

### CHAPTER II (Continued).

held in one hand while he seemed to be studying it. Once he turned it over and looked on the back. There was a large crossmark in red ink at the up-per end. He looked at it curiously and then instinctively at his host. "That is my own mark," said Mr. Holman. "I put it there to distinguish it from other papers." He was smil-ing politely, but he might as well have said, "I put it there to identify it in case of theft;" for every one at the table, unless it might be his wife, un-derstood that that was what he meant. derstood that that was what he meant. Gordon felt it and was conscious of the

other paper in his yest-pocket. The way was going to be most difficult. Among the articles in the envelope which the chief had given him before his departure from Washington were a pair of shell-rimmed eye-glasses, a false mustache, a goatee, and a pair of eyebrows. He had laughed at the suggestion of high-tragedy contained in the disguise, but had brought them The eye-glasses were tucked into the vest-pocket beside the duplicate paper. He bethought himself of them now. Could he, under cover of taking them out, manage to exchange the papers? And if he should, how about that red-ink mark across the back? Would any ink mark across the back? Would any one notice its absence? It was well to exchange the papers as soon as pos-sible before the writing had been stud-ied by those at the table, for he knew that the other message, though resem-bling this one in general words, differed enough to attract the attention of a close observer. Dared he risk their noticing the absence of the red cross on the back? on the back?

on the back? Slowly, cautiously, under cover of the conversation, he managed to get that duplicate paper out of his pocket and under the napkin in his lap. This he did with one hand, all the time ostentatiously holding the code mes-sage in the other hand, with its back to the people at the table. This hand meanwhile also held his coat lapel out that he might the more easily search that he might the more easily search his vest-pockets for the glasses. It all looked natural. The hostess was enlooked natural. The hostess was en-gaged in a whispered conversation with the maid at the moment. The host and other guests were finishing the exceedingly delicious patties on their plates, and the precious code message was safely in evidence, red cross and all. They saw no reason to be suspicious about the stranger's hunt for his glasses. "Oh, here they are!" he said, quite unconcernedly, and put on the glasses to look more closely at the paper, spreading it smoothly on the table cloth before him, and wondering how he should get it into his lap in place of the one that now lay quietly under his napkin.

s napkin.

The host and the guests politely re-frained from talking to Gordon and hold each other incidents of the day in low tones that indicated the non-

CHAPTER II (Continued). The spell of breathlessness was broken. The guests relaxed and went on with their dinner. Gordon, meanwhile, tried coolly to keep up a pretense of eating, the paper held in one hand while he seemed to be studying it. Once he turned it over and looked on the back. There was a large crossmark in red ink at the up-per end. He looked at it curiously and then instinctively at his host. "That is my own mark," said Mr. Holman. "I put it there to distinguish it from other papers." He was smil-ing politely, but he might as well have said, "I put it there to identify it in case of theft;" for every one at the table unless it might be bis wife, un-

right.

right. The messenger at the other end had given his sentences agreed upon and he had replied according to the sentences laid down by the chief in his instruc-tions; the other end had said good-bye and hung up, but Gordon's voice spoke, cool and clear in the little alcove, de-spite his excitement. "All right, Certain-ly, I can take time to write it down. Wait until I get my pencil. Now, I'm ready. Have you it there? I'll wait a minute until you get it." His heart beat wildiy. The blood surged through his ears like rushing waters. Would they look for the little red mark? The soft clink of spoons and dishes and the clink of spoons and dishes and the murinur of conversation was still going on, but there was no doubt but that it was a matter of a few seconds before his theft would be discovered. He must make an instant dash for liberty while he yet could. Coutiously, stealthly, like a shadow from the alcove, one eye on the dining room, he stole to the door and turned the knob. Yet even as he did so be saw big provided to the door and turned the knob. Yet even as he did so he saw his recent host rise ex-citedly from his seat and fairly snatch the paper from the man who held it. His last glimpse of the room where he had bue three minutes before been en-joying the hospitality of the house was a vision of the entire company starting up and pointing to himself even as he slid from sight. There was no longer need for silence. He had been discov-ered and must fight for his life. He shut

mand

the door quickly, his nerves so tense that it seemed as if something must break soon; opened and slammed the outer door, and was out in the great whirling city under the flare of electric lamps with only the chance of a second of time before his pursuers would be

upon him. He came down the steps with the air of one who could scarcely take time to touch his feet to the ground, but must fly.

