FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

By WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—$500 down, balance same as rent!—on Staten Island. Dick Meade, newspaper man, cynic, socialist, takes dinner and spends the night. Dick warns Bob against John Brand, Bob's old schoolmate, now a member of "the system," who is expected to call. Brand, Hudson Cement company president, offers Bob $40,000 to use his position as chemist with the United Construction company to cheat the specifications for cement work on the Pecos River dam. Jane overhearing, asks Bob to accept. His refusal, in the face of their poverty, chills her. Brand wins Jane into a conspiracy to make Bob "earn" the $40,000. He takes her for an auto ride and they are seen by Dick. She receives $100 "consideration money" by mail from Brand, and in the sudden chance from skimping economies and unpaid bills to ready money loses all sense of true moral values. The clandestine auto rides continue. Jane tries in vain to influence Bob to accept Brand's offer. Dick arrives unusually early on his regular Wednesday visit. On the heels of Bob who arrives unexpectedly come Mrs. Collins, Jane's chaperon, arrayed for a ride, and Brand, with his auto. The four actors are together on a stage set for tragedy. Jane explains the conspiracy. Bob again refuses to strike the $40,000, and Jane leaves him—for good, unless he reconsiders. Bob buries his conscience and Jane gets her fine feathers. They become social friends with Mr. and Mrs. Brand. Dick disappears from their life. Bob begins to nipple. Bob begins to pay the price. Dick becomes a "muckraker" and prospers. He learns from Henning, a broker, that Brand has double-crossed Bob in the stock market and that Bob is financially "wiped out." He goes to Bob's new home.

CHAPTER XX.

Light in Darkness.

After several inquiries Dick found his friend's home and rang the bell. Frieda answered it, but in the dim light on the veranda and because of her wondrous change from a slatternly domestic to a smart maid, he did not recognize her.

"Is Mr. Reynolds in?"

"No, sir." Frieda informed him, "but he may come any minute."

"Is his wife home?"

"No, sir, she's gone out to dinner and I think she's going over to New York. But Mr. Reynolds didn't expect to go."

"If you don't mind, I'll wait," said Dick. He went in. "My name is Meade—Richard Meade," he added without looking at the girl. "You may have heard, Mr. Reynolds speak of me."

He took off his coat and as he handed it to her, stared in a quizzical way. At last the truth dawned on him.

"Why, it's Frieda," he exclaimed. "Bless me, what a change."

The girl, not oblivious or averse to the inflection in his surprised greeting, courtesied an acknowledgement.

"Change is right, Mr. Dick. You didn't know me, did you?"

"I should say I didn't," he concurred, with a smile. "Why, you're all dressed up like one of those talking dolls."

She laughed and turned around for full inspection.

"The very latest model," she informed him. "Do you like it?"

"It's a dream," the young writer acknowledged. "But never go back to Staten Island with that rig on. There are 1,200 soldiers at the fort over there and the government doesn't want them all to desert at once."

"Don't worry, Mr. Dick. I'm not going back to Staten Island. Mrs. Reynolds gave me a chance when she came over here and you bet I took it. It took me some time to get on to myself, but I did at last and now I'm done with that sort of thing, believe me!"

Frieda's appearance confirmed her boast.

Nearly an hour passed. He read an article or two in magazines that were littered about the table. There were books too, all of the lighter sort—recent fiction, and some of the higher class humorous papers.

Everything in the Reynolds home, so much as Dick had seen of it, bespoke the idler. Everything bespoke ease of body and unwillingness to tax the mind.

A quick step on the veranda cut short his musings. Bob threw open the door. At the sight of his visitor he rushed forward with outstretched hands.

"Why, Dick," he shouted, and then he fairly hugged him.

"You're the last man I expected to see here and the one I'd rather see most. You've kept away pretty long, but it's better late than never."

"Well, you sort of got out of my class, Bob," replied his friend, responding to the handshake with a grip as firm as iron. "And I've been away a good deal, too. Europe and all around."

