

"Quite true; it is certainly strange," | may not prove fatal until the blade assented Galbraith. "But supposing for the sake of argument, he had none The theory to make; that he went away before anything occurred." "Even so, he might volunteer the

statement that he was in the Hoxton road on the night of the tragedy half an hour before it happened and saw nothing that aroused his suspicions. His absenting himself looks bad to my mind.

"You are right; it certainly does," said Valerius.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Veronica, "If this turns out to be really a clew—" and breaking off her sen-tence she looked at Quinton, who un-derstood what she would say. "How grateful we shall feel," her mother added.

mother added. "And I needn't say how happy it would make me to be of service to you, Mrs. Dumbarton," Quinton answered. "I wonder what Mackworth will think

of your statement," said Valerius medi-

"That we shall soon know, for I will

call and see him early tomorrow." "Do, Quinton," Olive Dumbarton urged, her imagination magnifying the Importance of his statement, "and perhaps you will find time to come and tell me what he says."

"I shall certainly call and let you

"I shall certainly call and let you know," the young man replied, as he rose and said good night. "I will take my leave also," said Va-lerius. "And now, Olive, keep up a brave heart." brave heart.'

have striven to be brave all through.

The pathetic expression of her hag-gard face smote him, and he left the house freighted by depression. As the two men passed through the garden the younger said:

"Our way lies together but a short distance." 'Ah, yes; you live next door; but if

you are not in a hurry, perhaps you will show me where you saw the foreigner stand that night.'

eigner stand that night." "Certainly," responded Quinton. Then, as they came on to the road, he added—"There is the place. You see, it's exactly between two lamp posts, each of which is distant, and throws little light upon the spot." "Then how did you manage to see him so well?" "I didn't see him very well, I'm sorry to say, but for such glimpses as I got

to say, but for such glimpses as I got of him I was indebted for the flare thrown on him by passing carriage lamps.

"Oh, I see. Now, will you stand where the fellow stood and let me judge of the effects of the lights of this brougham coming up will have?"

"Yes, but you must remember I saw from a height." "I will make allowances for that. Be quick.

With a few quick strides Quinton gained the spot and stood there quietly as the laps of a passing carriage flung their strong but brief reflection upon him, Then, rejoining his companion, he "Well."

"Well." "If I didn't know who it was stood there, I don't think I should be able to recognize you," said Valerius, after some consideration. "A strong light struck your breast and flung sharp shadows upward toward the face." "But an outline was clearly visible?" Quinton persisted. "True," he assented, and then after a second's silence he added wearly..."If you had distinctly seen, and were now able to identify the man who stood there, it might simplify this melan-choly business and forever rid an in-nocent woman of all blame." "Then you believe the man I saw to

Then you believe the man I saw to the murderer?" had never noticed a knife of any kind i shouldn't be surprised to hear he in his possession.

"We may know one day." "We may know one day."

The theory that Dumbarton had rushed into the house was furthermore supported by the fact that no sounds that Dumbarton had of altercation or movement had been heard coming from the room previous to the cry of fright or pain mentioned at the inquest. That cry had evidently been given on the accused seeing her husband and noticing his condition; in other words, the instant he had entered the room already stabbed, and but a couple of seconds before his fall. Mackworth argued that the man had

been stabbed outside the gate, when, already probably aware from observa-tion that his wife was within reach, he had darted into her presence for pro-tection, while his murderer absconded. A fact which had not been explained was the appearance in the house of the knife by which death had been caused. The servants' evidence proved they had seen it for the first time after the trag-ody had taken place. A rough-handled clasp knife, such as sailors carry, it was not the kind a woman would purwas not the kind a woman would pur-chase, need or employ. The supposi-tion arose that it had belonged to the deceased, from whom. It had been snatched in a moment of excitement and used against his life by the ac-cused but that theory wore no sem-blance of probability to Mackworth, who believed the weapon was in Dum-barton's breast when he made his vi-olent entrance to the house. He therefore regarded Mrs. Dumbar-ton as the victim of circumstances, an

