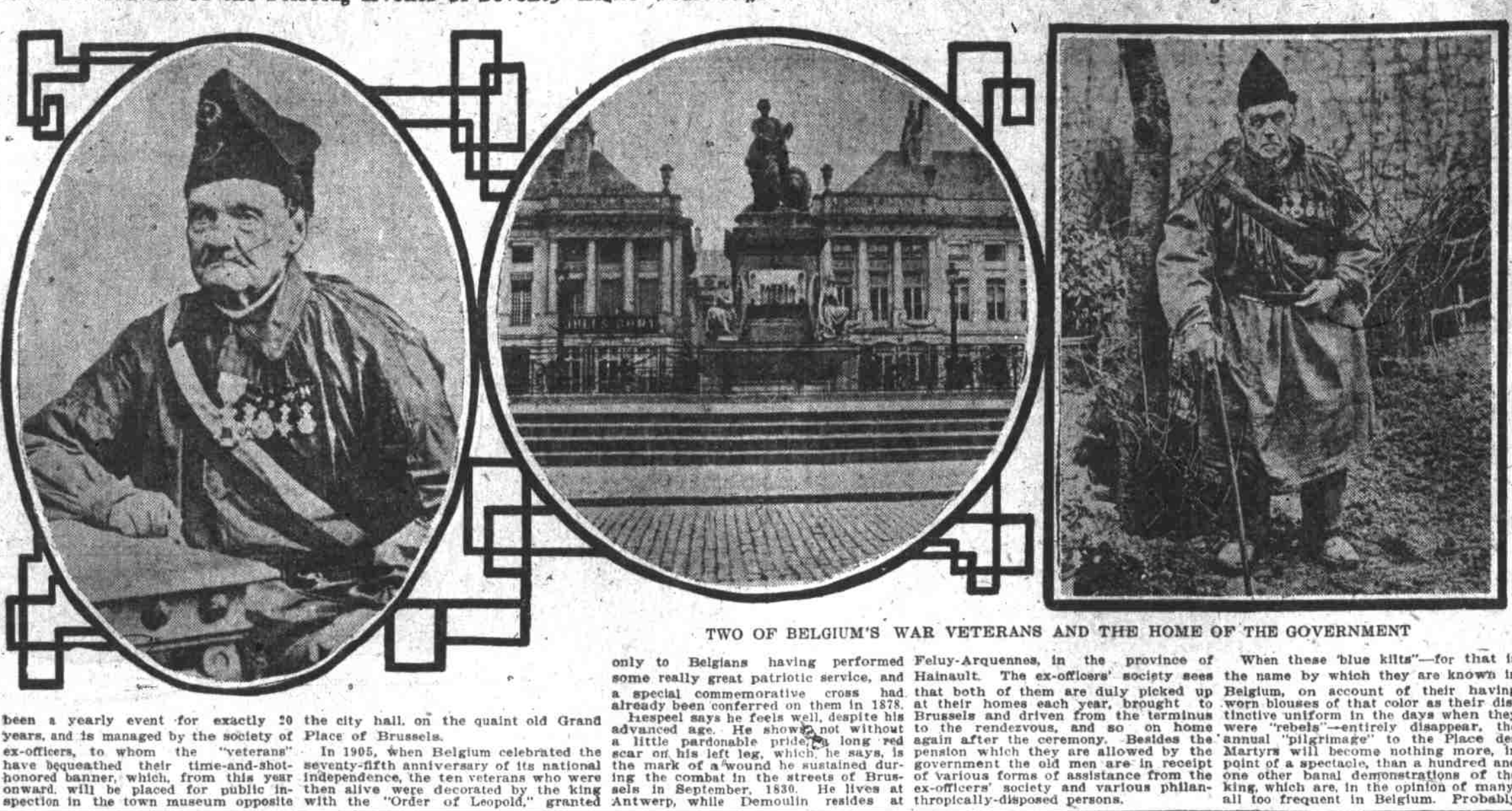


OUR VETERANS SHOWED UP IN THREE VETERANS Only Two of the Trio Were Strong Enough to Attend This Year's Celebration of the Stirring Events of Seventy-Eight Years Ago When the Natives of the Little Kingdom Chased the Dutch Soldiers Out of Brussels

By R. H. Sheffield. BRUSSELS, Oct. 31.—This year's anniversary of the seventy-eighth anniversary of the "glorious days of September," when the Belgians threw off the yoke of William of Orange by driving the Dutch soldiers out of Brussels, which has just taken place, was attended by only two of the three surviving veterans. The survivors are Mespelon, who is 97; Demoulin, who is 95, and Hespel, who owns to the comparatively youthful age of 85. Mespelon is so infirm that he could not leave his home, but the others drove to the Place des Martyrs to receive the homage of the crowds.

Of late years death has made great ravages in the ranks of these aged pensioners of the government. At the celebration in Brussels, Belgium, which was held in the city hall, several hundred school children and patriotic societies. At the city hall there was a reception by the mayor and other representatives of the city. The veterans were accompanied by the mayor and other representatives of the city. The veterans were accompanied by the mayor and other representatives of the city.



TWO OF BELGIUM'S WAR VETERANS AND THE HOME OF THE GOVERNMENT

been a yearly event for exactly 20 years, and is managed by the society of ex-officers, to whom the "veterans" have bequeathed their time-and-shot-honored banner, which, from this year onward, will be placed for public inspection in the town museum opposite the city hall, on the quaint old Grand Place of Brussels.