## CHAPTER III.

Almost in front of the house stood a closed carriage with two fine horses, but the coachman was looking up anx-lously toward the next building. The sound of the closing door drew the man's attention, and, catching Gordon's eye, he made as if to jump down and throw open the door of the carriage. Quick as a flash, Gordon saw he had been mistaken for the man the car-riage awaited, and he determined to make use of the circumstance. "Don't get down," he called to the man, taking chances. "It's very late al-

looked in. He felt that his time had come, and his cause was lost. It had not yet occurred to him that the men who were pursuing would hardly be likely to call in municipal aid in their search, lest their own duplicity would be discovered. He reasoned that he was dealing with desperate men who original cipher paper, and stop his mouth. He was well aware that only death would be considered a sufficient silencer for him after what he had seen at Mr. Holman's dinner table, for the honor of every man who had sat at Mr. Holman's dinner table, for the evidence he could give would involve the honor of every man who had sat there. He saw in a flash that the two All this passed through his mind while the usher kept up his sepulchral whis-

t All this passed through his mind while the usher kept up his sepulchral whis-per: "Why, there are just the usual ar-rangements, you know--nothing new. You and Jeff go in after the ushers have reached the back of the church and opened the door. Then you just stand there till Celia and her uncle come up the aisle. Then follows the ceremony-very brief. Celia had all that repeating after the minister cut out on account of not being able to re-hearse. It's to be just the simplest service, not the usual lengthy affair. Don't worry, you'll be all rights old man. Hurry' they're calling you. Leave your hat right here. Now I must go. Keep cool. It'll soon be over." The breathless usher hurried through the door and settled into a sort of ex-alted hobble to the time of the wonder-ful Lohengrin music. Gordon turned, thinking even yet to make a possible escape, but the eagle eye of his pur-suer was upon him and the man Jef-ferson was by his side. "Here we are!" he said, eagerly grab-bing Gordon's hat and coat and dump-ing them on a chair. "Till look after everything. Just come along. It's time we went in. The doctor is motioning for us. Awfully glad to see you at last. Too bad you had to rush so. How many henchmen whom he was sure were even now riding in the car on his right had been at the table for the purpose of silencing him if he showed any signs of giving trouble. The wonder was that any of them dared call in a stranger any of mean dated can in a stranger on a matter of such grave import, which meant ruin to them all if they were found out, but probably they had reasoned that every man had his price and had intended to offer him a share of the booty. It was likely that the chief had caused it to be understood by them that he was the right kind of man for their purpose. Yet, of course, they had taken precautions, and now they had him well caught, an auto on one side, a motorcycle on the other, and no telling how many more behind! He had

been a fool to get into this carriage. He might have known it would only trap him to his death. There seemed absohim to his death. There seemed abso-lutely no chance for escape now—yet he must fight to the last. He put his hand on his revolver to make sure it was easy to get at, tried to think whether it would not be better to chew up and swallow that cipher message rather than to run the risk of its fall-ing again into the hands of the enemy; decided that he must carry it intact to

ing again into the hands of the enemy; decided that he must carry it intact to his chief if possible; and finally that he must make a dash for safety at once, when just then the carriage turned briskly into a wide driveway, and the attendant auto and motorcycle dropped behind as if puzzled at the move. The carriage stopped short and s bright light from an open doorway was flung into his face. There seemed to be high stone walls on one side and the lighted doorway on the other hand evi-dently led into a great stone building. we went in. The doctor is motioning for us. Awfully glad to see you at last. Too bad you had to rush so. How many years is it since I saw you? Ten! You've changed some, but you're look-ing fine and dandy. No need to worry about anything. It'll soon be over and the knot tied." Mechanically Gordon fell into place beside the man Jafferson who was a

beside the man Jefferson, who was a pleasant faced youth, well groomed and handsome. Looking furtively at his finely cut, happy features, Gordon won-dered if he would feel as glad as this dentiy led into a great stone building. He could hear the puffing of the car and cycle just behind. A wild notion that the carriage had been placed in front of the house to trap him in case he tried to escape, and that he had been brought to price filted through his dered if he would feel as glad as this youth seemed to be, when he walked down the aisle to meet his bride. How, by the way, would he feel if he were going to be married now-going into the face of this great-company of well dressed people to meet Miss Julia Bent-ley and be joined to her for life? In-stinctively his soul shrank within him at the thought brought to prison, flitted through his