Reynolds threw off his coat and carried it to the rack.

"Europe?" he said as he turned. "What for, the paper?"

"No, I haven't been with the paper for some time, Bob. Left it shortly—well, shortly after I saw you last. I'm with the World Awake now. Quite a job. Things have been looking up a bit."

Reynolds looked him over carefully and fondly.

"So I would judge," he acquiesced. "You look it. Prosperous, eh?"

"From my point of view, yes," said Dick. "Maybe not from yours and Brand's."

Reynolds frowned. Mention of the millionaire's name irritated him.

"Don't rub it in, old man," he begged. "Don't bring him in the first thing. Let's have a little talk just about ourselves. Wait, I haven't asked you what you'd have."

"Water for mine, Bob. That's been my program for a year. Nothing like it."

Reynolds pushed a button.

"The devil you say," he answered as he turned to his friend. "I can't say the same for myself. I live a little bit now and then, and it's cold out tonight. I feel chilled."

"Bring some brandy and ice water," he ordered as the maid entered. "And, Frieda, bring a large glass for Mr. Meade."

Bob took out his cigarette case.

"Sit down, Dick," he urged as he tendered the case. "You haven't cut these out, too, have you?"

"No, not yet. I've tried cigars, but it's no go. The little pills have their charm, Bob, and they're one thing I place before dignity."

They lighted their cigarettes and puffed for a moment in silence. Some element of restraint seemed to hover over them despite the sincere friendliness of their greeting. Reynolds spoke first.

"Dick," he said, "I'm mighty glad to see you and you know it. But tell me just one thing. You haven't come to lecture, have you?"

"Why," the other inquired with a laugh, "do you need it?"

"I might need it, but I don't want it, and least of all from you. Let's keep off that stuff, will you?"

"Maybe. But you seem to be hunting trouble. Wait till I start some."

Reynolds poured out some of the brandy that Frieda brought. Dick, watching, saw that his hand shook perceptibly. Evidently there was something more than the cold that made the stimulant welcome.

The old Bob of the bungalow days who worked methodically and spoke

"I'm Done With That Sort of Thing, Believe Me."

with quiet meaning was no more. Here was a product of the game, or rather, a victim of it. But a man who had lost $40,000 in a day, which was, perhaps, his all, could not be expected to walk a tight rope. This Dick knew and he felt the commiseration that he longed to express. But he bided his time. Somehow he didn't feel much more at his ease than Bob did.

"Where's Mrs. Reynolds?" he asked. "Do you expect her home?"

Again Reynolds browe contracted, but he forced a smile.

"Mrs. Reynolds? You're rather formal, aren't you? Jane's gone to the theater with the Brands and a party. She won't be home till after midnight. That reminds me," he added. "I haven't had any dinner. How about you?"

"I had a late luncheon," Dick replied. "Don't bother about me. If you're going to have something I might take a bite. Something like one of our old time feeds, Bob."

His host pushed the button again.

"Got anything to eat in the house, Frieda?"

"Certainly, sir. But we didn't hardly expect you'd be home. I'm afraid it won't be much to offer—Mr. Dick."

"Mr. Dick doesn't want much, Frieda, and I don't either. Just fix up some coffee and something cold."

He turned and poured more brandy.

"I feel a little nervous tonight, Dick," he said apologetically. "Sorry you won't join me, but I wouldn't urge for the world."

They went into the dining room. The scant board that Frieda had predicted had developed into quite a feast. There was cold beef and turkey with a delicious salad, ripe olives, caviar, white wine, and beside Dick's place a bottle of beer. He smiled as he pushed it aside.

"It's a shame to discourage Frieda's thoughtfulness," he said. "Beer would certainly go fine with this board."

Reynolds's fortune had not affected his appetite, or if it had the brandy had restored it. He ate ravenously and urged Dick to keep him company. They smoked cigarettes over their coffee and went back to the fireplace.

