whole 1,800 miles of the Northern Mexican border Huerta's troops are in control only of Nuevo Laredo and Piedras Negras.

NEW ORLEANS NOW EXPOSES VAST STORES OF ORDNANCE

New Orleans.—With the removal by President Wilson of the embargo on the exportation of arms and ammunition to Mexico the veil has been lifted from the operations of New Orleans dealers in war munitions, revealing this city as a veritable arsenal of Latin-American revolutionary activity.

There are, in New Orleans and nearby towns, more than 15,000,000 rounds of rifle ammunition; approximately 14,000 army rifles; four machine guns; and several thousand army revolvers; too, with plentiful supplies of cartridge belts, holsters, canteens and saddles, sufficient for equipping an army of approximately 15,000 men for active field service.

"WAR IS OVER," SAYS VILLA; WHEN HE HEARS THE NEWS

El Paso.—"The war is over." This is Pancho Villa's first comment when told of President Wilson's decision to raise the embargo on arms and ammunition.

"I want to thank the United States for its action. Mr. Wilson's decision does him honor, for it does justice to Mexico. With plenty of ammunition at our command, the Constitutional revolution will sweep Huerta's forces from Mexico in a short while.

"Your President Wilson is a great man. I don't think the Americans, as a whole, realize how strong and good a character he is! His decision means freedom for Mexico and the erection of government like your own."

WILSON LISTENS TO SUFFRAGISTS

Four Hundred Women Invade the White House

CALL FOR CAUCUS ISSUED

Big Delegation Sees Him—Pleas of Workingwomen Impress Him, but He Repeats That He Cannot Speak Ahead of His Party.

Washington.—Headed by a brass band, about four hundred working women, representing nearly a dozen states, marched to the White House and pleaded in vain with the President for his support of the proposed constitutional amendment enfranchising women.

President Wilson frankly told the women that he could not speak as the leader of his party on any legislation until the party itself had taken a position on the subject. It was the same reply he gave to a deputation of suffragists early in December, and it was far from satisfactory to the delegates.

It was a unique spectacle that the suffragists, carrying banners and pennants describing their mission, presented. There was nothing militant in the attitude of the several hundred women and girls, but there was an earnestness evident which made an impression upon the President.

The marchers halted outside the executive office of the White House, while a committee of twenty-five, headed by Mrs. Glendower Evans, of the Massachusetts Trades Women's League, went into the President's private office, where brief speeches were made.

President Wilson reiterated his theory about the Baltimore convention taking its position on national questions, saying he felt pledged to adhere to the platform.

Several other delegates spoke briefly, the last being Miss Rose Winslow, of Pennsylvania, representing the textile workers. "You are entirely too fair and intelligent," she said, "not to know what is going on in the world. In many ways the working women are in either the sanatorium for tuberculosis or the streets."

At the President's invitation all the marchers were invited in, and he shook hands with them as they filed past.

While this appeal was being turned down, however, the suffragists were having better luck at the Capitol. Representative A. Mitchell Palmer, chairman of the Democratic House caucus, issued a call for a caucus to act upon a resolution to create a committee on woman suffrage.

The suffragists regard the issuance of the caucus call as the most important achievement of the past year, so far as Congress is concerned. Their supporters in the House are determined that a full and free discussion of the full merits of the suffrage cause shall be had at the caucus.

"STORE FOOD" KILLING INDIANS.

Governor of Choctaw Nation Predicts Extinction in 50 Years.

Washington.—The prediction that the full-blooded American Indian will have disappeared in a half century was made here by Victor M. Locke, Governor of the Choctaw nation, one of the five civilized tribes. He estimates that there are 100,000 full-bloods living at present.

Gov. Locke attributes the enormous death rate among the full-blooded Indians in the last few years to pneumonia and other diseases of the lungs.

"In recent years," Gov. Locke said, "instead of raising his own meats, vegetables, and bread, as he did fifty years ago, the Indian has been obliged to eat the food purchased from stores by the Government. Though this food is good, it seems to be impossible for the full-blooded Indian to thrive on it. It is against his nature. Give the old Indian the opportunity to rove the plains again, let him hunt for his food, and he will continue to live for many years."

PINDELL DECLINES EMBASSY.

Named as Envoy to Russia He Would Avoid Misunderstanding.

Washington.—Henry M. Pindell, of Peoria, Ill., who was recently nominated and confirmed as Ambassador to Russia, has declined the appointment, according to a letter to the President, made public at the White House.

Mr. Pindell wrote to President Wilson that, although the Senate had investigated accusations in connection with his appointment, he felt, nevertheless, that no controversy of any kind should surround the appointment of any Ambassador, as it was liable to be misunderstood abroad.

JULIA FLAKE AND MURDERED MOTHER



Here are the two women concerned in the appalling tragedy at North Henderson, a suburb of Galesburg, Ill. Standing is Mrs. Frank Higgins, who was murdered in cold blood by her husband, and seated is Julia Flake, the woman's fifteen-year-old daughter, who has confessed that she and Higgins planned the crime in order that they might be wedded.

MEXICAN REBELS SIEGE MILLIONS

Swell War Chest by Confiscating Rich Men's Property

VILLA LOYAL TO CARRANZA

Rebels Order 5,000,000 Pesos, in New Bills From American Firm—Will Be Made Like U. S. Currency—To Circulate in North.

Juarez, Mex.—Five million Mexican dollars is the amount of cash which the rebels under Gen. Francisco Villa possess to carry on their revolution.

In addition, they say, they have possession of much personal property, stores, cattle and land confiscated from rich families and valued at many millions.

The cash represents part of the wealth obtained under the direction of Villa. It was accumulated from forced loans on banks, merchants, mines, on the Terrazas and Creel families and from taxation and import duties.

Villa underwent an operation which was necessitated by a bullet wound received several months ago. It was said he will be able to return to Chihuahua in a few days.

Referring to General Ynez Salazar, a Federal volunteer general who escaped from Ojinaga, Mexico, and is now locked up in Marfa, Tex., for violating the neutrality law, Villa said:

"I wish the United States would turn him over to me. I would promise not to keep him in jail long."

Five million pesos in currency will be issued by the Constitutionalist Government. The money will be circulated wherever the Constitutionalist are in control. All previous issues of rebel currency will be called in. An order for the manufacture of the currency has been placed with an American banknote concern. The quality of the paper to be used will be similar to that of American currency.

Villa persists that he and Carranza are the best of friends, notwithstanding indication to the contrary from Sonora. Luis Sandoval virtually admitted that his recent mission to Chihuahua was to induce Villa to break with Carranza and join with Felix Diaz. He says his visit "was in the interest of peace and to stop the revolution." Sandoval is opposed to Carranza because he does not consider him of sufficient strength to pacify the country.

Fifty thousand pesos were brought to Juarez in an automobile from El Paso, presumably as part of the ransom which General Luis Terrazas has agreed to pay Villa for bringing his family out of Chihuahua.

FORTY-FIVE LOST AS MONROE SINKS

Merchants Liner Nantucket Runs Her Down During Thick Fog

AT BOTTOM IN 10 MINUTES

92 Saved From Death After Heroic Struggle—Dense Fog Causes Grim Ocean Tragedy Near Hog Island Despite Precautions.

Norfolk, Va.—Forty-five human lives—nineteen passengers on the Old Dominion line steamer Monroe and twenty-two of her crew—was the toll claimed by the sea, when the Nantucket, a smaller ship of the Merchants and Miners Transportation Co., reaching for Norfolk, Va., from Boston, crashed into the Monroe in the heavy fog just off Hog Island, which is sixty miles from Cape Charles, when the Monroe was barely five hours out of Norfolk and bound for New York. Forty lives out of a possible 140. Yet the annals of such tragedies contain few such stories of simple courage, few such records of calm, deliberate action by men and women, young and old—seafaring men and landsmen, in the face of death.

To the everlasting credit of the colored race be it writ that every passenger who could tell the tale of his rescue spoke with unstinted praise of the cool bravery of the stewards and stewardesses, waiters and porters and other colored help that were a feature of the Monroe's service. These men and women seemed to think first of the passengers, not of themselves, and they turned to the rescue of the white folks before they thought of their own kith and kin.

Captain Orders: "Women and Children First!"

"Women and children first!" was the order of Captain E. E. Johnson of the Monroe as he stood by the sinking vessel in command of one of the three lifeboats which it was possible to launch. The women, for the most part protected by life-preservers which the faithful blacks had helped them to adjust, were floating about in the still, icy waters, and Captain Johnson and First Officer Horsley, who commanded another boat, moved slowly around in the mists of the fog, picking them up, guided only by the dim gleam of the searchlight from the Nantucket, which had backed away from the sinking Monroe.

Twelve minutes after the vessels had struck, the Monroe had turned over and sunk, bottom uppermost. When there was no further sign of life on the water it was ascertained that eighty had been saved and forty-five were missing.

A number of those saved were in a serious condition from exposure. They had on only their night clothes and were half dead from their experience in the cold water.

LABOR UNIONS NOT EXEMPT

Leaders Threaten to Fight Anti-Trust Bills

OPPOSITION BY PRESIDENT

Gompers and His Men Go After Congressmen—Declare That Labor Will Retaliate if Immunity Amendment is Not Voted Into Bill.

Washington.—Organized labor has started a campaign that extends to every district in the United States and is designed to force Congress to incorporate in one of the pending anti-trust bills, a provision exempting labor organizations' and farmers' associations from prosecution under the Sherman Law.

The issue has been raised and it may cause trouble before it is settled. The understanding here is that President Wilson is opposed to the alleged unjust "protection" of organized forces and if the pending bill reaches the White House with such exemptions the President will probably veto it.

While Democratic leaders are not inclined to discuss the subject, one of them has stated that, in a recent conference, the President expressed disapproval of the exemptions sought by labor.

Although Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has repeatedly demanded amendments to the anti-trust laws, expressly providing that they do not apply to labor, the fact was either overlooked or ignored by Chairman Clayton and the other members of the judiciary committee which framed the pending administration anti-trust measures. This is accepted as indicative of the frame of mind of the committeemen who will handle the trust bills in the House and probably reflects the attitude of the administration toward this particular labor proposal.

Hearings are now in progress on the administration anti-trust bills and organized labor is preparing to move on the committees. Labor leaders apparently believe the judiciary committee will not incorporate an exemption provision in any of the pending bills. This is indicated in letters on the subject received practically by every member of the House and Senate. The letters, written by labor men who are in close touch with local political conditions in the various districts, call on senators and representatives to stand by labor in this "emergency."

The letters are by no means threatening, but they are all phrased in such a way as to make it clear that, if the recipients take a stand against an exemption amendment, labor will retaliate. In all the letters Congressmen are called upon to make a reply, outlining their views on the question. This has embarrassed many representatives, who are constantly dodging issues raised by labor.

ICE BREAKS, TWO BOYS DROWN.

Companion Also Falls in Pompton Lakes, But Is Saved.

Pompton Lakes, N. J.—Elmer Firo, 10 years old, and his brother Joseph, 12 years old, fell through the ice while skating on Pompton Lakes and were drowned.

Elmer ventured out 150 feet from shore, where the ice was thin. It broke and as he went under he cried for help. His brother, who was on shore, tried to save him. Just as he was within a few feet of where his brother was the ice gave way.

Another boy, Joseph Anderson, who was with him, skated to shore and summoned the volunteer firemen. He then returned to where his friends went under and he also fell when the ice broke. He held onto the ice.

When Mayor Henry G. Hirschfeld and his volunteers arrived they saved Anderson, but could not see the two brothers. Their bodies were recovered after an hour's work with grappling hooks.

FALSELY ACCUSED, DIES.

Innocent Man, Charged with Stealing 12 Stamps, Hangs Himself.

Washington.—Arrested on suspicion of having stolen twelve parcel post stamps which he said had been given to him by his sister, Joseph Gregory, of 407 Sixth and Half Streets, Southwest, committed suicide by hanging himself in a cell in the police station. The police afterward learned that Gregory had told the truth about the stamps. He left a note saying: "Rather than be sent to jail for something I am innocent of, I had rather die."

Gregory was trying to sell the stamps on the street when arrested. He was 42 years old.

IN ALL PARTS OF NEW JERSEY

Telegraphed Localities Covering the Entire State.

FACTORIES RUSHING WORK

Cullings From Late Dispatches That Epitomize the News of the State for a Week—Fishermen Report Good Luck at Coast Resorts.

A pound for stray cats exclusively has been opened at Elizabeth by the S. P. C. A.

Asbury Park was enriched nearly \$100,000 in cash last year as a result of its conventions and conferences.

