



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

A temptation to enter assails Dick, but he laughs at the idea—what excuse could he have for seeking assistance? Because a man, or several men, walked by and looked up at the windows of the house in which he boards, he must, forsooth, imagine they mean him harm, and seek their arrest, when, truth to tell they may have been flirting with one of the maids domiciled on the top floor.

He has lost track of the two men whom he followed so far and turns to retrace his steps. For the first time he notes the fact that he is in the slums of Paris. Around him tenements arise, from whose windows, in years gone by, has sounded the slogan of the Revolution, the war cry of the Commune. Here red-capped men and Amazons with streaming hair came forth from their lairs to form the mobs that swept the streets of Paris and reddened the Seine with the blood of aristocrats.

Interesting as this portion of the faubourg might be in the day time, one hardly cares to find himself alone there at midnight. Shadowy figures flit hither and yon—they act as though afraid of being seen by human eyes. Terrible secrets the dens of lower Paris hide.

"Come, Dick, my boy, it's high time you were getting out of this," he says. His hand reaches for a cigar, as he thinks the odor of one might be a thousand times more agreeable than that which permeates the atmosphere in this vile place.

"Just one left—lucky dog that I am. Now for a match, and then—bliss. This, too, is forthcoming. He halts to strike a light, and ignites his weed. In doing so, his face is briefly illumined. It is not the first time a man has been betrayed by such an act.

Dick Denvers hears an exclamation close beside him that makes his heart throb faster than its wont—he hears his name pronounced in conjunction with a Mexican oath. Nevertheless he continues to finish the operation of lighting his cigar—it is only something of an extraordinary nature that can upset this man's nerve.

Of course he counts without his host. Dick has not his fist doubled up for nothing; he sees his opportunity has come and makes the most of it. As the electric fluid leaps from the clouds in a thunder storm, so that good right arm of his sends out a sledge-hammer blow. It smites the astonished ruffian of the Paris faubourg on the side of the head and seems actually to lift him off his feet. He lands with a crash against the side of a building and from that minute conceives the greatest respect for the muscular American, who has tripped him up as neatly as ever a swiftly careering ball did a ten-pin in the alley.

Barcelona has seen it all—he has tried conclusions with this man before, when Dick Denver came out of the encounter first best. Hence Barcelona has been well content to let his tool have the first show at their intended victim. Had there been a dozen men with him foolish enough to long for an encounter with the Yankee of the strong arm, Tordas would be just as willing to let them experiment while he held himself in reserve, ready to jump in when the enemy had become somewhat wearied.

His turn has come now, and he leaps forward to the battle. As Dick turns from sending that right hand of his against the second fellow's head he finds himself suddenly clasped in the arms of the bull fighter—it is just such a hold as Barcelona has long wished to get upon his old-time enemy, and as his hands meet behind Dick's body he gives vent to a shout of fierce delight, which, however, ends in a shriek, as fate gives him a cruel

blow—fate, aided and abetted by Dick Denver. When Barcelona makes that fierce onslaught he manages to take Dick so much by surprise that the latter cannot get in his work; his arms are powerless to beat the enemy off, and weapon he has none save such as nature gave him.

Barcelona has just begun to set his tremendous muscles, with which he intends to bug his enemy until the latter turns black in the face, when the cool American checkmates his foe in one move. He raises his hand to his mouth, takes out his cigar, which from constant puffing is fiery red at the end, and with great deliberation jams it into the eye of the athlete who encircles him with hands like steel. Hence that shriek, that unclapping of the arms, the mad leap backward.

Barcelona is amazed, tortured, bewildered, where he was certain of immediate victory he meets a terrible defeat. The pain of his eye rattles him, he loses his presence of mind and forgets the resolve once taken never to invite an attack from the fists of the American ex-horse-tamer again. With a roar of rage and pain combined he rushes at his hated foe, rushes as though he were a hurricane from the West, and meant to annihilate all that dares to stand in his way.

of the cigar went, is full of scalding tears; it affects the remaining orb, so that he cannot see two yards away, and can only dance and roar in impotent rage. Dick soon places considerable distance between the enemy and himself. He chuckles inwardly as though amused at the outcome of the little adventure, and believes he is lucky to get off as easily as has been the case. Sauntering does not suit him now, he walks with a quick, firm step, and as he goes, wonders what Colonel Bob will say when he hears that a pretty mess he fell into—Colonel Bob, who declared he must be on hand when the meeting took place between these two inveterate foes.

