## THE MSCHEF MAKED BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The story opens in a heapital in Paris, where a girl Lucie Researt is hand and led him into the room by her draggist revelors crept along the pave. In his mind. He moves through this ment with weary floatage.

The wishes it, "she murmured softly.

The has no few nights here, one must the meeting to exceed the ment with reary yard of their progression, idea only. He gets behind the stenes.

The has no few nights here, one must the meeting terms the two extremes. He comes here secretly, drops blank.

Chapter II introduces Algernat M. Carraby, M. P., and his wife in their do as he desires." In Gronvener Square, London Buth are ambitious and Carruby might abinet minder were Sir Julien Portel under secretary of state for fortrains, but of the way carraby encourages his wife into a pretended with Portel and she accurae an enduaring letter from her bookwinked

a hurry-mining friend, invid Kendricks. He then Albert walked with a sprightlier im, repealably as it has broken the angagement step. Then Julian, in his passage down changing. When he requireded to a Ricck both the room, received a distinct sheek. He

been, but her wintin is now sold toward her the party with a gard with Kendricks for a drink. There, with a posity girl to mitting a sandy haired young man whose face some familiar. Later at a cheap care, the Athenes, Kendricks and his Jujien theory the same drupple enter and his Jujien recalls the man as a secret secretic operative. When he steps will a moment the girl steps a note in his Jujien, tolding him "Call at No. 17 Avenue de fit. Faul and ask for Mose Christianhus."

a month until he finally returns to Normandy. There at his hetel he finds a note, "Call on Muna Christophor this afternoon," Out of curiosity he consents and at the appointed time a machine arrives.

Madenus Christophor axis fill Julies to make himself comfortable in her automobile. She shows a supprising Knowledge of his movements, but does not explain in any way why she desires his acquaintance.

There are a little recisarant on the nutakirty of Paris. There six Julies

They go to n little rectaurant on the outskirts of Paris. There Sir Julien sees the sandy haired young man, whose name he has learned to be Finter. In somewreation with a young Frenchman, whom he ascertains is a German se-

## CHAPTER XIII.

ERR FREUDENBERG shrugged you image that it was a thoughtfees softly closed door.

"Always she underdown for a moment? Let me confess that this little supper party is a pretense. For five minutes I wish to talk

Julien seated himself without hesi-

lin a year ago with only one hope or, rather, two. The first was that I might never have to visit Berlin again! The ure of meeting you as speedily and as often as possible Herr Freudenberg amiled- quiet,

"Even now," he remarked, "when I would speak to you for a moment on ere serious subjects, the strange huround-table conference mor of that comes home to me. There were you and I and our big Triend from Austria, and hat awful dull man from here, and the Eussian. Shall you ever forget that speechiess Russian, who never opened bly line except to discurree? Sometimes caught your eye across the table. And,

committed an act of transcendental felly," Julien replied. "I have no one to blame but myself. I not only wrote an indiscreet letter, but I put my name I was deceived, too, in the character of the woman to whom it was

"It is so trifling an error," Herr Freudenberg said, thoughtfully, "made by many a man without evil results. One learns experience as one passes on in paying for yours. Come, that is fin-ished. Now answer me. What are you going to do?"

Julien laughed, a little bifterly.

"My friend," he answered, stretching out his hand and taking a cigarette from open box upon the table, "you ask rather a hard question. My resignation was accepted, was even required of me. Politics and diplomacy are alike barred turned me out." Politics and diplomacy are slike barred to me. There is no return. What is there left? I may write a book. So far as my means permit, I may travel. I may play games, take a walk in the may play paids in the afternoon, where the second is necking for a new sensa-

## SONGS ONCE IN POPULAR FAVOR

From Collier's Weekly. We made up a catalogue recently of popular songs of the last two decades. Hardly was it set in type before those omfitted began to swarm to memory. "Shoo Fly! Bon't Bother Me" might have been added to the old timers. There were: "Put Me Off at Buffalo." There were: "Put Me Off at Buffalo."
"And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back." "On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away." "Rosy O'Grady." "Take Me Back, Back, Back to Baltimore' and "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You-oo-oo-oo." "Good-by, together again." me for You-oo-oo-oo," "Good-by, Mot You." 'Hedelia," "Sammy" and "Teasing" had their intense and fleeting existence. Too popular to be overlooked here were: "Mr. Dooley." 'In the Snade of the Old Apple Tree." 'Everybody Works But Father, "Waifing at the here.