His hand was on his revolver as the coachman jumped down to fling open the carriage door, for he intended to fight for his liberty to the last. He glanced back through the carriage window, and the lights of the auto glared in his face. The short, thick set man was getting out of the car, and the motorcyclist had stood his machine up against the wall and was coming to-ward the carriage. Escape was going to be practically impossible. A wild thought of dashing out the opposite door of his carriage, boldly seizing the motorcycle and making off on it passed through his mind, and then the door on his left was flung open and the carriage was immediately surrounded by six excited men in evening dress, all at the thought. But now the door was wide open, the organ pealing its best, and he suddenly organ pealing its best, and he suddenly became aware of many eyes, and of wondering how long his eyebrows would withstand the perspiration that was trickling softly down his forehead. His mustache—ridiculous appendage! why had he not removed it?—was it awry? Dared he put up his hand to see? His gloves! Would any one no-tice that they were not as strictly fresh as a best min's gloves should be? Then he took his first step to the music, and it was like being pulled from a delicious morning nap and plunged into a tub of icy water. icy water.

He walked with feet that suddenly weighed like lead, across a church that looked to be miles in width, in the face by six excited men in evening dress, all talking at once. "Here you are at last!" they chorused. Weighed like lead, across a church that looked to be miles in width, in the face of swarms of curious eyes. He tried to reflect that these people were all stran-ares to him, that they were not look-ing at him, anyway, but at the bride-groom by his side, and that it mattered very little what he did so long as he kept still and braved it out, if only the real best man didn't turn up until he was well out of the church. Then he could vanish in the dark, and go by some back way to a car or a taxicab and so to the station. The thought of the paper inside the gold pencil case filled him with a sort of elation. If only he could get out of this dreadful church, he would probably get away safely. Perhaps even the incident of the wedding might prove to be his protec-tion, for they would never seek him in a crowded church at a fashionable wed-ding. "Where is the best man?" shouted some one from the doorway. "Hasn't he come, either?" And as if in answer one of the men by the carriage door wheeled and called excitedly: "Yes, he's come! Tell him-tell Jeff-tell him he's come." There turning once more to Gordon he seized him by the arm and cried: "Come on quickly! There isn't a minute to wait. The or-ganist is fairly frantic. Everybody has been just as nervous as could be. We couldn't very well go on without you-you know. But don't let that worry you. It's all right now you've come. Forget it, old man, and hustle." Dimly Gordon perceived above the sound of subdued hubbub that an organ was playing, and even as he listened it burst into the joyous notes of the wed-ding march. It downed upon him that "Where is the best man?" shouted burst into the joyous notes of the wed-ding march. It dawned upon him that this was not a prison to which he had come but a church—not a court room but a wedding, and, horror of horrors! ding.

The man by his side managed him admirably, giving him a whispered hint, a shove, or a push now and then, and getting him into the proper position

# SECRET NEWSPAPERS FIVE PILLS SQUARE **ISSUED IN BELGIUM MEAL, INVENTOR SAYS**

## Defy and Baffle German Police-Methods of Publica. tion Mystery.

Havre, France, (by mail.)-The Belgian government authorities here have received information of the continued appearance of patriotic newspapers at Brussels and throughout Belgium, in defiance of the German censorship and definite of the German censorship and despite all the efforts of the German military police. It is one of the mys-teries of the German occupation of Belgium how these secret papers can be published, where they engrave their cartoons ridiculing the Germans, and how they set the type and circulate the names papers.

There is a price of 50,000 marks on the head of the editor of the Free Bel-gium, but it keeps on appearing just the same. Several of the supposed editors are said to have been shot. One man was sentenced to 12 years hard labor, others to three and 11 years, and a woman, Madame Scheupens, to five years. But each time that a supposed editor is imprisoned and the German authorities feel the trouble is ended, the paper appears the following day more lusty then ever with a cartoon making fun of the prosecution.