In 1905, when Belgium celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its national independence, the ten veterans who were then alive were decorated by the king with the "Order of Leopold," granted

only to Belgians having performed Feluy-Arquennes, in the province of Hainaut. The ex-officers' society sees that both of them are duly picked up at their homes each year, brought to Brussels and driven from the terminus to the rendezvous, and so on home again after the ceremony. Besides the pension which they are allowed by the government the old men are in receipt of various forms of assistance from the ex-officers' society and various philanthropically-disposed persons.

When these blue kilts—for that is the name by which they are known in Belgium, on account of their wearing worn blouses of that color—their distinctive uniform in the days when they were "rebels"—entirely disappear, the annual pilgrimage to the Place des Martyrs, which they are allowed by the government the old men are in receipt of various forms of assistance from the ex-officers' society and various philanthropically-disposed persons.

There is still a few—a very few—other old Belgians living who can recall—and possibly, too, who took part in—the great events of 1830. The interest in this year's celebration from the fact that they were veterans.

WHILE MY LADY'S HAIR IS BEING BRUSHED

By Julia Munro. F COURSE, Parker, I know you to be the soul of discretion. I should never expect of you that you should fail to do so. But it is really vexing, isn't it? that the quiet of our English home life should be disturbed by a mere slip of a girl. It would fret one less, I fancy, if it were only very different to our own. But this American language puts one at a disadvantage hourly. If one only knew just what she meant, but there is Sir Oliver. I can see it frets him into quite a temper. At tea he was feeling rather genial, he really was, and he said to her: "We're glad you enjoyed the opera, Miss Grayson; you have heard talks before, perhaps. I suppose the fine-singers do sometimes appear in America?"

Other girls do, knows what she likes and she likes it. "Oh, I should never risk telling Sir Oliver what Harold says. It would shorten his days. I feel a bit calmer now." "You can leave the candles burning tonight and put the cologne where I can't reach it, and I'll be sure to get the young ladies to go quietly by my room in the morning so I need not be disturbed. That's all. Good night."

"This has been a remarkable day, Parker. When we arrived at Dupuy's, I had a little talk with the Duke of Tiddesdale and his daughter. No one denies that he would make a desirable husband for any girl, and I should second this, for a daughter of mine to his notice. He has turned 40 and has been a widower over ten years. He has one fine five-year-old child. He is naturally looking for a suitable stepmother for her. I have every one made a pet of the child and her ward lunch time all the young ladies went to the bathroom, taking her with them. Fancy their going to the bathroom, I suppose the Duke of Tiddesdale and his daughter. No one denies that he would make a desirable husband for any girl, and I should second this, for a daughter of mine to his notice. He has turned 40 and has been a widower over ten years. He has one fine five-year-old child. He is naturally looking for a suitable stepmother for her.

MUCH RARER THAN GOLD IS AMBERGRIS

(By a Staff Correspondent.) PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Oct. 3.—At the head of one of the old little buildings of commonplace aspect, yet the business transacted there is the most unique in the world, for this is the headquarters of the ambergris king.

There is a cubbyhole of an office in front of a window whose shade is usually drawn; a door which is usually locked. The wise ones don't care. They go around to the back door, the harbor side, and the mass of cold grease floats out to meet them and then go in to meet it.

When Mr. Stull returns the samples with the statement that he has a great deal of refuse from the Boston dump, or even plain lard, they just can't see how it can be ambergris. It is the scrapings of grease from the cook's galley aboard ship.

THE STORY OF CAUTIOUS TED AND CUPID

By Jesse Pope. THE lovely day in leafy June Arranged a picnic for her set, At Snobington-on-Sea.

They launched upon the summer sea, The breeze was blowing south, Not put the baby's comforter Within its little cot.

They strolled along the dimpled sand— She smiled, Nell, her pretty niece, And cried, "My dear, you see, The other maids must come, of course, To help me with the tea."

They exercised every care, He managed not to break it, Yet he reached its home he found No woman there to take it.

For Ted, half-way, had found her loss, And back they turned again, Dismay and terror filled her mind, Her heart leaped with the babe's loss.

She had Ted and told him so, On the babe, he laid the blame, She wept aloud in bitter woe, And everlasting shame.

THE DOCTORS REFUSE THE POOR—By Mrs. John A. Logan

THE astonishing report comes from Atlanta, Ga., that the physicians of that city have adopted the rule not to respond to calls unless the credit of the person or family requesting their services be a No. 1. One can scarcely believe this report is literally true, or that these physicians would adhere to so inhuman a rule if they did adopt such a one.

There are a few doctors who have not a long list of charity patients on their books; most physicians and surgeons expect to give much of their time to the treatment of the poor and helpless. There is no reason, however, why those who can afford to do so should not pay doctors as well as other bills.

It would be an act of gross inhumanity for any man in the profession to refuse to respond to a call from a poor person who is unable to pay. It is the duty of the physician to relieve the suffering, and to do so without regard to the patient's ability to pay.

BOWERY PUTS BAN ON THE SHEATH COAT

THE Bowery and adjacent territory has heard of the "sheath" coat for men, to be put forward this winter by Chicago as the coat de rigueur—pronounced rigger—for human males who would be well dressed.

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