The Rev. August F. Bender will be recalled to the pastorate of the Second Dutch Reformed Church, Jersey City, at a salary in excess of that which he received before he resigned his charge.

While Joseph Sahly, a young farmer of Egg Harbor City, was brushing off some woodland with an assistant, the latter's brush hook glanced and struck Sahly in the wrist, nearly severing it from the arm.

The Rev. F. A. Wells, who has been pastor of the Wesley M. E. Church, Pleasantville, for six years, has notified the congregation that he will ask to be assigned to a new field by the annual conference.

Frank Yatehenk of Elizabeth was found at the Elizabethport station of the Central Railroad, with a deep cut in his head. He was unable to tell how he was injured. He was taken to the Alexian Brothers' Hospital.

Herman Lefkowitz was found guilty of obtaining automobile supplies under false pretenses when tried before Judge Joshua R. Salmon and a jury in the Court of Quarter Sessions at Newark.

Four complaints of fraud and embezzlement have been made against Edward C. Layton by an insurance company for which he was collector at Elizabeth. He was arrested by Detective Hess.

Struck by a falling brick pillar in the basement of the bakery shop of John Hess, Jr., Elias Seabrook, a laborer, was so badly hurt that he died before medical aid could reach him, at Keyport.

The contract for the building of the coaling stations for the Panama Canal has been awarded to the Bergen Point Iron Works at the foot of West Fifth street and Newark Bay at a price close to \$2,000,000.

Aided by her husband, Mayor George N. Seger, of Passaic, Mrs. Josephine B. Seger has started a campaign against cab drivers at the railroad station who are in the habit of charging exorbitant rates to late arrivals.

At Newton David Williams, convicted of mayhem in biting off the tips of both ears of George Tittsworth, at a ball in Vernon township, was sentenced by Judge Allen R. Shay to from one to seven years in State prison.

The Misses Raymond, musicians of Westmount, have launched a choral society in their town, with Gates Baptist Church as the place of rehearsals. The best talent in the town has been secured as members.

A petition signed by many merchants, property owners and other citizens of the Bergen section was received by the Board of City Commissioners at Jersey City praying for better fire apparatus for the protection of that part of the city.

At Elizabeth Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Purtell, of 621 Franklin street, had a dispute in their home and unable to settle the question they called in Patrolman Burke, who was passing the house. The patrolman was able to give a decision and restore peace in the household.

William Carroll, a boy living with his parents, at 217 Halliday street, Jersey City, was awarded \$2,400 by a jury in the Hudson County Circuit Court in his suit against Frederick Potch for injuries received August 3 last, when Potch's auto ran the boy down on Henderson street.

The Moorestown Field Club has elected these officers: President, Charles T. Brown; vice-president, David R. Lippincott; secretary, T. H. Dudley Perkins; treasurer, Reuben Speiser. It is announced that \$1,700 has been raised and the deficit of last year has been wiped out.

# Making Tomorrow's World

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## TOWN AND HOUSE PLANNING



Ghent, Belgium. —Town planning is not a modern invention. Only the purpose of the planning has changed. Towns were planned yesterday for the glory of the great and the enjoyment of the few, for show or for safety against invasion. The town planners of today are working on other and totally different lines. Almost within the decade has developed the town planning which takes into account the great majority of the people who dwell in the towns. The new town-planner is a practical democrat. This was the central and significant thought of the First International Town Planning Congress held in this quaint, historic city of Ghent, Belgium, in the Palace of Congresses of its beautiful exposition. Town-planning involves house-planning. Plans are futile unless workable. The provision of funds and the direction and control of expenditure were discussed. And because town-planning takes into account in its largest vision the city's suburbs and the country side, even far removed, there was report of farm dwellings and farms, of the provision of houses in country as in town. The gathered experiences of a dozen nations, through official representatives from their chief cities, were presented. Conspicuous was the object lesson presented in an exhibit by a learned St. Andrew's professor, in picture, chart and model, of the changing plans of towns, from the glorification of the Caesar, the church or the state, Berlin or Rome or Washington, to the good of the men and women and even of the boys and girls, who were the residents.

**Takes Parks to the People.**  
We have built our towns not to fit us but to fit our neighbors' eyes. Cathedral and castle and capitol, bou-



Healthy and Happy Children.

levard and avenue and park, contrast sharply with dwelling houses. Edinburgh has Prince's Street, most beautiful, but has—or had—also North Canongate. Paris has the Champ Elysees and the Avenue de l'Opera, and all the sparkling boulevards, but also the sidestreets of Montmartre and Belleville. London has St. James' Park and Whitechapel. The same was true of every city yesterday and is true today. The town-planners hope for change tomorrow. Parks and broad avenues and plans with noble monuments may be beautiful and desirable, but if the space which makes them possible is taken from the living-rooms of the people, they become, to him who sees beneath the surface show of the city, undesirable and hideous. Parks are a city's lungs, the breathing places for its people, but one may not live at his best if he breathes only on Sunday afternoons. So the new town-plan, as the people, particularly the little people, can not come to the big park far removed, takes the park to them. Town-planning and building of towns and country houses are taking on a new and totally different aspect.

### Landlords Subordinated.

In Great Britain the Conservative party, when in power some twelve years ago, passed through Parliament the Small Dwellings Acquisitions Act. The Liberals, by the Housing and Town Planning Act of 1909, added to the provisions of the earlier act the feature of town planning, for the first time in British legislation. France, Germany, Belgium and other substantial countries have made large progress, though not always on the same lines. Speaking generally, the new legislation sanctions loans by states and municipalities for the acquisition of land for the provision of parks, the erection of dwellings and other purposes. The interest of the landlord or the owner of real estate is

subordinated to the interest of the community. The crowded housing, which the greed of real estate promoters so frequently brings about in small as well as large towns, is not permitted under the new town-planning legislation. Society has rights which even the real estate agents must respect. Cities, which were formerly built for the power and the glory of the overlord, and, more latterly, for the pocket of the landlord, are to be constructed for common, ordinary folks, the class to which most of us belong. Life is to be preferred above mere property.

Now all this can not be brought about in a day. The building of Rome took longer, whatever its planning or lack of planning required. Progress, remarkable progress, has been made. The Ghent Congress showed that much has been accomplished in less than a decade. The reconstruction of Vienna, the workingmen's houses in Germany, the making over of certain poorer quarters in Paris and Brussels and Ghent, Garden City, near London, and other city suburbs in Great Britain, are examples of the new but widespread movement for better housing for town and country.

### Better Housing Progress in England.

Great Britain, where conditions of life are more nearly similar to those in the United States, contributed the results of its recent experimental legislation. This legislation, in substance, was designed to simplify and cheapen the existing procedure for acquiring land for housing purposes and to deal with insanitary areas and unhealthy dwellings, to require landlords to keep rented houses in proper repair, and to provide for town planning. Under this act 140 British towns have adopted schemes of town planning to guide their growth and development. Farm land to the amount of 160,000 acres has been purchased and upon it have been installed 13,000 smallholders. Ninety per cent of this state acquisition of land was not by compulsion but by voluntary agreement with landowners. Ninety-eight per cent of the 13,000 smallholders rent the land. Only two per cent bought it from the state, the others preferring to be tenants of the county councils, to which is entrusted the local administration

Britain could employ, if necessary, compulsory powers to purchase land in considerable blocks, erecting cottages four to an acre, thereon and the scheme profitable at 75 cents a week. This estimate included, in addition to \$750 for the cost of the cottage, \$250 for the land. After due allowance was added for loan charges, repairs, insurance, and supervision, the total annual cost to be met was set down at \$160 per group of four, which works out about 75 cents a week for each.

### Model Cottage for 62 Cents Weekly.

The model was shown of a cottage in Surrey, England, actually built and rented to three young women earning their living. This cottage has three bedrooms, parlor, kitchen, pantry, bathroom, coal-cellar. A framework of block weatherboarding was used for the external walls. Between this and the plaster interior is an air space which is said to make the house warm and dry and perfectly weather-proof. It cost, land included, \$600 and rents for 62 cents a week.

Better housing on the farm may not, of course, check the movement of population to the city. Perhaps it is neither necessary nor desirable to retain upon the soil, under today's condition, so large a proportion of the population as yesterday. The more rural conditions are improved, the better the wages and the housing, the higher the education at the school, the less will the farm-laborer be satisfied with the country as it is. So better farm conditions, through Housing Reform and in other ways, brings an increased betterment of all rural life conditions for those who remain and, with better conditions, fewer hands are needed. It was not a far cry, therefore, when the Town Planning Congress heard one speaker emphasize the need for a more comfortable rural life and for a more intensive agriculture.

### A Slum Life Story.

Over against the progress of the new attack upon the old slum, as shown by the Ghent Congress, may be put a story told a few evenings before at a London club. Miss B., an old maid with much money and nothing to do, became interested in slum work. She rented rooms in a London slum district, gave tea and cake—the British climax of afternoon hospitality—to children who came and presented material for any garments they would make. One little girl worried Miss B. She looked so poor and ill and miserable. Finally the Good Samaritan decided to invite the child to her country home for a week's holiday, an invitation accepted with delight. The good woman made every provision for her comfort, a pretty bedroom, toys and playmates and books, food and flowers. The child of the slums could stand it only four days. She wanted to go back to London the second day, she cried all the third day and neither food nor fruit nor flowers could tempt her on the fourth. She invented excuses to induce her benefactor to take her back to her tenement dwelling—she dreamt her mother was dead, she had sprained her foot, her father had written that her baby brother was ill. The truth was that her small Cockney soul fairly sickened for the sights and smells of the slums and that a ha'penny worth of chips eaten from a scrap of newspaper tasted to her sweeter than a well-cooked omelette served in a china plate. "They are all the same," said he who told the story as argument against the new crusade against the slum, town-planning for all the people, "they are all the same; you can do nothing with them—dress them, feed them, pamper them, it is all the same, they will fall back into the gutter and regard you as an enemy for trying to lift them out."

"It is not an effort to lift men from the slums," quietly replied the St. Andrew's professor, "it is an effort to abolish the slum, so that no one will be born therein. For if there is no hog-wallow, even the swine cannot return to it."

Heaven, if the town plans of John the Beloved are realized, is to be a slumless city—not a country-place—a city in which there will be neither sorrow nor crying nor pain, for the former things of yesterday will have passed away. And this city, near at hand on earth, the zealous, optimistic town-planners of Ghent all see, at least "in their mind's eye, Horatio!"  
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### Cannot Fix Age of World.

The age of the world implies fixing the date of the creation, and scientists do not attempt to do that beyond saying that it must be reckoned by millions of years. Many Bibles are printed with the year 4004 B. C. in the margin of the first chapter of Genesis, indicating that as the date of the creation of the world. It is only within comparatively recent times that science has demonstrated beyond doubt that the world existed millions of years before the period formerly assigned as the date of the creation, and that its occupancy by man covers a period hundreds of times as long as that formerly accepted as the age of the world itself. The prehistoric period means the period antedating written history. Human records by means of hieroglyphs which, as now known, reach back far beyond the period formerly accepted as the date of the creation of the world.

### Horse's Wonderful Endurance.

To test the staying powers of a thoroughbred horse a New Jersey man rode an animal from New York to Chicago. He covered the first seven hundred miles in less than twelve days of actual riding. This horse once made the distance of seventy-eight miles in twenty-four hours, carrying a rider over the mountains between Johnstown, Pa., and Pittsburgh.



### ABSENT-MINDED.

Two men met during a gentle shower at the northwest corner of Pennsylvania and Washington streets. One had his umbrella up, the other carried his in his hand, evidently oblivious to the fact that he had an umbrella.  
"Hello," said the oblivious one, "what are you doing with that umbrella?"  
"Your umbrella?"  
"Yes, no doubt about it. I know it by the handle. There's not another like it in town."  
"Oh, there isn't," said the accused one, smiling extravagantly. "What's that you have in your hand?"  
"Eh? Why, that's my umbrella," said the oblivious one. "I-I forgot that I had it."—Indianapolis News.

### The Young Husband.

"You're an old married man. What do you do when your wife begins to scold?"  
"Encourage her. I talk back—disrespectfully, of course. I say tantalizing things. I make foolish excuses. I stammer and get husky."  
"But doesn't that make her a good deal madder?"  
"Of course it does. That's the intention. I want her to get so mad that she won't have any voice left to ask me for money."  
"Gee, I wonder if I'll ever get as hardened as that?"

### GOOD CHANCE.



Salesman—Your own husband wouldn't know you in that coat.  
She—Oh! that's fine. I'll follow him today and see how he conducts himself.