A file is kept here of these secret papers, as a matter of curiosity. Free Belgium, which has given the most trouble, prints the following notices un-der its title:

"A bulletin of patriotism, submitting to no censorship whatever.

"Price per copy elastic, from zero to infinity. "Business office—Not being handy to have an established address, we are installed in a movable automobile cel-

"Advertisements-Business being nil "Advertisements—Business being nu under German domination, we have suppressed our advertising page and counsel our patrons to keep their money till times get better. "Telegraphic address: Care of Ger-man commander at Brussels."

man commander at Brussels." A recent issue of Free Belgium gave a car'oon by Raemaker, adapted from Gustave Dore's scenes in hell, showing women and children in agony as they are trampled down by a soldier in Ger-man helmet, the face of the soldier be-ing evidently meant for that of the kaiser. Another cartoon, entitled "Love's Chagrin," shows General von Bissing the military commander of Bissing the military commander of Brussels, trying to find the editor of Free Belgium in ceilars and attics, while the editorial rooms, business of-fice, etc., are depicted on wheels. A big sun, labelled Free Belgium, smiles down derisively at Von Bissing's vain efforts to capture the editors

down derisively at Von Bissing's vain efforts to capture the editors. La Patrie is another of these secret newspapers. It announces under its title that it is a "noncensored journal, appearing how, where and when it pleases." Another line states that it is in the second year of its publication. The bitterness of this paper is shown in a standing line carried at the head of its editorials, referring to the Ger-mans as "barbarians and liars always." mans as "barbarians and liars always." A recent number showed the Germans "en route for Calais" by way of the Yser river, with the bodies of German soldiers slaughtered by the Belgians, "locating in the river

floating in the river. L'Echo, another of the secret jour-nals, announces that it prints "what censored journals dare not and cannot say." A recent number gave the speech say." A recent number gave the speech of Premier Asquith in the house of commons, declaring there would be no peace until Belgium was free. The edi-torial was headed: "Teuton Pirates and Vandals."

Other secret newspapers are La Verite and the Flemish Lion. There is also a Weekly Review of the French Press, giving articles which have been pro-hibited from being published in Bel-gium. Illustrated books also continue to appear, with handsome engravings and colored maps, giving the Belgian story as against the German. Dixon Warner, of Los Angeles, Claims He Has Devised

Proper Food.

New York-There is a guest at the Waldorf who wouldn't care if the chef retired to his farm tomorrow. He is Adam Dixon Warner, of Los Angeles, and he carried and the control of the second seco and he arrived vesterday carrying in

and he arrived yesterday carrying in his suit case enough provisions to last him two months. He is his own cook and never has to wash a dish. Since his youthful days in a Wis-consin lumber camp cooking has been Mr. Warner's ruling passion. In his first season in the woods he learned that the neavey man who labored all that the peavey man who labored all day in icy water received only \$40 a month, while the cookee who traveled ike a lord in his wanigan drew down

Mr. Warner resolved to be a cookee. The next season he was, to the de-light of himself and the camp. With th epassing of the pine he drifted west. He was admitted to the bar, made\_\$20,000 a year, became promi-nent in politics, grew intimate with William Jennings Bryan and told J. Ham Lewis the latest barber shop okes

But in his spare moments the aroma of beans or coffee would send him harking back to his wanigan days in Wisconsin woods. Even William Jen-nings and J. Ham noticed something wrong. It was a critical moment for Adam Dixon Warner and the world in general when he nearly became a con-gressman. If he had the world might never have seen the perfect ration. Forsaking home and friends and forgetting politics, in which he had already won the title of "Silver Dick" because of the admiration he inspired in Mr. Bryan, Warner hired a labora-tory and a chemist. For 12 months he and the chemist cooked. At the end of that time they had But in his spare moments the aroma

At the end of that time they had evolved the perfect ration. Warner wasn't sure of it until he tried it on

wasn't sure of it until he tried it on his motherinlaw. "Adam, it's just perfect," she said. The ration comes in lumps, about the size and shape of chocolate drops. Five make a meal. Each contains wheat, corn, oats, rice, lentils, beans, peanuts, walnuts, olives, grapefruit, oranges, raisins, figs, prunes, pineap-ple, asparagus, spinach, lettuce, onions, carrots and celery. Mr. Warrer is a vegetarian, but he says he will concoct a special edition

says he will concoct a special edition of the ration for a Thanksgiving dinner.

