HONORS SHOWERED UPON THREE VETERANS 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

RUSSELS, Oct. 13.-This year's celebration of the seventy-eighth anniversary of the "glorious days of September," when the Belglans threw off the yoke of Wilof Orange by driving the Dutch soldiers out of Brussels, which has just taken place, was attended by only two of the three surviving volunteers. The survivors are Mespelon, who is 97; Demoulin, who is 98, and Hespeel, who owns to the comparatively youthful age of 95. 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 ... is of these aged pen-sioners of the At the cele-pration in 190 bent figures an-swered to the roll call, and so infirm did swered to the roll call, and so infirm did the two who appeared this year appear that it is doubtful if any future cele-bration of stirring happenings of 1830 will be graced by their presence. So far as the records go they show that there were several hundred volunteers for the job of ousting the soldiers of the Dutch ruler and all except the three who still remain alive have had their names engraved upon the memorial stones beneath the Place des Martyrs where the bulk of the fighting took place.

As has been the custom for some years past Hespeel and Demoulin were this year conveyed from their homes to the place where a procession was formed by the society of ex-officers of the Belgian army, who organize the annual proceedings. Thence they were conducted to the city hall, in front of them being a dozen bands and detachments of military, several hundred school children and patriotic societies. At the city hall there was a reception by the mayor and civic authorities, who accompanied the procession to the Place companied the procession to the Place les Martyrs, where speeches were made by the mayor and other representative cersonages, patriotic songs sung by the massed choir of school children, selec-



some really great patriotic service, and that both of them are consequent of national airs played by the massed choir of school children, selections of national airs played by the city hall, on the quaint old Grand courselessed being so finational airs played by the serveral bands, and a few specially privalenced age. He shows not without the "veterans" in 1995, when Belgium celebrated the related with the "veterans," who were allowed to shake ex-officers, to whom the "veterans" in 1995, when Belgium celebrated the related with chairs as soon as the placed for public internal and the first and the companion of the control of the survivors and in the quaint old Grand all the properties of the city hall, on the quaint old Grand all the placed for public internal service, and Hainault. The ex-officers duly pleded the their carriage.

Some really great patriotic service, and Hainault. The ex-officers duly pleded the cross had that both of them as secisty served that both of them having their three sour vivors are too old their three sour vivors are too old their three sour vivors the first three sour vivors are too old their three sour vivors are toon of their three sour vivors are toon of their three sour vivors are toons of their three thr

there are 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, but the interest in these three arises from the fact that they were volunteers.

There is a society of "the children of the old combatants of 1830," who are under bond to keep up the present pilgrimage to the memorial to their ancestors in the Place des Martyrs as long as they live, and, probably, their children will in turn make a similar vow.

The children of John Joseph Ronchesne, one of the veterans who died in 1905 at the age of 101, adopted a novel means of perpetuating his memory. When he reached the age of 100 he had his photagraph taken, dressed in his blue kilt and wearing on his breast his medals and decorations. Upon his death hundreds of copies of this photograph were made and distributed among his friends and admirers and those who had assisted him in any shape or form. On assisted him in any shape or form. On the back of each photograph appeared the following text:

the following text:

"John Joseph Ronchesne. Vine grower. Born at Thiers de Staate, February 29, 1804. Beigsan volunteer January 28, 1831. Brigadter Second Lancers, May 26, 1532. Discharged April 5, 1837. Married December 28, 1837. Decorated with the Commemorative Cross of the Combatants of 1830 on March 12, 1893. Widower of Elise Henrion, March 22, 1900. "Photographed March 19, 1904. Decorated with the Cross of the Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, February 28, 1904. Deed April 21, 1905.

"The children of the late John Joseph Ronchesne beg you to accept this little souvenir, which will help you to bear in mind this Belgian citizen in whom you have shown so much interest.

whom you have shown so much interest

WHILE MY LADY'S HAIR IS BEING BRUSHED American girl. I repeat. Parker, all men MUCH RARER THAN GOLD IS AMBERGRIS

to intercede for him with Sir Oliver permission to ask that girl to been is wife. What is he thinking I would not have his sisters hear to for the world. They would be he had quite lest his mind. told him plainly I would not vento suggest such an idea to Sir er. The shock might be the death him.

Why, the girl has no fortune at all; What makes it all the more Not that Harold needs to money, but young people are azzled by the fortunes of Americ resses. Harold is rather strange often dazzled by the fortunes of American heiresses. Harold is rather strange ess of Tiddesdale. I declare, Parker, of late. He says 'She is jolly good I feared I should scream out and they company, never bores a fellow like the would know that I was in the conser-

"Well, Parker, what I heard tonight makes other evils pale beside it. How can Cecil Dusenberon's parents blame him, or why need I upbraid Harold, when a man in a far higher position than either can ever have, and nearly twice their age, does exactly what they each wish to do? "Yes, there can be no doubt about for I myself heard the duke ask

WHILE MY LADY'S HARLES BEING BRUSHES

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stull. The real ambergris has a faintly sweet odor which, at least in small doses, is not unpleasant.