"Quite a cozy nook out here, Dick," said his host. "What do you think of the place?" Without waiting for a reply he added. "I guess you'll have to allow me one after-dinner sip."

He drank the brandy at a gulp, and called Frieda for more water.

"Did you know her, Dick?" he asked, indicating the girl as she went out.

"After a good look, yes. She seems to have felt the beneficent aid of money, Bob. If it had the same effect on us all I might be less opposed to it. Some people can stand prosperity and some can't."

"Oh, I don't know," Reynolds countered. "I can't say that I see such improvement even in her case. I used to like her funny little braids and her crude ways. Sometimes I feel like asking her to dress up the way she was over there, but I suppose she couldn't do it. Once we kick away the props, the scene is gone and we can't call it back, except in mind. That chain of thoughts has been hitting me hard lately."

He walked over and put his hands on his friend's shoulders.

"In fact, Dick," he continued, "if you want to know it, I wish to God I was back in Staten Island. Back in that stifling laboratory in Bowling Green. Back anywhere where there are men and something to do."

He turned away and paced the floor.

"Yes," he cried, in strained, piteous tones, "I must have work. Work! Work and sleep, or I shall go insane!"

He reeled and, pointed to the decanter.

"That's held me up, Dick! Up or down, whichever you call it. But it can't go on! I want a change, a man's life. Then, as thought of the day's disaster flashed across his mind, he turned hunted eyes to the journalist, and sank down into his chair. ("But I guess the change is coming now, old man, I guess"—he swept a pointing hand about the richly furnished room —"I guess I'm through with this."

The realization that he was now an absolute failure and that in the climax of his failure he confronted the man who predicted it had wrought upon Bob until he collapsed, but he was not ready for complete surrender. As Dick rushed to him he straightened up and pushed his friend away.

"No," he said, "I don't want the lecture—not yet. I just felt a little wobbly in the presence of a real friend, but I'll stick it out. Sit down, Dick, I want to know about you. I heard you bought the bungalow. Are you still over there?"

Young Meade yielded to the pathetic entreaty and went back to his chair.

"Yes," he answered, as he resumed his seat, "still there."

He saw his worst fears were justified. Bob had reaped the full guerdon of his mistake. But in the depth of his disgrace he rebelled against acknowledgment of it. The sore was too acute and he recoiled from direct attack as a man shrinks from his surgeon's knife. Dick chose a subtler way.

"You wouldn't know the little shack, Bob," he continued. "I put a wing on it and had it painted up and stained. Brought my mother up from Ohio and she thinks it's great. Guess it's been a little lonesome for her, though. I went across the pond last spring and was gone most of the summer. But I had a man to keep up the garden and I bought back some of the chickens you sold to Collins. There are a few of them pecking around now and once in a while they lay an egg or two. We have quite a time of it, mother and I, and I guess we are both reconciled. The place is all paid for, too, Bob."

"Great! You must have prospered I wish I was back there with you. Maybe you'd take a boarder now. What would you say if I asked you to?"

"What, with this mansion and all this junk? I'd think you were laughing at me."

"Laughing," he echoed. "Why, I don't know what a real laugh means."

He came around to the table.

"I'm going to take just one more drink, Dick. Then I'm going to ask you something." He drained the glass and looking down:

"What brought you around tonight? It wasn't just to be sociable, or you'd have come before. What was it?"

"Suppose the answer involved a lecture?" Dick asked. He smiled encouragingly, however, and added briskly: "But it doesn't, Bob. To tell you the truth, I have heard that you've been up against it and today, by accident, I learned what you've been up against."

"Somebody's been telling you fairy tales," Reynolds retorted with an air of assurance. "Do I look like a pauper?"

He was calm enough, but a student of facial expression would have seen premonitory symptoms of a sinister apprising. Dick, unawed, ignored his question.