Church." Of the whole erop it seems "We return, I think," he said. 'This Ame. Church." Of the whole erop it seems "We return, I think," he said. "This as if all were transitory except "There'll little room has served its purpose."

Be a list Time in the Old Town ToJulien on the landing tried to make his adject.

The sandy haired stranger querels with the siri and leaves her alone. If would for a moment, and gased fixed-kendricks approaches her and leaves that she is "Mile Soon." The three kendricks approaches her and leaves that she is "Mile Soon." The three kendricks for Freudenberg.

It is a fixed before the same train and in fact follows Hir Julies everywhere for out. "And I heren't been in Paris four towns to Mirrardy. There at his hotel he finds a hours! I called at your hotel and they note. "Call on Munk. Christophor this afternoon," Out of curiosity he consents told me you were out. Sit down."

The conversation with a joing relation of the conversation with a joing relation of the corner acret service man. She tells Sir Julien that the voice of the Cerman secret service man. She tells Sir Julien that the voice belongs to the only person she absolutely hates, a man who deserted a girl friend of hers, and who would not go near the girl when she was dying of tuberculasis. The secret service man is Eugene Entermen.

Externen tries to speak to Sir Julien, who will have nothing to do with

Madame Christophor and Sir Julien drive back to Paris. On the way a car

Madame Christophor and hir Julien drive back to Paris. On the way a car containing the two accret service men passes them.

They say Estermen never abandons a chase. Madame Christophor says. Herr Karl Frendenberg, who calls himself a toymaker, of Leingig is making one of his visits to Paris and is giving a gay dinner at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs. With him is Marguerite, a beautiful young Parisan.

Exterman, after consulting with Herr Fraudenberg, goes to Julian's room in the hotel and manages to tell him that the Prince van Falkenberg, the pawer behind Germany's throne, wants to see him, and that the prince is incompile. Julien says he will see him, and the two go to the Rat Mort, where they find him.

elicited from you and then made public," Herr Freudenberg said slowly, "Do POLITICS AND PATRIOTISM.

his shoulders and gianced at the act of that woman's? Do you know that her reward is to be peerage for her "Madamoisetle is a paragon," he husband?" "You, too, believe that it was a trap, Bir Julien, will you not sit then?" Julien remarked. "Of course. Don't you know yourself that you were a thorn in the flesh to your own party? They hated you because you were not afraid to preach war when war might have saved your

"My dear host," he said, "I left Berind was that I might have the pleas-

Sir Julien, you know, I presume, whose was the triumph of those days?

fulien wmiled doubtfully Yours, of course," Herr Freudentured to find fault with me England, us usual, they declared, had gained all she desired, and had given the very upon him, However, we will not waste time in reminiscences. Today the only pleasure I have in thinking of that skies. At any rate it makes no differ- spoke of a move. Then, as the vestiaire conference is the fact that you and I ence. Those things have passed." saw you off, you remember—I told Freudenberg assented. "There is no fu-lose who stood around that there went ture for you in England. That is why "One last toast!" he cried. those who stood around that there went ture for you in England. That is why the future prime minister of England. believed it and I am seldom mistaken ell me, what plece of transcendent illfortune is this which brings you here

"My friend," he said, "it is the cruel will take our coffee from the stall of part of our profession that one man's Madame Huber." life can be given to one country alone. Wrong!" Herr Freudenberg declared "I am not going to decry patriotism. The welfare of my country is the religion which guides my life. But you - have no country. There is no England left for you. She has thrown you out. You are a wanderer, a man It is a hard price that you are without ties or home. That is why I claim you as my man. I want to show you the way to revenge."