### Mistaken Identity.

Professor Beanbrough was jubilant. "Ah, ha!" he cried, as he rested on his shovel. "Look what we have unearthed! I believe we have discovered the remains of some herbivorous amphibian of the order presiosauri!"  
Farmer Sodbuster took a good look. "Nope, you're wrong, prof," he said. "Them bones belonged to a hog I buried there two years ago last fall."

### Ready.

A woman's prepared  
For any old fate,  
If she's dressed in style  
And her hat is on straight.

### Observing Popular Tendency.

"Is this play perfectly proper?"  
"Yes, ma'am," replied the man in the box office. "What made you doubt it?"

"The string of automobiles in front of the theater. I never heard anything against the piece, but it's getting terribly big audiences for a proper play."

### Only Practice.

"Am I the first man you have loved this season?" asked the hotel clerk.  
"Almost," answered the girl.  
"Who got ahead of me? You have only been here an hour."  
"I had a slight flirtation with the driver of the bus as we came from the station."

### Undying Friendship.

The great financier was almost ready to pay his last account. A friend hastening in met the physician.  
"Is he very ill?" he asked anxiously.  
"He is," replied the physician. "I fear that his end is not far off."  
"Do you think," he asked hesitatingly, "do you think he would recognize me in his last moments?"  
"Yes, but I advise you to hurry. The best places are rapidly being taken."—Life.

### We Wonder, Too.

Exe—This magazine says that in Japan the styles in women's clothes have not changed in 2,500 years.  
Mrs. Exe—Gracious! I wonder what the women there find to talk about when they meet?

### Honeymoon Over.

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, Jack, you haven't eaten half of my biscuits. Really, we have to throw away so many scraps we ought to keep chickens.  
Newlywed—Chickens! You mean ostriches.

### In the Chorus.

"Gwendoline says she married an angel."  
"They all say that."  
"But this one was the backer of the show."

### VALUABLE STUFFING.



Custodian (of natural history museum)—This collection of stuffed animals is valued at many thousands of dollars.  
Visitor—My! What are they stuffed with?

### Wants Trouble.

A pessimist hunts trouble,  
Thinks letters are bills,  
Sees every drawback double  
And even chews his pills.

### It Might Have Been Worse.

Harry Lauder told an amusing story the other day of two Glasgow women who met in the street and began to discuss the domestic affairs of a newly married couple.  
"Aye, Mrs. McTavish," said one, "so Jeanny's got married?"  
"She has that, Mrs. McAlpine," replied the other.  
"An' how's she gettin' on?" the first woman wanted to know.  
"Oh, no sae bad at a," was the reply. "There's only one thing the matter. She thinks she could hae got a better man. But then there's aye something."

### Not Dreaming.

It was in Capel street that our good natured maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvelous dream she had had the night before.  
"Pooh, pooh!" cried the latter at its conclusion; "you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense."  
"Indeed, I was not, then," replied the indignant Molly; "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."—The Shamrock.

### WISE BANQUET COMMITTEE.



First Guest—There are eight wine glasses at each plate, but the menu doesn't mention a word about wine.  
Second Guest—Ssh! That's the menu you take home to your wife.

### Willie Caught 'Em.

With Willie raises she no row,  
Willie's sweetest sister,  
Real nice to Willie is he now,  
For the fellow kissed her.

### Really Unkind.

Jones was reading the paper, when suddenly he snorted and addressed Mrs. Jones:  
"What tomfoolery, Maria! It says here that some idiot has actually paid a thousand dollars for a dog!"  
"Well, my dear, those well-bred dogs are worth a lot of money, you know," answered his wife.  
"Yes, of course, I know that! But a thousand dollars! Why, it's a good deal more than I am worth myself!"  
"Ah, yes! But then some dogs are worth more than others, you see!"

### Imitation.

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery," said the ready made philosopher.  
"Well, replied the unemotional person, "of course the imitation five-cent piece is an expression of admiration for a regular nickel. But it isn't any compliment to the innocent bystander it gets passed off on."

### Time to Leave.

"These advanced misses are the limit."  
"Well?"  
"I said to Miss Perker, 'Will you be my wife?'"  
"And she said?"  
"For how long?"  
"And you said?"  
"Good night!!!!"

### Almost the Same Thing.

Tourist—No, we haven't any of the world have tried for ages to discover.

## SOCIETIES—LODGES

CAREY COUNCIL, No. 1280, Knights of Columbus—Meets first and third Tuesdays, St. Joseph's Hall.

DIVISION NO. 7, Ancient Order of Hibernians—Meets at St. Joseph's Hall.

COURT CARTERET No. 43, Foresters of America—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at Firemen's Hall.

QUINNIPIAC TRIBE No. 203, Imp. Order Red Men—Meets first and third Thursdays at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET LODGE No. 267, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows Hall.

MIDDLESEX GROVE No. 33, Ancient Order of Druids—Meets at Firemen's Hall each alternate Wednesday.

CARTERET CAMP No. 25, Woodmen of the World—Meets last Friday of the month at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET CIRCLE No. 365 Companions of the Forest—Meets first and third Tuesdays at Firemen's Hall.

GERMANIA CIRCLE, No. 3,—Meets every first and third Mondays of each month Firemen's Hall.

BRIGHT EYES COUNCIL No. 39, Degree of Pocahontas—Meets second and fourth Mondays at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET EXEMPT FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION—Meets every fourth Thursday of each month at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET LODGE No. 420, I. O. B. A.—Meets second and fourth Sundays of each month at Glass's Hall.

WORKMENS' CIRCLE—Meets first and third Tuesday of month in Glass's Hall.

PURITAN COUNCIL No. 305, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall.

DEBORAH REBEKAH Degree Lodge, I. O. O. F.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at Odd Fellows Hall.

ROOSEVELT TENT No. 35, Knights of the Maccabees of the World—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in Odd Fellows Hall.

AMERICUS LODGE No. 83, F. and A. M.—Meets first and third Tuesdays in Masonic Hall, Woodbridge, N. J.

## FIRE SIGNALS.

For the benefit of our readers and those that are interested, we print below, the official fire signals which were adopted by the board of Engineers, on June 1st, 1908.

The boundaries of the Fire Districts of the Borough of Roosevelt are as follows:

No. 21. Leffert street to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Rahway River

No. 23. Leffert street to Borough limits; Rahway avenue, to Rahway River

No. 24. Sound Shore Railroad to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Liebig's Lane

No. 25. Sound Shore Railroad to Blazing Star Road; Rahway avenue to Pierce's Creek

No. 31. Liebig's Lane to Houston street; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound

No. 22. Houston street to Borough limits; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound.

No. 41. Boulevard and Pierce's Creek; Emerson Street and Woodbridge avenue.

No. 42. Woodbridge avenue to Emerson street; Boulevard to Borough limits.

No. 43. Emerson street to Borough limits; Boulevard to Borough limits

No. 45. Boulevard to Rahway avenue; Blazing Star road to Borough limits.

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One long blast and two short for fire drill.

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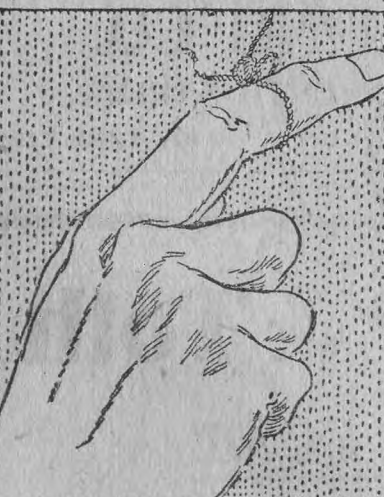
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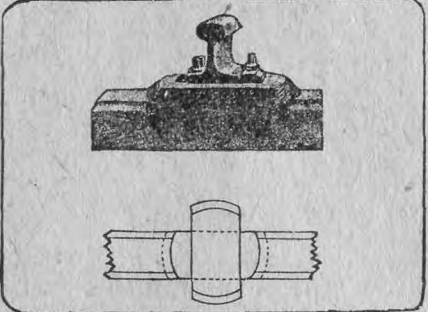
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**"REPAIRING" OLD TIES**  
 CONTINENTAL RAILROADS HAVE A PICKLING PROCESS.  
 Growing Scarcity of Wood and the Amount of Building Going On Has Made Necessary Something of This Kind.  
 The forests are going. The demand for wooden sleepers is growing in all civilized lands. It is necessary to increase the length of time the old wooden ties can be used, and to solve this problem, experiments have been



made on some continental railroads with hardwood tie plates, set into the old ties in such a way as to prevent mechanical wear and tear on the rail, while improved pickling methods render the soft wood of the sleeper practically immune to attacks of fungi or dampness. The hard wood, and this is also taken to mean a wood mass powerfully compressed hydraulically, in the shape of pads, either wedge-shaped or circular with a bevel is set into the seat which has been cut in the sleeper, which is filled with a hot, tarry mass, and turned by suitable force until its longer side is at right angles to the center line of the sleeper. This distributes the cementing material, and makes it fill any existing small gaps. Thus no water can penetrate the joint, while at the same time an elastic intermediate layer is provided. The pads are interchangeable, and easily replaced with new.—Popular Mechanics.

**TRAINS HAD TO BE LONGER**  
 Economic Conditions Forced Railroads to Measure Which Have Proved Their Wisdom.

The measure of train efficiency is the trainload—the tons handled per crew. The average train carried in 1902 296 tons of freight; in 1912, 409 tons. The tremendous economy represented by these figures came from increasing the freight-moving capacity per train by means of improvements in train and road equipment. The average capacity per car rose from 28 tons in 1902 to 42 tons in 1911 (latest figures); the average tractive power per locomotive from 20,481 pounds in 1902 to 27,949 pounds in 1911. Result: longer trains with greatly augmented curves and grades the performance of the car per day was still further increased. To bear the swift ponderous pounding heavier roadbed and rails and stronger bridges were provided and had to be maintained. These improvements have paid their way in savings and explain why expenses other than wages have increased at a reduced rate and at a rate so much lower than that in labor cost, with advancing wages, reduced hours and full-crew laws.—Leslie's Weekly.

**Railroad Women in Europe.**  
 A signal woman has been employed on the line between Morebath and Hampton, near the Somerset border of Devon, for the last 23 years, and another at Lee Crossing, near Minehead, says the London Tit-Bits. But women are employed on the railways in other places besides the west country. Rosemount station on the Caledonian railway, and Longford, Essex, have station mistresses. At Braystones, on the Furness railway, and at Dovenby station, Cumberland, there are women who not only manage the signals, but issue tickets and do all the work in connection with the trains. More women, probably, are employed on the railways in Russia than in any other European country.

**World's Great Railroad Tunnels.**  
 The world's greatest tunnels are to be found in Europe, and a brief summary of these in the Engineer shows that the greatest is the Simplon which is 12 1/4 miles in length. Two, the St. Gothard and Lotschberg, are over 9 1/2 miles in length. The Mont Cenis is a little over seven miles in length. The Ariberg, in Austria, is 6 1/4 miles long. There are four tunnels between five and six miles in length, five between four and five miles in length, seven between three and four miles, and 16 tunnels that are over two miles long. The longest tunnel in this country, the Hoosac, is four and one-third miles long.—Scientific American.

**Economic Waste.**  
 Economic waste applies to car roofs as well as to the finances of the government. There is no difference except in the amounts involved. Economic waste as relating to the car roof implies a loss which affects more than just the road which purchases and becomes the owner of such roofs. While naturally an individual or a corporation should avoid waste as a matter of self-protection, it should also avoid economic waste which has its effect on every part of the body politic. Possibly the fact is sometimes overlooked that those things which affect the country at large affect each individual in the country as well.

**APPROVE 'SAFETY FIRST' IDEA**  
 Railroad Employees Enthusiastically Respond to the Request for Greater Degree of Care.

A student of railway economics says the greatest problem the railroad has to solve in its efforts to conserve human life is to find ways to protect those who will not protect themselves.

One serious feature of this problem was the carelessness of railroad employees, but conditions are vastly better than they were a few years ago.

In order to make their employees more careful, the larger companies have inaugurated a system of "surprise tests." These are conducted among all classes of employees.

Such tests are given at unexpected times and under unusual conditions, so that they reveal to just what extent rules are broken and risks taken.

A record of tests made last year by the Pennsylvania lines is an excellent indication of the hearty support that employees are giving this great "safety first" movement.

And the purpose of such tests is to insure the safety both of employees and the public at large. Railroad officials realize that if the two classes are to be properly protected, every employee who has anything to do with shop practice, with maintenance of way, or with the operation of trains must refrain from "taking chances" of any kind.

