

# Paris Criminals' Ball

POLICE OF GAY CAPITAL  
REVIVE A STRANGE  
INSTITUTION



THE CRIMINALS' BALL IN FULL SWING

The Moulin de la Galette, Paris sumptuous ball room where the city's criminal classes congregate for their social whirl, has reopened owing to the urgent request of the prefecture of police. Sometime ago it was ordered closed by the municipal council because it was declared to be the hot bed of young crime and the place where minors received their first intense desire for distinction in the social set of thugdom.

But crime has not grown less in the gay Paris capital, in fact it has increased. The police who without the Moulin have not been able to keep track of the criminals or ferrit out the many crimes that have shocked the city, have urged the reopening of the place and so it is that Paris is again to harbor the most remarkable institution in the world, and the visitor to the French capital will be able to arrange with a detective from the prefecture to go up the hill to the reopened Moulin and see more very wicked men in social relaxation than collect in any other one place in the world.

Have no fear of violence inside, but beware the wine shops round about, where the apprentices of crime let their bad passions ride uncurbed. Inside the Moulin they are curiously suave and ceremonious. Harsh words are not thrown recklessly. When a dancer bumps another he begs pardon, "On examination you will find the statement inexact" is as near as they get to liar.

This is because they are fulfilling the social ideal of their women. The fierce girls are proud of their garroters and housebreakers as high spirited exceptions to the sheep-like mass of men. Their ideal is the iron hand in the velvet glove; and they have forced it on their men—within these walls. Besides, they always have a lurking fear. They know, perhaps, what Goron said when he was chief de surete: "Did the Moulin not exist I should have to invent it!"

For once a Paris criminal has brought a "coup" off—has "made a condition," as they call it—he feels the attraction of the Moulin. The police count on it.

You may ask: If he knows the police count on his showing up in these luxurious halls with his ill-gotten gains, why doesn't he wisely keep away?

It is more complicated than that. He may, as rightly, argue that his absence will be taken as still more significant. He may keep away one night, two nights; but the thought will obtrude: "I look afraid to show up!"

In the end he shows up. He dreads that his absence will be noted, if not by the high police, then the camaros ("comrades") of two species: reckless, loyal pals, who may laugh at him as over-prudent; and the sinister Judas comrade, shadowy and painful even to think of, the microbe of this life, a thousand times more dreaded than acute detectives—in a word, the "seller." He may note the man's absence—and put two and two together!

Every motive calls him to the Moulin. His girl wants to show off her new finery—to show to the other women she is not tied to a non-producer. She desires to dance and drink and laugh with her man in these hours of plenty.

Both crave their fling in the glittering surroundings that mean success, joy of life and social triumph to them. And if the man has a more than usually black crime upon his mind he wants to forget it in the razzle, hardening himself in contact with others like him.

He argues that to show up "in society" is normal. In the usual course of things, with nothing extra on his conscience, he would show up at the Moulin. Of course, if he spends a lot of money it will be a sign against him; but he will spend prudently. Quoi! He need only keep his mouth shut and act normal!

So the Moulin always has been the most productive stalking ground for the Parisian secret police.

The detectives come disguised—got up like honest burglars, thugs or bullies—how, it matters little. As soon as they put their nose inside the Moulin, they are spotted. The word goes round: "There are gentlemen of the balloon among us!"

No one seems to pay attention to them. All goes on as usual. Now and then a timid brother, talking over a "condition" with his mates, or haggling prices with a fence, will speak of going elsewhere, to be private.

"Idiot!" the others whisper, "do you want to get us shadowed special? Here we're part of the big push. Sit tight!"

Of course, the idea is correct. Groups form and break up. You can't damn a man for talking with acquaintances, nor indict a burglar just because he's pleasant in society!

Crash! It is the Strong Men's Quadrille! Two hundred proudly flashing girls prance with their heroes. Champagne corks pop. Topsy tongs de cakewalk steps alone. Triumphant young thugs swell with social satisfaction, beg to be presented, thump the tables and call for more wine!

In the midst the detectives prow! apparently so helpless! Here is the stalking ground. Here is the game. But how can they get at it?