Now it strikes Dick that there is an unusual excitement around him; people rush forward, shouts ring out. It is "fire!" they cry. He feels his pulse quicken—a fire engine dashes by. Dick is on the run now since he has discovered that the blaze is in the quarter where is located the house at which they put up. Heavens! the glare seems just around the corner. Dick pushes a way through the gathering crowd, and then utters a cry of dismay, for flames are darting from the windows of the very house in which he left his comrade asleep.

CHAPTER XI. Through the whirlwind of fire. Dick's first feeling is one of horror. He has seen several fires in his day, where the inmates of the house were placed in extreme peril, some of them being burned to a crisp, and the recollection haunts him still. What if his friend, who is generally a sound sleeper should fall to be awakened until it is too late? To Dick's credit as a man he it said he has not a thought nor a worry for the portmanteau, and what it contains—all these things can be replaced, but not so human life, which is precious.

When Dick gains a point close to the house he finds himself gazing upon a scene that is horrifying, to say the least. The flames have entire control of the flimsy structure—they have already wrapped it in a winding sheet of fire, and their grasp is death. Here and there at different windows human beings can be seen; they shriek and wave their hands in abject despair. Brave men are endeavoring to rescue them; some will be saved, but others must meet their fate, which comes hurrying on wings of fire.

While Dick stands there, earnestly looking for his comrade, he hears an exclamation close beside him, while a hand clutches his arm. "Oh, Mr. Denver! thank Heaven you are safe!" It is Pauline.

Hatless Man Here to Stay. "The hatless man is here to stay," said a hatter, "and his coming did not meet with the opposition that the shirt waist man incurred. "All but the bald heads were hatless men last summer. At the seashore, among the mountains, automobiling, horseback, canoeing, rowing, driving, walking, the young men were invariably hatless. Their faces were tanned and the sun had given a bright, coppery hue and a crisp quality to their hair. "I know a half dozen undergraduates of Princeton who took a cross-country walk of 200 miles in August without hats. "This new fashion has hurt the hat business undeniably. On account of it my summer sales have been smaller than ever before. Still, I don't grieve. I like the idea of going hatless. The fact is, I went hatless myself during my vacation. "When the shirt waist man appeared everybody derided him. A hoot went up from one end of the country to the other. But the hatless man was received in silence, an approving silence."

No Use for Bargain Hunters. Fred Sterry of the Palm Beach Power Boat association was talking about the high prices that motor boats and automobiles bring. "For my part," he said, "I don't object to these high prices. The workman is worthy of his hire. Fine things, rare things, would not be fine and rare if they were cheap. "I think the laborer is worthy of his hire and I incline to sympathize with a grocer's clerk whom I once knew in the west. "This young man had a very unbusinesslike scorn for haggling and bargainers. One day a woman entered the grocery and said: "What is the price of your cheap butter? "Eighteen cents a pound, ma'am," said the young man. "Oh, that's certainly too dear," said the woman. "Haven't you anything cheaper? "Well," said the young man, "we have some soft soap at 6 cents a pound."