On other points, too, there would seem to be no possible excuse for mistaking slush, or lard, or blubber for the coveted prize. Ambergris ranges from a dirty yellow to a duil black in color. It is generally very light in weight. It is not, as many persons suppose, of the consistency of oil or thick grease.

At least Mr. Stull, who has been buying it for 30 years, has seen only one example of semi-solid ambergris. He has a small sample of that in a half-ounce vial. It is very dark brown, and so thick that as the vial is turned it responds as slowly as very thick honey would.

"We don't know just what ambergris is," he sald as he handled some small pieces reflectively. "We only know that it is the result of some disease or irritation of a whale's digestive organs. Sperm whales feed chiefly on squid or cuttlefish, which would perhaps be a anything but the finest of fish oil.

CAN DOCTORS REFUSE THE POOR-By Mrs. John A. Logan

HE astonishing report comes from thousands of dollars before acquiring credit of the person or family re- sources at his command. would adhere to so inhuman a rule if to the treatment of the poor and helpe they did adopt such a one. The spirit less. There is no reason, however, why those who can afford to do so should of a rule of this character is so at vari- not pay doctor's as well as other bills. characteristic of the southern people to refuse to respond to a call from any one when seriously ill, though they

ties and obligations upon men which do not provided as anot permit them to ignore the suffering of mortals.

One who would dare refuse to respond to think it is the duty of physicians and the physicians and the physicians and the physicians and through through through the physicians and through the physicians and thr

Atlanta, Ga., that the physicians of that city have adopted the rule fessions, it is most entitled to proper not to respond to calls unless the compensation if the patient has re-

Doubtless the profession is much taxed the inipecualous, and not infrequent-sation whatever. The possession of imposed upon by hysterical persons, the knowledge of the human anatomy who, when they have a pain, call the actor and never feel the slightest obligation to pay for the visit or prescription given. The real experience of its and obligations upon men which do cores of physicians would reveal assorbeing presumption and ingratitude of mortals.

By Jesse Pope. NE lovely day in leafy June Vivacious Mrs. Lee Arranged a picuic for her set, At Snobbington-on-Sea. When on the picnic morning.

Her baby's nurse declined to stop
And left her without warning.

She summoned Nell, her pretty niece,
And cried, "My dear, you see,
The other maids must come, of course,
To help me with the tea,
To help me with the tea, So you must stop and mind the child, It cannot be prevented."

Nell swallowed down her rising tears

And cheerfully consented.

strings had Nellie to her bow, readit 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

geons expect to give much of their time
geons expect to give much of their time
there is a substruction of the poor and helpe
the substruction of the poor and helpe
There are few doctors who have
the substruction of the poor and helpe
missed."

Their names were Tsd and Hugh;
That's why she longed so much to go,
For they were going, too.
"Perhaps," she thought, "she'd not be This made her sorrow greater,

She could not wait to watch the start,

And see the waving hands,
But took the baby in her arms
And sauntered on the sands.
It cried a bit, in fact, their tears
Were both about to mingle.
When, lo! who should approach but Ted Across the shining shingle

'I never thought of meeting you. He cried, in some surprise.

"I sent excuses to your aunt,
But they, I fear, were lies.
Don't tell her that you saw me, please, But picnics don't intrigue me.
the dust, the insects, and the games

Who also fancled Ted,
"Let's go a picnic by ourselves,
Just you and I," he said.
"But there's the baby," she demurred.
He answered, "What about it?"
"It's in my charge," said Nell, "I can't
Go anywhere without it."

THE STORY OF CAUTIOUS TED AND CUPID They launched upon the summer sea, The breeze was blowing south, Nell put the baby's comforter Within its little mouth. Arrived at Sunset Cove, they found A nook with rocks to shade it, Here Nelly hushed the babe to sleep And on dry seaweed laid it.

> They strolled along, the dimpled sand-The baby soundly slept— And close behind their wandering steps A little Cupid crept.
> flame then kindled in Ted's breast He scarce knew how to smother.
> As side by side they lingered still
> Absorbed in one another.

At length the tide began to rise,
The sun began to sink.
Once more they sought the little boat
That waited on the brink.
Their eyes kept meeting as he rowed—
He feared that he was fated—
"And shall I how," he thought, "propose?"

With horrid mental pain,
Ted found the gentle maid has grow At length the tide began to rise,

This made her sorrow greater. They'd all be gay as larks, while she Must wheel a p'rambulator.

She could not wait to watch the start, And see the waving hands.
But took the baby in her arms
And sauntered on the sands.

t cried a bit, in fact, their tears

And all the while they quite forgot
They'd left the child behind.
As up they sent the flapping sail
Before a fresh'ning wind;
The baby woke and cooed to hear.
The ripples tinkle clearer
Along the shelving sand they crept—
Nearer and ever nearer.

Now, who should come along the cliff
But Hugh, Nell's other beau.
Who'd found the plonic, lacking her,
Most desperately slow.
He'd wandered homeward by himself,
Despondent and dejected,
Not having won a promised bride
As he had half expected.

They neared the still deserted hous the rest would seen be back.

The rest would seen be back.