"You puzzle me," Julin admitted. "You talk about revenge. I know you far too well to believe that you would propose to me any scheme which would involve the raising even of my little finger against the country which has

you because the policy which would have

which would have brought the country

only figure in politics which the im-

perialist party in England had to fear.

Mrs. Carraby-I believe that was the lady's name-is ill-paid enough with that

who threw you out of English poll-

I wish to rescue from the ignominy of

which you yourself have spoken. I re-

peat my offer. Be my man. You shall

taste life and taste it in such gulps

Julien shook his head slowly.

may play games, take a transfer that I, despite your natipents papers, carbinary play bridge in the afternoon, your novelists seeking for a new sensateat heavily and sleep early. What is tion, and you weird middle class, I, Carl there left, Herr Freudenberg—tell me Freudenberg, maker of toys, am the Freudenberg, maker of toys, am the of your wisdom-for a man about whose honest and sincere friend of England. ears has come crashing the scaffolding. The work which I ask you to do for me of his life?"

would be as much in the interests of Herr Freudenberg looked across at his your country as of my own, only when companion, and in that dimly-lit room I say your country, I mean your country his eyes were bright and his lips from try governed by the political party in "To rebuild, my friend," he declared, which I have faith and confidence. I "Choose another foundation and rebuild," tell you frankly that an England governed "You recognize, I presume," Julien erned as she is at present is a country said, "that I require a few more de- I louthe. If I raise my hand against her tails if your advice is to be of value? -not in war, mind, but in diplomacy"The details are here in this room," if I strive to humble her today, it is "The details are here in this room," Herr Freudenberg replied firmly. Be my man. I cannot offer you fame, because I ame comes only, howadays, to the man who serves his own country. You see, I make no pretense at deceiving you, but I offer you a like of action, I offer you such wealth as your imagination can have conceived, and I offer you revenge."

"Revenge," Julien repeated, a little vaguely.

"Upon the political party by whose I can show you a way back, a way "Upon the political party by whose I can show you a way back, a way scheming that letter was first of all which you have nover guessed."

Julien looked across the table long and earnestly. "Herr Freudenberg," he seid, "If I auawer you in the negative, it is because of your own words. The love of your country, you told me not long ago, is.

your religion. For her good you would make use even of those you call your friends. Now I are discovered.

friends. Now I am sincere with you. do not know whether to trust you of For that reason I cannot attempt to discuss this matter with you. I do not even ask that you explain yourself You mean that at any rate you can-

his adieux, but his host only laughed at

The little party returned to their his in the corner. Househow or o Portsi is going to Paris mosts, more animating in the conversa-

"Kendricks, by Jove" he suclaimed Krndricks, sitting alone at a small able, with a bottle of champagne to front of him and a buge eiger mouth, waved his hand joyfully. he planced at his friend's companions. frowned for a moment, and gazed fixed-

told me you were out. Sit down.

Herr Preudenberg turned round. You must present "He must join us."

Julien hesitated for a moment "Kendricks," he said, "this is friend, Herr Freudenberg." The two men shook hands. Hendricks as yet had ecarpely taken his eyes off Her Freudenberg's face.

"I am glad to meet you, str." he re-"It is odd, but your face seems familiar to ma." Herr Freudenberg leaned over the

"My friend, Mr. Kendricks," he said, 'you are, I believe, a newspaper man, and you should know the world. When you see a face that is familiar to you in Paris, and in this Paris, it goes well that you forget that familiarity, ch? Kendricks nodded. "It is sound." he agreed. "I will

join you, with pleasure." Mademoiselle," Herr Herr Freudenberg continued, "permit me to introduce my new friend, Mr. Kendricks, Mr. dricks-Mademotseile Inc. We will now begin, if it is your pleasure, to spend the evening. There is room in our the evening. There is room in our corner, Mr. Kendricks. Come here, and presently Mademoisetle Ixa with to us, mademoiselle with the yellow half there will dance, the orchestra shall play their maddest music. This is Paris and we are young. Ah, my friends, it country from what is to come. They comes to us but seldem to live like hated you because you were a strong

man in a strong piace, and because the They all sat down together. Herr people believed in you. They hated Freudenberg gave reckless orders for more wine. The chef d'orchestre was been yours in the four or five years at his elbow, Albert hovered in the backto come, would have been the policy ground. Kendricks leaned over and whispered in his friend's ear around you, which alone would have "Julian, who is your friend?"

zig." Julian answered grimly. "The toys that giants play with" "I have never for-Kendricks muttered. gotten a face in my life."