"No, they're not fairy tales," he persisted, "they're cold, hard, immutable facts. I don't wonder at your recourse to that stuff." He pointed to the bottle.

"Never mind the sermon, Dick. What do you know, or what have you heard?"

"I know that you're broke; that today they left you flat. Sheared you and trimmed you and shaved you. You don't have to affirm, or deny it, but I know. Now you know why I'm here."

"Who told you that?"

"Your broker, is that good enough?"

"My broker? You mean to say that Henning, told—a stranger, my private affairs—my confidential dealings with him?"

"I'm not a stranger, Bob, and confidential business is only confidential while you have money. When you've cleaned it different. No, I don't mean that," he interjected. "I don't want to rub it in on Henning. I heard part of the story from another source and then I wormed it out of him. I happened to do Henning a favor once and when I told him I was a friend of yours he didn't feel any much reluctance about confessing up. I know what you lost and you know, but there is something you are not so well informed about. You don't happen to know, do you, that your munificent friend Mr. Brand won about two hundred thousand dollars on the stock you lost on and that your forty thousand is comfortably reposing in the Eastern National bank tonight to his credit?"

Infinitesimal is the difference between love and hate; in the lapse of a second the coward becomes the fearless hero; despair has but the herald of desperation, and in the brief moment that Reynolds sat digesting the full force of the reporter's words he changed from the crushed and hopeless puppet and sat erect, vibrant, wide-eyed—stripped of his ass' skin. He had been buying the stock of the Consolidated Wire company on the advice of Brand. He had talked to Brand over the telephone the day before and Brand had given him no warning of the collapse. Consolidated Wire had dropped 15 points and Brand had added a fat portion to his fortune. Well, Brand would do the explaining.

Dick, having done his worst, was now all commiseration. He had not come to taunt, but to help. He went to Bob's side and put a hand on his shoulder. His voice rang with sincere solicitude.

"Come on, old man," he begged, "and get out of this. Close up here tomorrow and start again. Tell Jane the truth and come over to the bungalow with mother and me. It'll work out all right. You've had your fling among your would-be patricians and you've failed. What do you say Bob? Will you do it? Will you come back with me?"

He stood with his arms outstretched in mute appeal, but Reynolds raised his hands in deprecation.

"It's too late, Dick," he answered. "If I wanted to I couldn't do it now. I've got to stay and fight it out."

"Fight it out! With what, Bob? Why, you were beaten before you started. Next thing you know they'll be taking the butter and eggs out of your icebox and you'll be hungry."

"They've done that already, Dick, but I'll fight, just the same." He jumped to his feet and grasped the writer's arm with trembling hand. "I tell you I've got to fight, Dick. You think you know the worst. You know only half of it. I signed an overdraft for $10,000 today and it's gone through. The bank telephoned me this afternoon and I've got to raise the money or go to jail. But I won't go to jail. Don't worry. I know the man that'll keep me out of it. He's coming here tonight and when he leaves I'll have another grubstake. I've been bought, Dick; bought—but I haven't been paid for."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VAST INDUSTRY IN URUGUAY

Millions of Pounds of Jerked Beef Are Exported From South American Country Annually.

Something over a hundred years ago the hacendados (ranchmen) of Uruguay complained to the government that over 400,000 head of cattle were being killed annually for their hides alone. The carcasses were thrown to the dogs, or left on the rolling pampas for the vultures to devour. Beef in Uruguay was so plentiful that it was something of a nuisance evidently. Of course that day has passed, but they still have cattle enough down there to convert some 700,000 head into 113,000,000 pounds of jerked beef in one year, most of which is sold in Brazil, Cuba, Porto Rico, and other tropical countries. Perhaps but few people know that the first great factory for the production of beef extract known to the world was established at Fray Bentos, a little city on the Uruguay river about 100 miles above Buenos Aires, the cosmopolitan capital of Argentina, and that it is still operating. Fray Bentos has been called the greatest kitchen in the world. On some days 2,500 head of cattle are slaughtered, then treated so as to get the finest meat from them, the bones and ribs, the intestines, tails, sinews, hoofs, and other parts being reserved for their various uses. The company is organized with a system of help to the employes, for improving their physical, material and moral welfare. It maintains an almost model city around its factory, and has a reputation for enterprise and fair dealing which gives it an enviable place in the business world.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Certainly Not.