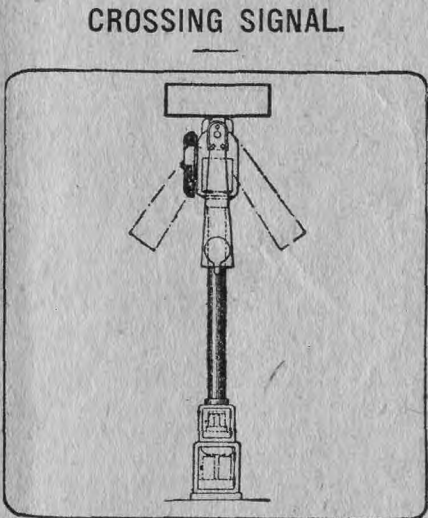
Employees, the Pennsylvania finds, are gladly co-operating to this end. Agreeable results have marked every stage of the safety campaign, to such an extent that the number of cases of carelessness or negligence reported is less than one per cent. of the total number of tests made.

**JACKRABBIT STOPS A TRAIN**  
 Little Animal's Body Was Hurlled Against the Air Hose, Setting the Brakes.

How a jackrabbit stopped the crack Great Northern express train is related by H. H. Dean of Hillyard, Washington, the engineer who stood at the throttle when the incident occurred. Here is the engineer's own version of the affair:

"We were coming through Naylor when the accident occurred," declared Mr. Dean. "We were bowling along about 50 miles an hour, pulling our full complement of coaches, when I saw a jackrabbit coming toward us full speed in the middle of the track. The animal evidently was confused by the brilliant glare from the electric headlight and made no effort to get out of the way. Just before we struck him he stopped and crouched down, and after the engine pilot passed over him the airbrakes began to work and the train came to a sudden stop, the air register showing the brakes set on the emergency.

"The fireman and I got out to investigate, and found that the air-hose had been uncoupled between the engine and tender. There were bloodstains and pieces of fur on the coupling, and it was evident that the body of the rabbit had been thrown against the hose with sufficient force to break the connections."



This invention is particularly directed to mechanism adapted to be actuated by a train approaching the crossing, the control being effected by means of a suitable electric circuit. The principal object is to provide a crossing signal adapted to be actuated when a train approaches the crossing in order to give warning to those in the vicinity of the crossing, the construction contemplating a signal characterized by an oscillating arm.—Scientific American.

**Aroused English Admiration.**  
 For the first time on record news bulletins taken by wireless were recently displayed on a moving train, when passengers on an American railroad were astonished to see the latest foreign and home dispatches spread before their eyes as they were being whirled along at 60 miles an hour. The Scranton Times sent 250 words from the wireless station to the moving train, the messages dealing with internal and external affairs. A few days previously the same railway company successfully experimented with the transmission by wireless of running orders to a train staff.—London Mail.

**Rabbit Stops a Train.**  
 Traffic at Fraserburgh (England) railroad station was held up for 15 minutes by a rabbit. When Signalman Morrison pulled the lever to lower the signal for an oncoming train the switch failed to act. Investigation was made, and the rabbit was discovered in the detector box. It had been trapped when the lever was pulled, and one leg was firmly fixed between the governing joints.

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The Roosevelt News

L. D. TELEPHONE: Roosevelt 310.

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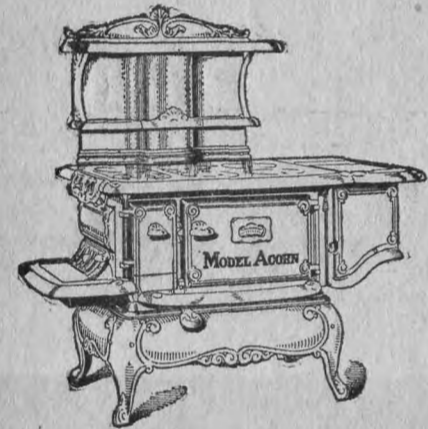
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The Draught of Fishes

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. Dean of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—"Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."—Luke 5:4.



The story of the great draught of fishes is original to Luke's gospel, and is one of the most beautiful of its kind in the New Testament. Jesus was by the lake of Gennesaret, sometimes called the Sea of Galilee, and the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God. There were two boats standing by the

lake, but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets. He entered into one, which was Simon's, and asked him to thrust out a little from the shore, and he sat down and taught the people. It was when he had left off speaking that he said to Simon, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets." Simon replied that he and his partners had toiled all night, and had taken nothing; but "nevertheless," said he, "at thy word I will let down the net." And when they had done this, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, so that their nets brake. And then they beckoned to those who were in the other boat to come and help them, and as a matter of fact both the boats were so filled with fish that they began to sink.

The effect on Peter was an overwhelming conviction of his sinfulness, and he said, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Nor was he less astonished or impressed than the others who were with him. But Jesus comforted him by saying: "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." "And when they had brought their boats to land, they forsook all, and followed him."

(1.) We learn from this charming incident that Jesus is a good paymaster. He borrowed an empty fishing smack, and repaid the owner of it by filling it with fish! In one of his discourses to his disciples on another occasion he had said, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time; . . . And in the world to come eternal life." In the present instance he seems to have been showing his disciples, and showing us as well, just what he meant by these words, and giving a demonstration of their truthfulness.

(2.) We learn in the second place that Jesus is a wise counsellor. He told these fishermen just where the fish were, and just where to let down their nets with the most beneficial results. We all need advice every day in our business affairs, our domestic affairs, and the countless problems that are coming up continually in our existence. Some go to clairvoyants, some to palmists and spiritualists for such advice, but others who know him go to the Lord their God. He has said in the 37th Psalm, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; . . . though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down."

(3.) We learn also that Jesus is a great benefactor. They who were simply fishers of fish now became fishers of men. What would Peter have amounted to had he remained in Capernaum? But what did he now become? Not only is his one of the three greatest names in the history of the Christian church, and not only is he now in felicity with his Lord and Master, but that same Lord and Master said to him and his fellow apostles, "Ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Is this promise likely to come true? Yes, just as certainly as the Bible is the word of God, and Jesus Christ is the Son of God. But there are corresponding promises for all who know the true God and his Son, Jesus Christ, and who serve and trust him in the life of faith. He lifts the beggar from the dunghill to sit him among princes, an experience that has come to many a child of God in all the centuries long.

But what was the attitude of Peter that brought all this to pass in his case? The answer is simply, yieldedness of will. Christ asked him for his boat and he gave it to him; he told him to launch out into the deep for a draught and he launched out; when he was satisfied with the material result, he was asked to follow Jesus, and he left all and followed him.

To apply this to ourselves, we are to remember that the first step in the yielding of our will is the acceptance of Jesus Christ as our Saviour and the public confession of him as our Lord. This should be definite, intelligent and irreversible on our part, trusting God to fulfill his word as written in the Gospel of John, 1:12 and 14.

DIONIGIO, THE GENTLE

By FRANK M. SPALDING.

When Pietro Borsini quarreled with his cousin Botta, Botta killed him in the manner of the Italians, and then sent the barber Fuselli to tell the news to Papa Borsini. And Fuselli came away in fright when he saw the blazing eyes of old Dionigio.



"Gentle Dionigio," they called him, because he had a tender heart. He kept a wine shop near the Municipal bridge, and was known for his charity.

As they came from the funeral, the people stole glances after the bent, white-haired form of old Borsini, and whispered: "He will die of grief. It is a great pity that he is too old for vengeance."

When they passed the shop and found the shutters closed day after day, with Nicola Davio's puppies playing on the steps and the dust blowing into the corners, they said: "Poor old Dionigio, his heart is broken."

And all the while Botta swaggered and grew fat with glory.

But one day the shutters were opened, the puppies sent away and the door left ajar, so that one could see the mirrors and the kegs of rum, and more than all, Gentle Dionigio himself, with his towel on his arm, and his fresh white apron. And the word went from one to another, until one by one all the toppers came—all but one, and he was Botta.

And so it was for a week, when Botta himself came smiling and insolent and showing no fear. It was then that the old rum seller's lips grew white, and as he glared he snarled:

"Smile now, Botta, so that you may look pleasant when your time comes." Botta laughed, but his eyes grew white underneath and his hand shook as he drank.

Again Botta came, laughing and jesting with his cronies, and winking when Gentle Dionigio was not looking. But he grew silent when his uncle turned to him and said, softly:

"Take care, my nephew, God has told me to kill you within two weeks."

And, on the night after two weeks, Botta was there again. And now, when his uncle came toward him, he drew back with affright, and put a chair before him as a shield.

"Have no fear," said the old man. "I would have killed you last night, but God came to me in a dream and said, 'One week longer, Dionigio.'" All the evening Botta sat with his glass undrained, thinking sick thoughts, with sighs and furtive glances at Gentle Dionigio. For he was afraid. As he went home he said to himself, "It is not right that he should bring God into this business. Why does he not try to kill me, as any one else would do? I could defend myself then."

He did not appear at the wine shop for a long time, but stayed in his room whittling the carvings that he sold on the streets in the daytime. One day he stopped, for he found that always his figures took the look of old Borsini and leered and laughed at him under the lamplight, and chilled his limbs.

In time the shadows in the room drove him to the wine shop. He drew courage from thinking, "Old Dionigio has forgotten. He lies when he says that God is against me." And when he came he grew bold, laughing and jesting as in the other times. In defiance, he waited until the others had gone, and then swaggered to the door. When old Dionigio tapped him on the shoulder he turned in an instant, his knife in his hand. He thought, "It is now!"

But Dionigio was looking upon him with eyes as soft as a nun's.

"Listen, Botta," he said, "God is merciful to you. On the night before your doom, he came to me in my sleep and said, 'Dionigio, the murderer of your son must live until the day of the Holy St. Peter. Until then he must live.'"

"But why do you not try now?" stammered Botta, the knife trembling in his hand. "Now!" and he clutched his uncle's arm.

"No," said gentle Dionigio, flinging Botta from him. "God has taken your strength from you and I could slay you now, as you slayed my poor Pietro. But God's will shall be done, and you must live until the day of St. Peter."

For a long time the toppers did not see Botta.

"He stays locked in his room," said one. "And I saw him peering out one day with the look of a mad dog."

One day the barber, Fuselli, came into the shop and said, "Have you heard the news, Papa Borsini? They have sent Botta to the insane asylum; you have lost your vengeance."

"Bah! What a blockhead you are!" answered gentle Dionigio.

At the end of the week he sent 500 francs to the orphanage of the Holy Father.

"In the name of God, the avenger," he said to himself.

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Auto, Carriage and Wagon Work

Cor. Central Avenue and Atlantic Street

CHROME, N. J.

1-9-6m

**NOT MEANT TO BE SERIOUS**

**Comparative Harmlessness of French Duels is Largely a Matter of Arrangement.**

A large proportion of the duels in France end without bloodshed. When the offense is not very serious it is agreed beforehand that the words of command shall be given so rapidly that the duellists will not have time to take good aim. Sometimes three shots are exchanged without a hit, and then the seconds step in and—"honor is satisfied." At the word "Fire!" the pistol is raised instantly, and it must be discharged not later than the word "Largé," so the speed with which these words are given regulates the time in which it is possible to take aim. Therefore the speed with which they are spoken is agreed upon beforehand, this depending upon the seriousness of the duel. The words are timed with a metronome. If the encounter be very serious this is set at the slowest speed, 80 beats a minute, which gives time for taking accurate aim. A speed of 140 beats a minute allows no time for aiming, and, therefore, is used when the seconds consider the duel should be made as little dangerous as possible.

**Pebble Industry in Normandy.**

The pebble industry is becoming quite important in upper Normandy, France. The cliffs of the Caux region undermined by subterranean springs and by the waves of the English channel, slip, fall and break. They are formed of a calcareous mass containing flints. These flints fall to the bottom of the sea, where they become flat and take an ovoid shape. Their color is blue, spotted with brown, yellow or red stripes. They are used to manufacture concrete, stone and earthenware, and their dust is even employed to make paint and rice powder imitation.

Over 120,000 tons of pebbles are annually picked up on the Normandy beaches. Most of it is sent abroad.

**Queer Translations.**

When the Bible was translated into Japanese, an equivalent to the word "baptize" could not be found, and the word "soak" had to be used instead, so that the Japanese Biblical students are acquainted with a person named "John the Soaker," and with a doctrine of "soaking for remission of sins." In that case the ministrations are due to inadequacy of language. A school boy once rendered "Miserere, Domine" into "Oh, heart-broken schoolmaster!" And another recovered from German the text "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak," in the form, "The ghost of course, is ready, but the meat is feeble."