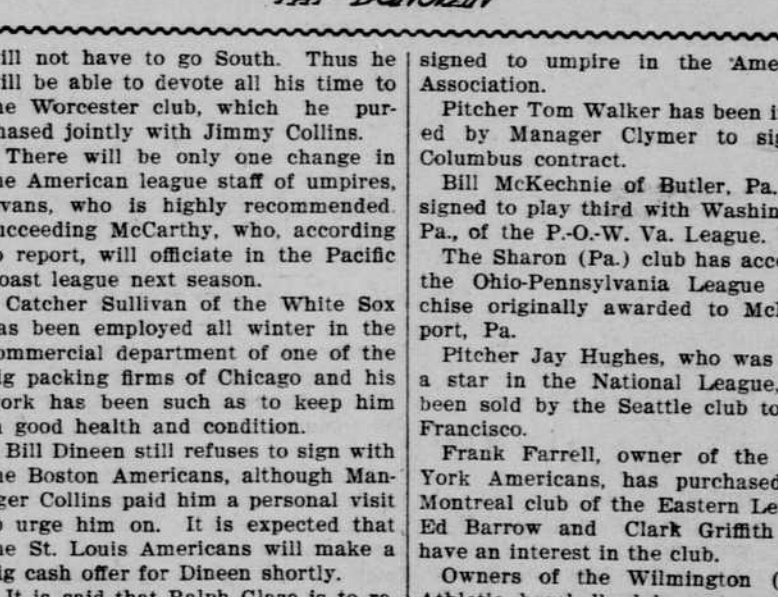
BASE BALL

American League. The only unsigned Boston players now are Dineen, Ferris and Unglaub. Jack Taylor, pitcher of the St. Louis team, has been sold by Cleveland to Atlanta.

The New York club has finally decided to sell John Ganzell his release for \$3,000. The Lancaster (Pa.) outlaw club is said to be tampering with Joe Cassidy of Washington. Lou Criger has partially recovered from his illness and will go to Hot Springs to get into shape. Bobby Wallace's contract with the St. Louis club for \$6,500 per annum has two more years to run. Comiskey says he is going to retain Third Baseman Rube, the New Orleans star, for the White Sox. While in New York President Johnson signed Tommy Connolly, the umpire, thus completing his staff of umpires. Chick Stahl is good to 180 pounds, has kept in good condition this winter and will be valuable to the Boston Americans again. Another University of Illinois infielder will try to break into fast company next season. He is Cook of Pueblo, who has been secured by the St. Louis Browns.

Joe Sugden finally has been sold to the St. Paul team, along with infielder Harry Gleason, of the St. Louis Americans. Sugden is one of the oldest catchers in the business. Jack Hardy, who played a few games with Cleveland two years ago, and who was with Youngstown last season, has signed to manage the new Interstate team at Ft. Wayne. Harry Sudhoff, an older brother of Pitcher Willie Sudhoff, recently attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself. He did not, however, injure himself mortally and is recovering. During the week four more new Highlanders sent in their signed contracts, namely, Robert Keefe and James Whalen, young pitchers of the Pacific coast; Billy Hogg of last year's team, and LeRoy, the Indian. Jesse Burkett has received his official release from the Boston club and

Condensed Dispatches. Atlanta has sold first baseman Bob Stafford to Nashville. Pitcher Thomas Hutchinson of Lebanon, Pa., has signed with the Holyoke club. Clarence B. Owen of Chicago, has