ton as the victim of circumstances, an opinion in which he was strengthened by her appearance and manner, such things having weight with one who scrutinized his kind severely. Coming into continual contact with men and women, while stained with crime, sought to hide their guilt by a sem-blance of innocence, he was quick to perceive, in a thousand petty ways, the difference in the bearing of one who was blameless. And seeing and ac-knowledging the dangerous closeness with which a damning evidence sur-rounded and shadowed her, his interest in her behalf was more fully aroused by her appearance and manner, such in her behalf was more fully aroused than they had been for years in any case which had employed his talents. And she being innocent, the murder must have been committed by some one at present unknown and unsuspected. The crime had been perpetrated with a motive, the most probable being that of revenge. In the statement of George Coris regarding the possible wrongs the deceased had inflicted, and of the ven-

geance which had probably been taken by some outraged husband, lover, or father, Mackworth fully agreed. No circumstance, however, that he had been able to discover regarding the deceased, had favored this supposition. Within a few hours of his finding in

David Dumbarton's pocket a directed envelope, the inspector had called at the envelope, the inspector had called at the address given, a quiet lodging in Es-sex street, Strand. This establishment was kept by a retired cook, an ample-breasted, high-colored lady dressed in frayed black satin. Concerning her late lodger she had little to tell. Now that he was dead her curlosity regarding him became far greater than where he had lived, his sensational ending enhad lived, his sensational ending en-dowing him with new interest to her mind. What she knew she readily told.

About a fortnight previously he had taken a back room on the second floor. Breakfast had been served him daily in this apartment, which he seldom left before dusk, when he went out. He had apparently come from abroad, but he had not proved communicative, and had said little of himself. He received no visitors, nor had visitors called. The landlady was under the impression that he was poor. He had paid his first week's rent, but not the second. She

Permission was readily given to Mackworth to visit the room, yet unlet, which had been occupied by the de-ceased, all of whose belongings were stored in a leather portmanteau, much battered by wear and plentifully sprink-led with colored labels bearing the names of foreign hotels and towns. With some expectation Mackworth opened it, thinking that here might lie some clew to the owner's terrible death. With this idea uppermost in bis mind the inspector examined its contents: Permission was readily given to the inspector examined its contents; a suit of clothes with empty pockets, some torn covered shilling novels of sporting interest, and pass books con-taining dates of races and columns of figures. But there was neither letter, photograph, paper, nor aught else which might serve to throw light on which might serve to throw light on the mystery Mackworth sought to solve. Only one thing which the portman-teau held possessed the slightest in-terest for him, this being an old pair of kid gloves, well worn, stained and wearing the impress of the wearer's hands. Neither were they the shape nor size of the glove found upon the path fronting Mrs. Dumbarton's house; the glove Mackworth had already com-pared with the hands of the deceased: pared with the hands of the dec pared with the hands of the deceased; the glove which might or might not have belonged to the man who caused David Dumbarton's death. The inspector's disappointment served to strengthen, if possible, his de-termination to discover some of the determination to discover some of the de-tails regarding the life of this man-details by which his actions might be traced, his associates known, his mur-derer revealed. But at present Mackworth had absolutely no guide to direct his search; no clew which afforded him

the slightest aid toward indicating where that search should begin. Nothing daunted by this, he and Nothing daunted by this, he and those he employed began a system of inquiry and investigation, so stringent in itself, so widespread in its rami-fications, that the intelligence sought must be found, always provided that the deceased had not, during his short stay in London, purposely secluded himself from friends and companions and strangers alike. He had probably wisited England for the purpose of so-liciting or demanding help from his wife; it was possible he had intended his stay to be short. Had it been his policy while in town to lead a perfectly solitary life, as it seemed feasible to suppose, from the fact that he seldom left his lodgings during the day, the investigation of the detectives might end in failure.