**Bank Statement**

**REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF NICHOLAS RIZSAK OF CARTERT, N. J.**

At the close of business, Jan. 13, 1914. No. 197.

**RESOURCES.**

Loans and discounts.....	\$2,800.00
Stocks, Securities, Etc.....	2,500.00
Banking-house furniture and fixtures.....	14,850.00
Other Real Estate.....	57,530.00
Due from Other Banks, Etc.....	19,058.10
Cash on hand.....	6,059.02
Other Assets.....	1,936.00
	<b>\$104,833.12</b>

**LIABILITIES**

Excess of Assets Over Liabilities.....	\$55,045.90
Individual deposits, payable on demand.....	30,575.50
Other Liabilities.....	19,211.72
	<b>\$104,833.12</b>

State of New Jersey, County of Middlesex, ss.

NICHOLAS RIZSAK, being duly sworn deposes and says that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

NICHOLAS RIZSAK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of January, 1914, EUGENE M. CLARK, Notary Public.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

**PATENTS**

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC.

Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

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The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the Feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. The Man who put the E's in F.E.T.

**IT WAS SO PUZZLING**

By JOHN NEWTON.

Dobozy and Angyal were sitting on the divan in the smoking room talking of a fair-haired lady. The stillness of the night, the red light of the lamp on the armors, swords and shields on the wall, the strong Turkish tobacco wrapped everything in the room in a blue fog and led their imaginations into the empire of mystery. They talked of many things in the abstract, though the principal subject of their conversation was a golden-haired lady who was very real indeed.

"You know that I am madly in love with her," said Dobozy, the magnate. "When I see her I have to use all my self-control not to throw myself at her feet. But listen—last week we were on our way towards the Turkish ruin and it was getting dark as we returned. She and I had walked a little ahead of the others. We stopped on a bridge to wait for them. Below us the Danube was rushing and above our heads the moon was shining. Suddenly I felt her hand gripping my arm and she said: 'I can look into your very soul as if it were made from glass. I can read every word written there. Surely you can also read mine. No, please do not say anything—' Strange words, you must admit. I did not answer. The others caught up with us. She was unusually quiet all the rest of the evening. Occasionally she looked at me and smiled sadly.

"And what happened then?" asked Angyal, the poet, very much interested.

"We arranged a new excursion to Bookstal, and then we drove home. The next day we started out in six carriages. She sat opposite and until we reached Jause she was bubbling over with good humor. There some gypsies began singing their ugly melancholy songs. Her face had turned quite pale and she bit her lips nervously. At last I did not dare say anything more to her, for I felt her soul was filled with bitterness. Suddenly she arose and went away from the rest of us to sit down alone on a bench in the wood. I followed her and noticed that her eyes were full of tears and her face was convulsed with pain."

"Irma, do tell me what is the matter with you?" I asked.

"She stamped her foot angrily and said: 'Please leave me alone.' An hour later she drove home alone without saying goodby to anybody. But now comes the strangest part of all. When we returned we passed her villa. She stood on the balcony with her sister waving her hand at us, and when my carriage passed she threw a red rose to me and cried 'Goodnight, Dobozy.' What do you think of this, my friend? How am I to explain the sudden change in her treatment of me? She must have a secret. But what secret, you ask?"

"A very interesting woman," said Angyal. "It would be something to a poet to look into her soul. Perhaps he might be able to solve the riddle."

Now, here is the real explanation. On the day of the excursion to Rockstal Irma had just received a pair of new shoes, which, of course, she must put on right away. Until they reached Jause, as long as they were sitting in the carriage, everything was well, but when she put her foot on the ground she might have screamed with pain. She felt as if she were sitting on a crater of glowing lava bathing her feet in it. The others who noticed her distorted face began to question her and to put an end to this she walked to the bench in the wood and when Dobozy did not leave her alone even there she had an attack of nervous crying. At last the pain became so unendurable that she drove home. As soon as she got rid of the two instruments of torture she felt as happy as ever before and her happiness culminated when she saw Dobozy driving by and she threw him the rose.

The next day the golden-haired girl, beautiful and charming as ever, promenade in the park.

In front of the bandstand she met Dobozy, who at first felt rather embarrassed, but Irma's bewitching smile soon gave him back his courage.

An hour later Dobozy called on his friend, the poet Angyal. In a button-hole was a rose Irma had worn in the morning. As soon as he saw Angyal he burst out:

"Congratulate me, old boy, Irma has promised to be my wife."

But neither of the two ever succeeded in solving the riddle of Mrs. Irma Dobozy's life.

**Found Doctor Didn't Need Him.**

Wedding cut ups in Clay Center have a new form of diversion. The Times tells about it: "Recently a Clay Center young man was going to be married. The day of the affair, in the morning a friend pretending to be Dr. Olsen, telephoned him, telling him that under the new law a man had to undergo a physical examination by the city health officer before he could get married. He took it all in, in solemn earnest, and went to Dr. Olsen's office for the examination, Olsen being city health officer. Reaching the office he told the doctor he was ready for the examination. 'What examination?' asked Olsen. 'The examination you told me I would have to undergo. I am the young man who is to be married.' 'Some one has been playing a joke on you, my friend, was the doctor's answer and the young man has about come to that conclusion himself. Still he thinks he will get even some day.'—Kansas City Star.

**FARM POULTRY**

**DISCOURAGE A SITTER**

**Necessary to Keep Up Earning Capacity of Hens.**

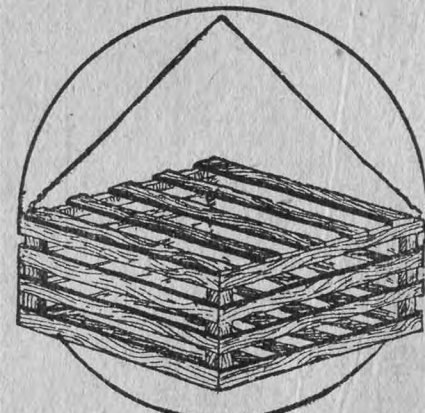
**Slat Coops Not So Immediately Effective as Old Treatment of Placing Under Barrel, but They Don't Hurt Fowls.**

Just as long as the broody hen is permitted to sit in the nest and keep herself warm she will persist in sitting. So long as her body is in a state of considerable heat she instinctively fights to remain on the nest.

It is nature trying to help the hen carry out the purpose for which she was created.

There are some weeks in the year when it seems to me that every hen on the place is trying to sit. Turkeys, geese, chickens, ducks and guineas follow the same instinctive lines at about the same time, to the utter distraction of the poultry keeper and the great dropping off in egg production. They simply must be "broken up" or the whole profits of the poultry sheds will slump down to nothing through the broody summer months.

I once shut the hens up in the darkest place I could find and kept them there for two or three days, feeding them little or nothing, says a writer in



Slat coop for broody hens. Suspend it so it will swing easily. This swinging motion creates a current of air which cools the fevered condition of a broody hen.

the Farm Progress. It was effective all right, but it injured the hens' laying powers, and general thriftiness to be starved for a few days.

Putting them in the darkness is always very effective. I still carry out that part of the treatment, but I have abandoned the plan of sticking them under barrels, boxes and other unventilated places since I smothered four of my best hens to death one night.

I am using an inexpensive set of coops now for the purpose of discouraging the broody hen. The coops are not so immediately effective as the old, under the barrel or box treatment, but they do not injure the hens as much as under the old method.

They get more air in the new way, and by putting them in a dark side room of the poultry house they are rather easily bluffed. The coops cost but a few cents each, as they are made of lumber picked up about the place and from light pine laths used by plasterers.

These coops have slatted bottoms so the hens cannot drop down and brood themselves warm while confined. By taking these coops, placing them inside a darkened shed and lifting them off the ground a few inches, even the most determined old sitter will soon give it up as a bad job.

**FEW POINTS ABOUT GUINEAS**

**Habit of Changing Nest Makes It Difficult to Say How Many Eggs They Will Lay.**

The guineas are good layers, but owing to their skill in hiding their nests and their habit of changing their nest if it is disturbed, it is hard to say how many eggs they will lay, possibly 60 to 100. Guineas are inclined to be monogamous, that is, to have but one mate, but a male will mate with two females. Poor hatches usually result if more females are placed with a male.

Young guineas are fed like young turkeys, with curds, bread and milk or boiled eggs and bread crumbs the first week, always mixing once a day with sand, and for every meal making one-third of the meal green food, chopped onion or dandelion tops. Finely chopped lettuce is good when plentiful. Unless they have a good run they should have animal food for some time, but if they have plowed fields to roam over this is not necessary. When they are large enough to be given free range they will pick up most of their living, but should always be fed at night, to give them the habit of returning home.

**Grading of Eggs.**

Eggs may be graded on the market for size, color, cleanliness, freedom from cracks and the actual condition of the egg content. This later factor is of great importance, particularly during the later summer months.

**FOR BETTER ROADS**

**BUILDING OF PUBLIC ROADS**

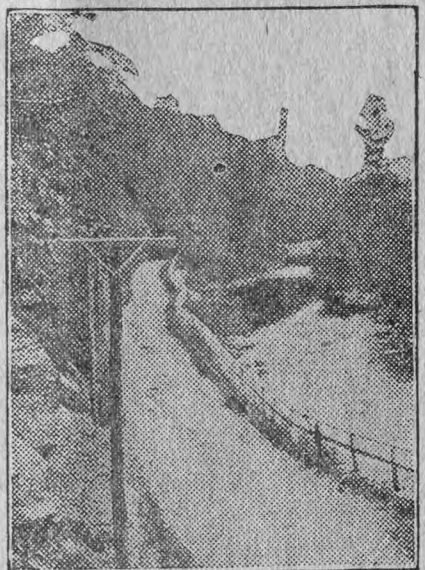
**Old Idea That Highways Should Be Constructed and Maintained by Farmer Is Disappearing.**

That the movement for federal participation in highways construction is not confined to motorists, but is also being agitated by the farmers, is one of the most hopeful indications of its ultimate success.

On this point the recent convention of the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, the oldest and most influential of the farmers' organizations, took a decidedly favorable stand. Hon. Oliver Wilson, Master of the National Grange, in his annual address stated:

"The public highway is a matter of general concern. The old idea that the country road should be constructed and maintained by the farmer has disappeared. It is now recognized that good roads are of as much importance to the consumer as to the producer, as anything that lessens the cost of transportation is a benefit to the consumer."

"The Grange stands for and advocates federal aid for road improvement. There can be no good reason given why the government should not appropriate money for the maintaining and the improving of the public highway, the same as for our public



Good Road Along Tioga River.

water works. Seventy-five per cent. of the product of our country must pass over the public highway before it can be transported over our railway or water systems. While the government has spent millions of dollars for highway improvement in our foreign possessions, it has never appropriated one dollar to be used on the highway in continental United States.

"The Grange membership is unanimously in favor of congress making suitable appropriations for highway construction and maintenance. This appropriation should be expended by a national highway commission or board, working in conjunction with similar commissions from the states."

"The legislative committee of the National Grange should be instructed to use all the influence of the Grange upon congress for the passage of a bill appropriating a sufficient sum under proper regulations for the improvement of our public highways."

**HIGH VALUE OF GOOD ROADS**

**Sufficient to Justify Construction as Rapidly as Possible Under Economical System.**

No one questions the statement that good roads have a high money value to the farmers of the nation, and it may be said that this alone is sufficient to justify the cost of their construction as rapidly as practicable under an efficient, economical equitable system of highway improvement.

The big point in favor of this expenditure is the economy of time and force in transportation between farm and market, enabling the growers to take advantage of fluctuations in buying and selling, as well as enhancing the value of real estate. It is estimated that the average annual loss from poor roads is 76 cents an acre, while the estimated average increase resulting from improving all the public roads is \$9.

The losses in five years would aggregate \$2,432 for every section of land, or more than enough to improve two miles of public highway. The necessity of good roads is obvious, as is would enhance the value of each section of land about \$5,760, or more than double the estimated cost of two miles of improved highway, which constitutes the quota for 640 acres of land.

**Making of Mudholes.**

For want of a good culvert, several feet of road is often converted into a mudhole and remains a mudhole until the sun and wind dry it up. It is poor policy to do a good piece of road grading, then spoil it by neglecting the culverts.

**Benefits Universal.**

Good roads benefit every class and every section.



**Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn; If you don't it won't be blown. The people won't flock To buy your stock If you never make it known.**

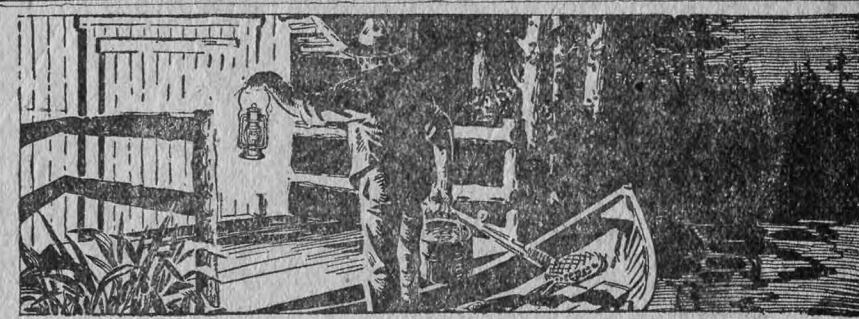
**So, Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn; It's the proper business caper, And the very best way To make it pay Is, to blow it through this paper.**

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**Rayo Lanterns**  
**Strong and Durable**

For Fishing, Camping, and Hard Use under All Conditions.

Give steady, bright light. Easy to light. Easy to clean and rewick. Don't smoke. Don't blow out in the wind. Don't leak.

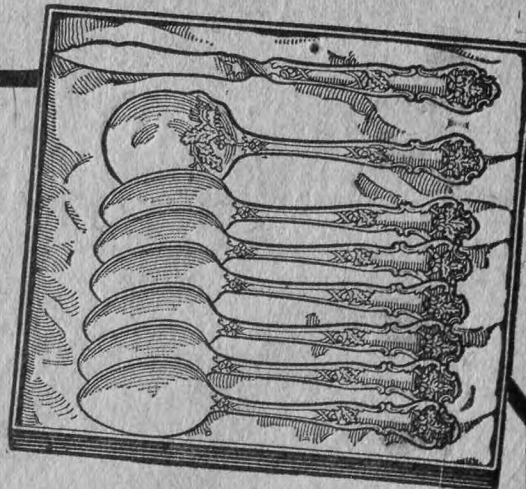
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**Silver of Quality and Beauty**



Unquestioned durability and exquisite design—the highest ideals in plated ware—are assured in spoons, forks, and fancy serving pieces bearing the renowned trade mark

**1847 ROGERS BROS.**

There are various makes of silver-plated tableware which are claimed to be "just as good," but, like all imitations, they lack the beauty and wearing quality identified with the original and genuine 1847 ROGERS BROS. ware, popularly known as "Silver Plate that Wears." Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "CL" showing all designs.

International Silver Co., Successors to MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

## TO PROTECT THE BABIES

How Thousands of Mothers Keep Their Children Well and Strong

Mothers should know that the safe medicine for their children is **Father John's Medicine** because it does not contain alcohol or dangerous drugs in any form. It cures colds and coughs and gives new strength to ward off disease—it is a pure and wholesome tonic and body builder.

## FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE

Has a gentle healing effect upon the throat and bronchial tubes. That is why it

**CURES BRONCHITIS**

## JONES' BREAK-UP CURES RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA, LUMBAGO OR GOUT

No matter how severe the case is, we guarantee that 6 bottles of "Break-Up" will effect a cure—if not your money is refunded. This guarantee has stood for 29 years and only 2 people have asked for their money back, but hundreds have written us of the wonderful cures effected. In most cases one or two bottles will be sufficient. \$1.00 per bottle or six bottles for \$5, with guarantee. Sold by druggists, or direct from **JONES' BREAK-UP, Inc., New Egypt, N. Y.**

## ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar trouble and gets horse going sound. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.00 a bottle delivered.

**Horse Book 9 K free.**  
**ABSORBINE, JR.**, antiseptic liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicosis, heals Old Sores, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. Manufactured only by **W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.**

## Wanted—Honest, Energetic Men

In every county to sell our big line of goods direct to farmers. **EXPERIENCE NOT NECESSARY.** We fully instruct you. Farmers, laborers, mechanics, or any men willing to work can make \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year.

handling our big business. Exclusive territory given. We furnish you the capital; you furnish the team to carry the goods. Be your own boss in a pleasant permanent and profitable business. Write at once for full particulars giving age and occupation.

**THE DUFORM CO., Dept. 8, NORTH JAVA, N. Y.**



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## DO YOU WANT NICE BUSINESS?

If so, send 20 cents for Daprovine formula for milch, wator bugs and roaches. Cost 5c a pound and sells for 90c. Mrs. E. P. Green, Excelsior Ave., Troy, N. Y.

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**900 DROPS CASTORIA**

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE  
Pumpkin Seed -  
Alo. Senna -  
Rochelle Salts -  
Anise Seed -  
Fennel Seed -  
St. Croix's Soda -  
Warm Seed -  
Clarified Sugar -  
Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP

Fac Simile Signature of **Dr. H. F. Johnston**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK

46 months old  
**35 Doses—35 CENTS**

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## HAD ARRIVED AT DESTINATION

After Old Gentleman Spoke, Further Figuring Was in the Nature of Wasted Time.

"I've figured the whole thing out, father," said Mabel. "The car, to begin with, will cost \$5,000, which at six per cent, is \$300 a year. If we charge ten per cent, off for depreciation it will come to \$500 more. A good chauffeur can be had for \$125 a month, or \$1,500 a year. I have allowed ten dollars a month for repairs. The chauffeur's uniform and furs will come to about \$200. Now, let's see what it comes to: Three hundred plus five hundred—"

"Don't bother, my dear; I know what it comes to," said the old gentleman.

"What?" asked the girl.

"My dear," said the father, impressively, "it comes to a standstill, right here and now."

## FACE COVERED WITH RASH

226 Henry St., New York City.—"The cause of the eruption of my skin was at first a sore on my forehead which finally broke over my whole face. It was a rash and spread until my face was completely covered. At first it simply itched and then it began to burn and torture. My face was in such a bad state that I was ashamed to show my face among company. The itching was unbearable. I was troubled with the sores for about six months. I used to scratch them until they were raw and bleeding and I did not know what it was to have a full night's sleep.

"A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The Cuticura Soap and Ointment eased my face so much the first night that I thought nothing was the matter, and within the short time of two months I was cured." (Signed) Miss Annie Goldstein, Oct. 12, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

## Unlucky Result.

"They seem to have quarreled."  
"Yes. I am afraid their marriage has thrown them together too much."  
—Judge.

Be sure that you ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and look for the signature of Wm. Wright on wrapper and box. For Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. Adv.

## Measuring Her.

"Has your wife a more even temper than your own?"  
"More even? No; even more."

They stop the tickle—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop coughs by stopping the cause.—5c at Drug Stores.

When a man is afraid to think for himself it's time the wedding bells were ringing.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a very few hours. Adv.

All the world's a stage, and some people are satisfied to be under-studies all their lives.

**PNEUMATICA STOPS YOUR PAIN** or breaks up your cold in one hour. It's marvelous. Used externally. All druggists, 25 cents. Adv.

Every girl has her ideal, but the difficulty is in getting him to propose.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes will last until the goods wear out. Adv.

Pride goeth before a fall. It's an ill-wind that puts on airs.

## LACE-BORDERED BRIDAL VEILS IN FAVOR TODAY

**B**RIDAL veils of tulle are never out of fashion, but sometimes they share honors with veils of lace or net bordered with lace. The liking for a cap drapery on the head has rather favored the lace-bordered veil, although the tulle veil is draped cap-fashion also.

Lace veils are not always long; those of a yard and a half, falling above the knees at the side are liked, especially when the gown is lace trimmed.

The cap drapery admits of considerable variety in arrangement. The frill, formed by lace edge, may be of even fullness all around and fall over the forehead, or it may be placed at each side and the frill turned back from the forehead, or it may be ar-



anged at the top of the forehead, leaving the sides almost plain. The arrangement depends upon which way best becomes the bride.

In the picture the fullness appears at the side, with the border turned back over the forehead. The crown, or puff, which results from making the frill about the face, falls back. If it is more becoming, the cap portion may be supported by small wire loops at the front, and made to stand.

One of the prettiest arrangements shows the frill of even fullness all around and tacked to a circlet of white, silk covered wire, to hold it in place. This wire circlet is placed on

## Psyche Knot in a Modern Coiffure



**B**y way of departing from the close-to-the-head hairdress some of our modern goddesses have dared to combine the old classic Psyche knot with a strictly twentieth century arrangement of the front hair. An example is pictured here, and the effect is rather pretty. It is better from the front than from the sides, because in the modern hair dress the brow is more or less covered. The line is not so good, therefore, as in the classic model.

The Greeks covered the ears (or most of them), but did not bring the hair out over the cheek as in the present mode. A prominent actress, who gives much thought to dress, is responsible for this mixture of styles. Many centuries apart, the ideas are not too incongruous, and the resulting coiffure has found a number of devotees.

The arrangement is simple enough. The front hair is trimmed in a light fringe across the forehead, and sloping upward over the temples. The side hair is parted off and rolled into a soft twist. It is laid in a coil in front of the ear and pinned to place with short wire pins. The end is twisted and brought to the knot, under

the outside of the cap but is hidden by a close-fitting wreath of orange blossoms and buds, one flower set just after another in a single row. This arrangement brings the veil into the nape of the neck.

Some families possess wedding veils of beautiful lace, and such a veil must grow dearer with added associations as time goes on. The wedding veil of lace should be kept and, whether the fashion be for long or short veils, worn by the brides in the family. Wedding dresses and veils are always to be conservative in design, abiding by established rules and a little above the whims of fashion. That is, the regulation gown has long sleeves, the neck is covered, and the gown is cut in the Princess style. Round necks are admissible, but not low necks. Lace sleeves, and long gloves also. It is the business of the designer or dressmaker to bear in mind the established order of things in making wedding apparel and to add little present-day touches to the plain long lines of the regulation gown.

The cap drapery of the veil is most popular just now, because caps of all sorts are greatly favored. It is best to arrange it on a circlet of wire because it will stay in place on the head and not become easily disarranged.

**JULIA BOTTOMLEY.**

## Cameos in Favor.

Though the idea of using cameos as brooches and buckles for modern attire came to the fore some little while ago, the fashion is still very much in evidence, all sorts of cameos being in request for hat trimmings and blouse buckles. Many people, having hunted up their old ones, relics of a past generation, are having them reset in fine gold or silver mountings of a much lighter pattern than the rather clumsy originals. Even earrings are made of very small cameos, mounted on thin gold chains, and very pretty they are, the delicate pink and white tintings looking exceedingly well for day wear, with costumes of the new dull copper or tango red.

## Velvet Novelty.

There is a new cloth called *peau de tigre* or leopard skin velvet. It is silk velvet in light chiffon weight. There is a moire and mottled surface to it, and although it is one colored, this mottled effect makes it appear to be in two shades, like the skin of a leopard or tiger. It is manufactured in plum, dark blue, golden brown, tobacco brown, taupe, white and sapphire.

## Handy Skirt Hanger.

Sew the upper end of a discarded hose supporter to a two-inch-length of ribbon. At the other end of the ribbon sew a large, strong safety pin. The safety pin fastens through the folded skirt belt, and the hose supporter slips over the hook in the closet. A supply of these hangers made with pretty blue or pink ribbon would be a nice gift for a girl friend.

## Flounced Dresses Are Coming



If you wish to busy yourself preparing for the coming spring and summer, you can be assured of the success of certain new styles in advance. It is wise to be ready for the season which lures us out of doors, and to make the most of it.

Here is the sweetest of summer gowns, made of silk muslin and lace with a fichu and a belt of satin ribbon. Similar gowns are on display made of a variety of materials. There are embroidered cotton crepes, first of all. Nets, with flounces edged with lace, embroidered crepe de chine and voiles. But always lace and more lace. Point d'esprit net is found very useful and fine flowered voiles, lawns and batiste.

Among the handsomest of gowns are those of white net showing flouncings of the net edged with narrow black chantilly lace. Others of sheer cotton crepe with fold of black maline laid under the edge of flouncings. Much hand embroidery appears on the gowns of crepe, voile, etc. But it is of a kind that does not try the eyes. Long sprays of flowers of moderate size—like the carnation, for example—are done with heavy floss in long bold stitches. The effect is beautiful. The gowns are in white or pale colors. White is the loveliest, and the light colored underslip with a lace-trimmed petticoat of net worn under these gowns is beautiful.

It would be hard to find a simpler or prettier model than that shown in the picture, for a flounced gown. The

design, too, is appropriate to older women, as well as to the youthful wearer. In fact, the difference in flounced gowns for young or older wearers is discernible in finishing touches, rather than in design. The foundation skirts are plain and straight. The flounces are adjusted in differing poses. Sometimes, as in the gown pictured, they sag toward the back, but in a good number this is reversed and they rise toward the back.