# Nature and the Artist.

Augusta Rodin, in the Century. "Sincerity, conscience—these are the true bases of thought in the work of an artist; but whenever the artist at-tains to a certain facility of expres-sion, too often he is wont to replace conscience with skill. The reign of skill is the ruin of art. It is an organized is the run of art. It is an organized falsehood. Sincerity with one fault, in-deed with many faults, still preserves its integrity. The facility that believes that it has no faults has them all. The primitives, who ignored the laws of perspective, nevertheless created great works of art because they brought in primitives, who ignored the laws of perspective, nevertheless created great works of art because they brought to them absolute sincerity. Look at this Persian miniature, the admirable rev-erence of this illuminator for the form of these plants and animals, and the attitudes of these persons which he has forced himself to render just as he saw them. How eagerly has he painted that, this man who loved it all! Do you tell me that his work is bad be-cause he is ignorant of the laws of perspective? And the great French primitives and the Roman architects and sculptors! Has it not been repeat-edly said that their style is a barbarid style? On the contrary, it has a for-midable beauty. It breathes the sacred awe of those who have been impressed by the great works of nature herself. It offers us the strongest proof that these men had made themselves part of life and also a part of its mystery.

aportance of what they were saying; while they waited for the real business of the hour.

Then the butler removed the plates pausing beside Gordon waiting punctil-iously with his silver tray to brush the crumbs.

This was just what Gordon waited for. It had come to him as the only way. Courteously he drew aside, lifting the paper from the table and put-ting it in his lap, for just the instant while the butler did his work; but in that instant the paper with the red cross was slipped under the napkin, and the other paper took its place upon the table, back down so that its lack of a red cross could not be noted.

So far, so good, but how long could this be kept up? And the paper under the napkin—how was it to be got into his pocket? His hands were like ice now, and his brain seemed to be at boiling heat as he sat back and real-ized that the deed was done, and could not be undone. If any one should pick up that paper from the table and discover the lack of the red mark, it up to be all up with him. He looked up for an instant to meet the gaze of the six men upon him. They had noth-ing better to do now than to look at him until the next course arrived. He realized that not one of them would have mercy upon him if they knew what he had done, not one unless it might be the tired, old-looking one, and he would not dare interfere.

Still Gordon was enabled to smile, and to say some pleasant nothings to his hostess when she passed him the salted almonds. His hand lay carelessly guarding the secret of the paper on the table, innocently, as though it just happened that he laid it on the

paper. Sitting thus with the real paper in his lap under his large damask nap-kin, the false paper under his hand on the table where he from time to time perused it, and his eye-glasses which made him look most distinguished still on his nose, he heard the distant telene bell ring

He remembered the words of

with the two papers? had but an instant to think until the well trained butler returned

and announced that some bne wished to speak with Mr. Burn-ham on the telephone. His resolve was taken. He would have to leave the substitute paper on the table. To carry it sway with him might arouse suspicion, and, moreover, he could not easily man-age both without being noticed. The real paper must be put safely away at all hazards, and he must take the chance that the absence of the red mark would remain unnoticed until his re-turn turn

Deliberately he laid a heavy silver spoon acress one edge of the paper on the table, and an ice cream fork across the other, as if to hold it in place until his return. Then, rising with apologies, he gathered his napkin, paper, and all in his hand, holding it against his coat most naturally as if he had formation most naturally, as if he had forgotten that he had it, and made his way into the front hall, where in an alcove was the telephone. As he passed the hat-

"Don't get down," he called to the man, taking chances. "It's very late al-ready. I'll open the door. Drive for all you're worth." He jumped in and slammed the carriage door behind him, and in a second more the horses were flying down the street. A glance from the back window showed an excited group of his fellow-guests standing at the open door of the mansion he had just left pointing toward his carriage and widely gesticulating. He surmised that his host was already at the tele-phone calling for his own private detec.

phone calling for his own private detec-

Gordon could scarcely believe his sense that he had accomplished his mission and flight so far, and yet he his situation was most pecarious. Where he was going he neither knew nor cared. he was going he neither knew nor cared. When he was sure he was far enough from the house he would call to the driver and give him directions, but first he must make sure that the precious paper was safely stowed away, in case he should be caught and searched. They he should be caught and searched. might be coming after him with motor-cycles in a minute or two.

