

Mr. Barnes.

By ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

A Sequel to MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK

SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsica bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta of the Corsican, his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves, Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Charlis lease a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Coraggio Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his latent suspicions. Barnes plans for the safety of the party are learned by the Corsicans. The carriage carrying their party to the local landing is followed by two men. One of the horse-men is supposed to be Coraggio. They try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.
But a few minutes after Barnes suddenly remarks that he wants some more cartridges for his pistols, and obtaining the cutter, is rapidly rowed to the landing and disappears in the sixteenth century architecture of the town.

Consequently, when Marina and Enid come on deck, the latter discovers her swain is absent and, being now inclined to find fault with her gallant, pouts mentally: "Burton might have asked if I'd like a run on shore also."

But both boats being now at the landing, the ladies are compelled to spend their time rather monotonously looking at the picturesque little port, though Marina does little of this. The very sight of France seems in some occult manner to affright the beautiful woman as she leans upon her husband's arm. To him she whispers, nervously: "Will we get to Nice today?"

"Not with this wind," remarks Edwin. "To this he adds, suddenly: "Dear one, you seem afraid of that place."

"Not while I have you by my side," she answers, ambiguously; and clings more tightly to his arm.
During this, Miss Anstruther, rather moodily with a marine glass inspects the neighboring fishing boats in the roadstead, some of these seagoing craft. Among them is one whose graceful lateen rig attracts the English girl's attention. Having little else to do, the young lady several times puts her binocular upon the lateen-rigged fishing boat, and in the course of two hours weary waiting, becomes quite familiar with its graceful outlines and rig.

About this time Barnes returns in the cutter and is not overgraciously welcomed by his fiancée, who, though generally level-headed, has now nursed the slight that she conceives her love and trust had received yesterday, into a fervid jealousy under which each unintentional omission of service in her betrothed is an additional offense.

Together they pass a tiresome hour till Leboeuf makes his appearance in the dingy.

"Why in the dickens weren't you off before?" Anstruther calls out to the cook; and the great culinary artist ascends the side ladder, laboring an almost piteous tale of the difficulty of obtaining ice, fresh meats and vegetables at this time of the evening in this dead and alive town. "But I am happy to say," he favors the ladies with an effusive bow, "I have obtained what which under my art will become meals worthy of even your attention for several days."

To this Edwin gives slight heed. He is in a hurry to make an offering before darkness sets in, and already has the dingy hoisted up, has broken ground with his anchor and the Seagull is under way.

As they round the Cap des Salins, Enid, who is still using the marine glass, though it is now growing dusk, notices that the lateen-rigged fishing boat has hoisted sail also, and apparently being a very swift craft, is following them rapidly.

That evening, Monsieur Leboeuf sustains his reputation as a culinary artist. In addition, he has obtained some beautiful violets and graciously stepped in himself from his galley to arrange them with Gallic taste artistically on the dining-room table in the little salon. During this, the petite cook, being a dark-eyed, romantic and ferocious looking little fellow, attracts very favorable attention from the ladies.

Miss Anstruther, conversing with her swain, has graduated from aggressive vivacity during soup and fish to a coldness at dessert, equaling the ices she is eating.

Fortunately Barnes is too occupied with certain mental calculations and considerations to give great heed to his sweetheart's eccentric attacks, though in a dejected, abstracted way he feels them. He is cogitating: "How shall we best make Johnny Crapeau innoxious?" for several occurrences ashore have made him exceedingly suspicious of Monsieur Leboeuf.

Cigars end this almost uneasy feast—the American goes on deck to smoke his and Edwin, puffing a big Imperial, relieves the mate in his charge of the vessel.

cats so little that Monsieur Leboeuf, gazing upon the untouched viands, utters a snort of rage. Finding his lady love still cool to him, Mr. Barnes, in very desperation, goes to shooting again.

The crew, anxious to see his skill, toss bottles into the air and throw up potatoes for his unerring bullets, and every time the American puts a pellet into one of them he wishes sarcastically it was the heart of Cipriano Danella. This seems to make his aim very true, and his success is so astounding that the crew raise a cheer as he puts one bullet through two potatoes thrown into the air at the same time as they cross each other in their flight.