Then came the supposition that the deceased would not voluntarily isolate himself if without a motive. Was that motive fear? And if so, did not fear argue the existence of an enemy?

While inquiries were being made rearding David Dumbarton throughout the length and breadth of London, Mackworth placed himself in communi-cation with the foreign police, whose perfect system of espionage enables them to track with ease and give with readiness the information required re-

readiness the information required re-garding those who have lived abroad. It was with considerable eargerness he walted for information, which came in the first place from the Parisian police. The deceased, whose name, age, height and appearance were perfectly given, together with the date on which he had arrived in and subsequently left the French capital, had said the re-port, lived in an apartment in the Rue Port, lived in an apartment in the Rue Petit Maitre, on the left bank of the Seine, during the first five months. He had habitually frequented race courses, and was well know to sporting men and jockeys, who with the singers of the cafes chantants and the chorus of the opera house were his chief associates. No charge had ever been made against him. He was not, so far as known, a member of any political society, nor the spy of any government, nor had it been discovered that his domestic re-lations caused the jealously or enmity of friend or acquaintance. He appeared to be popular.

On his arrival in the city he had been impecunious. He had arrived in Paris from Monte Carlo, where he was well remembered by the police, who were unable to throw any light upon his private life, or to produce any accusa-tion against him. Further investiga-tion would be made concerning him.

With this report and the promise with which it concluded, Mackworth was obliged to content himself for the present. The former contained no statement of social communications, no statement of social communications, no hint at domestic wrongs; nothing, in-deed, that served to forshadow or ac-count for the tragedy which had be-fallen David Dumbarton. But the de-tails given were of the surface rather than of the private life of the deceased, and it might well be that beneath the jovial exterior of this frequenter of race courses and cafes chantants this norm. jovial exterior of this frequenter of race courses and cafes chantants, this popu-lar English gentleman of convivial tastes, that interests, intrigues and pas-sions, all the stirring elements of a stormy drama, played an important part in an existence unsuspected by his companions, unknown to his friends. But though Mackworth considered that revenge was the most probable motive that brought about Dumbar-ton's death, he assured himself it was

motive that brought about Dumbar-ton's death, he assured himself it was not the only one which could be made to account for the tragedy. Another had, indeed, presented itself to the in-spector's mind; a motive at which through silent hours he looked from ev-ery reasonable point of view, deliber-ating on its possibilities, which grew stronger from being constantly consid-ered, and dwelling on its feasibilities with something like fascination binding him to his mental pursuit. him to his mental pursuit. This motive was the love of a man

tween the slayer and his happiness. And the man whom Mackworth suspected was George Bostock.

CHAPTER X.

experience was extensive, Mackworth believed that of all motives which actu-

anent which will make your hair stand on ends." He did, but as the case does not at all apply to American conditions, I will SAPPED BY DRINK

tale. "Among the 'heavies,' " said the official, "delirium tremens is almost epidemic. Few above 25 have suffered from it, many are attacked three or four times before they end their miser-able existence. Look at the travail. four times before they end their miser-able existence. Look at the travail-leurs of middle age. Their noses are red and swollen, their eyes bloodshot. Those who are strongest at 20 are surest to die of consumption before they reach twice that number of years. Why? Because they can earn the most money and because their provess is an incentive to alcoholic excesses. The France Suffering From Con-EFFORT TO SAVE PEOPLE incentive to alcoholic excesses. The broad chest of which they were so proud flattens and becomes hollow, quick consumption sets in and the odor of death precedes and follows the absinthe wreck. It is awful."

Wives Forced to Work.