Leave out the personal element-or leave it in, if you will, for Julien advised him quickly. when I speak of my country I know no not a night for memories. I have lived friendships-but, my dear friend, let with the ghosts of them long enough. me tell you that I myself would have Their party became larger. The little given more than a peerage-I would given more than a peerage—I would dancing girl came to drink wine with have given a principality—to the person them and remained to listen to Herr Preudenberg. A friend of Mademoiselle Ixe-a tail, fair girl in a blue satin -detached herself from her friends "The press even ven- or other, his old dreams, his old faith and joined them. Herr Freudenberg, but with me. England, in himself had returned for a moment, with his arm resting lightly around in himself had returned for a moment. With And then the bitterness all swept in Mademoiselle Ixe's waist, talked ously, and incessantly. It was not until one lifted the blind and discov-"I think, Herr Freudenberg," he said. "that you are talking a little in the ered that the sun was shining that they

> wraps, Herr Freudenberg lifted his Marguerite, my friends, all of you-to

> came hurrying up with their coats and

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MORNING AFTER from the hill in a small open vic- You knew him?" toria. The sun had risen, but "Naturally," J here said there were traces of a met at Berlin."
fading twilight. A faint mauve "The man is a great genius." Kenglow hung over the sleeping streets, dricks continued. "No one will deny one do-we poor others who have to
glow hung over the sleeping streets, dricks continued. "No one will deny one do-we poor others who have to
fully.

His face seemed to have resolved itself.

Here Freudenberg nodded thought. His face seemed to have resolved itself.

His face seemed to have resolved itself. down the long hill, tired looking walters plunges into French dissipation. The ers, and passed out.

of life seemed to become more apperent. The shiften of the night-the weary, unwholesome products of dissipatton, rubbed shoulders with the children of the morning-girls, hatless, in simple clothes, walking with brisk footsteps to their work; market women, brown sheeked and hearty, settling out helr wares upon the stalls; the youth of Paris, bliths and strensous, walking tight footed to the region of warehouses and factories. Julien and Kendricks

something elimilating in the eight this this but constant stream of people. fast together!" Kendricks sat up and began to talk "Julien," he declared, "this Paris Julien Invited, "or I will come to y never alters. It's a queer little world not to breakfast, though—I am and a rotten one. We are here just at gaged."

To Herr Preudenberg?" Kendri Julien," he declared, the hatefulness of it-the thin blooded ecream for pisseure which needs the lash of these painted women, these gaudy cafes, this yellow wine all the time? My God! and they call it pleasure! Look at these people going to their guise? Julien. There's where the red Can't you see them at their pleasure- for yourself. see them sitting in a beer garden with "Do you think' I may breakfast with a girl and a band, their week's money her safely?' Julien inquired. in their pocket, and the knowledge that "Heav they've earned it? Ferhaps sometimes replied, crase for it all. Did you seek the stream coming up tonight-automobiles, vic. tell you some news then. I'm going to carriages of every sort; pale unroll a plan of campaign. faced men who had lunched too well, dined too well, flogging their tired sys. formulated as yet, but it's coming-per-

tems in the crass for more excitement, more pleasure; eating at an unwholefalse music of that hard laughter? Look at those girls, arm in arm, off laugh! You don't hear anything like that, Julien, on the top of the hill. "Of course," Julien remarked, stifling a yawn, "If you've come to Paris to be

"Not I!" Kendricks broke in roughly. Bless you, I'm one of the worst. A wild night in Paris calls me even now from any part of the world. But Lord, what fools we are! And, Julien, we get It's the old people who keep these places going."