The reports of his pistol floating over the placid water reach a considerable distance. At all events, they and the cheer excite some comment on a little felucca that has been sailing an almost parallel course; apparently a very fast craft, it draws somewhat nearer.

Attracted by this, Enid turns her sharp eyes from the pistol shooting she has been watching languidly and suddenly exclaims: "Why, it's the lateen-rigged fishing boat we saw in the harbor of St. Tropez yesterday afternoon."

"Are you sure?" asks Barnes, with some concern in his tone, as he ceases his target practice.

"Certain," replies Edwin, who has put his sailor eyes upon the craft. "That felucca's got a peculiar cant to her mainsail I'd know anywhere." To this he adds: "I wonder where's she bound, to the sardine fishing off Cape Corso?"

At this information the American gazes very unpleasantly toward the lit-

le cook, who is perched forward beating some eggs and enjoying the exhibition of marksmanship. Soon after he calls Enid to him and suggests: "Have you used to do pretty well with the pistol yourself, young lady, at Monte Carlo—you recollect?" He reloads his revolver and places it in her hand.

"After your exhibition I should make myself a laughing stock to the crew," she disents, coldly.

"You may need to use this weapon some day," he says almost sadly, "and when you do—"

"Oh, you want me to murder somebody," she answers, almost frivolously; and the young lady carelessly bangs about with the weapon, making some good practice on a floating bottle. Suddenly she notes that it is the very pistol that, in Monte Carlo in his efforts to win her heart, her Burton has taught her to use. At the tender memories of that blessed time her hand trembles, she misses an easy shot or two, passes him the revolver and wanders sorrowfully toward the taffrail. Her beautiful eyes fill with tears.

Barnes begins to watch like a cat the French cook, who is now cheerfully making a ragout for the crew's supper.

The party in the cabin dine—both gentlemen now apparently with some weighty matter on their minds. His wife hears Edwin whisper to the Americans as they go on deck from the dining-table: "I'll take a look for the felucca—the beggars came about as soon as we did off Cape Corso."

Anything that suggests danger to the man of her heart causes Marina profound uneasiness.

About four o'clock in the morning, she having been relieved by the mate, she hears her husband descend the companionway to the little salon. He is about to enter her stateroom when Barnes' footfall is heard upon the companion ladder and the American says:

"Come on deck, Edwin. That infernal felucca is still dogging us. I have discovered the villain signaling her. We must act at once!"

The footsteps of the two men indicate that they rapidly ascend to the deck. There is some danger on board—danger for her husband, Marina, throwing on a lace wrapper, steps into the salon.

There another lightly clothed young lady meets her. "Did you hear them?" asks Miss Anstruther, in a gasping breath. "There is peril to those we love on deck."

Then the two glide with light feet to the gloom above.

In the cockpit, Barnes and Edwin are confronting the little Frenchman who, seated upon his galley chest, is uttering cries of alarm, for the stalwart sailor with a marlinpike in his hand and Barnes with his pistol ready have unpleasantly and abruptly disturbed his slumbers.

"Monsieur, I am innocent as a babe unborn!" stammers the affrighted dishwasher.

"Innocent!" snarls the American, "when you left your galley fire unbanked against orders, and your port-hole open so that this red light would indicate our course to that fishing boat that has dogged us every tack from St. Tropez."

"Innocent!" snarls the American, "when you went on shore at that port to get ice and sent a telegram to Marseilles, and then lingered there, pretending to buy vegetables till a wire could be received from that devil Danella. The only question, Edwin, is shall we put him ashore or throw him overboard!"

Leboeuf utters a faint shriek: "Assassinate!"

It is answered. Two lovely creatures in exquisite dishabille fly in. One cries, excitedly: "For the love of the Virgin, spare him!"

The other implores: "For heaven's sake, don't kill the cook!"

But both stand between marlinpike and pistol and the threatened Frenchman.

CHAPTER VI.
Lady Charlis' New Suit.

"Ciel, you speak my language," ejaculates Leboeuf, in mixed English and French, knocking over some pans and kettles and sinking on his knees before the beautiful beings who defend

him. "Tell you some Anglais, who can not understand my explanation, that I am no traitor, that I am cook and nothing else!" he cries to Marina. "Have I poisoned anyone? Diable, no, my salads were marvelous; my entrees gave no indication. Zen why do zesess men threaten me with death?"