The city of Paris proudly publishes the fact that it employs no unskilled labor below the daily wage of \$1. Six francs 50, however, is the average paid by industrial concerns all the around. With that amount, even year with 5 francs a day, it is possible in Paris to bring up a small family honestly and decently, for outside the big hotels and the Elysee quarter, where Americans and other foreigners dwell, life in the city of light is decidedly cheaper than in the small towns of the American west. Yet ninety-five out of every 100 travailleurs' wives are obliged to go out to work to keep themselves and children, for the husband uses more than one-half of his earnings for himself. Saturday being pay day, the number

of hours the 'heavy' spent outside the gin mill are figured up and he is given his wage. To celebrate he doubles his usual allowance of liquor during the fest of the day, the evenings, and Sunday as well, the debauch incapacitating him for work on Monday. Hence the "heavy's" wage never amounts to more than 40 frances a week under the most favorable circumstances—\$8, of which amount the head of the family absorbs \$2.66 for drink and from \$1.40 to \$1.75 for meals.

Out of the remaining \$4 or there abouts the wife has to clothe him and abouts the wife has to clothe him and her, pay rent, buy food for the house-hold, pay the doctor, druggist, coal merchant. She has to pay for bringing children into the world and schooling them, for in France education is any-

Effect Seen in Work, Too.

But the effect of alcohol is not only felt by the consumer and his family, It tells on the work, too. Nowhere in the world do public works progress so slowly as in Paris. The son of Italy, whom we employ in the United States, though a dwarf compared with the average Paris "heavy" moves in eight hours' work 35 per cent. more earth or other materials than his French colleague does in ten or twelve hours. The "heavy" knows that the wages of alcohol is earthly death, but does or alcoaol is earthly death, but does not worry as long as he keeps out of the hospital ere he reaches his fortieth year. "After 40," he argues, " a man's muscles begin to relax and decay, and if my muscles are playing out, who will pay me the wages? I know that the 'green fairy' is the bride of death. Have I not seen hundreds of my colleagues go that way? What matters it? A short life and a merry one."

Home Conditions Denlorable.

Home Conditions Deniorable. Statisticans point to the average under-sized French soldiery of today. They argue that there will be no Paris "heavies" left in a decade or two. And it looks, indeed, as if they were right. Only a return to the old fashioned life, once the backbone of prosperity among the French working classes, can fore-stall or prevent such a calamity. At present the average Paris workman present the average Paris workman finds no home deserving of the name finds no home deserving of the name anywhere near his place of business. He is obliged to repair to the dirty and, consequently, unhealthy suburbs; to chambers devoid of sanitary arrange-ments or any comforts whatever, "Home is nothing but an ill smelling stable to sleep in," is the usual excuse. "What shall we do there, between cry-ing babes dirt slovenliness and fight. ing babies, dirt, slovenliness, and fighting women? Better delay going home as long as possible.

There is a faint glimmer of hope in

REVOLUTION NIGH IN CZAR'S EMPIRE

Russia Is Said to Be Honeycombed Now With Radical Societies.

NOMAN'S FREEDOM'S SAFE

Many of Those Now in the Army an the Front Would Be Glad of an Opportunity to Use the Army to Secure Freedom.

Nineteenth Century: Today the forces of revolution in Russia are or-ganized-not all into one body, it is is true, for there are societies of moder-ates and societies of extremists. There are those who would proceed by "constitutional" methods and there are those who desire to resort to anarchy. Some demand merely a curtailment of the autocratic power of the czar, oth-ers still cry out for the overthrow of all existing institutions and the whole

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fabric of society. Then, again, there is a large body of the population belonging to the mer-chant guilds, which for its safety dare not belong to any revolutionary so-ciety, but which nevertheless desires revolution and only awaits a lead. But all these varying shades of opinion as represented by their numerous leagues and societies are controlled by one ex-ecutive committee and brought into the

great revolutionary party in Russia. This revolutionary organization has has branches all over the world and is international in its character. Included in its membership are men of all ranks and of every degree. The professional element and the universities are large-ly represented. The majority of the Russian students at foreign universi-ties are to be counted among the num-

bers of the revolutionary party. In All Walks of Life.