Patience—Do you believe in seats for women workers?

Patrice—Not for all women workers. "Why not for all?"

"Why, tango teachers can't sit down while working."

NOT MUCH OF A SWEETMEAT

Small Wonder That Country Merchant Was Dissatisfied With Taste of the "Preserves."

For several summers, while I was in high school and college, says a contributor to one of the Sunday magazines, I was employed by a wholesale grocery concern. Besides selling the usual line of groceries, this firm manufactured flavoring essences and toilet preparations.

Sometimes I traveled as substitute for one of the regular salesmen while he took his vacation. On one such trip I entered a little country grocery, and announced my business to the proprietor.

The man said, "Oh, yes, I have been looking for you. But before I buy anything I want you to take back some stuff your house put up that I bought from Mr. A. It's no good."

I told him we were always willing to stand behind anything we sold, and asked to see the unsatisfactory article. He brought out a case of petroleum jelly (similar to vaseline), packed in eight-ounce glass tumblers.

"There!" he said. "That's the first thing I ever bought from your house that wasn't up to the mark. But that stuff is no good. We were out of preserves at the house, so I took a jar of it home; but we couldn't do anything with it. We tried it on hot bread and on cold bread; but not one of us could eat it."

"Sabotage."

Sabotage has been defined as "striking but staying on the payroll." It is the means taken by discontented workmen to interfere with the machinery of their employer's production, and if possible to force him to consider their demands without actually going on strike. Briefly, sabotage means poor work, done deliberately, with the definite purpose of causing the greatest possible annoyance to the employer.

GERMAN TROOPS OCCUPY LODZ

Capture of Town Officially Reported From Berlin and London.

RUSSIAN STATEMENT MADE

Impossible at This Time to Estimate Losses or to Ascertain Number of Prisoners—German Victory Is Considered a Remarkable Feat.

Berdin, Dec. 8.—The German official statement given out in Berlin this afternoon says that in northern Poland German forces were successful in prolonged fighting around Lodz in defeating strong Russian forces stationed to the northwest and to the southwest of the city. The text of the announcement follows:

"In northern Poland we gained important successes in prolonged fighting around Lodz by defeating strong Russian forces stationed to the northwest and to the southwest of this city, which is in our possession.

Russian Loss Reported Large.

"Details of the battle giving us Lodz cannot yet be made public because of the extended field over which the engagement was fought. The Russian losses were very large. An attempt by the Russians to come to the assistance of their threatened armies in the North from southern Poland was foiled by the activity of the Austro-Hungarian and German troops in the district southwest of Plotrkow.

"No especial reports have been received from the region to the east of the plain of the Mazur lakes."

German Victory Remarkable.

London, Dec. 7.—After a long battle, fought with the greatest stubbornness, the Germans have succeeded in occupying Lodz, Poland, which is an unfortified city.

This success of the Germans, largely because of what preceded it, is considered by military experts a really remarkable achievement. Less than a fortnight ago the army to which this victory has fallen was surrounded by Russians and cut its way out only at the last moment, losing great numbers of men and many guns. Yet it was able within a few days to reorganize, take the offensive, and defeat the Russians defending Lodz.

This was made possible by the network of strategic railways on the German side of the frontier, over which re-enforcements can be sent where they are most needed.

Russian Army Hard to Move.

The Russians, on the other hand, vigorously attacked on both wings, were unable to send fresh men to stiffen their center to meet the German wedge, and were compelled to fall back.

Official Berlin Report.