"See if you cannot get out of the beggar some logical explanation of his peculiar conduct," mutters Edwin, gloomily.

"You have frightened the poor man so he cannot make you understand," remarks Enid severely.

"Then, ask him to tell you," says Barnes, "why, when we called for ice at St. Tropez he surreptitiously sent a telegram to Marseilles and then dived that fishing vessel, probably directed by wire, got under way to dog our footsteps."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DIVORCES IN THE UNITED STATES WHY?

meets because we are not 'submissive' to our husbands' misconception and misunderstanding of us."

"But," the defenders of the conventional type of woman reply, "you cannot accomplish anything great in literature, science or religion, and you never have produced works of great and universal genius. The most you can do is to make your own bread and butter. Your trivial creations in art and literature can be spared, and it is your intellectual discontent and unrest that is spreading the divorce germ, which threatens soon to develop into a divorce epidemic. Take the place assigned to you by nature, be man's helpmeet and all will be well."

Has higher education made woman dissatisfied with the domestic sphere? Or is it that the high tension of modern everyday business life has prevented the husband from giving his wife the romantic attentions and caresses demanded by her nature?

Modern Man Too Busy. It is not uncommon for the wives of business men to spend summer in Europe and winter in the south, and many times they find in these places the romantic companionship and attention their own husbands had not time to give them at home.

Like "birds in a gilded cage" they were treated, their husbands sending them packages of lace and bundles of silks, and bringing them home hand-fuls of jewels. But if they ever suspected their wives' need of romance and tenderness they were unable to supply it, because of the demands on their time by their many business interests.

Or is it that the modern inventions for pickling, preserving, dyeing and cleaning have left the twentieth century woman with "vast leisure" on her hands, and has her lack of domestic occupations and cares made her dissatisfied and hypocritical of her busy and worried husband?

And does she brood over his "coldness" all day because in his haste to keep some business engagement he hurries forth without the morning kiss?

Other Reasons Given. Or is it that young couples look at marriage too childishly and do not see the economic, sociological and political

Investigation it had to leave out nearly 500,000 cases which were pending, and of the 2,900 investigators, clerks, etc., employed in the bureau in the preparation of this report 140 are still at work getting it in its final and complete shape.

France has only 79 divorce courts, Germany only 28, England only one, and the United States has 2,921 courts empowered to grant divorces. These facts alone are sufficient to give the thinker pause and ask "What is the remedy?"

"New Woman" Blamed. Writers who defend the conventional and "domestic" type of woman put all the blame on the "new woman." They say she has left her legitimate sphere—the home—that she no longer loves or inspires love, and that, in defiance of all history and her own apparent destiny, refuses to consider marriage and motherhood the object of her existence.

They urge she has abandoned the hearthstone to become a writer, an artist, a playwright, an actress, a teacher, or whatnot, and during the period in which she has gained her "rights" (the last 20 years) the marriage institution has been assailed on all sides.

Is it the "new woman's" fault? The "new woman" differs from her sister in this respect at least—she has no flattery for "the tyrant man." She turns right around and places all the blame for the marital unrest on his shoulders.

"Man does not understand our complex nature," she says, "and while he considers marriage as only one stage of his own mental and spiritual development, he insists that we shall consider it the only excuse for our existence."

Calls Contentions Unfair. "This is unfair," she continues. "We are not to be classed with our 'domestic' sisters. We pity them but we are not of them. We have aims, aspirations and ambitions the same as men, and to attempt to force us into domesticity is to suffocate us. We object to being called unfaithful help-

mates because we are not 'submissive' to our husbands' misconception and misunderstanding of us."

One trouble with modern marriage is that the marriage element preponderates in the matrimonial. This should not be. The great trouble is that people who marry nowadays look in marriage only for happiness. Happiness is not the end of marriage, as most people think, but only an incident of married life. They are bound to find many trials. They should respect the ethical ideals; their great responsibility is to future generations, the good of the race!

Under the multiplication of divorces in this country the issue is whether the spasmodic nature of the marriage contract is to prevail or whether the spiritual is to predominate. I believe in separation, but never in divorce.

Do they consider it as a personal thing, and does their dull sense of the sociological aspect of marriage dull them to the sociological aspect of divorce?