Carefully rolling the paper into a tiny compass, he slipped it into a hollow gold case which was among the things gold case which was among the things in the envelope the chief had given him. There was a fine chain attached to the case, and the whole looked innocently like a gold pencil. The chain he slipped about his neck, dropping the case down inside his collar. That done he breathed more freely. Only from his dead body should they take that away. Then he hastily put on the false eyebrows, mus-tache and goatee which had been pro-vided for his disguise, and pulling on a pair of light gloves he felt more fit to evade detection.

to evade detection. He was just beginning to think what

He was just beginning to think what he should say to the driver about tak-ling him to the station, for it was im-portant that he get out of the city at once, when, glancing out of the window to see what part of the city he was being taken through, he became aware of an auto close beside the carriage keeping pace with it, and two men stretching their necks as if to look into stretching their necks as if to look into the carriage window at him. He with-drew to the shadow instantly so that

chief and sat rigid. From his position they could not see him, but the one he could see the tall clock in the hall, and its gilded hands pointed to ten minutes before seven. It was about the time his chief had said he would be called on the telephone. What should be do with the two papers?

so he had practically no chance at all of escape, for what was a carriage against a swift moving car and what was he against a whole city full of strangers and enemies? If he attemptstrangers and enemies? If he attempt-ed to drop from the carriage on the other side and escape into the dark-ness he had but a chance of 1,000 at not being seen, and he could not hope to hide and get away in this unknown part of the city. Yet he must take his chance somehow, for the carriage must sooner or later get somewhere and he be ablighed to face his nursuers

be obliged to face his pursuers. To make matters worse, just at the instant when he had decided to jump at

but a wedding, and, hor of the best man. His getting him into the best man had to they took him for the best man. His getting him into the best man had to disguise had been his undoing. How was he to get out of this scrape? And with his pursuers just behind!

"Let me explain-" he began, and

wondered what he could explain. "There's no time for explanations now, man. I tell you the organ has begun the march. We're expected to be marching down that middle also this very minute and Jeff is waiting for us in the chapel. I sent the signal to the bride and another to the organ-

to the bride and another to the organ-ist the minute we sighted you. Come on! Everybody knows your boat was late in coming in. You don't need to explain a thing till afterwards." At that moment one of the ushers moved aside and the short, thick set man stepped between, the light shin-ing fully upon his face, and Gordon knew him positively for the man who had sat opposite him at the table a few had sat opposite him at the table a few minutes before. He was peering eagerly into the carriage door and Goreagerly into the carriage door and Gor-don saw his only escape was into the church. With his heart pounding like a trip hammer he yielded himself to the six ushers, who swept the little pursuer aside as if he had been a fly and literally bore Gordon up the steps and into the church door.

A burst of music filled his senses and dazzling lights, glimpses of flow ers, palms and beautiful garments be-wildered him. His one thought was for escape from his pursuers. Would Would they follow him into the church and drag him out in the presence of all these people, or would they be thrown off the track for a little while and The looked around wildly for a place of exit, but he was in the hands of the insistent ushers. One of them chattered to him in a low, growling

whisper, such as men use on solemn occasion "It must have been rough on you being

being anxious like this about getting here, but never mind now. It'll go all right. Come on. Here's your cue and there stands Jefferson over there. You and he go in with the minister, you know. The groom and the best man. know. The groom and the best man, you understand, they'll tell you when. Jeff has the ring, all right, so you won't need to bother about that. There's absolutely nothing for you to do but stand where you're put and go out when the rest do. You needn't feel bit nervous

Was it possible that these crazy peo ple didn't recognize their mistake even yet here in the bright light? Couldn't yet here in the bright light? Couldn't they see his mustache was stuck on and one eyebrow was crooked? Didn't they know their best man well enough to recognize his voice? Surely, surely, some one would discover the mistake goon—that man Jeff over there who was eyeing him so intently. He would be sure to know this was not his friend. Yet every minute that they continued to think so was a distinct gain for to think so was a distinct gain for Gordon, puzzling his pursuers and giv-ing himself time to think and plan and