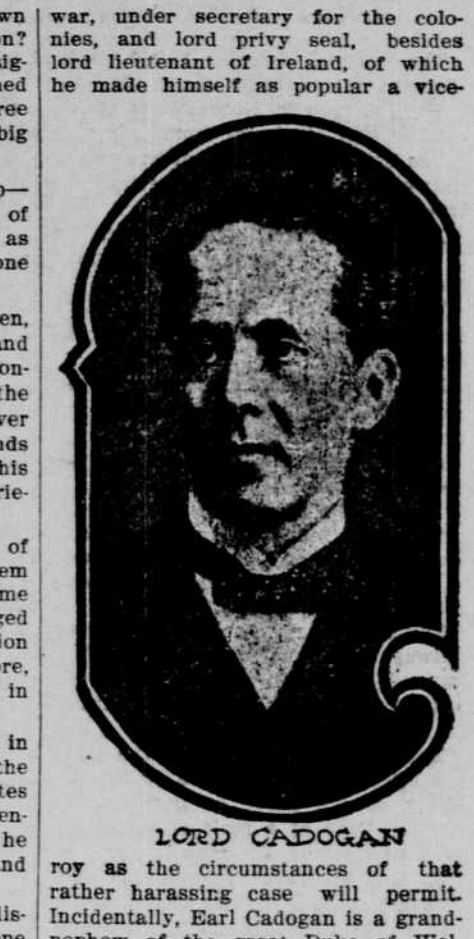


NEW MANAGER OF THE BROOKLYN TEAM. will not have to go South. Thus he will be able to devote all his time to the Worcester club, which he purchased jointly with Jimmy Collins. There will be only one change in the American league staff of umpires, Evans, who is highly recommended, succeeding McCarthy, who, according to report, will officiate in the Pacific Coast league next season. Catcher Sullivan of the White Sox has been employed all winter in the commercial department of one of the big packing firms of Chicago and his work has been such as to keep him in good health and condition. Bill Dineen still refuses to sign with the Boston Americans, although Manager Collins paid him a personal visit to urge him on. It is expected that the St. Louis Americans will make a big cash offer for Dineen shortly. It is said that Ralph Glaze is to receive \$2,000 from Boston this season whether he is successful or not. In the event of making good an additional \$500 is to be awarded him. He does not want to go South with the Bostonians. The offices of the American League will not be moved from Chicago, but President Johnson will spend the greater part of next season in New York. He has for several years been impounded by the Eastern club owners to establish his headquarters in the metropolis and has decided on an arrangement that is in the nature of a compromise.

National League. It is said that Manager Donovan of Brooklyn, proposes to try out a young St. Louis pitcher named Connie Walsh of the Trolley League. It is rumored that Jake Weimer has refused to go to Cincinnati and that he will stop playing ball and go in business with his father. Christy Mathewson is coaching his young brother Henry, who has been signed by the Giants, in the mysteries of National League pitching. Strobel, the young infielder tried by Boston last fall, will go South with the Beaneaters. Manager Tenney considers him a star at third base. Frank de Haas Robison for years has tried to have a meeting of the National League called for June, and he has finally landed his scheme. President Dreyfuss is of opinion, after a recent conversation with Abbatichio, that the latter will surely retire and stick to the hotel business at Latrobe, Pa. Manager McGraw of the New Yorks, has offered the Robisons what he considers a fair price for catcher Mike Grady. As yet the proposition has not been accepted. The Boston club has refused to waive claim to outfielder Smoot of the St. Louis club, and has also secured

Earl Cadogan Is Known as Best Landlord in London

Is it worth \$250,000 to be known as the best landlord in London? Lord Cadogan's right to that designation is not likely to be questioned after this, but most people will agree that the above named sum is a big one to have paid for it.



As a matter of fact, his lordship—recently was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—has always been known as one of the "squares" as well as one of the richest London landowners. He is one of the four or five men, including the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster, who own most of London, his particular domain being the historic district of Chelsea, and ever since the estate passed into his hands he has made a point of favoring his tenants as perhaps no other proprietor has done. That he has deprived himself of \$250,000 rather than embarrass them was not known until a short time ago, however, when it was divulged in a speech on the proposed taxation of land values which C. A. Whitmore, M. P., addressed to the ratepayers in Chelsea.

Sixty-six years old, rather small in stature and fair in complexion, the earl is a man of rather varied tastes and avocations. One of the most enthusiastic racing men in England, he is also an amateur musician, and plays the piano especially well. In politics he has not quite a distinguished figure, having been at one time or another under secretary for

LORD CADOGAN roy as the circumstances of that rather harassing case will permit. Incidentally, Earl Cadogan is a grandnephew of the great Duke of Wellington.

HIS "DOUBLE" AND "TRIPLE" The question whether mere man allowed to gaze at beautiful woman reminds me how I played for this privilege my own "double" and "triple." I walked down from the museum on a Sunday afternoon and I met near 43d street a lady who in complexion, form and expression struck me as one of the most beautiful young women I had ever seen. I could cast only a sidelong glance at her beauty, and longing for a second look I hurried through 43d street, boarded a Madison avenue car, rode up to 53d street and walked quietly down 5th avenue for the second time. I saw the lady near 51st street. Of course, everybody was looking at her, but, engaged in a lively conversation with a gentleman, she seemed as unconscious of the admiring glances as of her own beauty. Assured that she never noticed poor me, I could not resist the temptation of trying for a third look. I hastened around the cathedral, rode up to 59th street and walked quietly down 5th avenue for the third time. I met the lady near 59th street. This time she saw me and gave me a singular, startled, half-frightened look which I could not explain. I