"The older we get," Julien replied, "the harder we have to struggle for our Kendricks wheeled suddenly in his

"Tell me how long you have known Herr Freudenberg?" he insisted. "How many times have you been seen with him? Is it the truth that you met him tonight for the first time?

Julien laughed. "My dear David!" he protested-"To tell you the truth, Julien," Kendricks' interrupted, "there's some hidden trouble, some mysterious influence at work which seems to be upsetting the relations just now between France and England. To be frank with you, I know that Carraby, at a cabinet meeting sleep for a while," his secretary adyesterday, suggested that you were at

the bottom of it.' Julien's eyes suddenly flashed fire. Boarcely, And yet, Julien, it pays: be careful. You can't afford to be seen in public places with the enemies

"Is Carl Freudenberg an enemy of my country? Kendricks leaned back in his seat and

Marguerite, my friends, all of you—to
the sun which calls us to work, to the
moon which calls us to pleasure, to the
love that crowds our hearts!"
He raised his campanion's hand to his
lips and drew her arm through his.
"Come," he cried, "to the streets! We
will take our coffee from the stall of of fools' palaces, if you like, builder of prison houses, if you will. No man was abandoned his first intention, which ever born with less of a conscience, seemed to have been to throw it into the THE MORNING AFTER. for his country and talked tonight white glove. ENDRICKS and Julien drove down the man with whom you talked tonight white glove. "Queer little record of the froth of "Queer little record of the froth of "Queer little record of the froth of

"Naturally," Julien answered. "We life,"

Has Served the Church in Many Lands

Mgr. Bonzano, New Apostolic Delegate,

Mademotecija ize held out her were cooling up the night cares. Be- men hann't a gingle dissiplated thought. himself he considered a Partsian of Parislans. All the time he listens and he drops his cunning words of poison and he works. What are his ambitions? Do

you know, Jutten? "Do you?" Julish asked. seems to me that I have some Eendstoks answered, your hotel, isn't 117 Julten needed.

"Are you going to stay here?" ico had out upon the little scene with "I stay at a little hotel in the Run interest. Both had been sleepy when Talthout. I stay there because it is they had left the cafe, but there was full of the weirdest set of foreigners

"Come and see me when you will,"

To Herr Preudenberg? Kendricks saked quickly. "To the lady whom your little friend, the manicurist, sent me to visit," Julien replied, "Perhaps now you will tell that she is an ambassadress in dis-

"I'll tall you nothing about her this They're the people with morning," Kendricks said. "I'll tell you the taste of life between their teeth nothing which you ought not to find out

"No man is safe with such a look up the hill and wonder at the woman as Madame Christopher. But jet We dine together tonight. It go. work for you, if you like it; nothing

hape hope-who knows?" The run rose higher in the heavens, the mauve light faded from the sky, kiesing rouged lips, listening to the Morning had arrived in enthest and mencement of another day. Julian, for to their milliner's shop. Hear them the first time since he had left England, was asleep five minutes after his head had touched the pillow. Herr Freudenberg, on the contrary, made no attempt at all to retire. In the sitting room his apartments in the Boulevard Maupassant he sat in his dressinggown, carefully studying some letters which had arrived by the night mail Opposite to him was a secretary; by side Esterman, who appeared be there for the purpose of making a

"Not a document," Estermen was saying. "not a line of writing of any sort in his trunk, his bureau, or anywhere about his room."