To make matters worse, just at the instant when he had decided to jump at the next dark place and was measuring the distance with his eye, his hand door handle, a blustering, boisterous motorcycle burst into full bloom just where he intended to jump, and the maß who rode it was in uniform. He dodged back into the darkness of the carriage again that he might not be seen, and the motorcycle came so near that its rider turned a white face and

occupy the most trying spot in all the church; but, as they put him there, of course it was all right. He glanced fur-

tively over the faces near the front, and they all looked quite satisfied, as if they all looked quite satisfied, as if everything were going as it should, so he settled down to his fate, his white, strained face partly hidden by the abundant display of mustache and eye-brow. People whispered softly how handsome he looked, and some suggest-ed that he was not so stout as when they had last seen him, 10 years before. His stay in a foreign land must have done him good. One woman went so done him good. One woman went so far as to tell her daughter that he was far more distinguished looking than she

had ever thought he could become, but it was wonderful what a stay in a foreign land would do to improve a per-The music stole onward; and slow ly, gracefully, like the opening of buds into flowers, the bridal party inched along up the middle aisle until at last

along up the middle aisle until at last the bride in all the mystery of her white vell artived, and all the maildens in their flowers and many colored gauzes were suitably disposedabout her. The feeble old man on whose arm the bride had leaned as she came up the aisle dropped out of the procession, melting into one of the front seats, and Gordon found himself standing beside the bride. He felt sure there must be something wrong about it, and looked at his young guide with an attempt to change places with him, but the man named Jefferson held him in place with a warning eye. "You're all right. Just

named Jefferson held him in place with a warning eye. "You're all right. Just stay where you are," he whispered soft-ly, and Gordon stayed, reflecting on the strange fashions of weddings, and won-dering why he had never before taken notice of just how a wedding party came in and stood and got out again. If he was only out of this how glad he would be. It seemed one had to be a poretty all around man to be a member pretty all around man to be a member of the secret service.

The organ had hushed its voice to a sort of exultant sobbing, filled with dreams of flowers and joys, and hints of sorrow; and the minister in a voice both impressive and musical began the ceremony. Gordon stood doggedly and wondered if that really was one eye-brow coming down over his eye, or only

wondered if that really will one eye-brow coming down over his eye, or only a drop of perspiration. Another full second passed, and he decided that if he ever got out of this situation allye he would never, no, never, no, never, get married himself. During the next second that crawled by he became supremely conscious of the creature in white by his side. A de-sire possessed him to look at her and see if she were like Julia Bentley. It was like a nightmare haunting his dreams that she was Julia Bentley. It was like a nightmare haunting his dreams that she was Julia Bentley somehow transported to New York and being married to him willy-nilly. He could not shake it off, and the other eyebrow began to feel shaky. He was sure it was sailing down over his eye. If he only dared press its adhesive lining a little tighter to his flesh! Some time during the situation there came a prayer, interminable to his ex-cited imagination, as all the other cere-monles.

monies.

(Continued Next Week.)

The working force of the British navy, afloat and ashore, includes more than 1,000,000 men.

Even a secret press bureau has been set up at Brussels, which issues typeset up at Brussels, which issues type-written sheets comparing favorably with those from the official press bu-reau at Paris and London. The editing is well done, showing that there must be capable men to gather the material and put it in shape. The sheets, me-chanically, are even better than those issued at Paris and London, showing there must be a large and first class there must be a large and first class duplicating process somewhere beyond the power of the Germans to discover.

The Belgian officials themselves do The Beigian officials themselves do not know how this work is done, and it is simply incomprehensible how all this editing, publishing, printing, circulat-ing, getting the requisite white paper and ink, drawing cartoons, engraving and lithographing, and all the innumerable details of getting out newspa-pers, weeklies, books and a press service, can be accomplished in secret with the German police straining every nerve and offering prices on the heads of editors. It takes courage and ingenuity to be an editor in Belgium under these conditions.