They are putting two and two together. Men whose style is known are seen to be in funds or not. Unknown men show up well heeled. New groups have formed—they're very interesting. Such and such men have a queer look. All these data are to be compared with data gathered by the outside members of the brigade and by humble indicators not quite in the movement. The detectives are close to this work both in mentality and passions. Most of them have come up from the same depths as the thugs. So they feel hidden currents.

Night by night they come and go and wait. Often the putting of a hundred trifling things together throws suspicion on the guilty party. Paris detectives of this close to the criminal class don't seek for clues; they rubber around to find out "the mistake." The guilty party always makes some big mistake. And often est he makes it at the Moulin, in the exaltation of a glass too much.

So the detective comes and goes and waits. He knows he is spotted at the Moulin. He counts on it. He counts on it that in the turmoil of passions, jealousies, caprices, ennuis, fears and needs stirred up by a great social center like the Moulin his presence may be a continual temptation for the secret to come to him of itself!

It comes in a whisper.

The detective quits the gorgeous halls. As he strolls in the dark a man or woman brushes past him.

The sleuth changes his course in accordance with the whispered indication. He looks back to see he is not followed; turns a corner, and looks back again. There is no one but himself and the mysterious person.

And they whisper in the shadow.

The next afternoon as he is sleeping the footpad or burglar with a black crime on his conscience will be waked by the law knocking on his door.

"Hey, there! Less baruf (noise and bluff), you're caught for good, a camaro has sold you!"

So the arresting police rudely explain the state of things to the struggling criminal.

And that night Judas will show up at the Moulin de la Galette in funds—or filled with an interior tranquility. He—or she—is avenged.

His Trip Abroad.

"The average American business man does not care very much for a trip to Europe. If he will consent to take a few minutes away from business he usually prefers to get into the woods, where he can knock around in old clothes, have a few hardships, plenty of exercise and a great deal of freedom."

Thus spake Zarathustra to the New York Times. Continuing:

"My brother, who is president of a large New York corporation, let his wife prevail on him to take a brief trip to Europe this summer. I received a letter from him, written on the steamer going over, and he said: 'I shall mail this at Plymouth, where we touch, so you can hear from us promptly. From there we shall go on to Hamburg. I do not like this life. Too little activity. From Hamburg we shall go through the Alps, then to Paris, then back to London, and then, thank God, turn our faces homeward.'

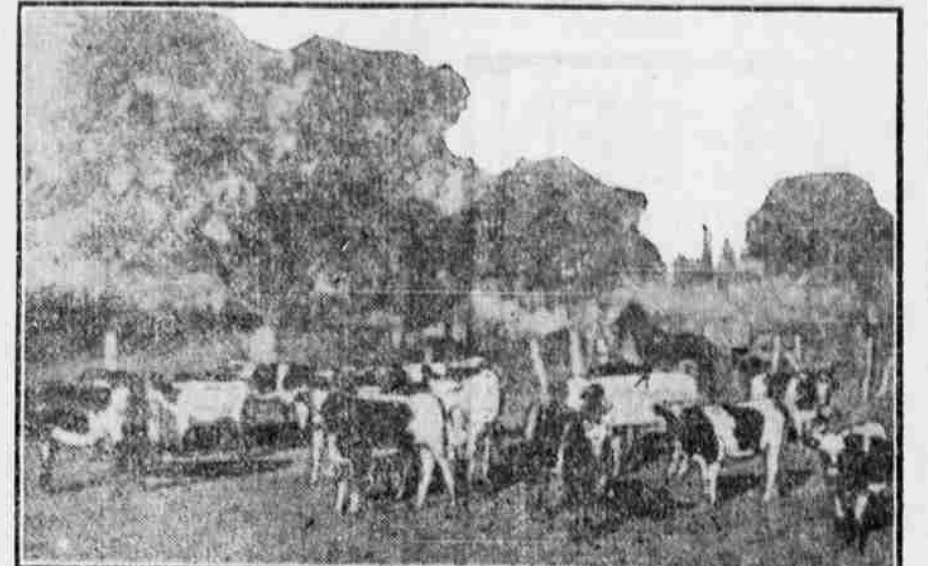
"All this before he had even landed."