Or are marriages too lightly entered into? Rev. Dr. Houghton, pastor of "The Little Church Around the Corner," now has the bans called, which means that three weeks' public notice is given of all intended marriages in the church.

Do husbands and wives expect to find in marriage only a continuation

of the romantic bliss of courtship? And when they find each day there is less ecstasy and more imperfections discoverable in each other do they rush immediately and without second thought to the divorce courts?

The reason, "I just got tired of Alfred," or "Margaret became such a bore," has been given by more than one person who has applied for divorce. Looking in marriage for individual happiness only, how could they remember their duty to the state?

Sociologists, writers, doctors and legalists on all hands are asking, "What is to be done? Should there be a uniform divorce law that all the different states will ratify? Should the magistrate, the priest and the preacher, when marrying couples, impress upon them the sociological aspect of their union, as well as the spiritual and romantic?"

From Various Views. The different churches have different beliefs concerning marriage, the different states have different laws governing it, and they are both content to rest their case there!

Thus the greatest sociological problem in the United States to-day is being tossed back and forth as if it were some rubber ball, and yet 1,300,000 divorces in 20 years are sure to leave their influence on many lives and many families.

Back in 1748 Mme. de Chateauxoux said: "I see plainly that there will be a general overthrow if no remedy is used."

What she said about the political condition of France then we may say about the divorce situation in the United States to-day.

The divorce congress two years ago accomplished practically nothing, well intentioned as it was. If federal legislation is urged in the spring on the strength of the detailed report of the census bureau it will be challenged on the ground of its being unconstitutional.

Divorce a Reproach

THE prevalence of divorces in the United States is a reproach alike to the country and to the church, is the declaration of Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur. The American republic has a most unenviable prominence in this regard. The detailed accounts of suits for divorce, as these suits are pressed in the various courts, are disgusting in the extreme. They bring reproach alike upon American men and women in all parts of our country. These facts are admitted and at the same time are sadly regretted by our best citizens and our most devoted churchmen and churchwomen.

The causes for divorce are numerous. They are not limited in responsibility, either to men or to women. It is not a sufficient statement to say that the broader education of women and their emancipation from the greater subjection of former years is the chief cause, as Mrs. Anna Rogers says. The men and women who rush into the divorce courts elicit our contempt for their vulgarity and coarseness, not to use even stronger terms. It is difficult so to control one's moral indignation because of the vulgarity of these divorce cases as to speak of them with the restraint becoming a newspaper article. How men and women can stoop to charge abominable crimes against each other in order to secure divorces makes one ashamed of his race. Idleness, lack of spiritual occupation and suggestion, and vulgar conformity to low ideals in life—these are causes largely responsible for the prevalence of divorce. Hasty marriage is also somewhat responsible. Many men and women rush into marriage with less serious thoughtfulness than they would show regarding any ordinary business transaction. The clergy also are somewhat responsible by the haste with which they officiate at marriages without knowing the facts in the case of those who desire to enter into this relationship.

Marriage must be made more honorable, its obligations must be lifted to a higher level. In a single word, the correction of the evils of divorce, as in the case of all other evils, must, in its finality, depend upon higher spiritual ideals, nobler characters and more religious conceptions of all the duties and obligations of life in its manifold relations. Uniform divorce laws in the states would partially remove the evils of divorce. There is no one specific cause—there is no one specific cure. When men and women realize their dignity and glory as the children of God and heirs of eternity,

only because of inefficient methods. Last year emeralds to the value of not less than \$1,000,000 in gold were taken out and sold.

Kindly Charles Lamb. Charles Lamb was awakened early one morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that apartment found a burglar doing his spoons up in a bundle.

Hasty Marriages



DR. PHOEBE A. HANFORD

I AM a minister of the gospel. I believe in the Bible. It is regrettable that there are so many different state laws governing divorce, and I feel sorry for the children of all these divorced people, says Rev. Phoebe A. Hanford.

No, it is not the fault of the "new woman." There is no "new woman." A woman is a woman. There are good women and bad women, but no "new women."

There are too many hasty marriages. This should be looked after.