The waist line is about the normal in most of them. While waists are draped, these are set in sleeves as well as drop shoulder and kimono effects. Ribbons are conspicuous, and the "tango" shades, warm nasturtium yellows, are specially liked.

Almost anyone who makes any pretensions to sewing, or has any faith in her own ability, can put together a flounced dress. The trick seems to be in adjusting the flowers at the right slope, with even fullness, and in not getting them too full.

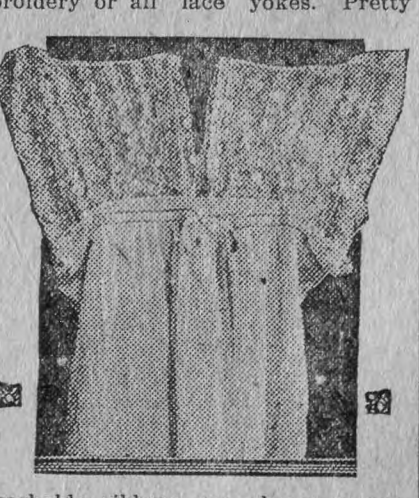
The three flounced skirt, having the flounces shaped, is displayed for heavier fabrics, and is wonderfully attractive.

There is a world of light, airy fabrics, fascinating in design, and a world of filmy laces, moderate in price, so that the flounced gown has a pleasant future before it. Limp fabrics are chosen that fall to the figure, so that flounces do not mean bulkiness. That is taboed, and is likely to remain so.

**JULIA BOTTOMLEY.**

## LACE AND RIBBONS MARK THE STYLES IN UNDER-MUSLINS

**U**NDER-MUSLINS in common with other articles for women's wear, have been growing more lacy, more bedecked with pretty finishing touches, more diaphanous, with every season, until now, it seems, the limit has been reached. Night dresses are made with yokes of fine net, having lace inserted, or superposed. Or they are made with lace and fine embroidery or all lace yokes. Pretty



washable ribbons are always a necessary part of their construction. Altogether the undergarments now on display in the great stores have all been much influenced by this liking for airy fabrics and the craze for laces.

As in outer garments, under-muslins are cut with easy lines, to hang gracefully, not to "fit" the figure. Whatever one may think of the diaphanous materials, it must be conceded

that the present styles are exceptionally graceful.

Thin muslins, nainsooks, and cambrics make up the body of the garments. Much beading is used to carry the ribbons which make gay the several pieces.

In the midst of winter, when evenings are long and days are most comfortably spent in the house, underwear for the coming summer should be made up. In fact, the bulk of the summer sewing can be done long before the clothes are needed. Spring goods are on display in January, and by the first of February styles for the coming spring and summer are fairly well settled.

A night dress of cambric and Val lace is shown in the picture. The yoke and very short sleeves are in one and made of Val insertions. There are two patterns of lace, the rows sewed together. The kimono sleeve portion may be lengthened by adding rows of insertion. A narrow edging finishes the opening at the neck, and a wider edge in the same pattern finishes the sleeves.

The rows of lace may be "whipped" together, that is, sewed edge to edge with a short overcast stitch, or sewed on the machine.

The yoke is joined to the skirt of the gown by a narrow band of embroidered beading. Through this a ribbon is run, which ties at the front in a small bow. This ribbon serves to adjust the gown to the figure.

For such pretty night robes, separate bows and rosettes of ribbon are provided. They are to be pinned on with very small safety pins. Little rosettes for the top of the sleeves, matching the other ribbons, but without hanging ends, may be added by way of elaboration.

**JULIA BOTTOMLEY.**

**Bettie's Eye Salve**  
GRANULATED ITCHING LIDS

**PISO'S REMEDY**  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.  
**FOR COUGHS AND COLDS**



# The MARSHAL

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal New figures, is made a Cavalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who proposes that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gougand, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francois a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a coyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving for America asked Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alixe, Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis's brother Francois turns the Austrians away from the castle. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years in the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his plight. The general, Alixe and Pietro flee from Francois and plan to rescue Francois as a guest of the Austrian governor of the castle prison inspects the interior of the wine cellar of the Zappis.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"This is the way you are to get there. In the wine-cellar of the castle, which opens from the governor's room—in old times always the room of the lord—in that wine-cellar, on the north wall, is a square block of stone projecting slightly beyond the wall. If you press the lower corner on the left-hand side, of the stone under this, the big stone above will swing out and show an opening large enough for a man to pass. Going through, you close the door by pressing the same stone, and you then will find yourself in an underground passage which leads straight half a mile through the earth to Riders' Hollow. The passage is five hundred years old and only the family of the Zappis have ever known of it. I went through it once in my boyhood with my father, and it was in perfect condition, so I believe it will be now. It was built with solidity—as one may believe, for if the old Zappis wanted it at all they wanted it in working order.

"Your part will be difficult, Francois, but I believe you can do it. You will have to get the key of the wine-cellar, or else force the lock. Can you do that? It is necessary to do it, Francois, for we cannot get on without you, and we shall from now live only to set you free. I send you something which may be useful."

Francois dropped the letter and picked up the long loaf and tore it apart. There was a file in the center. As if a powerful tonic had been infused into him he felt strength and calmness pour through him. He read the letters over and over till he had them by heart; then he concealed them carefully, with the file, in his mattress. After that he sat down and concentrated his mind with the new force working in it, on his plan.

The governor was almost certain to have him down to dinner again in two or three days; it was a pity that while he was there, all but on the spot, he could not possess himself of the key and escape. He thought over one or two plans on that basis, but they all shipwrecked on the fact that the guards were accustomed to take him back to his room at eleven, and that, falling notice from the governor, they would certainly come to find out why if they were not called. That would start the pursuit; he must have the night clear. So he unwillingly let go of the great advantage of his own presence in the governor's room, so near the scene of action, and planned otherwise. With infinite forethought, with an eye to every contingency possible to imagine, he planned, and when the notice came, two days later, that the Count von Gersdorf wished him to dine with him that night, Francois' heart leaped madly but exultantly, for he was ready.

Never had the young Frenchman been more entertaining, more winning to his tyrant than tonight, but the excitement of what was before him made it almost out of the question to eat the count's dinner. As before, the count prescribed old wine as a tonic, and took Francois with him to get it. Tonight there were three bottles brought up—the count was preparing to drink hard. And Francois had some trouble in not drinking with him; but he kept up his end with singing and acting, with a dance or two out of the peasant repertoire of the Jura, with a mock drill of an awkward squad at Saint-Cyr, with clever imitations of the few people whom he had seen about the castle. Battista's gruffness and mangled German words, and the sniffling mixed with grandiloquence of one of the guards; finally he grew daring and imitated the governor's superior officer who had visited the prison six months ago and had seen Francois among the others. Francois,

with his body bent out, and a fat waddle, and an improvised eye-glass and a puffy short-breathed manner, spoke of the governor severely, puffing at him between sentences, reproving him, among other things, for having prisoners dine with him.

And the governor roared with delight, for this man was his rival and it did his soul good to see him made ridiculous. He roared, and drank to the imitation, and the imitation rebuked his levity throatily, till the governor roared and drank again and shouted for more. And Francois, excited, exhilarated, did more; and still the governor drank as he acted. And the vaudeville went on. So that when the guard came at eleven the count was lying across the sofa, too tipsy to get to bed alone, and Francois had to wait, pretending to be heavy with wine himself, while the two soldiers put the governor to bed.

At last he was taken upstairs between them, leaning on them limply; at last his door clanged shut; he listened to the footsteps of the two dying away down the stone hall, down the staircase; then swiftly he drew out the file and the letters from his mattress; he hid the papers, wrapped tight in their oilskin cover, in his coat lining; he set to work with the file to finish iron bars already three-quarters filed through. That was done and with fingers that seemed to work as fast, as intelligently as his brain, he tore the bedclothes into stout strips and tied them together with square knots which would not slip, and tied knots in the line at intervals of a few feet which might keep a man's fingers from slipping. He had to guess how long the rope must be, but the bedclothes were all used and the rope was many yards—it must serve. He put the file, with two candle ends which he had saved, in his pocket; he made one end of the strip fast to an untouched iron bar of his window; he weighted the other end, then he looked about a moment, half to see if all of his small resources had been remembered, half in a glance of farewell to a place where he had passed hours never to be forgotten.

With that he vaulted to the window ledge and took the first knot in a firm grip and let himself out into the dark still night. His feet hung in the air, his hand slid fast—fast—down that poor ladder of torn stuff; the die was cast; he was going to things unknown; he had taken a desperate chance and might not go back. And he slipped down, down, from knot to knot. Suddenly he came to the last knot; he had fastened a bit of wood there so that he might know when he got to the end. What was this? It certainly was the last knot; the bit of wood scraped his hand as he held it; but his feet did not touch ground.

There he hung, swaying in blackness, not knowing how far he might be above the earth, not knowing what to do. Only a moment, for instantly he knew that in any case he could not go back, if he would, up that slight swinging rope; he must drop, whatever happened. He bent his knees ready for the fall and let go. With a shock he landed and rolled, bruised



He Must Drop, Whatever Happened.

and out of breath, but not injured; he looked up and in the dimness saw the last knot with its bit of wood swinging in air twelve feet or so from the ground.

But he had no time given him to consider this point, for at that second, at the far end of the closed yard a door opened, a blaze of light poured out, and a squad of six soldiers stepped from the castle, torches in the hands of the foremost. Francois dropped, crouching in the shadows against the wall, but his heart grew sick as he realized the futility of this. The soldiers were coming straight toward him.

With that, a gleam on a brighter surface than the ground met his sight, below the level of the ground. His eyes, searching the darkness, made out a great butt of water, sunken by the castle wall. Instantly he slid into it, up to his neck. It was not quite full, and his head did not show in the shadows of the inside. The blaze of the torches swept close, brighter, as

Francois, shivering in the cold water, glued himself to the dark side; the blaze of the torches waned, shadowy, gigantic, across the water and the castle wall; he heard the soldiers speak in short, deep words; it was like an evil dream, and it slipped past, torches and dark-swinging shadows and heavy tread of men and stern voices, like a dream. The heavy door shut, the lights were gone, everything was still.

More dead than alive, Francois dripped from the water-butt. The hardest part of his night's job, the part that needed all his strength of body and brain, was immediately before him, and he stood nerveless, with clicking teeth, as limp as the tradition-drowned rat. A moment he stood so, utterly discouraged, without confidence, without hope. Then with his trembling lips he framed words, words familiar to him for years, and with that, in a shock, he felt strength and courage rising in him like a slow calm flood. It was not less a miracle because there was no sign in the heavens, no earthquake or lightning; it was not less a miracle because many people living now might tell of a like help in fearful need. As it was once a long time ago, the water of his blood was changed into wine. So the prisoner stood in the courtyard in the blackness of midnight and found himself ready.

He groped his way to the shed he had seen from the governor's window; with his old boyish agility he scrambled up its sloping roof and felt for the coping he had noticed—the coping wide enough for a man's foot; he had found it; he had found a water pipe above to help him stand on it; he was on the coping, face flat to the wall, working his way with infinite delicate care to the window of the governor. He never knew how long that part took; it seemed a great while, though not many feet lay between the shed and the window. Then he felt the stone sill of the window; his hand crept up; it was open—wide open. With a strong pull he had swung himself over and stood in the dark, in the governor's bedroom.

Stood and listened, hardly daring for the first instant to draw the long breath he sorely needed. Then he smiled. No necessity for that caution at least. The governor was snoring a heavy aggressive snore which would have drowned most noises. Francois stood quiet till his eyes had grown accustomed to the shadows, and then they searched about quickly. Ah! there they were, the governor's clothes. On a chair by his bed. With wary steps he stole across. He lifted off one or two things and suddenly there was a jingle.

"Ah!" growled the governor and funged out his hand, and the snore came to a full stop.

The hand searched the darkness a second; all but touched that of Francois, then fell limply, the head turned away, with a deep sigh. Like a statue Francois stood, frozen to the floor, and dared not look at the figure stirring in the bed, for fear his gaze might awake the sleeper. For he slept; the sound of the keys had only jarred some chord in his uneasy dream. Long minutes after the snoring was in full progress again Francois waited, and then with careful fingers he clasped the entire bunch of keys softly and carried them into the next room.