In Russia itself the members are le-gion. They are to be found in every walk of life—officers and men of the army and navy, officials of the cus-toms, police, or censor's office, who draw a meager pittance from the czar's coffers. They are to be found in the palace of the czar himself and among palace of the czar himself and among the advisers, too. Men with great names in Russia will be found among the leaders of the revolution—men of science, doctors and chemists, and stu-dents without number. As for the peasants, they are waiting to do what they are told, as they have always done. At present they are taking their orders from the czar and the popes of the orthodox church, but they will take them from anybody else when their them from anybody else when their minds are inflamed.

minds are inflamed. The revolutionary party has its hand upon the army, and therein lies the es-sence of success. There are soldiers in Manchuria at this moment who are pledged to make no Japanese widows. It is astonishing how badly the Rus-sian naval gunner lays his gun. I have lately seen two letters, written by sol-dlers at the front, which go far to ac-count for the total lack of success of the Russian arms. One speaks of men count for the total lack of success of the Russian arms. One speaks of men voluntarily surrendering to the Japa-nese, so that they may not be called upon to fight for the czar. The other tells a tale of sudden retreat on the part of a company of Russian soldiers at the moment when victory was in their grasp and of the officer in com-mand, unable to stop the stampede of his men, blowing out his brains. Twelve Men Rule Empire. The revolutionary party in Russia is ruled by an executive committee of twelve men. The head of the commit-tee is a doctor, who, to this day, holds a prominent post at one of the univer-

prominent post at one of the univer-sities. He is a very taciturn man of great abilities and brain power, but he seldom speaks. Other members of the committee are professors of universities in Germany, near the Russian border

Now, as a man of the world whose

Wives of Most Artisans Have to Work Because Their Husbands Spertd Too Much Time and Money Drinking Their Liquors. Pane Landay in Chicago Tribune

sumption Brought On by

Over Indulgence.

Every Monday nowadays French po-lice and boards of health renew the cards of warning telling in big letters that 57 per cent. of all consumptives acquire the disease through misuse of alcohol, and from every street corner the ghastly legend stares one in the face, yet tuberculosis is killing off the unskilled laborer of Paris at a more rapid rate than ever, and if the pace continues for the work poor will be continues for ten years no one will be left to remove to an early grave. All who visited the City of Light know the lusty "travailleur," a colossal figure— for France—head attached to a stocky neck, proudly thrown back; Cyclopean hands, resting on swaying hips; the blue blouse and overwide grayish brown velvetine trousers, blown out baloon shape—the descendant of sans-culottes, who played ninepins with the heads of kings and aristocrats, delights in using five times as much stuff for his trousers (culottes) as the ordinary

run of men. The unskilled laborer of Paris is a mixture of French-Italian, French-German (Alsatian), or French-Belgian blood. Muscles are his strong point, and since Zola's "Germinal" made him famous he is no small factor in politics. He votes socialistic, but is an evolutionist rather than a revolution-ist. "Socialism has to come," he says; "we can wait."

No socialistic meeting is without a travailleur of two decorating the plat-form, and a hundred or thousand in the audience, but as to legislation on its behalf, he despises it. May the factory hand, the journeyman carpenter, mason, smith, bricklayer, and artisan in gener al enjoy the eight hour day, the "heavy" worked hard to obtain it for him, but as for his own sweet self ,he must be free to labor as he pleases. He rises with the first cock's crow and rides to the street, building in course of con-struction, or shop which has been lucky

Falls Before Green Fairy.

not count. This mean is invariably taken at a liquor dealer's or cafe and consists of an omelette, cheese and bread, coffee with cognac, and a few "green fairies" lovingly called "mominette.