# DON'T SELL THE DAIRY HEIFERS—RAISE THEM

Use a Good Sire and Improve the Standard of Your Herd  
—By Wilber J. Fraser, Chief in Dairy Husbandry, Illinois University.

Many dairymen are not raising their heifer calves; instead the herd is replenished by buying cows. Four professional cow buyers sold about 7,000 cows in the vicinity of Elgin, Ill., alone, last year; besides this many cows were shipped in by the dairymen themselves. On many dairy farms the heifer calves, good, bad and indifferent, go for veal. Where this is done it means there is no provision for perpetuating the dairy herd or the best cows in it.

The dairyman from whom the Illinois station bought cow No. 1 with a



A Shrewd Young Financier's Clever Deal in Picking Up These Sacrificed Heifers at from Two to Three Dollars Apiece.

three years' record of 495 pounds of butter fat per year, was making no effort to perpetuate her superior qualities but was selling her calves at \$2.50 each. This is certainly a ruinous practice to the dairy business.

The cow buyer cannot get enough really good cows to supply his purchasers, as but few of the best cows are for sale. The dairyman himself must raise the heifer calves of his best cows and not depend on anybody's offerings to replenish his herd. He has the breeding stock, the feed—cheap feed—and the equipment. Calf-raising is a natural part of his business. It is absurd to suppose that as a rule he can buy as good cows as he can raise. The reasons are plain. He needs to retain but few calves each year and can sell the less-promising ones. He knows the parentage of the calves and need save none but those from high-producing mothers. It is far easier to sell inferior stock (to the butcher) than to buy cows that are excellent producers.

A prominent dairyman of the state says of his grade herd: "The heifers we raise from our best cows are better milk producers with their first calves than are the average mature cows we can buy." Several of our most progressive dairymen have said practically the same thing.

Yet in the face of all this, hundreds of dairymen make no effort to save their best heifer calves, and they think they have a reason. They say

actual milk production of their female ancestors.

With a herd of 40 cows, as here illustrated, each cow represents one-eighth of the future herd each year, and the whole number of 40 cows represent forty-eighths of the herd, and the good well-bred sire represents one-half or forty-eightieths of all the quality and qualities, character and characteristics, the capacity for milk production, and everything else, transmitted to the calves which are to constitute the succeeding herd.

A fine dairy sire can be bought for \$150, and with 40 grade cows at \$60 per head, the herd comes to \$2,400. The bull costs only one-seventeenth of the investment, yet he will improve the future herd as much as the other sixteen-sevenths. The extra \$100 put into a good sire is the best investment in the herd.

Forty-one animals are purchased; one animal will influence the future herd as much as the other 40. It is worth while, then, to give much extra time and study to the selection of that one, the sire.

From generation to generation the succession of well-selected sires goes on increasing and intensifying the improvement of the herd. In this way the sire becomes three-fourths, seven-eighths, fifteen-sixteenths, etc., of the herd. In fact in a few years the sire is practically "the whole thing."

So the sire may be much more than half the herd whether judged by the quantity, strength, quality or accumulated effect of the characteristics he transmits. It is literally true that the sire may thus, within a few years, at slight expense, completely transform a dairy herd and more than double its profit.

Every man who has had any extended experience or observation in the use of a good pure-bred sire from high-producing dams at the head of a dairy herd, will agree that this sire was of peculiar value and great economy in building up the herd. The records of dairy breeding have proved it conclusively a thousand times over. No man who studies the facts can doubt it. The evidence is to be seen in the heifers of every such sire, and in their contrast with heifers lacking such parentage.

Loose Shoes.—The horse's shoes should be kept tight. A loose shoe greatly tires the horse that has to wear it, especially if he has to work on hard roads. It is often a cause of lameness. Loose shoes can be prevented by taking the horse to the blacksmith's occasionally and having him examine the shoes to see if they need tightening.