### Great American Porcelain. Hazel H. Adler in the Century

In 1911 an American woman, Ade-laide Alsop Robineau, sent an exquisite collection of high-fire porcelains to the International exposition in Turin, Italy, where they were awarded the grand prize, the highest award that could be given, and against the best modern porcelain manufactories in the world. In recognition of her great contribution to the ceramic art of the world both France and Italy awarded her the highest honors in their power, and yet her work in this country is unglorified and unknown, and some of the rarest pleces for which collectors hereafter will pay fabulous sums have had to be sacrificed to provide for the bare means. of sustenance

In may not be in accordance with the democratic principles of this country to achieve a Sevres, a Gobelin, or a Dresden, and so far certainly the na-tional government has been more interested in the raising of pigs than in the making of porcelains, but it is high time that our manufacturers awaken to the economic significance of the Amerian craftsman and undertake that pub spirited recognition and intelligent utilization of his powers which raised Germany's art products from a position of scorn to the conquest of the markets of the world.

#### Couldn't Get a Drink There. From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Daniel D. Moore, editor and manager of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, breezed into the McAlpin. Before he had time to register he had to, listen to a knock on his home town. He was

greeted by a traveling man. "That's a lough burg of yours," sai he What's the trouble?" asked

Mr. Moore. Why, a fellow can't ret.a drink there.

My tongue was hanging out," said the traveling man.

traveling man, Mr. Moore perked up his ears. "That's strange," said he. "New Orleans is a wid; open town." 'That's the trouble.", said the travel-er "the saloons are so crowded one 'ansot get near the mahugany."

men had made themselves part of life and also a part of its mystery. "To express life it is necessary to de-sire to express it. The art of statuary is made up of conscience, precision and will. If I had not had tenacity of pur-pose, if I had ceased to make my re-cearches, the book of nature would have been for me a dead letter, or at least it would have withheld from me its meaning. Now, on the contrary. It its meaning. Now, on the contrary, it is a book that is constantly renewed, and I go to it, knowing well that I have orly spelled out certain pages. In art to admit only that which one compre-heads leads to impotence. Nature re-mains full of unknown forces. When we surrender ourselves to her without reservation, she shows us these forces, she lends them to us."

Art and Happiness.

Auguste Rodin, in the Century. Art alone gives happiness. And I call art the study of nature, the per-petual communion with her through the spirit of analysis.

X

He who knows how to see and feel may find everywhere and always things to admire. He who knows how to see and feel is preserved from ennui, that bete moire of modern society. He who sees and feels deeply never lacks the lestre to express his feelings, to be an artist. Is not nature the source of all beauty? Is she not the only creator? It is only by drawing near to her that the artist can bring back to us all that When one says that, the public

when one says that, the mining thinks it a commonplace. All the world believes that it knows that; but it knows it only in seeming, the truth penetrates only the superficial shell of its intelligence. There are so many fegrees in real comprehension! Com-prehension is like a during hadden Only prehension is like a divine ladder. Only he who has reached the top rounds has a view of the world. The public is astonished or shockad when some one goes against its preconceived sotions, against the prejudices of a hadly in-terpreted or degenerate tradition. Words are nothing; the daed alone counts. It is not by reading manuals, of esthetics, but by leaning on nature-herself that the artist discovers and ex-

herself that the artist discovers and ex-presses beauty. Alas! we are not prepared to see, and to feel. Our sorry education, far from cultivating in us the feeling for enthusiasm, makes us in our youth lik-tile pedants who without result over-whelm curselves and others with our pretensions. Those who too inte, by long efforts, escape this demon of felly arrive only after that education has fatally sapped their strength and has destroyed the flower of enthusiasm that God had planted in them as a sign of His paradise. People without enthu-slasm are Vike men who carry their these pointed down to the ground instead of proudly above their reads.

### Political Posters Prohibited.

Political Posters Prohibited. Political candidates have been informed through a recent issue of Electric Rallway Service, the company publication of the Detroit (Mich.) United Rallway, that they will save considerable in their withing bills if they will announce to their work-ters not to attempt to place cards, posters and such stuff on the property of the com-pany, says the Electric Rallway Journal, instructions have been issued that political advertising matter must not be posted or distributed, and if posted upknown to offi-cials of the company it will be torn down and destroyed as soon as discovered.