Herr Freudenberg nodded thoughtfully. "But these Englishmen are the devil te deal with!" he said. "The luncheon is ordered today in the private room at

the Armenonville? "Everything has been attended Estermen replied. Herr Freudenberg was thoughtful for Then, with a wave several momenta, of his hand, he dismissed Estermen

his secretary, "You have had a long night's work.' "You yourself, Excellency, should

You, too, can go, Frits," he said to

Herr Freudenberg shook his head. "Sleep," he declared, "is a waste of time. I need no sleep. As you go, you can tell my servant to prepare a warm I will rest then for an hour and

walk in the Champs Elysees." The secretary withdrew and Herr Freudenberg was alone. He picked up a crumpled rose that lay upon the table and twirled it for a moment or two in out the

He touched the rose with his lips,

he said softly to himself. "One

CHAPTER XV. BEHIND CLOSED DOORS,

same murning, Herr Carl Fraud-enberg was the host at a small luncheon party given in a private room of the most famous restaurant in the Bols. His morning attire was a model of correctness, his eyes were clear, his manner blithe, almost jayous. There was no possible indica-tion in his appearance of his misspent hours. He was at once a gapial and courteous heat. Monsieur Decheles sat his right hand; Monsteur Felix Brant on his left; Monsteof Policinan opposite to him. The three men had arrived in an automobile together and had entered the restaurant by the private way, but that they were guests of some distinction was obvious from their beception.

the manager himself. The luncheon was worthy of the great reputation of the place. It was swiftly I also love. I beg you to listen to these With the ouffee and iqueurs the walters withdrew. udenberg, with a smile, rose up and tried the door. Then he returned to his slace, lit a olgarette and leaned back

in his chair. "My dear friends," he announced, "now we can talk."

Monsieur Pelleman smiled. "Yea," he admitted, "we can talk. In this excellent brandy, Monateur Carl Freudenberg, I drink your very good health. Long may these little visits yours continue."

Herr Freudenberg smiled his thanks. 'Monsieur Peileman," he said, "and you too, my dear friends, let me assure which I enjoy so much as these brief visits of mine to your delightful capital. No more I think of the pressures and cares of office. I let myeelf go, and on these occasions, as you know, I speak to you not in the language of diplomacy, to enjoy an hour or two of one another's company, and who, because there is no harm to be done by it, but much good, open their hearts and speak true words with one another."

Monsieur Decheles smiled. "It is a pleasure which we all share." he declared. "It is more agreeable, without a doubt, to take lunch with Monsieur Carl Freudenberg, and to speak openly, than to exchange lune-winded interviews, the true meaning of which is too much concealed by diplomatic verblage, with the excellent gentleman to whose good offices are intrusted the destinies of Herr Freudenberg's great

"Monsieur." Herr Freudenberg "today shall be no exception. Today I speak to you, perhaps, mure openly than single half hour, I sak you to read the ever before. Today I perhaps risk much -yet why not speak the things which are in my heart?"

Monsieur Felix Brant took a cigarette from the box by his elbow, but he felt for it only. His even never left the face of his host. Of the three men, he seemed the one least in sympathy with the state of affairs to which Herr Freudenberg had alluded so cheerfully. He watched the man at the head of the table all the time as though every energy of which he was possessed was devoted to the task of reading underneath that suave but impenetrable face. faith, to the things I say." "Gentlemen," Herr Fraudenberg continued, "there have been many minapprehensions between your country and man rose, mine. Ten years ago we seemed indeed "It is n on the highroad to friendship. then-I speak frankly, mind-that your elsewhere." country made the one fatal mistake of searched the world over for allies, held

Herr Freudenberg paused. "There is no doubt," Monsleyr Decholes asserted, calmly, "that the inmore solely and wholly ambitious both fireplace, and put it back carefully upon. fluence of the late king was immense for his country and for himself, than the table, side by side with an odd, among the people of France. He apamong the people of France. He appealed somehow to their imaginations, a great monarch who was also a bon viveur, who had lived his days in Paris