The "green fairy" is undoubtedly the worst polson ever sold without a pre-scription; the gin that fifty years after its discovery (in 1648) nearly wrecked the manhood and womanhood of old the mannood and womanhood of old England, would appear to be harmless in comparison. True, Paris taphouse keepers do not invite the public "to get drunk for a penny," they do not say on their signboards "for 2 pence you may get dead drunk, no charge for straw," but the quality of absinthe may get dead drunk, no charge for straw," but the quality of absinthe sold to the poorer classes is pregnant with alcohol and creosote; the "heavy" knows it, yet swears that he cannot find his equilibrium until he has at

thing but free.

enough to secure the services of his mighty muscles. When it gets dark down goes spade or hammer, and the "heavy" enters upon his career of un-restrained enjoyment, or what he calls enjoyment

The "heavy" seldom reports later than 6 a. m. Then follows three hours of steady work at so many centimes, for the travailleur is paid by the hour. At 9 sharp, first breakfast—the "dish-water and rolls" he had at home do not count. This meal is invariably

least two or three glasses on board. He returns to work at 9:30 or 9:45, but

us in a grave tone. "Good night," said Quinton Quave as they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER IX. Detective Inspector Mackworth was an undersized man inclined to stout-ness, which it became the desire of his life to subdue. His face was broad, dark-complexioned, mobile; his feat-ures, regular, so that his countenance would have been commonplace but for the eyes, which were grave in expres-sion and absent looking, as from the habit of inward reflection, but bright, swift moving and searching when his attention was roused or his curiosity excited. excited.

excited. Naturally desiring to acquire all kinds of knowledge, he had, by con-tinual application and by the sacrifice of pleasures dear to others of his age, succeeded in educating himself after he had reached man's estate and such instruction as he had received from the hard school of the world, as well as from the books he read and the minds

hard school of the world, as well as from the books he read and the minds he studied, he placed at the disposal of the calling he followed. From his earliest days human nature had been to him a source of ingrisus-tible interest. Its errors, eccentricities and subtletles possessed for him a fas-cination greater than any art for its votary, than any science for its stu-dent. And as he knew there could be no deeds without thoughts, it was his invariable habit to ascertain, or, if fail-ing that, to presuppose the motive and interest likely to actuate the crime whose perpetrator he sought to discovwhose perpetrator he sought to discov-er. From such premises, as from a starting point, he proceeded to work. Now, after a careful consideration of the case before him he came to the con-

clusion Mrs. Dumbarton was innocent of the crime laid to her charge, being chiefly brought to this decision by facts

chiefty brought to this decision by facts to which the coroner's jury had failed to give reflection and weight. George Corts stated in defense that had the de-ceased desired to see his wife, he would, like any other visitor, have gone to the hall door and inquired for her. Mackworth, on the contrary, believed that David Dumbarton would on en-tering the garden and seeing his wife in a room whose window stood open, would strive to steal into her presence rather than risk being refused admit-tance to her house. But in that case he would walk stealthily, silently, slowly, that he might not alarm and therefore set to flight the woman he wishes to see.

flight the woman he wishes to see, whereas, evidence showed he had, from the diagonal route taken, from the distance between the marks of his feet, from the manner in which these marks were impressed, and from the facts of the flower beds being trampled and the grassy slope of the terrace torn, fled from pursuit.

from pursuit. It was true Mackworth had failed to find marks of a struggle outside the gate, but this he scarcely expected to see, for the side path, being flagged in the center, could retain no trace of g scuffle. Nor has he discovered signs of blood either satisfied the gate or in the starden But he was well aware

of blood either catside the gate or in the garden. But he was well aware that a knife on being thrust firmly home into the breast, not only may not cause blood to flow externally, but

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ate humanity, love remains the most powerful. As a force for good or evil its strength was incalculable. It had proved the mainspring of nine-tenths of the cases he had been called on to investigate. He had known it before now to teach deceit, to instigate treachery, to betray honor, to pervert honesty, to cause bloodshed.