The rest would seen be back.

Nell hardly dared to enter in Her mind was on the rack. When, lo! she heard a baby's cry.

A manly voice say "Diddums! Don't kick the bedclothes off again, You silly little kiddums!"

And there she saw, as large as life, The babe, her blessed pet.

When glancing down the cove, he saw his learned the still deserted hous the rest would seen be back.

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Which Hugh, in vain, essaved.

Within its basel.

Reposing snugly in it. The boat had vanished round the point, Entirely out of hall.

The babe looked up and gave a small

He often climbed from choice, e heard, to his intense surprise,

Premonitory wail,
As if to show what babes can do
When lungs are well exerted.
In quick alarm Hugh looked for help,
The place was quite deserted.

Then up that rugged cliff he made The greatest of his climbs; He turned to mark the rising tide, Not once, but many times. He held the baby in his arms, Tight in the shawl he'd rolled her, She seemed a friendly little soul, And "googled" on his shoulder. Of troubles on his homeward way

He suffered quite a peck,
The baby squirmed, the baby sneezed,
And slobbered down his neck.
By exercising every care
He managed not to break it,
Yet when he reached its home ha found

For Nell, half-way, had found her loss, Ted found the gentle maid had grown A thing of moods and tenses, And when she saw the babe had gone one nearly lost her senses.

On her he laid the blame; She wept aloud in bitter woe, And everlasting shame, The babe was gone, the tide was up, Her fate was this, none other, To go back home and spread the news, And tell the wretched mother.

She hated Ted and told him so.

The babe, her blessed pet.

The babe, her blessed pet.

Which Hugh, in vain, essayed to tuck
Within its bassinette.

The only fact she knew was this—

He'd saved her tiny cousin,

She gave the child a frantic kiss,

And Hugh—a baker's dozen.

The shawl had got a voice.
The bottom gained, he reached the wrap For cautious Ted it may be said.
In less than half a minute.
And found the latest little Lee The other two were shortly wed. The other two were shortly wed, As might have been supposed.

The babe was dear to Hugh and Nell,

The pet of their adeption,

It kept the secret very well,

In fact, it had no option.

BOWERY PUTS BAN ON THE The Bowery and adjacent territory SHEATH COAT has heard of the "sheath" coat

for men, to be put forward this which is why I missed de full explana-winter by Chicago as the coat de tion. Speak up Perfesser Pale Face. rigeur — pronounced rigger — for It is de understandin' dat you taught human males who would be well dressed.

A canvass of the situation in that section of New York, however, discloses absolute scorn for the production additional to the production additional t absolute scorn for the production advanced in the City of Wind. This city's absolute scorn for the production ad
vanced in the City of Wind. This city's

rifth avenue has already said that the man with a baid head. It comes from

"described coat will not do for New

York." The Bowery says emphatically:

"Nix de hug-me frock."

Dispatches from Chicago telling

about the American Style and Fashion

when the same that the power to the same that the same that

show there say that the new coat is to be a "narrow, clinging garment, guar-anteed to adhere closely to the form of the man and to impart the same svelte one—"

"Indeed, sir, that's about it," an-anteed to adhere closely to the form of one thinks in the classic languages one—"

anteed to adhere closely to the form of the man and to impart the same swelte appearance noted in the most up-to-date women's attire."

The matter was taken up seriously last night in the lobby of the Alligator hotel. A few extremists had tolerative words for the new coat, but the great majority disdained it.

'In me time I've had on some all kinds of glad rags," went on the Altoona Kid, 'but I cain't swallow this new t'ing fm Chi. Travellin' as I has t'roo every state an' territory, an' comin' in close contact wit' de leaders of our worl' fm de sunny hills of Maine to de ice-boun' shores of Louisianer; holdin' me head always high, an' never takin' back water f'm no man, woman or buildog ever born: stlekin' to de rules an regulations—

"Cut him off!" shouted the audience in disgust. "Cut him off! de kid's goin' to tell de his'try of his life again. Do youse O. K. de hug-me coat, or do yous say unequivocaily and ambigiously nix."

"I says nix." grumbled the Alligator. "You has done noble. Cheese it now. We wants no huggin' clos on us."

"All right, perfesser; all right." said the audience at the Alligator. "You has done noble. Cheese it now. We wants no huggin' clos on us."

"Yes, we gets in enough tight places, anyhow." interjected the Night and Day Light. "Quite apart from the color of his nose, who, nevertheless, speaks real English. "Quite apart from the color of his nose, who, nevertheless, speaks real English. "Quite apart from the color of his nose, who, nevertheless, speaks real English. "Quite apart from the color of his nose, who, nevertheless, speaks real English. "Quite apart from the color of his nose, who, nevertheless, speaks real English. "Quite apart from the color of his nose, who, nevertheless, speaks real English. "Quite apart from the color of his nose, who, nevertheless, speaks real English. "Quite apart from the color of his nose, who, nevertheless, speaks real English. "Quite apart from the color of his nose, who, nevertheless, speaks real English. "Quite apart from the sole english. "Qui

"All right, perfesser; all right," said