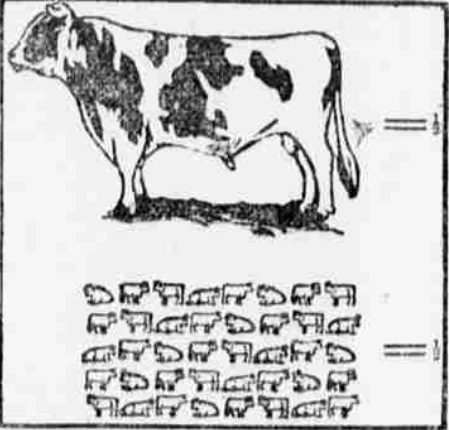
Mow the Pasture Weeds.—It is a good thing to mow the pasture weeds at the beginning of summer, so that the cows will not get a chance to eat them even if they so desire. This will help keep the milk from having a weedy flavor and will also give the grass a chance to begin to supplant the weeds.

A Paying Tree.—A New York farmer has a "Sweet Bough" apple tree that has not yielded less than three bushels each year for 19 successive years. Last year the fruit was just as delicious as the first time it bore.

Selecting a Breed.—Select a breed and stick to it. You will be just as well repaid in improving and developing a good lot of fowls as well as you would in improving good live stock.

Exercise the Brood Mare.—The brood mare should have a few hours' exercise in the yard or on the road every day. It does not pay to keep her confined.

Provide Shade.—Shady nooks are relished by the laying hens.



The Bull is One-Half of the Herd.

It takes too much milk. This question was carefully investigated with 48 calves by the Illinois experiment station. Twelve calves at a time were tested at four different times. It was found they could be successfully raised on 150 pounds of whole milk and 400 pounds of skim milk. This milk was fed at the rate of ten pounds per day until the calves were 50 days old, when it was gradually lessened one pound per day for ten days and then no more was fed. No substitutes for milk were used. Only ordinary grains which the farmer produces, and a good quality of legume hay were fed, showing that the dairyman can raise a calf in this way with almost no extra trouble. Several of these calves are now cows in milk and good producers, indicating that they were not injured by this method of raising.

The sale value of the milk fed these calves was as follows:

150 lb. whole milk @ \$1 per 100.....	\$1.50
400 lb. skim milk @ \$0.50 per 100.....	2.00
Total.....	\$3.50

And these prices of milk are liberal, especially as they are paid at the farm, and no money or labor is expended in hauling the milk to market. It is not so expensive to raise a calf as the dairymen have thought. The grain and hay consumed by the heifers of high quality will give much better returns than the same feed fed to cows.

Raising the heifer calves of good high-producing cows, is a great fundamental requisite for the best and easiest improvement of the dairy herd. But those calves will take their qualities from both parents, and it is equally important that the calf shall

Thought King a Guiltip.  
A service paper relates a good story of King Louis of Bavaria. His majesty was much annoyed on one occasion when the soldier on guard at the palace gates neglected to present arms. The truth was the soldier did not know his majesty by sight.

"Why don't you present arms?" the latter asked, angrily. "Don't you know to whom you are indebted for your daily bread?"

The sentry glared angrily at the King and, imagining him to be the army baker, replied: "So you are the miserable son of a baker who furnishes the soldiers with bread, are you? Well, I should like to have you by yourself in some quiet place. I'd spread your ungainly anatomy over three kingdoms. I'd make dough of you."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves woman from surgical operations.

Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:

"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Spurling, of 154 Claybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

**FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.**  
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Shower of Sulphur.  
Charolles, a small town 30 miles from Macon, in France, has recently been visited by a shower of sulphur. The roofs, gardens, fields, vineyards, rivers and ponds were covered with a yellow dust, and for some time the peasants in the fields were troubled by a sulphurous biting odor which made breathing difficult.

That Proved It.  
Ella—Don't you think Bella a very common sort of girl?  
Stella—Certainly; she's had neither appendicitis nor nervous prostration.

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For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Anyway, the man who borrows trouble isn't asked to return it.

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**Defiance Starch Company, Omaha, Neb.**