Love was in itself a sufficient motive for this tragedy, but with love, or from it, sprang another incentive to the deed. The man who was killed had for years The man who was killed had for years been the bitterest enemy of the woman who bore his name. Deserting her when poor, he had returned when fortune favored her, to claim her earnings and his persecution had ceased only when she had purchased a peace, a perse-cution which he would probably have renewed had life been spared him. The man was degraded in spirit; he had fallen to sordid depths; he had used his power to harm and humiliate the woman he should have loyed and

the woman he should have loved and respected. To rid her of such a man might read-

ily seem to one who loved her the greatest service he could render her; consideration which would a consideration which would be strengthened by the hope that it would secure his own happiness. That was the nucleus of the case as Mackworth saw it, regarding this second motive for the muder by the second motive for the murder. He next proceeded to apply this general reasoning to a particular cas

From the first moment he saw them together he became aware of Bostock's love for Mrs. Dumbarton, this being traceable in the tone of his voice, in the light of his eyes, in the expression of his face as he spoke to and looked at her. On the evening of the tragedy Eostock had called on her and re-mained with her until past 9 o'clock. Two hours and a half later and Dum-barton had been fatally stabbed.

Such were the facts of the case. Supposition led Mackworth to suppose Bostock had learned from Mrs. Dumbarton of her husband's return, and of the letter he had written her; on which, Mackworth supposed, the publisher had waited in Hoxton road, reluctant, like the true lover, to quit her neighbor-hood, or with some chivalrous intention who threatened her peace, when with settled intent, or from the result of a settied intent, or from the result of a sudden quarrel, Bostock had stabbed David Dumbarton, who had fied for protection to his wife's house; this ac-tion, which brought suspicion on her, being unforeseen by the murderer. (Continued Next Week.)

Why Not?

"Now, with this little device," said the agent, "you can save half your coal bill

"My!" exclaimed the sarcastic wom-an. "If I take two then I can save all my coal bill."

Sizing Him Up.

Philadelphia Press: "Pardon me," said the seedy-looking man, who was laboring over a letter in the hotel writing room, "but can you tell me how to

"Certainly," replied his shrewd neigh-bort giving the desired information, "and the other word is 'e-m-b-a-r-r-a-s-s-e-ed."

usually only half an hour is deducted. as the foreman, who may have political aspirations and besides is as much ador \$50,000,000 in hygienic workmen's homes within easy reach of Paris. dicted to the poison as his men, in-clines to shut his eyes. These homes are to combine sanitari-

Drunken Sleep at Noon.

The second pause is at 12. Paris knows not the processions of women and children bringing father his dincarried out well. The American workman in the most squalld American town is a hundred times better off than his most favored colleague in the City if Light. ner; the dinner pail itself is unknown here, and the workman who carries sandwiches with a bottle of wine to his place of employment is ridiculed and shunned as a "sneak." The aver-age "heavy" spends the noon hour at the alcoholic restaurant, sitting on the idemolic life the matchesic fine are the

sidewalk if the weather is fine, at other times in the liquor-pregnant basement or cellar. The good natured braggart squats at one of the low tables, making as much noise as a hall full of American socialists. Boisterous talk and laughter, singing, fellow workmen and laughter, singing, fellow workmen railing at each other, joking with the waitresses—no harm in that. The menu is good and cheap, offering a great variety and plenty of everything. but the quart of wine that goes with the meal, added to the cognac and two or three absinthes of the morning, suf-dees to unfit our giant for work. He fices to unfit our giant for work. He must needs throw himself on a stoop or sand hill for half an hour or more or said hill for half an hour or more to sleep off the effects of the liquor. In New York or Chicago, Berlin or London, Madrid or Liverpool, the 1 o'clock whistle is the signal for taking up work. Not so with the 'heavy' of Paris. He knows that the foreman will credit him for sixty minutes after noon, and experience a fiendish delight in prolonging his siesta. Why not, see-ing that the overseer does the same? Work seldom begins before 1:25 or 1:35, and at 3 o'clock the 'heavy'' is so fatigued again that he must have another drink—absinthe or cognac, or both. After that more or less steady work until sundown. Always Reaches Home Drunk.