write him down as a great king. Do

you know that it is one of my theories that morals have nothing to do with government? I doubt whether a more sagacious monarch has ever reigned over that unfortunate country than the one we speak of. So sagacious was he that he even saw the beginning of the end, he admired flowers furnish the world will saw the things that must come when a great deal of its poison. he looked across the North sea; and standing all the ties which should have tain of gold playing in the sunlight, is allied him with Germany, he hated our one of the most poisonous flowers impeople and he hated our country with a sginable. There is poison in every bit prophetic hatred. But we gossip a little, of it—flower, leaf and seed. Even grass gentlemen. Let me proceed. I want you growing beneath it is rendered polson-to realize that the policy of Germany ous by reason of its proximity to the for the last five years has been wholly beautiful. Innecent-looking blossoms directed toward securing the friendship of your country. I want you to realize of your country. I want you to realise such dainty and lovely blooms as that but for the centinual intefference the pareissus, hyacinth, jonquil and of Great Brithin you would even new snowdrop secrete the most deadly poibe in a far more favorable position with us than you are today. Germany wants and the forglove conceal noxious liquors nothing in Morocco. Germany's first and greatest wish is for a rich and pros- short time. perous France. On the other hand, Germany is loyal to her friendships, and by the addition of certain of the crofervent in her hatreds. The country whose humiliation is a solemn charge quaint "old jack-in-the-pulpit" and the upon my people is Great Britsin and not

Monsieur Decheles leaned back in his hair. Monsieur Felix Brant never

"I want," Herr Freudenbarg continued. 'to have you think and con-sider and weigh this matter. Why do you, a great and presperous country. Anothe yourself with a decaying power, the cleander tree, while the bark of the against whom, before very long, Ger- superb catalpa tree contains any quan-many is piedged to strike? These are tity of deadly doses. plainest words that have ever been speken by a citizen of one country to three citizens of another. Herr Freudenberg, the maker of toys, speaks to his three French friends as a thoughtful merchant of his country who has had unusual facilities for imbibing the spirit of her politicians. Gentlemen, you do not misunderstand me?"

"It is impossible, Herr Freudenberg." Monsfeur Decheles said, "to misunderhand is too clear and your methods too sagacious."

Then let me repeat," Herr Freudenberg declared, "that before many years are passed—perhaps, indeed, before many months—it is the intention of my country either to inflict a scathing dipor to engage in this war the fear of for the last 10 years. Keep that in off the chill blasts of the Dakota wing a great thing, henor is a great thing. generosity is a great thing but I would A pessimist can get more genuine speak to you three citizens of France pleasure out of a calamity than out of today as I would speak to her rulers a blessing.

had I necess to them, and I would say, single benefit, do you dare to drag your country into unnecessary, fruitless and Woody war? You have nothing to gain by it, you have everything to loss, Let Germany deal with her traditional enemy in her own way. And as for France, let France believe what is, without doubt, the truth-that she has nothing whatever to fear from Germany. I will not speak of the past, but the greatest thinkers in Germany today regret nothing so much in the history of her splendld rise as that unfortunate campaign of Bismarck's. It ts one blet upon her magnificent hisburied. I bring you timely warning. I come to the city I love, for her own sake. for the sake of her people whom words of mine, to adjust your policy se that little by little you weaken the joints which bind you to England, so that when the time comes you yourself may not be dragged into a hopeless and pitfless struggle."

There was a moment's silence. Then Monsteur Dechates spoke.

"Herr Freudenberg," he began, "what you have said we have been in some measure prepared for. The mure andcable tone of all the correspondence between our two countries has been marked of late, times, and not long ago, when your country showed wenderful readiness to treat with a rough hand the claims of France in many quarters of the world, The more powerful your country, the greater she is to be feared. Supposing Tance stood on one side while Great Britain fell before your utus, what then would be the relations between France and Germany?"

Monsieur Brant spoke for the firs

"Herr Freudenberg, you remind me of the fable of the Pereian who had two two men to fight, both sh strong as himself. To the one he sent ambassadors, with the key of his favorite galls dens; the other he fought. It is a gree policy to deal with your enemies one at a time. Herr Freudenberg stretched out his

arms across the table. "My friend," he pronounced, "without faith there is no gentus. Without genfus there is no government. I ask you to believe only this one thing. Germany is not and never has been the traditional enemy of France. I ask you to study the whole question for but one commercial records of these days. Help yourself to all the statistics that throw ight upon this question, and I swear that you will find that whereas Great Britain and Germany stand opposed to one another under every condition and no single bone of contention anywhere between France and Germany. Their aims are different, their destinies are I ask you to apply only a written. reasonable measure of philosophy and common sense, a reasonable measure of

There was a cautious tap at the door, a whispered message. Monsieur Pelle-"It is my secretary," he announced.