Berlin, Dec. 7.—It is officially announced this morning that the Germans occupied Lodz, in Russian Poland, on Sunday. Lodz is the second largest city of Russian Poland and is 75 miles southwest of Warsaw, the Polish capital.

The official communication issued yesterday merely stated that "the battle around Lodz is taking its course as we expected," and continued:

"Nothing of note has taken place in the war area east of the Mazurian lakes, where the enemy remained quiet. In southern Poland there is no change in the situation."

Another official statement from the German headquarters given out earlier yesterday was as follows:

"The report given in the Russian statement of November 29 that the German attacks in the vicinity of Czenstochowa failed with many casualties to the Germans is false, the truth being quite the contrary. The attack of the Seventeenth Russian corps, which approached to within sixty-five yards of our lines, was repulsed, the Russians taking a position farther back and leaving a large number of killed and wounded."

News Confirmed in London.

London, Dec. 7.—An official telegram from German main headquarters in Russian Poland, received at Berlin and transmitted by way of Amsterdam to Reuter's Telegram company, says that Lodz was occupied by the German troops on Sunday afternoon, the Russians beating a retreat after severe losses.

The German official announcement is given further support by delayed dispatches from Petrograd to the Daily Telegraph. The correspondent states that on Friday, the date the dispatches were filed, the situation at Lodz was serious.

"For the last three days," says one of these dispatches, "the Germans in Russian Poland around Lodz have been strenuously aggressive.

Germans Heavily Re-enforced.

"The German wedge, which already has been driven into Russian Poland, is being pushed with tremendous re-enforcements. The base of this wedge is a line from Thorn to Kalisz, The apex is Lowicz. This gives the Germans control of all the railroads in this triangle. They are using the railroads to pour in an unceasing stream of fresh troops and engines of war.

"The enemy's plan around Lodz involves the cutting of some of Warsaw's most important lines of communication. The Germans plan to hold this wedge all winter by inaugurating elaborate trench warfare."

Petrograd, Dec. 8.—An official statement issued here describes as ridiculous the German claims to having captured enormous numbers of prisoners, cannon and machine guns. It says that the armies have been fighting continuously and that it is impossible to estimate the losses.

"This fact," continues the statement, "prevents us from publishing an official denial, as the general staff carefully avoids giving any details that have not been verified.

"On the other hand, the German denial that they have lost a single gun is disproved by the fact that in the Brzeziny district alone near Lodz we took from them 23 guns and a large amount of spoils. As to German prisoners, 10,000 have passed one point alone to our front, where prisoners are registered.

Says Germans Lost Heavily.

"Neither do the Germans mention the supply columns which they burned nor the cannon and ammunition which they abandoned in the forests and which we are gradually finding.

"The Germans also conceal the losses which they sustained in the November fighting, although witnesses state that never before had a field of battle presented such a sight as on the roads of the German retreat toward Strykow. At some points where we attacked the German flanks the German dead were piled several feet high. All the inhabitants of the district have been engaged in the work of burying the dead and clearing the fields where the recent combats were waged.

"Several German divisions, especially that of the guards, have been so severely tried during their efforts to escape our clutches that they have disappeared from the front in order to recuperate and reorganize their formation."

Russians Bombard Cracow.

The Hague, Dec. 6.—A Russian staff officer today made the statement that, according to official news received at four o'clock this afternoon, a Russian force is now bombarding Cracow and its suburbs from the southeast.

Russian Official Statement.

Petrograd, Dec. 5.—The following statement from the general staff of the Russian commander in chief was issued tonight:

"On the left bank of the Vistula on December 3 there was some fierce fighting on the front of Glowno-Lowicz and also on the western roads toward Lodz and Piotrkow.

Newspapers here are beginning to print numerous fragmentary accounts derived from the soldiers concerning recent fighting in Poland. The general impression from all sides is that the fighting between the Vistula and Warthe rivers has been incomparably more severe than anything experienced before during this war on any front.