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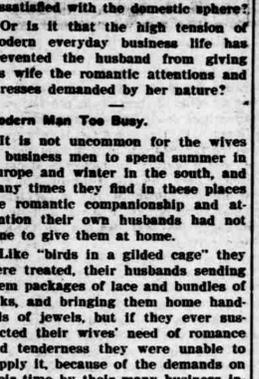
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mates because we are not 'submissive' to our husbands' misconception and misunderstanding of us."

For Separation



DR. FELIX ADLER

WHAT we need is a doctrine of marriage. There is no clear cut doctrine of marriage. The church is tied up to the ethics of 2,000 years ago, the oriental fantasies of Paul.

"The old idea of marriage was inculcated and secured through two fundamental principles—reverence to parents and the understanding that marriage was to be permanent. These principles are both imperiled," is the idea of Dr. Felix Adler.

"Under present conditions they are no longer tenable, for the first was founded on the idea that the child had no rights except through its parents. Its position was one of the subservience, of unquestioned obedience to the parents, and as regards the permanence of the marriage tie, it was chiefly a bond that tied the woman to the man. Her position was one of subordination."

"To-day we admit that the child has rights which we are bound to respect and that the woman is the equal of the man."

side of a steep mountain. The open cut shows a great variety of rocks and minerals, flint and quartz being the most prominent.

The emeralds are found in a fossiliferous limestone which shows in gray streaks among the darker rocks. The Spaniards used to get at the gems by driving adits into the hill following the veins. Now the open cut has been adopted and the rock is terraced from above.

High up on the mountain there are copious water courses. These are directed into artificial reservoirs and flumes—one of them six miles long—are carried down to the mine. The quantity of water is so great that even in dry seasons there is sufficient to carry on operations.

As the rocks are pulverized the debris is converted into slime and carried by the water down the mountain to the Rio Minero far below, which sweeps it along to the sea. The gems are picked from the washing troughs by boys, who keep breaking up the rock smaller and smaller, so that nothing is lost.

Altogether more than 100 laborers

are employed. They receive 25 pesos in paper, equivalent to 25 cents a day in United States money, besides food, shelter and free medical attendance.

None of them stands the work very long, says the New York Sun. The intense heat, especially in the bottom of the great pit of the mine, and the working in water break them down rapidly, and they fall victims to the local fever.

They work under canvas awnings and fix palm leaves over their heads to keep off the glare of the sun, but as the day wears on the atmosphere in the pit often rises to a temperature of 115 to 120 degrees, and it becomes as humid as that of a Turkish bath through the evaporation from the washing pans and the slime.

At every stage of the work the syndicate inspectors watch the peons scrupulously. Every stone is turned over to them the instant it is found. They clean it and report it to the government officials.

Until two or three years ago it was supposed that the Museo mines were practically exhausted, but this was

they will so order their lives that ill-advised marriages will be rare, and they will then so conduct themselves in their married relations that divorces will be practically unknown.

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Kindly Charles Lamb. Charles Lamb was awakened early one morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that apartment found a burglar doing his spoons up in a bundle.

"Why d-do you s-s-st-teal?" he asked.

"Because I'm starving," returned the house-burglar, solemnly.

"Are you re-re-really ver-very h-hung-hung-gug-gery-hungry?" asked Lamb.

"Very," replied the burglar, turning away.

"Pup-pup-poor fuf-fuf-fellow," said the essayist. "H-here's a h-h-leg of L-L-Lamb for you."

And so saying, with a dexterous movement of his right leg, he ejected the marauder into the street, and locking the door securely went back to bed. The burglar confessed afterwards that he didn't see the joke for six weeks.

Marital Unrest



DR. GEORGE CLARKE HOUGHTON

MARITAL unrest is neither an offspring of the new woman nor the evil outgrowth of freer and juster divorce laws, declares Dr. Clarke Houghton. It is as old as the world. To charge it up to the conscience of the "new woman" is neither fair minded nor rational. The Old Testament reeks with it, and the biographers of our great warriors, statesmen, poets and prophets all the way down the ages, from Earle or Gorky of the present day back to Potiphar's wife and David of old show it to have been the same yesterday, to-day and forever!

David's own wives are described as women of comely countenance and of good understanding, and there is no record where either Abigail or Ahinoam closed their cook books to study law or uttered a single idea not the echo of their joint husband. If they had, who knows? They might have saved him from the sin of sending the poor H