Too Bad. Hix-Huntem has postponed his Arc-

c expedition. Dix-Why

Hix-He's suffering from chills and evers.



There are no appointed times or places for the meetings of the committee, cir-cumstances alone ruling the frequency and locality of their deliberations. In who have decided to invest \$20,000,000 the hands of the executive committee rest the lives of the ministers and govness with comfort—a splendid prospect. promising heavy financial returns if ernors of the empire.

The removal of M. von Plehwe was due to their deliberations. Each government in Eussia has its revolutionary organization complete in detail under the executive committee. Thus all the elements of revolution are to hand and organized.

dr-0

organized. Czar Gets Secret Letter. Some idea of the influence of the rev-olutionary party may be obtained from the fact that on the day of the assas-sination of M. Von Plehve the czar found on the table of his private room a sealed letter addressed to him by the executive committee, which he handed to the minister of justice for investi-gation. How was the letter delivered? Whose hand placed it on the czar's ta-ble? The secret police can avail nothble? The secret police can avail noth-ing against the dreaded committee. Thus throughout all Russia the revo-

Thus throughout all Russia the revo-lutionists are awaiting the signal from the executive committee to strike. The opportunity is not far to seek. The pressure on an already overstrained nation caused by a devastating war, the misery entailed; the same of de-feat; the restlessness of despair; the exhaustion of the treasury; the dis-credit of the bureaucracy—surely all these things are working for the forces of discontent. And that discontent is showing itself in Russia is abundantly proved by Tecent events. Restlessness is manifesting itself in many centers; is manifesting itself in many centers; premature riots, organized by irre-sponsible, hot-headed students, break out and are suppressed by the Cos-sacks. But the great revolutionary party in Russia is waiting the word: from the executive committee

The Value of Saying "No." Philadelphia Public Ledger: "No." is characterized as "a monosyllable the

easiest learned by a child, but the most difficult to practice by the man." Dr. Johnson displays a world of wis-dom in these few simple lines, and the saying is no less true in regard to women than it is to men. It seems cold and heartless to a man

It seems cold and heartless to a man to refuse to lend a friend a little money to tide over some anxious time, and yet it is a great question as to whether he is justified in doing so if he himself is forced to make some of his own creditors walt while his money is ful-

creditors wait while his money is ful-filling a friend's need. In domestic life a woman has also much call for the little monosyllable "No." She may dislike to disappoint her children in some matters, but knows in her heart of hearts that the granted favor would be bad for their health or future happings

health or future happiness. Yet how few mothers do say "No" under such circumstances! And they under such circumstances: And they excuse themselves by saying that it is bad for children to be twarted! So it is, but if the said children were brought up to know that their mother had always a good reason for her de-cision and was not to be cajoled out of that decision, the mother would save a great deal of annovance hold to her a great deal of annoyance both to her-self and to others thrown in contact with her offspring.

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course?

health ć ont can tell you a story

day in the year, the 'heavy' drawing the largest wage, 8 francs, thinks nothing of drinking fifteen 'mominettes' and three quarts before he turns in." Kills Slowly, if Surely.

Always Reaches Home Drunk. "How many absinthes does the aver

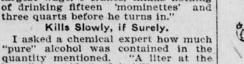
age 'heavy' consume during a day's work?" I asked a number of foremen. "Six to eight, likewise considerable cog-nac, besides a liter or two of wine, from sunrise to sundown," was the an-

"That sends him home drunk,

"Oh, he goes home drunk all right, never fear," replied the knowing ones," not from what he consumes during working hours. Remember, the aver-age 'heavy' can accommodate ten 'mo-

minettes' and two liters of wine com-

fortably, but when he takes more it is liable to go to his head. Among a hundred unskilled laborers in Paris,



Japanese have captured our right wing. What must we do?

General Beatmallsky-Fly with the