The character of the fighting also compelled the Germans to rely on their mauhood instead of their machinery, yet they still persist in their massed formations against rifle, maxim or bayonet. Their losses have been appalling. Experienced experts estimate that the Germans have lost two-thirds of their army in Poland.

REPORT OSTEND IN FLAMES

News of Calamity Reaches London, But Its Cause Has Not Been Ascertained.

London, Dec. 7.—"Ostend is reported to be on fire," says the Daily Chronicle in a dispatch from Dunkirk. "It is believed the conflagration was caused either by a British bombardment or German incendiaries."

London, Dec. 6.—The allies continue to push forward in Flanders and in northern France, but the Germans explain that they are giving ground for tactical and strategical reasons. The advance, as far as Flanders is concerned, seems to have been checked on the outskirts of Langemarck.

Seemingly more important is the official statement that the French have interfered with the German communications between Metz and the Woevre district in France, for here, as elsewhere, command of the roads is of the greatest importance to the armies.

French Lose 100,000.

Paris, Nov. 26.—(Correspondence.)—The French war office does not issue lists of losses in the war. A correspondent by inquiry in various quarters estimates that the French loss in dead up to November 10 is something under 100,000 men. The number of wounded and sick soldiers being cared for in French hospitals on November 19 appears to have been about four hundred thousand.

The Swiss government's bureau for the exchange of prisoners of war has the names of 90,000 French prisoners in Germany. Taking these figures together, the total losses of the French army would be about five hundred and ninety thousand men.

The French military authorities, through their agents and spies, are well informed regarding the situation of the German army. The French estimate the number of Germans killed in battle on this frontier as considerably exceeding 100,000, because the German tactics have been more continually on the offensive, with correspondingly heavier losses than the defensive.

British Lose 3,213 Officers.

London, Dec. 7.—To date Great Britain has lost in the war 887 officers killed, 1,777 wounded, 549 missing, or a total officers' casualties list of 3,213 men.

WILL FIGHT FOR ENGLAND

French Prince, Not Wanted by His Own Country, Will Take a Part in Conflict.

New York.—Prince Ferdinand of France, duc de Montpensier, brother of the duke of Orleans, reached New York from San Francisco, and within a few days will leave to take a commission in the British navy. Before tendering his services to the British the duc de Montpensier sought permission to join the French army or navy.

President Poincare courteously informed him that a law, enacted when General Boulanger was in power, debars princes of the formerly reigning house of France from admission either to her army or navy. However, his two aeroplanes and his automobiles, which he presented to the French government, are seeing service at the front, his racing car being used by General Joffre himself. The duke's yacht also was taken.

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DEMAND FOR QUICK ACTION

Mrs. Bargainhunter Rudely Awakened From Contemplation of That Duck of a Hat.

As usual, the road was "up" and so was part of the street, for that matter. But it takes more than this to keep Mrs. Bargainhunter at home. Her two children comfortably ensconced in the baby carriage, she sailed down the yawning street.

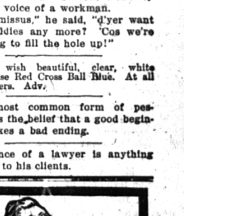
"Oh, what a darling of a duck of a sweet hat!" she murmured. And, leaving the carriage, she walked to the shop window for a closer look. Absorbed in that darling of a hat, she gazed at it all unconscious of the fact that the baby carriage had rolled away into a trench, until at last she was awakened from her blissful dream by the gruff voice of a workman.

"Say, missus," he said, "d'yer want these kiddies any more? 'Cos we're just going to fill the hole up!"

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

The most common form of pessimism is the belief that a good beginning makes a bad ending.

Ignorance of a lawyer is anything but bliss to his clients.



Rheumatism

Just put a few drops of Sloan's on the painful spot and the pain stops. It is really wonderful how quickly Sloan's acts. No need to rub it in—laid on lightly it penetrates to the bone and brings relief at once. Kills rheumatic pain instantly.

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