"I fear, gentlemen, that we are due "Herr Freudenberg, your luncheon has

recent years. Great Britain, isolated, been delightful." Monsieur Decheles deleft behind in the race for power, a clared, holding out his hand. "You have weakened and decaying nation, having given us, as usual, something to think These informal meetings between timorous hand of friendship to citizens of two great countries will do, "Dear times when you are very simple! Do wholly unconscious. His eyes were set statesmen that day? When the history the world, to ripen our budding friend-to the to desired. The action seemed to be you. What evil genius was with your I am sure, more than anything else in you—to you, indeed, mean that you would try in a fixed stare, his thoughts were busy of these times comes to be written, it ship." "Your words," Herr Freudenberg re

plied, grasping the hand which had been offered to him, "are a happy augury. When we meet again, I shall be able to prove the coming of the things of which I have spoken."

They left him on the threshold of the room. The giver of the feast was alone. Very alowly he retraced his steps and stood for a moment with folded arms. looking down on the table at which they had lunched. His natural urbanity, the smile half persuasive, half humorous, than Carl Freudenberg, maker of toys! (To Be Continued Bext Sunday.)

Some Poisonous Flowers.
From Harper's Weekly.
Many species of well known and much

The laburnum, for instance, which the notwithstanding his descent, notwith- poets have loved to compare to a foun-

sons, while the exalis, the monk's hood powerful enough to destroy life in a

spite its innocent appearance, is really one of the worst of the poisonous blooms. Even the cow is aware of this and carefully avoids it. The cousins of the buttercups, the peonies, the larkspurs and and the rest all contain toxic Another source of deadly poison is

## BEARD OVER 11 FEET LONG

From the Scientific American. North Dakota holds the world's champlouship in the matter of beards, as one of its citizens can boast of no less than stand you for a single moment. Your eleven feet and six inches of beautiful

wavy whisker. Hans N. Langseth, a native of Norway, is the possessor of this remarkable growth, which has been cultivated with care and pride for 36 years and has been increasing in length at the rate of almost four inches per annum. Mr. Langseth claims that instead of being a hindrance this facial adornment is of real value, making an excellent chest

RCHBISHOP GIOVANNI BONmoiselle Ixe. Before very long we talk
logether again."

A RCHBISHOP GIOVANNI BONZANO, successor to Mgr. Diomede
Falconio, now Cardinal, as delegate of Pope Pius X to the
sale of Pope Pius X to the
"Find Mademoiselle," he ordered.
"Tell her that we wait impatiently."

Mademoiselle was not far away. Herr
Mademoiselle was not far away. Herr
Freudenberg passed his arm through
hers.

"We return, I think," he said. 'This
ittle room has served its purpose."

Julien on the landing tried to make
his adieux, but his host only laughed at

RCHBISHOP GIOVANNI BONConio, who is a Franciscan monk, Mgr.
Bonzano is not a member of any religitous order. He studied in the Seminary
of Vigevano, Piedmont. He was ordained
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Vigevano, Piedmont. He was ordained
and vigevano, Piedmont. He was ordained
by the
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bishop of Vigevano to his diversity of Vigevano, Piedmont. He was ordained
by the following scholar Unlike his predecessor, Cardinal Fel- canon law.

RCHBISHOP GIOVANNI BON- conio, who is a Franciscan menk, Mgr.

Left-Procession at St. Patrick's cathedral, New York, a part of the welcome celebration tended Archbishop

row. Right-Arcabishop Glovanni Bonzano, new apostolic delegate to the United States.

Giovanni Bonzano upon his arrival in America. The apostolic delegate is the central figure in the back

After completing these courses the tion until called to Rome to the Urban lomatic humiliation upon Great Britain.

on March 3 in Roma