There was a low light there, on the writing-table. Francois slipped the thin, old, brass key which he knew off from the bunch; he glanced about quickly and found the flint and steel on its table and put them in his pocket; he took down that small saber, with its well-polished scabbard, and buckled it about himself; then a thought came to him. A sheet of paper lay on the governor's writing-table as if he had been about to write a letter; pen and ink were ready. The prisoner dropped into the governor's chair and wrote:

"My dear count, I cannot run away without leaving a good-by for you and a word of thanks for the kindness you have shown me. Be sure I shall not forget our evenings together and shall be glad when I hear of your promotion, as I am sure I shall hear. I heartily hope I am not going to make trouble for you. But I have to go—you will understand that. With a thousand thanks again I am, count, your grateful prisoner—Francois Beaupre."

Still the count snored. Francois, alert, stood and listened as he folded the note carefully and laid it under a weight on the table. Then he tempted Providence no longer. He slid the battered, bright, old, brass key softly into the lock, let himself into the dark stairway, relocked the door on the inside, groped his way painfully down the steep stairs into the wine-cellar, and when he felt a level floor under his feet struck a light with the governor's flint and steel. He lighted one of his candle ends. The wine-cellar, which he had left only two hours before, seemed almost homelike; it lacked the governor, that was all. He crossed to the projecting stone in the north wall, and pressed the corner of the stone below. Nothing happened. Hurriedly he pressed it again, harder, but the cold even surface of the wall

stared him blankly in the face. Again he pushed—with no result. A sickness came over him. Was all his labor and peril to go for nothing? Was he to be caught again and thrust back, this time into some far worse dungeon? How had he dared to hope! The entrance was closed, overgrown, the masonry had grown solid with years and dampness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Peasant Guide.

He flashed out the saber and desperately he slid it this way and that about the great stone, trying to find a crack, something to loosen, something that would give. And while he worked in a fever, in a chill, he remembered Pietro's letter.

Then he set down the candle end on a shelf and with trembling fingers drew off his coat and drew out the hidden papers. The wet from his bath in the water-butt had stained them a little, but only a little, for they were carefully wrapped in the bit of oilskin in which they had come. He unfolded the letter.

"If you will press the lower corner on the left-hand side," Pietro said—"the lower corner!"

And he had been concentrating all his efforts, all his despair, on the upper corner. When it is a question of life and death a man is superhumanly strong and quick sometimes, but he is also sometimes forgetful. It is an exciting and confusing thing, likely, to be working for life and liberty after five years of imprisonment. Francois pushed the lower left-hand corner and like magic the great block above swung out. With his lighted candle end in his hand he slipped through and turned and swung back the door into place and turned again and faced blackness. Narrow, low, cold blackness. Quickly enough, however, with good courage, with his heart thumping out a song of hope, which he had kept down sternly till now, he walked, at times stooping low as he must because of the descent, down the secret road of the old Zappis. His candle held forward, he could see a few feet ahead, but all he could see was huge blocks of rough stone, green with mold, water dripping between them. The air he breathed was heavy and thick; through his wet clothes he felt a chill as of the grave. But what mattered the road, when the road led to freedom?

Suddenly it came to him that the passage might be blocked. It was years since Pietro had been through it; some of the stones might have fallen—it would take very little to close so narrow a way. With an anxiety which was physical pain, with breathless eagerness now, he hurried on. He had to stop to light his second candle; again he hurried on. Would the end never come? Was any mistake possible? With that he stumbled against something and fell, and the candle flew from his hand and was put out; with a hoarse groan he threw out an arm to steady himself to rise; his hand went through a yielding, prickly mass; a glimmer came in past it—light—the end!

Pushing, crashing, staggering through, he came into a strange place. It was as if a giant had taken a huge spoon and scooped out the top of the earth deep, very deep. All of this great hollow was filled with trees and tangled undergrowth. It was full of vague shadows in the glimmer of the earliest dawn. Francois, standing there sobbing, ghastly with paleness, with matted hair and wild-staring eyes and gasping mouth and wet torn clothes, was a fit demon for the haunted spot. He saw nothing, no one; with that there was a soft snapping of twigs and a movement in the darkness farthest from him; a movement toward him. Tottering he crawled to meet it; in another second the shadows had shaped into figures—a peasant boy on a horse, leading another horse.

Then he stood close to them, and the boy, leaning over without a word put something into his hand, and Francois, swaying with exhaustion, saw that it was a flask. He took a long swallow of cognac and his chilled blood leaped, and with that he had caught the bride from the lad and was in the saddle.

In the shadows of trees, in a lonely lane, the peasant boy stopped his horse suddenly and made a short gesture toward the flask sticking out of Francois' coat pocket. His strength was going again; it was exactly the right moment. Another swallow of brandy and he rode on with fresh courage. But something in the gesture of the peasant boy; something about his seat in the saddle, about the touch of his hands on the rein, gave Francois a curious undefined shock. In the growing daylight he turned toward the silent rider. The coat collar was up and the broad-brimmed soft hat drawn down. The slim figure, outlined against the cool pink vastness of the morning sky was clad like an ordinary young peasant—yet! There was a poise, sure grace, which seemed unlike a peasant, which seemed like—

"Have we far to go?" Francois demanded suddenly in French.

The head turned swiftly; black ex-

aggerated lashes lifted and under them were the blue eyes he knew.

"Alixe."

He cried it out loud, reckless, forgetting everything. But she did not forget. In an instant her hand was on his mouth, and she was whispering in terror.

"Francois, dear Francois, be careful. We are not safe yet. We have a village to ride through—see, there is a house. It is almost time for them to be awake. Ride fast. It is two miles yet."

They were racing again over the soft ground, the horses' unshod feet making little noise, and Francois' heart was playing mad music. No need now of cognac. Then they were galloping down the sand of a lonely beach, and with that there was a little group of people and a boat drawn up; and they had pulled in the horses, and Francois felt himself lifted off like a child and lying like a very little, worn-out child in the general's arms; and the general was crying, swearing, hugging him without shame. Pietro was there; Pietro was rubbing the thin hands in a futile useless sort of way, and holding them by turns to his face. Alixe, her peasant hat off now, bent over them, lovelier than ever before, not minding her boy's dress, and smiled at him, wordless. There was a huge man also who took the horses, and Francois wondered if he had heard ari-sta that Alixe called him "little Battista." Wondering very much at everything, the voices grew far away and the faces uncertain, and he decided that it was without doubt a dream and that Battista would unlock the door shortly and bring in his breakfast. And with that he knew nothing more till he awoke in a boat.

And it was with a new feeling; with a desire and a hope to live. Pietro sat watching him and brought him warm milk and held his head up as he drank it, like a woman. Then, in quiet, slow tones, he explained all the puzzle which Francois had by now begun to wonder over. It seemed that just before little Battista had brought Francois' letter to Vicques, Pietro had received another unexpected letter, from a Colonel Hampton in Virginia, whose estate lay next the six thousand acres of land which the Marquis Zappi had bought fifteen years before. Colonel Hampton wrote with two requests. The first was that the Marquis Zappi should come to Virginia, or send some one with authority to look after his property. The land was going to rack and ruin for want of management; the uncontrolled slaves on the place were demoralizing to the neighborhood. Colonel Hampton had done what he could, but he had not the power of a master, and moreover he was busy with his own large estate. The marquis should come or send a qualified agent at once.

The next object of the letter was to ask that the marquis should receive and entertain the nephew of Colonel Hampton, Mr. Henry Hampton, who, sailing on Colonel Hampton's ship, the Lovely Lucy, would bring this letter to the marquis. The ship would go first to England and discharge there her cargo of tobacco, and after that it was to be at the service of young Mr. Hampton, to visit such countries of



He Cried It Out Loud, Reckless.

Europe as he might choose, for six months. Mr. Hampton had many letters to people in England, but none elsewhere, and Colonel Hampton would be obliged if the marquis would receive him at his estate of Castelforte and let him see something of Italy from that point of vantage. The marquis might then, if he thought good, return to Virginia in the Lovely Lucy, and either set matters on a firm enough footing to be left, or else—which the colonel considered the better plan—stay with them and become a country gentleman of Virginia. The colonel had heard that there had been political trouble in Italy, but hoped that at this time the country was at peace and the marquis comfortably established in his own castle.

All this the young marquis, an exile of five years from his native land, had read at the chateau of Vicques. He had considered deeply as to what he might do about Carnifax, his estate in

Virginia. He could not go himself, for he was in close connection with the work of Italian patriots outside and inside of Italy; with Mazzini in London; with others in other places. And he did not know anyone whom he could send.

So the matter stood when the big little Battista had brought Francois' letter to Vicques. And when Alixe had appealed to him to take Francois' liberation on his shoulders, with the thought of the secret passage and the vaguely outlined plan of escape had come to him the recollection of Colonel Hampton's letter and the long sea voyage to Virginia.

So when Mr. Henry Hampton landed at Calais, a tall and very handsome and very silent young man took quiet possession of him and told him that he was the Marquis Zappi and that Mr. Hampton was to go with him to the chateau of Vicques in the Jura. There was a certain gentle force about this young marquis which made opposition to his expressed wish something like banging one's head against a stone wall. Mr. Henry Hampton had planned going direct to Paris, but he went to Vicques. And on the journey down the Marquis Zappi opened out a plan which richly rewarded him for his pliability. Mr. Hampton had some clearer ideas on Italian politics than his uncle; he knew enough to detest the Austrians and to have a keen sympathy for the long, heroic, losing fight—so far losing—of those devoted men who were counting their lives as nothing for a united Italy. The scheme of helping to rescue a prisoner out of an Austrian fortress was an adventure such as made his eyes dance. Mr. Hampton was twenty-one and full of romance, romance as yet ungratified. So, Pietro told Francois, this long explanation over, the Lovely Lucy was anchored at an unimportant island outside the port for which they were bound, and Francois and the others were to go on board and set sail promptly for some port of France. There the general, Alixe, Pietro and little Battista were to be put ashore, and Francois was to sail across to Virginia with Mr. Hampton and take possession for Pietro of his American estates.

Francois, lying in bed with his eyes glowing like lanterns, listened. But as his friend finished he broke out, with a sharp pain in his voice.

"Pietro! I want to see my mother."

And Pietro was silent, laying a quiet hand over the unsteady one. Without a word he sat so and let the sick man think. The line of red which came into the pale cheeks told that he was thinking intensely, and at last, with a shivering sigh which went to the other's heart:

"You are right, Pietro," he said. "It is a wonderful plan for a broken man. It is like you to do everything right without a word said. The sea voyage, the healthy life in Virginia—that ought to make a man of me again soon, ought it not, Pietro?"

Pietro could not speak as he looked at the wrecked figure, but he nodded cheerfully.

"As for your place, I'll have that in order in a month, and in a year it will be a model for Virginia; and then I'll come home."

Pietro smiled.

"Come home and fight for the prince—for our Prince Louis. Do you remember that afternoon at the chateau, Pietro, and the strange boy, and how he fascinated us and how—the weak voice stopped at every syllable, but slipped on again cheerfully. The familiar charm of the boy Francois was strong as he talked. "And how he was not to be frightened by any danger of an old wall—" and Francois stopped, smiling.

"And how you saved him," Pietro added.

"That was a chance," said Francois quickly. "But, Pietro, do you remember how Alixe turned on you, because I had done it? Droll little Alixe!"

"She always scorned me because I was not wonderful like you, Francois. You were always the hero," Pietro said gently, and pressed the skeleton hand under his own.

Francois' eyes blazed up at him then as if he had done so often in boyhood. "Not that, Pietro. You do not understand. It was because Alixe wished always to see you first. I was older and had a certain quickness—she wanted you to have my poor facility as well as all of your own gifts."

Pietro smiled his kind quiet smile. "My Francois, I have no gifts. And if Alixe is more proud of you it is right, for you are a pride to all of us and I am the last to grudge one particle of honor or love to you. Francois"—Pietro's deep voice stopped, and then he went on in his straightforward, simple way—"Francois, it is not possible for me to tell you how glad I am to have you, my brother, back from the dead."

And weak, nerve-wrecked Francois, holding tight to Pietro's hand, turned his face to the wall and cried.

Now that the end of effort was over, the strain of the long years showed their effects in a collapse; the stretched chord had fallen loose, relaxed as if it might never make music again. When the time came to leave the harbor of Luigi and go aboard the Lovely Lucy, the effort was too much for the man who, two nights before, had shown the nerve and agility of an acrobat. When he must leave the boat and make the change, he fainted, and, wrapped in a blanket, ghastly white, unconscious, the little Battista carried his light weight up the ladder of the American ship.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stand-Off.

Nagging Wife—drinking husband. Which is cause and which is effect? Sociologists and temperance lecturers may think they know but they don't.—Philadelphia Record