LIVE ABOVE THE CLOUDS William G. Fitz-Gerald writes of the Alpine soldiers of Italy: "All these soldier-mountaineers are crack-shots; and it is difficult to see how one of the forts held by them amid the great granite boulders and terrible pinnacles and spires of the Great St. Bernard could ever be forced by an enemy in the face of these troops, who would act as scouts, crawling up precipices, and planting themselves on wild and seemingly inaccessible spots, whence they would pour an invisible fire which nothing could withstand. These Alpine troops, when scouting or reconnoitering in the mountains, use a curious kind of rifle-rest, formed by three alpenstocks and one of the pillows they use at night when they sleep in the snow. For, strange as it may seem, these men when bivouacking at great altitudes do not trouble to put up tents, but merely dig out caverns in the vast snowdrifts and line these with waterproof sheets and blankets and there sleep amid dreary Alpine desolations as comfortably as though they were down on earth in a comfortable city bed.

TRAITS OF THE MOROCCANS Of the elevating influence of women in the American sense Morocco knows nothing, according to Budget Meakin, author of 'Life in Morocco.' They are, in effect, so many goods and chattels. That a woman should be fat and comely is the highest thought a Moor has on the position of women. If a girl is to be married and is thought to be too thin, she is put through a course of 'stuffing,' just as if she were a turkey meant for the Christmas market. "This consists of swallowing, after each full meal, a few small sausage-shaped boluses of flour, honey and butter, flavored with aniseed or something similar. A few months of this treatment gives a marvelous rotundity to the figure, thus greatly increasing her charms to the native eye. "Liquor drinking is one of the results of European penetration of Morocco: 'The taste for strong drink, though still indulged comparatively in secret, is steadily increasing, the practice spreading from force of example among the Moors themselves, as a result of the strenuous efforts of foreigners to inculcate this vice. As yet it is chiefly among the higher and lower classes that the victims are found, the former indulging in the privacy of their own homes and the latter at the low drinking dens kept by the scum of foreign settlers in the open ports. "As a people, the Moors are already well inclined to anything that glides well in the mouth, and this is the life. The same writer says: 'Nothing delights them more, as a means of agreeably spending an hour or two, than squatting on their heels in the streets or some door-stoop, gazing at the passers-by, exchanging compliments with their acquaintances. Native 'swells' consequently promenade with a piece of felt under their arms, on which to sit when they wish, in addition to its doing duty as a carpet for prayer. The most public places, and usually the cool of the afternoon, are preferred for this pastime."

QUESTION THAT JARRED HIM With his ticket to Atlanta tucked away in his inside pocket, the man from the South, in New York for a brief stay, felt that he could afford to be critical. "It'll be glad to get back to Atlanta," he said, "for several reasons in general and one in particular. For the next six months I expect to hear no man say, 'How long will it take?' Up here that is the universal query. Just keep your ears open and you will hear it fifty times a day. If a man stops to have his shoes shined he invariably prefaces the job by asking the boy how long it will take. In barber shops many customers even go so far as to eliminate the usual morning greeting. They simply say, 'How long will it take?' and when they leave their parting word is not 'Goodby,' but a complaint about the slowness of the barber. "The man who lunches down town

walked on in deep thought, but could not help being aware that several persons stared at me with the same startled look, and there was a singular something in the looks that made me feel as if I were a ghost walking the streets. At 57th street I met an old gentleman with his wife whom I remembered to have seen hobbling along near 43d street. When the old man saw me he seemed to throw up his hands, his eyes bulged out and his mouth opened. I did not know what to make of it. I had never made any sensation by my appearance, and I thought it best to pass quietly on, when I heard the old man cry out excitedly: "Great God, Mary, we have seen that man's double, and here comes his triple!" It dawned upon me that it is rather an extraordinary thing to meet the same man three times in fourteen blocks walking along in the same direction in three different places, and I quietly disappeared, with my "double" and "triple" and a quadruple sense of my foolishness, in the next side street.—"D. S.", in New York Sun.